

FEBRUARY, 1913

THE
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MAGAZINE

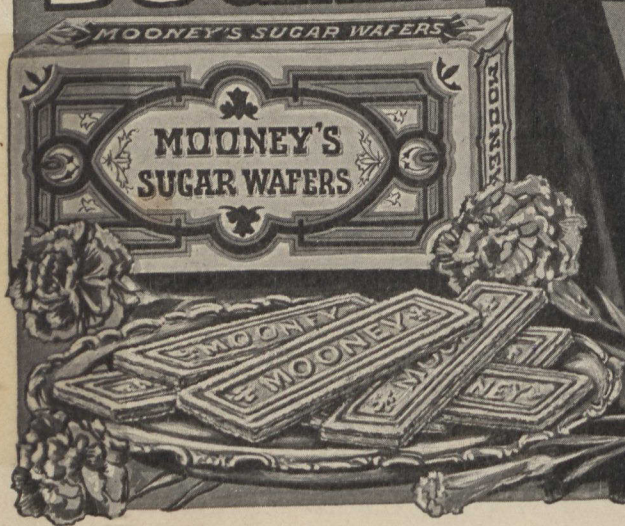
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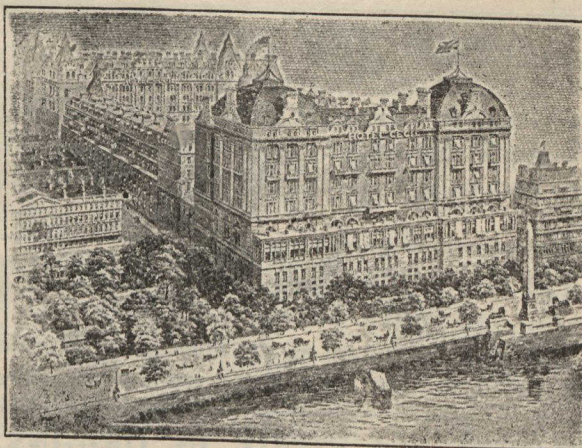
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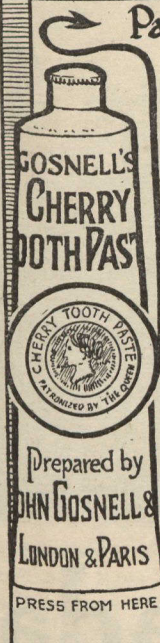
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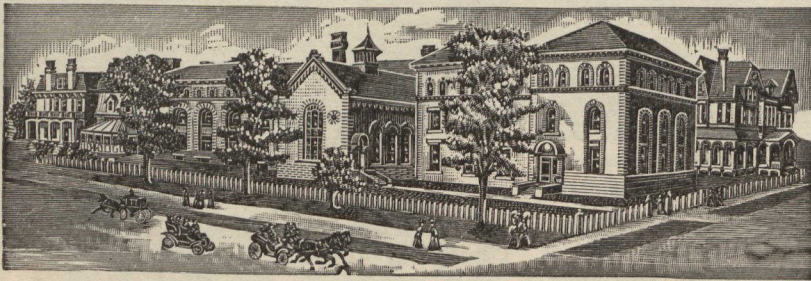
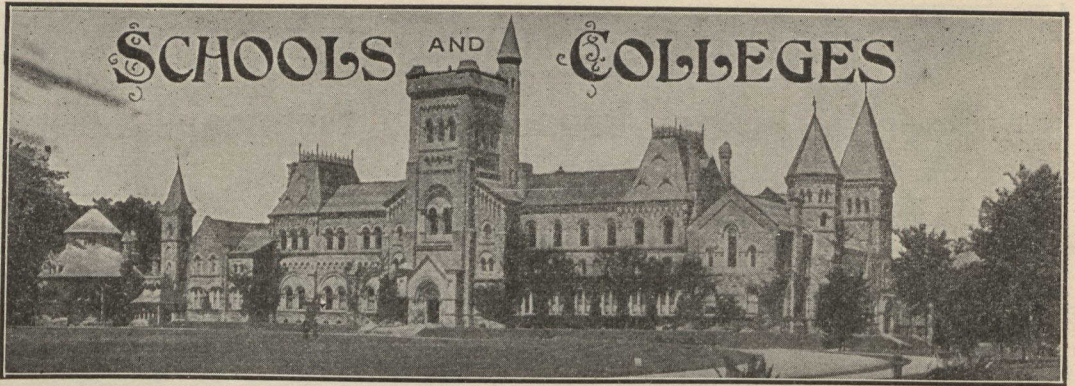
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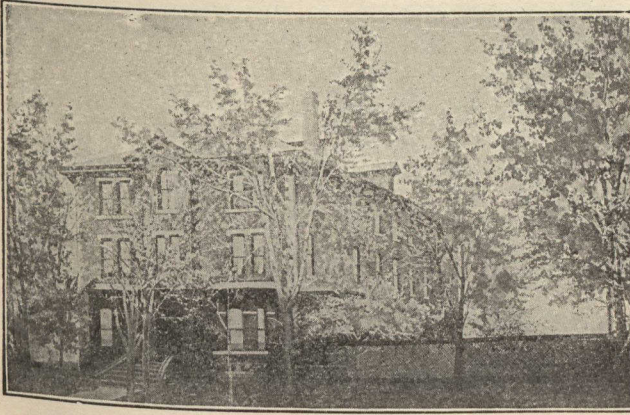
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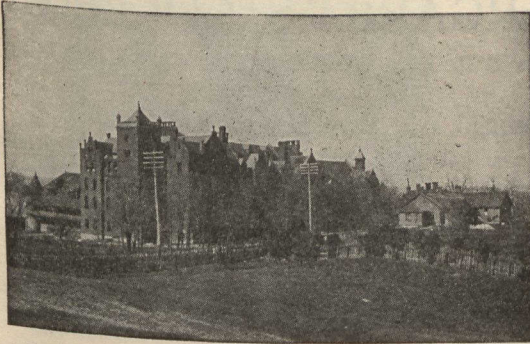
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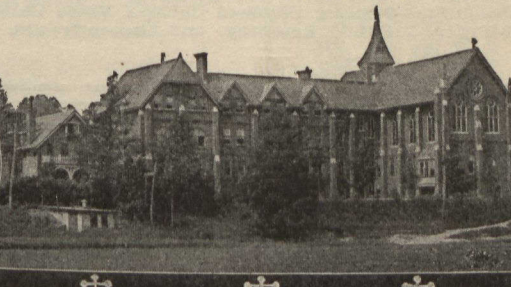
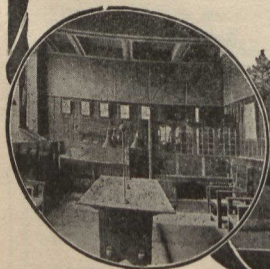
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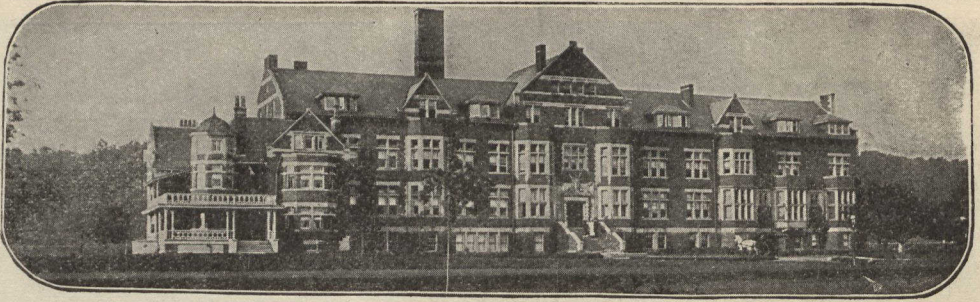
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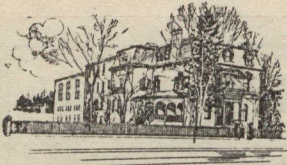
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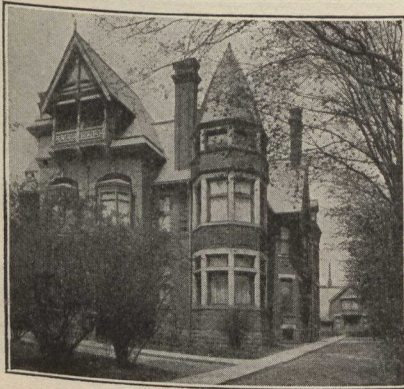
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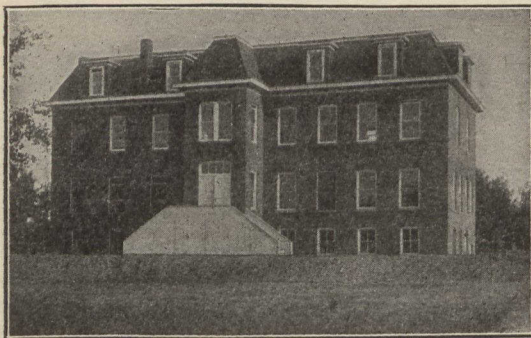
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ONLY LAW SCHOOL OF
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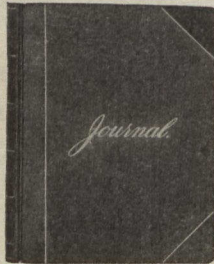
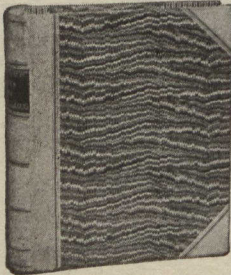
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The Chautauqua School of Nursing
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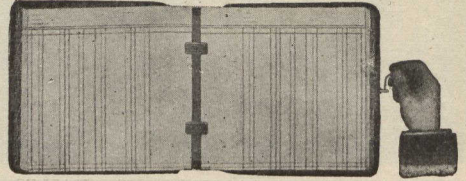
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The "Kalamazoo" binder is recommended highly by scores of users throughout the country.

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Head Office: Toronto

PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

REST \$12,500,000

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HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

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RESERVE AND UNDI-

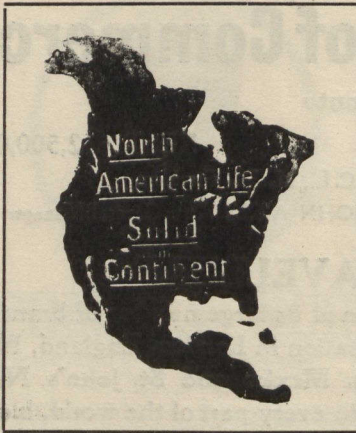
VIDED PROFITS ... 3,500,000

\$6,500,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$45,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL,
BRANCHES





What Shall I Give?

Christmas brings with it the gift-problem. Like every other man, you are puzzled to know exactly how to spend your money to best advantage.

Let us make a suggestion.

Why not present your wife and children or your father and mother with a sound, fully paid-for Life Insurance Policy?

Other gifts may be more ornamental; few would be more acceptable. In the event of your death, such a Policy might stand between your loved ones and poverty.

North American Life Policies cover the whole range of Insurance needs. They give maximum protection at a minimum cost.

Consult a representative of the

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112-118 King Street West,
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Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

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ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE TIME OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS

It is meet that at the advent of a new year—the beginning of a new cycle—we should “take stock” of what has been accomplished, and resolve anew not to leave undone those things which promote our own betterment and the good of others.

Among the good resolutions of every thoughtful man will be the decision to take immediate steps to adequately provide for his loved ones by a reliable life insurance policy, such as is offered by

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE

WATERLOO, ONT.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

with which is united The Traders Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000
 Capital Paid Up - 11,500,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 12,500,000
 Total Assets - 175,000,000

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Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands,

LONDON, ENG., 2 Bank Bldgs., Princes St.. E.C.

NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

The Company's Investments consist of

1st Mortgages	85.79%
Stocks and Debentures	6.56%
Loans on Policies	5.29%
Other Securities	2.36%

An excellent record of safe and profitable investment of funds.

Splendid rate of interest steadily maintained

London Life

Policies  "Good as Gold"

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

Assets \$ 2,842,654.08
Insurance in Force \$15,000,000.00

Security and Profit are what intending insurers desire, both obtained under "Excelsior" policies which also contain the "Last Word" in liberal features.

The Reason the Company has been able to pay satisfactory profits is because it has been continuously foremost in those features from which profits are derived.

In 1911 Interest Earnings 7.33 per cent.
Death Rate 34 per cent of expected.
Expenses decreased 2.50 per cent.

Agents Wanted: to give either entire or spare time.

E. MARSHALL,
General Manager

D. FASKEN,
President.

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250 Styles

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Your
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For ornamental and shaded writing, Esterbrook's Extra-fine Elastic No. 128 is an ideal pen. Its fine point and wonderful elasticity make it particularly adapted to this style of penmanship.

There's an Esterbrook Pen to suit every writer.

Write for illustrated booklet.
Brown Bros., Limited
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ESTERBROOK & CO'S
EXTRA FINE
ELASTIC PEN
128

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.

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Works, Camden, N. J.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated In 1851

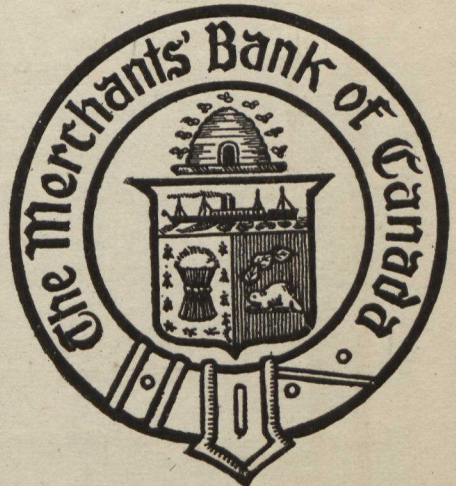
ASSETS, \$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES, 469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY-
HOLDERS 2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto



Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,747,680
Reserve Funds - - - 6,559,478

187 Branches in Canada.
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates

General Banking Business.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	181,888.26

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.



THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office - HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets exceed \$ 4,900,000

Insurance in force exceeds, \$22,500,000

Full information as to plans, rates, etc.,
will be furnished by the Agents of the
Company, or from the Home Office at
Hamilton, Canada.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Head }
Office } Toronto, Canada

Record for year ending 30th November, 1912
BEING THE FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR
OF BUSINESS

CAPITAL - - - - -	\$5,000,000
Increase for Year, \$391,950	
RESERVED FUNDS - - - - -	\$6,176,578
Increase for Year, \$516,508	
NOTES IN CIRCULATION - - - - -	\$5,474,917
Increase for Year, \$612,485	
DEPOSITS - - - - -	\$41,622,345
Increase for Year, \$495,681	
LOANS AND INVESTMENTS	\$48,126,011
Increase for Year, \$2,516,789	
TOTAL ASSETS - - - - -	\$59,226,548
Increase for Year, \$2,158,884	

The Bank of Toronto, with fifty-seven years of experience of successful banking business in Canada, with ample resources, with large Reserve Funds, with widely extended banking facilities, and with a large clientele, including many of the best business houses in Canada, offers to merchants, manufacturers and all businessmen and Savings Depositors an unexcelled banking service

- - Incorporated 1855 - -

1912

THE NORTHERN

Life Assurance Co. of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE
Managing-Director

The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.

BOND OFFERINGS

Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.

**Government — Municipal
Corporation and Proven
Industrial Bonds.**

Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

**DOMINION SECURITIES
CORPORATION-LIMITED**
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.

An Investment Yielding Seven Per Cent.

Special Features

Safety, large earning capacity, long established trade connection, privilege of withdrawing investment at end of one year with not less than 7% on 60 day's notice.

Send At Once for Full Particulars.

7%

Share in Profits

This security is backed up by a long established and substantial manufacturing business, embracing a number of the most modern plants in existence, that has always paid dividends and the investor shares in all profits, and dividends are paid twice a year, on 1st June and December.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

A RECORD YEAR

showing a record in Applications received—in GAIN of Business—and in all that makes for solid expansion—is the gist of The Great West Life Assurance Company's Statement for 1912.


The Official Report is now ready. Those interested in Life Insurance developments should obtain a copy—mailed on request.

The - Great West Life Assurance Company

Head Office

Winnipeg

Over \$84,000,000 new in force



Cleaning Up Everything



One touch of that big cake makes the whole world clean. The Sapolio fraternity of particular homekeepers is bringing down the high cost of clean homes because the great cake **CLEANS, SCOURS, POLISHES** all through the house, and in both effort and money it

WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY, Sole Manufacturers

The Trade Mark which guards the Fruit from the orchard to your table

Demand pure fruit products—fruit gathered, selected and conveyed to the factory under strict supervision, where it is then prepared and cooked in absolute cleanliness.

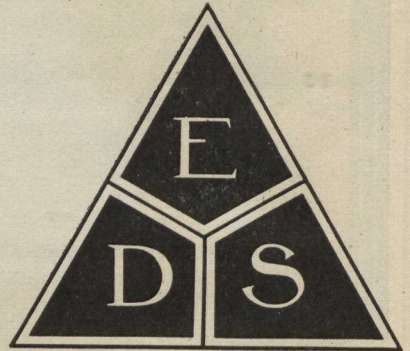
E. D. S. PRESERVES

meet these strongest requirements to the last degree. They are 100% pure and have the luscious, fresh ripe, fruit flavor, which is often lost in other brands, not so well cared for, and by the addition of coloring and harmful preservative preparations. E. D. S. Brand Preserves, Jams and Jellies do not contain a vestige of any sort of preservative.

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The London Glove Company

London's Celebrated Glove Store



The "Bon Ami"
A smart Real Kid Glove, made from stout skins, pique sewn; in Black, White and Colours, 2 large Pearl Buttons, 69c. per pair.
Ladies' White Washable Real Kid Gloves; an excellent make that will wash with ordinary soap and water, 3 Buttons, 65c. per pair.

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The "Francine" A very superior Real Kid Glove in Greys, Beavers, Tans, Browns and Black with 3 Press Buttons, 69 cents per pair.

The "Royal" Ladies Fine Suede, a highly finished Glove in Black, White and all Colours, 4 Buttons, 73c. per pair.

Ladies' Stainless Black Suede absolutely fast colour, the finest Black Suede Glove ever produced, 3 Buttons, 91c. per pair.

The "Hestia" A Stout Suede

Glove specially suitable for the fall in Black,

and Colours, with Silk Braided Points, Pique sewn, 3 Press Buttons, 71c. per pair.

The "Brava" Ladies' Fine Real Mocha Doeskin Gloves, in Tan, Grey, Beaver, or Black, pique sewn, Imperial points, 3 Buttons, 73c. per pair.

The "Canadian" Ladies' Buck finish Gloves, in Tan, Grey or White, an excellent wearing, British made glove, 3 Buttons, 95c. per pair.



LONG GLOVES

The "OPERETTA"—Ladies' Real Kid Gloves in White, Cream or Black.

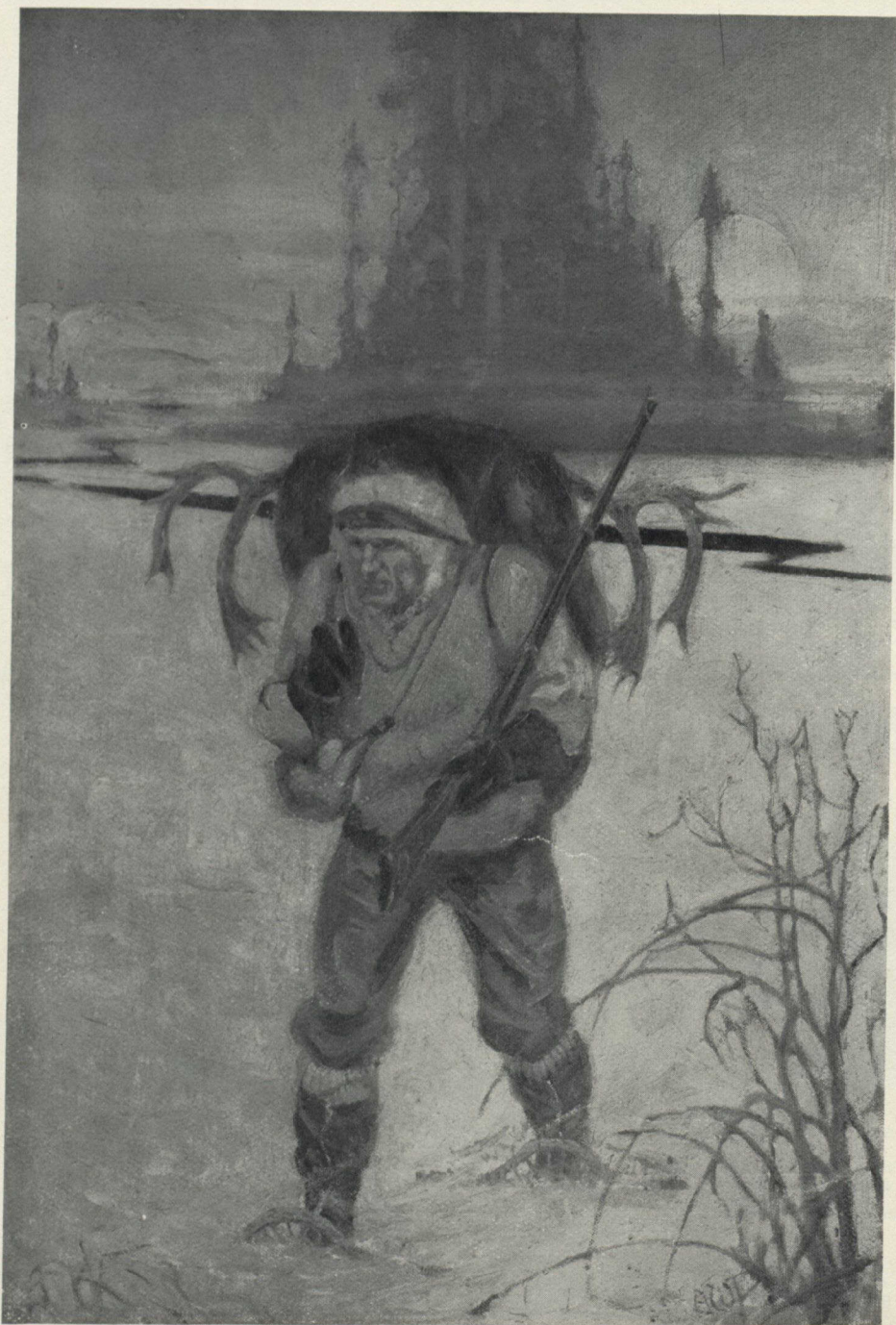
12 B length Mousquetaire, 95 cents per pair.
16 B " ditto \$1.20 "
20 B " ditto \$1.69 "

The "EMPRESS" Ladies' Superior Quality French Suede Gloves, in White, Cream, Black, and all Colours.

12 B. Mousquetaire .. \$1.03 per pair.
16 B. " .. \$1.28 "
20 B. " .. \$1.52 "

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Address all Orders **The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.**



Painting by A. W. Parsons.

THE HUNTER



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XL

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 4

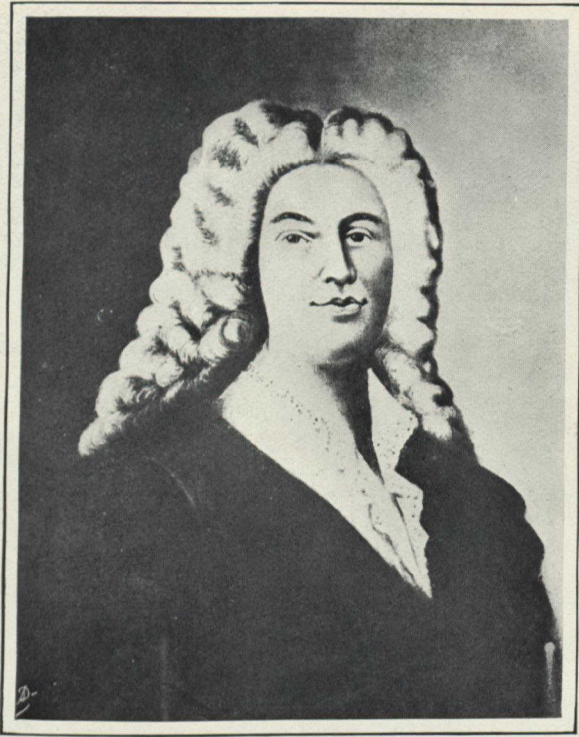
OUR ARCHIVES AND THE
NATIONAL SPIRIT

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

I SUPPOSE that we in Canada have a national spirit. But I would be timorous of putting forward the claim that that national spirit was, to use one of Carlyle's pet words, articulate. As a people we have reached the stage of self-consciousness, but it is the self-consciousness of childhood. We have made up our minds, in a hazy sort of way, that we are going to be something. But we are by no means sure what we are going to be.

There is plenty of room for a great deal of theorising as to the sources of national spirit. Race, language, and religion have their champions. There is a school that finds the explanation in "blood baptism"; while a rival academy will find the all-sufficient solution in geography; and common political or constitutional ideals are sometimes dowered with the fusing power. But whatever the theory, all schools assume a common history and a saturation of the popular mind with the meaning of that history.

Now it is quite true that the history of Canada is taught in our schools and colleges. But I fancy the cases are rare where the teacher or lecturer teaches or lectures with understanding. I was fortunate in receiving my first lessons in the history of my country from one of these exceptional teachers, but subsequently I found the whole subject generously neglected. For the most part, I am afraid that our teachers and professors of history have not themselves a lively vision of Canada's past, and it is, therefore, hardly to be expected that they would give to their students a vital conception of our national story. Certainly the impression is widespread in our institutions of learning, both elementary and higher, that Canadian history is dry-as-dust and uninteresting, while among the adult population it is to be apprehended that, in spite of the excellent work of a few enthusiasts in our historical societies, the same attitude of mind is largely prevalent. We are all but "chil lret



GILLES HOCQUART, INTENDANT OF NEW FRANCE, 1731-1748

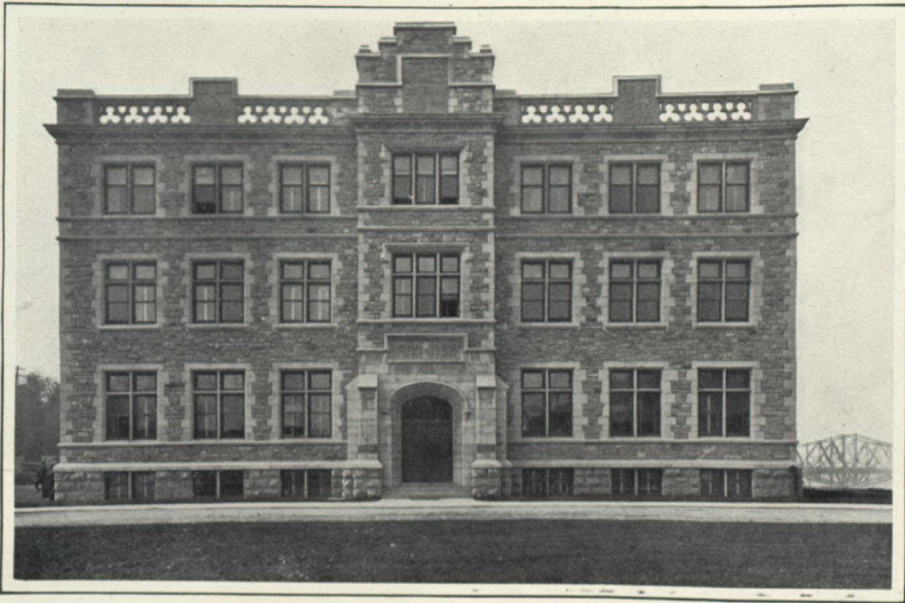
of a larger growth," and unless we have obtained a vision of the meaning of the past, we are prone to regard it as did the schoolboy who wrote in his text-book:

"If ever there should be a flood,
Hither for refuge fly!
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry!"

We are hearing a great deal of Germany in these latter days, and we are almost unpleasantly conscious that the German people have a national spirit which is highly articulate. We are keenly aware of their military power and of their sudden development of naval strength. Bismarck and Moltke bulk large in our vision. But we are very apt to forget whence came all this power and all these astounding deeds of prowess. We remember that Bismarck created the German Empire out of a chaos of small and jealous

states. But we forget the long campaign of education which alone made Bismarck's work possible. We forget the writings of "Jean Paul," of Lessing, of Schiller, and of Goethe, which inspired the populations of the divided German states with a common consciousness of their common origin and thereby raised among them a vision of a common and a great future. The German Empire has had its "baptism of blood"; but that baptism has been possible only because the people of these petty German kingdoms and duchies and electorates had drunk at the common spring of German history. The people imbibed the German spirit and out of that spirit has come the German Empire with its insistent demand for "a place in the sun."

In Canada we have reversed the German process. We created the Dominion first and left the growth



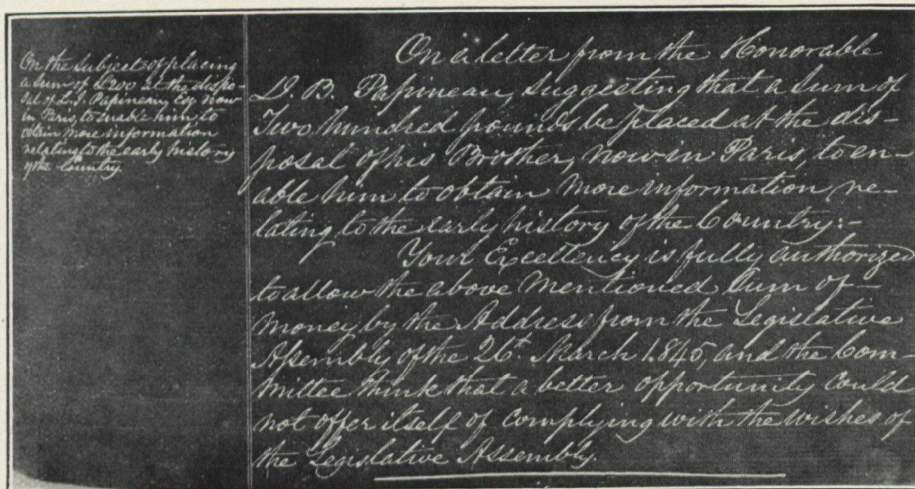
THE ARCHIVES BUILDING, OTTAWA

of a national sentiment to follow. But we must go to the same spring as did the Germans for the inspiration of our national spirit. We must drink deep of the history of our country. We must fathom its hidden meanings until these meanings become prophetic of the future.

And just here our first task lies in the fact that, in a very real sense, our history is yet to be written. I do not mean that we have not had many books upon our past. Nor do I deny great merit to some among them. But, to a very large extent, up till now the raw materials for accurate history have been quite unavailable. Of a country so rich in historians as England, Lord Acton has said that "the honest student finds himself continually deserted, retarded, misled by the classics of historical literature"; and he had in mind in so speaking recent discoveries in the English archives. It is therefore not at all to be wondered at, and involves no aspersion upon our historical writers, that a similar condition should exist in regard to

our history. Indeed, with us so far only a small beginning has been made in the work of collecting these raw materials. For nearly forty years the process of gathering maps and public documents and private papers has been going on, but it is less than a decade since a building was erected where these papers could be placed and where they would be available for the future historians of our Dominion. This is the work of the Archives Branch of the Department of the Secretary of State at Ottawa.

The Archives itself has a history of its own. The work is modern, but the project had its origin nearly two centuries ago. Its father was Gilles Hocquart, one of the last of the intendants to exercise authority in New France. Hocquart, who was chief civil magistrate in the colony, appears to have been a painstaking and industrious official. He did much to make known in France the natural resources of the territory in his charge. He sent an expedition as far as Lake Superior to examine the cop-



A minute of the Executive Council, 26th April, 1845, showing the interest that Louis Joseph Papineau took in the Archives of Canada

per deposits there, and he had samples of the various products of the country sent home to old France for the information of the Government and of the merchant adventurers.

Hocquart's tenure of office, which occupied seventeen years from 1731 to

1748, was for the most part undisturbed by those disputes between the different sections of the officials which so often interfered with the progress of cis-Atlantic France. One quarrel, however, he did have, and it throws an interesting sidelight upon his de-



DR. A. G. DOUGHTY, DOMINION ARCHIVIST, IN HIS OFFICE



INDEX ROOM OF THE ARCHIVES BUILDING

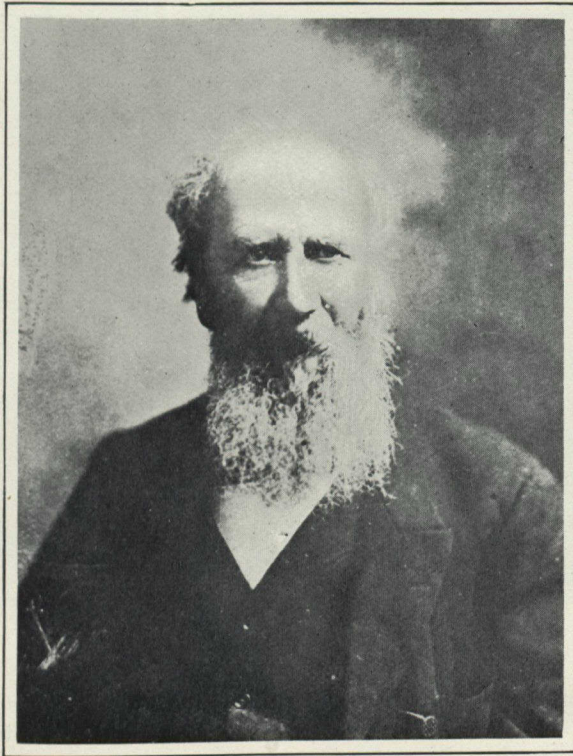
votion to the material advance of the colony which was, indeed, his especial charge. The dispute was over the sale of alcoholic liquors to the Indians. Because of its inebriating effect upon the redskins. Bishop Bosquet, who was then intrusted with the cure of souls in New France, forbade the faithful to engage in the trade. Hocquart had no enmity to the church. He did not deny for a moment that the use of spirits led to regrettable excesses on the part of the savages. But, he reasoned, if the Indian cannot get liquors from us, he will buy from the English colonies to the south; our traders will be impoverished and the English enriched, while the political influence of the English over the redskins will be strengthened. Therefore he was opposed to the bishop's self-denying ordinance on behalf of his French fellow-settlers. If the Indians were to get drunk anyway, the French might better have the pecuniary and political profit out of it than the English. In this contest Hocquart eventually won. The dispute was at length

referred to France, where the bishop was persuaded to interpret his ruling in such a way as not to interfere with regular trade.

Hocquart's interest in the archives of the colony was aroused at the very opening of his career in office. In the very year of his appointment, on the fifth of August, 1731, he wrote this appeal home to the Government at Paris:

“Quebec, 5e, 8er, 1731.

“My Lord,—It has frequently been represented to me since my arrival in Canada, that the minutes of the notarial deeds, the registers of the Superior Council and of the Prévosté are exposed to risk from fire in the private houses of the clerks, where such minutes and registers are now deposited, and that the titles of all individuals in this colony might be destroyed. These representations appeared to me, my Lord, so important that I thought it my duty to acquaint you with them, and to propose to you, for the sake of public security, to have a fireproof building erected to contain all papers. I find no place more suitable for the construction of such a building than the courtyard of the Palais. I got Mr. DeLéry to make a plan and an estimate of the cost, which I annex to this letter, amounting to 9,941 l.



DR. DOUGLAS BRYMNER, ARCHIVIST, 1872-1902

10c. I beg you, my Lord, to approve of this expenditure and cause it to be paid by the farmer of the Domain, the one-half of which to be charged to the year 1732 and the other half to the year 1733.

"I am with very deep respect, my Lord,
"Your very humble and very obedient
servant,

"HOCQUAT."

Several points at once excite attention in this letter, and not the least of them is the evidence that as early as the days of Hocquart it was thought that a method had been discovered of making buildings "fire-proof." It is hard for us "moderns" to realise how ancient some of our most cherished "discoveries" are. It is quite likely that Hocquart's builders were just as proud of themselves as the builders of our own day, and just as far behind the times as well; and it is highly probable that "fireproof" buildings will go on be-

ing "discovered" till the last architect has been ferried across the Styx to the asbestos arches of Hades.

It is quite clear that Hocquart had in his mind the practical, rather than the historical, benefits to be derived from the archives. This also is one of the great advantages to accrue from the work now being done in the Archives at Ottawa. Already maps and documents have been found by the officials which have determined the result in litigation over old titles. A hundred years is a long time in a new country, and since the original titles were granted by the Crown in the older Provinces of the Dominion many of the title deeds and location plans have been lost. Until recently there has been no place where these fundamental documents might be kept and no one who has been charged with keeping them.

Now, however, a systematic effort is being made to recover these basic evidences of title, and there have been some surprising "finds." But the services of the Archives to the people of Canada from this point of view, as well as from the point of view of history and national inspiration, are as yet only in their beginnings.

The practical, too, was the chief motive of other more or less systematic efforts to preserve our national records, down to comparatively recent date. Interest in the subject was spasmodic. The safety of the records was one of the stipulations made in the terms on which Canada was ceded to the British Crown. They were mentioned in no less than three articles signed by General Amherst at the capitulation of Montreal. At one stage in the war, indeed, the French Government sought to provide for the safe-keeping of important papers by transferring them to Paris, but the effort in one instance was effective in quite another manner than that intended. The vessel carrying the records, of 1758 was captured by the British, and the Canadian public documents of that year were stored in the Admiralty building in Ireland.

The first systematic effort after the cession to arrange and protect the records was made by Lord Dorchester in 1787. At the instance of the Governor two committees were appointed, one at Quebec and the other at Montreal, and an examination in detail was made of the records in these cities and at Three Rivers. The work of these committees occupied three years. A catalogue of the records was made and seven hundred copies were printed for distribution. While the examination was in progress two separate memorials were presented to the committees for the erection of a "fireproof" building for the safe-keeping of the archives, but in each case the matter was left over for action later, as it had been

by the French authorities when Intendant Hocquart made his urgent appeal. For a time the records were kept in the private residence of Mr. P. Am. DeBonne, keeper of the records, but later sufficient attention was paid to the warnings to have them transferred to the vaults of the palace of the Bishop of Quebec.

The mere question of the safety of the records on which the whole civil organisation of the country rested, could not long retain the attention of the authorities, however. After the inauguration of the new order of events under the Constitutional Act, politics rapidly became the absorbing occupation of the Governors and of the executive generally. The archives were forgotten in the turmoil of the battles between the Assemblies and the Governors, and the next occasion on which thought was taken for them appears to have been after the quieter waters of United Canada had been attained. This time the name attached to the revival of interest in the archives is that of one of the salient figures in our brief history. The fiery French leader, Louis Joseph Papineau, had, after the troubles of '37, gone to the United States and later to France. The Papineau family was not, nevertheless, without its representative in the political life of Canada, his brother, D. B. Papineau, being a member of the second Draper Administration in the middle forties. Family influence doubtless counted for much in those days, but one can understand that there would be commendable motives which would render the Government of the day desirous of finding public and honourable employment for the former "tribune of the people," now defeated and powerless. Be that as it may, it is a fact that the strenuous politician of pre-union days was, while still in France, asked to make certain inquiries as to the early records of the old French colony. The commission was given to Papineau during the term of Baron

Metcalfe as Governor-General, and the entry in the minutes of the executive council is dated "28th April, 1845."

"On a letter," reads the extract, "from the Honourable D. B. Papineau, suggesting that a sum of two hundred pounds be placed at the disposal of his brother, now in Paris, to enable him to obtain more information relating to the early history of the country.

"Your Excellency is fully authorised to allow the above mentioned sum of money by the address from the Legislative Assembly of the 26th March, 1845, and the committee think that a better opportunity could not offer itself of complying with the wishes of the Legislative Assembly."

Papineau appears to have done his work and to have sent in his report, and that seems to have been all that came of it. Politics again forged to the front, and "Rep. by Pop." and political manoeuvres monopolised the attention of public men till Confederation was achieved.

The birth of the Dominion inevitably brought to executive attention many problems of organisation, and among them the much neglected public records again got a chance. It was just five years after Confederation that the movement began which culminated in our present branch of the Government service devoted to the preservation of the official and historical records of the country. In 1872 the late Dr. Douglas Brymner was appointed Archivist, and for three decades he pursued his labours indefatigably, but under heavy handicap. The recommendation of Hocquart was yet lying in a cobwebbed pigeon-hole, and he had nowhere to place the documents which he industriously collected. His staff was small and his appropriations were meagre. Still he laboured on untiringly, and criticism of his work for lack of system is unfair because the inadequacy of his clerical assist-

ance and his straitened financial backing is ample explanation of whatever failing of this kind his work may show. Moreover, to quote the opinion of the present Archivist, no mean authority, "Dr. Brymner was not a mere collector of manuscripts. During the thirty years of his tenure of the office of Archivist he was ever ready to direct historical research, and he placed at the service of the student his sound judgment and ripe intelligence."

