

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHERE RELIGION IS BUSINESS

*Second Article on Mormonism in Canada*

BY NAN MOULTON

THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER

*The Work on His Beat and How He Goes About It*

BY W. A. CLARKE

WHEN COLLEGE GIRLS PLAY

BY LOUISE MASON

THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL

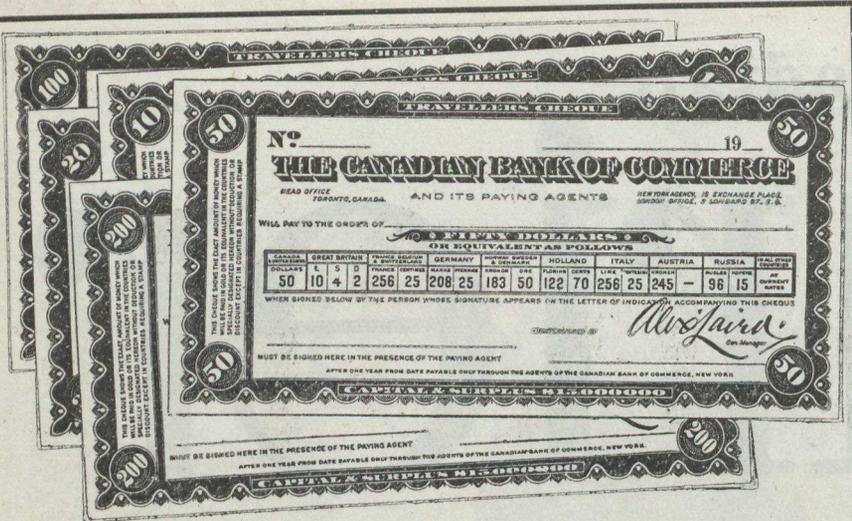
BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Read in  
Nine  
Provinces



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



**FACSIMILE OF . . . Travellers' Cheques**

ISSUED BY

**The Canadian Bank of Commerce**

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are negotiable everywhere, self-identifying and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.



**Don't Judge a Bed By Its Looks Alone**

GUARD yourself against the purchase of a bed that merely "looks good."

Too often is the prettiness of a bed coupled with glaring faults and many weaknesses.

It is the tubing that's used, the construction, the fastenings, the polishing and lacquering that determines whether

a bed will look well always and last a lifetime, or become wobbly and go to pieces in a few months.

In Quality Beds only, because of their perfect construction and improved designs, can you feel satisfied with your purchase.

So sure are we of this, that every Quality Bed is sold subject to a 5-year guarantee that is just as good as gold.

**Quality Beds**

Nearly 100 Styles to Select From to Harmonize With Room Decorations or Furniture.

Not only are Quality Beds guaranteed for five years, but, equally important to the buyer of refined tastes, the trade mark printed below is an absolute assurance of correct pattern and finish.

Every year we add new styles to the "Quality" line—keeping pace with the artistic ideas of the discriminating purchaser.

**SEND FOR FREE BOOK**

Our booklet "Bedtime" will be sent post-paid anywhere upon request. Write for it to-day. It is an interesting storehouse of facts on Beds of all kinds, and will enable you to make a wise selection without the trouble of shopping.

**FREE TRIAL OFFER**

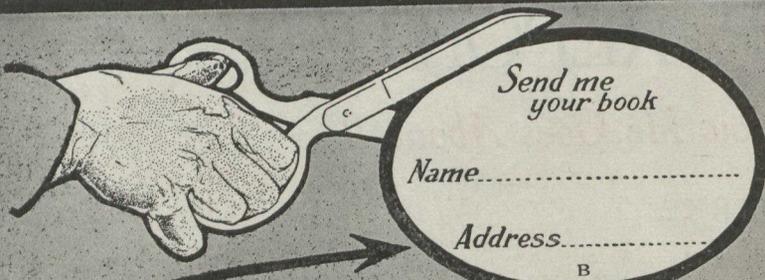
With the handsome booklet we will inform you how you can get a Quality Bed on 30 days' free trial. Address Dept 27



TRADE MARK

30

**QUALITY BEDS, LIMITED**  
WELLAND, ONTARIO



Send me your book

Name.....

Address.....

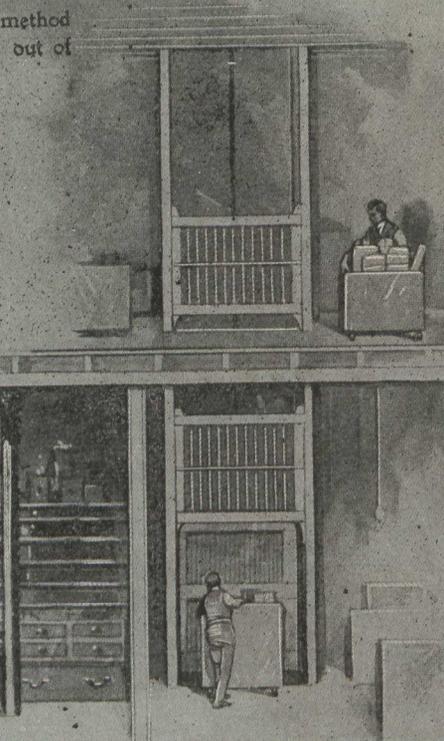
B

**Clip The Coupon For Our Book**

DO YOU REALIZE the extent to which a freight elevator will aid the growth of your business?

Forming a direct and speedy method of keeping the "superfluous" out of your customers' way, an elevator thus makes your shop more inviting. It allows of storing needful things in your upper storey, and yet places you in a position to reach them in a minute's notice. In a word, no matter what class of business you are engaged in—modern methods demand that you call to your aid the use of a freight elevator, to facilitate the storing of, and the access to, reserve stock and merchandise.

Mail us the above clipping, and afford us the opportunity of sending you our handsome illustrated booklet. It tells the great possibilities the freight elevator has in store for you.



**Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Ltd.**  
Traders Bank Building, Toronto

**LONDON MADE SUITS TO MEASURE**

There is a distinctive style and finish about a "Curzon" Suit which the "ready-to-wear" or "semi-ready" garments sold in Canada and the States lack. Indeed the "Curzon" cut and finish is hardly equalled even in garments sold by the best Custom Tailors, whose charges are always exclusive, if not altogether prohibitive. There is just that ease and comfort about our garments which give the wearer a "well at ease" appearance.

Then there is the cloth to remember: nothing but real British materials every time.

One Silver and Two Gold Medal Awards.

Merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods and we will refund the money.

**SUIT TO MEASURE**  
(Carriage and Duty Paid)  
from \$8.60.



The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept. 137), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

West End Depot:  
Pembroke House, 133/5 Oxford St., London, England.

Address for Patterns:  
**CURZON BROS., c/o THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE (Dept. 137),**  
450 Confederation Life Buildings, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Please mention this paper.

# VICHY CELESTINS

## Natural Alkaline Water

A delightful table water with highly medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

Owned by and bottled under the direct control of the French Government

Not Genuine without the word



# CELESTINS

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., AGENTS.

## Canadian Hotel Directory

### BELLEVUE HOUSE

CARILLON, QUE.

Delightfully situated overlooking Ottawa River, one minute walk from wharf. Reached by train or boat, daily service. 700 acres of grounds, with Pine Groves and fine Golf Links. Splendid fishing within 100 yards of hotel, good boating and safe bathing. Fine spacious building to accommodate 60 guests.

Rates 1.00 per day. Special Rates by the month

### THE HIGHLAND INN

Algonquin National Park

SUMMER and WINTER RESORT

Write for Booklet J. E. COLSON, Manager Algonquin Park P.O., Ontario

### NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL.

St. James Street, Montreal. European plan. 150 rooms, with baths and every modern accommodation. Rates \$1.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one of the largest and best equipped on the continent.

### HOFFMAN CAFE

91 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Leading business men of city patronize our Dining Rooms for many reasons, including the direct telephone connection at each table.

### THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada

250 rooms

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00

European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50

\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

### LA CORONA HOTEL

(Home of the Epicure) Montreal

European Plan \$1.50 up. John Healy, Manager

### KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada

—Fireproof—

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

### GRAND UNION HOTEL

Toronto, Canada

Geo. A. Spear, President

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

### PALMER HOUSE

Toronto Canada. H. V. O'Connor, Prop

RATES

\$2.00 TO \$3.00

### CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

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

H. L. Stephens, Prop.

### HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up

Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

# The Canadian Courier

## A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 3

## CONTENTS

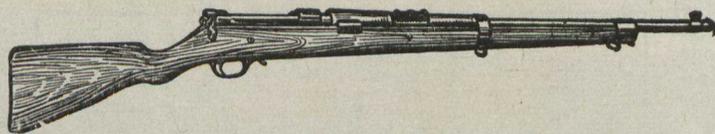
Mormonism in Canada	By Nan Moulton.
The Newspaper Reporter	By W. A. Clarke.
When College Girls Play	By Louise Mason.
The Shadow on the Dial	By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.
Winnipeg College Girls	By Kennethe M. Haig.
The Matinee Girl	By Margaret Bell.
Rosemary in Her Garden	By Annie Mabel Severs.
Men of the Day	Word Pictures and Photos.
British Naval Airship	Photographs of Launching.
Reflections	By the Editor.



## Editor's Talk

SPECIAL arrangements have been made to supply the "Canadian Courier" with pictures of the Coronation processions, and these pictures will probably appear in our issue of July 8th. On previous occasions of this kind the "Courier" has been able to give such pictures to the Canadian public a week earlier than the New York or London publications. It is just possible that this will again occur. In the meantime we shall issue a Coronation Number next week with a special cover made from a very striking picture of His Majesty, King George V. The articles and illustrations will be thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. Arrangements were made some time ago to have the very latest photographs of Royalty sent from London in time for this number. This will give us two Coronation Numbers: one on June 24th, and one on July 8th.

Nan Moulton's second article on the Canadian Mormons is a feature of this week's issue. In it she traces the relation between the religious and the business life of the Mormons, and shows how one is affected by the other. Last week the Alberta "Stake," or Conference, was held in Cardston, and the annual reports showed that the Alberta "Stake" surpassed all other stakes in financial and spiritual growth. Nowhere else throughout the Mormon world of North America were the tithes and offerings so large. Apostle Ioins explained that the Mormon Church believed in polygamy, which was a revelation from God, but that it could not be practised in Canada until the laws of the nation were changed. Apparently the Mormons hope some day they will be strong enough to have special rights given them by the state, and chief among these rights will be the liberty to practice polygamy. Miss Moulton's third article will deal more particularly with this phase of Mormon life and belief. It will certainly be the most startling article on this subject that has ever appeared in a Canadian publication.



# The Ross Rifle

## RIFLE SHOOTING!

As a manly exercise and outdoor amusement it is incomparable.

As a factor in developing national pride and a possible help to national existence it is a necessity.

THE ROSS MILITARY RIFLE

lends itself fully to the accomplishment of all these aims.

It stands peerless amongst rifles--winning in every competition.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, P.Q.

Makes lighter, whiter, better flavored bread — produces more loaves to barrel.

# PURITY FLOUR

# KELSEY

## WARM AIR GENERATOR

The great battery of Zig-Zag Heat Tubes gives the Kelsey more than double the heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace—Reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.—Distributing immense volumes of evenly warmed air uniformly to every room. No cold rooms—no overheated rooms. The Kelsey system costs less than steam or hot water to install, less for fuel, repairs and operation, and you have fresh air all the time, not the same air heated over and over. A Kelsey is durable and easy to operate.

35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in homes of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co. Limited, Brockville, Ont.

# COSGRAVE'S

—A rich, ripe, happy, tasty, healthful Ale that quickly banishes the cares and worries of the day. Your home needs a case.

Bottled only at the Brewery by the Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

# PALE ALE

# Buy Lots in Watrous, You Can't Make A Mistake

Watrous has but just begun to grow—the big profits in real estate are yet to be made. Present activities and indications are a good guarantee of what the future has in store for Watrous. If the past growth of Western Canada is a guide to the future, then Watrous will surprise even the "Old-timers" who have watched the wonderful development of this vast Western Empire for Watrous has natural and acquired advantages none of the other remarkable towns possessed. Lots in Moose Jaw that sold for \$100 only a few years ago are worth from \$1,000 to \$3,000 to-day, and from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in Edmonton.

"OPPORTUNITY" says buy lots in Watrous now while prices are low—then watch Watrous grow and watch your wealth increase as Watrous grows.

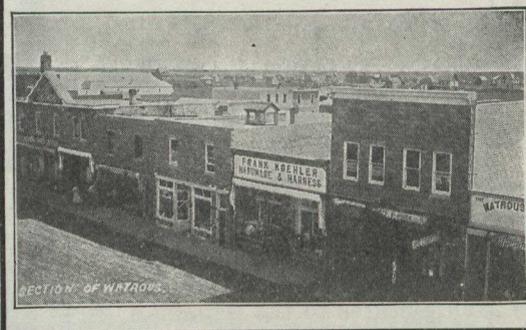


# The Grand Trunk Pacific Offers Lots to the Public

The Grand Trunk Pacific addition to Watrous embraces very desirable lots—in fact, it is a choice section of the City—and these lots are now offered to the public at low prices on easy terms. If you failed to get in on the big money that was made in other Grand Trunk Pacific Cities—such as Port Arthur, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Edmonton, Prince Rupert, or others that might be named—here is your opportunity now to get in right on Watrous. The Grand Trunk Pacific will extend the same spirit of co-operation to Watrous it did to these other Cities. In addition, Watrous has natural advantages the others did not have. Watrous is destined to become the inland Prince Rupert of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

# WATROUS

Watrous is located near the banks of Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American Continent. A century ago the Indians took the sick and ailing tribesmen to Little Manitou to be cured. To-day the white man is journeying from far and near to receive the benefits afforded by these medicinal waters. The Grand Trunk Pacific has selected Watrous as its Central Divisional Point of the great Western Provinces, and it is from this Central Divisional Point that the different Branch Lines to other important cities will most likely radiate.



## WATROUS MUST HAVE MORE HOUSES.

To-day the town is filled to overflowing. Our agent on the ground reports that ordinary house-rent cannot be secured at the present moment for \$50.00 a month. Hotels have constantly more business than they can handle.

Anyone connected with the building lines could not go to a better place than Watrous this year, and as

building and population increase, so business opportunities will grow greater.

## LIVE BUSINESS MEN.

The main difference between Saskatoon and some other cities which have equal facilities, is in the live, progressive, go-ahead spirit of its business men and citizens.

Watrous men do things.

They have gone ahead with grading streets and side-walks, equipping a Fire Department, arranging for water, telephone, electric light, sewer, gas and all conveniences which make a city attractive and desirable.

The more lots you buy in Watrous, the more money you will make. Judging the future by the past, it might be reasonably said that it would be almost impossible to purchase lots in a live and growing young city of Western Canada, and not make money.

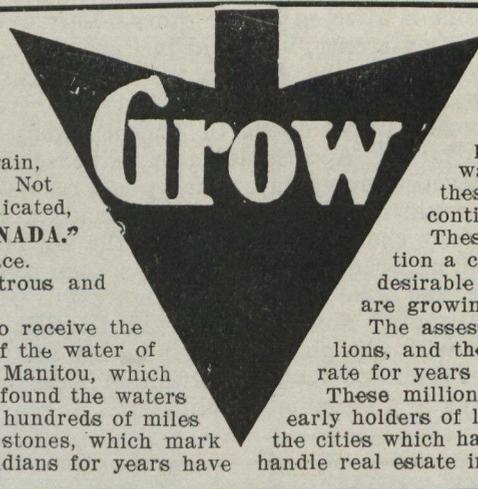
The rapid development of Western Canada during the past few years has been chiefly due to the splendid railway systems which are being built. The last and greatest of these—the shortest line from ocean to ocean—is the Trans-continental line of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

These great railway systems make rapid increases of population a certainty. Every facility and inducement is afforded to the desirable citizen, and the history of those who have grown rich and are growing rich in the West, is the best guide to the future.

The assessed valuation of Canada's new cities is increasing by millions, and they will continue to increase at the same rate or a greater rate for years to come.

These millions of increased valuation represent the profits paid to the early holders of land. You cannot secure these profits in the older towns—the cities which have sprung up along the older railways. It takes capital to handle real estate in these older cities. But along the line of the new Grand

Trunk, passenger service has only recently started; values have not had time to boom. A comparatively few dollars will do the work here. Some of the lots in Watrous are already selling at ten to twenty times their cost only two years ago.



The requisites of a flourishing prairie city are first of all railway facilities. It must be an easy point to reach and ship from. Beyond this it must be either a centre of manufacture or of a highly productive farming country. Again it should be a pleasant place to live in, have good drainage, good water and some attractions.

See how perfectly Watrous fulfills these requirements. This is the central divisional point of the largest, strongest and most important Canadian Railway. The Railway alone will employ a number of people whose homes will naturally be at Watrous.

Manufacturing industries will be needed, and Watrous is the natural place for them to locate. And lastly, Watrous has Little Manitou Lake, a Veritable Mecca for health and pleasure-seekers. Thus is Watrous doubly sure of constant and permanent growth.

Watrous has all the advantages of Moose Jaw and Saskatoon, and it has Little Manitou Lake into the bargain, which is as valuable as all its other assets combined. Not only that, but this wonderful mineral lake cannot be duplicated,

## LITTLE MANITOU LAKE—"THE CARLSBAD OF CANADA."

and no other feature of competing cities can take its place.

The Winnipeg Telegram, speaking editorially of Watrous and its wonderful mineral lake, has the following:

"Little Lake Manitou, on the G. T. P., is beginning to receive the attention for which the wonderful medicinal properties of the water of the lake so well entitle it. The Indians called the lake Manitou, which means "Good Spirit," owing to the healing qualities they found the waters possessed. It is said that Indians came to this lake from hundreds of miles round and on the shores are still to be seen circles of stones, which mark Indian encampments. Though it is probable that the Indians for years have availed themselves of the curative powers of the waters of this lake, it was not until the building of the G. T. P. had caused the town of Watrous to spring into being two years ago that the remarkable medicinal value of the lake begun to be generally realized."

On account of the rapidity with which lots are selling, we advise that you let us make the selection for you, and we promise that we will give you the best available remaining lots at the time your order is received.

Make remittances payable to the order of and send direct to the Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg. Receipts for payments made will be issued direct by the Land Commissioner of the Railway Company, and when you have completed your payments, title will be issued to you direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

No interest charged on deferred payments in case you purchase on the installment plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912. Lots 50 feet frontage, prices \$100 and \$125.

The more lots you buy in Watrous the more money you will make. Reserve the number of lots you wish to purchase at once, and send all remittances to

**Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway**  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

In case you wish any further particulars before buying, address

**INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES COMPANY, LIMITED**  
Somerset Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.

## INFORMATION COUPON

International Securities Co., Ltd.,  
649 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.:

Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Watrous, which is just being placed on the market.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## APPLICATION BLANK for PURCHASE of LOTS

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway,  
Winnipeg Man.:

I hereby make application to purchase ..... lots at the price of \$..... each, and enclose here-with remittance for \$....., being one-tenth the total purchase price. I agree to remit the same amount each month for nine consecutive months.

I desire your representative to select for me at Watrous what he regards as the best lots remaining unsold at the price. Title to lots to be clear and indefeasible. No interest to be charged on deferred payments, and no taxes until the year 1912.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

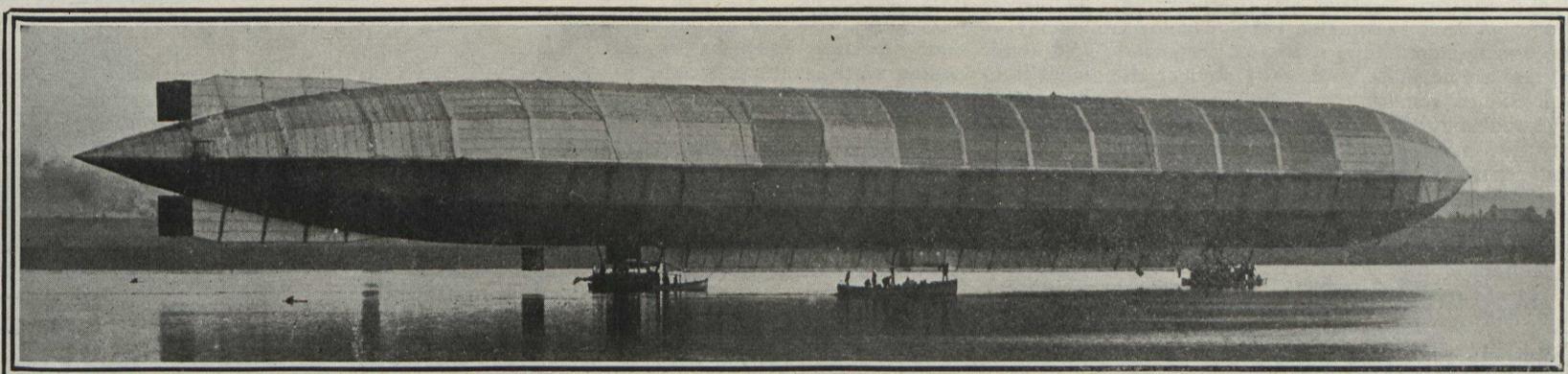
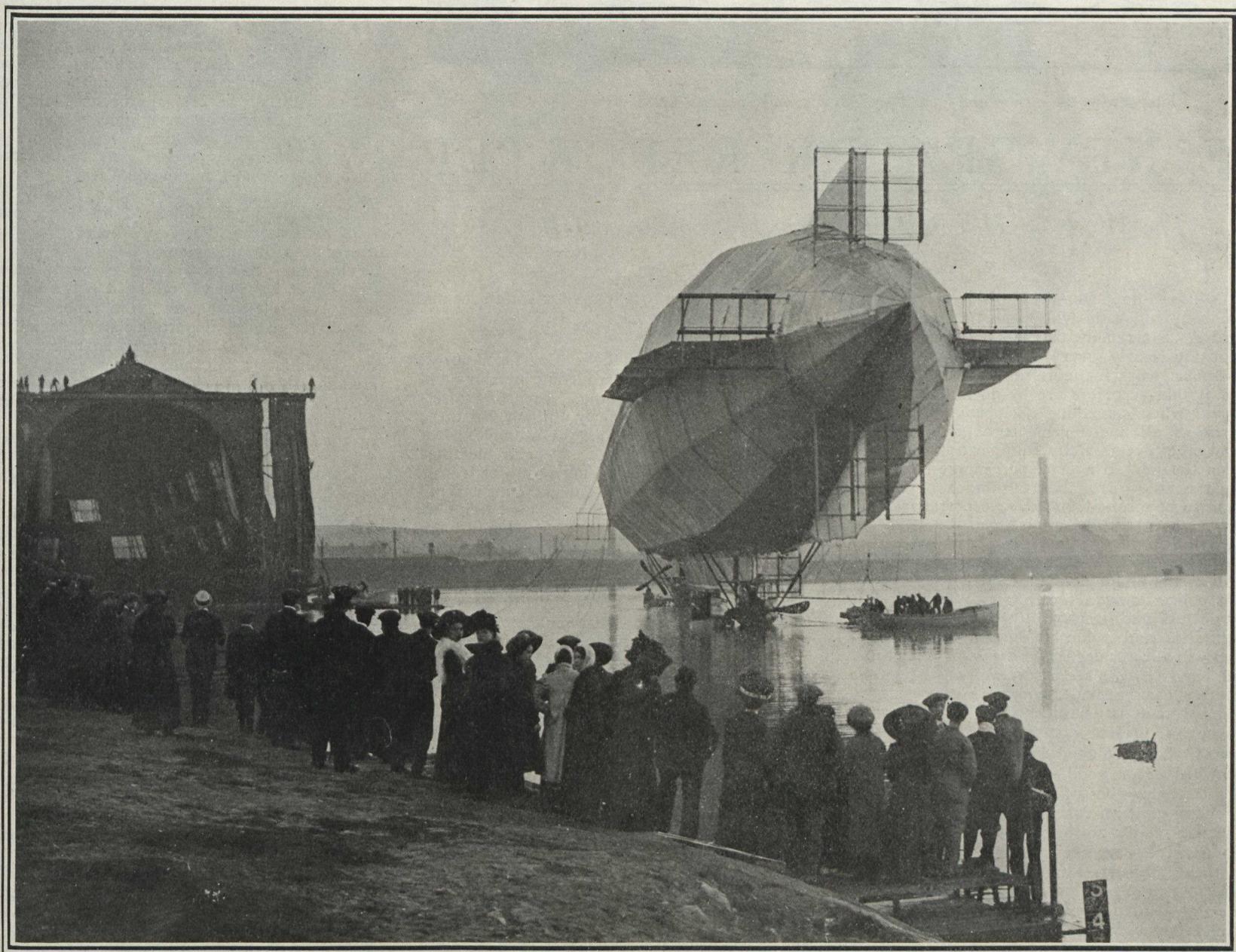
The  
**Canadian Courier**  
A National Weekly

Vol. X.

June 17, 1911

No. 3

LAUNCHING OF A BRITISH NAVAL AIRSHIP



At daybreak a few mornings ago this monster airship was successfully launched at Barrow, England. The mighty aerial cruiser is 512 feet long and has an external diameter of 48 feet. It is made of duralumin, an alloy as hard as steel and only one-third the weight. Its seventeen gas bags are inflated with hydrogen and are capable of lifting 21 tons. It is controlled by horizontal rudders forward and aft on each side, with vertical rudders aft above and below the stern.

*Photographs by Topical.*



Interviewing the man who is "too busy" to talk; and doesn't want to anyway.

## THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER

### *The Work on His Beat and How He Goes About It*

By W. A. CLARKE

"I DON'T see how you reporters manage to be always on hand when something's happening," is a remark that has been made to probably nearly every reporter who has been in newspaper work for more than a short time. The answer is that reporters are by no means "always on hand when something's happening." By keeping track of all announcements of important meetings and other events a city editor can have his reporters "on the job" in a good percentage of instances when news is available, but much of the news is obtained at second-hand. The reporter who covers "police, fires and hospitals" gets to many things in his line if he knows about them in time and if they are of considerable importance, but he obtains news of the minor accidents, small fires and unimportant police doings by calling upon or telephoning to doctors and hospital attendants, fire department officials and police officials. So it is, though usually to a lesser degree, in the other assignments. The bigger events are covered direct if time and opportunity can be made, but news of events of lesser importance is obtained by interviewing somebody who was present at them.

The reporter who has a good "nose for news" and who has worked out a good system of reporting, will get to a larger number of important events and will get to many of them earlier than the poor reporter. The city editor and other members of the staff sometimes give a reporter tips that will enable him to be on the job early for many things that he has to report, but to a great extent the reporter has to "work up a good connection" with people who are in a position to know when things will happen and who can give a good account of events with which they are connected. Also, in order to be successful, a reporter must be a good anticipator. He must be able to put two and two together and to know the answer quickly. "Coming events cast their shadows before," concerning many things that a reporter must cover, and so he must be a good student of shadows. A chance remark or a combination of circumstances that may hold no significance for the average outsider or for other reporters, will often set the good reporter thinking and result in his getting an exclusive story or at least in his being better and earlier prepared to handle it than if he couldn't interpret the signs that point to the probability of "something doing."

"History repeats itself" in news, and so many a reporter gets many a news item simply by remembering that a certain thing happened a year ago.

Again, a fair proportion of the news is of the "follow up" variety. There are few events or happenings yielding big stories to-day that will not yield more news—though often of lesser importance—tomorrow.

By acting in accordance with the foregoing and other circumstances, a reporter gets an early "line" on much news, gets more and better stories than

many of his competitors, and gets the proud reputation of being "a good digger."

\* \* \*

GENERALLY speaking, the work of a reporter on his beat consists in reporting meetings and other events and in interviewing. Reporting meetings is considered not particularly difficult, but there are nerve-racking exceptions, as, for example, when there's "a fight" at the meetings. At many meetings a reporter hasn't time to take notes and write his account later. In such circumstances he must write "running copy," which means that he must write his account as the meeting progresses and only take notes of names, figures and other things that would slip his memory almost instantly. At very important meetings, trials, investigations and so forth, each newspaper may be represented by several reporters, who take turns in reporting. Even then it is customary to write "running copy," the changing of reporters being necessary to allow each to go quickly over the part that he has reported to see that it reads correctly. Sometimes reporters who know shorthand, or professional shorthand men, employed for the occasion, are assigned to important meetings, but many city editors prefer for general work men who don't know shorthand, the reason being that the men who know shorthand naturally depend much on their notes and so are not likely to be able to work quickly and accurately when there's no time to take notes.

Reporting police court is a ticklish job for a man at all nervous, because libel suits have a habit of lurking in police court reports. Much of the report must be written while the court is actually in session, and if the court proceedings are long and important the reporter must practically keep "up-to-date"—that is, he must write the news as fast as it is happening. To write quickly an interesting, accurate account and at the same time hear and even see what is happening as the court proceedings at time get considerably ahead of him is no light task.

In reporting courts—especially police courts—a reporter is often asked to keep out somebody's name. After one or two such experiences he takes the wise course, which is to write the proceedings without heeding any such request further than to tell the pleader to see the city editor.

Practically every reporter is at some time or other requested to get out of a meeting. If he has the right to be present he does well to quietly and courteously but firmly insist on remaining. If he has no right there and can't persuade the meeting to let him stay, he gets out and afterwards interviews people who can, and perhaps will, tell

him what happened. As in so many other cases concerning reporting, he must not be easily put off—or put out—but must do his utmost to get the good report that is expected of him.

\* \* \*

INTERVIEWING runs all the way from very easy to very difficult. Some people are so eager to talk that the problem is how to keep them to the point and get away from them in time to write the interview. Others positively have "nothing to say," and the reporter must not take "No!" for an answer till he feels sure that no other reporter could get the interview.

It is in interviewing that much of a reporter's skill is brought to bear. A contractor naturally doesn't want to talk if on a job of his there has been an accident injuring a man or more, but in some cases he will talk if he is reminded that he would want to find in the paper full details of an accident happening on some other contractor's job. Other people will yield to such an appeal as "We want to get a correct account of this, and you are the person that can give it." The reporter must try to overcome a great variety of obstacles and objections. In a legitimate sense he must be "a good jollier," and he must be a good actor. In many cases he must get people to forget for the time that he is a reporter, and one great help to that is to not whip out a pad or book to take notes.

The good reporter studies how and where various types of men can be best approached, and, having gained an audience, he must quickly size up how to hold his man and get him to talk. Some people "fall" for flattery, but others want to be talked to in a straightforward, businesslike way.

Interviewing the big busy man usually means that a reporter must "think of his feet," make a mental note, as the interview proceeds, of what he can use, keep the interviewed one to the point, and interview him so rapidly and earnestly that the talk will not be chopped off by a polite intimation that the interview is over. If a reporter tries to interview a man of importance he is usually sure of a story, for even the refusal to talk is a news item—sometimes a big one.

Handling big fires, riots, bank runs, police raids, bad accidents and other big things means working quickly. Each reporter is out to get a story better than that of his competitors, and he knows that usually there is no time and no opportunity to go over the ground twice in reporting such happenings. Here, as always, he is out for the news, the whole news and nothing but the news. Always he is aiming to get and write a "human interest story," that will gain and hold the reader's attention. And every day he tries to scoop his competitors and not be scooped himself. That is, he tries to get an exclusive story, or, in newspaper language, "put one over" on the other paper's reporters on his beat and to not have any of the others "put one over" on him.

Generally speaking, a good day's work means good results, but the peculiar thing about reporting is that a man may work extremely hard and intelligently only to find, when the other papers are "on the street," that he has been scooped so badly that it looks as if he had been home in bed asleep; also on some days, when he is "loafing on the job," the fact that he is in the wrong place at the right time may mean the getting of an exclusive story.

Not to be scooped is contentment; to scoop the other fellows is joy—joy in which the only touch of sadness is the knowledge that the scooped ones are feeling pretty miserable and probably "getting their calls" from disgusted city editors.

*The next article will deal with a number of interesting special features of a reporter's work.*



How it feels to report police court and other courts.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## PREMIER MURRAY APPEALS

THEY'RE off in Nova Scotia. The Legislature of the Scotch Province down by the sea has gone to the country, and the land is filled with political evangelists. First Minister George H. Murray and his colleagues are on the hustings. They are submitting their record to the electors. It has at least been a long one, the Liberal innings in Nova Scotia—fifteen years under the command of Murray—twenty-nine years altogether.

Any man who can persuade an electorate that he is fittest to govern them successively for well on to a score of years, cannot be but an interesting study. Premier George H. Murray is the political giant of his Province. The personality of their chief—that is the secret in large part of Liberal endurance in Nova Scotia. The great weakness of the Conservatives has been that they have not been able to raise up a native chieftain, who has the hold personally on Nova Scotia people that Murray has. Raising leaders in Nova Scotia is not necessarily a big job. Nova Scotia raises many leaders; the trouble is that the rest of Canada gobbles them up too quickly. It was different with the Liberal leaders; Murray hasn't been absorbed either into Ottawa, where Mr. R. L. Borden and Hon. W. F. Fielding, both gentlemen of Halifax, sit, or into the ambitious prairies. He stuck to his native heath. And Nova Scotians seem to like that in him. The Conservative ship is going through this election with no helmsman. What the outcome will be is fairly certain. In the present Legislature, Premier Murray has 33 of the 38 seats in his big hand. To overcome a lead like that with no very well defined issues at stake in the election, would be a huge proposition for an exceedingly well-manned combination. And they would have to tackle George H. Murray.

The main issue of the election is Murray. Anti-reciprocity and anti-prohibition talk are merely rumbles. Some attempts, particularly, have been made to bring Reciprocity into the limelight; but experts declare that the result of this election can be taken as little indicative of Nova Scotia's feeling on that matter. Conservative critics have made it their policy to strike direct at the tower of strength—the Premier and his legislation. The Government asks for a new lease of power on its past performances, instancing the technical and engineering schools and agricultural college founded by it; the Workmen's Compensation Act, legislation providing for aged teachers, and the Dominion Iron and Steel legislation—as proofs of devotion to the public interest. The Conservatives give them credit for their work, but charge gross extravagance. Premier Murray denies this accusation and defends his popularity.

He is more than six feet of Cape Breton Scotch. Looking at him backwards when he gets on the stump, the main thing you notice are his piano-mover shoulders. They fill the landscape. To his audience, from the front, there is the large Scotch face, accentuated by the retreat of hair from his forehead—and the Murray smile. Don't forget the smile—a kindly, hospitable, sympathetic, confident and shrewd smile withal: Scotch enough for Nova Scotia. Premier Murray, professionally, is a lawyer. In speech he is legally precise. Sometimes he becomes eloquent and domineering when something an opponent says, or does, rubs him wrongly, and the Celtic blood fires his face. But though sometimes he is outspoken, his reproofs are never administered in a heckling, fish-wife style. The nature of the Premier is gentle, lovable. His private life has never been assailed. The respect in which even his political opponents hold him was strikingly illustrated recently, when a serious accident befel him, necessitating the amputation of one of his legs, all classes showed their sincere sympathy.

The only present calculable thing likely to drive Murray out of the leadership in Nova Scotia is rumoured ill-health, which may cause his retirement after the election. Then Hon. A. K. McLean, a dashing political scrapper, would probably step into the Premier's shoes. With the prestige of Murray out of the Government, political lopsidedness in Nova Scotia might be remedied a bit. Mr. McLean so far has been meteorically successful, but so young a man could not expect in the ordinary course of events to retain the confidence of the people for his party in the same way as an old veteran like the Premier. Premier Murray won't easily give up, it is likely. No doubt he has grown attached to his job by long experience. He learned it by close apprenticeship with Hon. W. S. Fielding as tutor. From 1891 to 1896, he was Premier Fielding's right hand man. When Mr. Fielding struck out into the larger pastures of Ottawa, Mr. Murray took over the reins of government in Nova Scotia. Since 1896, he has been continuously Premier, the people returning him in 1897, 1901 and 1906.

\* \* \*

## CIVIL SERVANT AND SCIENTIST

FREQUENTLY, in the streets of Ottawa or out in the suburbs of the Capital city, you may notice a rather heavily built man cantering on horseback. He has the look of the woods in his rather reflective face, and he sits in the saddle as if he enjoyed it. That man is Dr. William Frederick King—no relation to the Boy Minister—out for exercise. Besides

that of an equestrian Dr. King has some rather highly developed mental recreations, which have brought him renown at various times. He is fond of lecturing to scientific people and analyzing intricate scientific problems for magazines. Just the other day, The Royal Society chose him president. This august body of Canadian litterateurs and scientists have just completed their annual deliberations at Ottawa, where, among other things at this meeting, they passed a resolution for state-owned cables in British territory, fathered by Sir Sandford Fleming, to be forwarded to the Imperial Conference, and distributed to the seventeen Premiers in pamphlet form; one in favour of founding a Canadian national library; and recommended that a section in social and economic science be added to the Society.

Dr. King will keep his surveyor's eye on these matters for the next year. The new president is a man of large vision. For some time now he has had the whole sky to look upon officially as chief astronomer to the Department of the Interior. Learned bodies have frequently conferred honour on

Ottawa civil servants before; not, too often, however, for their work in the Government service; but usually in recognition of talents they may have displayed away from Parliament Hill in their homes at night versifying. Dr. King is a civil servant who has become a national figure as a civil servant.

He is notable as a sort of expert adjuster of international land squabbles, having served on seven of His Majesty's commissions to settle ticklish boundary disputes between Uncle Sam and us in the past twenty years.

\* \* \*

## A VERSATILE SCHOOLMASTER

YOU would not think he was a schoolteacher to look at him. Mr. W. C. Michell, the new principal of Riverdale High School, Toronto, has all of the alert, aggressive, man-of-the-world air which is a traditional requisite of gentlemen attached to the profession of banking, or the dusty purlieus of the law. Yet, he is eminently pedagogic; he has been Secretary of the Classical Association, and a director of the Ontario Educational Association. You explain Michell by saying that he is the new, unclioistered type of Canadian schoolmaster. Principal Michell has nothing of the transcendental, didactic mien. He is a companion of his boys in their Greek verbs, their football, their social activities. Last year he was a heroic figure in his school when he went to England as "Captain Michell, C. Co., Q. O. R."



PREMIER G. H. MURRAY  
Whose Government, fifteen years in power, is again appealing to the electors



DR. W. F. KING, C.M.G.  
Who has been elected President of the Royal Society



W. C. MICHELL, TORONTO  
A schoolteacher with many interests. Principal of Riverdale High School, Toronto



CAPT. W. W. STEWART

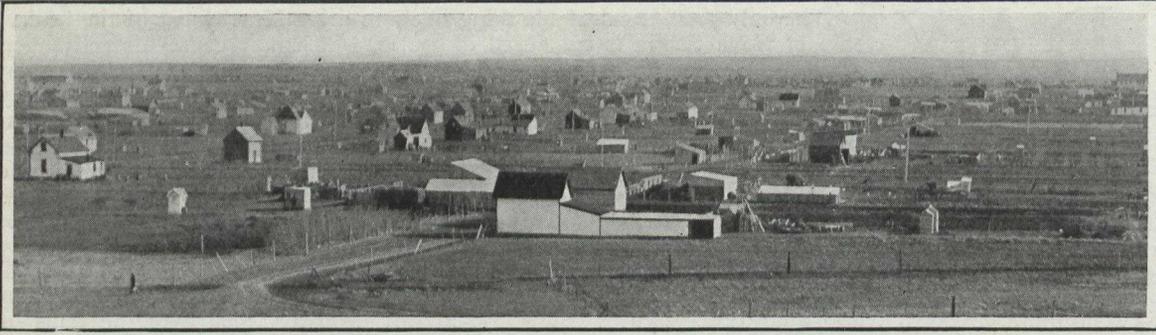


CAPT. H. W. LINTON, Adjutant



MAJOR W. R. TURNBULL

Three officers of the 91st Regiment Canadian Highlanders who are to take their annual training with the 91st Princess Louisa's Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders at Stirling, Scotland.



Raymond, one of the dozen Mormon towns in Alberta.

## WHERE RELIGION IS BUSINESS

*This second article on Mormons and Mormonism in Alberta describes the growth of the settlements and the way in which religion affects their business life. Their religion, their family life, their education and their business are all one. In other words, it is all religion. The ecclesiastical rule dominates everything and everybody. Body and soul, the Mormon belongs to his Church, and the Church is the Church of Utah, not of Canada.*

By NAN MOULTON

IN '87 the cottonwood shack of the Gentiles and the few tents of the Lord's Anointed set among the undulating prairie grasses, bunch and brome and buffalo! In 1911 the beat of civic pulses throughout the wide plains, irrigated now and cropped, the day of beet-raising merged into a madness for wheat, and the southern emptiness of a province-map spangled with the map-maker's hieroglyphs that mean towns, villages, hamlets and settlements! By the original Lee's Creek, and stretching up the bench-lands is the mother-town, Cardston, satellited, within a radius of, say, twenty miles, by the settlements of Leavitt, Mountain View, Caldwell, Beaver, Taylorville, Aetna and Kimball. Following the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company's line of rail north-east, we pass the towns of Magrath, Raymond and Stirling, and hamlets such as Spring Coulee, Welling and Raley. When the conductor announces "Chin," and then repeats "Chin-chin! Chin-chin!" you wonder if he is flippant, but "Chin" is a truly station. Then east from Lethbridge the Mormon clusters go, Taber, the biggest town ("Taber-naclé" is a conjuring word with them, first syllable "Taber," second syllable transposed "Elcan"—and two more places named to the glory of Zion.) Then north the colonization creeps to Gleichen and back again down another line to High River and Claresholm and Macleod. And not long ago the Mormon Church—the church in Utah—bought the whole big Cochran ranch for \$400,000, for colonization purposes, and is now selling this land to settlers, largely Mormon.

At the present time, I was told, there is not much direct Mormon immigration—for some reason the Church is not encouraging immigration to Canada just now, but there is more or less coming and going always, and the natural growth, and the "gathering" the fruits of the missionaries' labours. As soon as you are caught in the game, whether you are in Denmark or England or Scotland or Sweden, it's, "I borrow you in the name of Zion, one, two, three!" and off you go to America, where the Saints are gathering in Zion along the Rocky Mountains, gathering against the last days. But the "gathering," though sure, has been rather slow, for 'tis only a rare taste that accepts Joseph Smith's golden tablets and the testimony of the three to whom the angel came. But, slow or not, does Canada realize that Alberta, from Gleichen on the north, to Cardston on the south, and from Macleod on the west, to Taber on the east, is polka-dotted with Mormon settlements; that in and around Cardston are only about two hundred Gentiles out of over two thousand population; that Taber, population 3,500, is forty per cent. Mormon; that Raymond is ninety per cent. Mormon, and that *there are in Alberta at the present time, upwards of eight thousand Latter-Day Saints, preaching and practising a religion than which never existed a more utterly un-Canadian conception?*

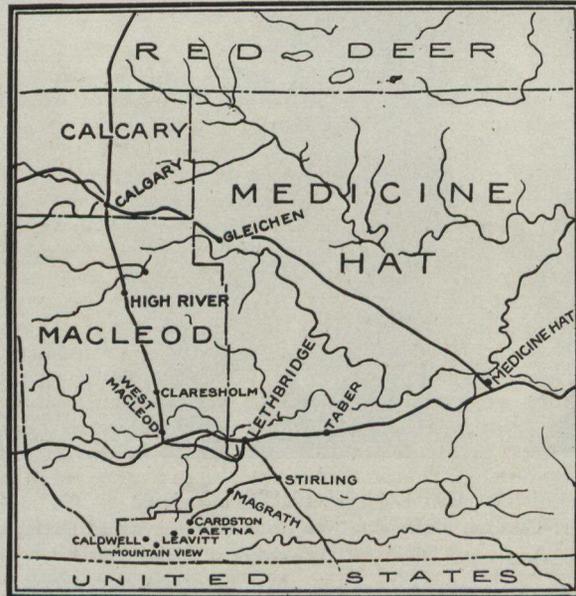
\* \* \*

THE illuminating rock-bottom reason for the first coming I got from the principal of their only church school in Canada. And, whatever may be true to-day, there is no doubt that, in the beginning Canada and Mexico were what Frank Cannon calls them, "polygamous refuges." Mr. Bramwell said that at the time of the trek to Canada the

church authorities were divided as to the pledge given that there should be no further practice of polygamy. Some held that the pledge was given *only* to the government of the United States, others that the Mormon Church was bound by it everywhere. Followers differ where heads do not agree. And those who held that the promise did not obtain outside of United States territory, prepared to leave such territory. When they encountered Canadian law they found that it stood for other ideals. A deputation went to Ottawa and promised to be good. Later I shall tell the story of the keeping of that promise.

\* \* \*

UNTIL about ten years ago, the story of the growth of the Mormon colony centres around Cardston. Besides the forty odd in eighty-seven, three more families came in the fall, through the summer of '88 there was a constant trickle that counted one hundred that year, and in four years five hundred Saints had added to the growth of Alberta. (I do not know which year brought the



The Mormon settlements in Alberta began at Cardston, and have swung south to the border, east to Taber, north to Gleichen and west to Macleod. In this district there are some 8000 Mormons.

necromancer who started with ten horses, sold eighty before he reached the border, and arrived in Canada with sixty in fine condition.) In 1894 Cardston was incorporated a village with the present Mayor Hanmer the first overseer, and in 1902 reached the status of a town with C. O. Card the first mayor.

From the first the Latter-Day Saints have been farmers, and the inventors of American irrigation. It is told of Mr. Card that he measured his first crop of wheat daily and found that the growth was 21-4 to 21-2 inches a day. But that was the crop the frost got, even two and a half inches a day not counterbalancing a June sowing. In '88 a ditch was

taken out and surveys made for another ditch that would irrigate three to four thousand acres of bench land. After two or three years these ditches were not used, the Cardston country not depending on nor needing irrigation. They are visible across the creek to this day, looking like the old Danish trenches outside of Winchester. Besides having successful gardens and farms, the Mormons have gone in much for cattle, horses and sheep, from which their present prosperity has largely resulted.

It was in 1899 that the big irrigation scheme was born. The present Conservative member, C. A. Magrath, had been an interested visitor to the Mormon settlements. He was a director and owner in the earlier land and coal and railway companies that preceded the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, and the possibilities of irrigating were borne in upon him. The big ditch was a good deal of a colonization scheme, and Magrath yearly sold much land down in Utah. The company argued that the experienced Mormons would be the best men to do the work. For \$100,000 in land and cash the church (in Utah always) contracted to build the irrigation ditch from the intake at Kimball, from the St. Mary's River to the Belly River, at Lethbridge, and to start three settlements along its length. These settlements are now the towns of Raymond, Magrath and Stirling. Our old friend, C. O. Card, was in charge of the work on the canal. The Church sent on many of the Cardston settlers to help and sent in more workers and settlers from Utah. This was the period of the biggest Mormon influx. Some of the land then valued at two or three dollars an acre now is valued as high as fifty or sixty dollars. The canal system now includes one hundred and fifty miles of main waterways. The irrigation canal is like a bank account or a sinking fund—sort of an insurance against dry seasons. In ordinarily good seasons it is not needed. The system is never used for grain, dry farming methods being in vogue, but the hay crop, the beet-yield and gardens are the recipients of its benefits.

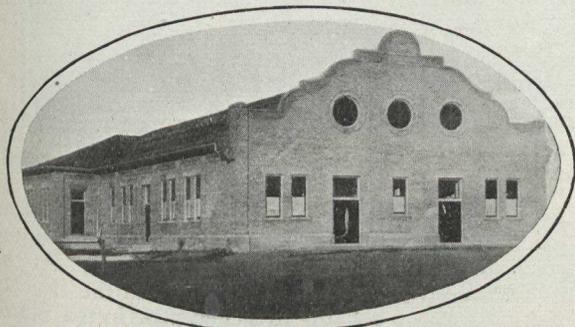
It was odd that a mining man, in search of ranching property, first saw the possibilities of the beet sugar industry in Alberta. Jesse Knight knew that irrigation and beets had made Utah. And Apostle John W. Taylor, with him, had visions beyond beets and sugar, when the Mormons came flocking to a work they knew, visions of a Zion in Canada, and a temple and unutterable growth and glory. So, with a blaze of trumpets, the temporal industry and the church centre were started on their way. The town was named Raymond, after Mr. Knight's son. The factory is there, its highest handling forty thousand tons of beets, with 125 men employed in the busy seasons, the beets yielding 260 pounds per ton, the sugar market mostly in Alberta and British Columbia. The big trouble is the difficulty of securing labour in the beet fields at the two rush seasons, the thinning and the harvesting. Japs come in and Indians are employed, but the labour is inadequate. Too, the farmer finds wheat more remunerative than beets. So, though the sugar industry is a success, and the town of Raymond grown to over two thousand, the time is not fulfilled when Raymond is to be the Zion of Canada and the mysteries of the temple are to be administered therein.

\* \* \*

THE Mormon lives near his church, in touch with its various duties and activities, under the eye of its ecclesiastics. During the day he goes out to his farm, but his garden is in the town, and his lesser agricultural efforts are concentrated there. That is really what the community life of the Mormons in Canada is—just a being together for church and schools and social intercourse, not having possessions in common nor working by co-operative methods, as is the manner of some religious communities. There are the wealthier and those of meagre fortunes, but help is ready and terms easy and patience long for the convert or the married young-and-poor or the shiftless or the foreigner or the unfit or the ignorant. Raymond alone is not four-square, but starts from a centre from which the streets diverge like the radii of a circle. "Ray Knight went to Paris," Mr. Stirling Williams explained, "and came back with different notions."

The church organization and government is founded on the most wonderful system and ramifications, coherent and far-reaching. Talk about paternalism! Talk about the German army! The Mormon Church is a theocratic government wherein the members enjoy a quite abridged liberty in novel contentment; it is an absolute monarchy resting ostensibly upon the consent of the governed. Mr. Card had planned to go to Mexico—the Church sent him to Canada. Mr. Bramwell had a future across the border—the Church suddenly ordered him to

Canada. A young man is busy over his affairs. He is sent on a mission to Turkey, where his father supports him, or his brother, or even his wife, by becoming a book-agent or clerking in a general store. "We go voluntarily," they hastened to assure me; "do not think there is any compulsion." "But why are you willing?" I asked, and received the



OPERA HOUSE, RAYMOND,

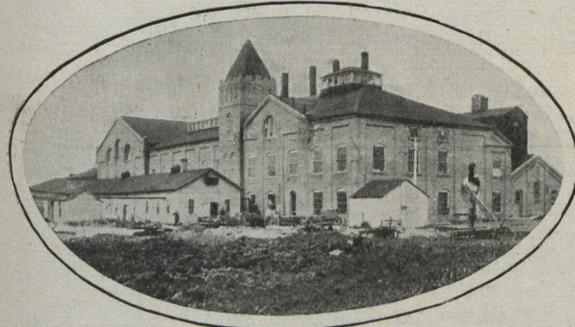
Where they open their entertainment with prayer.

old answer of revelation and the spirit directing the heads of the Church.

What is the connection between the Mormon Church in Canada and the Church in Utah? The Canadian territory is treated exactly as if it were part of Utah. Under the President, Councillors, Apostles and other officers of the Utah Church are the quorums of elders and quorums of teachers, and the quorum of deacons. Where the quorums are is called a Stake. In Canada there are two Stakes, the Alberta Stake, extending from Spring Coulee to the international boundary, and the Taylor Stake, including the territory north from Spring Coulee.