While Dr. Brymner was still in office a Commission was appointed to go into the whole question of the custody of the public records. This Commission is a landmark in the history of this branch of the public service. Its inquiries laid bare conditions which made the construction of an archives building imperative. The Commission was composed of the Auditor-General (the late Mr. J. Lorn McDougall), the Deputy Minister of Finance (Mr. J. M. Courtney), and the Under Secretary of State (Sir Joseph Pope.) The three Commissioners began their work in the year of the Diamond Jubilee and reported one year later. Their report unveiled a state of affairs that was nothing short of amazing.

"Throughout their inspection," reads the carefully considered opinion of the Commission, "the Commissioners were impressed with the lack of any community of plan amongst the several departments for the arrangement and preservation of their records. As a rule, departmental papers of two or three years back were convenient of access. Those of older date are commonly relegated to the basement (apparently rather as lumber to be got rid of than as records to be preserved) where they are stored, often under conditions eminently unfavourable for their preservation, and in some departments particular classes of papers are destroyed after periods varying from three to ten years. . . .

"The above remarks apply to pub-

lic documents generally. As regards the older papers of historic interest which form the archives of the country, the undersigned are unable to speak more favourably."

There are in the public service, the Commissioners pointed out, a Dominion Archivist, "amply qualified," but never enjoying "anything beyond a casual and perfunctory recognition"—and also a "Keeper of Records"; but these two offices "are distinct and even antagonistic."

"The Commissioners, for instance, understand that for the purpose of bridging over breaks in the archives copies have been made in the libraries of European capitals, when the originals of these very documents were at the time in the custody of one or the other of the public departments."

The report of this Commission marked the beginning of the end of the old state of carelessness and chaos in the control of the public records. The attention of the powers that be was at length sufficiently aroused to take action. It is true that it was six years before the Archives building was opened, but in the meantime much was done towards rescuing invaluable maps and papers from the cellars and attics of the departmental buildings.

In this connection there is a pleasant tale to tell of the too little appreciated activities of our Governors-General. We are prone in this country, with our popular elections and our exaltation of the office of the Prime Minister, to look upon the King's representative as an ornamental but hardly useful part of the machinery of government. We, who do not come into close touch with that machine or that part played in it by the occupant of Rideau Hall, can have no understanding of the manifold labours of the Governor-General quite apart from his official duties. He is not only a link in the chain of Empire; he is not only a pen for the signature of state papers;

he is one of the leading citizens in the country and as such takes a deep and active interest in many movements of opinion and organisation outside of the partisan sphere. One of the spheres in which Lord Minto, who came to Rideau Hall at this juncture, displayed his extra-constitutional activity was in the arousing of interest in the protection of our historical treasures. He had dusty garrets searched and old "lumber" examined in cellars, with the result that many priceless documents were unearthed; among them being the original manuscript plan of Quebec, on which was inscribed a detailed history of the siege of the ancient capital, as well as a minute description of the district. Lord Minto's activity in this direction was sustained throughout his term of office, and his interest was continued by Earl Grey. Lord Minto secured for our Archives, among other documents, four or five hundred volumes of military papers and sixty volumes of the Selkirk papers; while Earl Grey enriched the collection with the Durham and Bagot papers and many of the Grey family papers, including the correspondence between Lord Elgin, Governor-General of United Canada, and the third Earl Grey, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. To their united endeavours is due the possession by the Canadian Archives of a complete file of the original correspondence between the Governors of Canada and the Colonial Office from the time of the cession.

Through all these labours and after all these vicissitudes, the Archives building was opened in 1904. Intendant Hocquart's representations had at last received the attention they had so long merited. The building is of modest proportions, but is well fitted for its purpose. Of gray Nepean stone, its Norman graceful solidity overlooks the Ottawa River just a little beyond Nepean Point. It was constructed under the ministry of the Honourable Sydney Fisher, of

whose department the Archives were then a branch; but only last year it was transferred to the control of the Secretary of State. And now there is at work a Commission—composed of Sir Joseph Pope, Deputy Minister of External Affairs, Mr. E. F. Jarvis, Assistant Deputy Minister of Militia, and Dr. A. G. Doughty, Archivist—which will conduct a thorough inquiry into the management and preservation of the public records.

The present Archivist, Dr. A. G. Doughty, joined the service in the year the new building was opened. He had previously been joint librarian for the Province of Quebec, and while in that position had pursued extensive studies in the early history of the country. In the course of these studies he was daily impressed with the lack of access to historical documents under which Canadian historians were suffering, and he succeeded in interesting Sir Louis Jette, then Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, in the subject. Accordingly, a meeting was held in Sir Louis Jette's office in 1900, which had much to do with bringing the question of a Dominion Archives to the front. At that meeting were, besides Sir Louis, the Honourable Thomas Chapais, Monseignor Laflamme, rector of Laval; Monseignor

Mathieu, and Dr. Doughty. A plan was then drawn up for the publication of the early historical records of the Dominion. The Provinces were to be asked to provide for the collection of their records, and then these records were to be edited by a qualified committee and published under the authority of the Federal authorities, the expense to be borne in part by the Provinces and in part by the Dominion. Difficulties, however, arose and the plan had to be dropped; but in the meantime Lord Minto's interest had been enlisted, and largely through his influence the Dominion Government was induced to take up the work.

The Archives building is open to students from all over Canada, and from other countries as well. Post-graduate investigators are now at work there from many of the universities of the Dominion and from some of those of the United States. The sources of Canadian history are being minutely examined within its walls, and the materials are being gathered from which it will be rewritten. It may be that even now there is working among these "ancient archives" the historian, or school of historians, who will inspire the Canadian people with the meaning of their past and the vision of their future.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ROMANCE

BY BEATRICE DILLON-LAWRENCE

NO, it's no use. You are courted and fêted; so are all the other girls. But I—the men smile on me, it's true, and their ardour is intense for a day or so. Then—pouf—away it goes like thistle-down. With you the love lasts—and I'm not monstrous ill-looking, am I?"

The speaker put her rounded elbows on the toilet-table and, resting her chin in her hands, gazed intently at her reflection in the mirror. The only other occupant of the room, a very beautiful girl of about eighteen, shrugged her shoulders and, tipping her chair back as far as it would safely go, said with a frown:

"You talk a great deal of nonsense, Sheelah Spenser. Of course, you're pretty, and you know it, but you're too timid, my love. Law, if I were to act like you—" The frown deepened and she bent towards her friend earnestly. "Sheelah, take this advice from a wiser, if not an older, head. When a man flirts, flirt back, but grudgingly, demurely; then purse your rosy lips right under his, but, hark to me, before he kisses them, fly—and he pursues. 'Twould be a prodigious fool that wouldn't. And then you have him. Ah, the dear silly things! how easily they are caught. There isn't a man in Bath that I cannot bring to my feet in one hour. Par example, Monsieur La Casse, the French woman-hater. Bah, woman-hater! My dear Sheelah, there aren't any; why, he proposed after only one week of my charming society."

"But you are engaged— Yes?"

"Of course, I'm engaged—not to Monsieur, thanks be to Heaven, but when I'm married I suppose it will be the same way. Now you're shocked."

"Oh, Constance, but Sir William is so nice and kind; how can you?"

"Dear little Faithful, don't think me dreadfully wicked. I'm not, for it's just a bad habit. I'd die if I couldn't flirt. I told Sir William that, but he will marry me, so it's his risk, not mine. I'm positive I'll be bored to death with him before the honeymoon is over, but, law, what can a girl do? I have to marry someone."

"I don't understand it, so many amuse themselves in this way."

"And nobody cares. There's our fair hostess, Lady Kitty. She flirted outrageously with Charlie O'Hara last evening. I vow I almost died laughing to see milord gazing reproachfully at them through his monocle and then raising his eyebrows fully two inches. Charlie is the same as myself, a flirt. But I don't think he'll ever marry, for he only exists to break silly little hearts. You start, child, are you one of them?"

Sheelah shook her head slowly, a deeper pink than usual stealing over her face and neck.

"No—o, he is my—a sort of relation, you know, so I couldn't be—I mean—well—you see, he—" she stopped in confusion and Constance laughed.

"Law, yes, I forgot. Still, one may fancy one's—ah—sort of relation even, can't one? Well, I must change my gown. Shall I wear the yellow brocade or the pale green that came from Paris?"

"Wear the yellow, you look so sweet in it. Now, I must run away and change mine also. Shall we go down to the drawing-room together?"

"Um—yes—and Sheelah, try to be your own natural sweet little self to-night; Sir Charles O'Hara is staying here for the holiday."

Sheelah laughed nervously and started towards the door. Constance had told her the very thing to make her self-conscious. Although a relation, she had only met Sir Charles recently and had not spoken to him more than three or four times, but already she had lost her heart to the strong handsome man with the dancing blue eyes that looked at her so merrily.

Sheelah and Constance had come the day before Easter Eve by the stage-coach from Bath and had arrived, tired out, at Mairlea, where Lord and Lady Mairland were keeping open house for the Easter season. In the year 1760 the roads from Bath to Mairlea House, some five leagues distance, were in a terrible condition, so Sheelah, worn out, retired to her room and was seen no more that evening. It was the next day, Easter Eve, when the conversation between the two girls was held. After Sheelah left the room Constance leaned thoughtfully back in her chair. Suddenly she bolted up and, skipping around the toilet-table, seized a long cloak and hood.

"I have it, I have it," she cried. "If I can't be happy, why shouldn't she? He told me perfectly plainly that he cared nothing for me except to flirt with and that he'd never marry a coquette, heigho!"

She looked long and earnestly at her reflection in the mirror and sighed as she slipped on her cloak; then she laughed suddenly and sharply.

"Yes, I'll do it, and more, if it be necessary; there's no limit to the deeds I'd do."

On her way out she picked up a sharp little knife from her writing-desk and hid it in her bodice, then strolled casually down the wide oak staircase, across the hall and out a side door to the lawn. The early spring evening was closing in, and as she crossed a rustic bridge her hurry became evident. She sped through the woods to a forked tree laden with lilac blossoms. There she stopped and, throwing aside her cloak, commenced to carve on the trunk. After about fifteen minutes' labour, she stepped back to view her work. It was two twined hearts with the initials S. S. and C. O'H. in them. Constance put her head on one side and laughed.

"This is splendid! I protest, 'tis as goodly a carving as any man could make. Now then for the other."

She looked swiftly around and glided through the trees until she came to a rippling brook. At the side of this stream was a fallen tree, which the young people used as a seat. Constance dropped to her knees beside it and at the end nearest the roots she carved, in a more careless fashion, the facsimile of the hearts and initials, then she carefully coaxed a branch to droop across it, jumped to her feet and hurried back to the house.

This time she entered by the front door, and as she was crossing the hall she heard her name called softly.

"What rosy cheeks, Mistress Constance Wynn! I vow I'll go into the air and see if I can coax the same tint into my own face; but, alas, I fear me 'tis hopeless. We of the stronger and bolder sex must in this at least consent to be outrivaled by the charming ladies."

The gentleman bowed low, and Constance looked at him in delight. Here was the very man she wanted to see.

"Ah, Sir Charles," she said light-

ly, "I've been abroad to the woods to get me a colour to match my Lady Kitty's rouge, and there I saw a thing that should interest you greatly."

"Interest me?" he asked in surprise. "In the woods? My, then I must know it; for I swear that you shall not escape till I do," He seized her playfully by the wrist.

"Nay, then, Sir Charles, 'tis not seemly of you to hold the hand of a woman who is to wed thy friend; nevertheless, you shall not only know it, but see it. Will you come? But mind, not a word of this to anyone."

"You may trust me, I swear it, on the honour of my knighthood. 'Tisn't a joke, I hope, for you're prodigious fond o' that."

He laughed gaily, and, taking up a hat and cloak and lantern, followed his fair guide back again to the side of the brook.

Constance paused and lifting the bough presented to his eager and astonished gaze the intertwined hearts. He sank gracefully on one knee and looked thoughtfully at the initials.

"Now, Sir Charles, was it worth while? I came upon this quite by accident a while ago, for I dropped my amber brooch here, and while hunting for it—you see what happened." (She expressed volumes in a pretty gesture.) "She's a modest flower, this S.S., to hide her hearts away when all the others place theirs boldly forth. A secret love, methinks. Do you even guess who it is? I can't for the life of me."

"Yes, Mistress Constance, it is—but there, 'twouldn't be gallant of me to tell—what—" He bit his lip in confusion and placed the twig hastily back over the hearts.

Constance turned away to hide her smiling face, and then, facing him again, she said:

"And you don't thank me, Sir Charles, for bringing you here?"

"I do, from the bottom of my heart."

He lifted her hand to his lips.

"Shall we go, then?" she asked

simply, as she moved to return.

They walked back to the house in silence, and Constance went straight to her room. While she was arguing with her maid as to whether a patch on her charming face would look better if it were just a little farther away from the corner of her mouth, the door was flung open and Sheelah Spenser rushed breathlessly in.

"Oh, Constance! Oh, Constance!" She stopped lamely when she saw that Constance was not alone. Mistress Wynn smiled at her.

"That will do, Lila," she said to her maid. "Mistress Spenser will help me if anything is amiss." The maid left the room noiselessly. "Law, my love, what has happened?"

"Oh, Constance, he does, *he does*."

"Slowly, my dear, who is he, and what has he done?"

Sheelah sank at her feet and hurried on all in one breath.

"I was out getting lilacs with the Bennet girls, and we were reading all the names on the trees, and we came to the forked lilac-tree, and what do you think? I vow I almost fainted, for there were my initials with—his, and the girls laughed and said that they would tell everyone that he had been captured at last; and so we hurried home, and there he was in the hall, and I said, 'Good-even,' and he looked at me and he smiled and said, 'Was Sheelah out catching a cold?' and then he took my cloak and asked if he could sit by me at the late Easter Eve supper this night, and I, of course, said yes; and then he smiled again and pressed my hand. So do you think he *does* mean it?"

Constance smiled.

"If you will have the very good grace to tell me who *he* is?"

"Why, Charles — Sir Charles O'Hara."

"Well, and what do you want him to do?"

"Why, to love me—no—I mean, do you think he *does*?"

"Of course—"

"Now, you are laughing at me. Oh,

do say it isn't a dreadful joke."

"It isn't a dreadful joke," lied Constance cheerfully. "But run along m'dear, and get your prettiest gown on. I thought you went to dress an hour ago."

"Constance," said Sheelah solemnly. "I think he is laughing at me, and I could never bear that."

Two big tears forced themselves from her eyes.

"*Ma foi*, the child is never crying. Then I'll give you a remedy."

She darted into the dressing-room and scribbled a note. Things are going a little too far, and she had to drop out as gracefully as possible. To write a letter was the work of a moment and to sign Charlie O'Hara's name was a detail. So she carried this note back to Sheelah, who never doubted it.

"Here is a note that came for you a while back, and if I mistake not, 'tis in Sir Charles O'Hara's hand. Don't stare so, child, but open it and let's hear the news."

Sheelah, whose face was now beaming, handed the note to her friend, who read it aloud.

"Cousin Sheelah:

"Meet me at a quarter before twelve at the forked lilac-tree, and breathe not a word to anyone, but come.

"C. O'H."

"O—o—o—h, will I go?"

"Go?" asked Constance, "Lud, what a question for a love-lorn maid to ask! He might catch a cold and die if he were kept waiting; I've heard of such cases."

She laughed merrily at Sheelah's serious face, and, putting her arm around her waist, drew her to the door, pushed her outside and gently shut and locked it.

"Now for the final step," she murmured, as she crossed to the writing-desk. "This is going to be the hard part, for he knows my writing. But here is one of Sheelah's letters, and I must back out of this at once."

She sat down and laboriously copied

for about twenty minutes. Writing the note, tearing it up, and so on. At length, finishing one to her satisfaction, she stood up and flinging her long cloak over her shoulders ran out and along the hall to the rooms Sir Charles occupied. Finding the door ajar, she slipped in, placed the note on the centre table, and then flew back to her own room.

*

Sheelah was restless all evening, and at half after eleven, she slipped away to her room. After a few moments of aimless wandering around she put on a long velvet cloak and hood and placed a basket over her arm as a precaution in case she met anyone and was asked where she was going, then she could say that it was for lilacs, which was true in a sense, as she really did intend to get some, because no really nice girl would go out at that hour just to meet a—well, a lover, even if he were a kinsman.

However, she was not delayed and she walked steadily across the terrace, over the lawn, and through the woods to the stream; as she intended to rest there until he came, the while utterly forgetful of her intentions towards lilacs.

"I do wish he'd come," she said to herself. "I really do believe I must be in love to have come here to-night; well, I wonder just what this is? Love—love? My definition would be that 't is the devil of the age; the seducer, methinks, the tempter. Ah, me! the basest, vilest, truest, most tempting, most excellent, falsest, dearest treasure in this whole world! I wonder why I love my kinsman? I don't—I hate him! I detest him, and he dislikes me, I am afraid, and yet I do love him. What a glorious sensation. I—in love? 'Tis vastly amusing—for others, perchance. But what is this creature I love? A man—with a strong mind, a great heart hidden by treacherous flippancy; a man who flatters and lies to a woman without winking. I loathe all men,

daring creatures, who swear they love you—nay; *he* never swore that to me nor to any other woman that *I've* heard; and these things fly so quickly. I've been courted by every wooden-headed, painted lout in Bath. And the man, the only Man there is, pays me tribute in pretty worthless words, presses a cold-lipped cousinly kiss upon my fingers and presses my hand. Could he kiss with fervour, I wonder? Ugh, I dislike him, I dislike him, I wouldn't kiss him if—but, alas! there won't be any 'IF.' Oh, the ugly, smiling, careless beast! But why did he write to me, I wonder? It must be time to keep my tryst with him. Will I or will I not? Um—well, at least 'twill be an adventure to tell the girls."

*

Sir Charles O'Hara ran lightly up to his private sitting-room in quest of his French silver snuff-box. The hour was half an hour after eleven, and Mistress Wynn had suddenly become very solicitous about seeing the peculiar engraving on that particular snuff-box that he always kept on his centre-table. Nothing would do but he must go for it himself. He lifted the little article and was about to leave the room when his eyes became fastened on a dainty white note bearing his name, and as curiosity is one of the qualities of the masculine sex, although rarely acknowledged, he opened it, read it, and then uttered a low whistle.

"A note from my pretty cousin Sheelah, praying me to meet her at the forked lilac tree, at a quarter before twelve. Um—m, this makes me uneasy, and they say that when a man's uneasy where a lady is the question he is surely in love. Ha—ha! Me in love? Me? Faith, women are such pretty dears fit to be caressed, kissed, and petted; but fit for no deeper passion. Ecod, if there was a deeper passion, then Mistress Sheelah is verily the one I'd bestow it upon. But women seem all the same.

However, a sweet, gay, modest damsel is my cousin. Why is the longing growing upon me to hear her voice again, to kiss her dainty hand—aye, and her mouth; to watch her bright eyes flash when suddenly they meet mine? But she's the last one I'd ever think of receiving love-notes from. Of course, I'm a relation, and that makes a difference. Bless me, I must be in love with her to go on in this mad fashion and to make excuses, but if this be love, then 'tis a mighty pleasant sensation. I—Charles O'Hara—am in love with and wish to wed—no, not that for surely. Well, and why not, indeed? I *will* wed Sheelah. By Jove, it does sound damn nice. I suppose being in love makes one nervous. But I'll go and see the lady and make myself agreeable."

Forgetting about Constance Wynn, he rushed out and away to the trysting tree, her note crushed in his hand. And that is how they both arrived at the same time.

*

Sir Charles and Sheelah almost collided. He seized her hand and kissed it.

"Ah, Sir Charles," she said in a low voice. "You see I came—"

"So I see," he answered with a courtly bow. "And I also came."

She looked at him in quick surprise.

"May I inquire what you wanted of me?"

Her heart was beating faster and faster until in the silence she almost heard it. At that, he looked at her in astonishment.

"What I wanted of you? What I—I wanted?" (Men *are* stupid sometimes.)

Sheelah smiled.

"Yes, you see, I was rather surprised when I received your note, and, I vow, greatly pleased."

The man evidently needed encouragement.

"My note? You mean when I—

oh, yes, may I please see it for a moment?"

Sheelah took it from her pocket and handed it to him.

"Oh—ho," he thought to himself as he held the note down to the lantern. "Putting things together—including handwriting, of course; Mistress Wynn has had a finger in this pie. Bless me, I thought my note had a familiar ring; I see it all now." Then aloud: "Wasn't my little cousin afraid to trust herself out in the dark alone?"

"Oh, no, Sir Charles."

"No, why not?"

"Because—well—you were here and—" she stopped and looked down—"but you didn't tell me why you wanted me?"

"Sheelah, dearest one; there's only one reason, and you know it; or you'd never have come. I brought you here to tell you that I—love you—and want you dreadfully. I vow it by your bright eyes and rosy lips. I want you, love, want to call you something dearer than cousin, sweetheart, to call you my wife."

He clasped her hands and drew her gently towards him.

"Say you consent, Sheelah mine. Ecod, but my tongue is as tied as if I were the veriest plough-boy instead of an Irishman. I love you, I love you, is all I can say, but I say that with all my soul."

She accepted the shelter of his arms and buried her face in his cloak.

"I love you—I love you," she whispered as he crushed her to him.

Just then the chimes of Easter morning floated over the wood.

"Ah," exclaimed Sir Charles, "A moon shining upon the sparkling brooklet! Easter morning, a trysting-place under the lilac trees—and a betrothal. Under the lilac, Sheelah, which means 'The emotion of Love.' And I have not kissed you yet, dear heart. Up with your head, Sheelah, my own."

"Charles!"

"Sheelah, Sheelah!"

It was the primitive call of the mate; and their lips met as the Easter bells rang out the story of the greatest love in the world.



THE CO-OPERATIVE POLICIES OF SASKATCHEWAN

BY W. A. CRAICK

CO-OPERATION is a word of frequent occurrence in the story of Saskatchewan's progress. British Columbia may have its phenomenal railway guarantees, Alberta its single tax, and Manitoba its "Million for Manitoba" movement, but the Province of the middle West banks largely on the success of its co-operative enterprises. They are for the most part peculiar to itself, children of its own begetting, in which the people take a not unnatural pride. Evolved as solutions of difficulties into which the rapidly expanding Province found itself plunged, they have seemingly justified the fond hopes entertained by their originators and have established themselves as assured remedies.

Up to the present time this co-operative cure-all has been applied to four principal public services—telephones, elevators, creameries, and hail insurance. It has had its greatest utility in the case of the first two, the success of the telephone and elevator policies of the Province being most marked. That it will be applied as a sort of legislative soothing syrup to allay the growing pains of the young giant of the prairies, whenever need arises in the future, may be taken for granted, for experience has apparently justified all the glowing testimonials which have been written regarding its efficacy.

Co-operation as practised in Saskatchewan is a species of compromise policy. It stands between state own-

ership on the one hand and a riot of individualistic enterprise on the other. It gives state countenance and support to undertakings of a semi-public character operated by individuals. It is a mild and reasonable form of paternalism, putting it up to the people to manage their own affairs with the least possible interference from the Government.

Saskatchewan gave the policy its first serious try-out in the case of telephones. Of course there is state-ownership of this great public utility in Saskatchewan as there is in Manitoba and Alberta, but in the case of Saskatchewan it is only partial. The trunk lines and the urban exchanges are owned by the people, as these could obviously be operated successfully, but not so the rural lines. There was some wisdom shown by the Government in not attempting to supply rural districts with telephonic communication when the expense of construction, maintenance and operation would have hung a dead weight about the neck of the entire provincial system.

"We are quite prepared to manage the main lines and urban systems," announced the Government, "but we are not going to involve the Province in a hazardous enterprise by stringing lines out across the prairies to every homestead that clamours to be connected up with town. If the farmers want telephones, they will have to go into the telephone business themselves.

We will do all in our power to assist them, for it is the duty of the state to do its utmost to improve the conditions under which the people live, but we cannot do everything that we are asked."

With this understanding of their obligations the Government passed what was known as the Rural Telephone Act in the spring of 1908, at the same time that they passed the general telephone Act that set the provincial system in operation. The Rural Act left the initiative to the farmers. If a group of them wanted to establish a rural system, it offered a convenient way of attaining their object. They had to come together and make a formal application to the Government for a charter of incorporation. This granted, they were empowered to proceed to construct their system.

Immediately upon the passing of the Act and almost before the Department of Telephones was established, inquiries began to pour in from all parts of the Province. In four months the correspondence had reached the total of 1,145 letters and the Department had its hands full in dealing with the applicants for information and advice. Of course there was a reason for this sudden display of interest, and it lay in the way in which the farmers had become educated, through their class publications and otherwise, to understand the value of possessing means of communication by wire with one another and with centres of population. The homesteader realised how time and money could be saved, how life would be brightened, how health would be safeguarded and how the loneliness of the isolated life of the prairies would be minimised, by the introduction of the telephone. With a favourable opportunity to establish a co-operative system under Governmental supervision, the farmers lost no time in taking advantage of the new legislation.

The requirements in the case were

few and easily complied with. Applicants for a system had to fill out certain blank forms furnished by the Department. For one thing a formal petition for incorporation, signed by not less than five applicants, was required. Then information as to the proposed name of the rural company, the location of its head office and the amount of its capital was to be given. Next, particulars covering the proposed system, such as the number of miles of line to be constructed, number of circuits, number of telephones on each circuit, and estimated cost of material, were asked for, accompanied by a township diagram of the system. A list of subscribers to the stock of the company with the amount of their subscriptions paid up, together with a certificate from the treasurer showing the amount of stock subscribed and the amount paid in, completed the documents prescribed by the Act. With these statements before them the Department of Telephones was in a position to consider the application and, if satisfactory, to authorise the issue of a charter, empowering the company to proceed with construction.

Small systems are recommended by the Department, those consisting of but one or two circuits being considered sufficient to cover any district tributary to a trade centre. It is estimated that a single circuit to accommodate ten subscribers can be built for \$100 a mile; one of two circuits from \$120 to \$130 a mile, and one of three circuits from \$140 to \$150 a mile. These prices include the cost of one instrument a mile, which is in accordance with a regulation of the Department calling for an average of one subscriber for every pole mile of line to be constructed.

The Government's contribution to the assistance of the rural company takes the form of a gift of poles. All the poles necessary to carry the line are supplied by the Department

of Telephones and are delivered free at the nearest railway station. In a province where poles are a scarce commodity this service can best be rendered by a Government department. In addition to this helpful donation the Department lends the services of an inspector, whose duty it is to see that the system is built up to requirements. The company is allowed considerable latitude in the control of its plant, but necessarily there are certain provincial standards which it is both important and advantageous to maintain.

Financially a company must make a good showing at the bank before it is permitted to proceed with construction. It was at first intended that a cash deposit amounting to a total of \$20 for each pole mile should be collected from each subscriber to the stock, but this has been found to be too stringent a regulation. Cash is often difficult to collect in the West, though credit may be sound, and notes are now accepted as sufficient guarantee of solvency. At the same time, settlement in full must be taken when share are sold.

A few figures will now give an indication of the success of co-operative telephones in Saskatchewan. During 1908, the first year of the enforcement of the Act, thirty-one rural telephone companies were incorporated and 216 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles of line were strung and put in operation. In 1909, forty-five companies were formed; in 1910, sixty-six; in 1911, one hundred and one. This means one hundred and nine; up to November 30th, 1912, eighty-six. This means that since the spring of 1908, three hundred and thirty-seven rural telephone companies have been established. To-day there are 7,555 pole miles of line in operation and 8,024 subscribers. The latter manage their own lines, attend to their own repairs and in general work their systems in a far more economical way than were they to be left to the care of the regular department.

Only in special cases requiring expert knowledge are the officials called upon for assistance.

Doubtless the success which attended co-operative telephones influenced Saskatchewan's legislators when they tackled the elevator problem two years later. The Elevator Commission, which was appointed in February, 1910, to find a remedy for one of the most aggravating situations in the West, could do nothing better than recommend a measure of co-operation among the grain-growers, backed by the Government. The Commissioners might have stood out for state-ownership, as in Manitoba. That they did not speak for their perspicacity, as subsequent events in the latter Province have proved. On the contrary they held that the only satisfactory system would be one which would give the farmer full control. Without direct personal interest in and responsibility for the elevator, there would be little incentive to make it a financial success.

But meanwhile, what is the elevator problem and why should it have become such a bugbear in the West? An elevator is seemingly such a harmless looking object, except perhaps under cyclonic conditions, that it is difficult to understand why it should be a source of trouble.

The elevator problem sprang into existence contemporaneously with the transportation problem. It is really only another phase of that much discussed subject. Its first manifestation was when individual shippers of grain found that in the rush for marketing their crops they were being discriminated against by the railways in favour of the elevator companies. The only loading facilities at the stations belonged to the elevators, and the railways saw that the elevator people, being the largest shippers, got the cars. A farmer had of necessity to ship through the elevator or face all sorts of trouble. There was a spirited agitation and

finally the Board of Railway Commissioners issued an order making it compulsory on the railways to build loading platforms at stations, when petitioned to do so by at least ten shippers. To-day twenty per cent. of the crop is loaded over these platforms, of which there are several hundred in the Province, and in this way the first obstacle was surmounted.

But with the Saskatchewan grain growers it was a case of out of the frying pan into the fire. It was all very well to have loading platforms, but what use was a platform if there weren't cars to fill? The railways still sent the cars to the elevators and let the farmers wait. They were really worse off than ever. As a remedy for this hardship, the famous car distribution clause was inserted in the Manitoba Grain Act. This made it necessary for the agent at every shipping point to keep a car audit book. When cars were short at any station they had to be delivered in the order applied for, the elevator companies ranking precisely the same as individual shippers.

There now remained but one obstacle in the path of the grain growers. The loading platforms and the car audit systems were a great help, but they were of real value only to those large growers who could ship in carload lots. The small grower with his waggon load of grain had still to deal with the elevator companies and he felt that he was not receiving fair treatment. He complained that the elevator people combined to beat prices down, that they pooled their interests, and gave the farmer the small end of the bargain. It was to remedy this difficulty that co-operative elevators were suggested.

On March 14th, 1911, assent was given to the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company Act. The legislation called for the formation of a central organisation with branch

companies in various districts requiring elevators. In the existing Grain Growers' Association, which had taken deep interest in the movement, was found a basis of action, and its officers became provisional directors of the new system. At once the work of interesting the farmers in the project began. According to the Act, before an elevator company could be organised in any district, as many shareholders were necessary as would represent at least 6,000 acres under crop, while to bring in as many individual shareholders as possible and spread the responsibility, no subscriber could put down his name for more than ten shares. Only men actually engaged in farming in the district were entitled to become shareholders, and in subscribing for stock they were required to pay fifteen per cent. of the face value of their stock in cash, the remaining eighty-five per cent. being left unpaid, subject to call.

Three months were allowed by the Act to form twenty-five locals, that number being considered necessary before a permanent organisation could be established. As a matter of fact this number was soon exceeded, and forty-six locals were represented at the first general meeting on July 6th. These had a combined capitalisation of nearly half a million dollars, the total number of shares being 8,101, held by 2,580 shareholders. With this backing, there was no need of delay in starting operations. Regular directors were appointed, officers selected and plans and specifications for a standard type of elevator were passed.

Contracts to build forty elevators were let, but owing to delays of one sort or another, only seventeen were completed by December 1st, and at the close of the year there were still nine unfinished. Six elevators already built were purchased. Last year eighty-six elevators were built and seven purchased, bringing the total up to one hundred and thirty-

nine. The work of organising more locals is going forward steadily, there being five organisers in the field interesting the farmers in the movement and selling stock.

It has been mentioned that subscribers to the stock of the new local companies were only required to pay fifteen per cent. of their subscriptions in cash. The remaining eighty-five per cent. has been advanced by the Government, which in this way takes a direct interest in the elevator business. At the same time this money is merely a loan; it must be applied in construction work only and is ultimately to be returned in twenty equal annual installments of principal and interest. Provision is made in the Act for the raising of funds in other ways to cover the various needs which may arise. Thus the general company may mortgage its property or hypothecate to the bank the grain which it may buy.

The central company is organised in departments, such as construction, accounting, operating, sales and organisation, each in the hands of a competent official. A local board of management looks after the affairs of each elevator in so far as they can be attended to locally, but necessarily the bulk of the work falls on the general management at Regina.

The earnings of the system are apportioned according to law. First the claims of operation and maintenance must be met and then payments on Government loans. Following these a dividend of not more than six per cent. may be declared. If there is a surplus available after this, it may be divided in a number of specified ways.

The result of the first year's operations was gratifying. Having discharged all obligations and made allowance for depreciation, paying \$393,000 interest on the Government loan, the company made a profit of \$52,461.60. Out of this a six per cent. dividend was paid on all shares allotted prior to April 1, 1912; the

sum of \$24,399.53 was placed in the reserve fund and a further sum of \$24,399 was made the nucleus of a trading reserve fund, which will in time be used by the company to enable it to deal in such articles as coal, flour and wire, in car lots and at wholesale prices.

Co-operation in the creamery industry is making steady advances. Here was an industry that required every encouragement in a Province given over almost entirely to grain growing, and the plan devised by the Government has proved a success.

The Dairymen's Act of 1906, which is the basis of authority for co-operative creamery companies, provided, under certain conditions, for liberal monetary assistance to the industry. A company must guarantee the cream from at least four hundred cows for a period of six months in each of three years and within a radius of fifteen miles of the place where it is proposed to erect a creamery. If plans, specifications and location are approved by the Minister of Agriculture, a loan, not exceeding \$3,000 bearing three per cent. interest and repayable in five years, may be obtained from the Government. The company must in addition have a subscribed capital of which two-thirds must be paid up and must agree that its plant will be operated by the Department. There are now nine such companies in Saskatchewan.

The success of the Saskatchewan creamery policy has been due largely to the adoption of the principle of centralisation, under which no two Government-operated creameries are allowed within fifty miles of each other. On the milk sent to any creamery by rail the Government pays the express charges, though it will not meet this charge on supplies originating in the territory of private companies.

By means of bonuses granted to creamery managers for efficient service, the production of butter has

been largely increased and its quality improved. Last year there was not a creamery in the Province which manufactured less than 40,000 pounds of butter and the average make was 70,000 pounds. The manufacturing cost was considerably reduced at the same time.

The form in which co-operation has been applied in the case of hail insurance has been through the combination of rural municipalities rather than of individuals. Various state hail insurance schemes have been tried in the West but in nearly every case they have proved failures, and recourse has had to be made to the regular insurance companies. In Saskatchewan, however, a new system has been established which seems to be working satisfactorily. Twenty-five municipalities must signify a willingness to enter into combination before the plan can be undertaken. This gives a sufficient distribution of the risk. Then a tax of four cents an acre is imposed on all assessable land within the municipality. The receipts are pooled, and all losses are met out of the general fund. Should the receipts exceed the loss payments, a reserve is created and the rate is reduced.

The insurance plan is operated by

a commission of three, one of whom is named by the Lieutenant-Governor and the other two by the reeves of the municipalities. Special withdrawal clauses are contained in the Act, allowing ranchers to escape the payment of the tax and also owners of homesteads having less than twenty-five acres under crop. Any co-operating municipality is permitted to withdraw from the combination by passing a by-law, just as any municipality can enter the plan by the same means. It only requires a petition from twenty-five ratepayers to make it necessary for the municipal council to submit a by-law.

From the foregoing outline descriptions of the various ways in which Saskatchewan is applying the co-operative principle in solving problems that have arisen in her brief municipal career, it must be apparent that she has hit on an evidently happy method of procedure. The people are assisted in securing utilities of which they stand in need; they are enabled to own and operate them themselves, and, because of this, the Province is relieved of the uncertainty attending public ownership. Furthermore, being a young Province, no vested interests are seriously injured by the new policy.



THE SHELL MINES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

THE little Province of Prince Edward Island, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and nestling close to the shores of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, has many features wholly, or almost wholly, peculiar to herself. She is unique in that she is the smallest province of the Dominion, has the densest population, is the only Canadian island having a provincial status and the only province with a uniform and unaltered geological formation.

This last fact carries with it the penalty of a distinction not appreciated by the Islander, namely, that the Province is without mineral deposits. This seems the more strange since on all sides of the adjacent Provinces are regular receptacles for coal, iron, petroleum, gas, copper, gypsum, gold and other deposits of great value.

So the Prince Edward Islander, while claiming, and not without reason, that "The Island is the garden of the Dominion and the best spot in the world," is wont to say, "and all we lack is minerals," as he thinks of the mines of the neighbouring Provinces. But everywhere there are compensations, and he would be very loth, after all, to exchange his lovely unbroken sweep of garden country, dotted with rich farms and peaceful homes, for the rock-ribbed precipices of Cape Breton with all its coal. To have omelets means breaking eggs, so he feels satisfied, and would rather have his eggs than the omelet.

If they have something he has not, he has something else which they have not, with which he would not part.

Moreover, he has rich mines, even if he has not minerals in the ordinary sense of the word. What about the rich shell mines which have contributed so much to the wealth of the country? Here again this Province is almost unique, having a practical monopoly of these shell mines. The mines consist of the dead oyster beds of the numerous bays and estuaries, and are found from one end of the Island to the other. These shells are extensively mined or dug for fertilising, and in a most interesting way.

The deep quiet bays of Prince Edward Island constitute one of the best natural oyster breeding grounds in the world. With a few favoured locations on the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia these waters constitute the only oyster fishery of the Dominion. Who has not heard of the delicious Malpeques? Blue-points cannot touch them for flavour and lusciousness. But it is the dead oyster we are speaking of.

From time immemorial these aristocratic bivalves have lived and thrived in these waters. "They build like coral, grave on grave, and pave a path sunward," but their accumulation proves their undoing. The oyster, unlike the clam, must not be covered with mud or sand or even fellow oysters. When this happens death ensues, and a new generation occu-



SHELLS USED AS A FERTILISER ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

pies the ground. Like the successive civilisations of pre-historic cities, the oyster-dynasties succeed each other, only more rapidly and more numerously.

So it comes in the progress of uncounted generations that the oyster bed started on the river bottom reaches the surface, perhaps thirty feet above. Then comes the end. The oyster, unlike his relatives, must not be exposed to either sun or frost. So when the bed climbs high enough on the graves of dead ancestors, it is kissed by the sun or ground by the ice and forthwith becomes extinct, except on the sloping margins. Even here death generally follows soon from silt and other causes. So its superabundant life is ultimately the cause of its death, paradoxical as this may sound. This defunct oyster bed now becomes a shell mine to be dug away for the enrichment of the land and the pockets of men.

Live beds, of course, are not allowed to be disturbed for agricultural purposes. Live oysters are too precious for that. And since the advent of man on the scene there is no danger of any live bed committing suicide by reason of over-growth. The merciless raking given by the oyster fishermen prevents even natural in-

crease, so that all beds are sadly depleted notwithstanding the wonderful fecundity of the oyster.

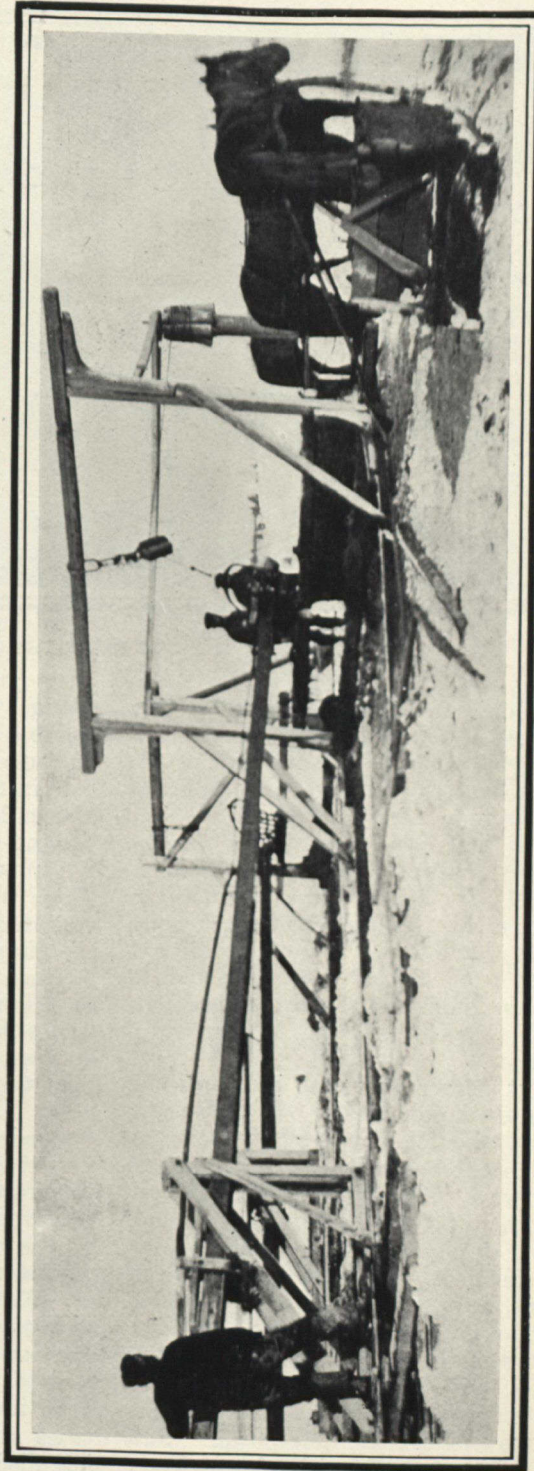
But let us return to the submarine mound of dead shells. The soil of Prince Edward Island, while naturally fertile, is somewhat deficient in lime content; and crops of grain and hay soon exhaust the scant supply which nature has provided. Unless this is restored to the land in some form it soon reacts on the crop yield and in a proportionate manner on the profits of the farmer. Many years ago it was realised that a remedy must be found if farming would be profitably followed. But what should the remedy be? At first, in a few localities, a poor quality of earthy limestone was burnt in primitive kilns, and sufficiently demonstrated what the whole Province needed. But to the many this was not available, as the supply of native limestone was exceedingly limited.