The order is duplicated through the Stakes and through every Auxiliary Organization. There is the Stake President and his two councillors, the quorum of twelve, called the High Council, the quorum of seventy, the quorums of elders and quorums, teachers and deacons. In the two Canadian Stakes are twenty-three wards, each again with a separate and complete organization from a Bishop and two Councillors down to the deacons again, all the Ward organizations being under the immediate supervision of the Stake Presidency. Boys from twelve to fifteen years of age are Deacons, from fifteen to eighteen Teachers, from eighteen to twenty-one Priests, and from twenty-one upwards Elders. Eight years, with the training and teaching given, is considered a sufficiently mature age for baptism, an understanding and experience of faith and repentance. Baptism is by immersion and the laying on of hands for the Holy Spirit.

The Sunday School meets on Sunday morning, and is for everyone. The Young Women's and Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations have separate meetings during the week, and a joint meeting on Sunday evening, which, after the inevitable opening exercises, takes the form of a concert or social, with sometimes a talk on remote lands by a returned missionary. I heard of rather undignified programmes and indecorous audiences in the earlier days, but dignity and decorum are settling more over the gatherings with further culture and the leaven of contact. The Friday night dances are held in the meeting-house, or where there is one, as in Raymond, in the opera-house,



KNIGHT SUGAR FACTORY, RAYMOND.

This is an institution which has played an important role in Mormon industry.

and are also opened with prayer—no secular, you see, and no sacred, and the church brooding alike over devotions and amusements.

This habit, though, of opening and closing everything with prayer, produces occasionally a funny effect. I heard of a council meeting in Magrath which had been scrappy throughout the hours until twelve, nobody had agreed with anybody else and not one motion had been carried. And the voicer of the closing prayer did not even smile when he found himself thanking the Lord for the spirit that had prevailed throughout the evening.

There is the Primary Association for children under fourteen, fully organized like the rest. And

there is the Relief Society for married women. (When I asked about the home life of these people I was told they had no home life to speak of—they were kept busy attending meetings, and it *does* look like it. "Deseret," the honey-bee, the busy bee, is not their motto for nothing.)

I talked a while to Sister Jane Hinman, the President of the Relief Society in Cardston. These pioneer women, with the warm humanity of them and the smiling understanding, get so close to the heart of one. The work of the women of the Relief Society is to look after all poor and sick, whether Mormon or non-Mormon (and they do it, too); to care for the souls of men, to be exemplary in word and deed, to help their husbands, to raise their children properly, to study hygiene and first aid.

Bishop and High Priest and Elder and President sound ecclesiastical enough, but there is no school of theology and no divinity degree and no gaitered apartness about any Mormon divinity. It seems like a game, and big names to please. Every Mormon is taught the same amount of theology, is trained to speak on any occasion and any topic, to give a reason for the hope that is in him. Goodness and living in harmony with church doctrines, paying tithes and being faithful in attendance, these are

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### SENSATIONALISM

EVERY now and then, some one makes an attack upon "sensationalism"—"sensationalism" in the press, in the pulpit, or somewhere else where an appeal is properly being made for public attention. Dignity and dullness have no more effective weapon to employ against success than this parrot cry of "sensation!" Everything that is not dignified and dull is "sensational"; and it is wicked to be "sensational" if the result is to distract attention from the somber and soporific efforts of the dignified and the dull. Sam Jones, who was a rampant "sensationalist" and a tremendous success—equal crimes in the opinion of some critics—was wont to say that there was "no one so dignified as a corpse." When brother ministers complained of the Jones method, the Rev. "Sam" replied that he believed it his duty to preach Christ crucified, but that he did not like to see the pulpit blocked with a man who preached himself dignified.

\* \* \*

NOW what is "sensation"? It is usually an attractive way of presenting a thing. This great family journal, for which I am now writing, is guilty of "sensation" when it puts an interesting picture on the front page, instead of merely mentioning in small and dignified type that "The Monocle Man" has made one of his usual worthy and wholesome contributions. Big headings in the newspapers are called sensational; and "catchy" titles for sermons. When a preacher puts nothing outside of his church except his house number in case you want him for a funeral, and then chooses a text in the Old Testament upon which he discourses learnedly with the aid of an obsolete Encyclopaedia, he is dignified and his regular congregations is gratified and edified—and stupified. Not a disturbing thought drops from the sedate pulpit into the sedentary pew. His people go home with a self-satisfied feeling that they have done their duty that morning by patronizing the "house of the Lord," and that they have the added merit of having done their duty because it was a duty and not because they were tempted thereto by sundry promised mental or moral "sweet-meats" in the form of advertised subjects of a "sensational" or interesting or up-to-date character.

\* \* \*

SUCH a preacher never tries to be interesting. He would be ashamed to be interesting. He trusts, however, that he is a light to erring feet and a moral example to his favoured flock. Now the "sensational" preacher is not like this. Sometimes the wicked and wandering world learn on Friday what he is going to talk about on Sunday; and, if they happen to be interested, they may go to hear what he has to say on the topic which interests them. Now even the dignified preacher ought to think that this may be of some incidental good; for, even if the sermon be worthless and "sensational," the preacher is bound to read a few verses from the Word, and the seed may possibly fall on ground not too hopelessly stoney. Then these "sensational" sermons, though they sin greatly by dealing with modern instead of ancient sins, must give the mind

the qualifications for Priest and Bishop. I found Bishop Harker, of Magrath, a shy, fair, kindly man, hitching up outside of his barn, to drive all day through the mud to his sheep ranch. Bishop Harker, my host told me, was wealthy. President Allan, of the Taylor Stake, is engaged in business. A dark, fine-looking man is the President, but a man of sterner mould than most of his fellows. He was disgruntled when I met him, at Bishop Vaughan's declaration that every Mormon in England should be drowned in the sea. "That man," said President Allan, with conviction, "is a murderer in his heart." I felt quite frightened, but didn't know what I could do about it, and, besides, I wanted to laugh, he was so melodramatic over it. They are so serious and so literal and wear the Bible like a bandoleer, whence they extract isolated texts and shoot them at you from an antique interpretation that so fascinates your curiosity you forget to reply. It is no good, anyway, for what reply can mortal man in a humdrum world make to seeming madness, and why should one bother opposing such a caricature of divinity?

The next article will deal with "Polygamy," a subject which is greatly agitating both the United States and Great Britain.

an impulse toward examining conduct of all sorts to see if it be good or bad. And this must be nearly as good for the wandering worldling as staying at home reading the latest book which he has noticed the "morality department" advertising recently.

\* \* \*

THEN there is the "sensational" newspaper. It prints the sort of news which it imagines the people want to read; and it calls attention to the fact that it is printing the news by putting large-type headings over it. This is very annoying to newspapers who do not know news when they see it, and do not want other people to see it even when they have it; and which consequently have more select circulations than those of the "sensational" sinners. They would far rather have fewer readers and give them good solid reading than attract "the mob" by catering to their depraved desires. Well, they have their reward. Their's is the approval of their own conscience, and that fine sense of superiority to the "mere people." They know better what the "mere people"—the "mob"—the "rabble"—ought to read than the aforesaid "mere people" do themselves. They know it, even if the "mob" never find it out. They are twin brethren of that school of English exporters who insist upon shipping to the benighted foreign market what the English people have long ago decided to be the proper article for the purpose; and who can only pity the poor foreigner when unscrupulous American and German "drummers" get his custom by selling him what he himself thinks proper.

\* \* \*

THERE is, of course, a thing sometimes called "sensationalism" which is nothing of the sort. It is simply plain "lying." The newspaper which indulges in this cheap and easy way of arousing momentary public interest, pays a long price for its folly in the long run. People soon find out that the news in a certain newspaper cannot be depended upon; and they buy other papers. No journal ever yet built up a permanent success on what is technically known as "faking." There is a side of this question which applies to the pulpit as well. The preacher who indulges in superficial studies on subjects he does not understand, finds his level in time. He may excite a good deal of interest to begin with, and his apparent display of learning may deceive the unread; but you may be very sure that there are hearers enough in his congregation who will eventually "catch him out" on this and that point, and will not be reticent about mentioning the fact. The end is certain. The reverend "faker" must get a new congregation.

\* \* \*

BUT what I am trying to say is that there is nothing necessarily wrong in presenting your wares in an attractive form. Even a street accident can be written up vividly or dully; and people who are not asleep will prefer the paper which habitually gives them the vivid description. There is more information about India in a good Annual than in Kipling; but people will read Kipling. So with the pulpit. It is no virtue in a sermon to be a soporific, and it is no vice to deal with subjects in which the people are interested.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR



## Winnipeg Gives Up

WINNIPEG has at last given up the idea of holding a Selkirk Centennial Exhibition. Its five million dollar World's Fair is now one of the dreams which did not come true. The Dominion Government did not refuse to grant half the amount, but it delayed its answer so long that Winnipeg got discouraged.

Winnipeg's progress will not be impeded by this failure to hold an international exposition. The Big City of the West is striding forward at a tremendous rate, and a World's Fair might have retarded instead of accelerating that stride.

Mr. J. A. M. Aikins is out with a suggestion that a statue be erected to Lord Selkirk, and that this be unveiled in 1912. Such a memorial would be more modest, but it would undoubtedly be more lasting. Winnipeg would do well to take up the idea, act quickly, and perform generously a task which will show that its ambitions are not merely material, and that it has the imagination and sentiment which have been behind all great successes of the race.

\* \* \*

## Visiting Press Organizations

CANADA grew tired of the large "press excursions" from the United States because the people who came on these trips were largely summer tourists and not genuine newspaper people. Besides, when a banquet was given them, the body which acted as host usually found itself mulcted for many dollars' worth of silver spoons and other tableware. The ladies of the party were persistent and keen souvenir collectors.

It is now announced that a press party from Ohio will visit Canada this year, exploring the West from Winnipeg to Banff. If the Canadian railway men who are promoting this are wise, they will extract a guarantee that the village editor shall not send his local lawyer or doctor or other chief shareholder to represent him. Otherwise, Canada's reputation for hospitality will suffer somewhat in Ohio. Canada is too busy just now to entertain people who are looking only for free trips on the railways, free meals and souvenir spoons.

\* \* \*

## Tax Reform and Churches

TORONTO'S Tax Reform League has sent a circular to some 3,500 Protestant ministers in Eastern Canada protesting against church exemptions. It points out that the "down-town" churches are selling their property at high prices, because the tax-exemption has enabled them to hold these properties for the "unearned increment." This gives the skeptics a chance to jibe at the "tax-dodgers."

It suggests that Vancouver's rule be adopted. Tax the land and exempt the buildings. Thus a \$50,000 church would pay no more taxes than a \$10,000 church if it were built on a lot of the same size. In London, Ont., for example, this would mean the taxing of land to the value of \$202,000, and the exemption of buildings to the value of \$990,000. This seems to be a sensible compromise.

If the Protestant Churches were to support this principle in every Canadian city, it would eliminate much criticism and establish a just and sound practice. It would also make the Roman Catholic churches less anxious to extend their present practice of acquiring much valuable land for educational and other supplementary church purposes, and holding that land for the profit which comes with the general growth of the municipality. Above all, it would shift to the shoulders of the poor a portion of taxation which should rightfully be borne by the richer church members.

\* \* \*

## The Religious Turmoil

BOTH Protestants and Roman Catholics are keeping their enthusiasms up to the proper degree of summer heat. The Methodist Conferences have been passing strong resolutions against the Ne Temere legislation, and particularly against the enforcement of it through the Quebec Courts. These resolutions have been passed unanimously with great enthusiasm and with the singing

of the national anthem. Just why the national anthem should be substituted for the Doxology it is difficult to understand. So far as Great Britain is concerned it seems to have submitted to the proclamation of Ne Temere without an official protest. Therefore, there seems little justification in appealing to the British Sovereign by means of the national anthem.

It may be that the Methodist leaders believe that the Roman Catholic Church is anti-Canadian and anti-British. There is little justification for such a belief. The Roman Catholic Church pays little attention to nationality, and seldom if ever fights against it. Its Canadian record shows a strong appreciation of such nationality as we have in this country. The Methodist people have every right to fight Ne Temere, but for relief they must look to Ottawa rather than to London. They desire to prevent any Canadian court from giving legal effect to Roman Catholic ecclesiastical decrees. This desire can be gratified by the Canadian Government more quickly and more naturally than by the British Government.

While the Methodists have been displaying their fervour in Ontario the Roman Catholics have been



OFF TO THE CORONATION.

The Canadian Boy Scouts were inspected at Montreal by Earl Grey (left) and Mayor Guerin (centre) before sailing for England.

displaying theirs in Hull. The other day a Baptist missionary was practically forced out of that town while distributing tracts and selling Bibles. For nearly fifty years the Baptist Grand Ligne missionaries have moved freely among the Catholics of Quebec. It would now seem that the Church there has grown tired of its liberal policy and proposes to restrict the sphere of these Protestant missionaries. Most of the Protestant bodies have avoided sending missionaries among the French-Canadian Roman Catholics, but the Baptists have always considered that this work should be carried on. They were not afraid of being charged with proselyting.

Of course, the proper solution of the present situation would be a better understanding between the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant bodies. If each would agree to recognize the other and not to interfere with each other's susceptibilities, religious toleration would follow, and religious toleration is probably more to be desired than religious unity. This constant conflict between Protestant

and Roman Catholic ideals is not salutary nor beneficial. The Roman Catholic Church has more privileges in Canada than it has in any other country in the world, and it would be wisely advised were it to act so that none of these privileges are brought into the danger zone. If it assumes too aggressive an attack towards Protestantism something will happen to disturb the national peace.

\* \* \*

## Whither are We Drifting?

A WHOLE lot of people are getting strangely agitated about our relations to the other parts of the British Empire. For a few years, little has been heard of this puzzle. Everybody seemed to be satisfied, except a few extremists. Col. Denison, Col. Sam. Hughes, and a few of that class wanted some pro-British things they could not get. At the other extreme, was Goldwin Smith and the *Weekly Sun* crowd who steadily preached pro-United States policies. On the whole, however, the general public were pleased and content.

Suddenly all is disquiet and unrest. The Canadian navy question started it and caused the Roblin and Rogers section of the Conservative party to grumble that this was a move towards independence. They wanted to send a ton of gold over to London to be used in repelling a phantom German invasion. At times they got really excited. They took up the morning paper and glanced anxiously over the front page expecting to find that the German invading force had sailed. The news never arrived.

That furore had scarcely died down, before Mr. Bourassa got up a counter-agitation. He saw in the same Canadian navy exactly the opposite danger. It was sure to drag Canada into the wars of Europe and tear the poor inoffensive habitant from his fireside. The Church would be ruined because there would be no one to pay the tithes, or to grow hay and oats for the priests. He got up a fine bit of excitement in Quebec, quite as fine as the militant Tories created in Ontario and Manitoba.

Scarcely had the Nationalist furore died away before Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson got in touch with President Taft. The Conservatives and the protectionist Liberals took another fit. Instead of the previous year's charge that Laurier was leaning towards independence, they began to cry out that Canada was about to be annexed to the United States. Still more curious was Mr. Bourassa's change of attitude. He does not fear reciprocity, and he joins forces with the Opposition.

To cap it all, Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes over to the Imperial Conference and maintains his ancient attitude of "loyalty with autonomy." The *London Globe* and the *Montreal Witness* see in this a chance for a fresh agitation and a fresh "fear." Now Laurier is charged with desiring to break up the Empire. Even the Liberal press is not quite sure about it, and the defenders of the man who has led Canadian opinion for fifteen years are fewer and almost half-hearted. Just why the *London Globe* and the *Montreal Witness* should be accepted as the final authorities on Sir Wilfrid's intentions is hard to explain, but, nevertheless, this is true for the moment.

What will be the result of all this unrest? Nationally the effect should be good. It is well to have things stirred up a bit by new discussions, especially when these relate to really vital aspects of public policy. Canada's status within the Empire is a changing condition, which will always admit of discussion. Our rights and obligations as British subjects vary with our development and with the growth of the Empire itself. Discussion of these impresses each generation as it comes to responsibility with a sense of the breadth, depth and height of imperial citizenship.

Politically it is not likely to have any serious effect upon the fortunes of either party. The status of each, so far as it may be related to Canada's national policy, is fairly well defined. The Conservatives stand for ultra-imperialism, modified by a restrictive trade policy. The Liberals stand for a moderate imperialism, coupled with a fairly liberal trade policy. The division is sufficiently well defined to enable any intelligent person to make up his mind which party he prefers to support. That any important number of voters have swung from either party to the other, as a result of any or all of the exciting discussions of the past two years, is not apparent. The Conservative party has gained slightly, no doubt, and had gained more had it been as compact and as unified as it was when Sir John Macdonald led it. The Liberal party may have lost slightly, but its solidarity and its confidence in its leadership have not been affected to such an extent as to give it cause to fear an appeal to the country.



The start of this year's Derby. There was a large field of class horses.



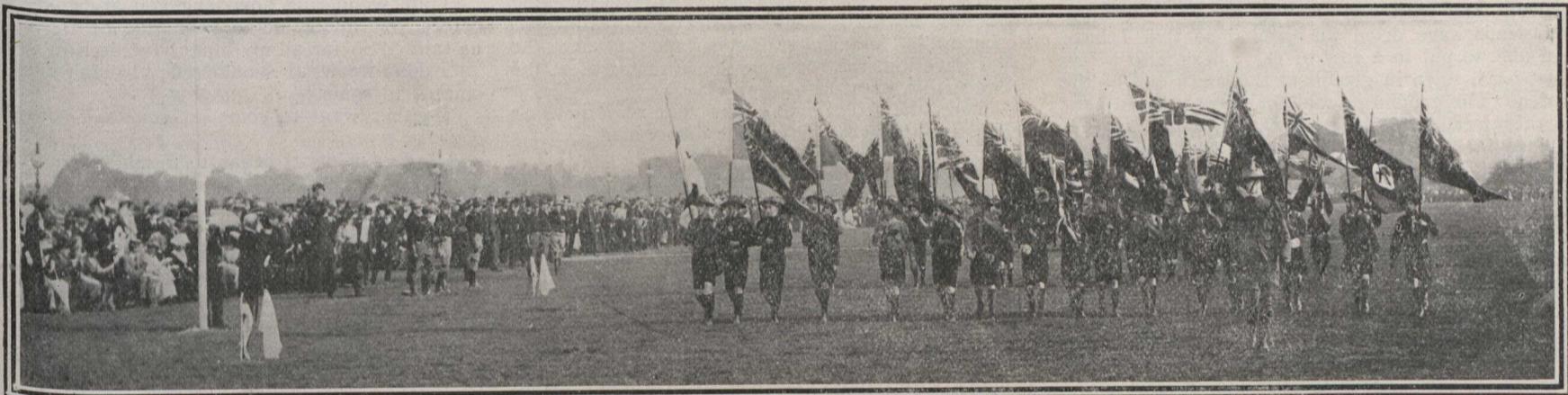
AT THE EATON ATHLETIC DAY.

The Eaton Games at Toronto Island last week were a great success. The feature was the mile walk between Goulding, Canadian champion, and Larned, English champion. Goulding won.



"SUNSTAR," THE DERBY WINNER.

It is said that this horse carried more "public" money than any other favourite for a Derby. Probably a million pounds were bet on him. He won easily.



Empire Day was celebrated in London by a parade at Hyde Park. These Scouts are carrying the flags of Great Britain and the Colonies.

Photograph by Topical.



The Ontario Boy Scouts at the Armouries, Toronto. On Thursday of last week they were escorted to the Station by 20,000 people.

# ROSEMARY IN HER GARDEN

Extracts from a Gardener's Diary  
BY ANNIE MABEL SEVERS



**J**ANUARY 1.—I intend to keep a record of all my garden work this year. It will keep me in touch with it when it is too wet and dreary to be out, and will be of use to me next year.

How I love my little oblong garden, with its tiny orchard at the end, and the row of fir trees along one side to keep off the cold winds that blow from the North Sea! Since I have been left alone—father, mother, sister, all gone—my garden has been everything to me. Friends I have, and dear friends, too, among these kindly village people, but my garden and my little dwelling-house are my very, very own.

I heard a rumour to-day that the house adjoining mine has been let at last. I hope it is not true; though, if the garden were cultivated there would be fewer weeds to creep through the hedge and root themselves in my trim gravel walk, and less thistledown would float inconspicuously over my domain. Still, a tribe of noisy children running about next door would rob me of the seclusion and peace that I prize so highly, for at present, when I am at work in my garden, I am alone in a world of my own, as the two houses stand quite by themselves, and no friendly or unfriendly eye can overlook. I and my garden are enough for each other. I sometimes wish that the low privet hedge that separates the two gardens had been a stone wall or a wood fence; 'twould have cut me off more completely from any undesirable neighbours. But perhaps the new tenant will be a lonely old maid, as I am looked upon by the village people. I am only thirty, and sometimes when I am in my garden, wandering among my flowers in the spring time, I have fancies and follies enough in my head for a lassie of sweet and twenty! But enough of this for to-day. I will away out into my garden and weed and roll my paths before the snow comes. It has been a green Yule, but we must expect the opening month of the year to bring us winter weather.

February 20.—Have had a busy morning in the garden. The frost has gone at last and the high, cold winds have dried the ground so that I have been able to put in a row of early peas, also a few sweet peas, sown in groups at the south end of the garden. The ground is cold for them yet, but they are there ready for the sun's rays when they penetrate so far. My new neighbour, who has, I suppose, been busy putting his house to rights during the cold weather, was also in his garden. He seems to be living quite alone, and one of the village women who goes in to clean for him tells me "he manages wonderful!" He has bought the house, I hear, so he and I are likely to be neighbours for a long time to come. We have just exchanged a "good-morning," and a remark about the weather over the privet hedge. He is busy digging over his land; a hard piece of work, after it has been neglected so long, but he seems to know how to go about it. He is making a great heap of stuff to burn, and thoroughly trenching and manuring as he goes on. He looks to be a man of about forty; I saw his hair was quite grey at the temples as he raised his cap. If only he doesn't drink, or anything of that sort, he will be a quiet, inoffensive neighbour, and I might have had much worse. The snowdrops are nodding in the sun to-day, and a lark has been singing overhead.

March 18.—What a busy month this is, and a typical March it has been so far. The last few days of February were, indeed, "February fill-dyke," for, after a few sunny, mild days we had a heavy snow-storm. Then March came in like a lion, bringing a second edition of the storm. Now the snow has all disappeared, the crocuses are making the borders gay, and a "peck of March dust, which is worth a king's ransom," is whirling down the road. I have at last got a few early potatoes in, also cabbage and cauliflower plants. Have also made a sowing of broad beans, and another row of peas. In this northern climate, and so near the sea, it does not pay to sow many seeds till March has fairly gone. If it goes like a lamb, and April is fine, I shall have to be in the garden all day. The daffodils are beginning to nod their golden buds in front of the laurel hedge that screens my little front garden from the road, the wallflowers are giving promise of flowery sweetness, while the

flowering currant near the gate is a picture of glory when the morning sun shines on it.

My neighbour is still toiling, but has dug over nearly the whole of his wilderness. We have had one or two chats about gardening over the privet hedge. I have given him a few rooted cuttings of herbs for his herb bed. He seemed specially pleased with a rosemary plant—a favourite of his, he said. I felt so vexed with myself afterwards, it seemed so stupid to blurt out like a child: "Oh, that's my name." His face quite lighted up.

"I have never known anyone with that name before," he said. "Rosemary for remembrance."

I turned away abruptly and began hoeing at the other end of the garden. It will not do to have poetry as well as gardening talk over the hedge.

April 30.—What a glorious month this has been. It has seemed like the birth of a new world. The little bed under my kitchen window has been blue with violets; the scent of them is like elixir every time I go in and out. Surely they have never been of such heavenly blue or so sweet as this year. The wallflowers, too, are excelling themselves, while polyanthuses and primroses are shining out of their green leaves as if with a smile of welcome to the spring. It is good to be alive and a garden lover in the spring time. I am often filled with a feeling of ecstasy when I am working among all the growing things. I am nearer to God in my garden than anywhere else, for there I am alone with Him, except for the choir of birds singing their glorious anthem of praise. Even the cuckoo seemed to be saying, "Amen," this morning.

\* \* \*

**M**AY 13.—My neighbour is more fortunate than I in one thing. He has a row of white and purple lilac bushes in the hedge at the other side of his garden, and they are heavy now with fragrant bunches of blossom. I was admiring them this morning when we exchanged our usual greeting over the hedge. This afternoon, when I was making my second sowing of carrots, I heard him call "Miss Rosemary." He has always called me that since the day I gave him the rosemary bush. He was at the hedge with a great armful of lilac.

"There," he said, "if this is in your room it won't be wasting its sweetness on the desert air."

"Lovely!" I exclaimed.

He smiled such a queer smile, and went off to his work, saying, "Yes, but I prefer rosemary."

Rosemary seems a poor favourite now that the spring flowers have come.

There is a wood at the top of a steep lane not half an hour's walk away. Here every May "the bluebells imitate the sky," and I always take a day's holiday to go and dream among them. Yesterday I set off early to spend my day in God's wild garden. A quick walk, full of anticipation, brought me to the edge of the wood; I passed through the gate, and was immediately in fairyland. Above was the delicate green of the trembling beech leaves; below, the fragrant carpet of blue, with green of grass and unfolding fern fronds straying over it. Did I say fairyland? Might I not better say a Temple of the Most High, wherein the soul might worship and lose itself in adoration, as the singing lark lost himself in the blue of the sky as I came up the road? And thousands of people will pay to-night to go and be entertained in vile atmospheres, while I have had this sweet world of beauty to myself for nothing.