These experiments, however, led to the importation of limestone from the generous deposits in Cape Breton. For a time this was extensively followed, and small lime kilns were built in all parts of the Provinces for agricultural purposes. But though the farmers burnt this lime themselves in the most economic way possible, it

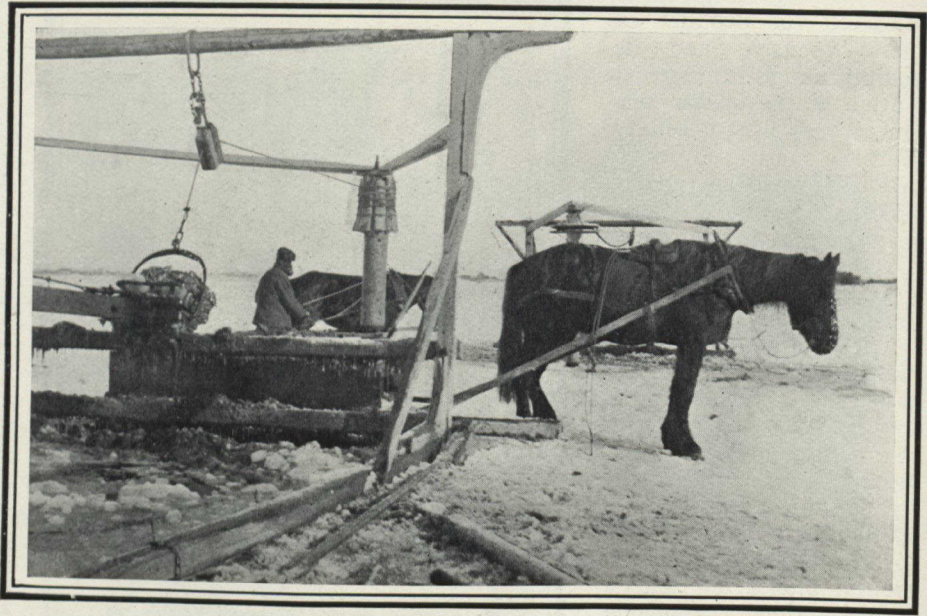
rendered the product rather expensive and demanded much of their attention at the busiest season of year. But necessity, ever the mother of invention, discovered a remedy, effective, economic and ready for use. This was the deposits of dead oysters, superior to any other lime fertiliser known.

The wonder is that this had not been thought of at first, but, like other things, it seems to have been found out by accident. This is the more strange since the value of oyster shells for lime seems to have been known in the earliest pioneering days. In these times the people, driven by necessity, frequently burned these shells for lime to plaster their houses. Old houses plastered with oyster lime are still in existence. But the land seems to have been overlooked. At all events, with short crops, the farmers toiled for years for small returns, while these immense shell mines were all around.

By some happy chance, however, some of the stuff was cast upon the land, and, lo! the amazing results. The response was like the waving of a magic wand over the niggard soil. Hungry nature smiled, and bounty was in the wake of the oyster mud. A word to the wise was sufficient. The farmers took to the mud; and soon an epidemic of mud fever raged from East Point to North Cape. It was like the introduction of a new machine; no one could farm



AN OYSTER SHELL DIGGER AT WORK, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



AT THE MOUTH OF THE PIT

without it. This discovery really marked an epoch in the Island's agricultural history since it doubled the yield, and a good dressing will last for twenty years.

But how was the mud to be got readily, cheaply and in large quantities? It took a large quantity to cover a ten-acre field, and much more for a hundred-acre farm. So another problem had to be solved to lift the mud in the most expeditious way. Again necessity mothered invention.

But before this was accomplished some disappointments had to be met. Boats were too small and the beds too variable to be worked to advantage in this way. The day of the petrol engine had not yet come, and no small power-dredge seemed possible for summer use. Moreover, the season of open water was too fully occupied with other urgent duties.

It soon became evident that these shells must be mined or dug in the winter, and by some mechanical contrivance of considerable power. This led to the invention of a horse-power

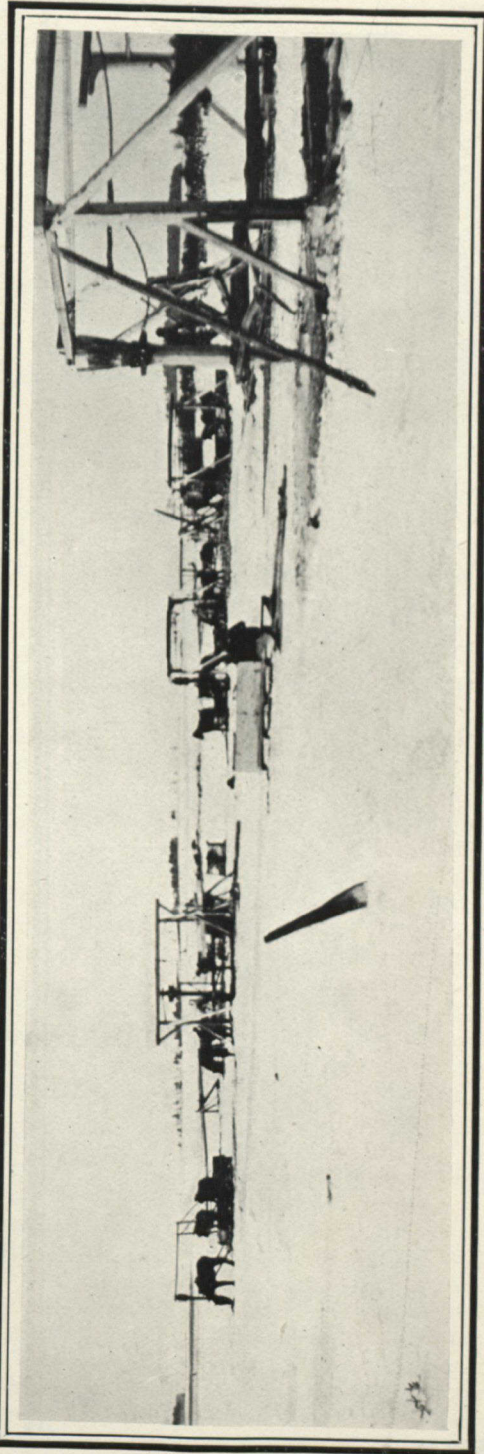
dredge, or "digger," as it is called, capable of lifting immense quantities of mud in a short time. A square hole in the ice became the pit's mouth, and a horse on the sweep of a revolving windlass furnished the motive power, and the trick was solved. These sub-aqueous mines were thus operated from the surface, and in the simplest manner.

These odd-looking machines were soon found on all the bays and rivers where dead oyster beds existed, from one end of the Province to the other. Sometimes scores could be seen operating in a more or less compact body. No more novel sight could be witnessed than one of these cities of shell miners on a bright March day. The jingle of numberless bells and splash of the dredging scoop, the rattle of chains and the shouting of the drivers all contributed to a scene of inspiring and novel activity. Some farmers haul this mud as far as twenty miles and consider it as a good investment at that. Large quantities are sent by rail. Such a train is called a "mud special."

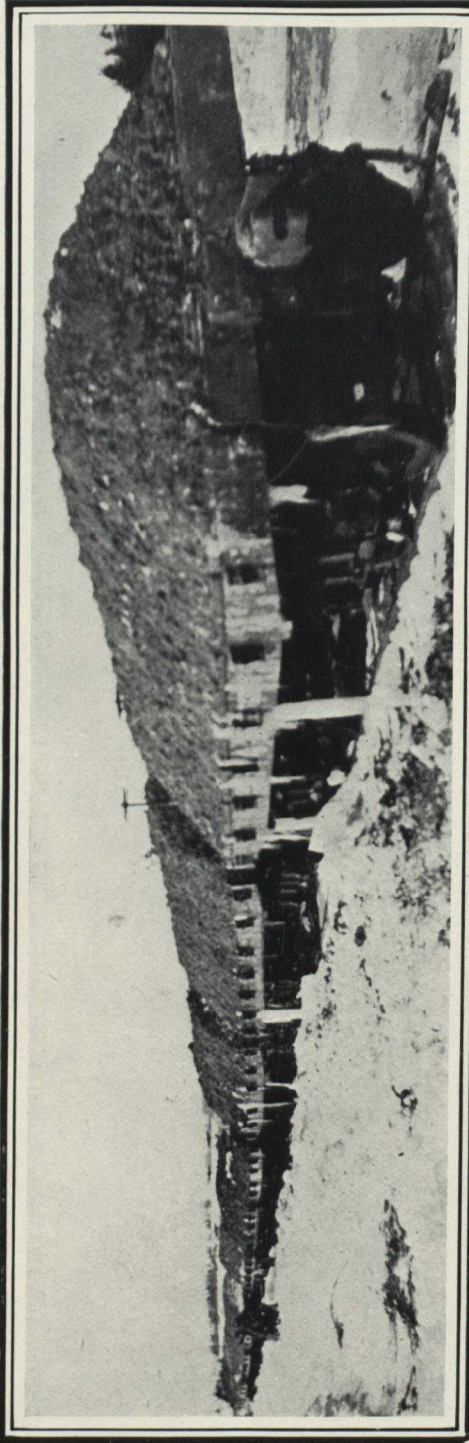
These shell mines are considered to be public property, and any man is free to select the best location he can find. He receives no official recognition of his claim and only holds it while his machine is over the spot. Some men dig their own mud with their own machine, while others have joint interests with neighbours. Still others dig for the public, and sell the mud at the pit's mouth for so much a load. Three scoops will often load a team, and good wages are sometimes made at the job.

One advantage of this fertiliser is that it is associated with much decayed organic matter and small proportion of salt. This combination makes a most valuable dressing for some soils, especially for grain and hay crops. Moreover, it requires no treatment of any kind before being applied to the land. It is generally hauled from the beds direct to the fields where it is to be used, except where the distance is more than ordinary. When hauled direct to the fields from the ice it is deposited in little piles on top of the snow, and these are spread over the land before seeding in the spring.

The depth of some of these old shell beds is something almost incredible. Thirty feet of solid oyster shells is said to have existed in certain places. What unnumbered centuries of accumulation this represents! The size, also, of some of the shells is almost beyond belief. I have seen specimens fully fifteen inches long, four inches wide and fully an inch thick at the butt end. It will be seen that



SHELL DIGGERS AT WORK, ST. PETER'S BAY, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



A MUD SPECIAL (FROM THE OYSTER BEDS) ON THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY

shells of this kind must contain a great deal of pure lime. The best commercial oysters, of course, are of smaller size and rounder formation; but the oyster dead or alive is a very valuable asset to Prince Edward Island.

But this, as well as other good things, is capable of abuse. Too much of a good thing may be harmful. The harm of a good thing may be shown in the small, as well as the greater opportunities of life, and that to the undoing of the would-be gainer. This proved true of some of the shell miners of Prince Edward Island, and for the following reason: While a moderate amount of this wonderful elixer worked wonders, an excessive coating burned the land, making vegetation well-nigh impossible.

This lesson, like many others, was only learned by sad experience. And in the early days the over greedy, proceeding on the principle that if a little is good, a good deal is better, literally plastered his land with shells, and to his sorrow. These shells seem to affect the land very much the same as an over-supply of oxygen affects animal life. Perhaps it is a pity that all forms of material wealth do not adjust themselves to human needs with such complete exactitude, or punish the over lustful with similar automatic precision. But I must desist lest I make these unique shell mines of this unique Province "point a moral" as well as "adorn a tale."

HER HUSBAND'S PARTNER

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

LAYSON, big, raw-boned and lean-faced, stood with his back to the fireplace complacently eyeing the woman with the red-gold hair, as she caressed the waving coat of her favourite dog, a slender Irish setter. He smiled as she raised her amber-brown eyes to his with a question.

"I was admiring the picture," he explained. "If I were an artist instead of a foggy lawyer I would paint it and call it 'Thoroughbreds'."

"And people would gaze on it and say: 'What a funny title for a picture of a red-headed woman and a red dog,'" she laughed, "and Mr. Timberton would take you to one side and, transfixing you with his cynical smile, would say: 'By jove, old man, I can see it's a picture but I cawn't see the answer, what?'"

"Oh, that learned gentleman," replied Layson, shrugging, "would surely understand the picture."

"No, brother mine," she smiled demurely, "he would scoff at the very idea of any woman being a thoroughbred, and if you wanted him to believe it of Flo you would have to fasten her pedigree about her neck. That would spoil the picture, wouldn't it?"

"Well now, I should say so. It wouldn't be a picture at all then. It would be an advertisement. Never mind, little woman, I shall paint the picture in my mind and hang it in Memory's Gallery, or wherever the poets call it, and my picture won't need a pedigree either."

She pushed the dog from her knees and drawing a chair close to her own motioned Layson to it.

"I sometimes wonder if all brothers are as necessary to their married sisters as you are to me, Jack," she said fondly. "Over home we used to spat like cats and dogs most of the time, you remember? And now, since I'm married, you can't be too nice to me. Tell me why?"

He shifted uneasily and she went on quickly.

"I shall tell *you* why, shall I? It's because I am married to a man who does not understand me, you think; a man who is old enough to be my father, you tell yourself. You feel sorry for me, Jack—oh you need not shake your head and draw your lawyer's gasp of surprise, dear boy—I love you and understand you better than you do yourself."

She arose from her chair and sat on the arm of his. She was a small woman and she looked very diminutive indeed in contrast with the man, whose arm encircled her shoulders.

"You're a little goose, Frawn," he said, patting her hand. "You know I'm too selfish a brute to consider your feelings for a moment. If you had married old Methusaleh himself it would have been the same to me. What do I care so long as I am allowed to make myself at home in his mansion here and smoke his two-for-a-dollar cigars? Besides," he added, his voice growing serious, "I think Jim Randall one of the best men I ever knew, Frawn. If he

has any faults they must be mighty trivial ones or I should have noticed them; gad! I probed hard enough for them when you married him. Fact is, I didn't think him just the man for you, I'll confess. Seemed to me he was too old for you, too slow—"

He felt her stiffen and he corrected the slip quickly.

"What I mean, dear, is, Jim impressed me as being the sort of a man who would shut himself away from his wife and live too much within himself, you know. I guess I was just about right there, but it seems to suit you both—this leading separate existences, as it were; so I have grown to look upon you two as a very well-attached couple. Jim thinks you beautiful and accomplished, but utterly incapable of understanding business, so he does not bother you with his business worries. You, on your part, think Jim mighty shrewd as a man of affairs but utterly incapable of playing the social game. Consequently, you do not pass along the latest society gossip to him, see?"

He swung her about so that her amber-brown eyes met his.

"Go on," she smiled, "I see I'm in for a lecture of some kind: you always lead up to them like this. What am I to do, Jack, or what have I done?"

"I would like you to spend more of your time with Jim," said Layson quickly. "I don't mean that you should sacrifice any of your little pleasures or anything like that, but keep as close to him as you can when you're at home together. I suggest this because I happen to know he is in need of something he can't find outside of yourself, Frawn. The truth is, Jim's business affairs are in bad shape; he's worrying. I want you to try and divert his mind from business for a little, if you can."

"He never tells me anything about his business," she said slowly. "He scarcely ever tells me anything about

—anything, Jack. We see each other very seldom. Tell me," she asked suddenly, "What is wrong with his business? Is he in financial difficulties?"

"I'm afraid that's about the size of it," nodded the brother. "His business needs more capital. I've been trying to interest several people in the Fargo Auto-Tire Co., but money is tight among capitalists, beastly tight. The whole difficulty has arisen through a strike among the rubber gatherers of South America. Raw material has soared to a prohibitive figure and Jim's got to secure it or shut up shop. I was absolutely sure that Savage would jump at buying an interest in the business, but when we showed him over the factory he shook his head and said: 'Looks like a paying business, but it's too dang'd noisy for me.' But," his arm tightened about her shoulders, "there has at last appeared a silver lining to the cloud, Frawn, a silver lining in the shape of Timberton; he of an ancestry reaching back to Billy the prize-winner—I beg his pardon, William the Conqueror—and half a million of good money which he is anxious to invest. He finds Jim's business to his liking and Jim's little sister more so; makes up his mind to buy an interest in the one and annex the other. Result, Fargo Auto-Tire Co. looks good as new. How's that for real unadulterated romance, Sis?"

"Fine,—if it would really happen, Jack. But it's not going to happen."

"What!" sitting bolt upright, "not going to happen?" Why, dear, of course it's going to happen. Anybody could see with half an eye that this Englishman and Millie are made for each other. I'm not what you'd call a close observer, Frawn, but, by George, I've seen enough to know that Millie thinks a heap of Timberton. Why dash it, all he has to do is go in and win."

"Mr. Timberton has other plans, so it would seem," said the sister, a little smile of irony flashing across her face. "He does not appear at all anxious to go in and win, as you put it. He was here to dinner tonight, and I happened to overhear him telling Jim that he had decided not to take over the interest in his business. Oh he was very nice about it, of course. Said that he knew it to be a sound, paying investment, but said that he could not bring himself to think that he was cut out for the manufacturing business. Didn't like the city and hated the crowds. That's the way he put it. Said he thought it best to move a little farther west and invest in real estate."

Layson leaned back in his chair and breathed two words deeply and fervently. "And Millie?" he questioned.

"She seemed her old sweet self, Jack, except that her face looked a little white, I thought. Of course she told me everything when we were alone. It seems that Mr. Timberton has been simply playing the brotherly rôle towards Millie. Pure Platonic friendship, you know. I chanced to remark that such friendships were sometimes deceiving—to others, and she turned on me. I never knew that the little dear had so much spirit, Jack."

"And of course you humoured her as you always do. Told her it served you right and all that sort of stuff."

"Yes. What else could I do? I've been her sister, mother, father, everything, you know, Jack; understand her."

"And Timberton is going away?" Layson's lean face grew grave and his wide mouth drew into a thin line. "When does he leave?"

"He is going to Shag-Villa for the week's shoot with us, after which he goes west. Jim asked him with our party, after he had given us his somewhat startling information. The

invitation rather staggered him. I could see that, but he said he would be delighted to come."

"Damn it," grated Layson, "but isn't that like old Jim, though? Talk about turning the other cheek, Frawn!"

She smiled. "It was really my doing, Jack," she confessed.

"Yours?" Layson got up from his chair and paced up and down the shadowed room. The red-haired setter lay, half in the darkness, half in the firelight, and raised brown inquiring eyes to him as he passed to and fro in front of her.

"I suppose it's all right to invite him," he said at last, pausing before the woman who sat with hands crossed in her lap, "even the most critical amongst us cannot say that Timberton has not acted honourably in this thing, so we'll let it pass. I'm sorry for Jim, but can't say that I'm sorry Timberton and Millie didn't come to an understanding."

"Why?" His sister asked the question, her face close against the head of the dog, her smiling lips turned from Layson.

"Why?—because he—he—well he isn't just the right man for a girl like Millie," he returned. "He's too selfish, too self-centred and conceited. He's too—too good-looking," he finished, mopping his brow with his handkerchief. "He would make Millie jealous of him and she'd be unhappy." He finished the sentence as though he were glad it was off his mind, and shook a cigarette from his case.

His sister raised her head and laughed softly.

"Do you know," she said, "our opinions of Mr. Timberton coincide very well. He impresses me as being a man who has had pretty much his own way all his life, and who has, therefore, formed certain fixed opinions about everything and all things, including women."

"Perhaps he is not so much to blame for having fixed opinions con-

cerning women," said Layson sagely. "Those English women do spoil a man, I know, and naturally enough Timberton has grown to look upon the average female as merely a commodity in man's household. Undoubtedly he has met many beautiful women. I doubt greatly if he has met one whom he really considered clever, cleverer than himself for instance."

"But he is still a young man, you know," said the woman, "and apart from his conceit he is a very nice young man, I think. The only trouble with him is that he does not know himself yet. I asked Jim to invite him to Shag-Villa, because"—she paused and laid her hand on the brother's—"because I know Millie loves him. I do not want him to leave without giving him the chance to realise what he is losing."

She stood up. "I am going now to take Flo to the kennels," she said. "Will you come or will you smoke a while and wait until Jim comes in?"

"I'll go. I've another call to make, you see," with a sly smile. "I leave to-morrow to spend a whole week at Shag Villa."

"Then your call will likely be a prolonged one," she laughed. "Give the only girl my love and do not miss the morning train, Jack."

He grinned. "Perhaps I'd better wait up for it," he said, opening the door for her to pass out.

II.

Shag-Villa was nothing more pretentious than a long roomy cabin of logs standing on a little eminence between two sweeping scraggy valleys in the heart of the Highland Ontario forests. Behind a range of hills rose, layer on layer, domes of variegated life and colours. Here and there a little lake gleamed whitely through the green frounce of fir and spruce and the laughter of wild, runaway streams ran, a never-dying note of harmony, through

the day stillness of the vast shag-land.

Timberton, who had shot over many a well-stocked preserve in the old land, found something he had never before known, during a week's perfect pleasure in trekking the balsam-scented woods of Northern Ontario. It was the last afternoon of his stay at the shooting lodge. The flush of October gold was on the tree tops, and just above it the hazy blue of the northern skies and deeper down the strained crimson of the sunset.

Timberton felt strangely out of place amidst this simple grandeur. Its very vastness made him feel insignificant, and still it was all very restful to him and awoke a certain chord in his world-calloused soul, the very existence of which surprised him.

His gun lay idly across his arm, and his face, turned to the sunset, seemed to have lost its look of assurance, his deep eyes their habitual expression of mastery. Upon face and mouth and deep in his eyes one expression predominated: that of supreme wonder, awe, and admiration.

Millie Randall, shifting her gaze from the working dogs in the thickets, flushed as she caught the look on the man's face. For days she had been watching for it, and now as she saw it she felt a little choke in her throat. She, too, gazed about through the hazing dusk of the evening, and her heart trilled a little prayer to the Master Solitude.

With a sigh Timberton drew himself back to the present. He knew that the slow-working setter in the valley just beneath him was due at any moment to stiffen tensely to point. He knew also that most likely he would miss the bird, as he had been missing good shots all afternoon.

For the life of him he couldn't shoot. Why, that little 16-bore Remington in the hands of that slight, tweed-clad girl down at the cedar fringe had tallied more kills by one-

half than his 12-guage Parker had done. He watched her now as she stood on a downed tree and cautioned the dogs. Her feet were braced and her slender form poised as she held the stock of the light fowling-piece against her right thigh.

"Easy there, Dannie," she called, as a heavy-muzzled Lwellyn setter pup floundered through the brush and rushed towards the crouching, slowly-moving Irish setter, now bellying to scent.

The pup steadied down and suddenly, with a quiver, stiffened, nose pointing straight ahead, feathered tail pointing straight behind. A little ahead of him, the Irish setter also stood transfixed, brown eyes staring, saliva dripping from her red mouth.

"A beautiful back," called the girl, "can you see it, Mr. Timberton?"

"Plainly, and indeed it is a superb back, Miss Millie," he answered. "Please stand where you are, I will flush the birds."

"I would rather flush them myself, if you don't mind," she said, stepping from the log and walking leisurely forward to a clump of cedars in which the hiding grouse crouched. "This is Danny's first point to-day. He expects me to do my part," she laughed, over her shoulder.

The next instant, with thunderous sound of wing, a pair of grouse sprang from the thicket and hurling up above the stunted cedars sped down the valley between the pines. One of the speeding birds, curving wide about the trunk of a giant buttonwood offered Timberton a clear shot, but he did not take it. His eyes were upon the girl. "Tack!" spoke the little Remington, and one of the birds twisted from its course and went down amidst a little flurry of feathers.

Its companion was settling low now, far off, just above a fringe of wild hazel-nut, its hurtling body painting a brown streak against the

blending blue and crimson of the sky. Just as safety seemed certain, from eighty yards behind, the Remington spoke faintly once again, and the grouse went down.

"Heavens!" murmured Timberton in admiration. "What shooting," and he added, his pulse throbbing with a strange feeling, "what a girl!"

He came slowly down to her and seated himself beside her on the log. She broke her gun, puckered up her red lips and blew its chambers free of smoke, then looked at him and smiled. The strained sunlight washed her gold-brown hair and pencilled grotesque patterns of colour on her slight, tweed-clad form. She seemed to the man to be a very small, very beautiful atom indeed, to be assuming such a calm of indifference amidst this colossal ruggedness of wood and water. Then it came to him that she was big—bigger than he was, bigger in every way. She was a woman who understood what he was powerless to understand.

He stooped to pick up the birds which the old setter had retrieved, and she said apologetically:

"I'm sorry I took your bird, but Danny would have been disappointed if he had got away. I always make it a point to make a sure kill over a young dog, you see."

"You shoot," he said, his gaze on her face, "as you do everything else, perfectly."

She slipped a pair of tiny shells into her gun and nodded.

"I try to," she said. "I do not like doing things imperfectly."

She glanced up at him, and meeting his eyes glanced quickly away again.

"It's very nice of you to say pretty things to me, Mr. Timberton," she said with a nervous laugh. "I'm afraid this week in the woods, with you my almost constant companion, will—" She hesitated, and he spoke quickly:

"Please say it. What will it do?"

"Spoil me," she added in low tones.

"Why should it?" he asked eagerly. "It has been one of the most delightful outings I have ever experienced, Miss Millie."

"Has it? I am glad."

She smiled up at him again, and he thought the spun gold in her hair the most beautiful of warm colours he had ever seen. What in the mischief had he been doing not to have seen the many charms this girl possessed for him, before, he wondered. He started, flushing, as she spoke again.

"Mr. Randall does not care for shooting, himself," she said, "but Fawn and I love it. He bought this preserve for us. Just beyond it there where that deep line of green cuts the sunset, is Algonquin Park—one million and a half acres of wood in which the birds are protected all the year round. That is why we always have good shooting at Shag Villa.

"We spend quite a lot of our time at the villa," she went on. "In the spring we come here for the trout-fishing, and in October we come for grouse."

"By George!" he cried, "it's all a revelation to me, you know. Why, I didn't know you had anything like this so close to the city."

"You like it?" she asked wistfully.

"Like it?—I love it," he answered. "And you—?"

He leaned forward and paused as she raised her eyes appealingly. "You seem to fit it all so well."

He turned away, his clenched hands deep in the pockets of his shooting-coat. The girl, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, watched him from gray eyes.

"You seem to fit it all, too," she said quietly. "I am glad you love it."

"Are you?" he faced her quickly. "Why are you glad?"

She stood up, laughing nervously,

her flushed face slightly averted.

"Because," she answered, "if you love it you will not care to leave it, to go away where you are not likely to see it again, will you?"

He stood straight before her, his face a little white, his clenched hands still deep in his pockets.

"Supposing I were to tell you that I had changed my mind about going?" he asked. "Supposing I were to tell you that I intended to stay and—"

He broke off, bending a little closer to her.

"Then I would say that I was glad."

He wondered if she meant it. "Then you want me to stay?" he asked.

She held out her hand, her glass-gray eyes looking full into his. He took it, and carried it half way to his lips. She did not attempt to draw it away; the glass-gray eyes widened a trifle, that was all. Then he released her hand.

"Come," she said, "we must go back to the cabin."

He picked up his gun and they passed in silence along the shadowed, balsam-scented aisle of firs, across the bridged stream and spruce-fringed valley, until the yellow cabin-lights drifted to meet them through the pines.

III.

It was dusk when they arrived at the villa. Layson and Mrs. Randall were waiting for them in the big airy room where a wide fireplace yawned and a blazing log threw a spicy flickering glow out along the boarded walls. In the adjoining room they could hear Randall's deep voice talking to the keeper, as they fed the hungry dogs.

"How many?" was Layson's first question. "What!" as Timberton rather humbly indicated the number of birds taken.

"Why, we beat them all hollow. I say," Layson declared proudly.

"Mrs. Randall made three doubles this afternoon, three beautiful clean doubles, and can you beat it? I guess hardly."

Mrs. Randall, dressed in gray tweed skirt and jacket, glanced up with a smile. "It must have been an accident each time," she laughed. "I know I always shut my eyes when I pull the trigger."

Timberton, his gun still on his arm, gazed at her, an awakened interest in his eyes.

"By Jove," he muttered, "she, too, is beautiful. Wonder why I haven't noticed all this before?"

Millie passed out, hand in hand with her sister-in-law. Timberton went over to the gun-rack above the fireplace and selected a wiper from the hanger.

"Sit down, Timberton," invited Layson, "never mind cleaning your gun. The keeper will attend to that for you."

"I always clean my own gun, thanks," said Timberton, "but I'll sit down and have a little before-supper chat with you while I do it. So," he sighed, "we go back to the city to-morrow?"

"Back to the city we go," answered Layson. "It's been a great week, hasn't it? Enjoyed it, Timberton?"

He glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the other man, and his square jaw set just a little. He was sorry he could not have a better opinion of the Englishman.

"I never enjoyed anything quite so much," said Timberton. "There's something about this shag-land, it must be its altitude, its ruggedness, or its gripping bigness; or it may be a combination of all these things—that gets a chap, Layson. But, by jove! It's got me. It has certainly got me."

Layson squirmed erect with interest.

"Well, has it now?" he exclaimed. "I didn't think anything would ever get you—not that way. Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it," he added.

"You won't see anything like this where you are going, though, I'm afraid."

"I'm not going anywhere," said Timberton quietly. "I'm going to buy that interest in Randall's business, if it is still open. I want to hang up close to the border of this wonderland."

"Then you are really going to come in with Jim?" asked Layson, amazement in his voice.

"If he'll still have me; yes."

"Well," said Layson, as they gripped hands, "it's a chance you won't get every day. And Jim will be glad; he has sort of taken to you, Timberton. I say, old man," he cried, leaping to his feet, "you'll excuse me for a few minutes won't you? I'll have to go in and help Jim with those dogs."

Layson bounded outside. Timberton sat thoughtfully gazing into the big fire. Something of the gigantic wonder with which the vast shag-land had filled him still lingered on his features, and when Mrs. Randall entered softly and stood beside him, the eyes he raised to hers were questioning.

"Will you tell me why you invited me to this wonderful place?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "it's because I thought you might find something worth staying for—yourself surely, and perhaps something more."

"You're right," he nodded. "I have found myself."

"And only yourself?" she asked smiling.

He glanced up quickly, to follow her gaze through the doorway to a slender tweed-clad form, standing at the far end of the table laid for supper. Then he stood up and squared his shoulders.

"I do not know yet," he replied gravely, but I am going to find out now. Will you wish me good luck, Mrs. Randall?"

"Good luck," she whispered, and

as he tip-toed from the room—"you may 'close the door behind you, if you wish."

Then she sat down and drew the head of her Irish setter close against her cheek.

As she sat there, the firelight deepening the rouge d'or of her hair, and happiness deepening the light in her amber-brown eyes, the outer door opened and a big stoop-shouldered man came softly into the room.

"Is that you, Jim?" she asked.

"Yes, Frawn."

"Come here."

He came awkwardly forward and

stood beside her. She arose and reaching up placed her hands on his shoulders.

"Dear old boy," she said, "let's begin all over again. I've secured for you a partner in your business and there is something coming to me. I am going to be a real partner in your life, Jim."

"Can you stand it, girlie?" he asked huskily. "It will be uphill going, I fear."

"I can stand it," she smiled.

"Well, then," he laughed, his arms sweeping her to him, "suppose we seal the agreement."

A WINTER DAWN

By J. C. M. DUNCAN

WHEN as the morning star decreased
 In splendour, and the moon grew wan,
 A gate was opened in the east,
 The chariot of the dawn.

Rolled through; a drift of golden light,
 Whose flying glory smote afar,
 The last horizons of the night,
 And quenched the morning star.

And fronted all the hills with fire,
 And fledged the naked woods with flame,
 And rounded till the world's desire,
 Within its compass came.

And wheresoe'er on field and hill,
 Its fiery splendours were outblown,
 The snows lay passionless, and still,
 And luminous, and lone.

A DECADE OF CANADIAN POETRY

BY J. D. LOGAN

NOT ineptly, though somewhat jocose, we may group Canadian poets, since Confederation, into three schools, and label them with characteristic sobriquets. We may group together Lampman, W. W. Campbell, and D. C. Scott, and call them The Great Lakes School. This happens to be a dignified sobriquet, and derives its descriptive truthfulness from the native environment, or from the themes, of these poets or from both. Again: we may, as in fact has already been done, group together C. G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman, and call them The Birchbark School. This is a jocose, playful sobriquet, and, according to Mr. E. B. Osborn, a London critic who lived five years in Canada (1895-1900), was applied to these poets because, as he says, "they use the mottled scrolls of the Red Man's papyrus to build a canoe, or as a vehicle for verse, with equal dexterity."

Following the lead of Mr. Osborn, I shall dub the throng of verse-makers, poetasters, and (some) poets who have flourished within the last decade (1903-1913) The Vaudeville School, both on account of their themes and their appeal to popular taste. If this sobriquet is inelegant, it is no more so than the second of the other two. If it seems too harsh and scornful, judgment in the matter must be reserved until my critical examination of the output of Canadian poetry in that decade indubitably proves the nickname to be

apt, just, and opportune. Derision is not intended to be conveyed by the sobriquet, but only a summary estimate of the quality of the poetry, and of the ideals, methods, and craftsmanship of the great majority of the poets of this group or school. For a constructive critic, whether he himself essays verse or not, must never be so uncritical of his own function and work as to be guilty of the meanest of literary sins: scorn of others and spiritual pride in his own judgments.

In Canada's literary history the period beginning with the publication of Robert's "Orion and Other Poems" (1880) may be regarded as a Renaissance in Canadian Poetry. A renaissance implies that prior to that date there were in Canada men (and women) who essayed poetry, and that their verse was lacking in quantity or quality. This is indeed true; but though the quantity was sparse, the quality was marked by a high seriousness and respectable craftsmanship; and though the inspiration was almost always commonplace, it never fell to bathos and vulgarity. It was conventional poetry; but the authors of it held a decent respect for dignity of thought and form in what they wrote, and several of them attained distinction in the matter of their poetry, beauty in its imagery and winning melody in its rhythms and rhymes.

There was, for example, old John Breckenridge who published in 1846

his genuinely readable and imaginative volume of verse, "The Crusades and Other Poems." Then there were Charles Sangster who, in 1856, published his first volume of verse, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," Charles Heavyside who gained an international reputation with his "Saul," published in 1857, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee who, in 1856, published his "Canadian Ballads and Occasional Poems," Charles Mair, who, in 1868, published his "Dreamland and Other Poems," and John Reade, who, in 1870, published his "Prophecy of Merlin and Other Poems." No one can deny that the volumes of verse published by the forenamed poets contained some very pleasing poetry, or that Mr. Mair's "Dreamland" and Dr. John Reade's "Prophecy of Merlin" contained several poems which for beauty of imagery, tenderness, and dulcet verbal music, have not been surpassed by Roberts, Lampman, Bliss Carman, Campbell, or D. C. Scott. In the poetic work of Mr. Mair (who was also to give us "Tumseh") and Dr. Reade Canadian poetry of the period from 1840 to 1870 attained its acme. Other excellent poetry was produced in the succeeding decade up to the publication of Roberts's "Orion." But from John Breckenridge to Alexander Rae Garvie ("Thistle-down," 1875), and Chandler and Mulvaney ("Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets," 1880), poetry was only an avocation (not a systematic vocation) of the Canadians who essayed the art.

On the other hand, Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Campbell, and the two Scotts were the first poets in Canada, native-born, to begin the *systematic* cultivation of the technique of fine poetry, to adopt the writing of poetry, so to speak, as a professional career, and to aim to derive from it the chief means of income for the support of life. This, to be sure, was their intention and ideal, but, as we say colloquially,

they were not able to "make it go," and were forced to turn to other fields, some literary, some clerical, in order to obtain the necessary income which would allow them to practise the systematic writing of poetry worthy to be called fine art. If Fate injured their prospects by not inciting the Canadian, or other, public to buy their poetry in sufficient quantity to bring them decent support from it by way of "royalties," lately (or within the last five years) Fate has added insult to injury by flaunting in their faces the astounding phenomenon of a poet of the Vaudeville School not only earning his daily sustenance from his poetry but also so enriching himself from the royalties that relatively to other poets Mr. Robert W. Service is to be regarded as a member of the plutocratic class in Canada. How all this has happened—what causes and conditions brought about these contrary phenomena in the appreciation of two classes of poets—it will be part of my business in this essay to explain, and thus to determine whether the Canadian people and their later poets possess at all genuine artistic ideals and the aesthetic conscience, without which, save for the rare leaven in the poetic work of some finer souls in the land, Canadian poetry will remain, as it has become within the last decade, a deluge of vulgarity and an abomination.

In the meantime, let us recall the fact that by beginning the systematic cultivation of the technique of fine poetry, and the writing of it with distinction of thought, sentiment, and spiritual vision, with beauty of imagery, and with melody and inevitable cadences, Roberts and his *confrères* initiated a new constructive movement which may justly be called the First Renaissance in Canadian Poetry, but which has either passed or failed. How this has happened—what conditions and causes brought about the abortive or de-

cadent period of the last ten years—it will also be part of my business in this essay to explain. For though the systematic poets have published some volumes of poetry in the last decade, they were only projecting themselves and their verse into a period which possesses neither their inspiration nor artistic conscience and to which, therefore, they do not really belong.

The characteristic poetry of the last decade at its best is the work of Mr. R. W. Service and Mr. R. J. C. Stead; and at its worst, the work of the Rev. Hamilton Wigle and Mr. Paul Agar. Between these comes the work of at least a hundred other poetasters. It is all serious and sincere, but it is all abortive and impossible, having been written by men and women who possessed neither the philosophic perception of values, nor the true poet's vision of nature and of life, nor the master-craftsman's skill in shaping beautiful form. Yet from a study of it I hope to orient certain pervasive defects in Canadian civilisation and to point the way to genuine accomplishment in æsthetic culture and native literature.

Now, fundamental to the point of view of the criticism which follows is this proposition: The poetry of the last decade for the most part—important exotic exceptions will be noted—must be regarded, not strictly as an æsthetic phenomenon, but rather as an envisagement of the civilisation of Canada in that period—that is, as a series of *social documents*. To state, explain and illustrate the causes or conditions which produced the æsthetically abortive or decadent Canadian poetry of the last ten years should help us somewhat to see ourselves as we really are and thus to show Canadian poets the way to writing better verse in the next decade. For Canadians are an imaginative people, and the vastness of their country, its virile civilisation, crude indeed but rapid-

ly acquiring, through immigration, a cosmopolitan character, the varied interests of the people, their eagerness to achieve fortune, their practical idealism (for they always are fronting the dawn of new things), their sense of undeveloped powers, their self-reliant faith and untiring vigour, furnish a profound source of poetic inspiration; and it is, therefore, inevitable that in Canada a new generation of poets will arise who will attempt to interpret the Canadian spirit and civilisation. How shall they do better than their predecessors if the new generation of poets be not shown the causes of the artistic sins of the æsthetically unconscionable band of lyrists who "flourished" in the decade immediately preceding the expected Second Renaissance in Canadian Poetry, presumably to occur in the West? To this interesting and instructive task in criticism I now turn.

The causes or conditions which produced the abortive or decadent poetry of the period from 1903 to 1913 may be classed in general as objective or public, and subjective or personal. The objective causes are, for the most part, the *privative* conditions under which twentieth-century Canadian poets must write—the natural defects of an adolescent civilisation. This sounds platitudinous. I promise, however, to treat these privative conditions of Canadian civilisation strictly according to the method of philosophic criticism; that is to say, to consider them solely from the point of view of their effects on the mind and art, on the inspiration and craftsmanship, of Canadian poets in general and of the great majority of the last decade of Canadian lyrists in particular. On the other hand, the subjective or personal causes of the abortive Canadian poetry produced in the last ten years are positive moral defects and artistic *incapacities* in the poets themselves who gave to the world in that period a series of rhythmical

utterances which they were pleased to call poetry but which essentially are only unimportant social documents composed carelessly in unengaging verse. The objective causes we may examine philosophically; we may remark them, and wait for time to remove them. We cannot lay the blame for them on the poets. The subjective causes are amenable to constructive literary criticism as such. We can put the blame for them directly on the poets themselves, and by orienting the nature of these causes of bad poetry, and the ill effects which they have had on the mind and art of certain Canadian lyrists, the present writer hopes to help future native poets to correct in themselves the faults of their predecessors and thus to produce fresh verse which shall be at least technically finer than any other yet written by Canadian poets.