June 30.—The month of roses has nearly passed, but the roses are not nearly over. The hedges in the lanes are garlanded with wild roses and honeysuckle; in the garden there is a wealth of blossom. There is plenty of work, too. I am fighting a determined war with weeds this year; it is not so hopeless a conflict now that the garden next door is getting into such good condition. The growing crops look well, and now the pea sticks are in, the garden has a more furnished look. I could almost write a book on "The Art of Pea-sticking!" My neighbour wanted to come and help me put them in, but I told him I had always done them myself, and needed no help. He seemed a bit huffy, I thought, at my refusal, and stalked away saying that I was very independent. He has never been into my garden yet.

July 16.—We had a gloriously wet day yesterday, and most acceptable, as the ground was getting parched and the labour of watering heavy. To-day I have been planting out, as fast as I could, cauliflowers, savoys, and other greens. So hard did I work this morning that my neighbour called to me over the hedge not to overdo it. I took a long rest this afternoon in a deck chair on the gravel walk near my rose border. I have never enjoyed my garden as much as this summer. Nearly everything has done well, and already I am making plans and sowings for next year. To-night I went out in the garden in the dusk to hunt for snails, expecting them to be numerous after yesterday's rain. My neighbour was sitting in his garden, and when I appeared he came to the hedge at once, calling "Miss Rosemary."

I captured two particularly fine black snails that were making for my strawberry bed, then strolled across to the hedge.

"I'm busy," I said; "have you no slugs to catch?"

He laughed. "I'm lazy to-night. Let them feast on my lettuces if they like; I've far more than I shall ever eat!"

We stood talking for some time. The air was soft and sweet, and at the end of the garden a blackbird was giving out little sleepy trills. My heart seemed a-quiver. The beauty of the evening was affecting me strangely. I felt, too, that my neighbour was not untouched by the influences around us.

We were silent for a minute or two, listening to the blackbird which was getting sleepier every moment. Then I began to move away.

"Oh, don't go in yet," he said.

"The slugs—" I began.

"Never mind them to-night; it is too perfect an evening to think of anything so earthly."

I drew my gloves off meekly, and set down my murderous tin of salt and water.

"There," I said, "and how long do you want to keep me standing here?"

"I am wondering how long you are going to be before you invite me to your side of the hedge," he said. "So far all my hints have been in vain."

"I don't know," I stammered; "I didn't know you wanted to come."

"I either want to come on your side, or you to come on mine."

All of a sudden I began to tremble—why, I don't know.

"It's too late now," I said hastily, "you couldn't see anything."

"Come for a stroll to the top of the lane," he said, unexpectedly; "do, it's a shame to go indoors yet."

\* \* \*

**HESITATED.** A village is a very public place.

All one's actions are noticed and talked over. But it was nearly dark, and we were not likely to meet many people in the long, steep lane that led to my bluebell wood.

"All right," I said, "I'll meet you at the front gate."

We were very quiet at first as we walked up the lane in the gloaming. Then he began to talk in a quiet way that seemed to fit in with the still beauty of the night.

"You don't know what it means to me," he said, "to have someone to talk to like this. I have been a lonely chap all my life, for I have not the knack of making many friends. I think I am too old-fashioned. The world goes so fast nowadays, I don't feel as if I want to keep up with it; God and His beautiful world have quite satisfied me—till I knew you," he added after a pause.

By the time we had reached the top of the hill he had told me much of his history. He had had a motherless childhood, with a cold, self-contained father, then a strenuous business life, from which he had retired as soon as possible, sick of the competition and unreality of such a life.

"Now," he said, "I am happier than I have ever been in my life. I have enough for my simple wants, and am able sometimes to afford the luxury of helping others. I have my garden—and you," he added softly, "for I may count on your friendship, mayn't I? And above all," he said reverently, "I

(Continued on page 29)

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Blissful June.

JUNE, blissful June, is with us once more, weaving her garlands of roses and honeysuckle more beautiful than before, sending the imaginative maiden off into the places of woody solitude, to dream the hours away, and the small boy into the woods to extract the fragrant leek from its growing place.

Every June is associated with two events in particular, graduations and June weddings. Every small boy goes whistling blithely along the streets, always on the alert for some white-ribboned cab or, if he be in the country, some carriage, gaudily ornamented by several cast-off articles of footwear, a number of tin-sounding instruments, and in fact every available bit of absurdity which can be hung from a string. The poets hie themselves into the places nearest Nature, by babbling brooks and rippling waves and all the numerous touches which this great painter has dabbed on the big world. The washerwoman, hands on hips, pauses long enough above her steaming tub to exclaim jubilantly at the robins who have risen early just to keep her company and sing a carol to her from the nearby treetops. Even the tired "hired man," coming home to supper ceases to regard them with so much disfavour as they flit down to pick a grain or two out of the freshly harrowed soil. For June has a way of making herself felt and felt very lovingly, which accounts for the victories of young Dan Cupid, who smiles blithely, as he fills his quiver. Perhaps he is responsible for the pretty blushes the sun and wind seem to bring to the maiden's cheek, as she dips her paddle into the lake, perhaps it is he who whispers thoughts to her as she lies dreaming on some mossy bank. For she smiles as she dreams, and the breezes play with her hair. Oh, the pure deliciousness of June!

### Shops vs. Domesticity

A RECENT number of a popular women's magazine has raised a cry as to the incompetence of shop girls, and the numbers of incompetent ones who are constantly applying for positions. It mentioned figures in such alarming percentages as eighty-two, who were refused on account of incompetence, while the meagre eighteen per cent. remained to while away the factory hours from day to day.

All of which goes to show that the motive of every girl who applies for a position in a shop is a pecuniary one. Money is the goal, and since there appears no other road leading to that goal, the one by way of the shop or factory is chosen. How sordid it is! The eternal dollar glitters and sways elusively, the callow hand reaches feebly toward it, and presto, first thing it knows the dollar is clasped feverishly in a hot palm. The education of the average child is from the book which instills into the receptive mind the idea that the end all and be all of every grown child's life should be to get out into the by-paths of life and wander along by the dollar-dipped streams, which are numerous enough if one has only the gumption to find them. Result little Johnnie or Mary "don't take much schoolin'," and are thrust out in early tens, to find those apparently unfindable paths, long before their ethical legs are strong enough to hold them. What wonder if they wobble at the knees, and sink finally in a little unmoral heap by the side of the dollar-dipped stream? Almost instinctively girls are born with an antipathy-spoon in their mouths, against dish-washing and all its adjuncts. They shrink from the sight of a sink as they would from a striped rattlesnake, or an onion sandwich, and invent some important business for the hour directly following lunch and dinner, usually the five finger exercise or the Dublin Rag. Most miraculously the Rag ends at the precise moment the dishpan finds itself hanging on the accustomed nail

in the kitchen, all of which goes to explain why there are so many applications pouring in daily to every factory and department store in the Dominion. The idea of being a common domestic is so humiliating, you know, "a servant! Well, I should say not!" Followed by much superciliousness, a toss or two of the much-puffed head and a look which would squelch any member of the kitchen brigade. Alas! who would not prefer a day in a well-regulated household, where there are plenty of key-holes and enough worldly wisdom to fill a thousand encyclopedias, to eight or nine hours in a crowded department store, where the air is foul and the bargain counters oppressive? Where one must stand all day and smile and say, "Yes, madame," in the most sweetest tone, when one's head is splitting and there are blisters on the feet, almost as large as the silver dollars one strives to accumulate. The parlour maid is privileged to wear just as many puffs as the little blonde behind the ribbon counter, the cook can talk to the postman just as long as the demonstrator of Eureka cream can loitre with the travelling gentleman who has run in to buy some sunburn lotion. It is worth while thinking over. The two roads are worth comparing, for the advantages in being a chamber-maid or cook are almost illimitable.

\* \* \*

### The Bride

BRIDES, bouquets, blushes, all of them lulled in the lap of June. My word, what a beautiful picture! The bride must always be a blushing one, else the old, old epithets would vanish and the time-aged customs would be swallowed up in a vast sea of modernism, which would never do in all the world. For brides must always be the same, whether they be arrayed in a mountainous billow of crenoline, a shallow expanse of hobble or a Turkish effect of harem. They are all dear, sweet things, every one of whom has just married the only man in all the world. Oh, the illimitation of that only man! How he stands always on the *qui vive*, to assist the blushing bride in the adjustment of her hat-pins, how he jumps to push her chair in at the hotel table, on the honeymoon, and rushes around on the boat to bring her an ice, or a ginger ale, or a packet of chiclets! By the end of the three months' honeymoon, the little bridegroom attributes have vanished, and the bride begins to wander in the same old rut in which all her predecessors wandered, ever since Eve took that sinful bite. The beautiful creation about which the society editor wrote such glowing epi-

thets seems as a curtain which had been suddenly drawn aside, to show a new world; by the end of six, the wedding silver begins to look prosaic in its stolid row on the buffet—donated by the choir of which the bride was a most enthusiastic member—and by the time the beautiful blushing bit of sweetness has presided over the only man in the world's coffee for three hundred and sixty-five days, there have appeared other masculine figures on the earth, and the beautiful bride has become what countless other blushing brides became years before, a tired housewife, going monotonously about her daily duties, who looks at the Brussels net veil with a smile and wonders why the other men had not walked the earth a year before.

\* \* \*

### Queen Mary's Crown

A VERY important bit of jewel modelling has been completed in London, in the making of a new crown for Queen Mary, of which she is the designer. There is an elegant lace-like tracery of diamonds on the outside, with the kohinoor set in the centre. It is to be used only at the Coronation, after which ceremony the jewels will be reset in different articles.



MRS. ROBERT FALCONER

wife of the President of the University of Toronto, who takes a deep interest in the University women.

SINCE the day, not very long past, when it was finally impressed on the masculine intelligence that a woman could share the advantages of higher education without becoming a social pariah, the path of the feminine aspirant to a university degree has been strewn with more roses and fewer thorns. But, like the man from Missouri, both faculty and undergraduates had to be "shown." And it is to the gracious tactful "showing" of women like Miss Balmer, Miss Charlotte Ross and Miss Edith Curzon, that the girl undergraduates of Toronto University largely owe the privileges and liberties they enjoy today.

The social life of the university was from the first a factor in that of the city; the annual *Conversazione* being for years one of the most important functions of the social season. As the society game is essentially a feminine pastime, the advent of women to the university naturally had a considerable bearing on this phase of academic life.

When the men undergraduates realized that a girl could have curly hair, a rose leaf complexion, and still be mentally capable of struggling with the intricacies of combinations and permutations, or imbibing the philosophy of the classics, they gladly accepted their new comrades. It was back in the early nineties that the women students received their first invitation to join the men at the Graduation dinner. Indeed so strong was the desire for the presence of the ladies that the men were willing to make any concessions to secure it, even to the forgoing of wines and tobacco; this being a tip which I present to the W. C. T. U.

At this transition time, when the precedents now accepted were being established, the women students turned often for advice to Mrs. Ramsay Wright. Her sympathy and interest seemed always unflinching, even as her judgment and social tact were unerring. Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Squair were two other ladies of the Faculty set, whose generous hospitality was especially appreciated, and who, with Mrs. Wright, have had a great influence on the social life of the undergraduates.

To-day the number of social affairs in which both men and women participate has materially increased. Yet it is safe to say that this greater familiarity has in no wise bred contempt. True, there arises from time to time some man who inflicts on a long-suffering public, reasons why the 800 women now attending the University of Toronto should be abolished.

With the affiliation of University College, Victoria, Trinity, and the Medical School, each having its quota of girl students, the social aspect has become four-fold. The first three have residences for women; and one taste of undergraduate hospitality, as dispensed in these Adamless Edens, is sufficient to induce a lasting desire for more.

In many respects Queen's Hall and St. Hilda's are most alike socially; the chief difference between these two and Annesley Hall being that the latter puts the ban on dancing. As for the Women's Medical School, owing to its numerical smallness and divergent interests, one can best describe it in the words of the old German as "the bird mit one feather that goes by itself." For while they have a fair share of festivities, there is little mingling with the Arts students, and consequently a lack of the social in- (at 10.30 p.m.), or the "hair-dying" tercourse existing between the other colleges.

The girls of University College are divided into Queen's Hall and non-

## WHEN COLLEGE GIRLS PLAY

By LOUISE MASON



St. Hilda's (Toronto) Hockey Team.



The Trophies Won by St. Hilda's (Toronto) in 1910-11.



Scene from a "Mad March Hare," one of the University dramatic efforts.



This room was proclaimed by Earl Grey, on a recent visit, to be the prettiest in the University of Toronto.

resident students. Between these two factions there is a gentle rivalry which, however, promptly disappears when it becomes a question of "rooting" for their tennis, basket-ball, or hockey team. As both the other arts colleges are equally enthusiastic on the subject of sports, the struggle for

supremacy is always keen. Last year University College captured all the championships, and celebrated their victory by a dance at the *Aura Lee*. This year St. Hilda's appropriated the trophies, and their cheering took the form of a special dance in Easter week.



In addition to the regular college functions, an interesting annual event is the masquerade, given on Guy Fawkes' night, at Queen's Hall—for girls only. At first glimpse of the festive scene one imagines that the last phrase was a mistake; but a more careful scrutiny convinces you that clothes certainly do not make the man—although they sometimes provide a very fair imitation.

Mere dressing-up does not, however, satisfy the more ambitious students. University College in the last two years has won well-deserved fame for the French, German and Italian plays presented by the Modern Language Club. The yearly entertainment given by the Queen's Hall students in honour of the Professors and their wives, almost invariably takes the form of a play. While the good work done by the Dramatic Club is too well known for further comment. The St. Hilda's girls are also adepts in the dramatic realm; their skill in "making-up" being clearly evidenced in the *Wild March Hare* impersonations pictured on this page.

But is it as hostesses that the St. Hildian's really excel. From the Annual Dance to the mid-night supper (at 10.30 p.m.), or the "hair-drying" party, they do everything with an artistic finish and charming hospitality that serves to make their festivities almost embarrassingly popular.

Annesley Hall does about the same amount of entertaining as her sister residences, although it differs widely in character. Particularly is this true of the Commencement celebrations. This year the latter included a house party at Maple Farm, Sutton, where the girls of the graduating class spent a delightful week under the chaperonage of Miss Addison. On their return to town, they entertained the city girls over night at Annesley Hall; the hilarity that marked the evening being followed by the more sober joys of a breakfast and luncheon the next day.

Commencement week was indeed unusually full of gay doings; perhaps as a reaction from last year, when the death of the King cancelled everything except Convocation. Tuesday afternoon the University College girls had a tally-ho drive, followed by a tea; and in the evening presented the play, "King Rene's Daughter," before a large and enthusiastic audience, in Convocation Hall. On Thursday a luncheon, the United Alumnae Dinner, and the reception given by the University authorities in honour of the graduating classes, tended to make the participants feel like a Vice-Regal party on tour. Then, Friday, the great day, with its impressive pageant across the lawn to Convocation Hall, the conferring of degrees, the delightful hour at the Senate Garden Party in the quaint precincts of the old quadrangle, and lastly the Graduation Dance, the final undergraduate gathering of 1911, marked the close of another academic year of work and play.

# WINNIPEG MERRYMAKERS

By KENNETHE M. HAIG



"Iji ittiki, ki yi yip,  
Manitoba, Manitoba, rip, rip, rip,  
Kana keena wah wah, kana keeka tah,  
Go it Toba, go it Toba,  
Rah, Rah, Rah,  
M-a-n-i-t-o-b-a—Manitoba."

NO, it is not the war whoop of the Blackfoot or the Cree braves, just the college yell of Winnipeg's rah rah boys and fair co-eds. On they come, an ever-increasing throng, with their mortar boards and gowns, forming a striking proof of the wonderful progress of the great West.

But the story I'm telling you to-day is not of the West, or even of Winnipeg, but it is of Winnipeg's college girls at play. Manitoba University is composed of several affiliated colleges, and three of it's Arts' colleges, Manitoba (Presbyterian), St. John's (Anglican), and Wesley (Methodist), are co-educational. The Varsity co-eds with their sisters of

Havergill Ladies' College make up Winnipeg's college girls.

The recipe for college joy as made in Manitoba: Take tennis and basket ball in Manitoba's glorious autumn out-of-doors; as winter comes on add equal parts of snowshoe tramps across gleaming snow fields, skating parties on campus rink, and up the moon track of the river, the breathless delight of a toboggan slide and the gymnasium field day; slip in a few sleigh drives and season with extract of college *esprit de corp*; serve young.

The second course will consist of the college play, the pickle spread, the thrilling mystery surrounding the initiation of the apprehensive "freshettes," the little informal dance and the class supper. As Margaret Manitoba put it, "College life is just too utterly utter."

Margaret expressed her soul's ecstasy in those clear terms just as she passed her plate for a second helping of pork and beans. You see, to begin at the beginning, it was on a snowshoe tramp. Away they had swung, the toque and sweater brigade, miles

across the crusty snow, and now they were resting in the shelter of the bank of the Red River, watching eagerly the pot of incense as it bubbled over the camp fire. If, Mrs. Sceptic, you consider boiling pork and plebian beans far removed from incense, visit the college winter picnic on the Red River and experience a change of heart.

Babs St. John agreed entirely with Margaret, for had not her hockey team come off victorious the night before. For that matter so did Elizabeth Wesley and Beatrice Havergal. Beatrice was captain of her college hockey team, the same seven that had won the annual match with the gallant knights of the stick from St. John's college school.

When the Professor of Chemistry gravely explained to Elizabeth that the upper portion of a dish of water might be frozen while the lower was being made to boil, Elizabeth nodded that she understood exactly. It was just like the tobogganing; one was gaspingly afraid and utterly glad just at the same time.

Gymnasium field day is quite one of the most important crises of life, at least so thinks the Winnipeg college girl. It decides the fate of classes. The list of gymnasium "stunts" is drawn up, and each class selects it's girls who will represent it in the events. The Mistress of Ceremonies proclaims the day open, and for some hours the matter of fact old gymnasium is treated to a scene of waving colours and class yells, with intervals of intense silence. The class which gets the most points wins the cup. Then follows the spread, with it's toast list and gay songs; the girls, intense rivals an hour before, are one glad group again ready to congratulate and rejoice with the victors. Winnipeg's college girls are good losers, and, what is harder, good winners.

Beatrice, Margaret, Babs and Elizabeth are all declaring that there are ever so many more "good times"—the historic Hallowe'en masquerade, the Michelmas taffy pull, the annual Christmas tree, with it's "really appropriate" presents, and ever so many more events.

## SOME HALIFAX JUNE BRIDES

THE marriage will take place on June 20th, of Barbara Lois, only daughter of Dr. A. H. Mackay, of Halifax, and Professor Everett Fraser, of George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson will be the scene of a pretty wedding on June 28th, when their daughter, Bessie, will become the bride of Mr. Harry Dean Liversedge, England. Miss Ferguson will be greatly missed in Halifax, having been a teacher of piano at the Conservatory of Music, hence very prominent in musical circles.

\* \* \*

On the evening of June 14th, at Fort Massey Presbyterian Church, the marriage took place of

Halifax, was the scene of a quiet wedding on June 8th, when her daughter, Emma L., was united in marriage to Mr. J. E. Wilson, of New York.

\* \* \*

The wedding took place on June 6th, at Queen's University, Kingston, of Miss Katie Gordon, elder

daughter of Rev. D. M. Gordon, D.D., principal of Queen's, to William Folger Nickle, K.C., M.P.P., the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Mackie, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Miss Minnie Gordon was bridesmaid and James Richardson assisted the groom as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Nickle left for a short trip to the East.



MISS LOIS MacKAY

Claire, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stephen, to Mr. Percy Clairmont Pope, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, at Weston, Ont.

\* \* \*

The home of Mrs. John MacInnes, Young Avenue,



MISS BESSIE FERGUSON



MISS CLAIRE STEPHEN



MISS EMMA McINNES



# The Shadow on the Dial

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

## A Dream

With parted lips and wreathed head  
Thou comest with the newly dead.  
They, strange-eyed, pace the golden way;  
Thy step is light, thine eyes are gay.

O pass and never speak to me;  
Long since have I forgotten thee—  
Long since, and it is better so;  
O Love, ere I remember, go.

—Monica Peveril Turnbull.

THE little book, "A Short Day's Work," from which the above poem is taken, came into my hands by chance quite recently, though it was published in London in 1902, a year after the author's death. Monica Turnbull was an English girl, who lived a gracious English life, sheltered, rounded, and content among the green Derbyshire hills; happy in mother and father and the adored younger sister, in the friendly birds and animals for which she had so passionate a tenderness, in her deep sympathy with Nature. That was her life. She had "Duties enough and little cares, And now was quiet, now astir, Till God's hand beckoned un-awares." She and her sister both died within a few weeks of each other, from the effects of the same accident. Dorothea was twenty-one, Monica a year older.

From the critic's point of view, the trouble with the book is that no criticism is really possible. There is a preface, a reticent little biography, signed by initials that are surely those of her mother and father. And after reading that preface, it is as impossible to criticize the book as it is to criticize "Jackanapes," or "They." It simply becomes an assault upon the feelings. The very best of her verse has the delicate precision of black-and-white, a freshness, a wistfulness not unusual to gifted youth, as of a bird's voice singing in the rain. She had the gift of finality of description, and I cannot resist quoting "The Crown Imperial" to illustrate it. But after all it is better to let her songs speak for themselves. Her day's work was so very short she knew nothing of the burden and heat thereof; it is hard to foretell what development Time might have given her limited, exquisite, austere gift; yet I cannot help fancying that where she is gone, R. L. S. was very glad to see her.

## The Crown Imperial

Golden from the imperial crown  
Seven oval cups hang down.  
All the dews of heaven fall  
Upon the crown imperial.

Spirits of the undying spring,  
Rise and show us of this thing;  
Why, when daisies tilt the chin  
Gazing Heaven's depths within,  
Th' imperial flowers from their birth  
Look upon the face of earth.

—Monica Peveril Turnbull.

\* \* \*

OUT on the bowling green, under the big oaks, the sprinkler is going all day long, and the robins sprawl and splatter in the wet grass with an abandon characteristic of the race. When they find a particularly choice little puddle they proclaim it joyfully, and the sparrows get envious. Anyone visiting Toronto for the first time could hardly—in the language of the guide books—fail to be struck with the lavish waste of water that goes on with our gardening, and our extreme economy thereof in the matter of horse-troughs and dog-troughs. The old-fashioned horse-troughs, with their miserable little dribble of water, are scarcely, in number and quality, adequate for a village one-quarter the size of Toronto; and except for a few humane folk may their tribe increase—who place water on their front lawns, no one seems to think of the most com-

mon charity to the dogs. There is scarcely a place, in half-a-dozen miles of baking asphalt, where the friend of man can get a drink on a hot summer day.

\* \* \*

MISS LUCIA—pronounce it Spanish fashion, if you please—is a dear. There are lots of dears in the world, but not many, in this part of it at least, of just her type of dearness. She is small and thin and delicate, and she dresses in soft greyish blue silk. Her indomitable spirit, her paradoxical power of unselfish self-assertion, her humour, have saved her from becoming an Auntie, though sometimes she deceives the unelect. She is very fond of animals; but she has lived in the city all her days, and does not know very much about them. It was in a moment of unusual expansiveness, following tea and buttered cakes, that she confessed that her ambition has always been to know a lot about horses.

Miss Lucia generally refers to any sort of horse as "it," just to be on the safe side. Yet, she says, she cannot let one pass without giving a knowing glance at its legs, just to impress the coachman. This worries her a great deal, and lies very heavily on her soul.

"I know," says little Miss Lucia, "that I am a miserable deceiver, my dear. The legs, I believe, are a very important part of a horse, and so are its feet; and so I look at them critically, not, I hope, for the pleasure of giving people a false impression, but just to make-believe to myself. I always feel very guilty after doing so, but such is my weakness that I have been known to derive a whole lot of guilty satisfaction by staring hard at what I think is called the off fore—though that sounds like golf—of a horse that was being exercised in the park, until the groom got down and looked at it himself. I felt quite proud after that. I would give anything in the world to be able to wear top-boots and spurs and tap them with a riding switch."

She looked upon us all sweetly, and the Lone Man tried to hide a grin in a two-inch tea-cup. But afterwards we heard him sigh, and saw him look at Miss Lucia very gently. He is old and wise, the Lone Man, and perhaps he was thinking of the lifetime of repression that lay behind the little lady's incongruous confession. "It is hard to see," he said suddenly, after a long silence, "what is to be done with the 'desires of our hearts' in any other existence than this one." And he said a lot more, beautifully, whimsically, tenderly, and people listened as they do when the Lone Man talks. But Miss Lucia set her mouth firmly, and I knew that in her devout mind she would not yield her top-boots and spurs for all the wings and haloed fires of all the principalities and powers of the Heavenly Kingdom.

It is a devastating picture she leaves one with. But I think the Lone Man would tell us that the Kingdom itself was once said to be of such as she.

\* \* \*

THIS is the story of the mare of Lutf Ali, as they used to tell it among the wandering horsemen of the plains.

Lutf Ali, the son of a driver of asses, a loader of firewood; upon his father's shoulders were the scars of the sticks of the running footmen who went before the carriages of the great, and upon his feet the scars of the stones. But Lutf Ali rode himself in the carriages, and his feet were shod with scented leather, and all fortune and all wealth were his, so that he had nothing left of which he might say, "I desire it." For he was a great vizier, and led the armies of the king.

One day he was watching his workmen dig a new canal in the garden of his summer palace, where the shadows of the sycamores lay black upon the white gravel, and the roses bloomed so late that men said the Spring wandered into the gardens of Lutf and fell asleep there. One of the workmen found a jar buried in the earth, and when Lutf opened the seal thereof, he found within a djinn, who in gratitude gave him a gift. Wise men say that the man who takes gifts from the djinnee is as one who drinks wine from the cup of his enemy.

For the djinn took a flame of fire, the shadow

of a leaf that moved in the wind, a cloud of the sky, and the breath of the wind that blows from the snow. These he moulded with a little dust, and gave to Lutf Ali in gratitude for his release. And lo, the dust and the flame, the wind and the shadow were a red mare; she was fierce as the flame, tireless as the wind, quiet as the cloud in the sky. And this virtue also went with her. When the snows of Demavend were white in the moon and the bulbul called among the orchards of apricots, Lutf Ali had but to kiss the mare upon the white star of her forehead, and she became a dancing-girl, who danced like a leaf in the wind, was tameless as a shadow, swifter than a cloud, and fiercer than any fire. Such were the words of the djinn.

Wise men say that whosoever takes gifts from the djinnee is as one who slays himself with a sword covered with roses.

Lutf Ali called his red mare Shah-Susana, and her fame was on the lips of men. When Lutf mounted her it was as if a red flame ran through his blood; and when she smelled the battle and screamed aloud, men were as slain with fear before the sword came.

"There is none so great as Lutf Ali," said they, "and the wrath of Allah is in the red mare."

Lutf Ali held the red mare more dear than all his possessions. At dawn he would go to her and lay his hand upon her head and say, "How is it with thee, O Golden Fire? How is it with thee, Shah-Susana?" And at evening he would give her sweet water with his own hands, and her corn was strewn with the petals of golden roses, and the fringes of her bridle were of gold.

But if Lutf Ali went to lay his lips upon the face of the mare, she bent her head and her wild eyes were softened with tears; so her master yielded to her will. He had a thousand fair dancing girls, but there was but one Shah-Susana.

Month by month Lutf Ali waxed greater and more great because of Shah-Susana. He led his armies to battle, and returned with slaves and hostages. He overthrew cities and laid before the king all the spoils of conquered people. And he grew hard of heart and proud.

Now the king made a great feast in the gardens of the royal city and Lutf Ali, the poor ass-driver's son, lay at his right hand, and the king would have Shah-Susana led before him by a golden bridle, and all the princes praised her.

Then the king spoke to Lutf. "We have heard, O my friend," said he, stroking his beard, "that there is still an enchantment upon the mare, so that at the touch of thy lips she would become a dancing-girl more lovely than a young cypress tree. But though there are many wonders hid in the hand of Allah, this is hard to believe."

Then the heart of Lutf Ali swelled with pride, and he bowed before the king. "Behold," he said, "the moon is full, and the orchards are in bloom along all the rivers of the land. Let my lord the king watch and believe. As the spirit said, so will I do."

When the red mare heard him she shook the grooms from her head and reared erect, and the fire of her eyes was like the fringe of a storm; when Lutf Ali laid his hand upon her she trembled and screamed aloud, and her cry was as the cry of the storm-wind in the passes, and the heart of the king was shaken. But Lutf Ali laughed the laugh of a boaster, and he kissed the mare upon her forehead. And she was no longer a red mare, but a girl who laughed in the face of the king, and danced like the shadow of a leaf with feet that were like flames of gold and beat the hearts of men into the dust.

In her beauty it was as if the years of our days were not, and the sun and the moon were one, and the princes paid no heed to dawn or evening nor noon, and the great vizier was deaf to the voices asking justice at his gates. They saw nought but the feet of the girl who danced in the gardens, cold as a swift cloud, fleet as the wind, and fierce as a burning fire.

Presently a great cry rose among the people, but none heard. And men brought word that the conquered cities were revolting, but none heard. And pestilence walked among the orchards even unto the walls of the king's home, but none heeded.

Then the enemies of the land gathered themselves together, their captains and their horsemen, and they came down upon the king's city and entered in and possessed it, and none warred with them. And they came to the king's gates and broke them down, and the princes and the king and Lutf Ali were slain as they fled.

And of Shah-Susana they heard no more than a cry that went past them on the wind. So says the old story. But there seems to be a moral in it somewhere.

CANADIANS IN LONDON

GREAT interest was created among the Canadians in London, over the marriage of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P. for Sunderland, to Miss Margery Spencer, which took place on May 23rd, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Canon Henson, the Bishop of British Columbia, and the Rev. Herbert Athill, being the officiating clergymen.

The ceremony was made still more impressive by the presence of a detachment of the Canadian Squadron of King Edward's Horse, who lined the aisle during the service. Mr. Greenwood is Captain of this Squadron.

Some of the guests included Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Burns, Mrs. Lloyd George, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Amery, Mrs. Colin H. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Donald Armour, Hon. Mrs. Howard, and Major-General F. W. Benson.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to record again the victory of our Canadian Miss Dorothy Campbell, who, on the links of the Royal Portrush Club, in May, defeated Miss Violet Hezlett in the final by three up and two to play. Miss Campbell, who holds the United States and Canadian championships at golf, won the Scottish championships on three occasions, and the English in 1909. She learned the game at North Berwick.

\* \* \*

London is already swarming with Americans, by which term we mean people from the Northern, as well as the Southern, part of the country. Some are waiting to be presented at court, some do not anticipate the honour, some have been presented, among them Mrs. F. Orr Lewis, of Montreal and Hatfield, Herts, who was presented by Mrs. Dawson. She wore a gown of shell pink tulle over pink satin Anglaise, embroidered in feather design.

A charming young debutante, Miss Iris Howard, wearing a Parisian gown of white satin and silver, trimmed appropriately with white iris, was presented by her mother, who was dressed in apricot satin with train of cream brocade, the whole trimmed with rich oriental bead embroidery. Mr. John Howard has represented Nova Scotia in London for many years.

\* \* \*

Homesick Canadians longing for a peep at their dear land might well have imagined themselves back again, at the recent reception given at the Foreign Office, by Lord Beauchamp, in honour of the Dominion's Ministers. Such familiar faces as Sir William and Lady Mackenzie's were seen, and Mr. Sanford Evans, of Winnipeg, strolled through the fine old corridors, chatting with Mrs. Colin Campbell. Mrs. Redford, of Montreal, came with her uncle, Lord Mount Stephen, and Lord Strathcona talked interestingly with Lord Minto, of Canada and the Canadians. Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. L. S. Amery, one of England's most popular brides, were also present.

\* \* \*

Several Canadians were among the number who were summoned for the next court, some of them being Miss Catherine Welland Merritt and Mrs. James Scott, who were presented by Mrs. Harcourt, wife of the Minister of the Colonies; Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Grace Cawthra, and Miss Ridout.

\* \* \*

Our English cousins are beginning to appreciate the gifts of Canadians in art. Quite a large circle of English friends as well as several Canadian ones were present at the musicale given by Miss Edith Miller, at 101 Queen's Gate. Lady Kirkpatrick, always an enthusiastic patron of the singer, wore black, with a waist-deep V of filmy lace veiling and blue satin corsage bandeau. Lady Allan, who was also present, wore black satin and black hat with white ospreys.

\* \* \*

The State Ball, which was given in honour of the German Emperor and Empress, was another meeting place of Canadians, there being among the number, Sir Thomas and Lady Tait, Sir William and Lady MacKenzie, Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Win-



Miss Dorothy Campbell driving off from first tee.



Miss Campbell holding her cup. Miss Hezlett seated opposite.



Hamar Greenwood and his bride leaving the church.

nipeg, and Mrs. Cawthra. Only those have been presented at court may attend a court function.

\* \* \*

Mr. Balfour's presence at any gathering always serves as a magnet, and when Mr. Balfour is to speak at any meeting, the magnet proves stronger than ever. At the mass meeting in Albert Hall, for the furtherance of Imperial preference, several representatives of our Dominion listened to this renowned speaker. Two boxes of them sat side by side, in the grand tier, the occupants of one being Mr. and Mrs. Donald McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. Max Aitken, and Mrs. Sifton and some friends. In the other were noticed Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin, Miss Ethel Mackenzie, and others. Miss Merritt and Miss Gertrude Tait were present, in another box, and also Mrs. Albert Gooderham, with some friends.

\* \* \*

Every ship brings more Canadians to the old land. Every bell rings out a welcome to them, and every hostess seems anxious to include the representatives of the fairest colony, in her list of invitations. No organization is lauded more than the I. O. D. E., members of which are very busy attending to their social and business duties. There was

the dance at the Ramblers' Club, by Mrs. Popplewell, the tea on the terrace of the House of Commons, given by Mrs. James Lowther, wife of the Speaker; the dinner party to meet the Duchess of Connaught; the reception given by Lady Helen Munroe-Ferguson, who asked about forty of the members to meet her mother, the Dowager Lady Dufferin, who says that her happiest days were spent in Canada. 'Tis a gala time for Canadians, a time which will live long in the memories of all the old land visitors.

Among the number who have lately arrived in London are many more, who are rushing over at the latest possible moment, to see the Coronation. Some of these are, H. P. Anderson and the Misses Anderson, Toronto; Miss Betts and Mrs. Clarkson, Toronto; C. F. DeBrisay, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rutherford, Colborne; Dr. Irwin, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Murphy, Toronto.

\* \* \*

Exceptionally jolly was the wedding of Mr. Claude Bryan, to Miss Furness, much of the jollity being the effervescing effect of the bridegroom's boyish exuberance. Perhaps this exuberance was due to the presence of so many of his compatriots, nearly all of whom received an invitation. His old friend, Casey Baldwin, was there, with Mrs. Baldwin. And Miss Merritt was present, wearing a handsome gown of grey satin, with an overdress of net wrought with pink velvet roses. Sir William and Lady Mackenzie came in, during the reception, and Miss Norah Casey, until recently acting in one of the big London theatres, came with her uncle, Mr. Biggar. The bride's greatest friend, Lady Jellicoe, came from Gibraltar for the wedding. Mrs. Bryan was bridesmaid to Lady Jellicoe, on her marriage three years ago, to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

\* \* \*

The second last court, held on May 24th, was the most interesting of all so far, to Canadians, there being eighteen presented. These included Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Grace Cawthra, Madame Brodeur, Lady Donegal, Mrs. Pervical Ridout and her daughter, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. Robert Reford, Mrs. Sloan Stanley, Mrs. Colin Campbell, and her daughter, Miss Nora Maclay, of St. Catharines, Mrs. A. A. Kirkpatrick and her daughter, Lady Mount-Stephen, Lady Maru, Lady Jane Van Koughnet.

\* \* \*

Old London was the recent scene of several weddings of interest to Canadians. On June the first the marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, Gorin-on-Thames, of Maude Erskine Parkin, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Parkin, Goring-on-Thames, and formerly of Toronto, and Mr. William Lawson Grant, son of the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston. The young couple will reside in Kingston.

# THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

She must always be sweet, or she could never be a graduate. The four years she has spent in nibbling little bites from the apple of knowledge must make her so sweet that she can be distinguished from all others. For there is no girl quite like the graduate. That precious bit of sheepskin she carries off on commencement night is proof positive that she has learned all that there is to know in fudge-making Greek, Latin and the manufacturing of a delicious, midnight Welsh rarebit. Four long years, how fast they sped by! How well she remembers the time she placed sticky fly-paper by the matron's door, then raised the burglar alarm at three o'clock in the morning! How her sides shook with honest college girl laughter, underneath her nightie, when the good matron had toddled back to extricate herself from the sticky adherent! Oh, there is no girl quite like the college girl. What enthusiasm, what breeziness, what freedom from care! She is equally at home, wielding a tennis racquet, sipping afternoon tea at the home of the President, or tugging at a mysterious concoction of cheese and elasticity. The wandering peanut vendor dreads his itinerary past the college campus, for he has a vivid recollection of the time his cart was seized and all the roasted delicacies carried off in Sophomore triumph. But that was the day when the Invincible Seven whipped the Brilliant Basketeers, a day long to be remembered among basketball devotees, and the Brilliant Basketeer who had wagered a breakfast during chapel hour, that her side would win, bravely paid her bet with a two-dollar bill pilfered from Big Brother's vest pocket which swayed indolently on a fence post in front of the football field. Big Brother was half-back in the Varsity team.

Truly the advantages of a college education are as ilimitable as the little jinky rinks in the college girl's room. Fond parents, who worry lest the strain of the last few weeks cause nervous breakdown or elargitis capitis, would worry sorely, could they get one peep into the dear girl's regime, the last year. For she realizes that it is her one last chance for doing the "stunts" the three years previous have taught her, and so redoubles her efforts to make the most of what time remains. Balls, dinners, tennis tournaments, the inevitable chafing-dish affairs crowd themselves together in such a heap on her ethical culture catalogue that poor old Kant and Green and all the rest of them have to find a place toward the last cover. Problems rack her brain, the solution of which require numerous midnight consultations over a dish of fudge, and special meetings of the Dressmaker's Design Society, over a cup of clove tea in the Minerva tea-rooms in Bacchus Hall. Long hours of sleepless nights are spent with her *consoeurs*, the consultation being aided by several little shrieks and subdued giggles, as one of the *soeurs* executes a wondrous imitation of Pavlowa in the Dance of the Goddess of Styx. The parent, fonder than ever, as time for the final stretch approaches, writes cooing words of cheer and sympathy, and encloses an extra green-back as a brainstorm panacea, whereupon ensues a whoop of joy on the part of the ruddy recipient, and a celebration is held that night in the room of the Royal Duchess of the Omega Delta Psis. Only the "bunch" are invited to enjoy the celebration for the Omega Delta Psi is a very exclusive sorority, to which only the very select are eligible. The eligibility depends on the proposed member's exclusive taste in dress, her ability to concoct numerous delicacies on the chafing-dish, and her all-round adaptability to the environment of the hob-nobs. In short, she must be a good fellow with all the Fraternities, must never offend one of them in thought, word or deed, and must be prepared to snub every fellow who does not wear a frat pin. To such exclusive circles, every good college girl aspires, and to the maintenance of such organiza-

tions many of the crisp parental dollars go flitting. There is such prestige at the time of commencement, in being able to display a mysterious appearing pin on the left side of the wisdom gown! How the visiting speakers must envy the Sorority girls! One of them, perchance, was a staunch member of a frat in the old days when his horizon was bounded by the frat house and football field, but finding, by accident one day, that there were as many good fellows who were barbs, as frat members, he decided to give back his pin and become a barb, too. Of course, he was shunned by the "bunch" but he managed to exist without them, and now casts a whimsical eye toward the group of girls wearing the turquoise-centred pins, and thinks of the time when he was obliged to swear eternal allegiance to a narrow code, under the flicker of two faint candles, in the attic of the frat house. He wonders if that group of charming young things went through similar initiations to his own, with, of course, the delicacy which should make the Sorority initiation more refined than the fraternity. He thinks of the escapades of his own daughter at college, of the midnight prowlings up and down the halls of the wierd white-sheeted figures who hovered around the most wooded part of the campus, of the funeral-pyre, built ready for any who violated the sacred constitution, of the thousand and one little bits of girlish nonsense, all so vitally a part of that most sacred of all organizations, the college sorority.

Ay, truly, the girl graduate is sweet, brimful of all the sweetness of four years' association with the greatest minds in all history, the most favoured recipes of all college lore, the breeziest retinue of associates procurable in two continents. She emerges from this haven at the end of those four years, a chic bit of sweetness, before which stretches the four roads of the big world, armed with an infinite knowledge of codes and constitutions, and filled with the enthusiasm bred from a life of health-jaunts over a broad campus, or bout over a tennis net or basketball field.

The enthusiasm redoubles itself on the night of final leave-taking, the knowledge effervesces, and the same health tints glow more ruddy hue than ever, as she clasps that coveted bit of parchment for which she has spent the four best years of her whole life. She has not thought which of the four roads will find her straying along its greenness. How could she find time for such a bit of superfluous wondering? What with the graduation dinner, the tennis tournaments, the class poem and history which she had to write, the valedictory, the final midnight spread, and all the et ceteras which go to make up the finale, she is almost at a loss to know what to think.

So here's to the sweet girl graduate and her infinite wealth of optimism, her joys, her laughter, her ambitions!

\* \* \*

## Spring Magic!

When the ground seems all a-glimmer,  
Far and near;  
When the mountains, softer, dimmer,  
Change their brown to green-gray shimmer,  
Spring is here.

When the ice breaks on the river,  
Swinging clear;  
When the floe shakes with a quiver,  
And the drift wakes, all a-shiver,  
Spring is here.

When the streamlet slips its shackles  
Without fear,  
And its gleaming ice-band tackles;  
When the teeming reed-bed crackles,  
Spring is here.

—Ruby Baughman, in *Metropolitan*.



A step in the hall!

FRAGRANT SOZODON FOR TEETH

# Sozodont

LIQUID POWDER PASTE

YOU CAN GET RID OF RATS AND MICE.

Get a 25c can of Common Sense Rat Exterminator from your dealer, follow directions carefully and you will be agreeably surprised at the results.

### Common Sense Exterminator

Is the quickest, surest, most effective method of getting rid of rats and mice. It kills them, dries up the carcass. No odor. Twenty years on the market, and always sold under the "money back if not satisfied". Common Sense Roach and Bed-Bug Exterminator sold with the same guarantee.

From all dealers and  
COMMON SENSE MFG. CO. 381 Queen St. W. Toronto, Ont. 18

# St. Lawrence Sugar

Fine lump sugar adorns the table, just as a fine diamond adorns the hand. "St. Lawrence Crystal Diamonds" are brilliantly white and sparkling, and lend a distinct charm to the table.

In 5 pound boxes—also sold by the pound.

Insist on having **ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR** whenever you buy.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited,  
MONTREAL. 46

## BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with a high to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms" do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co., of Canada, Limited  
72 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.

## A 26-INCH NATURAL WAVY HUMAN HAIR SWITCH

Sent on Approval

Just send us a lock of your hair. Enclose \$3.85 and we will send you our 26-inch Natural Wavy Human Hair Switch to match exactly the shade of your hair. Gray or extra shades cost a little more. If not entirely satisfactory, return it, and we will refund money.

If you find it a big bargain, tell your friends and take orders for three and get your own free. We manufacture all kinds of hair goods at lowest prices. FREE advice on all diseases of hair and scalp.

F. WEBER & CO.  
27 Gerrard St. W.  
TORONTO - ONT.

THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

A Friend of the Animals

A MEDIUM-SIZED woman, wearing a black suit and drooping hat sat in the woman's reception room of a certain hotel, nervously fingering some manuscript and curbing her impatience by repeatedappings on the arm of her chair. Little strands of hair played around her face and the observer went away, saying, "Why, Mrs. Fiske is a real blonde. I never knew it!" She jumped up as I came in, and led the way toward the door, before which stood a carriage waiting to convey her to the stage door. It was in this carriage that our interview was to take place. How glad I was that Mrs. Fiske was in a talkative mood, and of her own natural enthusiasm. My whole work was simply to sit back and listen to her low voice.

We passed a window where were displayed all the delicacies which tempt the most epicurean palate. Live lobsters were there, and fish of all kinds, and deer, horns and all, hanging in the doorway. Mrs. Fiske's enthusiasm redoubled itself, also her anger.

"Now just look at that. That is a shame to civilization. Such display of slaughter! Poor dumb brutes. That is one thing to which I strongly object, that and wearing furs. Perhaps if I lived up here in Canada all year round, I'd change my mind about the furs, but never about the other. I remember once we were out in Washington, there was a poor, starved dog hanging around the station. Nobody was the least bit interested in him, nobody gave him a passing thought." Mrs. Fiske's voice trailed off into a subdued whisper of sympathy. The gabbling Becky was nowhere visible, at that moment. "I inquired about him, and found out that he had been loitering around there for some days, without food, remember. Now how long would a human animal sneak around any place without asking for food? I just took him right into my carriage, up to the hotel, telephoned the Humane Society and found a home for him, inside of an hour. Yes, that is what I am most interested in, outside of my work. There are plenty of places for neglected children. It is the poor dumb brutes that have to suffer, and very often they are more deserving of sympathy than lots of human creatures, who go around soliciting it."

We had reached the stage door, inside of which a whole army of workmen were busy preparing the first scene in Becky's home. The immortal Becky, the friend of all the dumb brutes, walked blithely in, to assume the complexion and dress of the stage Becky, and I walked slowly back home, thinking that the great minds always have time to give some attention to the small things of the world.

Some Appropriate Vacations

IF we who see the players as they appear to us from the other side of the dazzling lights could have the shaping of their vacations, what a will-o-the-wisp time they would spend, during those few weeks when the grease paint and powder are replaced by sea breezes and country air! Julia Marlowe would hie her to the river Wye, walk impatiently up and down the bank till Dr. Owen all mud-stained and exultant, came to the shore, bearing a pre-stained box in his hand. This she would demand that he open, but the Duke of Beaufort, stepping up at that moment, most psychological of course, would bear the box

and its contents away, before their eyes.

Mary Mannering, embarking on a second honeymoon, would lean leisurely back in some secluded hammock, and wrestle with the problem as to whether this world, even if it be a mere man's, is such a wretched place after all.

And she of the pinkish tinted hair, Billie Burke, the coy, imagine her starting off on a world-wide tour, to set at ease the thoughts that infest her cunning head, thoughts of the wisdom of a brewer's daughter casting her lot with a foreign noble.

Julie Opp, we can see her, monocle on eye, with manish stride, demanding her rights, on the grounds that she is a person, rightly balanced, of sane mind and perfectly capable of putting the x opposite the proper name.

And Maude Adams, the sweetest of them all, the most petite and dainty, think of her with her meagre baggage, a-touring the land, in search of a truly wise rooster who is able to appreciate all the epigrams of Edmond Rostand! From the midnight lights on Broadway to the fields of sunny France, she would wander, calling in her mellow treble, to see if there would not come some answering cry to respond to her own.

Maxine Elliott, the passe beauty, accompanied by her faithful aly Sport, would go whining across the blue, berating any wandering woman-hater, who preferred a quiet night with his brandy and soda to any fascinating novel written by one of the inferior sex.

We would give the kiddies a treat, if we could induce dear Edith Wynne Mathison to bring her magic pipe to the streets of Toronto or Montreal or Winnipeg, and show them a wonderful land full of flowers and sweets.

The coquettish Grace George, might have a very strenuous vacation, could she carry out all the suggestions of an interested public. All the obstinate husbands would receive a lesson, each one would take a sufficient amount of Grace's "sauce" to enable the poor, downtrodden wives a few days' relaxation from the role of slave and ornament.

Margaret Anglin—but all such suggestions would be *de trop* now—for she has found her Colonel Smith. Let us not wish her any more ideal vacation than a wreath of faded orange blossoms, and the charred remains of an army list.

But, fortunately, all the players choose their own vacations, and our suggestions are all useless. Let them enjoy the summer to the fullest, to be ready to "play the fool" for our amusement, in the autumn.

\* \* \*

Under the Snowball Tree

OUT in the dearest old-fashioned garden is a blooming snowball tree, which drops little bits of flakey fragments down on a rustic seat. All around floats the fragrance of spring blossoms, apple and pear trees stand offering shade and shelter to any wandering stroller, and from the lilac bushes which form a hedge comes the faintest perfume of mauve and white sweetness. It is a dear old place, like the gardens you read about, as you lie in your summer hammock, and yawn the summer moments away. There is a little arbor, too, all over-grown with grapevine, and purple clematis, and a tangle of branches overhead. Brilliant red peonies nod at you from one side of the path, and from the other, an indiscriminate growth of tall gladioli stems proclaim a cluster of brighter bloom, soon to come. This garden is in Toronto, where the



MRS. FISKE, Who has left for the Pacific Coast to tour in a new comedy, Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh.

"Best for Baby—best for you."

## Baby's Own Soap

Made of specially purified and refined vegetable oils. It will not hurt the most delicate skin. Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited  
Mfrs.,  
Montreal, D511

Oxide of Zinc

## Vaseline

Quickly Heals Eruptions Sores and Wounds

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes  
Capsicum, Borated, Mentholated, White, Carbolated, Camphor, Ice, Camphorated, etc. Each for special purposes. Write for Free Vaseline Book.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. 1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

## Queen's University

Kingston, Ontario.

ARTS, EDUCATION  
THEOLOGY, MEDICINE  
SCIENCE, including  
ENGINEERING.

The Arts course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session.

**ARTS SUMMER SESSION**  
July 3rd to August 11th.

For Calendars write the Registrar,  
17 G. Y. CHOWN, Kingston, Ontario

Study this Perfect "Arctic" Refrigerator Before Choosing

Just a few reasons why the "Arctic" Refrigerator will be your choice.

Outside cases of solidly and tightly framed oak—perfectly finished.

Inside Linings of 1-2 white opal glass, all corners cemented to glass. ABSOLUTELY SANITARY. Can't crack or chip off, rust or corrode.

Floor of inlaid white tile.

Guaranteed perfect circulation of cold, dry air.

MODERATELY PRICED—ALL SIZES AND STYLES.

Write at once for detailed information to

JOHN HILLOCK & CO., Ltd., TORONTO

charming owner has taken a house for the summer. This owner is none other than Miss Percy Haswell, who has inaugurated her second season at the Royal Alexandra. What an ideal place she has chosen for a home!

And there is another garden beyond the snowball tree and the



MISS PERCY HASWELL

peonies and the Gladiolis. Here may be seen a bed of crisp lettuce, a smattering of spinach and onions, and a few potato stems promise a substantial item for Miss Haswell's menu, later on.

Perhaps the quaintest touch of all is the vision of a chickenless chicken coop, which stands in the midst of the potato patch. As yet there are no feathery phantoms flitting around, but one can never tell how soon the present owner of it all may assume the responsibilities of a real incubator enthusiast. She might glance up, now and then, as she studied her part, out in the quaintest spot of the other garden, just to watch the care free happiness of a score or two of fluffy, yellow chicklets.

"Here is where the actress studies her lines," she exclaimed, as we paused beside the snowball tree. "This is the seat, right here, underneath the little flakes which drop on my pages as I read. Is it not an inspiration to any role? Why, this place might be my ideal cottage in the air."