Turning now to the objective causes, I remark that certain phases of the very adolescent civilisation of Canada do not incite and assist native men and women to write good poetry. Chief amongst these privative conditions are: (1) the refusal of the Canadian people to create leisure for imaginative recreation and for the cultivation of fine taste in the appreciation of poetry; (2) the refusal of the Canadian people to cultivate and exercise rigorously the æsthetic conscience (an altogether different sin, as I shall show, from that of denying themselves leisure); (3) the recourse in Canada to the pages of an uncultured and uncritical press as the ever-ready and primary medium for the publishing and the disseminating of poetry; (4) the decentralisation of genuine literary taste and criticism in Canada, or the refusal even of the cultured to adhere, in their literary preferences, strictly to the standards and methods of *belles-lettres*, and by this refusal promoting the baneful influences of the periodical press which, were it assisted by the cultured

to maintain in its pages the ideals of *belles-lettres*, would soon centralise literary authority and criticism and effect in Canada a universal refinement in poetic taste; (5) the substitution of vicarious and academic judgments on the part of cultured Canadians for the natural and genuine appreciations dictated by their own tastes and consciences; (6) the shifting of the centre of poetic inspiration in Canada from the more cultured and æsthetically experienced East to the inchoate and unsettled West, where indeed inspirational poetic influences are new, pervasive, and obsessing, but where the canons of versification inevitably have been applied either crudely or carelessly; (7) the apathy—apparent but real in effect—on the part of the Canadian people to the function of poetry and the work of their poets; the felt absence of public sympathy which either kills poetic instinct or deflects it from true art to the making of verse which “sells.” I shall now consider each of these privative causes of bad poetry in Canada, and conclude with a consideration and illustration of the personal causes.

At the outset let me supply considerable solace to a people who exhibit in an abnormal degree the frailty of not being willing to submit themselves and their institutions to self-criticism or to accept with decent grace the helpful criticism of older and more advanced nations. Canadians may take due comfort from the fact that, despite the shortcomings of most of the poetry produced in their country in the last decade, the native verse of Canada at this stage of its civilisation is no worse than was the poetry of England and of The United States during their nonage or adolescence, and that there exist in Canada some finer spirits, both men and women, but chiefly women, who are writing poetry which in fancy, music, and spiritual appeal is quite the equal of the

best so-called minor contemporary poetry of England and of the United States. I need only recall, for example and proof, the later verse of Mr. Arthur Stringer, Mr. Alan Sullivan, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Ecclestone MacKay, Mrs. Virna Sheard, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall; but if the Canadian habit of distrusting the judgments of cultured native critics and editors, and of accepting vicariously the verdicts only of foreign critics and editors impugns my own appreciations in this reference, I remark that the imprimatur of *The Atlantic Monthly*, of *Scribner's Magazine*, and of *Harper's Magazine*, in which the verse of the Canadian poets and poetesses mentioned has appeared, is sufficient presumptive proof of its artistic excellence. I pass now to my paramount topics.

The Canadian people have given themselves over to practical idealism. They devote their best, and virtually all, energies primarily to economic industry and nation-building. This is natural and prudent; but it is neither inevitable nor spiritually wise. Therein they show moral remissness. For in their consciences they know that they seek great material possessions, not for their own sake, but that they may transmute them into the priceless goods of the spirit. It requires no acute psychological analysis of the origin of worths to show that all things, even the immaterial ideas in poems, derive their value from the vital, sentient, and emotional nature of man. If men strive, for instance, for gold, they do so either because, as in the case of the miser, the sight of it gives them acute sensations of delight or awakens in the imagination ideated sensations of delight, or because with abundant gold they can have sleek bodies, dress well, live on the choicest foods, dwell in homes which enamour the eye and awaken the admiration of others, travel and see the glories of the

world, behold the masterpieces of art, hear the loveliest music, and feel their personality expand with the sense of ownership and power. Now, all these gratifications of desire, these sweet sensations, these emotions of personal glory and expanding personality—what are they but inner experiences, spiritual goods, supremely worth possessing solely for their own sake? Admitting, then, as they must, that the goods of the spirit are of absolute worth in right living and that paramount amongst these goods are the pure delights of beautiful imaginative poetry, the Canadian people stand before the judgment bar of Reason, condemned for refusing to create the leisure necessary for communion with the Spirit of Beauty as it is envisaged and expressed in fine poetry. Should they submit that they are busied with practical pursuits, then must Reason reply that it is all the more exigent that the Canadian people ought to create leisure from material occupations in order to obtain spiritual sustenance and refreshment from the most winning, pervasive, and exalting of the fine arts—poetry truly inspired and exquisitely wrought. They do not make the great sacrifice necessary to creating the leisure which would teach them to discern poetry truly inspired and exquisitely wrought; and because they do not discern the goddess Beauty, they do not demand her presence in the poetry they read; and because the people do not demand that Beauty be envisaged there, Canadian poets, save for some few devout servants of the Muse, give the people whom they ask for—not Beauty chaste, or comely, or winsome, or ravishing, but a hoiden form of her, smirched in countenance and garbed in sordid, bedraggled habiliments.

Roberts and Carman and their *confrères* came and sang, but the Canadian people refused to create the leisure to listen to their singing

and to cherish it; and so the first Renaissance in Canadian poetry died from public neglect. Then came Mr. Robert W. Service, Mr. R. J. C. Stead and their less gifted colleagues. The whole world turns to wonder at the most astounding commercial phenomenon in literary history; namely, the fact that more than 200,000 copies of Mr. Service's two volumes of verse, according to the publisher's statement, were sold in Canada within a period of five years. Do not decry Mr. Service; he has great natural gifts; but in view of his astounding vogue reflect what a saddening revelation and criticism of the culture and æsthetic conscience of the Canadian people lies in the fact. The Canadian people get from Mr. Service (*et al.*) precisely what the people were glad to receive, or rather only what they demanded and could receive.

This conclusion leads directly to the second objective cause of the abortive or vulgar poetry produced in the last decade in Canada, namely, the refusal of the people rigorously to exercise the æsthetic conscience in their preferences. It is from this cause that the poetry of the period under criticism has attained no higher level than that of vulgar social documents in verse, and has had so great vogue. There is nothing wrong in treating contemporary phases of civilisation in poetry with such vividness and veracity that they become really social documents of the period which they envisage; but they are of no æsthetic worth if they are not consecrated to and by art. Readers of *The Canadian Magazine* may discover just what I mean by turning to Miss Pauline Johnson's musical and swift-moving lyric, "Prairie Greyhounds," (descriptive of the transcontinental trains and their service to Canadian civilisation), or to Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's noble sonnet, "The Train Among the Hills," or to his equally fine sonnet of the soil, "The Sower." The Canadian peo-

ple respond readily to the crass appeal of the homely-pathetic, the sensual, the vulgar, the irreverent, and the humorous in society and nature, and prefer to have these themes treated in the least æsthetic forms of the ballad style of narrative and description.

I am not objecting to our poets writing about homely and humorous themes, if they treat them with art; I am observing that the Canadian people show a preference for vulgar social documents in verse, and are thus seducing our poets away from noble themes and causing them to treat in verse subjects which are not worthy of fine workmanship. As sometimes the beautiful face and voice of a vaudeville singer, or the winning melody she sings, may appeal to the heart and imagination and redeem the words of a vulgar song; so art may redeem a poem which deals with a homely, vulgar, or ignoble theme; but not the art of angels could add a jot or tittle of beauty to Mr. Service's satiric poem, "The Idealist," in which he descends to "sing" (?) the philosophy of

" . . . the louse that longed to dwell
In the golden hair of a queen."

This poem is not humorous or satiric; it is only idiotic. Further, it is unclean and immoral. For we do not call a creature who is sensual or beastly by nature and who only seeks a higher form of sensual life an idealist; such a creature is still a sensualist. How, then, are we to explain Mr. Service's choice of such a theme and of similar low themes as his chief subjects for treatment in verse? Only thus: He knew that a majority of the Canadian people prefer that *genre* of verse and greedily read it, and that an uncultured and æsthetically uncritical press would hail it as "great stuff," and reprint it with the glee and front-page display, scare-heads and all else, that a newspaper devotes to a "big scoop"

of misdemeanor or perhaps scandal.

The reference to the press of Canada requires a few more remarks about the effects which the newspapers have on public taste in poetry and on the practice of Canadian poets. In a relatively new and fast-developing country of vast areas it must happen that the hunger for news and for some degree of entertainment will create newspapers in all centres, even the smallest and rudest towns and villages, and that the editors of these papers will adopt either of two attitudes to poetry. According to their individual culture and facilities for getting news and ready "copy," they will misconceive the function and value of poetry, or they will refuse to print it at all. Usually newspaper editors conceive the function of poetry to be not a means of ideally enhancing life but of pastime, amusement, and social satire. And so we observe the spectacle of even the "leading metropolitan dailies" in Canada publishing in their columns so-called poems which are vulgar in inspiration and impossible in versification. When editors find offered to them verse which, in their view "will do" and which costs nothing, it is plain that they will not accept a really fine poem which was written to express noble thought or sentiment and for which they must pay.

Thus the press of the country by preferring to publish only the poorest off-hand homely-pathetic and humorous satiric verse fosters bad taste in poetry and holds up to possible poets standards of thought and technique which are anything but commendable. The editors of the press of this country are bound as much to exercise an æsthetic conscience as they are to exercise a moral conscience; indeed the cultivation of fine taste is a moral duty; and for the press to publish verse which corrupts good taste and technique is a deadly sin against that ideal social democracy to which the

Canadian people are surely pledged.

Another cause which helped to produce the inconsequential verse of the last decade is the decentralisation of literary taste and standards in Canada. For this the cultured are to be blamed. The lexicon, the school, and the university have established fixed canons of good diction, proper grammar, correct spelling, coherent sentential structure, and literary appreciation. But save for a few magazine editors, whose names I cannot in good taste here mention but who refuse to accept from contributors an essay, article, or poem which has not dignity of thought and excellence of structure, and save for a few scattered finer spirits, such as the late Goldwin Smith, the cultured people of Canada have done nothing towards establishing a literary organ or some kind of national institution for the sublimation of literary taste and the centralising of literary authority.

Canada needs the founding of another organ of æsthetic standards, such as *The Week*, which flourished in the eighties of the last century. This is possible; needed also, and possible, is the founding of a National Academy of Letters, having functions similar to *L'Académie Française* (which, by the way, was originally an association of poets, but became an institution under the influence of Rousseau, 1635). If these were extant, then would Canada have a literary organ and institution which would foster poets and poetry and incite the former to essay only high themes and achieve at least fine excellence in the technique of poetry. As it is, authoritative standards of theme and technique are scattered and ineffective, and Canadian poets may write without any regard for the ideals of *belles-lettres*.

The three remaining objective causes of the abortive poetry produced in Canada in the last ten years may be treated summarily. In a

country in which the civilisation is adolescent, the people believe that no good thing in poetry can come from native poets, and so even the cultured accept the verdicts of foreign critics as to the merits of really worthy native poets, and if the judgments are negative, the people refuse to read the texts of the verse written by their fellow-countrymen, and conclude that if the best Canadian poetry has imperfections, the second and third grades must be inconceivably bad. But the cultured do not trust their own taste, and read the best Canadian poetry to see if a more sympathetic understanding of its inspiration and aim might not find it all very meritorious. Thus it was that the verdicts of the English critics on the poetic work of Roberts, Carman, Campbell, the two Scotts and Pauline Johnson were accepted in Canada as absolute and ultimate. As long as cultured Canadians substitute vicarious appreciations of native poetry for their own judgments, so long native poets will not care whether their fellow-countrymen read native verse or not, and will turn to write verse that will please the uncultured or that will find a ready market. In both cases it will be indifferent, if not bad, poetry, a fact which the 130 or more volumes of verse published in Canada from 1902 to 1912 inclusive abundantly prove. (See *The Canadian Annual Review*, edited by J. Castell Hopkins, for the years cited).

"Poets' poets" will, of course, in the future still find ample inspiration in the four Eastern provinces of Canada, and will present the old themes again and again in new forms of versification. But the sources of poetic inspiration in Canada have shifted from the sea, the great lakes, and the Laurentians to the prairies, the Rockies, and the ice-clad wildernesses of North-western Canada. Now, it was inevitable that under the inchoate and unsettled conditions of civilisation in these sections of the

Dominion, the inspiration to write verse should have been uppermost and that considerations of form should have appeared secondary or insignificant; that the matter should be uttered or expressed at all hazards and that the technical expression should count almost for nothing.

The themes treated in verse were necessarily new; and when the Western or Yukon poets published their verses the newness of their themes and their naïve disregard of technical niceties were mistaken in the East for originality, vigour, freshness, and breeziness in art, and were welcomed and read by all classes of Canadians with avidity as "real," not "hothouse," poetry. There we have the explanation of the astonishing vogue of the verses of Mr. R. W. Service, Mr. R. J. C. Stead and of their imitators. But their verses, far from being examples of genuine originality in invention of poetic themes and of a really new art, exemplify the total absence of art, and, far from being "real" poetry, are totally devoid of the chaste speech, lovely imagery, dulcet music, and exquisite emotion which constitute true poetry.

The last objective cause of the abortive poetry produced in Canada in the last decade is the apparent lack of public sympathy with the function of poetry and with the poet. The poor poet indeed *feels* that the Canadian people do not respect his function. Yet the facts are that Canadians are an imaginative people, that in no other country in the world, relatively to population and culture, are there so many persons exercising natural gifts of poetic expression, and that the people exhibit a sort of sneaking regard for poetry. This secret, sneaking love of verse, is, I am sure, a phase of the Canadian national trait of caution or deliberately suppressed exhibition of emotion, possibly derived from Calvinistic training. At any rate, pub-

lic apathy to the poet's function and work has had its effect in preventing Canadian lyrists from creating the leisure to write poetry and to give their very best energies to the art.

At this juncture I pass to a consideration of the personal causes of the indifferent poetry produced in Canada in the last ten years. These are moral defects and artistic incapacities. The first of these personal causes is the choice of themes which lack intrinsic natural, moral, or æsthetic beauty. Had Mr. Service been a true poet, and not, as has been alleged, only a careless poet, surely he could have found in the jewelled North Canadian night, in beautiful palaces of ice and snow, in the sublime expanses and the spiritually subduing silences of the Arctic adequate inspiration and material for writing lovely or exalting verse that would indeed have been poetry.

It was a distinct moral fault on his part that he should have chosen to give us in verse what he had better written in prose. His volumes of verse regarded as pictures of sordid social life must be taken for what they are worth, but altogether aside from their form. The right form for social documents of degraded communities is prose. Further: it is a law of æsthetics, a law exemplified most finely in Homer, that whenever possible all the elements in a work of beauty should each be intrinsically beautiful. Mr. Service deliberately chose themes which disregarded that law. We could forgive him for that if he had redeemed the vulgarity of the themes by beautiful craftsmanship in versification. His poetry is bad not because it is wicked or *risqué*, but because it is æsthetically bad through and through.

The second personal cause of the poor quality of the poetry produced in Canada in the last decade is the inability or refusal of Canadian poets to exercise patience over the crafts-

manship of their art. Canada is literally cluttered with men and women cursed with facility in the making of verses. Partly owing to this facility, partly owing to the national sin of refusing to submit to self-criticism, Canadian poets will not subject their verses to critical examination by themselves, to the patient application of the file, but rush into print, and afterwards turn and rend the constructive critic who points out to these headlong poets that their facility will not atone for defects of technique or art.

In this fault of unwillingness relentlessly to apply the file or altogether to reject, contemporary Canadian poets are abetted by editors who admire bright verses "turned off," on demand, with extraordinary facility. Such poetry readily "sells," and thus the poets substitute ideals of what is marketable for ideals of fine art. Canadian poets of the last decade give in their verse proof of a total incapacity to exercise patience in craftsmanship, to take the pains which Carlyle sublimated into genius but which is only the best substitute for genius. If I were asked to name the most fatal fault of Canadian poets, I should say: *A moral incapacity for patient artistry.*

In conclusion let me remark that the characteristic poetry of the last decade is the verse of Mr. Service and Mr. Stead. I am not forgetting the fact that Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman, Mr. D. C. Scott, Mr. F. G. Scott, Miss Pauline Johnson, Mr. Stringer, Mrs. MacKay, Mrs. Sheard, Mr. Eric MacKay Yeoman, Mrs. Lucy M. Montgomery MacDonald and others have published some fine poetry in that period. But their spirit is yet the spirit which inaugurated the First Renaissance in Canadian poetry, beginning with the publication of Mr. Roberts's "Orion" (1880), and closing with the publication of Miss Pauline Johnson's "Canadian Born" (1903).

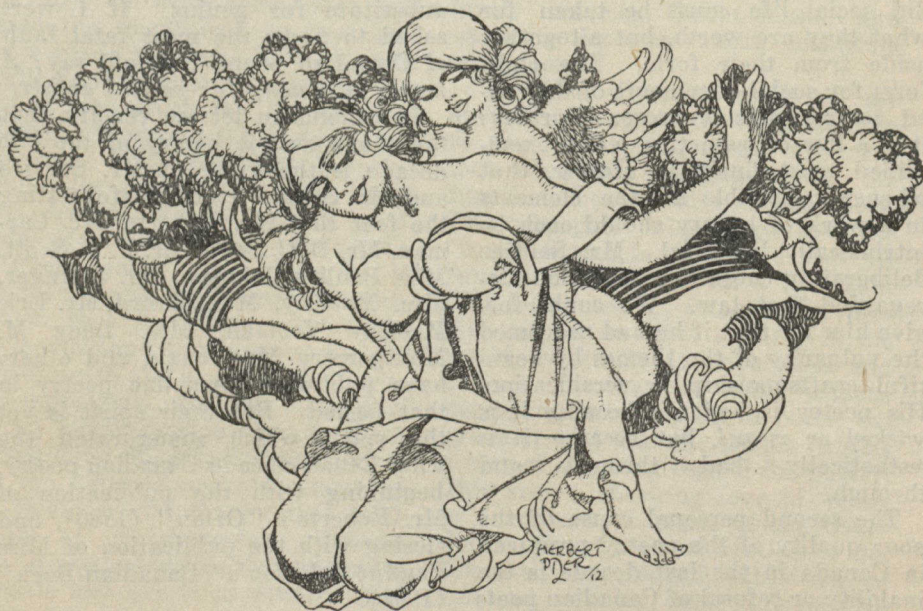
The spirit of Mr. Service and the

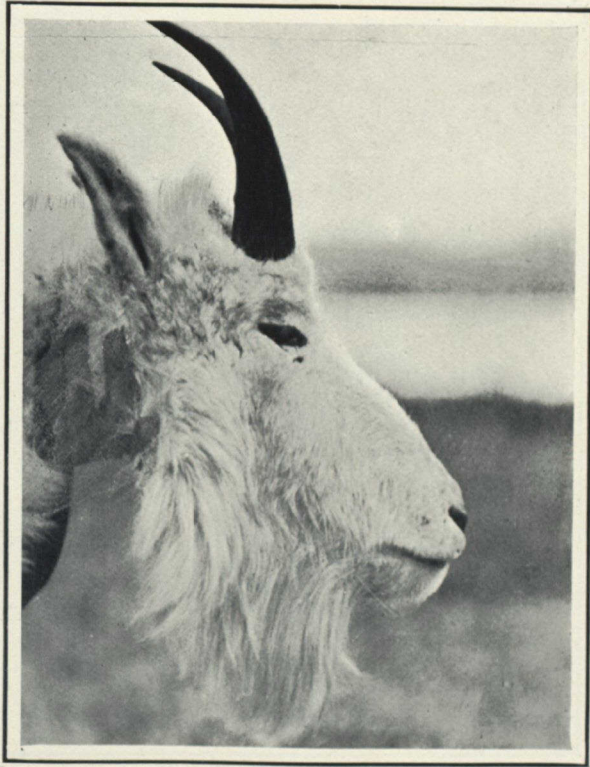
lesser poets of his ilk is identical with that which animated the early Canadian poetasters before the times of Breakenridge, Heavysege, Sangster, Mair, and John Reade. In spirit and in craftsmanship the poetry of the last decade, leaving out the exotic verse by the poets mentioned, is essentially a recrudescence of the poetry that made glad the hearts of the "Bush" and "Clearing" settlers of Canada in the first and second quarters of the last century.

I look for a Second Renaissance in Canadian poetry; and with Mr. Newton MacTavish I believe that this second Renaissance will have its origin in the West, because, as Mr. MacTavish has acutely remarked ("The Poet-Singers of the Land of the Maple Leaf," *The Methodist Review*, Jan., 1912) the prairie-lands of the West, their endless fields of grain sheening in the sun and billowing in rhythmic swaying to the winds, and the mighty vastnesses of land and sky awaken moods similar to those

stirred in men by the sea, and it was, in Bliss Carman's fine phrase, "the glad indomitable sea," that inspired the Maritime poets who began the First Renaissance of Canadian Poetry.

If this essay in constructive criticism at all helps to impress on the rising generation of Canadian poets in the West the necessity of cultivating the æsthetic and artistic conscience, it will have accomplished what it was designed to do. But if any of them should prefer to turn to ways of Mr. Service and Mr. Stead, I remark that as beauty is the clearest example on earth of the union of the real and the ideal, that is, of perfection, not to love and promote beauty in poetry is so far to refuse to love perfection, that is, to refuse to love God, for perfection is the essence of the Godhead. To become a poet may not be a moral duty. But if one elects the office of poet, then to perfect oneself, as far as possible, in poetic artistry, is to attain high moral dignity in one's own soul.





THE PATRIARCH OF THE ROCKIES

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS GOAT

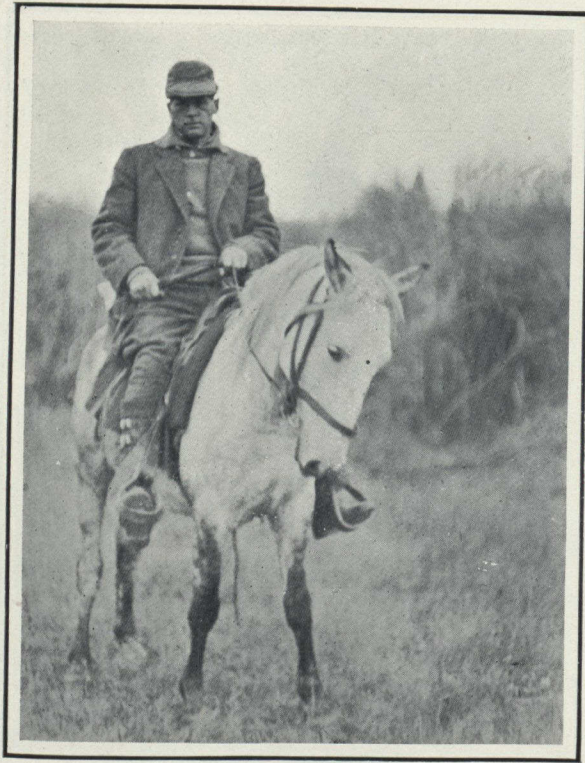
BY CLIFFORD WATSON BROWN

SPORT in the Canadian Rockies has two great prizes, the grizzly bear and the mountain goat. The time and season for grizzlies does not concern the present article, which is of the goat alone. Shooting mountain goats in the Rockies and elsewhere is often a matter of mere good luck; one may spend weeks more or less patiently in the hunt and come back empty-handed, or one may be blessed of Billikin, as was I, and get one the very first day.

The season, of one month's duration, opens on September 15th, and for several days before I was busy selecting and engaging a guide, cook, and the paraphernalia for a fort-

night's stay in the mountains. Meanwhile much goat-lore was imbibed from old guides, great hunters and voluble tenderfeet.

The habits of mountain goats are engagingly simple. They live above the snow line, and save for their muzzles, hoofs, horns and eyes, are as white as the surrounding scenery. Twice a day, at dawn and evening, they come down to the tree-line to feed. It is a queer life, but they seem to enjoy it, and are as long-lived, agile and elusive as if composed of steel springs and mountain mist. The length of the beard and the height of the horns count in estimating the quality of the mountain goat, and



MOUNTED FOR THE TRAIL, AND CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT



PELT OF A ROCKY MOUNTAINS GOAT

happy the hunter whose prey has the hirsute adornment of an ancient patriarch and the straight black fighting apparatus of the acknowledged champion of his class. Happy, indeed! But that comes further on in this story.

On September 17th our party was ready to start. We took seven ponies, four to pack our tent, grub, bedding and other necessaries, and three for riding. We set out from Fitzhugh, Alberta, which is a bunch of canvas dwellings very much alive with busy workers, and rode by the Government reserve, beside the railroad, due west towards the mountains until camping time. Next day the pack ponies, which are turned loose at night to forage for themselves, were re-girded with their bundles (and by the way, those staunch little beasts have certainly a thankless life with scant

care and kindness), and we resumed our journey, meeting our first experience of the freakishness of mountain weather in a conglomeration of sleet, rain, fog and the chill winds of higher altitudes, through which we grimly proceeded, breaking our fast at noon with some of our cook's indescribable camp bread, cold bacon and a "go" of Scotch, as we lacked dry firewood. The night's camp was worthy of the day, but with the hunter of mountain game cold and other discomforts are part of the programme. Mountain goat still looked good to me, even though memories of the comforts of home were vivid and tormenting. Our reward came on the 20th, when a radiant and glorious sunshine over the lake and mountains beyond keyed us up to enthusiasm. The guide, always intent upon encouragement, dilated up-



SCOTTIE THE COOK

on the probable results of our excursion with a surety which was most comforting. He "smelled luck," and I anxiously scanned the far-off heights that I might, through a powerful glass and with a jewel of a .280 Ross rifle, my favourite piece, reach the location and vital regions of the coveted prize. We camped in late afternoon on the shore of Maligne Lake and slept to dream of success on the morrow. In good time on Saturday, 21st, Jack, the guide, and I bade farewell to Scottie, the cook, who had ferried us across a corner of the lake in a rickety old boat left by the fire-ranger, with these words: "Have a good dinner ready when we get back, or I'll shoot the head off you!" "Ye canna," said little Scottie, with an impish grin, "for its the close season for Scotchmen."

It looked like a stern tramp, and if there be a worse way to get anywhere, I only hope never to strike it. A valley of hard going, filled with an avalanche of rocks and boulders, carelessly strewn along the path, over which we laboriously tramped, climbed and struggled toward the white heights where abode our prey. Noon and a hungry void halted us for a weird repast on grease-soaked bannock and chocolate bars. We said things regarding our chef which would have annoyed him, and we solemnly deposited some of that lunch on a stone table for the undoing of any grizzly valiant enough to tackle it before we got back. Casting about for water, we came across first the sound and then the sight of a rushing river springing from the rocks and mysteriously losing itself in them,



JACK THE GUIDE

which I named "Disappearing River." Jack picked up the glasses and levelled them on the mountain side. "There is something. A big goat. sure!" he said joyously. "He's all alone. Been fighting, I guess, and the rest of the herd have outlawed him. He's an outcast but the right sort for us. We'll have our times getting him."

There he was, where he shouldn't have been at that hour, but, oh, so far away, though with the glass I could see him distinctly, his white fur outlined against the evergreen growth of the highest tree-belt. The guide continued: "He's two hundred and fifty weight and a good specimen. If you get him your first day, no telling what you'll do before the week's out," which worked me up to a great lust for slaughter. I squinted along the barrel of the rifle. "You

couldn't hit him from here," rebuked my guide. "This mountain air is deceiving, and he's a mighty long way off." It seemed a long way before we halted again, and the guide watching with the glass, I pulled the trigger upon my distant quarry. It was only after three trials that my hand was steady enough, owing to the altitude, the exertion of the tramp, and the excitement of possible success. Away went the bullet, some points above his goatship, the second shot a trifle below him, and the third on the right spot, as we found later, fracturing his thigh. In the excitement of sighting him I had forgotten care of my footing and slipped between the stones, twisting my ankle in a way which developed acute pain. But strains and such trifles were forgotten as I limped after the wounded animal, sometimes seeing him, but of-

tener not, as he made his way back up the crags. At least, when I had traversed most of the fifteen hundred feet which at first separated us, he disappeared over a rocky ledge, and I was obliged to do some tall climbing to again locate him.

When I reached the top I saw him on a narrow shelf of rock, some distance below, but quite near, and I also noticed a trail of blood in my vicinity. The ledge to which he had crossed overlooked a sheer fall of perhaps a hundred feet, and I hesitated to send another bullet into him, for fear of losing him altogether. However, the day was waning and we were far from camp, so I let fly, and over he went. The next moment I was scrambling down shouting to the guide, but no guide was in sight, nor any response came to my call. I sat down to rest, somewhat disquieted at the prospect of being left alone in this desolation, with a dead goat and a lame ankle, when Jack hove

in sight from below, having taken a lower trail to ensure meeting his goatship if I missed him. It did not take long to follow that trail and to skin the fine specimen. Jack pointed out his excellent horns and patriarchal beard with many encomiums and congratulations.

Burdened with the goat's hide, head and my rifle, the mountaineer guided me back to the scene of our morning tramp, and eventually I succeeded in hobbling to the lakeside, where a couple of shots brought Scottie with his gondola. Despite my lameness, which of course cut short further hunting, we had no complaints to make, for we had secured a bully goat, on the very first day, and contentedly returned on Monday to Fitzhugh. The goat's skin and famously perfect head will adorn my den, reminding me of the fun I had getting him. May I recommend my sportsmen friends to go forth next fall and do likewise?

FROM THE CITY

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

AH, God! Give me my mountains back again!
 The coronation of each eager peak,
 In white and azure, valleys green with rain,
 Even the sterile passes, lone and bleak
 In giant desolation. Give me back
 The midnight silences of star-white hours,
 That I may stand upon the ancient wrack
 Of rock and pine, amid the sunset flowers.
 And watch the pale moon sink, dispassionate,
 Into the whiter dawn; then swiftly rise,
 Above the ridge, the sun insatiate
 That flings its challenge in the morning's eyes!

McVEE ON COMMISSIONS

BY HERBERT B. DOWNES

THE brig *Matilda*, in ballast from Yarmouth to the Tyne for coal, lay in a battered condition, but safely moored, alongside the quay in Shields harbour. For five days she had stubbornly contested a succession of North East gales, and in the early morning of the sixth had been towed triumphantly into port, in the face of a blinking sun and a rapidly decreasing wind.

The skipper and the mate were making a tour of inspection.

"If it hadn't been for your handling, sir," said the mate, a big Norfolk man, of forty years, "it's not Shields harbour we 'ad been gazing on this morning."

"No!" commented the skipper, in a tone of feigned surprise.

"No, that we 'adn't."

He turned to the short chief, who with one eye screwed down, was trying to plumb the foremast with the funnel of a steamer lying ahead.

"Think it's sprung a bit," said the captain at length.

The mate made a pretence of verifying, and stood sagely at the foot of the mast, looking aloft.

"Don't think you can line it off with your stomach," the shorter man bawled sarcastically. He always adopted this tone after gulping one of the mate's compliments—it helped to mislead. But the mate's eyes had wandered from the mast truck to the shore, which he scanned thoughtfully for some minutes.

"It'll be fifteen years since I was last here," he said slowly to the cap-

tain, who had strolled over nearer.

"With another famous skipper, eh?"

The mate disregarded the abuse. "I'll ever remember that voyage. I made five pounds a'most as easy as standing drinks."

"What's that?" asked the skipper sharply.

"I made five pounds a'most as easy as drinking," the mate replied.

"Mightn't be easy. Depends on who ordered the drinks." The mate winced. "How'd you do it?"

"I was skipper of a trawler." A long high whistle interrupted him. "I had a little capital then"—the mate emphasised the pronoun, and the whistling ceased—"and we 'ad been grogged something like this," the mate indicated the damage with a wave of his hand—"but not half as bad."

"Well?"

"Competition being rather warm between the local dock owners," the mate drawled, "I put the ship in the most convenient dock." The "convenient," was needlessly prolonged.

The skipper pondered a minute. "A bit risky?"

"Oh! not much," answered the mate, his eyes still dreamily on the near buildings on the shore, "we were drawing three inches every six hours through the leaks, so she might 'a sunk at her moorings if I 'adn't acted promptly."

The skipper turned to where two of the crew were noisily working a hand pump. "What are we draw-

ing?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Six inches in three hours."

Another pause. The skipper tried to talk disinterestedly. "How did you work the deal?"

"I had a clever mate. A man may be a little younger than myself, but no fool. So I just left everything to him, and he handed me five pounds before we ever touched the dock gates."

"I'm glad you told me," said the skipper significantly, beginning to move.

"Of course, I gave the mate half, and"—

"Come below and have breakfast, Coates," interrupted his chief. The noise of the pumping diverted him. "Tell 'em to take a spell. Poor devils have worked hard enough these last five days."

The mate turned, and as he did so his eye caught an immacuately dressed youth, of clerical frame, surveying the craft from the quay wall. The mate coughed, and the skipper turned. Their eyes met and then veered on the youth. A moment later the two descended the companionway together. "Where the carcass is there will the ravens be gathered," muttered the mate, but the skipper made no pretence of understanding.

The youth on the quay examined the vessel for some minutes; then having mentally assessed the damage, he came on board, and apparently inadvertently met the mate coming forward.

"You the skipper?" asked the youth. The mate nodded, glancing round to find the deck deserted.

"Underwriters' job?" queried the youth, indicating with his Malacca cane the damage.

"No, uninsured. What for?"

"No good offering you backsheesh if the underwriters' surveyor is coming on board," answered the youth boldly, "When do you dock?"

"To-night."

"Fixed the dock?"

"No."

The youth shook hands. "Good morning," he said. The mate felt two sovereigns drop into his palm. "I'll send the tug at six to-night."

The two gold pieces rolled on the deck. "Not this time, my young friend," and the mate turned to go below.

"Oh, honesty!" The youth laughed, unabashed, and the mate stopped, as the visitor picked up the money. "Well, you don't look it."

"No," retorted the mate grimly. He put one hand heavily on the shoulder of the well-dressed figure before him, and brought his mouth down to the other's ear. "If the job's not worth five per cent. by your estimate, I'll call for tenders," and with a significant sweep of the arm, he indicated the docks on the other side of the Tyne.

"What's your figure?" asked the tempter, somewhat unpleasantly.

"Five per cent. on two hundred pounds," soliloquised the mate, casting his eye over the damaged decks and deckhouses, "is ten pounds."

The youth laughed and turned. "Like to oblige you, you know, but—sorry I'm not a bar of bullion," he added sarcastically.

"I was merely assessing the value," retorted the foiled mate, "not what I want; say seven?"

"Two too much, at the very least. In offering five I'm stretching to the splitting point."

"Done," closed the mate, eager for the youth's salutation. He felt the money. "What time did you say for the tug?"

"Six," answered the clerk, already back on the quay.

"Can't you come before?"

"Sorry, but we've a collier in until to-night's tide."

He was gone, but out of sight of the ship, he grabbed the urchin on his way to fish on the quay. "Fishing all day, Jimmy?"

"No," answered Jimmy.

"Fish all day, Jimmy," counselled the clerk, slipping a shilling into his

hand. "If you see any signs of the *Matilda* moving before our tug comes for her to-night, come up to the office quick."

"Right." Jimmy pocketed the coin. "Tell ma mither as ye go up; the school board officer may call when I'm oot."

*

The mate returned to the cabin in doubtful triumph. The captain was avaricious, and he had only obtained five pounds.

Five minutes elapsed from his descent into the cabin before the folding doors of the fore-castle companion, wherein were sationed the crew, were slowly opened, and Alexander McVee cautiously thrust out a reconnoitering head. Satisfied that the deck was clear, he brought out the rest of his body, and began to stretch himself and yawn, as one who had sat a long time in one place.

McVee was an Aberdeen man, mean in proportions and large in age, being sixty-three years according to his own calendar. McVee never hurried, not even in speech, being profound in the law and deep in religion.

He finished his exercises, and then retired leisurely, closing the companion doors to within an inch after him.

Meanwhile in the cabin aft the skipper eyed the mate expectantly.

"Well, how much?" he asked.

"I managed five," answered the mate. "Not bad for the first attempt," he added half-apologetically.

The sight of the gold appeased the skipper. "If I keep three and give you two," he suggested diffidently. "I ought to have the most for the sake sake of precedence?"

"It's all right, sir, it's all right," answered Coates ambiguously hearty, quickly picking up his apportionment of the spoil. Then he hung his head at the thought of such base ingratitude. Suddenly he stiffened. "There's one favour I've to ask, sir."

"Name it, Coates, name it, and it's yours—anything in reason."

"I wouldn't mention anything to McVee."

At the name of McVee the skipper flushed. "Do I usually confer with the boatswain?" he retorted hotly. "Does the Scotchman command the ship, navigate the ship, pay wages, victual the crew, or do I?"

"No offence, sir," said the mate meekly, "only I know he's no friend of mine."

"McVee never said a word about you that weren't true," continued the skipper unappeased.

"What did he say?" asked the mate.

The skipper drew himself up with dignity, and cleared his voice. "Mr. Chief Officer this conversation is adjourned." The mate was submissive at once.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if I have offended." He paused then. "May I go ashore for an hour or so this morning?"

"Yes, but you must be back by two." The mate withdrew.

A moment or two later the companion doors were unceremoniously pulled open, and McVee descended.

"Are ye wirin' the owner for instructions?" he asked in Scotch accents. His manner of action and speech showed gross intimacy, but the skipper displayed none of the hauteur he had recently exhibited to the mate.

"Think it necessary?" The captain spoke after a full minute's brooding. "I was thinking of docking her to-night and wiring afterwards."

"I'll awa' and pack my claes then."

"Why?" asked the skipper suspiciously.

"I've not left ye for the last twenty years, and I'll no now, in spite o' your serious indiscretion. Why, man, if auld McKimmon knew ye were going to dock in this town of bribery and corruption before consulting him, he'd bag ye straight awa'. He kens a deal sight better than ye can tell him that there's no a ship docked in

a hurry in this port without some-
 wan obtaining a ten pun' note, and
 the suspicion would sorely rest on
 ye, Watson."

The skipper flushed. "Have you
 seen the mate?"

"Not since yesterday, when he ask-
 ed me for the loan o' some siller."

The skipper shifted uneasily in his
 seat for some minutes, while McVee
 appeared to have become engrossed
 in a newspaper he had picked up.

"I think you had better wire Mc-
 Kimmon," said Watson at last, "we
 can say that owing to urgent dam-
 age we were compelled to close with
 the dock owners at once."

"But ye haven't closed with the
 dock owners a' yet."

"No," The skipper spoke slowly,
 but was thinking quickly, "but
 Coates may have."

"Coates! Coates!" ejaculated the
 Scot, "why, man, ye're no in your
 senses. He'll mak' enough to buy a
 share in the ship, and then where'll
 ye be?"

The captain looked aghast. Then he
 said decisively, "McVee, telegraph
 the owner that all the docks are full
 except one, and if I don't close at
 once with the dockers I'll lose the
 turn."

"I'm staggered at your inno-
 cence," commented McVee as he went.
 "Twenty pun' if he gets a penny."

The skipper sat long pondering.
 His right hand fingered the three
 gold coins in his pocket, and they
 seemed mighty small, and Coates had
 asked for leave of absence, and had
 got it.

At three the mate arrived back at
 the ship, an hour late and full of
 apologies, but his treatment he
 thought unnecessarily severe, when he
 was peremptorily ordered below, with
 instructions not to show his ugly face
 on deck again that day.

With the tug at six o'clock the
 youthful visitor of the morning came.
 "Skipper aboard?" he asked, swing-
 ing himself on to the deck.

"That's him sitting aft," answered

McVee casually, without looking up
 from the rope he was busily engaged
 coiling on the deck.

"No. A big black chap that was on
 board this morning?"

"Never had a skipper answering
 that description," answered McVee
 uninterestedly, "ye've got on the
 wrong ship, sonny."

"There's only one craft like this;
 let's hope so, anyhow, for the sake of
 the mercantile marine," but McVee
 had now found something to do for-
 ward, and the youth's last remark was
 not answered.

He was no chicken, however. A
 shrill whistle brought the tug, which
 had been manœuvring a short dis-
 tance away, alongside. "Throw the
 tow rope aboard," he shouted, as the
 tug came alongside, "and send some-
 body as well to make her fast."

The looped ropes fell on the deck of
 the brig with a thud. The effect was
 magical. The skipper in the chair on
 the deck aft awoke with a start, and
 sprang to his feet.