Yes, truly, Miss Haswell has found her Toronto cottage in the air, garden and all, the quaintest spot being the seat under the snowball tree.

\* \* \*

### A Real Matinee Idol

If there is a girl suffering from an acute attack of stage strike, the best possible remedy for her ailment is a visit to a rehearsal before the company are familiar with the lines. All disillusionments will force themselves on her, with such rapidity that she will wonder how the illusion ever happened.

A big, bare stage, with members of the company dotted here and there, evincing their boredom by repeated yawnings, a manager, hatless, coatless and with sleeves uprolled, a group of foreign-looking individuals peeping in from the door leading to the dressing-rooms—thus was the setting arranged for my first scene with Miss Adelaide Keim, of whom I had often read, and whom I wished so much to meet. If the other members of the cast appeared more or less bored and tired on the hot June afternoon, Miss Keim's enthusiasm probably made up for their lack of it. The dusty floor of

the stage, the remnants of scenery standing, sentinel-like about, the waving drops, hanging suspended in mid-air, the curious members of Bernhard's company who watched from the dressing-room doorway, all these were unnoticed by Miss Keim, who was Glory Quayle, and Glory Quayle only, for the rest of the afternoon.

I learned for myself that Miss Keim is indeed a conscientious actress, one not afraid of work, one whom work has rounded into a charming woman before she has left her twenties.

We sat on a stage platform and chatted between acts. Incidentally I asked Miss Keim if all the stories were true, about the matinee girls' gifts, which found their way to her dressing-room.

"Yes, the girls send me all kinds of things," she said. "Pickles and jams, and pies and cakes, besides flowers and candy and books. They write to me, asking me what I like to eat, they flock to my dressing-room to ask my advice as to what books they should read. They invite me out to teas, and bring their troubles to me, and I love them for it. I love to meet them in my dressing-room, and to listen to their little secrets. I do hope they like me in Toronto."

And I should say they will. For be it said of Toronto as a theatre-going city, that she is always on the lookout for a "good thing," and is very ready to recognize one when she sees it, and if one were to judge from the reception Miss Keim has received at the Princess, Toronto already not only likes her, but has turned matinee girl and evinces her



MISS ADELAIDE KEIM

love in repeated rounds of applause till Miss Keim is obliged to step before the curtain and voice her approval of it all, in the neatest, half-embarrassed little curtain speech you ever heard. And already there are whisperings which speak of her as "Our Miss Keim."

So Miss Keim may prepare herself for new conquests, not only at her afternoon performances, but at those at night.

Manager: "What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"

Press Agent: "She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night."

Manager: "Great Scott! Ain't that enough?"

Press Agent: "Nope—she paid for ten."—Cleveland Leader.

\* \* \*

"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theatre to get a breath of fresh air."—Washington Star.



like rare old violins possess a tone that improves with use.

Why does a Stradivarius occupy such an exalted place among violins, when others may be bought for so much less.

Because of its purity of tone.

So, also, it is the purity of tone in Gourelay Pianos that has won for them such an exalted place in the esteem of Canadian musicians and music-lovers.

Over 4000 Gourelay owners are ready to testify that the tone improves with use.

Gourelay Winter & Leeming  
188 Yonge St. - Toronto.

Jas. McHardy



## BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only

### PRESERVES THE SKIN

and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON - - - - - CHELTENHAM, ENG.



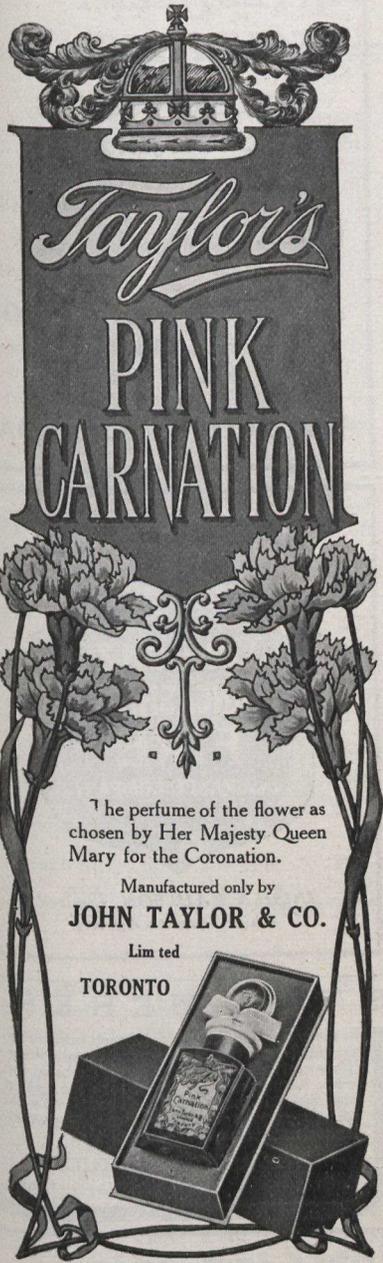
## SNAP

ANTISEPTIC  
HAND CLEANER

You don't have to scrub the hands when you use "SNAP." It removes all stains and dirt, quick.

"S-N-A-P" is the original and genuine antiseptic hand cleaner. 15c. a can.

SNAP COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL



**Taylor's**  
**PINK CARNATION**

The perfume of the flower as chosen by Her Majesty Queen Mary for the Coronation.

Manufactured only by  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

Lim ted  
TORONTO

**THE FOUNDRESS OF THE HALIFAX MUSICAL CLUB**

By ALICE HOPE HOUSTON

**H**ALIFAX can show a shining roll of choice womanly spirit, indeed, and high upon it will be found the name of Mrs. Charles Archibald.

It may be truly said of her, that all the gifts which life has given her have been used to the betterment of this community. She has always shown a fine scorn for the useless lives of the light and idle "leaders of society," and has set a high standard in her social circle. She is a former President of the Local Council of Women, and one of those chiefly instrumental in having appointed an immigration matron at this port, to look after women and children—an appointment which has long since splendidly justified itself. She also interested herself actively in the opening here of the School of Domestic Science as a part of the public school system. In the Victoria School of Art and Design, now enjoying a period of great prosperity after having weathered many a period of stress. She has from the first taken a most practical interest—it owes a large debt to her, as does every movement locally which



MRS. CHARLES ARCHIBALD

has had as its object the promotion of interest in Art. All educational work in the city, and especially that of the Halifax Ladies' College and Dalhousie University, has found in her a helpful, practical, ever sympathetic friend. As one expression of her interest in the former she for some winters had a series of weekly "evenings" at which college girls were invited to come in and have a talk with her about college life. She may be said to be the founder of the Ladies' Musical Club, which now has a membership of nearly 300, and a Provincial reputation. In her cozy library it originated. She was its first President, and is its only life member, the members thus honouring her in token of affection for the "foundress of the Club."

The latest movement to benefit alike by her generous gifts of money and her active practical help was that in behalf of a Children's Hospital. The movement was fortunate in engaging the interest of others like herself, in whose lexicon there is no such word as fail. The Hospital was opened about 18 months ago, and it has no more regular visitor, no kinder friend than Mrs. Archibald.



**The Real Canadian Girl**

will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world--

**Windsor Table Salt**

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

**WINDSOR Table SALT**

**Do you find it hard to get good help?**

Here is the kitchen helper that lessens work.

Makes it easier to get meals ready.

Saves countless, needless, steps.

Keeps kitchens tidier.



Banishes lots of kitchen bothers.

Economizes time, energy and foodstuffs.

Groups everything in handiest place.

Abolishes muss and confusion.

This is one of the five styles of Knechtel Kitchen Cabinets. Each of them is a practical, time-saving, woman-helping convenience that you need thrice a day in your kitchen. You should go and examine the KKK this very day.

"Look for this Trade Mark"

Built to outlast two generations.

Handsomely finished.

By far the handiest and most useful kitchen cabinet made.



Extension table top of shining aluminum that won't rust or tarnish.

Ingenious flour and sugar bins.

Fully equipped with canisters, etc.

"Registered"

**Earns Its Cost Over and Over Again**

In time saved when getting meals ready--  
in strength saved by abolishing needless steps  
--in foodstuffs saved by keeping them clean and dustfree--the Knechtel earns its costs many times a year. Visit your furniture dealer to-day and SEE ALL THE FIVE HANDSOME STYLES. Some very good store near your home handles the Knechtel. Examine and compare it. Its cost will not frighten you. Booklet E mailed on request

**Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Company, Ltd.**  
Hanover, Ontario



**Elite Cut Glass**

The BEST in Canada  
Is MADE in Canada

Ask for it: Compare it with any other make. You will readily see its superiority.

Elite Trade Mark is on every piece.  
None genuine without this mark.



IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT STOCK ELETE CUT GLASS WRITE US DIRECT AND WE WILL ADVISE YOU WHERE YOU CAN PROCURE IT.



**GOWANS, KENT & CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.**



**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

Baiting His Trap

**McCuaig Bros. & Co.**  
Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A General Stock Exchange Business transacted. Investment securities a Specialty. Reports on any Canadian or American Securities furnished on application.

Our weekly Circular gives an analysis of the position of

**MONTREAL LIGHT, HEAT & POWER CO.**

Copy Mailed on Request

46 Elgin St. 17 St. Sacrament St.  
OTTAWA, ONT. MONTREAL

**Rodolphe Forget**  
Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De Province

**E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS**  
Trustees, Receivers and Liquidators  
**Ontario Bank Chambers**  
Scott Street TORONTO

**INVESTMENT BONDS**

Write or our investment list with Special Offerings of high grade Corporation bonds.

**DOMINION BOND CO., LIMITED**  
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA  
Merchants Bank Building Citizens Building

**GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS**

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENC INVITED

**WOOD, GUNDY & CO.**  
London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

All-British and Canadian Organization to Control Paint Industry

**D**URING the past few years it has been found that the progress that was being made in the industrial world of Canada was so great that in a good many cases arrangements had to be made to secure very much larger and more effective organizations, in order to be able to meet the demands of the growing markets in every section of the country. It was undoubtedly just such a development that resulted in one of the leading groups of Montreal capitalists, headed by Mr. J. W. McConnell and Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, recognizing the tremendous opportunity there was for an all-British and Canadian organization to control the larger paint manufacturing concerns of Canada, with a direct connection with the Mother Country. This resulted the other day in the plans which were carried through by the group for the absorption of the Canadian end of the big Sherwin-Williams Co., the Canada Paint Co., and P. D. Dodds & Co., Ltd., with the expectation that other companies might, later on, be included. Men who are in a position to know regard the consolidation as perhaps one of the strongest that has ever been effected in Canada, more especially as the various concerns are in particularly strong positions, and the large amount of additional capital which will now be placed at the disposal of the management will permit of it securing a general hold on the entire Canadian market, that should enable it to effectively meet the competition from any other country.



**MR. C. C. BALLANTYNE,**  
Who will probably be the head of the new paint company, to be controlled by the Sherwin-Williams interests.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features in connection with the big deal is that it is a former Canadian, Mr. Walter H. Cottingham, who, some twenty years ago, left Montreal to become identified with the Sherwin-Williams Co., of the United States, and rose gradually from the bottom of the ladder till he was President of the giant organization and gained the reputation of being one of the most successful and capable industrial men in the United States, and now after retaining his love for Canada, gladly accepts the offer that is made him to become also president of the new British and Canadian company, believing that Canada is destined in the next quarter of a century to witness just as great a development, from an industrial standpoint, as did the United States in the last generation.

**Why Some of the Big Bakers are Getting Together.**

**W**HEN it became known that some of the larger Toronto bakers were realizing that great economies could be effected from a manufacturing as well as a delivery standpoint if they were to come together and take proper advantage of modern bread plants, some of the daily papers immediately made up their minds that there was going to be a bread merger.

It just so happened that Mr. Cawthra Mulock, of Toronto, and Mr. Mark Bredin, who is to be the practical head of the new company, never had in their minds even an idea of a merger, and in fact had there been any of the attributes of the regular merger to the deal, they would not have had anything at all to do with it.

Anybody who sits down for a moment and tries to figure it out will almost at once realize, when he sees that three or four bakers are all sending their delivery wagons to a certain number of houses in different districts, that it would be possible to make very large economies if each one took some particular district. It simply seems to be the applying of strong business principles to a trade, which up to a few years ago was scarcely ever handled in a businesslike way. Of course, the opportunities for good business administration are very much greater now, owing to the fact that cities are so very large. As a matter of fact, the city of Toronto is almost the only place in Canada in which the modern baking plant is making the progress that it should, and this being the case, it would seem only natural that the new company, in addition to arranging to handle business under improved conditions in Toronto, should also look afield to places like Montreal, Winnipeg, and perhaps later on other Western cities.

When Mr. Cawthra Mulock goes on record he says that as regards the prices, whatever changes take place are likely to have a downward tendency. Mr. Mulock not only knows what he is talking about, but has gone so far into the matter as to know that he is absolutely right in what he is saying.

**The Passing of the Rubber King of Canada.**

**I**F there was any one man in Canada who deserved the particular title of the Rubber King of the country, it was certainly Mr. S. H. C. Miner, who passed away very suddenly the other day at his summer home in Granby, P.Q. Until the formation of the big rubber consolidation, Mr. Miner was easily the leading figure in the rubber manufacture in Canada, and particularly of this consolidation, perhaps the strongest company that was turned into it, when he gave it the Granby Consolidated. A few years after this consolidation was effected there was a little falling out between Mr. Miner and the other interests at the head of the consolidated company, and as a result Mr. Miner withdrew and immediately proceeded to erect a new large rubber manufacturing plant out in Granby, entirely with his own money. This plant was completed late last fall and was just beginning to bring about a regular warfare in rubber circles in Canada when its founder was called suddenly away.

**INVESTMENT SECURITIES**

**BONDS to yield 5—6%**  
**STOCKS to yield 6—7%**

Information furnished upon request.

**A. E. Ames & Co.**  
A. E. Ames H. R. Tudhope T. Bradshaw  
Investment Bankers

**TORONTO CANADA**

Chief Office for Canada: **TORONTO**  
**ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager**

**LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

**IRISH & MAULSON, Limited**  
Chief Toronto Agents

**STAMMERS**

The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure Natural speech. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

**THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE**  
Berlin Ontario Canada

**PELLATT & PELLATT** Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING  
**TORONTO**

**BONDS AND STOCKS**  
also **COBALT STOCKS**  
**BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION**

Private wire connections with **W. H. GOADBY & CO.,** Members New York Stock Exchange.

**SOME VITAL POINTS**  
Mirroring the Distinguishing Features of the

**MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA**

**MUTUAL CAREFUL PRUDENT ECONOMICAL PROGRESSIVE REASONABLE LIBERAL PROMPT JUST and FAIR**

On the Full Legal Reserve Plan;  
in the Selection of its Members;  
in the Investment of its Funds;  
in Management Consistent with Efficiency;  
along Scientific and Popular Lines;  
in its Policy Terms and Conditions;  
In its Cash and Paid-up Values;  
On the Settlement of its Claims; and  
in All its Dealings.

**HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT.**

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

Now that the Maharajah of Patiala has arrived in London, England, the colonial Premiers must retire into the background. His wardrobe makes the harem skirt look like the last rose of the summer previous.

Running an aeroplane and smoking in a powder magazine are not in the list of sedentary occupations.

A new brine company is to be established at Goderich, if the old wells should prove worth their salt.

The West is threatened with a fuel famine. No coal for July!

There is said to be a bright outlook for Reciprocity in the United States Senate. A burning question usually sheds a glow.

Church Union is highly favoured as a state of mind to be approved.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick has had his Washington speech on arbitration printed at the expense of the Republic. Nothing too good for the Irish!

The June bridegroom is a mere cipher. Who would be a suffragette, when a bride can reduce a man to the aspect of zero?

A missionary is to be sent to Porcupine. Next thing there will be a Bonanza Church in that happy gold field.

**What Did the Chauffeur Say?**—The chauffeur of a prominent Toronto business man tells a good story concerning an occasion when his expectations didn't by any means come true. Several years ago he was one of a number of chauffeurs who were taking from Hamilton to Toronto a number of delegates to a Y. M. C. A. convention in Toronto. The delegates had gone on a little trip to the Ambitious City and were anxious to get back in good time for the convention.

All the automobiles were having trouble, and much time was being lost. A man who was especially anxious to get to Toronto in the evening said to the chauffeur who figures in this story: "Hurry all you can. Keep going as much as possible irrespective of trouble, and I'll fix you up when we get to Toronto."

The chauffeur followed instructions, and when the party reached Toronto the anxious passenger gave him—a reserved front row seat for that night's session of the convention.

## The Doctor's Dream.

From fair Detroit city  
There came a doctor man,  
Who read the plays of Shakespeare  
On a new and startling plan.

He said that Francis Bacon  
Those wondrous dramas wrote,  
Likewise the works of Marlowe  
And other books of note.

Then did this worthy doctor  
To Merry England hie,  
Resolved to prove his theory  
In mud of River Wye.

'Twas in that sombre river,  
At least, this Yankee said,  
That Bacon hid away some books,  
And likewise Shakespeare's head.

Alas, alas for Bacon!  
He was a wicked man,  
According to Doc Owen  
Who all his deeds could scan.

He quarrelled with Bill Shakespeare,  
About those stupid plays,  
For Billy said he'd tell King James  
And spoil dear Bacon's bays.

You see King James could not abide  
The drama anyway;  
And if he knew of Bacon's stuff  
There'd be the de'il to pay.

But Billy knew about those plays,  
"The Tempest" and all such;  
And didn't care for "Hamlet"  
Nor "Julius Caesar" much.

Thus did he blackmail Bacon  
And worry him a lot,  
He squeezed him for some money,  
And many shillings got.

So Bacon and Ben Jonson  
Repaired to Stratford town,  
Resolved to capture Shakespeare  
And do him up quite brown.

They caught him in a quiet lane  
And struck off Billy's head,  
And left the rest of him behind  
All still and cold and dead.

Thus in this happy Junetime  
The Yankee doctor drains  
The very mud of River Wye  
To find poor Billy's brains.

\* \* \*

**Appreciative!**—The artist, James McNeill Whistler, had a peculiarly caustic fashion of silencing those whose patronage or flattery displeased him. In fact, Whistler was not of that amiable band who "suffer fools gladly."

On one occasion a garrulous patron of art addressed him in condescending fashion: "By the way, Whistler, I passed your house the other day."

"Thanks," said Whistler, "thanks very much."

\* \* \*

## In Junetime.

A magnate in his office sat,  
With papers neatly piled,  
All marked with hearts and arrows  
Bright,  
At which the magnate smiled.

'For 'twas the merry month of June—  
Confetti softly fell—  
And on the perfumed breezes came  
The sound of wedding bell.

The horses wore rosettes of white  
The whips had streamers gay;  
The organist played noisily  
And Mendelssohned away.

The magnate watched the bridal group  
Beneath the awning red;  
And sighed as fragrant petals white  
Were on the pavement shed.

Now, would you know the magnate's name?  
Dan Cupid they him call;  
The Head of Love Unlimited—  
The greatest Trust of all.

\* \* \*

**Lost in London.**—"I'll bet that some people over in London are having the kind of experience that I had there."

said one of a little company of Canadian men who were talking about Coronation crowds.

"I went for a little stroll, and in trying to get back to my hotel I got lost. After making several attempts to find the way back I jumped into a cab and said, 'Drive me to — Hotel.'"

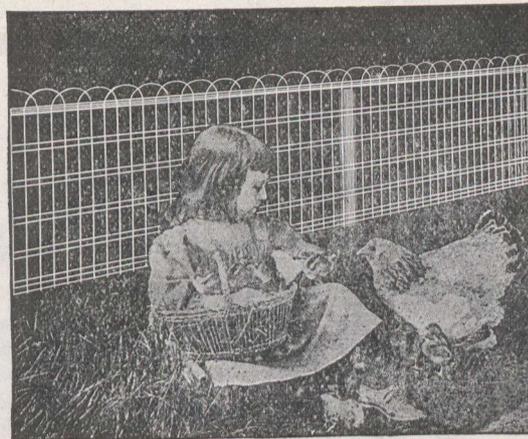
"The cabby started up his horse, turned the outfit round to the other side of the street, and said, 'Here it is.' I had been lost within a few feet of the place."

**An Appealing Parody.**—Many and varied are the appeals which students, in writing upon an examination, make to the examiner. It is said that the examiner usually sees through such flimsy attempts at bluffing him as "more could be written did time permit."

Often, however, the feeling of the examiner is, no doubt, influenced by a funny appeal to him, but that is not saying that his marking of the papers is affected thereby.

A student at the Ontario Agricultural tried in a humorous way to work on an examiner's sympathy at the final examinations a short time ago. In quoting Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" he gave this stanza, the num-

ber mentioned being the percentage required:



A fence of this kind only 16 to 23c. per running foot. Shipped in rolls. Anyone can put it on the posts without special tools. We were the originators of this fence. Have sold hundreds of miles for enclosing parks, lawns, gardens, cemeteries, churches, station grounds, etc., etc. Supplied in any lengths desired, and painted either white or green. Also, Farm Fences and Gates, Netting, Baskets, Mats, Fence Tools, etc., etc. Ask for our 1911 catalog, the most complete fence catalog ever published.

## THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., Walkerville, Ont.

Branches—Toronto, Cor. King and Atlantic Ave. Montreal, 505-517 Notre Dame St. W. St. John, 87 Dock St. The largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada. 505



The best Coffee costs but little more than the poor grades. You get the best that money can buy at moderate price when you use

# Seal Brand Coffee

Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only. 124



## French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

# perrier

"The Champagne of Table Waters"

Sunset and evening bell  
And one clear call for me,  
And there will be no sadness of farewell  
If I get thirty-three.

**Conversation's Pitfalls.**—A Canadian girl who was "down South" some time ago believes that it pays to be a little careful concerning remarks that might have some application to the person spoken to. In conversation with a Southerner she asked why it was that "all ministers' sons turn out bad."

"I don't know," answered the man, "but I suppose I ought to know. I'm a minister's son."

The girl naturally felt a little vexed with herself, but it was only for a short time. Very soon afterwards the man remarked that an only child was always spoiled.

"I guess you're right," said the girl. "And I ought to know. I'm an only child."

**Asleep at the Switch.**—The Bell Telephone Company recently changed many telephone numbers in Toronto to the new "Adelaide" exchange and

incidentally gave a business man a mild shock.

"Is that Adelaide —?" he was asked when his telephone rang.

"No," he said. "You have the wrong number."

In a couple of minutes he was asked the same question. He gave a more emphatic negative and in a tone intended to be convincing he mentioned the firm's name to the man who had the "wrong number."

"Well, that's the place I want," said the latter. "Wake up! Your number has been changed."

**A Poor Hotel.**—The Englishman in America is often accused of finding nothing to equal things "over 'ome," but the American in England sometimes has a correspondingly high idea of things in the United States.

Two American millionaires, who were in London not long ago, declared the London hotels to be far behind those of the big cities in the "land of the free."

"The — Hotel is declared to be very fine," said one of them, "but we found it to be a poor kind of place. There's nowhere in the corridors that a man can sit down with a lady, and there isn't a spittoon in the whole hotel."

# The Greed of Conquest

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

## CHAPTER XVII.

RALPH LOWICK rose from a chair as the door of his hut opened, and a woman stood on the threshold.

"Joan!" he said, in a low voice.

He did not move, and she came forward with outstretched hands. The light in the hut was dim, and she could not see the fetters on his ankles. She thought that he hesitated to welcome her with too much cordiality.

"I expect you are glad to see each other," said Senor Smith, pleasantly. "Well, I will not make an unwelcome third. The sentry will be withdrawn out of earshot. I am no spoil-sport, I can assure you."

He withdrew, and gave an order to the sentry. Ralph Lowick, through the open door, saw both the men walk away across the sand, and did not speak till they had disappeared from sight.

"Joan!" he said again, holding out his hands.

She came across to him, and flung her arms round his neck. "Thank Heaven you are alive, dearest!" she cried. "Oh, thank Heaven for that!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her passionately. He had never thought to see her again, and though he knew that her presence on the island would only add to his distress, he was genuinely glad to see her. At any rate, she would be near him—up to the last.

"The brutes!" he said, a minute later, "to have brought you here—into this den of murderers."

"I could have gone back, dear," she answered. "They gave me the chance, when we were off the coast of Spain. I decided to come on here."

"Oh, it was brave of you—splendid of you, Joan. And yet—it will only mean more pain for you."

"I wanted to see you again," she faltered, and she was on the point of bursting into tears. But she controlled herself, knowing that tears were the most useless things she could give him.

"Well, you know the state of affairs," he said, quietly. "I am here a prisoner." He moved one of his feet, and the chain clanked.

She gave a cry of horror. "Oh, Ralph," she sobbed, "how—how horrible!"

"It doesn't matter," he replied. "It is only a necessary precaution—to prevent me from escaping. I don't want to walk much, so it doesn't really matter. And they've done it very decently, on the whole. The rings are large and bound with greased rag. They don't chafe my skin—very much. Joan, for pity's sake don't cry. That's no use."

She fell upon her knees and touched his bare ankle with her fingers. Then she caught at the chain and pulled the heavy globe of iron towards her, as if to feel its weight.

"Oh, the brutes!" she sobbed. "Oh, if I could kill them!"

He stooped and placed his hands upon her head. "You must not be foolish, Joan dear," he said, gently. "Come, we have to talk seriously about matters of importance."

He raised her to her feet and kissed her. "Please sit on the only chair," he continued, with a smile. "I am more comfortable on the table. But, before we talk, you might look and see if the coast is clear. We don't want any eavesdroppers."

Joan went to the door, and walked round the hut. The two men were more than a hundred yards away, and were walking slowly along by the edge of the sea. She entered, and, seating herself on the chair, took one

of her lover's hands, and looked up at his face.

"Ralph dear," she said in a low voice, "I suppose you know why they have brought me here?"

"Yes; they hope you'll persuade me to change my mind."

"They are going to give you three weeks," she continued. "If at the end of that time you haven't given in, they're going to—to— Oh, Ralph, you must give in—for my sake—you must, you must, you must!"

He shook his head. "I don't think they'll go as far as that," he said. "My death would be of no use to them. They're more likely to torture me."

"Oh, you must give in, Ralph!" she pleaded. "You will have to give in, in the end. And what does it matter, after all?"

"It matters a great deal, Joan. It would be bad enough for a civilized nation to hold this secret, but for this gang of desperadoes, this miserable horde of cut-throats, and thieves to be let loose on the world—"

"Oh, there are too few of them, Ralph. They're bound to be destroyed, though they may do some damage to start with; and even if they were to succeed in their enterprise, it is better that all the world should perish than that you should be killed."

"Better for whom, Joan?"

"For me and for you."

He smiled and shook his head. "I don't think," he said, after a pause, "that I should care to buy my life at such a price as that—no, Joan, we've got to find some way out of this. I'm not going to give in, and I intend to fight these fiends with the last breath I've got in my body."

"It is quite hopeless," she replied. "What can you and I do? There are at least two hundred of them. They have a ship, and there is no possible means of escape from the island."

He lowered his head, so that his lips were close to her ear. "At the end of three weeks," he whispered, "I shall pretend to give in. I shall tell them the names of the metals that the vibration bar is made of, and the proportions in which they are blended. I shall not, of course, tell them either the correct metals or the correct proportions."

"Oh, Ralph," she said, "they will take a horrible vengeance."

"Wait a minute," he continued, "and hear what I have got to say. Of course, when they come to construct the machine they will find out that it does not work. Very well, I shall make a minute examination of the whole thing, and find out some trifling error—something that will necessitate another return to Europe to obtain a fresh casting of some part. All this will take time—a very long time."

"But the end will be the same, Ralph dear. They will find out you have deceived them; and besides, they will do the castings themselves—here, on this island."

"A good many of them, I daresay, but not the one I shall find fault with. There are one or two parts that are made of rare metals—I shall choose one of them."

"But they will see that it is all right when they look at the model."

"I don't think so. You see, the plans and the model do not quite agree. My father altered one or two details after he had made the plans. They are sure to get the castings according to the plans, which provide for a machine of the size they want. But I don't think we shall have to wait until they find out that I am hoaxing them. Quite six months must elapse before they can make the machine, and we shall have all that time in

INCORPORATED 1866

## BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

LIMITED

ENGRAVERS OF

BONDS, BANK NOTES, STOCK CERTIFICATES, POSTAGE  
AND REVENUE STAMPS and all Monetary Documents

The work executed by this Company is accepted by the

LONDON, NEW YORK, BOSTON  
and other STOCK EXCHANGES

HEAD OFFICE - - - OTTAWA

Branches:

MONTREAL  
No. 2 Place d'Armes Square

TORONTO  
701-3 Traders Bank Bldg.

“ 75 miles on  
half-a-gallon  
of gas-  
oline. ”

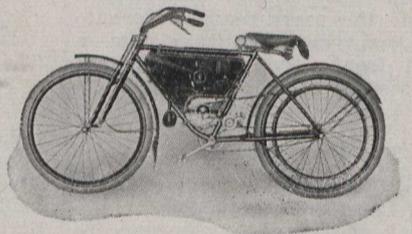
Writes an owner of a "C.C.M."  
about his cost of operating.

THE price of a gallon of gasoline runs from 20 to 30 cents, depending upon the section of the country where it is bought.

Ten to fifteen cents worth of fuel, then, carries a "C.C.M." rider 75 miles. Surely nothing could be more economical than that—one-fifth of a cent a mile at the outside.

Repairs are also at a minimum, for the "C.C.M." is the light weight machine; it has no heavy construction to shake to pieces. And it is made extra strong at every point.

THE day of the motor cycle has certainly come. Nothing ever invented for quick, easy and economical transportation can compare with it.



The "C.C.M." is the lowest-priced high grade magneto-fitted motor cycle on the market. If you pay more you pay it needlessly.

Write for the Catalogue of . . . .

“The Gentleman's Motor Cycle”

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited, WEST TORONTO

“C. C. M.”

(Light Weight)

Motor Cycles

which to plan our escape. It will be better than three weeks—eh?”

Joan Endermine rested her chin on her hands, and stared at the open door. She could see the two men returning along the edge of the sand. She had only seen Senor Smith for a few minutes, but she was quite sure he was not the sort of man to be taken in by a simple device like this.

“A good deal may happen in six months,” Lowick continued. “Everyone is searching for the men who carried me off. At present I expect each nation is suspected by the others, but as time goes on, and nothing happens, they will realize that no individual nation is responsible for the massacre at Cransea Hall. These ruffians will be caught; it is possible that already someone is on their track. When they return to Europe again, they may fall into some trap. And there is sure to be a traitor among them—sure to be someone who can be bought, even if he only gets his own life as the price.”

“I expect Senor Smith has thought of all that,” said Joan, mechanically. “He knows the risks, and will guard against them.”

“I don’t think he knows how foolish it was to bring you here, Joan,” Lowick answered. “I am bound and helpless, but you are free. You might have a chance to turn the tables on them within three weeks.”

“Oh, Ralph, if I could!” she whispered. “Oh, what can I do—tell me what to do. I don’t mind the risk. I’ll take any risk.”

“You don’t know how to work the machine, do you?”

“No, but I can learn.”

“Well, listen to me, dear—very carefully.”

He explained to her how to work the machine, and, as she had already seen it at work, she readily understood.

“I believe,” he said, in conclusion, “that they have placed it on a pivot, so that it can be turned in any direction. It is powerful enough to sweep the whole island, and a large circle of the surrounding sea. If either you or I could stand by that machine—

Ah! here they come. We must pretend that I have come to no decision as yet, but that you have had some influence over me.”

He stooped and kissed her, and their lips clung together. In the semi-darkness of the hut they were invisible to anyone who was outside in the dazzling sunshine. A few moments later Senor Smith entered.

“Well?” he asked, looking from one to the other. “I hope I have not returned too soon. I expect you have had a good deal to say to each other. Have you finished?”

“Yes,” Lowick answered, sharply, and then, holding out his hand: “Good-night, Joan.”

The girl shook hands with him, and left the hut with Senor Smith. When they had passed through the gate in the palisade, the man turned to her with a smile.

“Well, Miss Endermine,” he queried, “have you persuaded him?”

“Not yet,” she faltered, “but I think there is hope.”

“You wish to save his life, I suppose?” he said, after a pause. “You do not sympathize with his absurd obstinacy?”

“His life,” she answered, quietly, “is more to me than anything else in the world.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

SENOR SMITH sat alone in the broad verandah of his low white house. He was stretched almost full length in a low wicker chair, that was long enough to accommodate his legs. There was a soft cushion behind his head, a tall glass of iced champagne on a table by his side, and an excellent cigar between his lips. He ought to have been exceedingly comfortable.

But though Senor Smith lacked nothing in the way of physical comfort, his mind was ill-at-ease, and if a clever detective had been stationed in the dark verandah he would have known that all was not well with this callous desperado; he would have noted that the cigar was being smoked in short, rapid puffs, invariably the outward sign of mental disturbance.

For a whole year Senor Smith had not even spoken to a woman, and now

# CORPORATION AGENCIES LIMITED

Offer for Subscription at 92½

## \$2,500,000 First Mortgage 5% Bonds

Carrying a Bonus of Ordinary Shares Equal to 40 Per Cent. of the Par Value of the Bonds of the

# PRINCE RUPERT HYDRO-ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

<b>Authorized Capital Stock</b>	-	-	-	-	-	<b>\$5,000,000</b>
<b>Now to be Issued</b>	-	-	-	-	-	<b>3,000,000</b>
<b>BOND ISSUE</b>						
<b>Authorized First Mortgage 5 per cent. Bonds</b>	-	-	-	-	-	<b>\$3,000,000</b>
<b>Now to be Issued</b>	-	-	-	-	-	<b>2,500,000</b>

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following persons have consented to become Directors of the Company:—  
 C. H. CAHAN, K.C., President of Western Canada Power Company, Limited.  
 E. BRUTINEL, Director of Pacific Pass Coal Fields, Limited.  
 L. A. HERDT, D.Sc., E.E., M. Can. Soc., C.E., Consulting Engineer.  
 R. F. HAYWARD, M. Am. Soc. C.E., M.A.I.E.E., General Manager, Western Canada Power Company, Limited.  
 H. A. LOVETT, K.C., Director of Porto Rico Railway Company.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscriptions will be received at the rate or price of \$462.50 cash and accrued interest, for each bond of the par value of \$500.00, bearing interest at the rate of Five Per Cent. per annum from July 1st, 1911; said payments to be made as follows:—

12½ p.c. on application.	10 p.c. on February 1st, 1912.	10 p.c. on August 1st, 1912.
10 p.c. on August 1st, 1911.	10 p.c. on April 1st, 1912.	10 p.c. on October 1st, 1912.
10 p.c. on November 1st, 1911.	10 p.c. on June 1st, 1912.	10 p.c. on December 2nd, 1912.

Percentages are to be calculated on the par value of the Bonds.

### WATER POWERS.

PRINCE RUPERT HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED, has been organized under the Companies' Act, Canada, for the purpose of developing hydro-electric power and supplying electric energy for light, heat, and motive power to the City of Prince Rupert, B.C., and to the settlements and industries in that vicinity. The Company has acquired the control of the Tsimpsean Light and Power Company and of The Continental Power Company, Limited, and the water rights on the Khtada and Falls Rivers, branches of the Skeena River, which were formerly controlled by these two Companies.

These water powers, which are located approximately forty-two miles from Prince Rupert, are capable of developing at least 25,000 to 30,000 horse power of electric energy.

It is proposed to develop approximately 1,500 horse power of electric energy by means of a provisional power plant to supply the immediate demands of the City of Prince Rupert; and to proceed to the construction of a permanent installation capable of supplying 15,000 horse power to be completed within three years, or so soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway shall be completed to the Pacific Coast.

This plant will be extended and its capacity increased from time to time as the demand for electric energy increases.

The Company also proposes to install and operate a gas producing plant in the City of Prince Rupert, capable of supplying 75,000,000 cubic feet of gas per annum for light and heating purposes, increasing the capacity of the plant as the demand may necessitate.

Forms of Application and full information may be obtained from Corporation Agencies, Limited, Royal Insurance Building, Place d'Armes, Montreal, or from Members of the principal Stock Exchanges in Canada.

### FIELD OF OPERATIONS.

Prince Rupert, B.C., is the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It is situated 550 miles north of the City of Vancouver, B.C., and 40 miles south of the Alaskan boundary. It is in the same latitude as London, England, and has a climate whose mean temperature is about the same as that of the Capital City of the British Empire.

The City of Prince Rupert has been laid out with a view to making it the future metropolis of the North Coast of British Columbia, and it has a harbor, practically land locked, which is one of the finest in the world. The preliminary work of surveying and laying out the new city was commenced in May, 1906, and to-day it has a population of approximately 6,000 people, which will probably be increased to 25,000 as soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is completed through the Pacific Coast in 1913.

Electric energy will be required for the operation of the terminal equipment of the railway, factories, foundries, machine shops, mills, cold storage plants, public and private lighting, and the hundreds of other purposes to which cheap motive power may be applied in a new and rapidly growing city.

### ESTIMATED REVENUES.

The revenues of the Company, when the present proposed works are in full operation, are estimated as follows:—

15,000 h.p. estimated at \$30.	\$450,000
Operating and maintenance expenses	120,000
<b>Estimated Net Revenue from Electric Power</b>	<b>\$330,000</b>
<b>Estimated Net Revenue from Gas Plant</b>	<b>45,000</b>
	<b>\$375,000</b>

<b>\$2,500,000 First Mortgage Bonds at 5 per cent.</b>	<b>\$125,000</b>
Sinking Fund	30,000
Surplus available for Dividends	220,000
	<b>\$375,000</b>

The surplus of \$220,000 would be equal to over 7 per cent. upon the Ordinary Stock of the Company.

### INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY.

Corporation Agencies, Limited, having, with the assistance of competent engineers, investigated this undertaking, recommends it to the public as one of the few opportunities now open in Canada for an investment in hydro-electric securities which are likely to increase rapidly in value upon the completion of the first permanent installation now proposed.

# CORPORATION AGENCIES LIMITED

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

## The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL.

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.  
 Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.  
 General Manager, E. F. Hebden.

Paid-up Capital,	-	\$ 6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	-	4,999,297
Deposits, (Nov. 30)	-	54,779,044
Assets,	-	71,600,058

155 Branches in Canada.

General Banking Business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches  
 Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

### TORONTO OFFICES:

Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.

# NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

J. W. Flavelle,  
 President.

W. T. White,  
 General Manager.

Executor, Trustee, Administrator  
 of Estates

Capital and Reserve, \$2,500,000

### OFFICES

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON SASKATOON

# OXO CUBES

mean a meal in a moment  
— for a cube makes a  
cupful of rich delicious  
beef-tea.

4 Cubes, 10c. 40

SEND ONLY 10c.



For this beautiful 13 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian Eyelet, Mt. Mellich, Violet or Holly design, and we will include Free of charge, one year's subscription to "Art Needlework" Magazine. The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 25 cts., thus making a total cash value of 50 cts. The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents, and the names and addresses of five lady friends. Send us your order to-day. AVALLONE & CO., INC., Dept. J., 55 Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto.



This snapshot of His Majesty King George was made on a

## Wellington

### Xtra Speedy Plate

Use this plate yourself in making pictures of the Coronation Celebrations. You will get the best results.

Wellington & Ward

PLATES PAPERS FILMS  
13 St. John St. - Montreal.

### EUROPE



70 Spring and Summer Tours at inclusive fares to all parts of Europe, comprising Tours de Luxe and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Several itineraries include London during the Coronation of King George V. Tours to North Cape, Russia, etc. Summer Tours to Oriental Lands.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY ALL LINES  
THOS. COOK & SON,  
65 Yonge St., Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ont.,  
530 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Cook's Travelers' Cheques are good all over the world.

# MAGI

Taken before meals excites the flow of the gastric juice; drunk after meals, it neutralizes the acidity of the stomach.

16

## THE WATER OF QUALITY

there had suddenly come into his life a woman who was not only beautiful, but who was made of that heroic stuff that appeals to all men of character, both good and bad alike. And the trouble with Senor Smith was that he had fallen in love.

He was not entirely to blame for this egregious folly, for Joan Endermine, hoping to win his confidence and find some opportunity of saving her lover's life, had done her best to be pleasant to him, and though she loathed the very sight of him, and almost shuddered when he touched her hand, she had acted her part without flinching, and acted it, as it turned out, only too well. It was only during the last two or three days that she had realized the danger of the game, and had changed her attitude towards him. Unfortunately her coldness only had the effect of inflaming the man's ardour.

"The girl is at my mercy," he thought. "I can please myself. She is never likely to love me, any more than she is likely to love a tiger. She's wrapped up in that obstinate fool with the stooping shoulders. And yet if she married me—she might be queen of all the world."

And for a little while he thought complacently of all he could give her, of the plunder of nations that he could lay at her feet, of the famous jewels of the world that should sparkle in her hair, on her arms and wrists and fingers, round her neck. Her clothes should be crusted with them till she glittered from head to foot. He would build her a palace of gold. Kings and Emperors should come and kiss her feet, be scourged into her presence and be scourged out again. He had no thought of any greater happiness for her than this. He judged her by the standard of another woman he had known—the woman who had stripped him of all he possessed, and sent him out to the goldfields to earn a greater fortune than the one he had squandered. Were not all women alike in their love of gold and gems?

The thought of jewels had been suggested to him by the fireflies, but as he stared at the bewildering flashes of these insects they suddenly vanished, and nothing broke the expanse of velvety darkness but the white gleam of the stars and the yellow lights of the Vallambrosa.

"I am a fool," he said to himself. "If I take the girl, I can't get the jewels. There is only one way of getting her. She must give herself as the price of her lover's life."

That was the difficulty. Ralph Lowick was not likely to pay twice over for his life, when he was already hesitating about purchasing it at all.

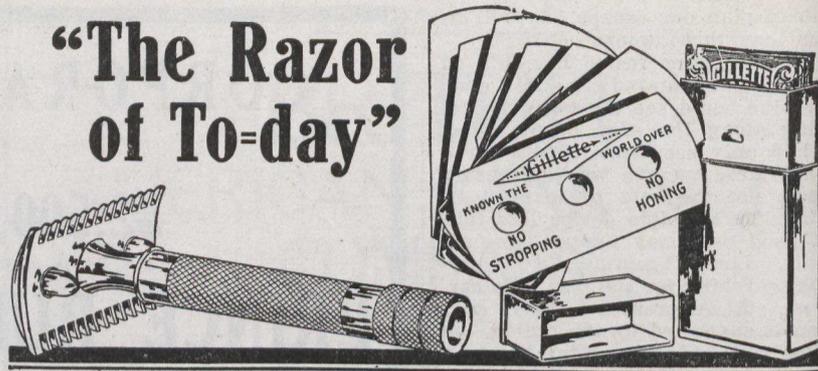
The Spaniard pulled out his watch, and held it near to the glowing ash of his cigar. It was ten, and in two hours Ralph Lowick would have to give his decision. The three weeks expired at midnight. Joan Endermine was with the prisoner now, pleading to him to give up his secret. In two hours the decision would have to be made.

Senor Smith drained his glass of wine and rose to his feet. Then he paced up and down the long verandah in the darkness. Doubtless the woman would marry him to save her lover's life. But was it worth the sacrifice? The conquest of the world against the possession of a single woman! He remembered that these two had been weighed in the balance before, and that a mighty conqueror had thrown away the world.

"I might worry out the secret for myself," he thought. "Varnoff is already at work analyzing the composition of the vibration bar. He is a clever man—he was the cleverest analyst in Europe. He might, by a process of elimination, hit on the truth. It might be only a question of time, and then—I might have all I desired."

To and fro he passed, his hot Southern blood fighting with his more practical Anglo-Saxon temperament. Above all things the Spaniard is a lover; above all things the Englishman is the conqueror and heaper up of riches. It is not easy for one who has the blood of both in his veins to choose between love and conquest.

## "The Razor of To-day"



## GILLETTE Blades are Harder

—Keener—Smoother Than Forged Razor Blades

Before the GILLETTE was invented razor blades were all *forged*. That is, a piece of mild steel was heated and hammered out till it took the form of a razor blade. Every heating, every hammering, changed the hardness of the steel a little—how much, no man could tell, but more in some parts than others, because these parts were hammered out more.

Naturally, to temper perfectly a blade of such uncertain and uneven hardness is impossible.

In making GILLETTE blades we start with an ingot of steel, **too fine in quality to stand forging, whose composition we know by analysis.** We roll this out to the thinness of the finished blade, then stamp out the blades ready for tempering.

The composition of the steel is not altered by the rolling and stamping as it is by forging, so that each blade comes out not only **even in texture throughout, but of the same quality as every other blade.** As our patented automatic tempering process tempers each blade *through and through* in precisely the same way, the finished blades have an **even, uniform hardness** which cannot possibly be equalled in forged blades.

Two of the hardest, keenest, smoothest shaving edges the world has ever seen are found on each and every GILLETTE blade. Not only is the GILLETTE the safest, quickest, most convenient and only adjustable razor, but it carries the best edge. That is what interests the shaver most.

Standard Sets \$5.00.

Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00.

At your druggist's, jeweler's or hardware dealer's.

### The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory, - 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng., and Shanghai, China.

Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris. 249

## Electric Home Comforts

In the Dining Room the *Toaster.*

In My Lady's Room the *Curling Iron.*

In the Nursery the *Heating Pad.*

In the Laundry the *Iron.*

For cleanliness the *Vacuum Cleaner.*

All over the house the *Best Light.*

Call Main 3975 for trial proposition

### THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY,

Limited

## School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE.  
Affiliated to Queen's University.

### Kingston, Ont.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

Mining and Metallurgy.  
Chemistry and Mineralogy.  
Mineralogy and Geology.  
Chemical Engineering.  
Civil Engineering.  
Mechanical Engineering.  
Electrical Engineering.  
Sanitary Engineering.  
Power Development. 18

SCOURS  
**POTS AND PANS**  
EASILY - QUICKLY - HYGIENICALLY  
**Old Dutch Cleanser**  
AVOID CHEMICAL CLEANERS  
Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can 10¢

**SAVE YOUR FEET**

The cause of corns and bunions, chafed and tired feet is almost exclusively in the shoes you wear. The leather in new shoes is stiff—the seams and vamp harsh and hard on the feet. Instead of letting your feet "break in" new shoes, just try a



**COMFORT SHOE FORM**

It will shape the shoe to fit your foot. With the adjustable metal lugs any part of the shoe can be formed to ease the pressure on any corn, bunion or callous.

Simply place the form in your shoe at night and the shoe will be permanently shaped in the morning.

Made in Ladies' and Men's sizes. Sold by leading dealers or by mail \$1.00. Will last a life time. Send to-day. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory.

Liberal Terms to Agents and Dealers.

C. H. HARPER & CO.

79 Spadina Ave., TORONTO

**HEADACHE?**  
Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking  
**"NA-DRU-CO"**  
**Headache Wafers**  
25c. a box, at all druggists'.  
NATIONAL DRUG and CHEMICAL CO.  
of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 27A

**Mail Contract**



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday the 30th June, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 18 times per week each way, between OAKWOOD and GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

Ottawa, 17th May, 1911.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

**WHITE HORSE WHISKY**  
Established 1742.  
Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.  
Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.  
Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

"I think I'll put my trust in Varnoff," he said to himself. "Varnoff is a very clever man. In time—"

"Your Excellency!"

He turned, and saw a tall figure outlined against the dim light that came from the room beyond the open French window.

"What is it, Luigi?"

"They are here. They wish to speak to your Excellency."

"Ah! is that so? Well, keep the man outside. I will speak to the woman alone."

When the man had departed Senor Smith entered the room, closed the windows, and drew down the reed blinds. A few minutes afterwards Joan Endermine was ushered in.

"Well, madam," said the Spaniard, when they were alone, "you have come to a decision?"

"Yes," the girl answered, quietly. "Mr. Lowick has decided to give up his secret."

"H'm—well, that's good. Sit down, won't you? I am glad he has been so sensible."

Joan seated herself on the edge of a chair, and clasped her hands nervously together. She wished to convey the idea that she had emerged from a terrible and exhausting struggle to save her lover's life, though, as a matter of fact, Lowick had decided three weeks ago what he was going to do.

"You have had a hard task," said the Spaniard, after a pause. "I can see that. I did not think you would succeed. A man loves his country more than a woman, as a rule."

He watched Joan's face as he spoke, and noticed that she did not colour. Yet his words might have sent the blood to any woman's cheeks. It was nearly half a minute before he spoke again.

"It is a striking testimony," he continued, "to your personal charm. Do you feel proud of your power?"

"Not at all," she answered, coldly. "I am glad—not proud."

The man laughed, and seated himself in a chair by her side. Then he leant over towards her, and she shrank from the burning passion in his eyes.

"You are the sort of woman," he said, in a low voice, "that makes a traitor of a man. I can well understand that Lowick would give up everything if you asked him to do so—patriotism, principle, honour, everything."

She rose to her feet and looked down at him contemptuously. "You appear to be scoffing at your own work," she said, coldly. "You have obtained your wish. It is rather mean to sneer at those who have granted it."

The man laughed. "I do not sneer," he said, slowly. "I sympathize. If I had been in his place, I should have done the same."

"Mr. Lowick is waiting outside," she said, coldly. "Will you see him? The sooner this horrible business is over, the better for all of us."

"I should certainly have done the same," he continued, without heeding the interruption. Then he rose from his chair, and folding his arms looked down on her from his great height.

"I may yet do the same," he added. Then one of his hands shot out and caught her by the shoulder.

"I love you," he cried, fiercely. "You know that. That's what you've been playing for, isn't it—to make me love you, and then twist me round your little finger? Do you think I haven't seen through it?"

She looked up at him, her face white to the lips. "Please leave go of my shoulder," she said, quietly. "You are hurting me. You are pretty strong, you know."

"Strong? Yes, strong as Samson. And you thought you'd be Delilah, didn't you?"

"Are you mad?" she cried, struggling to free herself from his grasp. "Leave go of me—you brute!"

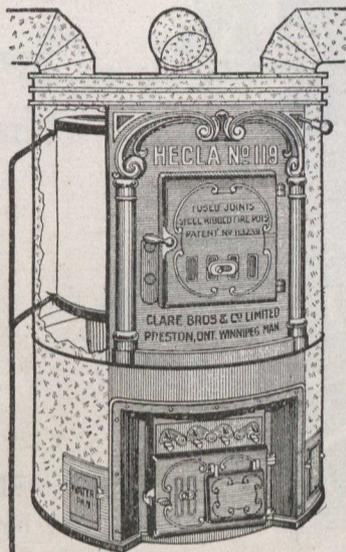
He loosed her and smiled. "I am strong," he continued, in a low, fierce voice, "and I am also mad. A dreadful combination, isn't it? And you are absolutely at my mercy—absolutely at my mercy."

"I can always kill myself," she said, making an effort to be calm.

**This furnace is built to keep gas, dust and smoke out of the house.**

No matter how cosy your home, an odor of gas, however slight, is unpleasant and sometimes dangerous. The health of your whole house demands a furnace that will give pure warm air without gas or dust. Gas cannot escape from a

"Hecla" Furnace. Every place where experience has shown that gas might otherwise find an opening has been made absolutely tight by our **Patent Fused Joint**. The constant expansion and contraction of the steel and iron parts cannot break this joint.