"What in the name—" Appar-
 ently he was about to have a fit, but
 the sight of the boatswain saved him.
 "McVee! McVee! What's this?"
 his face purpled with rage.

McVee ran aft. "Don't know,
 Cap'n," he answered respectfully,
 "better ask this," he indicated the
 youth.

"Call the hands, east off the ropes,
 and every mother's son that don't be-
 long to us." The skipper was nearly
 choking. Half a dozen men poured
 out of the forecabin at McVee's signal.

The youth, nonplussed at first, now
 began to spar. "Where's the skipper
 I spoke to this morning? A big hulk
 of a beast, with a visage like the
 devil."

The skipper hoped the mate could
 hear. "That man," he answered,
 "that man! One of your 'long shore
 butchers come for the order for fresh
 meat. What's he got to do with it,
 anyhow?"

The agent for the dock threw up the
 sponge. "Look here, captain," he

said. "I've been got at, though you needn't smile already." He took his listener respectfully by the arm, and led him out of earshot of McVee, who had hovered persistently near. "I gave that man five pounds this morning for the order to put the ship in our dock."

"Five pounds!" Then the mate was honest about it. Wrath robbed the skipper of any repentance. "Five pounds! You don't kill the man with money, anyhow."

The youth gasped. He had not found an honourable man yet, and the captain left him a moment to realise his position. "Of course," the young man added lugubriously, after a final mental struggle, "I wouldn't mind advancing another fiver to a real skipper if the original arrangement could stand."

The skipper held off a little, but the youth looked miserable. "I'd make it ten, but I'll have to stand the first five out of my own pocket."

"Slip down into the cabin then, my lad, and bring my order book," said the skipper; "you'll find it on the bureau—where I keep my money and other things," he added significantly.

The clerk returned after a minute's absence.

"You have forgotten the pencil," said the skipper as he took the book. The youth produced one, but the captain returned it. "I'm a bit peculiar in these matters; nothing like ink. I'll get my fountain pen." He also paid a visit to his cabin. Yes, the money was on the bureau. He picked up the five sovereigns, and returned to the deck, and handed the clerk a written order.

A shrill whistle brought the tug alongside again, the proprietor of which for some time now had displayed unseeming impatience by the use of provocative language in Tyne-side vernacular. Two hours later the *Matilda* was safely docked ready for the repairs to begin on the morrow.

Three men sat in the cabin that night: the skipper, the mate, and McVee. The former was writing to the

owner his report of the day's proceeding, with McVee, apparently reading at a short distance behind him, stretched out on a settee, whence he could scan the whole epistle of the captain.

The mate sat on the other side of the cabin, morose, smoking heavily, and watching with apathy the puffs of smoke rolling toward the skylight above.

The voice of McVee irritated him. "The last 'i' wants dotting. Ye're spellin' 'honest' wrong, wants a 'haitch.'" The skipper nodded approval. Finally, having signed his name at the bottom of the sheet, he handed it to McVee to examine and pass. McVee already knew its contents by heart; nevertheless, as its tone betrayed constructive ignorance of a mate in the ship, and as the name of McVee occurred more than once, he read it aloud slowly. Then he carefully folded the sheet, and enclosed it in the envelope the skipper had meanwhile addressed.

"Nothing committal, anyway."

McVee's remark added to the silence. Evidently the skipper and the mate were not desirous of conversation, so McVee began reading again. The paper was a Yarmouth paper, and from its dirty crumpled condition had been on the ship for some time. After another period of unbroken solitude McVee laid the paper down.

"Peculiar case that one in London," he said, addressing the air, and lighting thoughtfully his short clay pipe, "one's always learning. Never knew that was law before."

"What's law?" asked the skipper, a little sharply.

"A clerk in London has got six months," replied McVee, still slowly. "For making off with £100,000, eh?"

"No, a little less. He was in receipt of a five pun' note for a secret commission; and accordin' to the paper here the New Corruption Act is verra severe."

"It's a lie," retorted the skipper,

boiling at once, "gimme the paper."

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied McVee, as he handed it over. "It's a Norfolk rag."

The mate made a pretence of rising.

"Where are you going?" roared the skipper.

"Out," answered the mate, stopping short, however.

"Sit still, till we find out what this means."

The mate subsided, and the skipper hurriedly scanned the paragraph, then thoughtfully read and re-read it.

"Look at that," he snapped out at length, throwing the paper across to the mate, "it's six months you've got us both if this gets out." But the iron was already too deep in the soul of the mate.

"I'm willing," he said, wearily.

"You gasping codfish. Having got us into the mess, now you only want to die. Can't you think of anything?" and the skipper stood and surveyed him in horror and contempt.

"Only of my wickedness."

"It was a verra indiscreet move," put in McVee, "I'm surprised at your recklessness and foolery."

"Oh! you'd have done differently, no doubt," sneered the skipper, ironically, turning on him.

"I confess I was unaware of the seriousness of the situation. After mature deliberation I canna think ye've either got a leg to stand on."

"Can't we give the money back?" suggested the captain, fear now following wrath.

"Can't," drawled the mate, "I've spent my lonely two.

"Did ye only get two?" asked McVee, innocently.

"How much should he have had?" interrupted the skipper, hot again.

"Nae use losing your temper," answered McVee, folding the paper up carefully. "It's McVee himself that's to get ye both out of this muddle."

"If McVee's not cleverer than he looks, I'm away to give myself up," said the mate stolidly.

"An intelligent-looking fool is bet-

ter than an out-and-out idiot," rapped out McVee.

"Time you are cutting your throats, I'm losing my head," interposed the captain. Come on, McVee, and get us out of this. What did you say the penalty was?"

"Six months, without the option of a fine," answered the pessimistic Scot, "and ye both deserve it," he continued, rendered bold by the dejectedness of his companions, "but leave it to McVee, and he'll pull ye out, though it may be the eleventh hour."

Next morning McVee was about early. Leaving the ship, he entered the dock yard, wherein he was not long in finding a piece of thin iron scrap plate. Nursing this secretly up his coat, he proceeded to where a workman was busily engaged at a machine punching holes out of new plates for the shipyard. The workman looked up after a while to find his movements watched with open-mouthed admiration.

"That's a wonderful operation," remarked McVee at last, "those will be for the rivets to go through, eh?" He indicated with his finger the holes in the plate the man was manipulating.

"Yes."

"Did it take ye long to learn?"

"Yes, a long time," answered the workman, now warm with the praise implied.

"What funny wee things," ran on McVee, picking up a few of the punchings, "just like baw-bees, eh?"

"Yes, just like halfpennies."

"Sonny, punch me a few out o' this plate?" requested McVee, producing his plate, "it's only a thin 'un, and ma bairns 'll be delighted when they get them."

There was no resisting the appeal of the wrinkled old Scot, and the machinist soon punched out about two dozen and handed them to McVee, who walked away looking at them in his palm in too evident intoxication of wonder even to thank the man.

Back on the ship, McVee was not

idle. He washed and dressed carefully, and the captain and mate at breakfast felt oppressively sad at the black tie and frock-coated boatswain seated in front of them. Morning had brought them no hope, and the funereal aspect of their deliverer gave them no courage. Breakfast was partaken of in silence; McVee ate the heartiest.

"I'll want the money," began McVee, removing a few crumbs carefully from his mourning trousers.

"You can't have mine," answered the mate, "it's spent."

"Mr. Watson will advance it out of your wages," said McVee, cheerfully, "if ye part with other people's siller ye must be prepared to restore it in the day of reckoning."

"Gi' me an I.O.U. for two pounds, Coates," commanded the skipper, and the paper was duly written and initialled.

The ten sovereigns were counted out and handed to McVee, who placed them carefully in his purse. "I'll want you gentlemen on deck this evening," he said, as he mounted the stairway.

It was a long day, but six o'clock came at last, and McVee had allocated the skipper and mate a position on deck where they could see and hear all without being seen.

"I'm now going to deal with the third party in this heinous act," he commented to their looks of explanation, and as they cowered in their positions, he pointed to the rapidly approaching form of the clerk from the office.

McVee met the visitor at the ship's side. "Who's McVee?" he asked suspiciously, as he came across the staging.

"I am," answered McVee, in a sepulchral voice.

The youth looked grave. "Another skipper?" he asked.

McVee in reply took from his breast pocket a telegraph form. It was from the owner, McKimmon, and was in answer to the skipper's wire of the day before regarding the docking of

the *Matilda*. It ran: "Do just as McVee advises. McKimmon."

"I am the accredited agent of the owner on this ship," continued McVee severely. "I, the boatswain—a trust, young man, that honesty and integrity alone have procured for me."

"I'm not impugning your virtue," interrupted the youth indifferently, trying to catch sight of anyone else on deck.

"Yesterday I discovered a very wicked act had taken place on board this same vessel, such an act, young man, as would grieve the heart of the honourable man who owns this craft, who, whatever his faults, was as honest and fair-dealing with his employees as daylight." McVee had raised his voice; it was heard by others besides the youth. "A tempter came on board," continued McVee, "a tempter, wi' gold in his hand."

"He's left his purse on shore this time," broke in the youth recklessly.

McVee exploded. "Ever heard o' the New Secret Commissions and Corruption Act?"

The youth turned pale.

"Yesterday," went on McVee in righteous wrath, "yesterday I discovered that a breach of that law had been committed here, here," stamping the deck, "where before had always dwelt the highest integrity and honour. And yesterday I wired the owner, as was my duty, and you have his reply. Now, what am I to do?"

The youth was funking, McVee could see.

"It wad grieve your mither's heart to see ye in the dock, my laddie," McVee was softening. Then seeing signs of contrition—"But justice is justice, and the law's a terrible thing when supported wi' trustful evidence, sich as I can produce. Have ye onything to say? Any reason why I should not take extreme measures? If ye have anything to say against the miserable creatures that accepted your invitation to perfidy, speak out, laddie, lood and strang."

But the youth was disappointing.

"You know the trade and its customs, Mr. McVee; am I making a profit out of this for myself?"

"Verra likely not, but in the eyes of the law ye'll all stan' alike. Have ye a respectable father or anywan that can advise ye?"

"No one," answered the youth mournfully, "I can only throw myself on your clemency, Mr. McVee."

"That's what the other two have done, and I'm sore exercised in ma inside what I ought to do, for though I'm sorry for ye, being so young, ma heart bleeds for them." McVee's voice had risen high again. "Two respectable servants, faithful for maybe a life time, and then to fa' awa'. Trusted, too, a'most as much as me by McKimmon."

There was a dead silence while McVee cogitated.

"There's one course open, wi'out imprisonment, but that's a verra drastic one."

"What's that?" asked the youth, with avidity.

"Destroy the evidence of guilt," answered McVee, solemnly loud, "to tak' the golden muck and destroy it."

The youth pondered a minute. "That's an excellent idea, Mr. McVee, but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing, only I'm not losing much?"

"Ye're the youngest, so it's only justice," answered McVee. "I've insisted on the money being returned to me. There it is: ten golden sovereigns, ten vesible signs of perdition." He clinked the coins in his palm before the clerk. "Tak' a piece of paper," he commanded, "there's some there." He indicated a brown paper bag lying on the deck. The youth took it. "Now pack the dirty trash into a small parcel, handy like—"

"You are not going to throw it into the river?" inquired the youth, sorrow in his voice, hesitatingly handing the missile to McVee.

"You've got it," answered the grave voice, "below the waters of the

Tyne it'll be silent enough, and ye need neever fear for the consequences of this rash act."

McVee had clasped his hands behind him and stood in sorrowing reproach before the youth. "I'm no thinking ye'll ever attempt a like act," he said, "but ye must drink the dregs though it's for your ain guid, laddie. Here, tak' the muck, and awa' o'er the dock gates as far as ye can pitch it."

McVee was now a religious wraith. The youth took the parcel again, not daring to consider. Taking a short run along the deck he flung out with all his strength.

Four pairs of ears were strained for the faint plash which presently floated back, and two hollow groans came from the rear of the two on deck. McVee turned. The skipper and the mate had risen, and were straining their eyes hopelessly into the dusk, but they had only seen the blob in the water where the ill-gotten wealth had sunk.

*

An hour later McVee was on the farther side of Shields, ostensibly doing shopping.

"Where's there a post-office?" he inquired of a small boy, after pausing before many shops in various streets, but without making a purchase.

"Under your nose," answered the boy, rudely, who resented McVee's livery, his father being an undertaker.

"Thanks, kindly," and McVee, unabashed, entered the small shop which did duty as a news agency and post-office.

"How much?" asked the young lady behind the mesh, taking McVee's deposit book.

"Ten pun'," replied McVee, "and tak' careful note o' the address, 76 Ripon Street, Aberdeen, that's where I want the advice note to come."

"Yes," answered the girl.

"I want a post-card as weel," said McVee.

"A picture post-card?"

"No, something to write on."

Apropriating the ink bottle on the counter, McVee wrote:

"Dear Janet,—

"I am depositing ten pounds in the bank here, and the advice note will come to Aberdeen in due course. Life on the sea is precarious, and I don't like carrying so much of my wages with me. I am also sending the deposit book to London, as the interest is due.

"If you're writing here before we sail again, don't say a word about the money, but if the advice note comes

before you write, simply say you have bought a dog.

"I like Shields, but the folk are ignorant and unco saft.

"McKimmon will give you the address.

"Alec."

He paid a penny for the stamp and card. On the threshold of the shop he paused. For nearly two minutes he deliberated. "Yes, I'll go the length of a drink," he said, cautiously, and then he made a bee-line for the *Friendly Tavern* opposite.

THE TYRANT

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ONE comes with foot insistent to my door,
 Calling my name;
 Nor voice nor footstep have I heard before,
 Yet clear the calling comes, and o'er and o'er;
 It seems the sunlight burns along the floor
 With paler flame!

"'Tis vain to call with morning on the wing,
 With noon so near,
 With Life a dancer in the masque of Spring
 And I new wedded with Youth's golden ring—
 When falls the night and birds have ceased to sing,
 My heart may hear!

"'Tis vain to pause. Pass, friend, upon your way,
 I may not heed;
 Too swift the hours, too sweet, too brief the day!
 Only one life, one spring, one perfect May—
 I crush each moment with its sweets to stay
 Life's joyous greed!

"Call not again! The wind is roaming by
 Across the heath—
 The Wind's a tell-tale and will bear your sigh
 To dim the smiling gladness of the sky,
 Or kill the spring's first violets that lie
 In purple sheath.

"If you must call, call low! My heart grows still,
 Still as my breath
 Still as your smile, oh, Ancient One! A chill
 Strikes through the sun upon the window-sill—
 I know you now—I follow where you will,
 Oh Tyrant Death!"

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

BY M. A. MACKENZIE

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ONE of the most noteworthy and widely spread movements of the present day is to be found among the wage-earning and salaried classes nearly all over the world, who are dissatisfied with the conditions of their life, and are expressing this dissatisfaction in various ways, but particularly in more or less blind protests against the recent increase in the cost of the necessaries of life. Within the last few months we have had pathetic processions of men and women marching in protest through the streets of Buenos Ayres and Berlin, Vienna and Tokio—100,000 in Buenos Ayres, for example, and 300,000 in Vienna. We have seen the wrecking of provision shops in several cities and towns of Continental Europe, and the creation of tax-supported municipal food shops in the United States.

These evidences of the widespread dissatisfaction with food prices are but typical of many others that might be quoted, and are also evidences of the conviction that the scarcity which permits high prices is both unnecessary and artificial.

The people are looking for a scapegoat. The retail dealers upon whom the first wave of indignation vented itself are apparently clearing their skirts of blame and casting it upon the wholesalers and middlemen, who are at present working hard to prove that they are not responsible. Evidences

are steadily accumulating that the resentment of the people will finally focus itself in most countries on one or both of two main objectives: the transportation companies and the protective tariffs—the great railways in the building and development of which the people took such a proper national pride, and the protective tariffs that were so enthusiastically adopted and that undoubtedly stimulated the growth of the industries upon which their cities depend. Very inconsistent of the people, no doubt; but have the railway corporations retained the humble attitude of public servants on the strength of which they secured the Government grants that helped so much to make them strong, and have the protected manufacturers always distributed among their employees a fair proportion of the higher prices that protection enabled them to extract from their fellow-citizens? The growing resentment against the railways and against the protected interests may be illogical, but is it any more illogical than many of the arguments upon which these railways and protected interests secured their privileges? And the privileges remain.

Under these circumstances it may be well to investigate the facts regarding the present cost of living in Canada, and particularly in Canadian cities, as compared with the cost of liv-

ing here some years ago, and with the cost of living in other places. But, first of all, since the experience of Canada is not unique, and the rise of price levels not confined to foodstuffs, we may as well examine the general price levels existing in world markets, and particularly in the great free market of London. In the following table are set out the results of some of the calculations that have been made to indicate the changes in prices. The year 1900 has been taken as a starting point, and prices in that year are denoted by the number 100:

Price levels, as shown by various index figures.

Year	English Prices (Sauerbeck)	London Economist Prices	London Board of Trade Prices	U.S. Prices Bureau of Labour	German Prices Schmitz	Canadian Prices Bureau of Labour
1900	.100	100	100	100	100	100
1902	. 92	91	97	102	93	101
1904	. 93	103	98	102	94	103
1906	.103	109	101	111	106	111
1908	. 97	108	103	111	107	112
1910	.104	112	109	119	107	115
1911	.107	117	...	117	...	118

These figures are, of course, only comparable in vertical columns, not in horizontal lines. They do not imply that English, German, American and Canadian prices were at the same level in 1900; but they show the approximate rise or fall in each case from the local level in 1900. Although the figures do not agree owing to the divergence in the commodities considered and the methods of calculation that were adopted, yet they do all indicate the same trend.

There is general agreement amongst economists as to the principal causes of this world-wide rise in the prices of all commodities. The reasons usually given are:

(1) The increase in the world's stock of gold, which has been continuous now for twenty years. The effect of this increase has, moreover, been magnified by economy in the use of gold on the part of bankers and other man-

ufacturers of credit money, who have succeeded in increasing the volume of credit money in proportion to the gold basis on which it rests. The following short table prepared by the United States Director of the Mint shows that while gold stocks have increased 70 per cent. and bank notes only 62½ per cent., loans and discounts have increased 100 per cent.:

Census of the gold reserves of the leading banks of Europe and America.

	31 Dec. 1899	31 Dec. 1910	Inc.
			(000's omitted)

Bank stocks of gold	£ 500,000	£ 850,000	£ 350,000
Notes in circulation	640,000	1,040,000	400,000
Loans and discounts	2,000,000	4,000,000	2,000,000

The world's stock of money has thus increased more rapidly than the volume of commodities for sale, which are measured in terms of this money. In other words, the price of commodities has risen.

An illustration may perhaps make this connection clearer. If the annual output of any other commodity had increased rapidly for many years, so that the amount now thrown upon the market should be four times what it was twenty years ago, it would be obvious that either the demand must have increased in proportion to the supply or that the price must have fallen. An increase in the supply of any article will generally result in a fall of price. Now, although the annual output of gold is small in comparison with the world's stock of gold, yet the annual output has quadrupled in the past twenty years; but the price of gold is fixed by Mint regulations*—no matter how the supply may increase. The inevitable result of the increased supply has, therefore, been a lowering of the *value* of gold in comparison with the *value* of other commodities, or a raising of the prices of other commodities, since their prices are meas-

*The dollar is only a name for 25.8 grains (Troy) of gold 9-10 fine. The pound is only a name for 123.275 grains (Troy) of gold 11-12 fine. Hence the Mint par of exchange, £1 equals \$4.8665.

ured in terms of gold. Although this does not account for all the increased prices even in the free markets of the world, yet it must have some effect.

(2) The expenditure of capital in ways which are either temporarily or permanently unproductive, as, for example, in the construction of great transcontinental railways, which will not make returns upon the capital invested for some years. The most serious factor, however, in this direction is the enormous sums expended every year by the great nations of the world in preparation for war. This unproductive expenditure has now reached a height undreamed of a generation ago, and it is still mounting, drawing away every year millions of men and billions of dollars which would otherwise be employed in the production of commodities of value.

(3) A third cause which has especially affected the cost of food, is to be found in the migration citywards, which has been taking place in nearly all of the food-producing countries of the world. Modern cities have been made more and more attractive in comparison with the monotony and isolation of the farm. This is particularly true of the newer cities of North and South America, Australia, and New Zealand. Moreover, the adoption of the principle of protection by the food-exporting countries has greatly increased in such countries this movement citywards, and has, in North America, for example, developed great manufacturing industries in the cities largely at the expense of the country districts. The farmer, who must buy all his supplies in a protected market, must, so far as his produce for export is concerned, sell in a market open to the competition of the world, so that even in a fertile province like Ontario land has been actually going out of cultivation during the past few years. The effect of the adoption of protection upon the growth of cities at the expense of the country districts has been commented upon by several independent investigators, and is well

illustrated by the statistics of New South Wales and Victoria, in Australia.

New South Wales had free trade until the federation of all the States in 1901. Victoria has been under protectionist control ever since 1866. Between 1861 and 1901 the country districts of New South Wales absorbed 61% of the total increase of the State, while the country districts of Victoria only absorbed 46% of its increase. Yet, to all who know Australia, Sydney compares very favourably with Melbourne as a place of residence. Since federation, while both States have been under protectionist control, Sydney has absorbed 51% of the increase of the population of New South Wales, leaving only 49% to the country districts, while Melbourne has of course continued to absorb the bulk of the increase in Victoria. Both States are now trying various expedients to attract people away from the protection-fed industries of the cities towards the unprotected natural industries of the country.

Our own country shows the same result of the same policy, and throughout Eastern Canada there is a very uneasy feeling that something is the matter with our agricultural development. In startling contrast to our own fertile country, the bleak and comparatively unfertile little State of Denmark has shown an agricultural development which has amazed the rest of Western Europe. Denmark has no food taxes, and a very low tariff on manufactured goods. Her people are probably the happiest and most contented in Europe, and are quite free from the bitter class hatreds that have grown up in Germany and Sweden—their highly protected neighbours. The Danes themselves attribute their remarkable condition to the absence of the twin drags, landlordism and protection.

Leaving the world-wide aspect of this matter and turning to Canada as a particular case, we find, of course, the same causes operating here. In

reference to the extensive gold production, no one has even suggested that our Government should put an import tax on gold with a view to raising the purchasing power of money in Canada, and so offsetting the rise in the prices of protected goods which we must buy with gold. The suggestion is one, however, which may be commended to the careful consideration of Canadian capitalists, who, in the business of lending money, are exposed to the devastating competition of the capitalists of Europe and America! If we were thus to protect our money lenders would they not be able to buy many more Canadian products and thus greatly improve the condition of the Canadian manufacturer and his workmen?

We in Canada are, of course, open to the full effects of any cause which may disturb the purchasing power of gold, so that though we may be free from wars, for example, and unwilling to spend much money in the preparation for war, yet we cannot avoid the effect of such expenditure upon the supplies of capital, for capital is eminently cosmopolitan. Of course, we pay our own protective tariffs, and the cost of nearly everything we buy is increased accordingly. Most of us have been content to pay this price for the development of Canadian industries, and to regard the marvellous growth of home manufactures as good consideration for the tax we pay, but also most of us have always looked upon Canada as a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of limitless wheat fields and abundance of cattle, and we are somewhat shocked to find that milk and honey, flour and beef are all cheaper in England than in Canada. Yet it is true.

Canadian food prices have risen recently more rapidly than English food prices and are now on a higher level than English prices. That Canadian food prices have risen more rapidly than English food prices may be seen by a comparison of Sauerbeck's figures with the following:

Comparative Food Prices—Published by the Canadian Labour Bureau.

Year	Canadian Food Prices				Sauerbeck's English Prices
	Animals and Meats	Dairy Products	Fish	Other Foods	
1900 .	100	100	100	100	100
1902 .	119	98	104	102	97
1904 .	108	98	113	105	99
1906 .	127	111	115	107	100
1908 .	126	127	114	114	106
1910 .	160	129	135	114	107
1911 .	145	127	137	125	109

That the price level of foodstuffs in Canada is higher to-day than it is in England may be gathered from the following "weekly prices current" taken from *The London Economist* of the 23rd of November, 1912. Any other date would do as well:—

Butter—Australian finest, per lb., 23 to 24½ cents.

Bacon—Canadian, per lb., 13 to 15 cents.

Hams—Canadian, per lb., 15 to 16 cents.

Beef—Scotch, per lb., 13 to 14½ cents. (Frozen meat is 5 to 6 cents a pound cheaper.)

Cheese—Canadian, per lb., 13 to 14 cents.

Eggs—Danish, per doz., 33½ to 42 cents.

Eggs—Russian, per doz., 21 to 26½ cents.

Flour—Household, per 100 lbs., \$2.53.

Rice—Rangoon, new crop, per 100 lbs., \$2.09 to \$2.20.

Sugar—Granulated, per 100 lbs., \$3.27 to \$3.59.

These are, of course, wholesale prices, but the profits of retailers in England are, as with us, reduced to a minimum by free competition. Retail prices vary, and it is difficult to obtain definite figures, but the retail price of bread in London is 2¾ cents a pound, as against 31-3 cents in Toronto, while milk is 8 cents a quart, as against 9½ cents here.

The most important cause operating in Canada as a whole which permits the prices of foodstuffs to be higher in Canada than in London is

protection. Not only the tax on manufactured goods, which raises the farmer's cost of production, but also the tax levied on imports of food from abroad and paid, of course, by the Canadian consumer. This latter tax was intended to protect the Canadian farmer in times of Canadian scarcity, and to be inoperative in times of Canadian plenty; but the development of the packing and canning industries, coupled with the growth of cold storage facilities, has made it possible today for a group of men to control the prices at which our farmers must sell certain products (nearly all the possible buyers being in the group), and also to maintain the prices at which the consumer must buy the same products up to the level of the foreign price plus freight and plus duty. A gentleman who knows all about the Canadian packers, and whose word is unimpeachable, has assured the writer that, in spite of the possibility of the thing, there is absolutely no combination among the packers. One is glad to possess the assurance in this particular case, but there are other cases, and the evidence of the prices already quoted here will need a great deal of explaining away. It was never intended that a tax imposed to protect the farmers should be used by dealers to corner domestic produce. Whether it is so used or not, it is at least clear that if Argentine beef, New Zealand mutton, and Australian butter, for example, had free access to Canada, the prices of these commodities would at once come down. Moreover, it is open to question whether the Canadian producer would not on the average get as much as he is getting now.

The commission which has during the past year been investigating the cost of living in New Zealand has recently made an exhaustive report wherein it is pointed out that the prices of food in New Zealand upon which the tariff had been removed invariably came down, even in a time when all other prices were rising. The report concludes with the statement

that protection has increased the cost of living to 95% of the people, and recommends that the duties, especially upon the common necessities of life, should be abolished.

That this tax on the importation of food has resulted in raising the price of food to all who live within the taxed area is now clearly seen by the industrial classes of Germany and of Austria, and is apparently becoming obvious even in the United States. In the former countries manufacturers and municipal councils are joining forces with the artisans in demanding the removal of the tax on foodstuffs. Indeed, if Germany were under manhood suffrage and parliamentary government as we understand it, the high Protectionists of Germany would be in the discredited position now occupied by their fellows in the United States; for the German workingman, in spite of his marvellous powers of thrift and endurance, is finding the burden too heavy to be borne—witness the growth of the Socialist Free Trade party in the Reichstag. Canadian food prices have not yet reached the high levels of Continental Europe, where horse flesh and dog meat are common articles of diet among the working people, but the tendency is in that direction. Meantime, "real wages" in Canada have almost certainly fallen, the rise in nominal wages having been more than offset by the rise in the prices of necessities.

To-day the mechanic is probably better off in England than he would be if he came to Canada. Some Canadian employers who tried during the past summer to attract skilled labour from England were surprised to discover this fact. We can doubtless still offer advantages to the less efficient workmen among British labourers, but the present abounding prosperity and abundance of work for all who can work in England, coupled with the comparatively low cost of living there, has made Canada seem an undesirable place to the better class of English workmen. If we are ever to

become a great industrial people, we cannot afford a tax on food, and he is no true friend to our industrial development who would desire to fasten such a mill-stone about the necks of Canadian artisans.

The present Government is in power in Canada, not because the Eastern people approved of a tax on food, but because they disapproved of any *bargain* in the matter with the United States. It might perhaps have been wiser for us to have adopted the German plan of not extending protection to the manufacturer until after the natural agricultural industries of our country had got a good start. But it is too late for that now. The manufacturer is here to stay, and he cannot afford to have a tax placed upon the food of his work people, especially if the protection granted to the products of his factory is to be in any way curtailed. Challenged it certainly will be, for the Western grain growers are united and determined in their demand for the gradual removal of the tariff, especially upon British goods. From American immigrants, as well as from the British-born, one hears the same story of determination to escape the exactions of our tariff. Sometimes also one hears threats, not of annexation to the United States, but of the creation of a separate British State, independent of Eastern Canada. That would be a retrograde step, amounting to a calamity only less deplorable than annexation.

The whole question of protection is ripe for discussion in Canada, if either of our political parties can throw up men big enough and independent enough to approach the subject from the point of view of the common people who pay the tax. Heretofore, in discussing a tax on imports, the politicians of both our parties have persisted in regarding the matter entirely from the viewpoint of the man with goods to sell, ignoring the viewpoint of the people who must buy these goods. The British preference, for example, is regarded as a

favour to British manufacturers, not as a relief to the Canadian people, who were thus permitted to buy not only British but also competitive Canadian goods more cheaply. The benefits to the British manufacturer have been comparatively small—the preference has enabled him slightly to increase his sales, but has not permitted any increase in his prices, and little or none in the rate of his profits. On the other hand, the preference has saved very considerable sums to thousands of Canadians. The so-called bargaining for tariff favours with foreign countries is the climax of this one-sided view. It is as if one government should say to another, "We will cease putting certain indirect taxes upon our people if you will cease putting certain other indirect taxes upon your people."

Every sale pre-supposes a buyer as well as a seller; and surely the buyer is entitled to some consideration. The only possible explanation of the indifference shown to his interests lies in the fact that manufacturers are comparatively few in numbers, and are well organised, while the public is, of course, unorganised. The gains to the few manufacturers under a high tariff are enormous, the losses to any one individual in the multitude of buyers are comparatively small. The old argument that protection permanently raises wages can no longer hold up its head since the recent revelations in the American textile industry have shown that the most highly-protected American manufacturers have been paying the lowest scale of wages in the States. The American people who separated from the Mother Country on the ground that they would not pay taxes without a voice in the spending of the money have allowed themselves to become a nation of taxpayers to a few millionaires in whose councils they have no representation. If the accounts of every protected corporation were open to public inspection and public criticism, then this delegation by the

Government of its power to tax the people might be justified—an utterly absurd and impossible suggestion! Quite so; but is there any other logical outcome of the principle that he who receives Government aid must be accountable to the people?

Not only are food prices higher throughout the world than they have been, and higher in Canada than in England, but food prices are also considerably higher in Canadian cities than they are in the smaller towns throughout the country. This may be seen from the following table of comparative retail prices taken from the Canadian Labour Gazette for November, 1912:

Retail prices in Canada during October, 1912

Commodity	Montreal	Toronto	Country*
Sirloin steak, best, per lb.	\$.022	\$.022½	\$.019 3-10
Bacon, best, smoked, per lb.	.22	.20	.22
Fish, fresh, good quality, per lb.	.15	.13½	.11 9-10
Eggs, new laid, per doz.45	.37½	.30 9-10
Milk, per qt. .	.09	.10	.07
Butter, dairy, tub, per lb. . .	.29	.27½	.26 3-10
Cheese, Canadian old, per lb. .	.22	.22	.18 1-10
Flour, ordinary family, per lb.	.04	.02 9-10	.03 1-10
Potatoes, per bag of 1½ bus. . .	1.00	1.25	.83
Coal, anthracite, per 2,000 lbs..	9.75	8.50	6.24
Rent, per month, of six-roomed house, with sanitary conveniences	16.00	23.50	14.72

The causes which make for higher prices in Montreal and Toronto, as against the smaller places are:

(1) The apparent disappearance in these cities of any competition in some of the businesses connected with the collection and distribution of food products, which businesses appear to have fallen into the hands of a few powerful allied interests, ever since the city councils were induced to

pass by-laws in restraint of the free sale and delivery of produce within the city limits by farmers. Moreover, there is strong evidence to show that associations of city commission merchants engaged in the fruit and vegetable business have secured control of the only city markets for wholesale trade and are thus, by eliminating competition, in a position where they can dictate terms to both producer and consumer. Men engaged in raising fruit and vegetables for city consumption report that they find conditions so intolerable that some of them have been forced either to seek for other markets or to go out of the business. It is not probable that any relief can be obtained by municipal or governmental interference. The history of nearly all attempts at such interference with existing commercial conditions is not a hopeful record. The privileged corporations can afford the best brains available, and are usually better served even by their legal advisers than is the municipality or government which attempts to coerce them. As a rule, our economic troubles arise, not from the want of, but from the excess of official regulations. A better remedy would appear to lie in the hands of the growers of fruit and vegetables themselves, who appear to have completely lost control of the selling end of their own business. Ireland to-day affords a splendid object lesson in this matter. Ten years ago the small Irish farmer was absolutely at the mercy of the middlemen, who kept the prices at which they bought as low as they liked, and maintained the prices to the city dealer as high as they dared. To-day these small Irish farmers are learning the trick of combination so as to control the selling end of their own business, with the result that the farmer is getting better prices for his produce and the city dweller is paying less for the same. A still better example of the effects of combination is

* Average price in nine small centres: Charlottetown, Sorel, Hull, Peterborough, Orillia, Owen Sound, Chatham, Sault Ste Marie, Stratford.

perhaps to be found in Denmark, where the farmer does not lose control of his butter or bacon until it is sold on the London market. The produce may go through several hands, but these hands are all agents or servants of the combination of producers. These agricultural co-operative societies are growing up all over Europe, and our Canadian farmers would do well to look into the matter.

(2) While there is no evidence of any combination among the small retail dealers in the cities for the purpose of keeping up the prices of food, and the small dealer seems barely able to make a living in the keen competition to which he is subjected, yet the unnecessarily large number of retail places of business makes for inefficiency and adds greatly to the cost of distribution. For example, twenty well-equipped and well-placed stores in Montreal or Toronto, could do the whole grocery business in either city and do it more cheaply than the present multitude of small stores. But to limit the number of grocers would at once enable the favoured few to combine and raise prices. In order to secure the advantages of the larger store for the customer and not for the storekeeper, numerous co-operative societies have been formed in the Old Country, where the members divide among themselves the profit of the business after the payment of salaries to managers and employees. At the close of the year 1911 the British Co-operative Union, Limited, which includes 112 manufacturing societies, twelve special, supply and wholesale societies and 1,407 retail distributing societies, but does not include any of the agricultural co-operative societies, had a total membership amounting to 2,760,531. The aggregate sales for the year amounted to \$580,500,000, on which there was a net profit of \$64,800,000 for distribution. This movement has also begun in Canada, where at the end of 1911 there were 3,788 members in twelve societies, whose sales for the year amounted

to \$800,000, on which there was a net profit of \$47,500. The success of the Canadian societies is largely due to the unselfish efforts of Mr. George Keen, of Brantford, the Honourary Secretary of the Canadian Union.

(3) The very poor shipping facilities which are available for produce coming into the cities. To begin with, our navigation laws appear to have been drawn up with the idea of injuring American shipping rather than with the idea of serving Canadian shippers, certainly not with the idea of serving Canadian consignees. When one considers how the railway interests upon both sides of the line have succeeded in persuading Americans and Canadians mutually to deprive themselves of the benefits of cheap water carriage, the impulse to laugh at the people and say that they deserve all they get is only checked by the knowledge that the ultimate penalty for such folly is largely paid by the very poor who cannot transfer the cost to others. The tramp steamer, against which the railways could not compete for local traffic, has been rendered incapable of offering any competition by restrictive navigation laws, and is practically non-existent upon our lakes. The European visitor to America has frequently commented upon the fact that, except for through traffic, the Great Lakes are used mainly by pleasure boats. Toronto not only has not got a public wharf, but most Torontonians are unaware of the fact. We are proposing to spend several millions upon construction works to make Toronto a great port. But a great port without shipping is not of much value. Let us deepen the canals by all means, and attract ocean shipping by removing every natural obstruction, but let us also make an effort to remove the unnatural obstructions we have in common with the Americans put upon our lake traffic. To do so would be a method of celebrating the centenary of peace which would confer lasting benefit upon both peoples.

Also, we have no Canadian parcel post service, so that the express companies, that is to say, the railway companies again, can and do make us pay dividends on stock that has been shown to be largely water. It seems to be the universal opinion of shippers and consignees that in spite of—perhaps it is because of—the monopoly these railways enjoy, they do not give proper facilities for bringing produce into the cities. It would be difficult to over-estimate the advantages of a parcel post service such as is maintained throughout Europe, even in Russia, whereby produce could reach the consumer directly from the farmer. The small charge necessary for such service would at once put a limit to the profits of the middlemen, and would compel the express companies to meet the competition of the postal service. Recently we have been told that a parcel post service is shortly to be established in Canada, and business men are hopeful that the railway interests cannot succeed here, as they appear to have done across the line, in securing parcel post regulations of such a character that the Government will merely relieve the express companies of the least profitable part of their business.

Hampered by the lack of water carriage, by bad railway service, and by the want of a real parcel post, our city dwellers are also hindered in their efforts to secure cheap produce by the wretched state of so many of the roads by which farmers might bring produce to city markets, and also by restrictive market regulations that deter the farmer even when the roads are good.

(4) One factor of the high cost of living, which presses very heavily upon the poor in our cities, is the high rentals charged for even the meanest accommodation. These abnormal rents are partly the consequence of

our methods of taxation, which may be equitable in a stationary community, but which make it profitable in a rapidly growing city to hold land for a rise in value, while rendering it expensive to improve the land by putting buildings upon it. The penalty imposed by this system upon all improvements creates a "scarcity value," which is of course absorbed by the landlord from his tenant. A heavier taxation upon land would help this situation, especially if it were accompanied by the development of numerous radial lines out into the surrounding country, thus enabling the workingman to live in a cheap district and move to and from his work at a reasonable cost of time and money.

To recapitulate—the causes of the high prices of food stuffs in Canada are:

(1) The world-wide result of increasing gold supplies, of unproductive expenditure of labour and material in preparation for war, and of the checking of agricultural development, owing to the migration citywards, induced by protection in the food exporting countries. The effect produced by these causes may be gauged from the London index numbers quoted above, which show that food prices have increased 9 per cent. since 1900 in the one great, free market.

(2) The Canadian policy of protection, as may be seen from the Canadian index figures, has permitted further increased prices in Canada to an average of 33 per cent. above their level in 1900.

(3) The private monopolies apparently existing in our big cities in connection with some of the businesses of food distribution, the poor transport facilities, and a system of taxation unsuited to rapid city growth.



ARRIVAL OF A SUPPLY BOAT AT ELK CITY, A NEW TOWN OF NORTHERN ONTARIO

MERCHANDISING ON THE FRONTIER

BY DUNCAN ARMBRUST

THE pioneer settlement nearly always has its pioneer store, because whatever else transpires to break the monotony of life in the backwoods, people must eat. A first visit to one of these treasure-houses of the wilderness is often filled with new and interesting impressions.

The odours greet you first: tar-paper on the outside, pork and molasses on the inside, with a variety of lesser odours, such as coffee, tobacco, and leather. Long afterward, when the smell of tar-paper or the aroma of coffee confronts you, there instantly springs to mind a picture of the log shanty and its dimly-lighted interior, with its rows of hams and side-meat hanging from the rafters, its shelves of canned goods, its bunks of flour, meal and dried fruit, flanked by shin-

ing tin-ware and bales of "ready-mades." A barrel of brown sugar guards one side of the entrance to the back store-room, while a hogshead of molasses diffuses its fragrance from the other.

One of the cravings of the backwoodsman is for sweet things, and the store-keeper has long since discovered this weakness.

If the store is situated in the silver belt, there may be found in one corner a pile of long, brown sticks, which are thrown into the scoop on the scales and weighed out to the customer—dynamite! At this juncture the tenderfoot usually has important business outside, and incidentally does not wait for his change. Three-fifths of the contents of the store are designed to serve the needs of the inner



COBALT IN THE SPRING OF 1905

man, and pork, sugar, flour, beans, butter, tea and coffee, pass over the counter and into the sack of the waiting customer with almost clock-like regularity.

The food problem of the pioneer is a pressing one. Of all difficulties that of transporting supplies into distant wilds over rough roads and tougher trails is the first and greatest. If you have ever ridden in a wagon over a corduroy road you will no doubt appreciate the "rough" part of it; if you have tackled the portages in the silver belt you will realise even more acutely the "tough" side of things. Before the coming of the railways the sole means of transportation was by canoes, through the rivers and lakes of the north. Wherever you find a Hudson's Bay post you invariably find a lake or river within a stone's throw of its front door. In summer the York boat, canoe, and

latterly the gasoline launch play an important part in moving the merchandise of the miner, engineer or settler. In winter, where roads have been opened up, the freight sleigh is used a great deal to handle the produce of the merchant and the machinery of the mines. Dog-sleds are used to some extent, but mostly by prospectors and trappers.

Before Cobalt was on the map the regular route to New Liskeard and Northern Ontario was by way of the Ottawa River, Lake Temisquamingue (now spelled Timiskaming), and Blanche River, to the Abitibi, or from Lake Temisquamingue into the Montreal River and its several branches.

When the Ontario Government some years ago decided to tap the country lying to the north with a brand new railway, which was named The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, they did not know they were



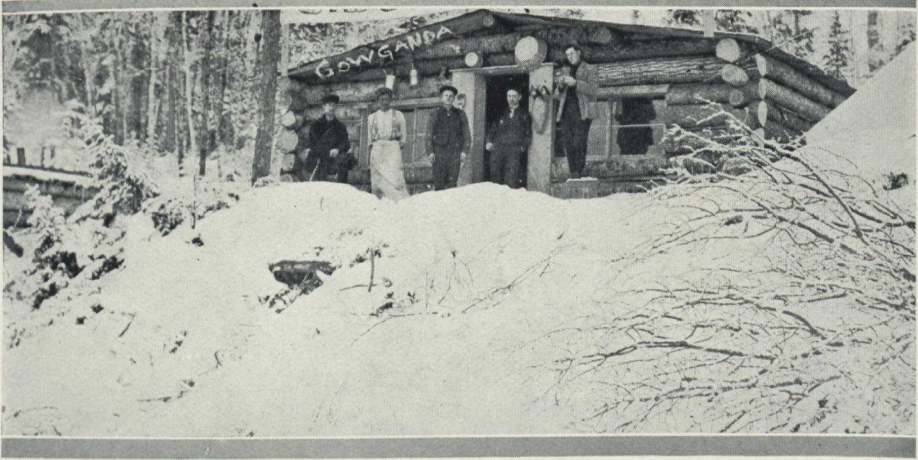
THE UP-TO-DATE FRONTIER STORE

going to make history on such a large scale. One of the first discoveries was Temagami, that wonderful and beautiful body of water, vague stories of which had been brought by the Indians from time to time.

Later, when making a cut through the rock farther north, they blew out a quantity of pink chalk-like substance which proved to be cobalt "bloom." They speedily discovered quantities of silver in the rock and then called the place Cobalt. Since then the steel arms of the railway have been thrust farther into the wilderness to the north and there joined with the G. T. P., which stretches away westward over muskeg and prairie to the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia and the Pacific.

With the railways came new enterprises, new industries and better facilities for handling freight. Where

rock and jack-pine or muskeg reigned supreme in the desolation of the undiscovered, sometimes a village sprang up almost over night and the place became famous. Every train that pulled into Cobalt was jammed with eager humanity, and every train that went south was empty except for those who went to bring their friends. With the crowd that went north was the baker, the butcher and the merchant-man, for, as we have intimated before, they recognised early that men must eat. Then followed the doctor, the lawyer, the broker and a host of tradesmen, for they too were wise and knew that much salt pork is bad for digestion and money is more easily earned than saved. Cobalt soon became the hub of the North. Whereas there was only one restaurant and one bakery doing business there in the spring of '06,



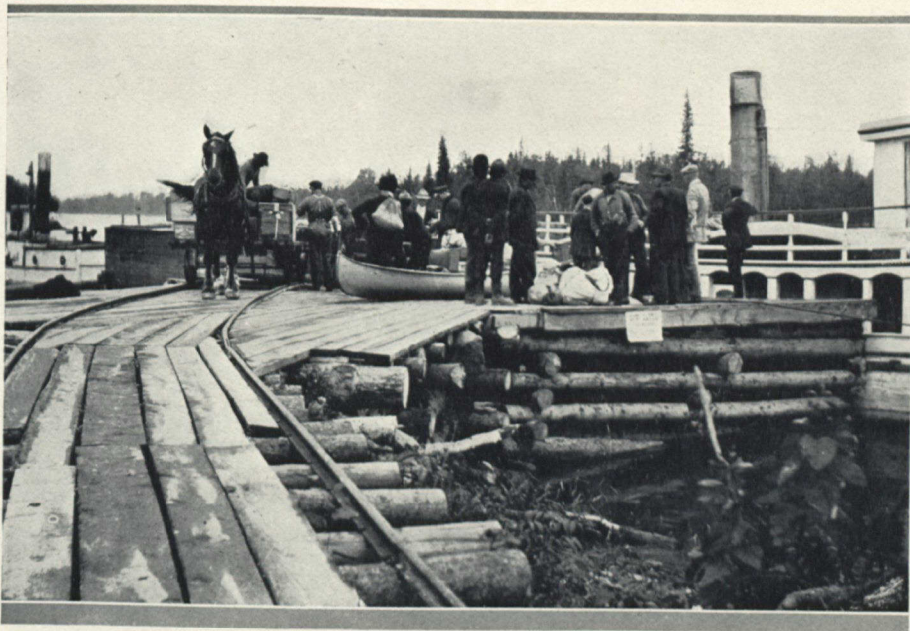
A TYPICAL SUPPLY STORE OF NORTHERN ONTARIO

there were seven in the fall, and every shed and tent in Cobalt was turned into a boarding-house of more or less uncertain patronage. Pork was plentiful in those days and roamed the streets in the shape of a drove of spotted black-and-white pigs. These were unrelated to the "blind" ones, but were of the common variety and rooted up the real estate of the town site in the public square.

Those who got in early on the ground floor increased their business to such an extent that they became rich, in spite of the disastrous fires that wiped out parts of the town. The freight handled by the T. & N. O. during its existence has been something enormous. It has changed the old North from a land of scattered outposts to a country of bustling activities, with cities and towns in the making. It is possible now to have goods delivered within a few days after ordering, where a dozen years ago the pioneer merchant was forced to order his produce a year ahead to insure their delivery which was done mostly by the use of the York boats or canoes.

Many of the successful prospectors who have made their "pile" have turned merchant or gone into similar lines of business, and located in the

mining towns. In the last five years there have been two mining rushes of the '98 variety, which have opened up hundreds of miles of territory and given opportunity for the pioneer trader to start business in a new field. The rush to Gowganda in the winter of 1908 is still fresh in our minds, and the discovery of gold at Porcupine, which precipitated a wild scramble to that region two years ago, has not been eclipsed by any new strike. Among the men in that memorable stampede to Gowganda Lake and Hangingstone who threw dignity to the winds, and with a whoop charged the winter trail, was the prospective merchant. There were two winter roads leading to the Lake: one from Bisco on the Canadian Northern to the south and the other from Charlton, on the T. & N. O., in the east. On these two winter roads there were no less than six hundred teams hauling freight and passengers night and day. The scene was characterised by a frenzied haste and a reckless excitement only understood by those who were in the thick of it. Men who would not pay the exorbitant prices asked by drivers, or who could not stand the nerve-strain of the slow-moving freight-sleigh tramped the trails, carrying their packs,



A PORTAGE ON THE MONTREAL RIVER

plodding the weary miles through slush or cold. Drivers lashed their teams, forcing them to the limit of their endurance, and cursed at a delay or a break-down. When a horse fell dead they left the carcass on the trail for the wolves.

When Spring approached, making the winter road unfit for travel, the excitement became more intense and the teams were rushed back and forth for loads of supplies with scarcely any rest. Horse feed became scarce and hay reached the rather luxurious price of four hundred dollars a ton. Freight rates were charged on the same basis, and the store-keeper, in order to make a profit on his goods, was forced to raise the price; and the customer was "soaked" accordingly.

The haggard and hungry prospector who paddled in his canoe to "town" and "blew himself" to a meal, got his choice of "half a hog and a loaf of bread for fifty cents," or a "good square meal of fresh meat for a dollar." If you have ever been away from civilisation for two or

three months and forgotten the taste of pie or doughnuts, or been without fresh bread and potatoes, you will not wonder that the prospector paid the price, and ate and drank until it was unbecoming of him. As practically nothing could be brought in during the summer, because of the round-about water route, and its hard portages, the prices of food products maintained their dizzy height. Eggs were ninety cents a dozen, shells included; butter hovered around the sixty-cent mark, which was moderate; but its side partner, bread, was twenty-five cents a loaf made on the spot. Pies were sold for a quarter apiece—when there were any at all, which was seldom.

When the summer canoe route was opened up, and an enterprising company started a line of freight canoes from Elk Lake, they brought in from time to time small quantities of fresh fruit and vegetables. These were not worth their weight in gold, quite; but gave you a sinking feeling in the vicinity of the heart when the price was mentioned. Potatoes at fifteen



A CORDUROY BRIDGE ON THE ROAD TO GOWGANDA

cents a pound figures up to nine dollars a bushel, which was the prevailing price. Twenty-five cents would buy you either two oranges, three bananas or three lemons, and apples, developed to the cholera stage, were five cents apiece. In spite of the high rates of cartage and the Klondike prices charged, there was no alternative for the prospector or mine owner but to pay the price, and the majority of merchant-men made good. One log shanty which stood on the shore of the lake, five miles from town, turned over between the first of March and the first of August something like fifty thousand dollars, and still had a storehouse full of goods left over. How much of this was clear profit is doubtful; but it was reckoned a poor day's business when five hundred dollars' worth of trade did not pass over the counter.

The summer route was from Latchford on the T. & N. O. Railway up

the Montreal River to Elk Lake by steamer, and thence by canoe to Indian Chutes. From there it was by a chain of lakes and the East branch of the Montreal, and anyone who went in that way will not forget the twenty-six portages. They were long and short, steep and rocky; but the one which tested the strength and temper of the hardiest bushman was known as the Golden Stairs. The man who packed a canoe or a hundred pound duffle bag over those starry steps in fly-time deserves to see the Golden Stairs in reality.

If the climb had been encountered going in instead of coming out it is safe to say that many a tenderfoot would have turned back when he reached the foot of that treacherous bluff. As it was, the steep side of the portage was on the far side, and was down grade; but even at that it is not easy to climb a near-precipice with a heavy pack.



OCASIONAL SHOPPERS AT A FRONTIER STORE

The three portages on the Montreal River between Latchford and Elk Lake, where freight and passengers were transferred from one steamer to another above the rapids, were a series of delightful surprises. Here the order of things was reversed. While the passengers walked, the freight rode on a miniature railway, whose motive power was not an iron horse, but a real drinker of water and a hauler of freight. The steamers were constructed or fitted up to serve the purpose of carrying freight, and once their engines were set in motion the fact became more apparent. In one particular case the noise was so deafening that all conversation ceased with the starting of the machinery, and nothing but signs were used for the rest of the journey.

The town of Elk Lake, situated on the Montreal River, fifty miles or more from Latchford, is the connecting link with civilisation. It is typical of the country in its lay-out, the streets following the line of the least resistance, fit into the natural topography of the land and make a picture which has plenty of variety, to say the least. At that time a pontoon bridge joined the rival banks and was one of the novelties of the pioneer town. Here a Hudson's Bay post was established years ago, and when the silver hunters found native ore a short distance away a tented city sprang up as by magic. The winter road to the west, passing through the town, brought thousands of travellers to the place, and soon an assay



A FREIGHT SLEIGH ON THE WINTER TRAIL TO GOWGANDA

office and a road house were established there. The merchant dumped off his load of goods at this point and set up shop. With him came the hardware man, the photographer and the man who sells soft drinks. When painkiller was not sufficient to offset the effects of the social whirl, the druggists got wind of it and came to the rescue with balm and pills. But the inevitable setback visited this town as, sooner or later, it visits every fresh town that springs up in New Ontario. Fire broke out in one of the stores, and the bucket brigade, although they fought gamely, were unable to check the thirsty flames which devoured the pine frame buildings in rapid succession until there were only a few scattering shacks left. But here is where the heroic spirit of the pioneer is shown, for hardly had the embers of the ruins grown cold before the clatter of hammers was heard, and the skeletons of

new buildings rose out of the debris, the beginnings of a bigger and a better town. The tragic fire of Porcupine will be remembered for its impetuous violence and the completeness with which it did its work.

At that time Porcupine was a place in the wilderness, but now it has a railway, and more substantial buildings are being erected, showing the faith and the indomitable spirit of its business men.

The winter roads are often turned into trails in summer and are travelled by the man who prefers to "mush it" rather than paddle a canoe. A winter road makes an exceedingly bad summer trail, because it follows all the low land and crosses lakes and rivers for the sake of the clear, smooth going on the ice. In summer the trail is wet even in the dry season, and there is no remedy but to take the cold plunge into the oozy path and say nothing.

Now and then along the trails we find a supply store, where the necessities of life may be purchased for a mere fortune. The keeper of one of these places differed from the others in an interesting particular. Perhaps he had come from the mellow south, or had tilled a farm in the fruit belt, or had a cosy home with a plot of land at the rear in which he had raised his own vegetables. At any rate here he had a blooming garden in the wilderness, with roots and vines growing luxuriantly, and flowers too. It was homelike and beautiful. What was even more surprising and delightful was the familiar sounds which came to the weary traveller as he slouched down the trail to the cabin. The barking of a dog, the moo of a cow and the cackle of hens all came to him like an echo of home.

"Say, do you keep a cow?" asked the traveller.

"Yes," was the response.

"Have ye got any fresh milk handy?"

"Yep," snapped the man, as he disappeared in a back room and returning at once brought a pan containing about two quarts. The pan passed around among the three thirsty travellers, and was laid empty on the counter with the eternal question, "How much?"

"Half a dollar," said the man. It was paid. "Anything else, fellers?"

"No, thanks."

Out of sight of the shanty the first packman said, "That was darned good milk." "You bet!" chorused the other two as they fell into the old stride.

In spite of the price of produce and the cost of food and the hardships of the trail, men will continue to answer the call of the woods, and the merchant-man will be there to receive them.





MR. ALBERT CLERK-JEANOTTE
Director-General of the Montreal Opera Company

THE MONTREAL OPERA COMPANY

A DARING CANADIAN PROJECT THAT HAS SUCCEEDED

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

FOR at least a year past one of the chief topics of conversation among lovers of music and the theatre has been the Montreal Opera Company—the first attempt to establish permanent grand opera in this country, which now assures to its home city a three-months' season of the best French and Italian opera, and to Toronto, Ottawa, and Quebec their only opportunity

to see really good, all-round productions of the most expensive of all luxuries.

All advanced musicians are united in the view that opera is the most educative of all musical influences, because through the lure of the theatre, with its colour, life and scenic environment, it leads the person who has not hitherto been interested in music



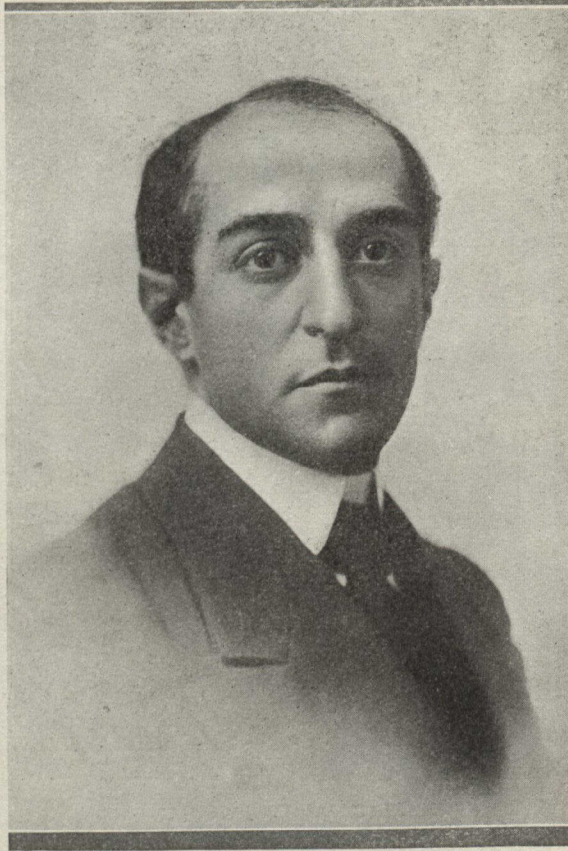
MAESTRO AGIDE JACCHIA

Italian Conductor of the Montreal Opera Company

to take an interest in the muse for herself alone. Thus a permanent opera becomes a stimulus to public enthusiasm for more austere forms of the art. The adequate production of grand opera on however so modest a scale, is so expensive that monetary profit is beyond hope, and it is supported only by two means—through private beneficence or from the public treasury. In some cities of Germany and of other European countries, municipal opera is considered to be as essential for the public welfare as a police force or a fire brigade; and the whole community is willing to make sacrifice to maintain it just for the pleasure they reap from it in their leisure hours. English-speaking countries have not reached that stage of advancement as yet, but the success

of the Montreal Opera Company at least shows an artistic awakening to a form of enjoyment hitherto neglected in Canada.

The story has been frequently told in the press lately of the origin of the company, of how Mr. Albert Clerk-Jeanotte, a Canadian of mingled Scotch and French ancestry, who had enjoyed an extensive musical training in the great opera houses of Europe, always had cherished the dream of directing a permanent grand opera in his native city of Montreal; of how he found the nucleus of it in a really fine company of Italian singers, who had become stranded for lack of funds and of how he also found the necessary Mecaenas in Lieut.-Colonel Meighen, a fellow-townsmen of genuine musical taste and knowledge, with



MAESTRO LOUIS HASSELMANS

French Conductor of the Montreal Opera Company

the means to gratify his desires in that direction. It is a story creditable to Canadian daring and foresight; for to the average man acquainted with theatrical affairs the proposal of establishing in this country a permanent grand opera, quasi-national in its scope, seemed fantastic in its character. To-day in the City of Montreal there is an enthusiasm for grand opera among thousands of people who three years ago took no interest in music at all; and in the well-recognised music centre, Toronto, there is gratitude for an enterprise which gives the public a form of art of which it had hitherto been starved.

Mr. Clerk-Jeanotte is considered by all men professionally connected with

the organisation of grand opera to be a wonder. And undoubtedly he is one, for it must be remembered that the Montreal Opera Company has no permanent home of its own, with the special equipment for grand opera which makes production comparatively easy to the Director Generals of municipal enterprises in Europe. Montreal moreover is not in the same position as New York or Boston, where in case a singer falls ill a substitute can be quickly found. Even at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, changes of bill at the last moment are frequent, much to the annoyance of the patrons of those institutions. Mr. Jeanotte can boast that in the three seasons he



LOUISE EDVINA

Canadian Prima Donna of the Montreal Opera Company

has never once disappointed his public. On tour changes of bill have taken place at times, but these have always been in response to public

demand, with ample notice beforehand.

The all-round excellence of the productions have been enthusiastically



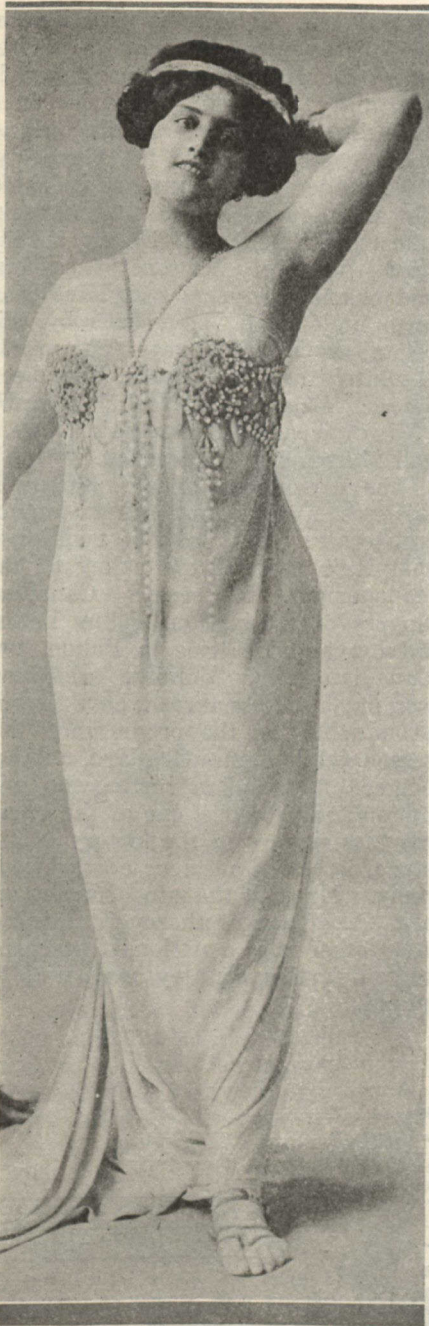
ARTHUR HUBERTY, as *Mephisto*

praised by regular habitués of the European opera houses, and wonder has been expressed that so much could



BEATRICE LA PALME, as *Rosina*

be given for the comparatively low prices charged; for it should be acknowledged that on this continent the

CARMEN MELIS. as *Thais*

cost of grand opera comes high; and the scale is vastly higher than that of ordinary dramatic attractions, even

of the best quality. Mr. Jeanotte is assuredly a man who, to quote a phrase invented by Arnold Bennett, knows "How to live on twenty-four hours a day." He has every detail of his work at his finger-ends, and in Montreal it is supposed that he does his sleeping for the year during one of the early summer months. He started his career as a tenor singer and musical instructor in Montreal. Later he went to Europe and received instruction under the renowned actor and singer, Victor Maurel, and Pauline Viardot, the sister of Malibran and Manuel Garcia. He sang in various theatres abroad, notably the Opera Comique of Paris, the Savoy in London, where the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas are periodically revived on a sumptuous scale. Probably his greatest hit was as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," a rôle which he sang in the original production at Vienna before the opera had set the whole world dancing. He gave up a career as an actor and a singer in Europe in the hope of establishing grand opera in Canada.

Of course the project so generously endowed by Lieut.-Colonel Meighen, and which is now lavishly supported by advance subscriptions each season, could not have succeeded unless the Director-General had been able to surround himself with efficient aides. The chief Italian conductor, Maestro Agide Jacchia, may indeed consider himself in a sense the father of the Montreal Opera Company, for it was a company of singers of which he was conductor that formed the nucleus of the enterprise, when it was a much smaller affair than it is now. He is an interpreter of Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, and other composers of the Italian school that could hardly be bettered. He first came to America as assistant conductor to Mascagni in the latter's orchestral tour ten years ago, and he has conducted in most of the great opera houses of the world on both spheres.

During the first season of the Mont-

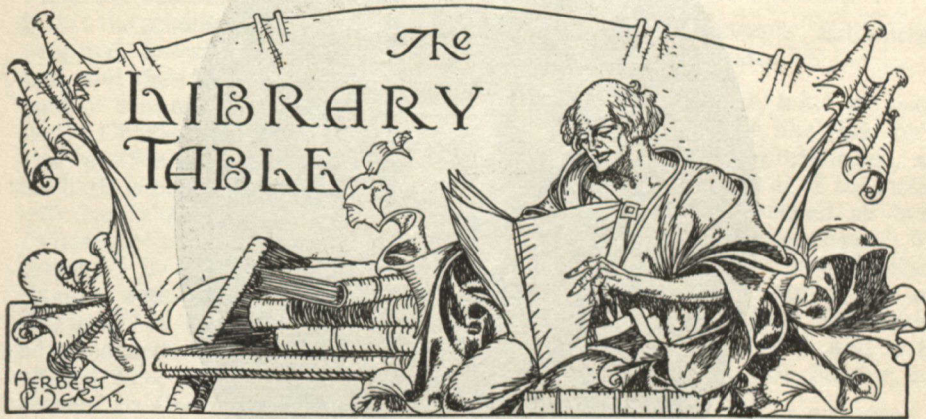
real Opera Company, Maestro Jacchia was sole conductor; but as the scope of the enterprise increased and it was decided to produce those works of the French school which have come into such vogue everywhere during the past five years, he was given a colleague of equal distinction in Monsieur Louis Hasselmans, formerly assistant conductor of the Opera Comique, Paris. The latter, in addition to being a conductor of rare individuality, is a violincellist of great talent, and during the months when he is not in Canada, he directs a series of chamber music concerts. His intimate poetic insight is shown in his interpretations of such beautiful works as Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame" and Charpentier's "Louise." In addition the staff which assists in the various productions, includes two most able and experienced managers from La Scala, Milan—Signors Armando Agnini and Marie Marti; a most competent Chef de Chant in Mr. George Hirst, who comes from Covent Garden; and an experienced Chorus Master in M. Decellier, of the Opera Comique, Paris.

As has been said, the company confines itself for the present to French and Italian operas, for it is practically impossible to produce Wagner's works on the artistic scale which Mr. Jeanotte aims at unless in a permanent

opera house. It not only gives a number of the great popular favourites which the public also demand, but is constantly producing novelties of a kind never given by travelling grand opera companies. To the Company, for instance, Canadians are indebted for an introduction to that remarkable work "Louise." Nearly all the productions of Massenet's sensuous and charming operas that have been given in Canada have been by this organisation. This year four works absolutely new in Canada, have been heard: Erlanger's "Noel," Godard's "Vivandiere," Leoncavallo's "Zaza," and Massenet's "Cendrillon."

The personnel of the Company is this season very strong and too long to enumerate; but it may be mentioned that it is part of the policy of the management to secure Canadian singers of distinction. Thus Louise Edvina and Beatrice la Palme, two Canadian prima donnas, who have won much success abroad, have figured prominently in the programmes this season, while James Goddard, another singer of Canadian birth, who will undoubtedly become one of the greatest bass singers in the history of the stage, is also a member of the Company. Many of the minor singers are also Canadians of thorough training. Altogether it is a national enterprise of which this country may well be proud.



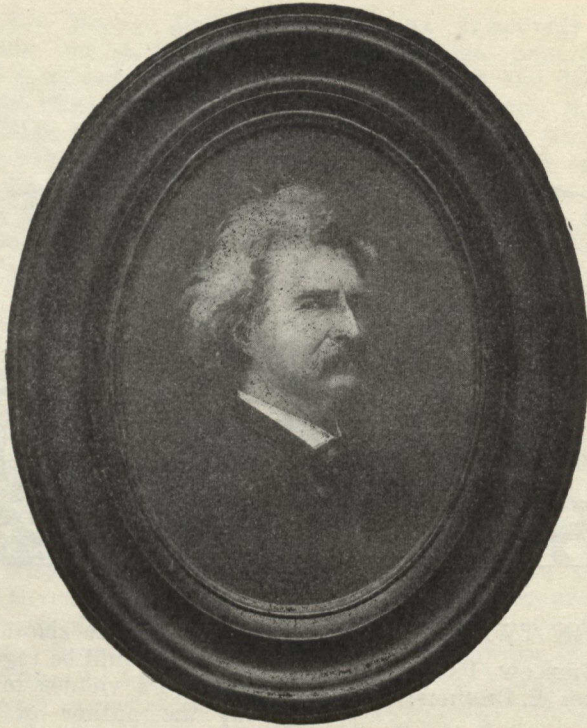


MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. New York: Harper & Brothers. Three Volumes.

THIS undoubtedly is one of the greatest American biographies. In many respects it is marvellous. That any human being in the compass of a single life-time, could experience so much, is almost incredible, but that any one man in our time could marshal the material for the biography and present it in so fascinating a form, seems to be phenomenal. It could be compared only to Boswell's "Johnson." While it composes more than 1,700 closely typed pages, one can say truthfully that almost every page is the very page that one does not wish to miss. The fascination of these pages is due in a large part to the subject, for Samuel Clemens always was doing something extraordinary, and Mr. Paine seems to have recorded everything that he ever did. And everything is full of interest and novelty and charm. While the author has an unbounded admiration for the man and his accomplishments, he is unlike most biographers, for he is not blind to Mark Twain's weak-

nesses. But he shows that what in most men would be regarded as weaknesses were virtues in Mark Twain. That the author of "Huckleberry Finn," "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and "Innocents Abroad" laid the foundation for the American humour of his time goes without saying. Next to Lincoln, he undoubtedly has the biggest place in the affections of his countrymen, and no humourist, anywhere, could claim as great celebrity as his. Because of his manner of seeing things, his life was full of comical situations and amusing episodes. These his biographer has seized with a fine sense of their importance, and the result is that his biography is almost as fascinating to read and almost as full of mirth, and pathos as well, as if Mark Twain himself had written it. In attempting to review it, one is prompted to quote liberally from the books, there are so many laughable anecdotes, but we shall be content with the following, which shows Mark Twain in Canada and also illustrates the boldness with which on occasion he would conceive and present a humorous suggestion. The Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, had invited Mr.



MARK TWAIN

Whose "Life" by Albert Bigelow Paine is herewith reviewed

Clemens to be his guest during a meeting in May, 1883, at Ottawa, of the Literary and Scientific Society:

"He had been honoured by the nobles and the great in many lands, but this was royalty—English Royalty—paying a tribute to an American writer whom neither the Marquis nor the Princess, his wife, had ever seen. They had invited him because they had cared enough for his books to make them wish to see him, to have him as a guest at Rideau Hall, their home. Mark Twain was democratic. A king to him was no more than any other man; rather less if he were not a good king. But there was something national in this tribute; and, besides, Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise were the kind of sovereigns that honoured their rank, instead of being honoured by it. It is a good deal like a fairy tale, when you think of it; the barefooted boy of Hannibal, who had become a printer, a pilot, a rough-handed miner, being summoned, so many years later, by royalty as one of America's foremost men of letters. The honour was no greater than many others he had received, certainly not greater than the calls of

Canon Kingsley and Robert Browning and Turgenieff at his London hotel lodgings, but it was of a less usual kind. Clemens enjoyed his visit. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, kept him with them almost continually, and were loth to let him go. Once they took him tobogganing—an exciting experience. It happened that during his stay with them, the opening of the Canadian Parliament took place. Lord Lorne and the principal dignitaries of State entered one carriage, and in a carriage behind them followed Princess Louise, with Mark Twain. As they approached the Parliament House, the customary salute was fired. Clemens pretended to the Princess considerable gratification. The temptation was too strong to resist.

"Your Highness," he said, "I have had other compliments paid to me, but none equal to this one. I have never before had a salute fired in my honour."

*

MRS. LANCELOT

BY MAURICE HEWLETT. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

THE title of this absorbing novel is the name of a woman who mar-

ries without love and enters the social whirl of London with a yearning for something more than show and excitement. Charles Lancelot, her husband, is a young Treasury official whom she marries when she has scarcely left the schoolroom. She accepts his proposal, knowing it was expected of her, and then begins her real experience of him and of a new life in London. Charles's great ambition is to rise in office. For this no price seems too high to pay, and on finding that his wife has taken the fancy of the Duke (whose prototype it is not difficult to discover) he urges her to use her influence with "the greatest man of England" in order to secure his own advancement. And advancement is offered him, but at no loss of self-respect to Georgiana. Her affection for the Duke is that of a daughter for a father, and although he would have had it otherwise if he could, he submits to her will and remains satisfied with what the other can give.

With her husband it is another matter. He gives her nothing of what she wants. He is cold, unresponsive, almost indifferent, and, though she does not know it, she is starving for all her nature craves. Then Gervase enters on the scene. He rescues her from a terrifying position at a *fête* at Vauxhall, and from that moment she becomes the lode-star of his existence. He writes a poem which is inspired by his lady's charms, and gets the little volume conveyed to her by his friend Tom Moore, the Irish poet. This leads to a meeting, and Georgiana learns what it is to be loved by a man with all the ardour of a passionate nature. She learns too that Charles had never truly loved her, and as a natural consequence she had never truly loved him. In all the complexity that ensues the Duke is her very good friend.

In the end the poet wins the prize, and the circumstances, although not in keeping with twentieth century morals, are nevertheless pleasing to sentimental readers. The story is

written in Mr. Hewlett's most excellent style.

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DYKESIDE FOLK

By W. C. CUTHBERTSON. Edinburgh: Sand and Company.

IT is refreshing to take up occasionally a volume like this, for it is so pleasant, so unpretentious, and natural that one feels as if the author is chatting to one instead of being read from printed characters. The volume is composed of short sketches of quaint persons the author has met in his rambles out from Edinburgh. The delineations are good, and in the writing there is a fine flavour and whimsicality.

*

POEMS AND SONGS.

By RICHARD MIDDLETON. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE recent lamentable death of this inspiring poet has removed one more from the thinning ranks of genuine English songsters. Mr. Middleton wrote but little, when his output is compared with even some of his outstanding contemporaries, but what he did write remains as a veritable contribution to English poetry.

In order to show the rare music and imagery of his lines, we quote one poem in full:

IRENE

I was a singer in the days when Pan
Leapt through the roses in the month
of June,
And shook the petals down upon the
noon;
And through the quashy bracken-glades I
ran,
Dreaming no word of how the world began,
Nor grieving in the graveyards of the
moon
Where pedants lie—I had a pipe, a tune,
And the first pagan ecstasy of man.
There passed me in the pleasant forest-
light
Fair forms of lovers trembling into rose

That was not of the sun, and no man
 knows
 With what delirious tumult of delight
 Their voices filled the branches, and the
 sight
 Of their fine rapture conquered all my
 woes,
 As I had bathed in that black stream
 that flows
 Across the passionless paradise of night.
 It seemed that life was but a game to
 dare,
 The forfeit only death, and wandering
 Across the piney hills they heard me
 fling
 A heart of hopeful music on the air,
 And there were roses, roses everywhere,
 And birds of tuneful voice and shining
 wing
 To carry love to God, the lips of spring
 Had made the mouth of summer very fair.
 Love played with us beneath the laugh-
 ing trees,
 We praised him for his eyes and silver
 skin,
 And for the little teeth that shone
 within
 His ruddy lips; the bracken touched his
 knees,
 Earth wrapped his body in her softest
 breeze,
 And through the hours that held no count
 of sin
 We kept his court, until above our din
 Night westward drove her glittering argo-
 sies.
 Oh, lovely days long dead! There falls
 on me
 In this dim world I may not understand
 An echo of your sweetness; in my hand
 One frail, sad rose inspires eternity
 With dreams that are no more, and from
 the sea
 That beats upon this gray perplexed
 land,
 Blows rumour of some drunken band
 That keeps your revels still in Arcady.

*

LAME AND LOVELY

BY FRANK CRANE. Toronto: The
 MacMillan Company of Canada.

THIS new volume is packed full
 of nut-shell messages on religion
 for modern minds. Their sanity and
 optimism, their terseness and lucidity,
 their startling thrusts at unright-
 eousness, narrowness and downright
 littleness in life, combine to illuminate
 some very perplexing problems.

The author thoroughly comprehends
 where the essence of religion abides.
 He describes this essence in unmis-
 takable and incisive terms. In the
 uprising of Demos, he sees a most
 mighty re-assertion of the principles
 of Jesus. The whole book is free from
 cant, tiresome phrases, out-worn re-
 ligiosity and dogmatic pettiness. It
 bristles with aphoristic sayings—the
 kind that stick and propagate.

*

THERE is so much in "The Cana-
 dian Almanac," that it is must
 suffice here to say that it is the ac-
 knowledged information of a commer-
 cial, statistical, astronomical, depart-
 mental, ecclesiastical, educational, and
 financial character. (Toronto: The
 Copp, Clark Company.)

*

TARBELL'S "Teachers Guide to the
 International Sunday School Les-
 sons," is regarded by many teachers
 as the standard and best work of the
 kind. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

"AMERICAN TYPES," by Clar-
 ence F. Underwood, is a beau-
 tiful volume of drawings from the
 pencil and brush of one of the best
 known of American illustrators.
 There are sixteen large engravings
 in colour, and forty-seven in black
 and white. These drawings depict
 healthy, alert, vivacious American
 people, the kind we like to look at.
 Some of them are accompanied by
 verses by various authors. (Toronto:
 The Copp, Clark Company.)

*

"DADDY LONG-LEGS," a piece
 of fiction in epistolary form,
 by Jean Webster, who assumes the
 rôle of an orphan who is maintained
 at a college by an unknown benefac-
 tor to whom she writes letters, giv-
 ing an account of her experiences.
 The letters are shot through with
 flashes of wit and are illustrated with
 curious drawings, supposed to be the
 work of the writer. (Toronto: The
 Copp, Clark Company.)

"LORDS AND LADIES OF THE ITALIAN LAKES," by John Edgcumbe Staley (an English writer who has come to live for a time at least in Toronto), is a happily-written account of picturesque times in a land of sunshine and colour. There is a profusion of illustration, with an excellent coloured frontispiece. Other volumes from Mr. Staley's pen are, "The Guilds of Florence," "Famous Women of Florence," and "King René D'Anjou and His Seven Queens." (Toronto: William Tyrrell.)

*

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJORNSSON'S "Mary, Queen of Scots" has been translated into English by Aug. Sahlberg. (Chicago: The Specialty Syndicate Press.)

*

A GUEST of international honour of the National Council of Women in May was William Alexander Cootes, author of the book "A Vision and the Fulfilment," which tells so clearly of the movement for international laws for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic between the countries of the civilised world.

This work is known as the National Vigilance Association, with Earl Aberdeen and the Lord Bishop of Southwark as President and Patron, and is composed of men and women for the protection of minors, believing that prevention is the better cure.

This association undertakes to make inquiries free of charge in England or any other country abroad as to the *bona fides* of situations offered to young women and to urge them to take advantage of this means of safety.

Mr. Cootes forms committees in various countries through the governments and municipalities, thereby bringing into closer organisation those who are in sympathy with this work, which is also a department in the International Council of Women, who have recognised that only through uniform laws between all nations can this vice be suppressed.

In recognition of the benefits he has already done to the world Mr. Cootes was decorated by the Emperor of Germany with a diamond pin surmounted by the royal crown, and from the French Republic he received the badge of the Legion of Honour, and from the King of Spain that most coveted of royal orders, the Cross of Charles III.





ONLY HALF

Platitudinous Person—"I suppose, my dear Mr. Gotrox, that you have used 'Make hay while the sun shines,' as your life's motto?"

Mr. Gotrox—"Certainly, sir, certainly! But that's only half of it. You should add that I made the hay from the grass other people let grow under their feet."—*Judge.*

*

THOUGHTFUL WIFE

"Think I'll go to the ball-game today."

"All right. Is there a telephone at the grounds?"

"There's one near there. Why?"

"If the home team loses I want you to telephone me, so that I can take the children and go over to mother's until you get your temper back."—*Houston Post.*

*

NO RISK

Patient—"I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory."

Doctor—"Th, yes! Why—er—in cases of this nature, I always require my fee in advance."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

398

REAL TROUBLE

First Excited R. R. Official—"Heard the news?"

Second Same Thing—"Oh, not so bad. Only five killed—two of 'em brakemen."

First—"But, my heavens, didn't you know that along with that vaudeville baggage we were carrying Jung-
leo, the \$200,000 trained baboon? The wreck drove him crazy, and the owner's getting ready to sue the road for his full value."—*Puck.*

*

OVER THE COUNTER

On a business trip to the city a farmer decided to take home to his wife a Christmas present of a shirt-waist. Going into a store and being directed to the waist department, he asked the lady clerk to show him some.

"What bust?" asked she.

The farmer looked around quickly and answered: "I don't know; I didn't hear anything."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

*

THE SWEET PART

"How sweet to have a friend whom you can trust!"

"Yes, especially if he doesn't ask you to trust him."—*Sacred Review.*



COUNTRY VICAR (returning from service): "Is Parliament sitting now, my dear?"

WIFE: "I don't know."

VICAR: "Nor, I; That's why I said the prayer for Parliament in such a low voice."
—Punch

NOT ENOUGH

"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Ashby.

"Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting."—*Exchange*.

*

AGREED

"My dear girl," said her mother-in-law, "any woman would be satisfied with what John says he gives you."

"So would I."—*Puck*.

A MATTER OF NAMES

"What is the difference between *pomme de terre* and potato?"

"About two dollars."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

*

WONDERFUL

"How well you are looking!"

"Yes. I am a vegetarian."

"That settles it. I shall never eat meat again. How long have you been one?"

"I begin to-morrow."—*Meggen-dorfer Blaetter*.



ORGANIST (discussing the music for a special service): And after the chant I'll put in something lighter, something to relieve the heavy classic style of the Te Deum.

BILKINS (on the committee): Ah, anything to relieve the tedium will be appreciated.

—The Tattler

THE TROUBLE

"By Jove, I left my purse under my pillow!"

"Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?"

"That's just it. She'll take it to my wife."—*Boston Post*.

*

JUST A HINT

Mayor Stewart, at an insurance men's banquet in Saginaw, told an insurance story.

"A septuagenarian," he began, "said one evening at dinner to his fair young wife:

"My darling, I have just insured my life in your favour for \$100,000."

"Oh, you duck!" the beautiful girl cried, as she kissed her husband lightly on his bald head.

"Darling," he said, taking her slim white hand, "is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing on earth," she answered; and then, with a little silvery laugh, she added, "Nothing in this world. Nothing under heaven."—*New York Tribune*.

HELPING

Two men who really did not want to fight, but who had got the idea that it would be disgraceful not to do so, fell to blows. Friends rushed in and held each contestant firmly.

Warrior Number One, seeing the extremely violent efforts of Warrior Number Two to break away, cried out: "More of you men hold Swanson! One man can hold me!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

*

POST-MORTEM CHAT

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'im alive," said Mike feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to believe yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aalive."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Give her Bovril

BECAUSE

the Body-Building Power of Bovril has been proved
to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

We Told You So!

**Labatt's
Lager**

Now Perfected—
The best on the market!

TRY IT

John Labatt. **London**
LIMITED **ONT.**

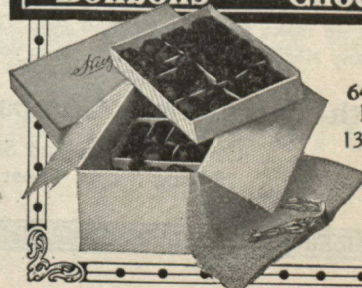
READ the Guarantee or freshness in your next box of *Huyler's*. That Guarantee makes it worth your while to buy *Huyler's* always.

We instruct all *Huyler's* sales agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of *Huyler's* not in perfect condition.

Write for Interesting Booklet

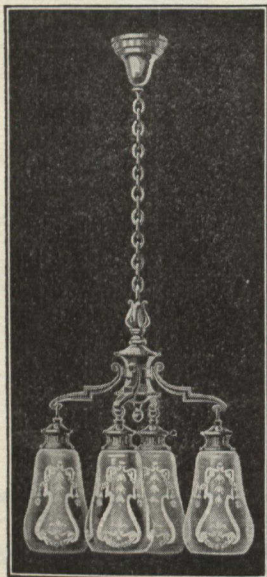
It tells how purity, quality and freshness are assured in all Huyler products. With it we will send the name of Huyler's agent nearest you.

Huyler's
Bonbons Chocolates



Huyler's
64 Irving Pl.
New York
130 Yonge St.,
Toronto,
Canada
Sales Agents
Everywhere.

Is your light doing all it can
to make your home attractive?



Is it gentle to the eyes, soothing, restful, making the evening hours the best of the day?

Or does it make seeing an exertion because it is harsh and irritating, or dim and straining?

It is important to think about your light. Its effects are so subtle that often they are not noticed till harm has been done—in “edgy” nerves, eye-strain, and all their consequences. The place to start thinking is with your

Shades and Globes

Nine times out of ten the trouble with home lighting is in the glassware used.

Our Catalogue No 42 will help you. It tells about the best kinds of lighting glassware (we make every kind), and how to get the best results from each kind.

Send for this Catalogue No 42 of Shades and Globes — Alba and the many other kinds we make for electricity and gas. Give us your dealer's name. He has or can get any Macbeth-Evans shade or globe you desire.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company Pittsburgh USA

Canadian Sales and Show-rooms
70 King Street West Toronto



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

At Your Service
Instantly

The New Food-Drink

Instant Postum



Requires No Boiling.

Those who have tried this new table beverage are enthusiastic about it.

There are many reasons that pleased people give us, and here are some:

"It has a rich flavour that we have been unable to get out of coffee altho we have tried several brands."

"Instant Postum has broken us of the coffee habit. Eight days after leaving off coffee I feel infinitely better—but what an appetite!"

"It has relieved me of nervous headaches and gas which I suffered with when drinking coffee."

"I like it because I can fix it myself in a few minutes. If I use coffee I can't sleep. I slept so well last night after using Instant Postum."

"We find it better and healthier than coffee."

You can please yourself with this wholesome, healthful, hot drink, by ordering a tin from your grocer.

100-cup tin, 50c; 50-cup tin, 30c.

Or, if you desire to try before buying, send us a 2c stamp (for postage) and let us send you a 5-cup sample tin free.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



Common Oatmeal Does This=

It gives to the child more digestible protein, of which bodies are built—
More organic phosphorus, of which brains are built—
More of the lecithin, of which nerves are built—
Than any other cereal food.

These results come even from common oatmeal. They come as from no other grain that grows.



Quaker Oats Does This=

Quaker Oats does all that common oatmeal does, and this much in addition.
It gives to its user, because of its flavor, a liking for oatmeal.
It has placed this food among the most delicious dishes known.

A hundred million dishes a month are served where, a tenth as much once was sufficient.
All because Quaker Oats has made a luxury—a looked-for delight—from this wondrous grain.

Quaker Oats

For Breakfast and Supper

Quaker Oats is made from the choicest third of the finest oats that grow.

The grains are selected by 62 siftings, to get just the plump, full-flavored oats. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The process we use keeps the flavor intact. It brings the grains to you in shape of big, rich flakes.

In addition it gives you oats sterilized and clean.

Because of this quality—maintained 25 years—Quaker Oats has a world-wide sale.

Yet Quaker Oats—the selected grains—costs but one half-cent per dish.

That's because of our output, and because of our facilities for using the oats we discard.

You get all these advantages without added cost when you ask for Quaker Oats.

Regular size
package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package.

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH

POTS AND PANS

Quickly AND Easily
Scoured AND Polished

MANY OTHER USES
AND FULL DIRECTIONS
ON LARGE
SIFTER-CAN-10¢





Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Induces healthy hair growth—Prevents Dandruff

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY



"You see, Ma, when I got to the store I forgot what you sent for, so I just got a package of

POST TOASTIES

We always want them."

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

When You See



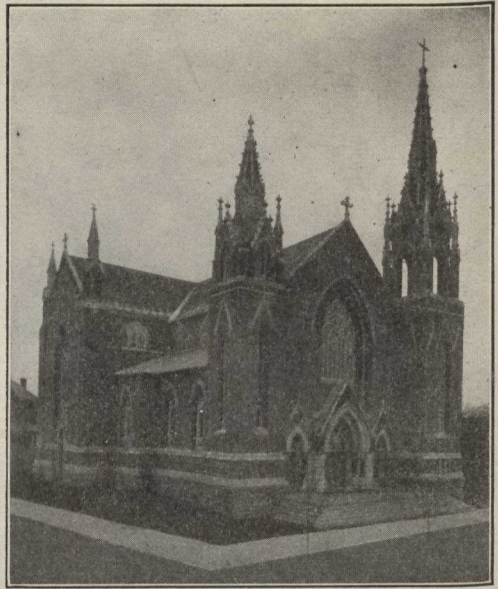
Along the selvage of a piece of cloth, be it Blacks, Blue, or Grey, you can rest assured that you are getting the best that British looms can produce.

For over a hundred years B. Vickerman & Sons, Ltd. have held foremost place in the manufacture of fine fabrics and the sterling worth of their goods is recognized in every country where serges are worn.

They Wear Well and Never Fade

Get a Vickerman Blue Serge or Cheviot for your next suit.

Nesbitt & Auld, Ltd.
TORONTO
Selling Agents in Canada.



St. Agnes' Church, Megantie, P.Q.

Durable—Fireproof —Handsome

It is very doubtful if *any* other roofing will give perfect protection for as long as will



for, made of Portland Cement and Asbestos, these shingles are practically indestructible.

No other roofing can better guard your building against fire, for Asbestoslate Cement Shingles are in their very nature, *absolutely* fire proof.

Scarcely any other roofing is so handsome as Asbestoslate Cement Shingles in their soft, permanent shades of Indian Red, Newport Grey and Slate. Write for Booklet C.M.

Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Limited

Address: E. T. Bank Bldg., Montreal
Factory at Lachine, Que., (near Montreal)

The Commuter's Comfort

Hurry and Worry are the advance agents of Nerve Exhaustion. The Winter days are the short days and the man who gets in a full day's work must have a breakfast that gives the greatest bodily warmth and nourishment with the least expenditure of time and effort in preparation.

Shredded Wheat

is the "commuter's comfort" because it contains all the rich body-building material in the whole wheat grain and because it is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.

Two Shredded Wheat biscuits (heated in oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk will supply all the nutriment needed for a half-day's work. With stewed fruit, baked apple or sliced bananas, Shredded Wheat makes a wholesome meal for any time of day, in any season.

*The Only Breakfast Cereal
Made in Biscuit Form*

Made only by
The Canadian Shredded Wheat
Company, Limited.
Niagara Falls, Ont.
TORONTO OFFICE: 49 Wellington Street E.





Florence Wilson
WORLD'S CHAMPION TYPIST

124 words a minute for one
hour's continuous writing:
117 words a minute, net

THIS young lady receives
\$5000 a year for her
skill in typewriting.

SHE uses the Underwood
because such speed is
possible on no other typewriter.

ALL contests for speed and
accuracy in typewriting
have been won on the
Underwood.

Send for booklet, "Speed's the Thing,"
giving speeds of winners in all championship
contests since 1905.

United Typewriter Co.
LTD.
ALL CANADIAN CITIES
Head Office, Toronto

Bore or Pleasure---Which?

LETTER-WRITING used to be a "fine art." Now it is almost a lost art. Some men even dictate home letters to the hotel stenographer.

Letter-writing is a bore---until you find the stationery that turns it into a double pleasure---once for you and again for the lucky recipient.

WOMEN OF TASTE

write their social notes and "thank you" letters on paper that reflects breeding and culture.

IRIS LINEN

is a fine fabric finish of just the right weight and size---boxed to meet the requirements of critical users.

MEN OF CHARACTER

write their own personal letters. They want paper strong of texture, heavy and fine of finish.

CROWN VELLUM

makes of duty a pleasure---substantial, delightful to write on. Adds distinction to any letter.

At your stationers---or from

BARBER-ELLIS LIMITED, Toronto

TORONTO

BRANTFORD

WINNIPEG



Just $\frac{1}{4}$ Pour on Cream and Sugar Or Fill the Bowl with Milk

These are Puffed Grains, steam exploded—
eight times normal size.

Think how nut meats might taste, were they
thin and crisp and porous.

These curious grains—Puffed Wheat and Rice
—suggest that winning flavor.

That's why countless people mix these grains
with fruit. They get a nut-like blend.

They use them in candy making—use them to
garnish ice cream.

A million dishes daily are consumed by people
who like thin, almond-flavored, whole-grain
wafers, served with cream or milk.

Millions Miss Them

But despite all this, there are millions who
never found them out.

They serve for breakfast, cereal foods without
this wondrous flavor.

In milk they serve bread or crackers, where
these puffed and toasted wafers are ten times as
good.

We urge those millions, for their own sakes, to
find out what they miss.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme
West

Prof. Anderson's Invention

These are the grains that are shot from guns.
Every granule in them has been steam exploded.

Thus comes the myriad cells. Thus comes the
nut-like flavor. And thus digestion is made
quick and easy and complete.

These are scientific foods, endorsed by every

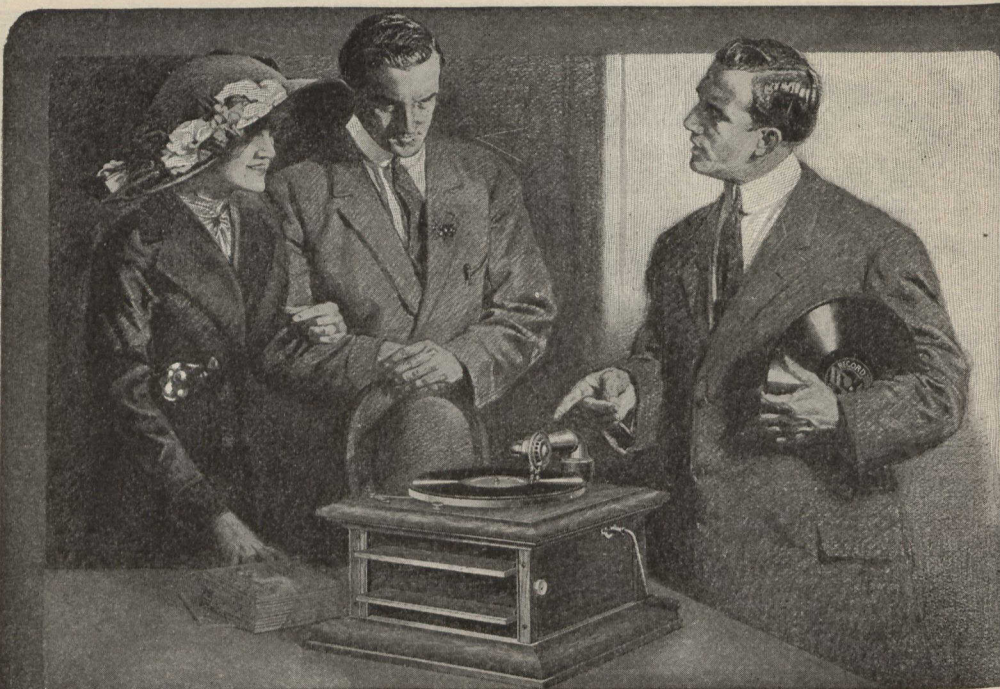
expert, every doctor.

But the foods, in addition, are immensely entic-
ing. Millions of breakfasts, millions of suppers,
are made inviting by them.

Tomorrow morning let them greet the folks
around your table. Then judge by what they say.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough



Hearing is Believing

That is the final supreme test of the Columbia Grafonola—as of any other musical instrument. **Tone** is the ultimate demand.

And it is **tone** that has given Columbia instruments of music the place they hold. It is their **tone**—unmatchable in its natural purity and absolute fidelity—that justifies their description as incomparable instruments of music.

We do not want you to be content with reading this advertisement—or even with looking at the instrument. The instrument illustrated above is the Columbia “Eclipse”—costing just \$26. Hear the “Eclipse.” All you need to do is to telephone the nearest Columbia dealer and ask him to send it to your home, with an assortment of records on approval, without obligation to yourself. It plays Columbia double-disc records—and any other disc records: all the voices of all the world’s great singers who have ever made records, *without one exception*, are at your command. (Other Columbias from \$20.00 to \$250.00.)



COLUMBIA



Phonograph Co., Gen'l, ^{McKinnon} Building, Toronto, Ont.

Creators of the talking-machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of talking machines in the world. Dealers wanted. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.



RODGERS' CUTLERY

All cutlery goodness is crystallized in "Rodgers."
Centuries of cutlery knowledge go to make Rodgers the recognized leader in cutlery manufacture.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

CARE IN YOUR CORRESPONDENCE

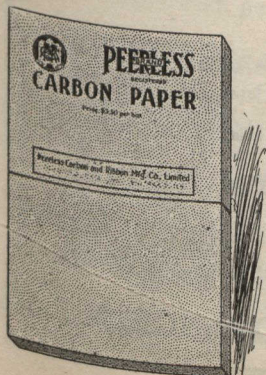
It hurts your business to send out untidy letters. Poor quality writing materials are mostly the cause.

Get Peerless material and gain confidence in your approach of other business people.

Our "Peerless" Typewriter Ribbon is well known to those who use the best. It is treated by a special process, which makes it remarkably brilliant and absolutely permanent. Last longer than any other. A written guarantee with each.

"Peerless" Carbon Paper is well named and gives greatest satisfaction for general office work.

"Klear Kopy" Carbon Paper is a specially prepared carbon paper for particular people. It will not smudge, and makes clear copies that exactly imitate the original.



PEERLESS CARBON & RIBBON MFG. CO.
LIMITED.

176-178 RICHMOND ST. W.

TORONTO



Mr. Edison has invented a New
Cylinder Record that will rekindle
all of your first enthusiasm in your

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

a record that makes your Edison Phono-
graph far and away the best sound-re-
producing instrument that can be had.

The new record is called the
Blue Amberol. It not only has
greater volume and decidedly
the finest tone of any phonograph
record on the market but is
practically unbreakable and will

never wear out. Go to your
Edison dealer today and ask him
to play some of these wonderful

Blue Amberol Records

Then take them home to keep
and play the rest of your life.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., 6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N. J.



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

For Short or Medium Figures

La Diva Corset No. 718 shown herewith is a Paris design, brought over by our designer on his last trip, the only change being to adapt it to the slightly fuller and stronger forms of Canadian women. (This is why so many imported corsets pinch and hurt).

It is ideal for the short or medium figure. This model, when combined with the straight loose fit of the tailored garment, gives the wearer the fashionable effect which is so much sought after by stylishly-dressed women.

This corset is made of French coutil, daintily trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow, and has six suspenders, hook and draw string. It is boned entirely with duplex steel and stopped with silk.

La Diva No. 718 is sold by the best retailers at \$3.00 and it will be found fully equal to any imported corset at \$4.50. Like every other La Diva, this model is fully guaranteed. Other models are sold at from \$3.00 to \$7.00.

THE DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corset



718

Necessary Warmth without Unnecessary Weight

This is the quality of *ideal* underwear—the minimum of weight that will give comfort and avoid risk of colds. Pure Wool, a perfect weave and attention to detail in making are the three factors in

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

that give it a reputation everywhere as the standard of underwear excellence. All weights for all weathers, all sizes for all people.



United Garments



Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM Co. LIMITED

32 King St. W., Toronto. Ont.

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

And from JAEGER Agents throughout the Dominion.

Good Cheers

THE FURNACE WITH A REAL WATER PAN

WARM
AIR

FURNACES

STAND FOR
QUALITY
& SATISFACTION

A

Winter Warmth
in the home like the breath
of a day in June, compared
to the July-like dryness and
intensity of the furnace heat
with which you are familiar.
It's all in the big CIRCLE
WATERPAN with its adequate
provision for humidifying the
heated air, and a furnace con-
struction absolutely gas
and dust tight.

The James
Stewart
Manufacturing
Company, Limited

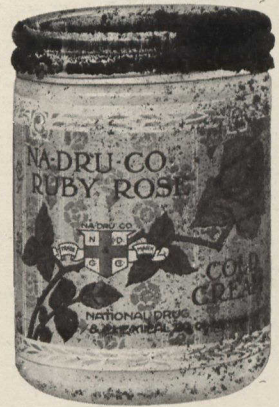
WOODSTOCK ONT
WINNIPEG MAN

FURNACE CATALOGUE
MAILED ON REQUEST

The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek

is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

The evil effects of raw winds, dust, extreme cold, working in overheated and steamy rooms or in bad air, can be counteracted by using



Na-Dru-Co Ruby Rose Cold Cream.

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.



Na-Dru-Co Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form. For the skin irritation which winter brings—chaps, wind-burn, cracked lips, frost-bites or chilblain—it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co. Trade Mark when you buy.

**NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED**

"There's the stuff—

"Prince Albert's the bulliest tobacco I ever smoked in this old jimmy pipe—after breakfast or whenever!

"Just sort of rings the bell every time you make fire with a match—it's so fragrant and fresh—and with a flavor that makes you realize you've finally hit the high spot.

"And listen—you can't dig a tongue-bite from a barrel of P. A.—*just isn't any*—because it's cut out in the patented process that stamps P. A. *my brand and your brand!*

"Smoke P. A. till the cows come home! Smoke it any old way, it can't even dry your mouth or parch your throat! Get that?

"Today, everywhere men go, a pipe's triple x form. They smoke their favorites in the big cafes. Walk into the clubs and you'll find the old jimmies doing great service. In the homes, on the street, in the offices, just get a line on pipe smoking—and the men who smoke Prince Albert!

"Prince Albert has made all this possible, because it's the brand that's all wool and ace high. It puts the jimmy pipe right on the firing line with *you*, with me, with every man who knows the joys of the real way to smoke tobacco. Say, get into the spirit of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert tobacco in the tidy 2-oz. tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Says "Hunch:"

"They ain't nothin' so soothin' as the corn cob for me, but the chap up top's been hitting that there same pet bent bulldog with an amber stem for nine years flat. Sez he: 'Hunch, here's some smokin', this real briar jimmy pipe just choked to the brim with P. A.' An' he knows!"



Send for Hose That Last Six Months



A Million People Wear Them

In the United States and Canada

Six pairs of cashmere Holeproof Hose are guaranteed to wear 6 months! If one or all pairs wear out or *break a thread* you get new pairs **F-R-E-E!**

A Guarantee Ticket with six coupons attached goes with every box of six pairs. If a pair wears out send it back with one coupon. If two pairs wear out send two coupons, etc.

24,700,000 Pairs

All six pairs will probably outlast the guarantee. 95% of our total output for the past thirteen years has worn *longer* than six months. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs!

A Wonderful Yarn

We pay the top market price for the yarn used in Holeproof Hose. But our hose

wear as no others do. We could buy common yarn for less than half what we pay, but our wear is our feature. We would not dare lessen it.

\$60,000 a Year for Inspection

We spend \$60,000 a year just to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection, for we cannot afford to replace many pairs. The million people who wear "Holeproof" are used to a wonderful quality. We cannot chance disappointing them.

The figures above refer to the entire Holeproof business, both in the States and Canada.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send Trial Order

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. Note their convenience. "Holeproof" are made in two grades for men, in black, tan and navy blue. Medium at \$2 for 6 pairs and fine at \$3 for 6 pairs. Women's Cashmere Holeproof Stockings (black or tan) \$3 for 6 pairs. Children's Holeproof Stockings, 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, \$1.00.

Only one size in a box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire. Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
127 Bond Street, London, Canada

Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
127 Bond St., London, Can.

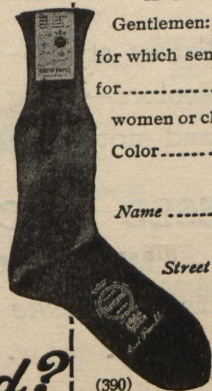
Gentlemen: I enclose \$.....
for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose
for..... (state whether for men,
women or children). Size.....
Color.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Province.....



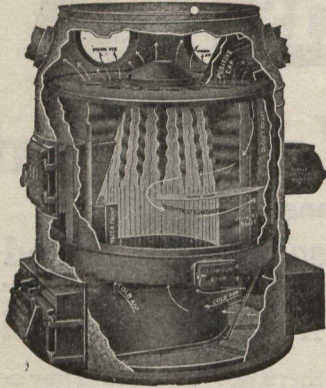
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Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906
Paul Mitchell

Are Your Hose Insured?

Get New Ideas in Heating Your Home



—before you decide upon what Heater.

Modern experts say that the best Heater is the one that heats and ventilates at the same time. There is no other that will do this so satisfactorily as the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

The Kelsey is entirely different from other Heaters in construction and method of warming and distributing air.

Let us show you how.

The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Limited.
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

“A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name “Milton” on it.”

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.

Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office

Janes Building.

“For Mother
the Others—
and
Me”



10 cents
everywhere

Taylor's
**INFANTS-DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP**

has for thirty years been Canada's favorite, and has steadily gained in popularity and sales. Its rich, creamy lather—its delicate perfume—its softening, healing effect on the skin—these are some of the reasons. **TRY IT** yourself and you'll find still more reasons for continuing to use it.

Your dealer can supply you with this and the many other Taylor-made Toilet Articles.

101 M



Taylor's
TOOTH PASTE

25 cents
everywhere

Please
send me a
sample of Taylor's
Tooth Paste to try.

whitens and preserves the teeth, overcomes mouth acids
and strengthens the gums.

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE sent on request to
John Taylor & Co., Limited, Toronto

Oldest and largest Perfumers
and Toilet Soap Makers
in Canada.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....



**Who's
that
knocking
at the
kitchen
door ?**

Why, it's Mrs. Edwards round again—she's always ready to lend a hand with the cooking. That nourishing home-made Irish soup of hers is a real dish-of-all-work—useful in a hundred ways.

It's fine and tasty by itself. It's the secret of a savoury sauce. It's the making of a made dish. And, to bring out the goodness of your own soup and gravies and hashes and meat puddings there's nothing like adding

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

Prime beef and the finest of Irish vegetables—that's what Mrs. Edwards puts in it—nothing but what's pure and delicious. As there is no strong added flavouring, it will blend perfectly with any other soup. *Remember to boil it for half an hour.*

5c. PER PACKET

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups. Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

DISTRIBUTERS:

W. G. Patrick & Company, Toronto and Vancouver.
Escott & Harmer, Winnipeg.

Wm. H. Dunn, Montreal.

Trade *Earl & Wilson* Mark



RED MAN BRAND
DOGWOOD
EARL & WILSON

A stylish tab collar for afternoon wear. Has the distinctive "Red-man" style that differentiates a Red-man Collar from all others.

SOLD IN BEST STORES IN CANADA.
EARL & WILSON - New York



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**



"Makes Woodwork Shine."

MATCHLESS LIQUID GLOSS

For dusting, cleaning and polishing furniture, automobile and carriage bodies, and all finished surfaces.

Dusts, polishes, and disinfects in one.

A fast growing favorite with house-keepers everywhere.

MATCHLESS LIQUID GLOSS is put up in half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon and 5-gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels.

**The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited**

Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.



“Too Old to Learn”

is never applied to a
production of music
with a

Gerhard Heintzman Self-Playing Piano

Many of the most delighted owners of this celebrated player, are among those who are no longer young in years. In spirit, however, the possessor may well consider himself or herself young. Nothing else makes life worth living like good music—what else brings back so alluring the remembrances of youth?

You will find every day finer and happier for the presence in your home of a

Gerhard Heintzman Self - Playing Piano

Write for our booklet.

Your present instrument taken as part payment
at a fair valuation.

Gerhard Heintzman Limited,

41-43 Queen St. W., Opp. City Hall,
TORONTO.

New Hamilton Salesrooms, 68 King Street E.
next to Post Office.

Intelligent Industry Insures Independence

By FRANKLIN O. KING

The Man Who tries to Kill an Elephant with a Pop-Gun is on a Par with the Person who would plan to Pulverize a Peanut with a Pile-Driver. Both may be Terribly in Earnest, but Neither has a Correct Idea of the Eternal Fitness of Things. Fools Spoil their Tools when they try to Reap Results without Rules. Like the Horse on the Treadmill—They are Walking Fast, but not Getting Anywhere, in Particular. The Untrained Man, with only Brute-Strength to commend Him, is up against a Hard Proposition in this Day and Age of *Specialized Supremacy*.

In other Words, the Man who Knows How to do one or two things *well*, has most Everybody else "*On the hummer*," when it comes to Competition. Emerson said:—"The Man who Makes the best Mousetrap will find a Beaten Path to his Door, even though he Live in the Midst of a Forest." I am not so Sure about the quotation, but it simply bristles with Truth, like Quills on the Ridge-pole of a Fretful Porcupine. The Man with the Hoe would make more "dough" if he used *Modern Methods* to Reap and to Sow.

The Business Man makes the Best Farmer, because he Applies Business Principles to Buying and Selling, as well as to Growing his Crops.

His Creed is Simply to make a Two-Dollar Bill grow where only a "One-Spot" grew before, and with all Due Respect to the Yokel who is Merely Multiplying Blades of Grass, I think the Business Farmer has the Bulge.

The Mechanic, the School-teacher, the Doctor, the Lawyer and the Day-laborer are all "Business Men," when it comes Right Down to it—"Even as You and I." Most of Them have had Training in the "School of Hard Knocks," and Know How to Listen when "Money Talks." It only requires the Application of Brains in Order to make the Earth most Anywhere Bloom with Life.

Ben Franklin said:—He who by the Plow would Thrive, Himself must either Hold or Drive." The Man who is Really in Earnest will *absolutely make good* on a Small Farm, if he will only Put his Shoulder to the Wheel, and stay "Put." **Work Wins—It always Wins, but Industry and Intelligence are Irresistible and Invincible.**

Since Investigating Conditions in the Rain

Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, I have no Fear of Old Age or Poverty, because I know I can Take Up a Few Acres down there and be *Absolutely Independent*. I am Firmly Convinced that with *Average Intelligence* and *Average Industry*, any Man who is now Working His Head off in the North to make a *Bare Living*, where they Snatch one Crop between Snow-Storms and Blizzards, can soon Lay Up a Nice Bank Account in the *Winter Garden of America*. Come to the *Land of Least Resistance*, where You can grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year on the Same Soil and Without a Dollar's Worth of Expense for Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Twenty-five Cents a Day if You tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs,

Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1,000 an Acre growing Oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

One German Truck Grower on adjoining lands this spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of Strawberries. You could do as well if you only Tried, and on a Ten-acre Tract Find **Financial Freedom**.

The Biggest Price paid for a car of watermelons on the Houston Market this year was \$140. The car was shipped by the Danbury Fruit and Truck Growers' Association.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

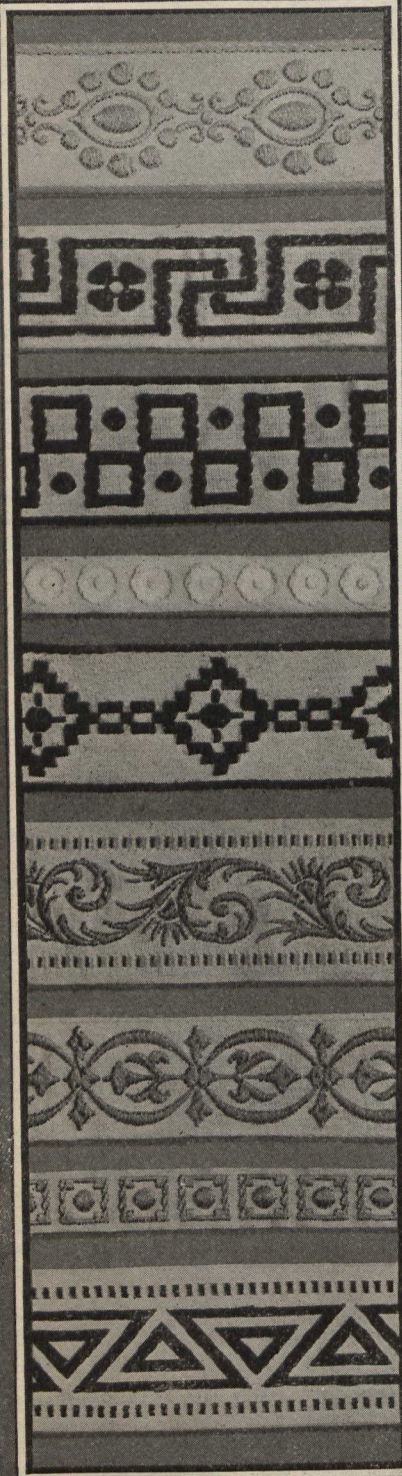
Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of Another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 Photographs of Growing Crops, etc. Fill out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written and mail it to the Texas Gulf Realty Company, 1385 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read it Carefully, then use your Own Good Judgment.

Please send me your book. "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products



CASH'S Wash Trimmings

English Manufacture

Sewed on in a moment, Cash's Wash Trimmings add just the right touch to children's dresses, Russian blouses, pinafores and rompers: and nothing is more effective and serviceable for kimonos, dressing sacques, one-piece dresses, waists, bathing suits, etc.

Cash's trimmings are beautifully embroidered on very fine fabric, and are strikingly effective. They range in width from 3-8 inches to 2-12 inches. Cash's English Wash Trimmings are guaranteed absolutely fast. Be sure you see the Cash trademark (the three spires).

Write us for samples and illustrated pattern book in color. With it we will send illustrations of many ladies' and children's garments, with their pattern numbers, showing the latest spring and summer styles by the best known paper pattern companies, selected especially by experts to indicate many smart ways to use these trimmings. The patterns can be bought at your dealer's. Write for these and see how lovely an inexpensive summer costume can be made.



Mark Your Linen With Cash's Woven Name-Tapes

H. Cashwoven

Your name in fast color, woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 dozen, \$1.25 for 6 dozen, 8¢ for 3 dozen. Save laundry losses. Make a dainty gift. Orders filled in a week. Write to us for samples and order blanks, or order through your dealer.

Look for this



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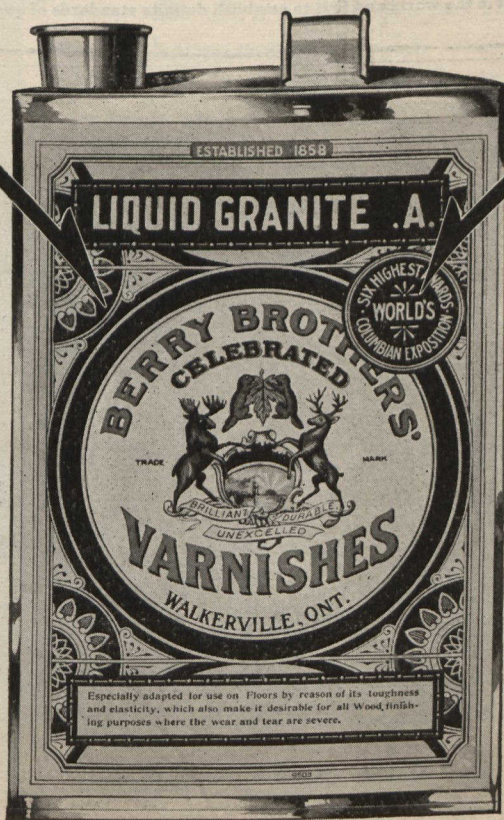
**GOOD Varnishing means
GOOD Varnish as well as
GOOD Workmanship**

Do not overlook the supreme importance of good varnish in giving you a good varnish result—and make the selection yourself. The cost of the varnish is only one-third the total cost of the job—labour two-thirds. By trying to save a little on the price of varnish you cannot, therefore, make much difference in your total first cost for the work—and that little saving will cost you dearly in the long run.

True economy comes in paying the extra price for Berry Brothers' Varnish, for it means a good result and an ultimate saving in years of additional wear and satisfaction.

Make it your personal business to see that one of the Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes described below is used on your next work. Any painter or dealer can supply them.

**BERRY BROTHERS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.**



**TRADE
LIQUID GRANITE
MARK**

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. There is no substitute.

**WOOD
LUXEBERRY
FINISH**

For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for upwards of 50 years been the standard.

**ELASTIC OUTSIDE
FINISH**

For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Great durability under most trying conditions.

**ELASTIC INTERIOR
FINISH**

For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear. Stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

**SPAR
LUXEBERRY
VARNISH**

For ship spars, decks, yachts, launches, canoes and all other surfaces exposed to the wind, wave or weather. It is water-proof and has stood years of test in actual service.

Especially adapted for use on Floors by reason of its toughness and elasticity, which also make it desirable for all Wood finishing purposes where the wear and tear are severe.



GIVE BEDROOM

Daintiness is the Keynote!

What pride you take in the quiet artistic arrangement of your bedroom. So restful, so harmonious! But the furniture may be a little worse for wear. If, so try

It's so easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors, brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs.



"Lacqueret" is made in eight artistic shades. Also in silver and gold, flat and gloss white, and flat and gloss black.

Our little booklet "Dainty Decorator" tells of its many uses in the home.

Write for your copy.

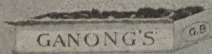
Cans contain full Imperial Measure—Ask your dealer—Don't accept a substitute

TORONTO

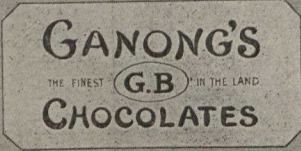
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"Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality."



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"All's Well that Ends Well"

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Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



Perfect shaving comfort
down to the last bit of soap

THE Holder Top saves the soap you would otherwise throw away and cuts down the cost per shave by giving you more shaves per stick. Its convenience cannot be fully understood until you have used the stick.

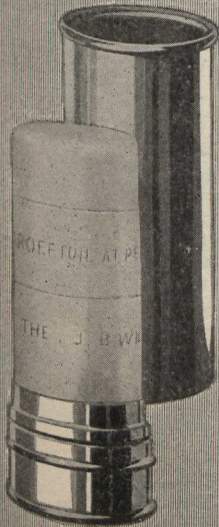
You already know the Williams quality—the rich, creamy, emollient lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soap famous.

Three other forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick in the familiar Hinged-cover Nickerled box

Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover Nickerled box

Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)



The Holder Top,
the Shaving Soap
and the Nickerled
air-tight Case

SPECIAL OFFER

Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of William's Holder Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents, in stamps.

A single sample of either of above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Powder—Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickerled box.



Williams' Shaving Stick in the familiar hinged-cover nickerled box.



Williams' Shaving Cream—A luxury in lather.

Address The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Banish Those Ugly Pimples

**Skin Cleared in a Short Time by Stuart's
Calcium Wafers, the Greatest
Blood Purifier Known.**

Pimples, blotches, skin eruptions of all kinds, are simply the impurities in the blood coming to the surface. All the external treatment in the world won't do a particle of good unless you



Clean Your Back and Face of Pimples.

purify the blood. And there's nothing so humiliating as a face that's all "broken out" and spotted.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will clear the most obstinate complexion, because they go right into the blood and remove the cause of the trouble. The blood is cleansed of all impurities and foreign substances and these are quickly eliminated from the system. You'll notice a wonderful change in a few days—you will hardly know yourself in a week.

And Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless to any one. Their ingredients are just what a physician prescribes in most cases of skin eruptions and poor blood. These wafers are put up in a concentrated form, which makes them act quickly and thoroughly.

Begin taking Stuart's Calcium Wafers today and then look at yourself in the mirror in a few days and find all those awful pimples, blackheads, acne, boils, liver spots, rash, eczema, and that muddy complexion rapidly disappearing and your face cleared like the petal of a flower.

You can obtain Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents and there is now no reason why anyone should be disfigured by pimples or any other skin eruption.

The Convenience of Your Records Means Much Time Saved

Why should those records with which you are working constantly, be kept in the general file? It is probably some distance from your desk and walking to and fro many times during the day to make reference to those records necessitates a considerable loss of time.

The most feasible way to prevent this loss of time is to put those records in a small stack of Half Sections.



These handy units can be placed alongside your desk where your records will be within easy arm's reach.

Why not look over our folder No. 809 and see the exact sections that would be suited to your needs?

Write for your copy now.

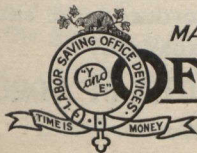
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LIMITED
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CEETEE

UNDERWEAR

COLDS KILL!

The great majority of colds are contracted by the sudden cooling of the heated body.

Your underwear should prevent this but in many cases it does not.

"CEETEE" ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR

will positively keep your body at an even temperature—absorb the perspiration and keep out the damp and cold.

You may be overactive or underactive "CEETEE" Underwear will keep you safely.

It's all purest Australian Merino wool—scoured, cleaned and combed—the finest in the world.

There is quality in "CEETEE" Underwear. Every garment is fashioned to fit the human form in the process of knitting. It is all selvage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled; every join is knitted together, not sewn, as with ordinary underwear.

WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE
SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS

All sizes and weights for the family.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd.
Galt, Ont. 658

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's High-class Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children, Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants, and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats

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ON EVERY GARMENT



FOR FAMILY USE

When a light, sparkling table ale is desired for family use, it will pay you to get the name right when ordering

STERLING Chill-Proof ALE

Its purity is absolutely guaranteed, and it always pours out free from sediment.

For sale by all good dealers and hotels.

Brewed and bottled in the most up-to-date and sanitary plant in Canada by

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Inspection Invited Q-78



Prevented—Stopped

MOTHERSILL'S after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Transatlantic lines.

Four years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50 cent box is sufficient for twenty-four hours. \$1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 402 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride St., London, Eng., Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

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**Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA
WATER**



Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

In the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



I always use
**WINDSOR
Table Salt.**

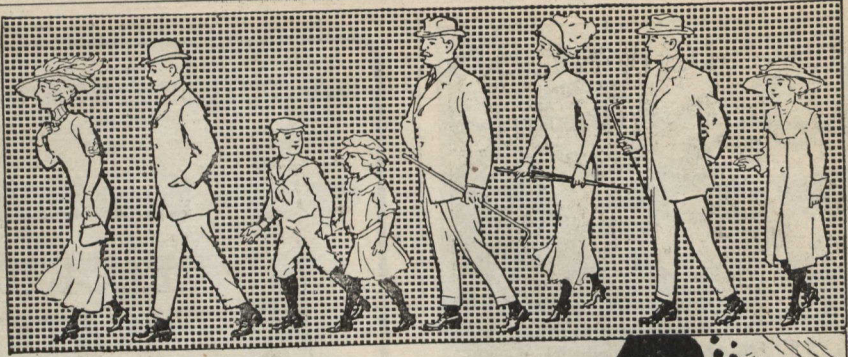
When Baking

are you as careful about the **salt** you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder?

Poor salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour.

In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

WINDSOR TABLE SALT



Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next Hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been *knit* into them—not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat they fit—how shape-retaining their method of manufacture—how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be—once you cease casual buying and demand only



Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned
Seamless

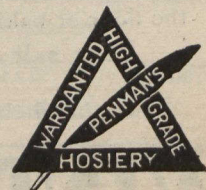
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Made by

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Underwear, Sweaters, Hosiery

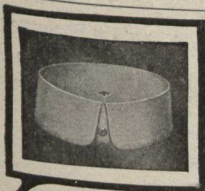


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CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.



\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
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We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful song writers. Send us YOUR WORK today, with or without music. Acceptance guaranteed, if available. Large book FREE.
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Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day
DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives

INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain.



Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right** is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from **The B. Scholl Manufacturing Co., 214 King St. E. Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.**



RESERVOIR PEN

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing, No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold-ing and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.
A. D. HASTINGS, Dept. 5, 393 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.



You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

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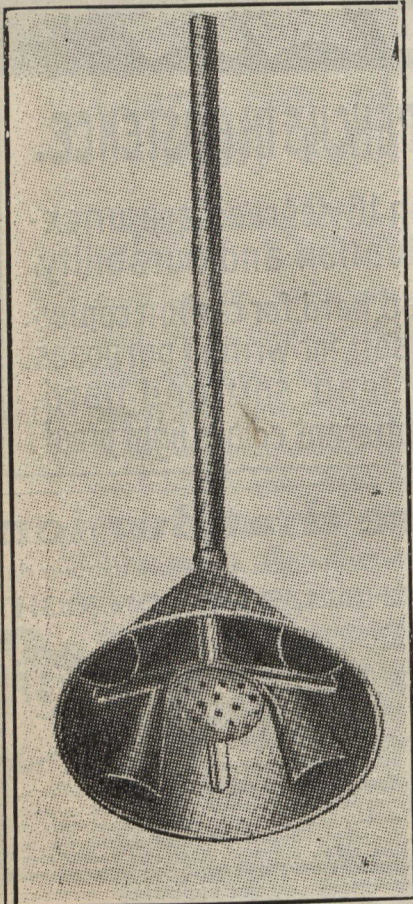
Impossibilities of Yesterday are Realizations of Today

The Coupon below
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VACUUM CLOTHES WASHER



I.X.L. VACUUM WASHER
Patent March 5th, 1912. PRICE \$3.50.

Washes a Tub of Clothes Perfectly in
3 Minutes

Not only **WASHES** but **RINSES** and **BLUES**

A New Patent—A New Process. No Rubbing
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Rubbing, Not Wearing, Shortens the Life of
Most Garments.

THE I.X.L. VACUUM WASHER FORCES

the water and soap through the goods by compressed air and
suction, and cleans perfectly all classes of washable clothes in
less than half the time it takes to do it by any other method.

Clothes that have become dingy from poor washings are soon
restored to their original whiteness.

It Requires **NO SEVERE EXERTION** or **STRAINING**
OF THE BACK TO OPERATE IT. Simple as **A.B.C.**

A **CHILD** can do any ordinary Family Washing and have it
ready for the line in **HALF AN HOUR.**

You can also do all your **DRY CLEANING** of every
description with this machine. A saving of **MANY**
DOLLARS to you every year.

Delivered to you all Charges paid on receipt of \$3.50
under **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** if it does not
do **ALL** we claim and **MORE.**

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.

See Special Coupon Offer to Readers of
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Authorized Capital—\$100,000.00
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE COUPON.
Send this Coupon and \$1.50 to Dominion Utilities Mfg. Co., Ltd., 482½
Main St., Winnipeg, Man., and we will deliver one I. X. L. Vacuum
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"America's finest train"

Chicago and Los Angeles - Winter Season
Extra fast - extra fine - extra fare



For travelers to and from California who wish ideal service.

The dining-cars are under management of Fred Harvey.

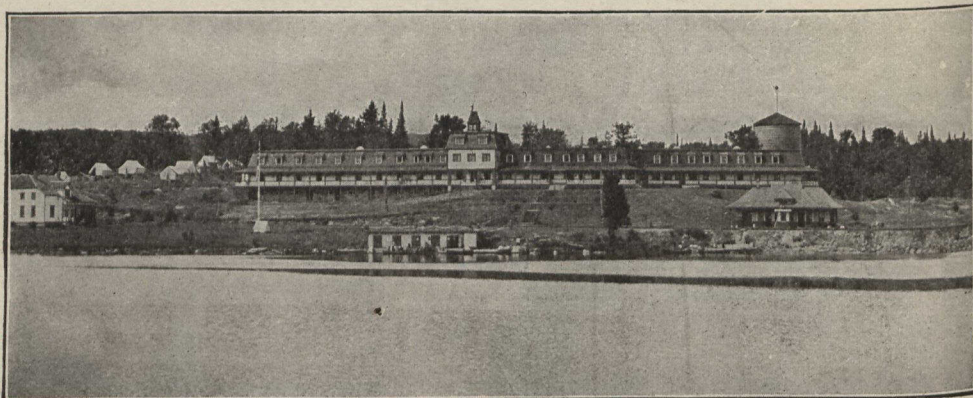
En route you can visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

On request will send our booklets giving full details of a delightful journey through the Southwest Land of Enchantment to winterless California, where you can motor and play golf under sunny skies.
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Algonquin National Park of Ontario

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AREA 2,000,000 ACRES

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Algonquin National Park is one of the largest, the wildest, and most interesting Forest Preserves, in winter or summer alike, accessible to the people of the eastern part of the United States and Canada.

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Interesting illustrated booklet telling you all about it sent free on application to

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EMPRESSES of "RUSSIA" and "ASIA"

(NEW C.P.R. PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS.)

The **EMPRESS OF RUSSIA** will leave Liverpool April 1st, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche and Port Said, proceeding via Suez, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, arriving Vancouver June 7th, 1913.

Vessel remains 16 days at Hong Kong.

EMPRESS OF ASIA will sail from Southampton May 27th, making similar cruise.

Most direct connection for April 1st sailing is via "Empress of Britain" from St. John, N.B., March 21st.

RATE FOR ENTIRE CRUISE, \$639.10

Exclusive of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of "Empress of Russia," and stopover at Hong Kong.

Get particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write—

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District Passenger Agent,
Canadian Pacific Railway,
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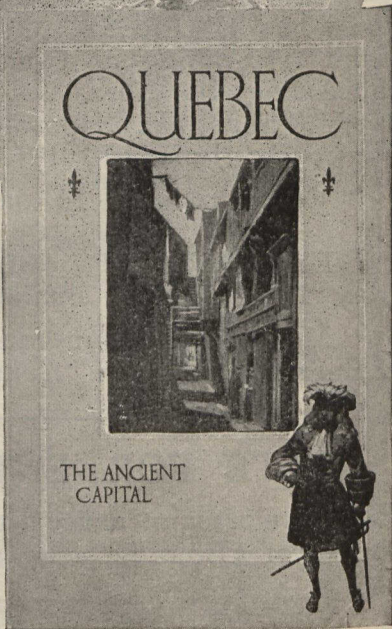
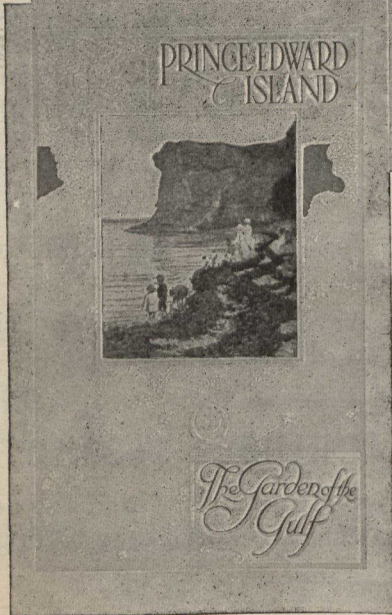
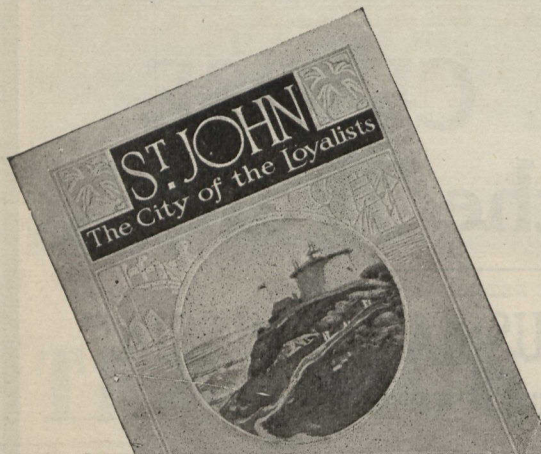
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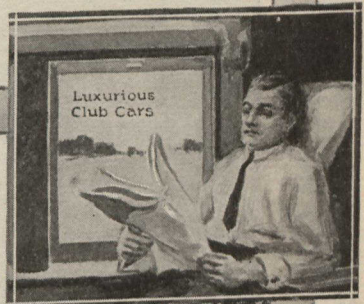
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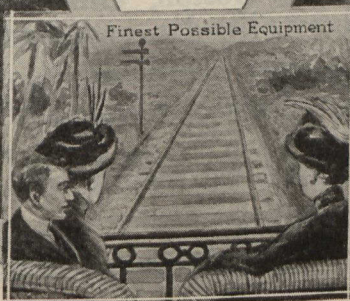
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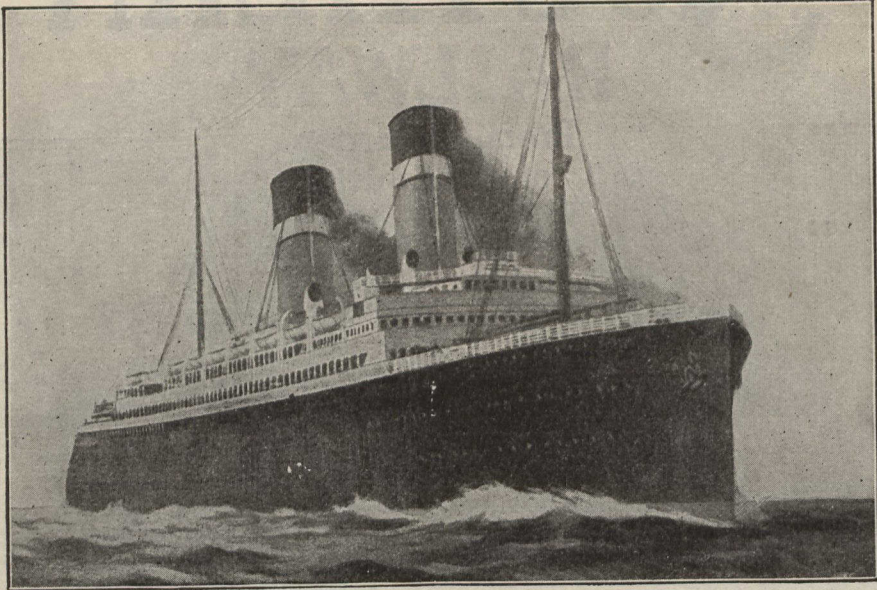
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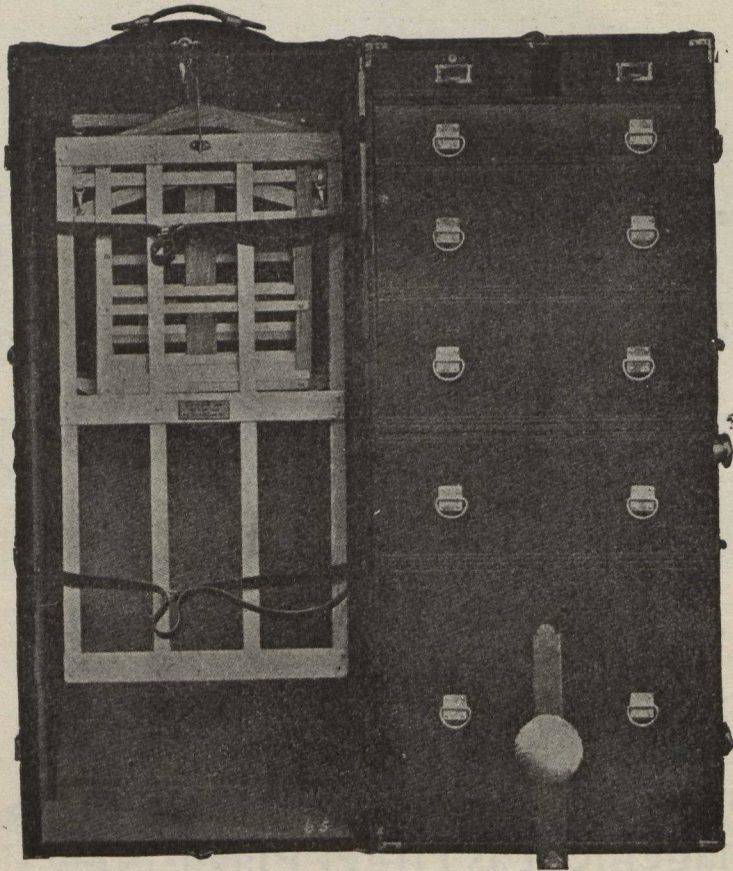
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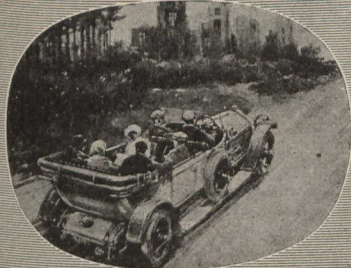
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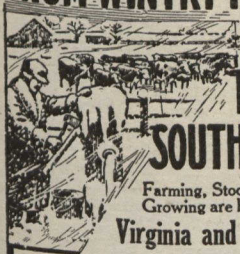
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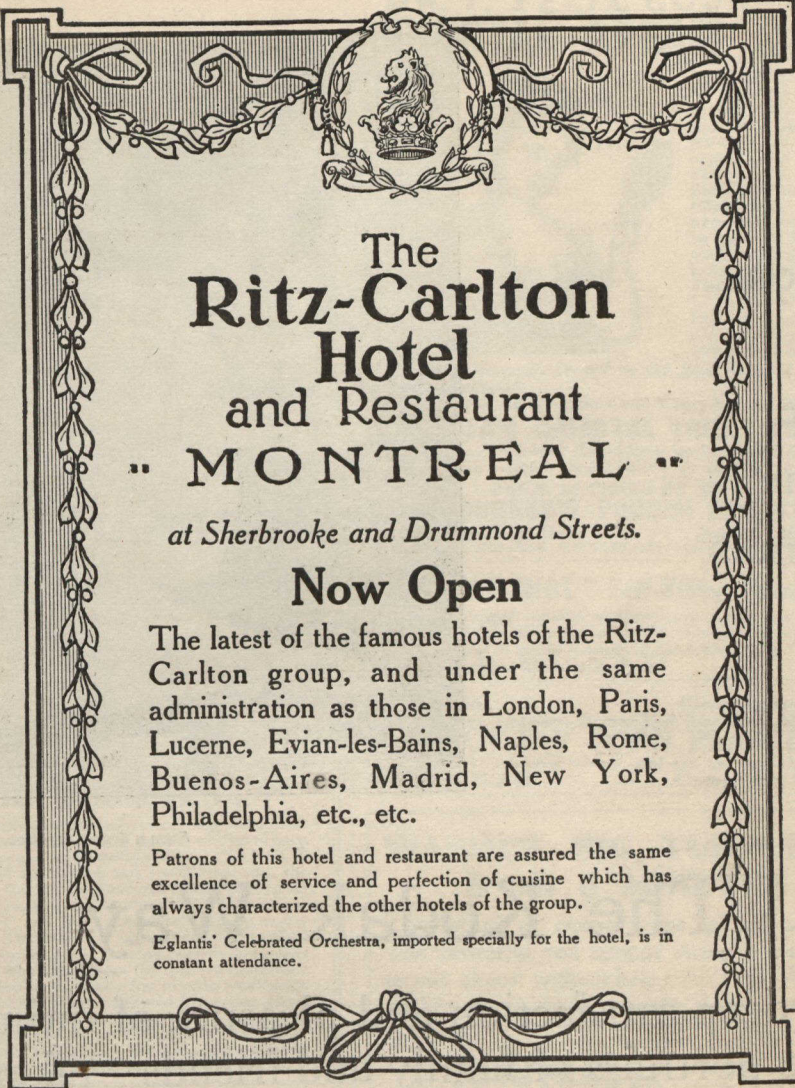
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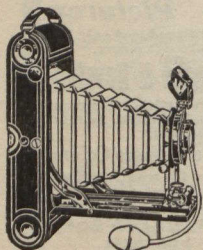
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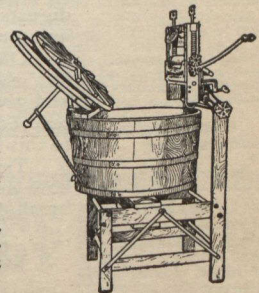
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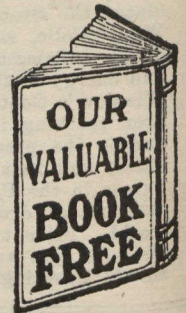
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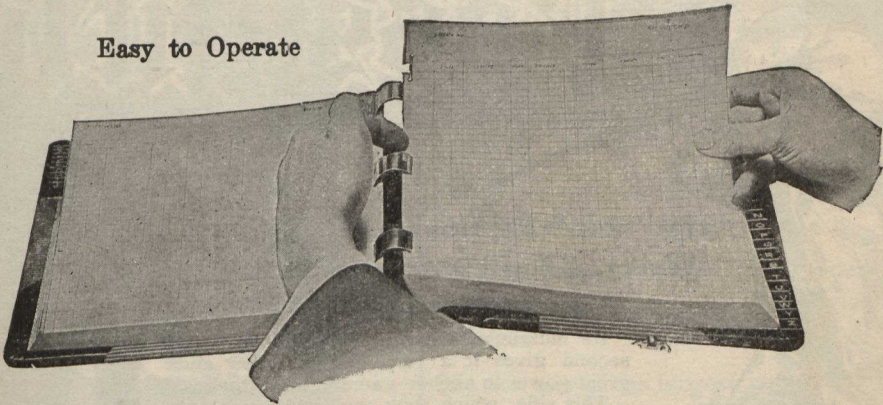


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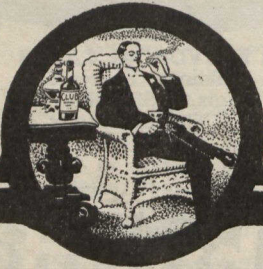
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ROSS RIFLE CO. - Quebec, Can.

The Bisley performances of the "Ross" Rifle have aroused the enthusiasm of expert marksmen.

That's good Coffee!



**SEAL
BRAND**

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL ▲ ▲ ▲



The Children

always enjoy JAM and there is nothing more healthful than

UPTON'S

Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

UPTON'S Orange Marmalade made from Seville oranges under expert supervision is delicious.

We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all first-class Stores in Canada.

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Scientific Management & Scientific Time-Keeping Include The Use of a "Globe"

Because without an accurate Time Recording device no cost system is complete. The small leaks and losses due to inaccurate time keeping will nullify the best methods of recording cost.

The more you pay for labor the more important it becomes to you to be sure you get *all* the time you pay for.

You owe it to your dividend account to investigate the possibilities of economy to be derived from the use of a "Globe."

Bulletin C. will help you investigate.

Shall we mail one to you?

W. A. Wood

Head Office and Salesroom:

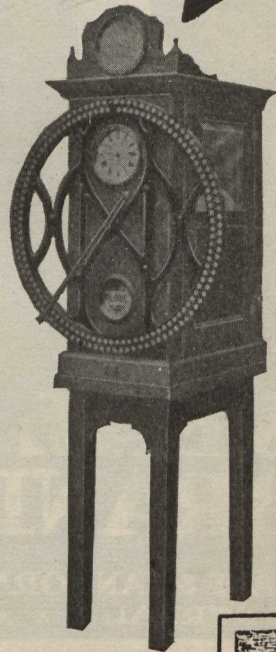
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“My dear fellow, let common sense be your physician.”

“All this time you have been going the wrong way to get rid of your biliousness, I am not going to give you any medicines, I am going to let you cure yourself in a natural and simple way.”

This is the advice now being given to hundreds of men and women by enlightened physicians everywhere—Doctors realize that drugs do not effect a permanent cure for Constipation, Biliousness, and Diseases of the Intestines, Bowels and Blood. Drugs do not eliminate the terribly poisonous waste that collects in the lower intestines, permeates the system, poisons the blood and brings on the more serious illnesses, such as Typhoid Fever, Appendicitis, etc.

You will be made happy to learn that Dr. Tyrrell's J. B. L. Cascade **does** remove this and does it by the simple use of pure sterilized water. You who wish to banish Constipation, the greatest cause of human ills—to rid yourself of unsightly complexions—to boost your system to 100% efficiency, and know again the keen pleasure of perfect health—in plain justice to yourself write, Dr. Tyrrell today. He will be glad to send you his free book, “Why Man of Today is only 50% Efficient.” Write NOW!

Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell Room 531-8
280 College Street - - - Toronto

Mr. T. Babin, Proprietor of the Alexandra Hotel, Ottawa, writes—

“I cannot find words explicit enough to praise your Cascade. It has made a new man of me. I feel as though I would not sell it for all the money in the world if I could not buy another. For people troubled with Constipation, I say it is a Godsend.”

Reverend M. M. Decarie, St. Henry of Montreal, Montreal, writes—

“I am now so well since using the ‘CASCADE’ that I may say you have saved my life. I was doomed to die soon, as I was suffering so much with my liver and kidneys. Now every friend I meet tells me I am growing younger. I could name you 15 persons that suffered from extremely grave sicknesses that chant your thanks and honors.”

Horace T. Dodge, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacology, Homoeopathic College, Denver, Colo., writes—

“Your J. B. L. Cascade is excellent, magnificent. I treat a great many cases of wasting diseases, and I find 90% of them, the result of impacted faecal matter. Since I received the ‘Cascade,’ I have cheated the surgeons out of a good operation for Appendicitis. You certainly have struck the key note of many diseases.”



Charles T. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 531-8, 280 College St., Toronto
Kindly send me your free book, “Why Man of Today is only 50% Efficient, and full particulars of your Cascade Treatment.”

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531-8

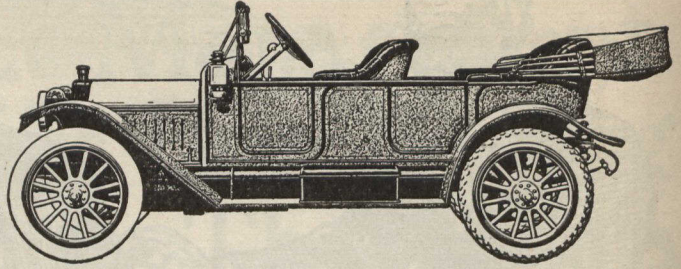
The McLaughlin "25"

Five passenger touring type

Price \$1,450

f.o.b. Oshawa. Equipped regularly with top, windshield, speedometer, gas tank and non-skid tires on rear.

Electric dynamo furnished as an extra at \$110.00.



McLaughlin

is a combination of ideas and ideals

We have been making automobiles for several years. For over forty years we made carriages. It was our success in the carriage business that enabled us to make a success of the automobile business. The McLaughlin is today one of the best selling cars in Canada.

What does that prove for the McLaughlin!

Does it not prove value as represented, agreements lived up to, 100 per cent satisfaction and full service to McLaughlin owners?

Still we are not satisfied. We are constantly working to improve the standard of the McLaughlin.

This continuous dissatisfaction with previous achievements is a healthy sign. It is a clue to the remarkable, enduring, economical service which every McLaughlin owner obtains from his car.

If our factories were not the largest and most complete in Canada; if our shop system was not as highly specialized as it is; if our facilities for the purchase of raw materials were not so advantageous; if we were not able to employ the ablest designers and mechanics in the business; if our operating expenses had not been reduced to a minimum and shop efficiency raised to a maximum, it would be impossible for us to manufacture a car so well constructed and well appointed as the Model 25 and sell it at the low price of \$1,450.

This car is the best evidence we know of our ability to offer exceptional values to the McLaughlin purchaser.

WRITE OR CALL

We invite your critical inspection of the new models including Model 25 (pictured above). Call at the nearest salesroom, or, if that is not convenient, write for a copy of the new advance catalog containing full descriptions and prices of the new 1913 models.

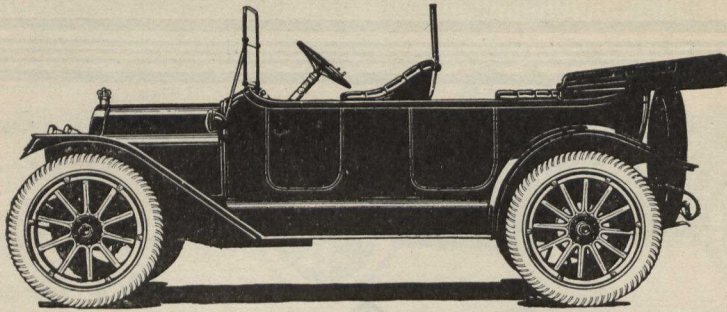
McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA

EASTERN BRANCH HOUSES: ST. JOHN, BELLEVILLE, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON
WESTERN BRANCH HOUSES: WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER



Horse-power and dollar-power find maximum working power in the Ford. Winter's bad roads have few terrors for the Ford---because it has more power for its weight than any other car. An order now insures an early delivery.

Think of it—nearly 200,000 Fords have been sold and delivered. New prices -- runabout \$675—touring car \$750—delivery car \$775—town car \$1000—with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.



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

Comfortable Cold Weather Driving

WINTER weather conditions are well provided for by the heating system of the Russell-Knight "28."

The tonneau wind-shield, an exclusive Russell feature, gives complete protection from the wind, while the method of heating the body of the tonneau from the exhaust of the engine is quite the cleverest and most successful of all systems.

The heating system neatly concealed beneath the rear seat, gives to the occupants "Pullman" comfort on the coldest of days and makes winter both warm and exhilarating.

The Electric Starter is another great adjunct to comfortable winter riding.

A carburettor adjustment is provided on the steering column, which closes the air valve when a richer mixture is required for starting the engine.

The left hand drive on the "Russell" fully accomplishes its purpose in leaving all four doors accessible. It's unnecessary to go round the car into the snow or mud in order to enter.

A fine range of styles in closed bodies, particularly well suited to Canadian requirements, will commend themselves for their ample equipment, complete refinements and their all-round evidence of luxury.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd.
 Head Office and Factory
 WEST TORONTO

Descriptive catalog will be mailed upon request

Branches at: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Melbourne, Aust.



**"MADE UP TO A STANDARD,
 NOT DOWN TO A PRICE"**



**For Whooping Cough,
Spasmodic Croup,
Asthma, Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Colds, Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once. It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Building,
Montreal, Canada.

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A Book You should look over before building



My new 1913 catalog shows many choice designs in Bungalows, one and one half and two story houses, in frame, brick veneer, cement stucco, and other styles of the latest in architecture. With each design is shown the floor plans with full dimensions.

Price 50c.
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Also interior views and useful information. Twelve years designing artistic, practical and useful houses for the home builders throughout United States and Canada.

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BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by
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convince YOU of their
SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O. K.** Mark

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with the thumb and finger. Can
be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3
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HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted.
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**A New Pattern—
OLD COLONY**

The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity or purity of outline. The pierced handle deserves especial attention. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate
that Wears"*

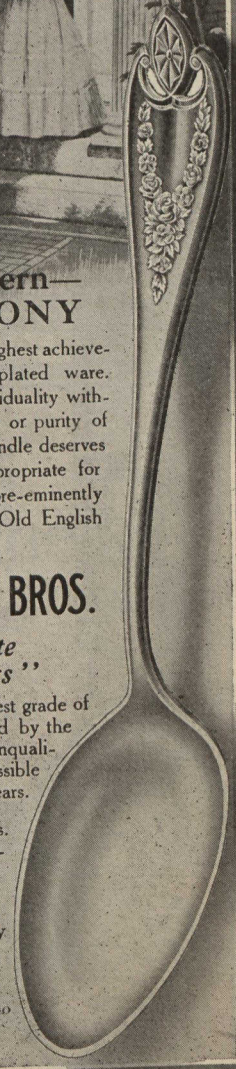
it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

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PURITY OF STYLE
Standard Silver Plate

embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

*Quality—The best that can be produced,
Original Designs—Worked-out by prominent artists.*

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

THE SUCCESS
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STANDARD SILVER PLATE

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RUE DE LA PAIX 15 PARIS

With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :

<p>Parfums pour le Vaporisateur. Quand vient l'été. Rue de la Paix. Après l'Ondée. Sillage. Bon Vieux Temps. Jicky. Chypre de Paris. Tsaou-Ko.</p>	<p>Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne. Eau de Cologne Impériale. Eau de Toilette Gardénia. Eau du Coq. Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette. Crème de fraises. Crème Secret de Bonne Femme. Poudre Ladies in all Climates. Rose du Moulin (<i>rouge pour le visage</i>).</p>
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Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count
—ask for them at all good dealers.

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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,
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THE ORIGINAL
AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE

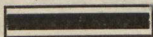
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.



**FEARMAN'S
STAR BRAND
HAMS and BACON**

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.



**F. W. FEARMAN
CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON**



Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
**The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum**

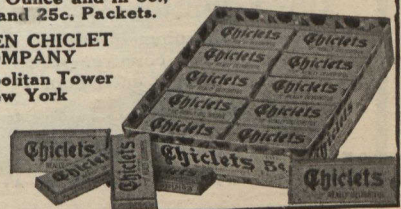
Look for the Bird Cards in the packets. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album FREE.

Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful **Bird Studies**—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with description of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you—free—our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

For sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets.

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
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O'Keefe's SPECIAL



Extra Mild STOUT

is none of your bitter, bilious beverages — but a fine, old, mellow Stout—that is as rich and nourishing as fresh cream—yet won't make you bilious.

It's extra mild, extra fine, and extra good for tired men and women.

297

The Colonial

Open the Year 'Round
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

THIS is the largest hotel in Mt. Clemens and is patronized by the very best people. It is handsomely furnished and equipped throughout with all modern conveniences—located in a beautiful park with refined surroundings, best cuisine and service. The bath and waters here are very effective in the relief or

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases, Blood and Skin Affections, Indigestion, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Etc.

The Colonial Bath House

is complete in equipment and not excelled by the best in this country. Elevator direct to bath house from each floor of the hotel.

For further information regarding treatment, hotel accommodations, etc., address Manager,

MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

VELOX

GEARLESS MOTOR WASHER

We recommend the Velox because we believe it has the simplest, strongest and best gearless water motormade. There is no lost power, no danger, no noise, no stained clothes, no attention required, no sticking, no rust; great power and high speed. It is perfectly simple and simply perfect.

The tub has exclusive patented features that prevent warping and give great strength rigidity and durability of the tubs.

See the "Velox" at your dealer's or send to us for full information, 104

GUMMER-DOWSWELL, LTD.
HAMILTON, ONT.

A Host of Different Centers

You like the spice of variety, therefore you'll enjoy Moir's Chocolates, with their hundred or more different centers.

Toothsome nuts, dainty jellies, luscious fruits, form



some of the centers, while others are of unique creamy confections. All are hidden in that wonderfully thick coating of smooth, rich chocolate that's being talked about so much today.

Chocolates

Enjoy a new Treat.

Try Moir's Chocolates.

Moirs, Limited, Halifax Canada



That Tired Voice Needs

prompt attention, lest through neglect you do it a permanent injury.

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Pastilles

FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL

strengthen and heal the overstrained or inflamed tissues of the throat and give prompt and permanent relief. Endorsed by prominent throat specialists, and used by leading public speakers and singers the world over. *Send For Free Sample to 172 National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.*

The

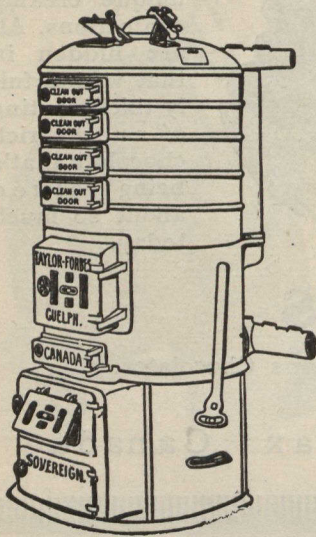
Prophy-lactic

Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean



The "Sovereign" Makes Home Comfortable in the Winter



The "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler

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**A Foremost
Promoter
of Winter
Comforts**
|

Are you having a comfortable winter? How is your furnace working? If your house is warm—and you are not burning too much coal for the comfort you enjoy—and the furnace is not a source of worry—then you are having a comfortable winter in-doors.

The "Sovereign" is the most reliable purveyor of in-door comforts to Canadians in the winter time. It is the standard heating furnace for Canadian home equipment.

Whenever the question is, house or home heating remember the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler. It will give more heat from less coal and get along with less looking after than any other heating apparatus made.

CONSULT US ABOUT YOUR
HEATING.

Taylor-Forbes COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office; GUELPH, CANADA.
BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENTS IN ALL CITIES.

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

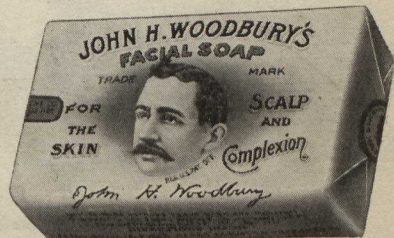
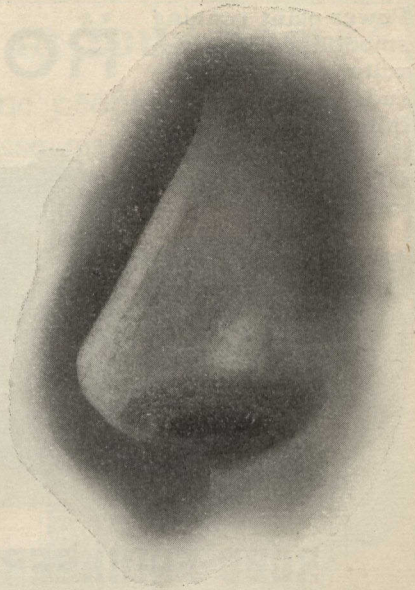
Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast including Newfoundland

Write today to the
Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109a Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Power plant running smoothly—silently—voltmeter constant—suddenly voltmeter falls, engine slows down — somebody forgot to oil the engine.

ROBB ENGINES

are self-lubricating---all sliding and revolving parts are supplied with oil under pressure, supplied by the engine itself.

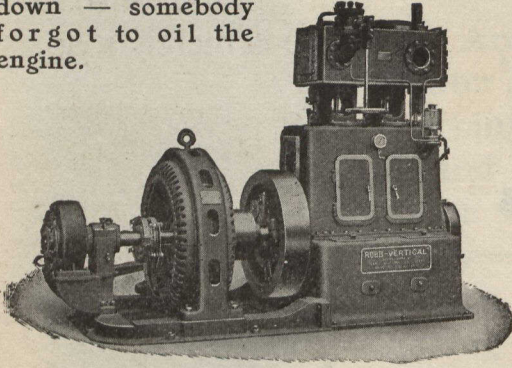
This is only one of the many features which make for.

ROBB SERVICE

Ask for Bulletin 201

International Engineering Works, Limited

Owners of works formerly of



ROBB ENGINEERING CO., AMHERST, N.S.

Sole Canadian Agents for
C. A. PARSONS & CO., Newcastle-on-Tyne
Turbines, Turbo-Electric Generators, Turbo-Pumps
and Compressors

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ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY

Infants and invalids grow strong on Robinson's Patent Barley—the best food for delicate digestion.



MAGOR SON & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

IT is a funny thing about some people. Particular about other things they will use any brand of soap that's put before them. To them, soap is merely soap.

Now Fairy Soap is more than soap—it's pure soap—it's extraordinary soap.

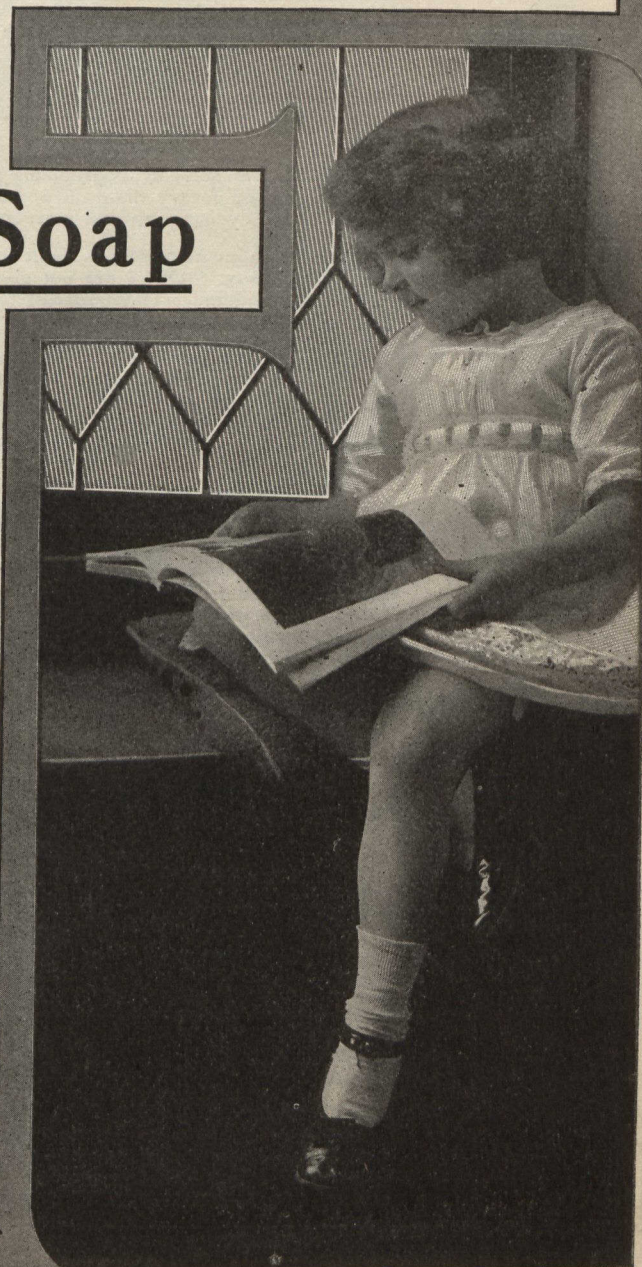
Fairy Soap

is purity itself; it is white and stays white. Fairy Soap comes in a handy, oval cake which floats.

Why buy mere soap when you can get Fairy Soap? For toilet and bath there's no other soap so good as Fairy.



THE N. K.
FAIRBANK
COMPANY
LIMITED,
MONTREAL



Diamond Dyes Saved Her Suit

"I know you will be interested in my experience with Diamond Dyes.

"Last fall I was in a serious dilemma. I had bought a light brown suit, which soiled so easily that I determined to dye it a darker color. I purchased a package of ——— Dyes. The druggist had told me this would dye any kind of material, but as I had never dyed anything before I thought it would be well to test it with a small piece of the cloth. This little precaution saved my suit. The sample came out of the dye so 'streaky' that I knew something must be wrong.

"Fortunately just then a friend called to tell me that she had changed the color of her 'sweater suit'—a white sweater and a white serge skirt. She dyed the sweater grey and the skirt black. When I told her how unsuccessful I had been she said she knew what the difficulty was and told me to ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool. I went at once to another drug store and this time I got a package of Black Diamond Dyes for Wool.

"To be absolutely sure though I again tried a small sample first. The results reassured me, and I found that the suit could be dyed perfectly, with the proper dyes. My suit looks as new and fresh now as when I bought it, and the color is far more becoming."

—CORA BURNS



Light brown suit
dyed black

You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not try them on a sample first nor practice before dyeing even your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. Don't say, "Oh! I am not clever enough to work such wonders." Thousands of twelve year old girls use Diamond Dyes.

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes today. It will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor your most expensive fabrics.



White Sweater dyed grey—
white Serge Skirt dyed black

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye will successfully color every fabric.**

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool and Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring

Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

Just Out—Sent Free—New Edition—1913 Diamond Dye Annual

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc. Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

Big Ben



The Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men.

EVERY morning — about the land — there is a bunch of get-there men who are off the mattress at the first crack of a bell.

They swing down to their work with cheek aglow—with grit afresh—with eye alight—they're the Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men—most are acquainted with Big Ben.

They've left it to him to get them up in the world — and

he's done it so loyally, so cheerfully, so promptly, that he's already sleepmeter to two millions of their homes.

Big Ben's the clock for get-there men. He stands 7 inches tall, massive, well-poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind, and pleasing to hear.

He calls just when you want and either way you want, *steadily for 5 minutes or intermittently for 10.*—He's two good clocks in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by.

Big Ben is sold by 6,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere in the Dominion. If you can not find him in your town, a money order sent to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you attractively boxed and duty charges prepaid.

To be "IT"
Make yourself FIT!

Right food makes clear brain and strong frame.

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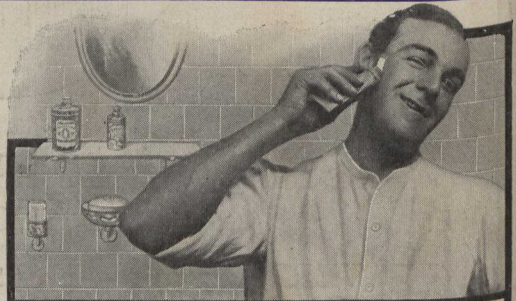
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