**"Hecla" Furnace**

The "Hecla" has other safeguards against gas. The **cast iron Combustion Chamber** will not burn through and allow fumes from the fire to pass into the house. The **air jets** in the door assure proper burning of any surplus gas. The **Automatic Gas Damper** prevents danger from gas puffs. There is a special **dust flue** to carry the ash dust up the chimney.

**The "Hecla" Saves One Ton of Coal in Seven**

How steel ribs added to the "Hecla" Fire Pot make this saving is told in our booklet "Comfort & Health."

**GET THIS BOOKLET**

It tells how to get heat for a minimum cost.



**THE FUSED JOINT**

In the "Hecla" the steel sides of the radiator are fused by our patented process to the cast iron plates at the top and bottom. This process welds the steel and iron into one piece, making an inseparable joint—one that cannot spread with the heat, and one that has proven perfectly gas and dust proof, even after years of service.

148

**CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, - PRESTON, Ont.**  
**PLANS** Send a rough diagram of your house and we will send complete plans and estimates for heating it. **FREE**

**Delicious Knox Grape Sherbet**  
An exquisitely frozen summer dessert that is quickly and easily made with pure grape juice, ice and

**Knox** Pure, Plain Sparkling **Gelatine**

**Here is the Recipe:**  
1/2 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine 1 cup sugar 2 lemons  
1 pint grape juice 1 pint water 1 orange

Soak gelatine in one-half cup cold water five minutes. Boil sugar and water to a syrup and add dissolved gelatine. When partly cooled add juice of the lemons, orange and grape juice. Freeze. Excellent to serve with the meat course.

Revised edition of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," our illustrated book of new recipes, free on request for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and your grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX CO. 510 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.  
Branch Factory: Montreal, Canada

"Oh, you won't be driven to that," he laughed. "When you came here I said I would protect you from insult. I caught hold of your shoulder just now. That was an insult, and I ask your pardon for it. It is the last you shall receive from me. I love you—well, you can see that, can't you?"

"You have a strange way of showing it," she replied.

"Not like the Englishman, eh? No, thank Heaven, I can't love in that cold-blooded way, though I'm half-English myself. He's been humming and hawing for three weeks whether he'll die or live happily with you for his wife. I shouldn't have hesitated for three minutes—not for three seconds. I should have thought the whole world well lost for love."

"That is very likely," she answered, sarcastically. She no longer had any fear of him. He had said that he would offer her no further insults, and she believed him. That had been all she had feared. She felt that she was more than a match for him with words.

"I love you," he continued, passionately. "I shall offer you no insult; but, for all that, you shall be my wife. You shall never marry that man. He isn't worthy of you. You ought to be a queen—the queen of the world. You were meant for something better than to be the wife of a white-faced scholar."

"I am quite content," she replied; "and now, Senor Smith, don't you think that you had better see Mr. Lowick?"

"The man who has come to buy his life from me? Yes, of course I will see him," and as he spoke he looked at her in a way that made her shudder. She had read what was in his mind.

"You have given your word," she said, nervously. "If Mr. Lowick gives up his secret, you will give us both safe passage home again?"

"Yes," he replied, looking her steadily in the face. "If Mr. Lowick gives up his secret."

"He has come here to do so."  
"He has come here to give me the names of certain metals. It will be some time before we can prove whether he has tried to make a fool of me or not."

Joan Endermine felt his fierce eyes upon her, and she knew that this was a moment in which her lover's fate was trembling in the balance. If this man suspected that Lowick was going to deceive him, if her face betrayed the plan of deceit, the whole game was lost. Senor Smith would probably shoot his prisoner—now his rival—without the slightest compunction.

"If Mr. Lowick gives up his secret," the Spaniard repeated, "I will keep my word."

"Have I not told you he has come here to do so?"

"Most certainly—but how am I to know?"

"You will test the truth of his statement."

"Yes; but that will take a long time. Much may happen before I know the truth. I should like to know now. The test will take so long, and life is so very short."

"Do you mean that you will not accept his word?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Still—" The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders. Then he added: "I would rather take yours."

Joan Endermine was silent. She was being forced into a position from which it would be hard to extricate herself.

"If you were to guarantee that the particulars are correct," he continued, "I should feel quite satisfied."

"I can hardly do that, for I do not know them."

"But you know Mr. Lowick. You would be willing to go bail for his truthfulness?"

"Of course—if that were of any use."

"It would be of the greatest use to me. Are you willing to go bail for Mr. Lowick?"

"Yes, I have said so."

"Very well, then, you shall. You shall give yourself as a hostage."

"As a hostage? What do you mean?"

"If Mr. Lowick speaks the truth,



# Sound Sleep To-night

There are Through Cars

## TO NEW YORK

from Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Ottawa and Montreal

NEW YORK  
CENTRAL  
LINES

The road bed of the New York Central Lines is built at "Water Level---You Can Sleep"

NEW YORK  
CENTRAL  
LINES

### NEW TRAINS BUFFALO TO NEW YORK

Lv. Buffalo 9.20 a.m.	Lv. Buffalo 12.05 midnight
Ar. New York 6.00 p.m.	Ar. New York 9.25 a.m.
All Pullman Cars. All Special Features	

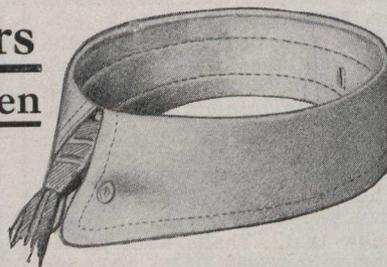
For Railroad Tickets and Pullman Accommodation call on or address the following New York Central Lines Representatives:

NEIL MOONEY, G.A. Montreal, - P.Q.	FRANK C. FOY, C.P.A. Toronto, - Ont.	HARRY PARRY, G.A. Buffalo, - N.Y.
---------------------------------------	---	--------------------------------------

# GOOD MORNING, NEW YORK



## Summer Collars for well-dressed men



Men, lay aside the stiff, high collars you have been wearing and be cool, comfortable and stylish during the warm weather. These new W.G. & R.

## Lounge Collars

are made for you, in many styles and fabrics—may be worn with shirts to match or of other material. Look for trade-mark.

25c 25c

O'Keefe's  
PILSENER



Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited



**Cravenette** Regd.

keeps you perfectly dry, but the air circulates freely. You can wear a "Cravenette," Reg. shower-proof coat any day, wet or fine and it will look dresy and becoming.

Be sure to get "Cravenette" Reg. — the trade-mark is stamped on every genuine "Cravenette" Reg. garment, made in all styles for men, women and children.

**THE CRAVENETTE COMPANY, Limited**  
39 Well Street 20  
BRADFORD, Eng.

you will marry him. If he does not, you will marry me."

Joan Endermine was driven into a corner, where she would have to fight for her life. If she refused these terms, the man would know at once that Ralph Lowick was not going to speak the truth, and would probably order his immediate execution. If she accepted the terms—well, she had no choice. She was forced to accept.

"Very well," she replied, after a pause; "but it is only fair that Mr. Lowick should know of the arrangement."

"Certainly he shall know. He may have been deceiving you. He may have told you he was going to speak the truth, and have intended all the time to tell a lie."

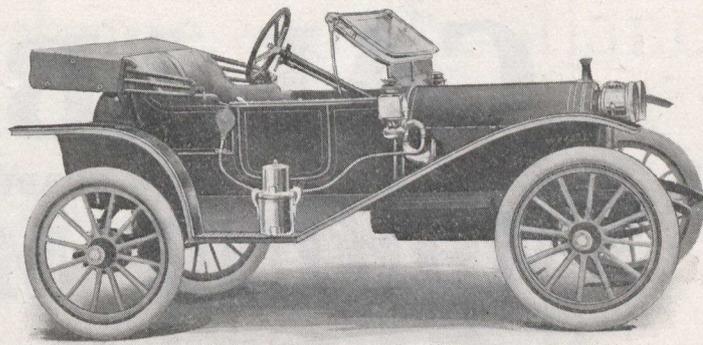
He went to the side of the room and pulled a broad red silken ribbon.

Luigi entered. "Yes, your Excellency?" he queried.

"Bring the prisoner in here."

(To be continued.)

**For 1912—Complete Equipment Included**



Runabout—4 cylinder, 20 H.P. motor; Bosch magneto, sliding gears. \$850 F.O.B. Windsor, including equipment of doors, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps tools and horn.

**RUNABOUT** *Hupmobile* **\$850**  
Fully Equipped **F.O.B. WINDSOR**  
**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

- A car which possesses, in common with the costliest cars of largest size, that smartness and perfection of form which, in a man, denotes good breeding.
- A car which avoids the scant proportions which so often characterize cars of medium carrying capacity.
- A car which seats its occupants with more luxury and ease and "leg room" than any other of its type and class—and which speeds smoothly away at the touch of one lever and two pedals.
- A car which appeals alike to the masculine and feminine members of the family because it so completely satisfies the practical demands of the one; and the artistic tastes of the other.

The Hupmobile for 1912 is sold completely equipped. Thus, \$850 buys a Runabout fitted with doors, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps for the dash and rear, a complete set of tools, and horn; \$1,000 includes similar equipment on the touring car, etc.

In addition, we have incorporated improvements which represent \$100 more in material alone than in preceding models. The more important of these improvements include Vanadium steel springs; Timken bearings back of driving pinion; rear wheels keyed onto tapered axle shaft; ten-

inch instead of eight inch brakes; Timken roller bearings on front wheels; new pressed steel, brass; lined radiator, with efficiency increased one third; nine-inch instead of six-inch mud guards; oilers on all spring hangers; improved carburetor that will not leak and is easily and accurately adjusted; four instead of two pinions on the differential.

From the first the Hupmobile presented excess value, which you can readily see is greatly increased in the 1912 cars by reason of the added equipment and improvements.

**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1235 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.**  
**CANADIAN FACTORY - WINDSOR, ONTARIO.**



**Foreign Landlords**

merchants, and railway officials—everyone accepts our travellers' cheques without question. No other form of money is so convenient. They come in books in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100.

Get a book before going abroad.

**THE TRADERS BANK of CANADA**

INCORPORATED 1885.  
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA  
Capital and Surplus \$6,650,000



NIAGARA RIVER LINE

**BUFFALO  
NIAGARA FALLS  
TORONTO**

ROUTE

DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

From Toronto—7.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 5.15 p.m. Arrive Toronto—10.30 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 4.45 p.m., 8.30 p.m.

**Rosemary in Her Garden**

(Continued from page 12.)

have God's peace in my heart, which passeth understanding."

I have always been reserved and shy of talking about what I feel the most deeply, but, as we turned and walked home in the friendly dusk, I found that I could talk easily of those things that had always been the most sacred to me. We had much in common besides the never-failing topic of gardening.

"Thank you so much Miss Rosemary," he said, as we parted at my gate, "and some day you will let me cross the hedge, won't you?"

I felt suddenly too shy to answer, and was in at my front door before he came up his garden path. A little thrush seemed to sing in my heart that night until I fell asleep.

August 16.—It is a whole month since I have written anything in my diary. I have enjoyed my garden and not done very much work during the time. I have a feeling of great satisfaction as I look at my rows of winter vegetables all coming on so nicely. I have peas and beans in abundance for my present wants. In fact, so prolific has the garden been that I have been able to send hampers of vegetables and flowers away to a friend of mine who is a worker in a London slum.

My neighbour and I are great friends now. That first evening walk seemed to draw us near together, and it has not been the last. In fact, it has become a habit on fine evenings to slip out when all our watering and slug-catching is done, and stroll up to the top of the lane together; but he has never crossed through the hedge yet. I don't know why, but I have been too shy to ask him, and he has never mentioned it again. He asked me to-day how I got my potatoes up. I told him a man from the cottage down the road always took them up for me, and made them in a "pie."

He said "Bother the man!" quite impatiently when I told him that, and when I looked surprised he only said: "Well, I'm glad you're not going to attempt that yourself, at any rate."

He asked me the other day, as we were walking down the hill, if I noticed that he always wore a sprig of rosemary in his buttonhole. Of course I had noticed it, and often wondered why, so I asked him, but he only answered, rather carelessly, "Oh, I'm fond of rosemary; I thought you knew that. I shall wear it till I get something better."

September 10.—This is one of my favourite months, and, so far, it has been a month of sunshine. I have been idling in the garden a good deal with books and work. It has been very quiet, for my neighbour has been away. I have missed our little walks and talks. I think he has come back to-night, for I heard his door bang after I had lighted the lamp and drawn the curtains.

September 11.—This has been such a wonderful day, and I can hardly realize that I am still ME. Late as it is, I must write it down, and then



**It is good to be sure  
Better to be insured  
Best to be insured in  
The Hartford**

**HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE  
COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.**  
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

**WATSON'S**



**"No. 10"**

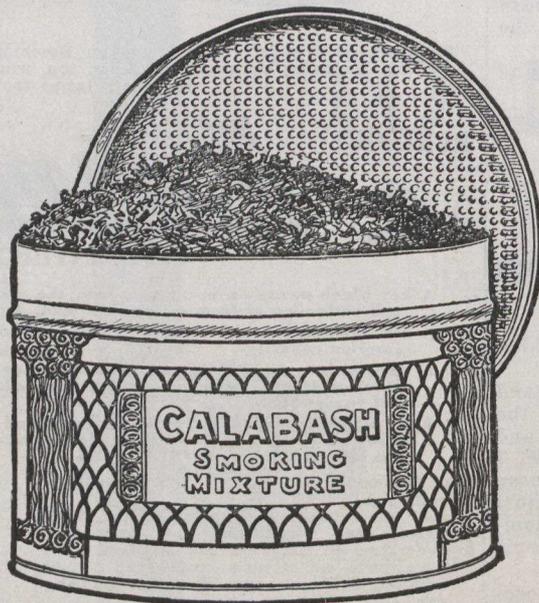
**SCOTCH**

# CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

## SMOKING MIXTURE

Every tin  
is equipped  
with  
patent  
moistener.



For  
Perfect  
Satisfaction

2 oz. Tin Costs .....25c  
4 oz. Tin Costs .....40c  
8 oz. Tin Costs .....75c  
16 oz. Tin Costs ...\$1.50

### CANADA'S GREATEST GROWING MARKET

## WINNIPEG

Locate our Western Factory in the Central City of Canada where you can get Cheap Power, cheap sites, low taxation, plentiful supply of raw materials, best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the support of a community who recognize the importance of its industrial development.

Reports furnished free on the manufacturing possibilities of any line of industry by addressing CHARLES F. ROLAND, Industrial Commissioner, Winnipeg, Can.

## WHITE LABEL ALE



Dominion Brewery Co.  
TORONTO Limited

The French NATURAL Sparkling  
Table Water  
**Perrier**  
The Champagne  
of Table Waters

## Solving The High-Cost Problem

Eat simple, nourishing, inexpensive foods and you will be the gainer in health and pocket. The high protein foods, meats, etc., cost the most, are the hardest to digest and hence the least nutritious in the long run. Cut out heavy meats and soggy pastries for a while and eat

# SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuits, the ready-cooked, ready-to-serve whole wheat food—steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world.

Try Shredded Wheat for breakfast for ten days—served with milk or cream. Easily digested. Keeps the stomach sweet and the bowels healthy and active.

Also deliciously wholesome when eaten in combination with stewed or fresh fruits.

*Triscuit is the crisp, tasty Shredded Wheat Wafer—delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalade. Toast in the oven before serving.*

Made by

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

D64

I may persuade myself it is true.

To begin with, it was a dull morning, and it was not till after tea that I felt inclined to go out. Even then I did not want to work, but wandered round the garden, idly cutting a few sweet peas which are still blooming bravely. I saw nothing of my neighbour all day, and was beginning to think I had been mistaken in thinking he had returned, but just as I was about to go in I heard his door bang and without looking round I felt that he was there at the privet hedge. I am evidently subject to fits of shyness, for I felt as though I dare not turn round to greet him, and went on snipping away at the sweet peas. At last I heard the familiar call, "Miss Rosemary," and then, of course, I had to turn and go to him.

"How long were you going to keep me waiting?" he asked. "You knew I was there," he said positively.

"I was busy," I said, feebly. He looked different to-night, his eyes were so bright, and his face had a boyish, eager look.

"How have you enjoyed yourself?" I asked.

"Why have you hidden yourself away all day?" he demanded, ignoring my question.

"It's been so dull," I answered. "You've been working on many a worse day," he said, "and I can see several things in your garden that want doing, even from this side of the hedge."

I nearly said that that was my business, but his reference to the hedge made me shy again, and I was glad I hadn't when he said: "You can't think how I've been longing for a glimpse of you; but never mind that now, come along, and let us go up the hill, then we can talk."

I meekly obeyed, went in and put on an extra wrap, and soon we were walking up the lane. It was nearly dark when we reached the top, but the moon was coming up, and it was a much finer night than I had expected. We rested for a moment as we always did, against the fence on the edge of the wood. Suddenly a trembling seized me again, and I felt like running down the hill and never stopping till I reached the sanctuary of my little home. At the same moment my neighbour turned and stood in front of me.

"Rosemary," he said, "tell me, have you missed me at all?"

"Yes," I answered, swiftly and simply, almost before I knew I had spoken. I felt his eyes trying to read my face in the faint, soft light.

"Tell me more," he said, but I was tongue-tied again; there was something new and masterful about him that made me afraid and tremulous.

"Let me tell you how I have missed you," he said, when I made no answer. "Every day has seemed like forty-eight hours, and every hour of it flavourless and empty. And, now that we are together again, an hour has seemed like a minute."

He had spoken passionately. Then his voice grew very solemn and reverent. "Rosemary," he said, "I can wait no longer. I must tell you I love you. I have asked God to give you to me for my own. Will you come?"

He took hold of my hand, and at his touch all the fear and all the trembling died away.

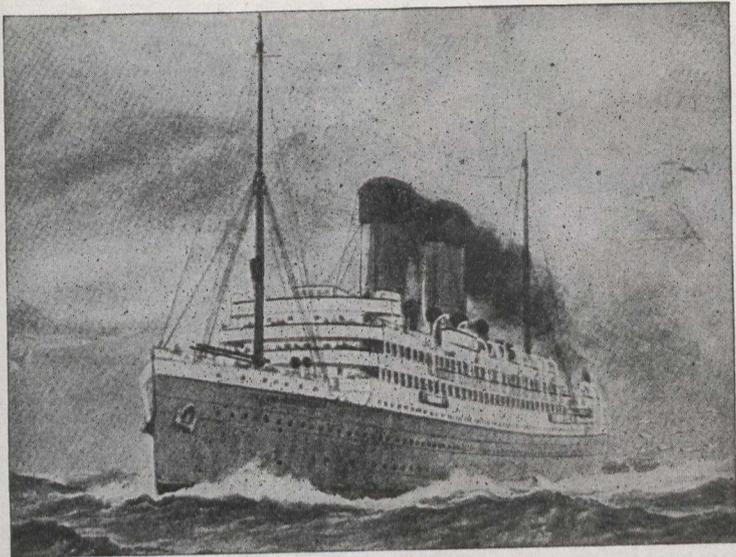
"Yes," I said simply, and as I spoke I knew, with a swift, keen joy, that I had entered into a haven of safety and happiness such as I had never dreamed of.

September 13.—The world is made new. I had an appointment with my beloved at the privet hedge for nine o'clock this morning. We stood and looked at each other across it for a moment.

"I shall not come till you ask me," he said; "you have kept me waiting so long."

Then I had to capitulate. "Will you come over and walk round my garden?" I said as carelessly as I could. In a moment he was through the hedge and his arms were around me. How thankful I was for the seclusion of my garden then.

"The first piece of work we do in our garden after we are married," he said, boldly, "will be to uproot that privet hedge."



**SIX DAYS TO LONDON**

Three days, sixteen hours and five minutes from *land to land*. It is the Royal Line to Bristol that makes this possible; and it is the Royal Edward which holds this Canadian trans-Atlantic record. But there are other considerations besides speed which should induce you to travel by the

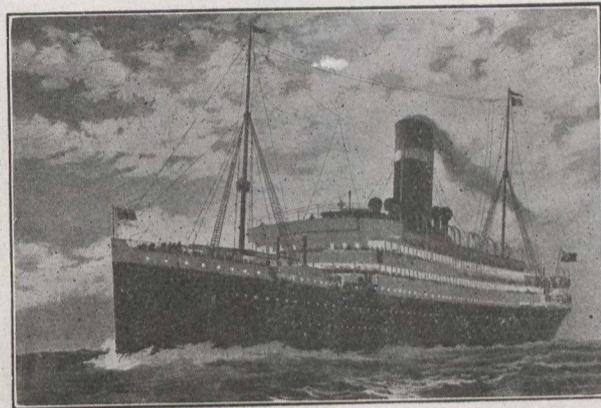
**ROYAL EDWARD or ROYAL GEORGE**

Not only are these twin ships the fastest triple-screw turbine boats on the Montreal to London route, but their equipment is the finest on the Canadian Service. They are driven by the newest type of turbine engines, ensuring uttermost speed with least vibration. Large state-rooms, spacious social apartments, sheltered promenade decks, tasteful and artistic furnishings, splendid service, and ventilation by the thermo tank system indicate the unusually high character of the appointments, comfort and convenience of these boats.

For full particulars, rates, sailings, see nearest Steamship Agent

H. C. BOURLIER,	General Agent,	Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited,	Toronto, Ont.
GUY TOMBS,	" " " "	" " " "	Montreal, Que.
P. MOONEY,	" " " "	" " " "	Halifax, N.S.
A. H. DAVIS,	" " " "	" " " "	Winnipeg, Man.

**Home to Scotland!**  
**Scots of America**  
**Excursion**



JULY

1911

T. S. S. GRAMPIAN 10,000 TONS

SAILING FROM MONTREAL JULY 8th.

BY

**Allan Line S. S. Grampian**

Carrying "One Class Passengers."

\$47.50 SINGLE - \$92.63 ROUND TRIP

BOOK NOW AND SECURE SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION.

For particulars apply	W. R. ALLAN,	THE ALLAN LINE
H. & A. ALLAN,	Winnipeg.	77 Yonge St., Toronto
Montreal.		

**CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY**

LIMITED

BUILDERS AND DESIGNERS OF ALL KINDS AND TYPES OF

Freight and Passenger Cars of Steel or Wood Construction, Car Wheels, Castings, Brake Beams, Bar Iron, Forgings, Bolsters.



WORKS AT

AMHERST, N.S., and MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HEAD OFFICE:

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC



**Great Lakes Service**

FIVE SAILINGS WEEKLY FROM OWEN SOUND

**For Soo Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William**

Immediate connection for Winnipeg, Western Canada and Pacific Coast

STEAMSHIP EXPRESS FROM TORONTO DIRECT TO WHARF 1.00 P.M. SAILING DAYS

Ask for illustrated literature, etc.

R. L. THOMPSON,  
District Passenger Agent, Toronto



**Most Direct Route TO THE "Highlands of Ontario"**

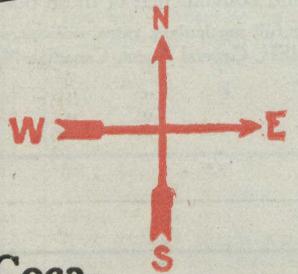
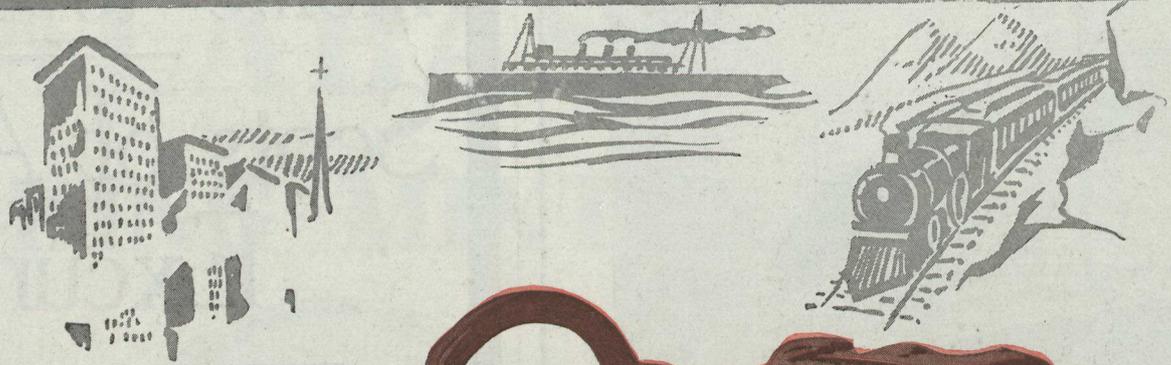
Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes  
Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, Algonquin National Park  
Temagami, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes

**Spend Your Summer Holidays at One of These Delightful Spots**

Finest summer playgrounds in America. Good hotel accommodations at moderate cost. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment, and send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out of the ordinary resorts.

All this recreation paradise only one night away from the leading cities of the United States, via the Grand Trunk. Palatial trains provide every travel luxury to your destination. Address—

A. E. DUFF, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.	J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent, Montreal, Que.
W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.	G. T. BELL, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.
H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.	



## Wherever You Go

North, East, South or West, you will find **Coca-Cola**. And find it the beverage that everybody (all classes, ages and sexes) drinks and likes.

So don't forget---while you're waiting for your vacation time to come around, make the best of heat and weariness and impatience by treating yourself to

**Coca-Cola**

When you're on your vacation, put an edge to your enjoyment---with **Coca-Cola**.

When you get back and the return to a burdened desk or an upset house irks you mentally and physically, remember that **Coca-Cola** is

**Delicious--Refreshing--Thirst-Quenching**

**5c Everywhere**

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola