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The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**INDUSTRIAL
NUMBER**

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1911

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Accumulated Funds, Aug. 1st, \$17,511,762.57

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A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF PROTECTION for the Home and Family is furnished by The Independent Order of Foresters. In addition to the Mortuary Benefits, provision is made in all Policies for members who become Totally and Permanently Disabled through accident or disease --for members who reach 70 Years of Age--and Sick Benefits from \$3.00 to \$10.00 per week may be secured.

The Order provides for and educates the unprotected orphan children of its members, and furnishes treatment at its Sanitarium for members affected by Incipient Tuberculosis.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 13

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Editor's Talk

NEXT week we publish our second supplement devoted to country and suburban life. This will contain several pages of reading and pictures in the interest of those who have retained and those who are rediscovering something not merely worth while, but profoundly necessary in the tendency to get closer to the land. Not far from Toronto there is a small colony of millionaires and other men who are working out the principle that as much of a man's life as possible in the country and not too far from business is the best way to cure the ills of civilization.

But of course everybody can't afford a country seat; and because the normal average man has to stick pretty close to the office or the factory for all but two weeks in the year, we expect from time to time to show how with a reasonable expenditure on a little land and a suitable dwelling a man may have glimpses of nature and a greater degree of contentment. "God made the country and man made the town" was the plaint of an English poet who also sighed, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness." But he was a dreamer. Canada has vast wildernesses enough; but unless a man is either a poet or an explorer he has no hankering after the Great Barren Grounds or the wilds of Cariboo as a dwelling-place. There are little wildernesses at men's doors; and they are worth finding out. A little economy, a considerable imagination and a contented soul—these are the chief needs for the town man who would enjoy country life.

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"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

Windsor Table Salt

—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

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WISDOM : AND : WEALTH

The wise man studies every proposition carefully. He makes no mistakes.

The man who invests in a five-acre fruit farm in the Fraser Valley is wise, because he is laying the foundation of wealth.

These are convincing facts and figures:

Profits per acre---apples, \$1200 to \$2000; peaches, \$800 to \$1200; strawberries, \$1800; potatoes, \$500 to \$750.

I am selling land close to railway and tramway, on easy terms, for \$200 cash, balance over five years. Price from \$150 to \$350 per acre.

Ask me for particulars.

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Old Dutch Cleanser

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Refrigerator HYGIENICALLY

Because this pure, mechanical Cleanser contains no Caustic or Acid to get near the food. It penetrates into every corner and cuts every particle of grease from the shelves and walls. Soap-cleaning cannot do this satisfactorily.

Sprinkle some Cleanser on a wet cloth or brush and go over every part of the refrigerator carefully, after removing and cleaning the shelves. Do this once a week (the ice compartment once in two weeks) and it will always be clean, sweet-smelling and sanitary.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Irrelevant.—An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascar was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveller. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?" "It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveller thanked him and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."—Success.

* * *

The Worm Turned.—Mrs. Jawback—"I married you because I pitied you. No one else would."

Mr. Jawback—"Well, everybody does now."—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Unimpeachable.—A really ingenious waiter is a rare being. A newspaper man says that he found one not long ago, a genial Irishman, frankly inclined to converse. The guest sat down and frowned over the bill of fare in great perplexity.

"What's good to-day?" he inquired of the waiter.

"Clams, sir," answered the other, promptly, and then, leaning over the table, he added, confidentially, "they're very good, indeed, sir. The waiters are eating 'em themselves."

* * *

How He Was Named.—Once when Representative Alexander, of Missouri, was Speaker of the House in the Missouri Legislature about fifty members were in front of the Speaker's rostrum clamouring for recognition. A man named Moore, who possessed a mighty pair of lungs, yelled into Speaker Alexander's face, "Does the Speaker recognize me?"

The hubbub ceased.

"It seems to me," said Speaker Alexander slowly, as if searching the recesses of his mind, "that at some time or other I have seen that ugly mug of yours."

They still call Mr. Moore "Ugly Mug" down in Missouri.

* * *

A Hunter's Diary.—Johnny had two presents at the same time—one a diary, which he kept very carefully, and the other a pea-shooting pop-gun, which he fired indiscriminately on all occasions. One day his mother found the following terse record in his diary:

"Mondy cold and sloppy. Toosdy cold and sloppy. Wensdy cold and sloppy shot Grandma."

* * *

A Great Author.—"Do you see that nice-looking man over there? That's my favorite author."

"What have you read of his?"

"Nothing. But I danced twice with him last night."—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

Shabby.—Every one knew Jonathan Skinflint as a millionaire, with the exception, so it appeared, of Skinflint himself. He invariably wore the shabbiest of clothes, and is reported to have dined one day on a couple of peas and a grape skin. One day an old friend endeavoured to persuade the miser to dress better. "I am surprised," he said, "that you should let yourself become so shabby."

"But I am not shabby," expostulated Skinflint.

"Oh, yes, you are," replied the friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elegantly dressed. His clothes were very handsome."

Skinflint gave utterance to a hearty laugh.

"Why," he shouted triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

* * *

Liked the Treatment.—Nurse—"You have been badly hurt, and I must give my favourite author."

Patient—"Are you sure I am not hurt internally?"—Smart Set.

IF YOU WEAR JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Your Underwear Troubles
are at an end

No more trouble from discomfort
and unsatisfactory wear

No more danger from draughts and
chills

All sizes and weights for all seasons
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the Medical Profession.—"The
Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's
admirable preparation."

Benger's Food is distinguished from the others by
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BENGER'S FOOD IS FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS,
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Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet, "Benger's Food
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and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents and the Aged.
Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, Eng.

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

B24

The Cook's "Day Off"

You have to give her a day off from the hot kitchen.
The cook's "day off" is generally an "off day" for the
entire household. It is a day of short rations and un-
satisfied hunger. It need not be an off day if you have

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

in the home—the food that is ready-cooked, ready-
to-serve, full of nutriment and easily digested. You
can prepare a delicious, nourishing meal with
Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit without build-
ing a fire in the kitchen. Place two Biscuits (whole
or crushed) in a deep dish and cover with berries of
any kind—raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries
or other fresh fruits—and then pour over them milk,
adding a little cream and sugar to suit the taste. Serve
Triscuit instead of ordinary toast with butter, soft
cheese or caviar. It is a crisp, delicious snack for
the Summer days.

Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. It is
made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and
baked—nothing added, nothing taken away—the clean-
est, purest, most nutritious of all cereal foods.

MAKE YOUR "MEAT" SHREDDED WHEAT

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

F65

The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

August 26, 1911

No. 13

STOKING NATIONALIST FIRES IN QUEBEC



Twenty thousand people heard Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux shout for reciprocity and Mr. Henri Bourassa declaim against the Canadian Navy at St. Hyacinthe on Sunday, Aug. 13th.



Mr. Bourassa seemed to be successful in putting the "Navy" ahead of "Reciprocity."



Hon. Mr. Lemieux made a brave fight against a somewhat adverse audience.

Photographs by A. A. Gleason.



Postal Savings Bank Department in the head office at Toronto. Eleven Clerks are kept busy receiving and paying out money—under cramped and un-bank-like conditions.

THE SLUMP IN POSTAL SAVINGS

Is the P. O. Banking System Unpopular?

By NORMAN PATTERSON.

POST-OFFICE savings banks have increased in Canada from 81 in 1868 to 1,133 in 1910. During the same period, the deposits have grown from a comparatively small amount to the immense total of forty-three million dollars, of which one-half is in the old Government savings banks, and one-half in the post-office savings banks proper. This seems satisfactory until the details are examined.

The first feature to be noted is that the annual deposits are steadily declining. In the year 1908, the people deposited twelve million dollars in the post-office savings banks proper. In 1909, they deposited only nine and a half millions, and in 1910 a little less than nine millions. In other words the annual savings of the people, as shown by the deposits made with the post-office have shown a remarkable decline. Is this due to a period of extravagance, or to a decline in the popularity of the postal banks?

In the second place, this unfavourable situation is rendered worse by the fact that the withdrawals exceed the deposits. In 1908, the people drew out \$1,300,000 more than they deposited. In 1909, they drew out \$3,700,000 more than they put in. In 1910, the withdrawals exceeded the deposits by approximately three million dollars. This is a situation which calls for examination of a serious nature. Either our people are getting careless, or there is something in connection with the post-office savings banks which requires a remedy.

The deposits to date in the Government savings banks in 1888 was \$20,682,000. In 1910, this had decreased to \$14,677,000. But eight millions of this was transferred to the post-office savings banks, so that there was really a gain here of two million. But what was two million as an increase in twenty-two years?

Taking the postal savings banks and the Government savings banks together, the total on deposit may be compared as follows:

1870	\$ 3,411,000
1880	11,053,000
1890	41,012,000
1900	53,150,000
1910	58,264,000

An examination of this table shows that there is room for curious wonder, if not for criticism. The increase in the past ten years is the smallest of any ten-year period since confederation.

Should They be Popular?

The United States Treasury estimated recently that there was two billion dollars of currency hidden away in that country. The great distrust of the United States banks led people to hide that vast sum in boxes and old socks. This sum is big enough

to pay the national debt of the United States twice over. Placed in the banks at three per cent. it would earn sixty million of dollars in annual interest. Yet because of the distrust of the banks, the United States people were losing that sixty million dollars in interest every year. If it were deposited with the Government, it would not be compelled to borrow a cent from outside sources, and instead of paying a huge sum in interest to foreigners, it would pay it to its own people.

Of course, the United States is not the only country where hoarding is popular. The Hindus do not have much money, and wages are as low as ten cents a day. Yet it has been estimated that in the land of the Hindus there were secret hoards of silver, gold and jewels equal to that in the United States. Since Great Britain established postal savings banks in this part of the Empire, \$500,000,000 have come out of hiding and been deposited. Nearly one million Hindus are now ranked as depositors in the post-office savings banks.

With a knowledge of this and other experiences, the United States Government recently decided to establish postal savings banks. At first one postal bank was established in each state; then in April last 45 more were opened; in June 36 were added, and now they are being opened at the rate of fifty per week. At the present rate 2,500 will be opened within a year. But Uncle Sam intends to open 40,000 of them, one in every money-order post-office throughout the Union.

Uncle Sam's Innovation.

When Frank Hitchcock, Postmaster-General of the United States, was put up against the task of opening 40,000 small banks throughout the United States, he was forced to do some thinking. What staggered him most was the number of book-keepers who would be required to look after all these new accounts—perhaps a million accounts, perhaps two million. Mr. Hitchcock went to England to study the system there and found it complicated and expensive. Every depositor had a pass-book, and think of the work of posting a million pass-books every time a deposit was made! Then think of all the ledgers required to hold all these accounts! Although Britain has only 15,000 savings offices, and it requires a staff of 2,000 clerks in London to look after the general book-keeping. If the United States has 50,000 offices it would take 6,000 clerks at Washington to keep the accounts.

Mr. Hitchcock solved the difficulty by abolishing the pass-book and issuing drafts or certificates of deposits. The depositor hands in his money and is given a certificate. These are in denominations of \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, and they bear interest at the rate of two per cent. They are neither transferable nor negotiable. The duplicate is retained by the postmaster and bears the deposi-

tor's signature. When the depositor wants his money, he must bring back the original and the signatures must agree. This is the method adopted by the banks and express companies in the handling of their money-orders.

If the certificate is lost or destroyed, the depositor can apply for a new one. The lost certificate is of no value to the finder unless he can forge the name, and he hasn't any copy of the signature to imitate.

The simplicity of the system is especially noticeable in that the postmaster keeps no books. He has a set of manila jackets bearing the name of the depositors and containing the depositor's duplicates. That tells the whole story.

A Fool-proof System.

Again the need of book-keeping is avoided by the fact that deposits are made only in multiples of \$1; and that the money has to be left in one year to draw interest, the interest beginning only on the first day of the month. The depositor knows that if he takes out any money in less than a year he loses his interest. If he leaves it in for one year, he gets 2 per cent.; and he must leave it in two years to get 4 per cent. In other words, there are no fractions to be considered. The system seems to be fool-proof. The depositor knows just what is coming to him. He can draw as much or as little as he pleases provided the denominations are right; and when his money is all drawn the tearing up of the manila jacket closes the account and wipes his name from the government rolls. In fact, there is no other record.

With such a simple system, the cost will be low and the authorities will easily be able to handle the 200 million dollars which is expected to come in during the next twelve months.

Apparently Canada has two lessons to learn in connection with its post-office savings banks. The first is that its system of handling deposits needs improvement so as to reduce expense and make the system more convenient for the depositors. The second is that, for the general good of the small depositor, the advantages of the post-office savings banks should be advertised widely.

In the establishment of government savings banks, Canada followed British experience. When Great Britain merged its trustees savings banks in its postal banks, Canada merged its government and post-office banks. But the complicated system in vogue in England has not been improved upon here. The advance made in general post-office methods has not applied to the savings department. It is ancient and complicated. It needs modernizing.

Again, respect for the chartered banks of Canada should not prevent the government from making and keeping the post-office savings banks popular. The chartered banks held no sympathy. They are making money like water. They are progressive. They offer all sorts of inducements to the small depositor and they treat him well. It behooves the post-office to keep pace with those intelligent and progressive competitors. While the deposits in the post-office have been going down, the deposits in the savings departments of the chartered banks and trust companies have been going up. The post-office is losing the custom. And the Government of Canada is losing the profit.

Let us suppose that by superior methods, more courteous treatment and better advertising, the Banks take in fifty million dollars, which would otherwise have gone to the Post-office. The profit each year on that money is easily one per cent., the difference between three per cent. which is paid to the depositor and the four per cent. (clear) received by the banks from their borrowers. One per cent. on fifty millions would be \$500,000. This is the amount the banks would gain, and the amount the Government would lose each year.

A Brief for the Hindus.

IN the *Victoria Daily Times* Walter W. Baer recently had a long article on the Hindus in Canada, which has been widely quoted in the United States.

The *Literary Digest* quotes Mr. Baer as follows: "The Hindu is a monogamist by tradition and practise; as faithfully so as the Anglo-Saxon. Yet he is not permitted to bring his wife to this country, and no female child of his may come near enough to smile into his eyes. He must move among the sights and hear the happy domestic songs of those for whom he labours, but he must be allowed only to think of those who are equally dear to him and as much a part of his own life as are our loved ones of ours. He must not be guilty of an overt look, much less an overt act. Not many Europeans could stand the strain of similar conditions."



Nine thousand people heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier open the campaign at Simcoe, Ont. A dozen reporters took down his speech

HON. GEO. GRAHAM

“THE ISSUE IS RECIPROCITY”

Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Simcoe, Ont., August 15.



ONE more little town made famous by the opening of a Government campaign. On Tuesday, August 15, Simcoe, Ont., saw ten thousand people or thereabouts—mainly farmers and people from small towns—listen to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, three of his Ministers, and the candidate for Norfolk, Mr. W. A. Charlton. “The issue is reciprocity,” was the keynote. The Premier spoke as though he had just begun his work. He was greeted with immense enthusiasm—as usual. So was Sir John A. Macdonald in 1891, when for the last time, with just the same issue before the people as now, he toured the provinces, an older man than Sir Wilfrid, who had then been four years leader of the Opposition. Then the old chieftain stood against commercial union. Now another old chieftain



stands or falls because of a restricted reciprocity pact, which some Conservatives think involves ultimate commercial union, and which to some others spells annexation. The Simcoe speech was peculiarly free from merely personal allusions. It was a straight business deliverance. The Premier showed himself in good fighting form. Hon. George Graham also made a good impression.

The Premier made a happy historic reference to Sir John Macdonald's efforts to obtain reciprocity in Washington. Sir John he compared to the Moses who had seen, but not entered the Promised Land. He himself might be the Joshua. He did not omit to signify, without actually saying so, that Canada is expecting to get more of the milk and honey than the United States will get.



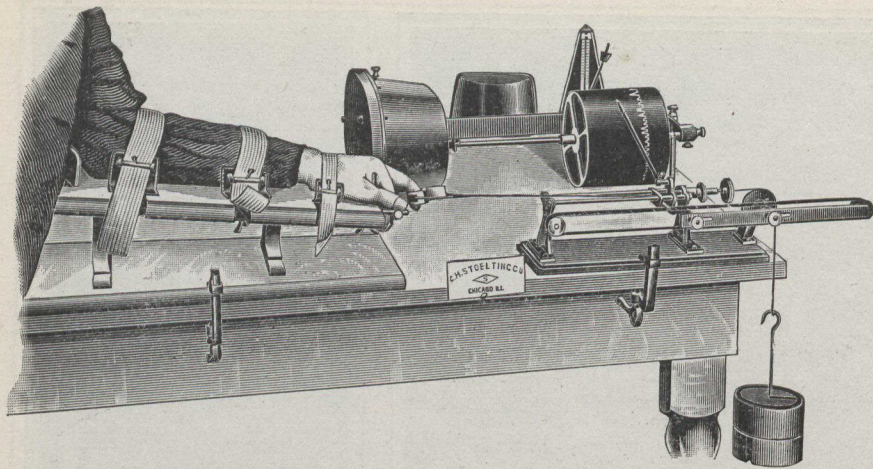
“If the farmers are to be benefitted, all sections of the community will be benefitted”



“The talk of annexation is beneath the contempt of a serious people”

The Premier at Simcoe

“The issue is reciprocity. You, my fellow-countrymen, are the judges. You are to pass upon the issue”



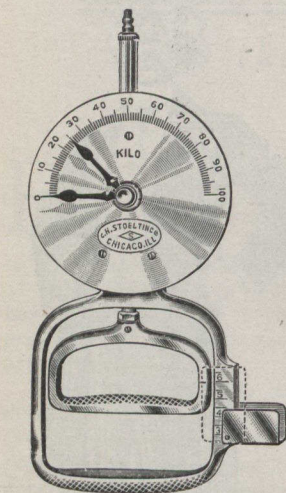
The Ergograph measures fatigue by its effect on bodily work.

MEASURING MENTAL FATIGUE

By WILLIAM D. TAIT

THIRTY years ago measuring mental fatigue would not mean much; but to-day, thanks to the progress made in physiology and to the rapid advance made by experimental psychology, we can measure mental fatigue. To be sure, we cannot do this with the precision of a chemist's balance, but accurate methods and delicate instruments place the results of such measurements well within the region of absolute certainty.

If psychology tells us how to measure mental fatigue we must go to the physiologist to find out what it is from the point of view of the living organism. Physiology says that fatigue, whether mental or physical, is brought about by the using up of material in the cells which make up the body, more particularly those delicate cells which compose the nervous system. The expenditure of this material in the form of energy gives rise to the formation of certain waste products which, if not eliminated

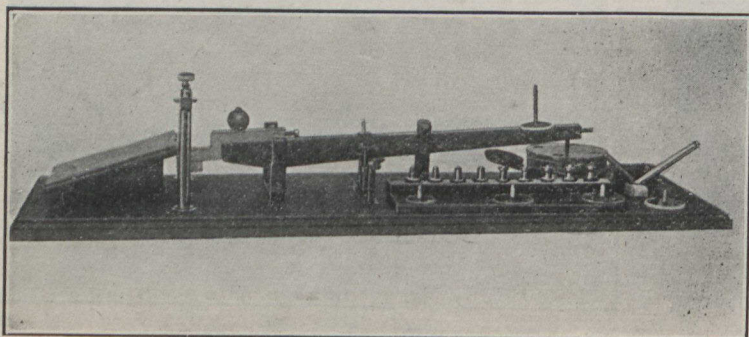


The Dynamometer tests strength of hand grip.

as fast as they are formed, produce a fatigue effect on the nervous system. This has been proved experimentally by injecting certain of these poisons. Physiologically speaking, then, fatigue is an excess of waste products in the organism.

When this condition takes place it is usually accompanied by a sensation of weariness. This is a sign that a certain amount of energy has been expended in either mental or bodily work. Although this is the general rule, yet it does not always take place. In some persons there may be a sensation of weariness without expenditure of energy, while in other individuals there may be a large expenditure of energy with no accompanying sensation of weariness. This is the state found in conditions of nervous exhaustion commonly known as neurasthenia. A person in this condition may do a lot of work until complete collapse takes place. Weariness, then, is the safety clock of the nervous system.

There are two main methods of measuring fatigue, usually called the *direct* and *indirect*. The former measures mental fatigue by its effect on similar mental work, while the latter measures fatigue by its effect on the bodily conditions including physical work. Examples will make this much clearer. Suppose that we wish to find out the fatigue caused by translating some Latin prose.



The Pain Balance, which tests sensibility to pain.

creased number of mistakes and more time consumed. Ability to memorize is also used in the same way as the addition. The memory is tested before and after the translation of Latin or other work as the case may be. Ordinary words are not used for this test, but syllables constructed specially for the purpose, such as *jebs, nep, mon*, etc. In fatigue there is a decreased ability to memorize.

The two methods discussed above are called direct methods, for the reason already stated. The next method to be mentioned is sometimes classed as direct, but usually as indirect, and will serve as the connecting link between the two.

It consists in striking out the letters in a certain piece of printed matter. For example, a person is asked to strike out all the E's on a page. The fatigue is measured by the number of E's missed, the number of other letters struck by mistake, and the time taken to do the work, as measured by a stop watch in fifths of a second. This is done before and after certain work, so that the increase of mistakes, the increase of omissions and increase of time is due to the work done and the total result obtained from these factors is the measure of fatigue for that work. This test can be roughly applied by anyone, as its simplicity is self-evident.

The ergograph, an instrument which can be used only in a psychological laboratory or some such place, is a work writer. By its use we measure fatigue by its effect on bodily work. It consists of a frame for holding the forearm and all the fingers except the middle one, which is made to draw up a weight by flexing. This will be seen plainly in the illustration. On the slide from which the weight is suspended there is a pointer which will be seen to mark on a drum which rotates at an even rate. This drum is covered with smoked paper so that we thus obtain a record of the finger in pulling the weight. The kymograph is not a part of the ergograph proper, but is a recording instrument much used in psychological laboratories. It is pictured by itself. Like other tests, this one is applied before and after a stretch of mental work. It is found that after work the finger will lift the weight to a less height and will do this for a shorter time than before doing the work. That is, mental work has an effect on our ability to do physical work. The effect is that we can do less physical work and work for a shorter time. The kymograph gives us a black and white record of all this.

It may seem strange that we thus measure the effect of mental work by physical work. If we remember our statement at the first of this article, it will be seen that all work, no matter whether mental or physical, causes an expenditure of energy on the part of the organism. There is so much energy available. If this is used for one kind of work it is not there for another. If we use it for mental work we cannot have it for bodily work, and vice versa. All work, then, whether mental or physical, is at root and bottom the same thing—expenditure of energy, and in this sense is physical.

The Dynamometer is simple in its construction and in its use. It is in common use to test the strength of hand grip. The Smedley is a very perfect form of this instrument, as it records the pressure in kilograms. In conditions of fatigue the strength of grip becomes lessened according to the amount of fatigue. For example,

before translation the pupil is asked to do some simple addition of numbers not higher than 3. The amount added in a certain definite time is noted as also the number of mistakes made. The Latin is then translated and a similar test applied. If the addition performed after the Latin be compared with that before the Latin, it is found that there are more mistakes, and less done in the same time than before translation. If it were drawing or French the mistakes would be less, because these subjects are not so fatiguing as Latin. These mistakes, then, and the time are a measure of fatigue. In general, we find that with increased

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before two hours difficult calculation in a bank or business office the hand pressure might be 110 kilos, but after the work it might be reduced as low as 95 or 100 kilos.

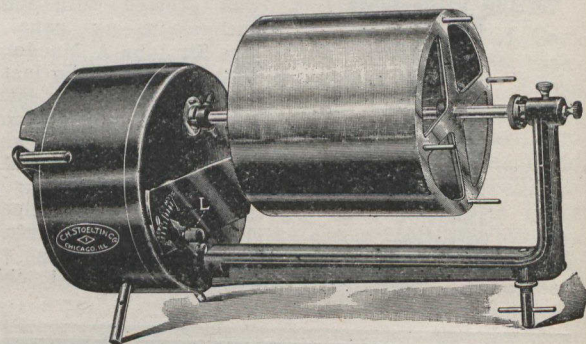
The pulse is also another bodily indicator of fatigue. The instrument for recording the beat of the pulse is called sphygmograph. A small button presses on the pulse and this is in connection with a long pointer which writes on a small smoked drum, which is rotated by clock work.

We get from the careful experiments which have been merely illustrated, the fact that fatigue can be divided into three stages. In the first stage, the work increases in quantity but suffers in quality; in the second stage, the work suffers in quantity as well as in quality. Then, if the work is still carried on, there comes a third stage, which varies in different individuals. In some there is exhaustion and inability to work, preceded by a high retardation of the working rate or, in other individuals, we find a condition of increased irritability and sensitiveness called by some fatigue fever, by others fatigue intoxication. In this state of increased sensitiveness more work is again done than in stage two, but it is hasty and disorderly.

All these experiments are made with great care, by means of exact methods and accurate instruments. One of the most important results for all classes of work or occupation is—the better we master our work the less we are fatigued by it; conversely the less we master our work the more will it fatigue us. The skilled workman, then, can do more work, do it better, and be less fatigued than the unskilled. This in itself is a sufficient argument for greater technical training in all industrial lines, for its consequences are far reaching in the life of any people or nation. The same holds true of the student and teacher, in fact of all who work with head or hand.

Another valuable and very certain conclusion is that work done under conditions which cause unpleasant feelings is very fatiguing. The teacher who gives a gloomy countenance to the whole school life, the employer or manager who is pessimistic, or harsh in his management, will get less work and of poorer quality than if cheerful and pleasant from a merely economic point of view. This question of the feelings is an important one.

Further, work which is opposed to the particular talent of the individual is more tiring than work more in line with his make-up. The typewriter who must needs work on the double key-board machine, when more fitted for the shift key machine, will fatigue much more rapidly than if working on the



The Kymograph records the effect of mental work.

machine most adapted to her constitution. The same holds true of all kinds of work.

If we turn in the direction of education we find a multitude of results which can be used for actual practise. We find that each subject in the school course has its own fatiguing power. The decreasing order is as follows: Mathematics; Latin and Greek, gymnastics and singing; drawing; French and geography; manual work.

Experiments on school children show that all classes of children should not be taught together; that recesses in the latter part of the day should be longer than in the morning; that the younger children require longer periods of rest than the older. Perhaps the most startling result to some will be the fact that periods of rest should not be filled in with gymnastics or other strenuous exercise. This in direct opposition to the old belief that bodily work is a rest from mental work. There is no greater fallacy than that old belief, and it has played havoc with many. The best rest from mental work is very mild physical exercise, such as a slow walk, for the movement of the feet takes the blood away from the head. Physical exercise in the accepted sense only causes more waste products in the body and thus adds to fatigue. The class work of the majority of our college athletes bears this out.

The kind permission of the C. H. Stoelting Co., Chicago, manufacturers of the above instruments, for the use of cuts, is hereby gratefully acknowledged.



A typical work-room in a large clothing factory in Montreal—Kellert & Son.

MANUFACTURING IN QUEBEC

Remarkable Extension of Industries among French-Canadians.

By HERBERT T. MELDRUM

Secretary Quebec Branch, Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

THE Province of Quebec has been veritably "booming" along commercial and industrial lines, while agricultural progress has been just above the normal. In all parts of the Province industries have come into being, drawing the labour from the rural parishes and capturing the repatriated and the immigrants as soon as they arrive.

Montreal, of course, has shown the greatest progress, but Shawinigan Falls, Grand Mere, La Tuque and many other little known towns in Northern Quebec have now their factories or their pulp and paper mills. Three Rivers has secured three big industrial plants to add to its list; Quebec City has seen additions to old plants and a small number of new factories. South of the St. Lawrence, Sherbrooke, with its splendid water-powers, is making successful efforts to add to its list of fine factories; Granby, rapidly growing, St. Johns and St. Hyacinthe are on the full tide of industrial expansion; Rock Island, with no very large factories, but a great many small ones; Fraserville, on the Lower St. Lawrence, Valleyfield, Victoriaville, Danville, Drummondville, Warwick, Lennoxville, and many other towns, whose total industrial output reaches a big aggregate.

The year 1907 was a lean year for industries in Canada. From that time may be chiefly marked the great influx of capital from the United States for the building up of industrial enterprises. Scarcely less remarkable, has been the rise of several groups of capitalists in Montreal, who have turned their attention to the "boosting" of manufacturing establishments already in operation, and to the opening up of new plants. The work of the latter has been emulated on a smaller scale, in the smaller centres of population.

The movement towards expansion reached its highest level during the past year, when upwards of ninety companies were incorporated by letters patent at Ottawa and Quebec, for the purpose of manufacturing some line of goods and naming Montreal as their chief place of business. The total nominal capital of these concerns amounted to slightly over forty millions of dollars. A large number of them are now justifying their incorporation by operating, or preparing for operation, factories more or less great, either in Montreal or in the adjacent district.

Some of these new plants may be noted. The National Bridge Company, nominal capital \$1,000,000, have constructed and are operating a structural steel plant in Longue Pointe Ward, with a capacity of 25,000 tons; and they are planning the doubling of their works within the next year; this is the third largest plant of its kind in Canada, but, unlike all its other competitors, it sprang into being full grown, instead of going through the usual processes of gradual expansion. The St. Lawrence Flour Mills Company, capital \$1,800,000, started work in one of the finest flour milling plants in the Dominion, on the first of July. The Dominion Flour Mills Company, capital \$1,500,000, which started operation by purchasing plants in Brantford and Hamilton, commenced the erection of a new

plant in such haste, that the construction was well advanced before it was discovered that the formality of getting a building permit had been overlooked. By the close of the summer, these mills also will be under way, and, with the St. Lawrence Co., giving the long-established Ogilvie Flour Mills Company and the Lake of the Woods Milling Company the first new competition in years for the Eastern Canada trade, and also seeking a share of the export business. A fourth plant of large proportions is the Canadian Tube and Iron Company, who have covered two city blocks with works in St. Paul ward, to the extreme west.

One very notable feature is the growth of clothing factories. In recent years there has been a large influx of Jews into Montreal, and they take to the manufacture of clothing as a duck takes to water. Starting as an employee, the Jew soon gathers enough capital to start a little factory, and it does not take it long to grow. Montreal to-day can boast in the neighbourhood of 150 factories, large, small and very small, whence shirts, overalls, cloaks and ready-to-wear clothing of all kinds is distributed to all parts of Canada. This business, with a half dozen notable exceptions, is largely in the hands of the Jewish people.

Besides these, there have been a number of other industries represented in the list of new factories of the past two years; three or four shoe factories, two varnish factories, one glue and shellac, one lubricants, two soap, several electrical goods, two cigarette, two or three manufacturers of stationers' supplies, and many others. There have also been a great many extensions of existing plants. And meanwhile only one factory of any importance has closed up during the past two or three years.

Going afield we see the list of factories in St. Johns increased by the coming of the Trenton Pottery Works and the Cluett & Peabody Co., the well-known American makers of shirts and collars; Farnham, the Dominion Safe and Vault Works; St. Hyacinthe, famed for the manufacture of church organs, has received another large manufactory of those instruments, while the several solid old firms in that city have made satisfactory progress. Granby can boast still another rubber factory, as well as factories for the manufacture of rubber specialties and furniture. Sherbrooke has a new structural steel plant and has lines out for three or four other concerns, who are now looking over the field for sites. Rock Island, right on the United States border, with a small population, has now a dozen factories, the most of which make overalls or kindred goods; and all of which have been started by local men. To the west, Victoriaville is adding another chair factory to its list; and at Plessisville a big shoe factory is under course of construction. Along the line of the Quebec Central, a number of small plants have been established as complimentary to mining of asbestos.

North of the St. Lawrence, the newcomers in the industrial field have been fewer in number but greater in size. The manufacture of cotton, which suffered a setback when the British preference was established, has taken a fresh start. The Wabasso

Cotton Company have a splendid plant at Three Rivers in full swing, while the Shawinigan Cotton Company at Shawinigan Falls have recently started operations. A kindred concern, the Diamond Whitewear Company, is preparing for the manufacture of white goods on a very large scale at Three Rivers.

Despite the advances in these lines, the people north of the St. Lawrence put their faith very largely in pulp and paper, just as Gaspé and Bonaventure districts look to fish and lumber as their means of attaining wealth. To the promotion of this industry considerable capital has come to Quebec from abroad, as for instance to the Chicoutimi Pulp Company, at Chicoutimi, the Jonquieres Pulp Company, at Jonquieres, and the Belgo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company, at Grand Mere. Of more recent growth are the plants of the Quebec and St. Maurice Industrial Company, at Beauce and at La Tuque. The latter employs upwards of six hundred operatives, although it is only three or four years since La Tuque was simply a railway construction camp, known chiefly by its occasional shovel fights. Now, other industries are coming in, and the town is a thriving industrial centre. But one of the biggest things in this line will be the Wayagamack Pulp and Paper Company, capital \$5,000,000, which has purchased the well-known Baptist mills and timber limits north of Three Rivers, and is erecting a large modern plant on what is known as Baptist's Island.

The most easterly industrial centre is Fraserville or River du Loup, 160 miles below Quebec. Although so far from what are generally considered the Canadian markets for manufactured goods, yet lumber, pulp, furniture and shoe factories here are making excellent progress.

The question now arises: What of the labour necessary to operate these large, new plants, and the extensions of the old factories? Truth to tell, it is a severe enough problem for many an employer, especially to get the skilled mechanic and artisan. The apprentice system of training has been gradually but surely passing out; the technical school has not yet come to a sufficient growth to replace it. Hence a serious shortage.

The progressive policy of the Quebec Government in regard to industrial training will doubtless soon begin to show results, in the out-pouring of a new generation of skilled workers, but during these recent years there has been a serious hiatus. There has been too much hurry and bustle in the shops to allow of the training of young hands; and also, the relatively high prices paid to the unskilled class of labour has discouraged those who had the opportunity, from putting in long years of training for the meagre wage of the apprentice.

However, with the industrial school beginning to show results and the French-Canadian rural population shows no signs of ceasing its annual contribution to the growth of the towns, the prospect is



Montreal is strong on clothing factories.
The Semi-Ready Co.'s Building.

fair. With a good home market and an expanding field for export trade; with large supplies of raw material yet barely touched; with tremendous stores of water and electrical power near at hand; with improving transportation facilities to reach the home market; and a commanding situation for export business; and, finally, with a buoyant feeling of prosperity in the air, the promise of industrial expansion in the Province of Quebec has a rosier aspect than ever before in her history.

Is Bridge a Game of Skill?

IN the old days of whist, says M. A. P., it used to be said that the good player had an advantage of 5 per cent. over the duffer. At bridge the odds in favour of the expert are about 3 per cent., or probably less. The fact is, though lucky players are unwilling to admit it, bridge is nearly as much a gamble as roulette or baccarat. Otherwise it never could have obtained such a widespread popularity.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Harvest Moon Prospects.

OUR harvest moon will look down upon a prosperous and happy Canada. With commerce strangulating in Britain and trade languishing in the United States, the harvest moon will be glad to find a busy and contented nation. The warm weather of July was hard to bear, but the damage was slight. Equally slight will be the evil results of the warm pre-election days. Political heat never has much effect upon either production or harvest.

The wheat crop is the big thing, because those least able to withstand a bad harvest are growers of wheat. This year's crop will be about fifty million bushels larger than last year, which will bring the total considerably above the bumper crop of 1909. Most of the increase will be in the Western provinces, where the harvest moon will witness exceptional activity. In course grains, the increase will also be considerable.

Fruit is the next crop of importance, and the harvest moon will see the close of a fairly successful season. Nova Scotia is exceptionally fortunate and British Columbia has had its share of blessings. Ontario fruit crop will be average in quantity, but is realizing more than average prices.

This will surely be Canada's greatest year. There will be millions more to spend this winter, which means a steady growth of commercial activity for another twelve months at least.

* * *

Truth.

AT this particular season in our political discussions, there are many who are seeking the truth, and there will be, as usual, few who find it. Besides, there are many who do not want to find it, for if they found it they know that their opinions would be discredited. Further, there are many who know the truth and desire it to remain undiscovered.

Wendell Phillips once described the difference between truth and opinion. He said, "Truth is one, for ever absolute, but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the dispositions of the spectator." Therefore, if any man desires to know whether his opinions are the truth, he must examine his own dispositions, his moods, and his prejudices, and find how far these are likely to prevent truth and opinion from coinciding in him. The truthful man in a political discussion is the one who sees both sides of a question and gives due weight to all reasonable circumstances and arguments.

Dean Alford said that "Truth does not consist in minute accuracy, but in conveying a right impression." The man who resolutely refuses to see only one side of an argument will, in his expressions of opinion, convey a wrong impression. Most of the political writings of the day are deliberately intended to convey wrong impressions. Political editors seem to lose all their admiration for truth during the heat of a campaign. They deliberately abandon their search for truth, lest their partisan friends think them lukewarm or pusillanimous. To shout aloud at such a time as this on one side or the other is to be great. To be judicial and calm is to make one's self of no importance.

Nevertheless it is those who make themselves of no importance who will do most to render the great decision on September 21st. Those who would mislead us and who utter the loudest partisan shouts have each but one vote.

* * *

Again, the British-Born.

MR. HAWKES, whose appeals to the British-born have been discussed on this page, has written a long letter to THE CANADIAN COURIER in his own defence. As space is valuable and as its publication would not help Mr. Hawkes' case, it will not appear just now. Mr. Hawkes is not meeting with much success in his campaign, and the Sons of England societies are trying to avoid him. He will soon see the error of his way and return to a more useful occupation. "The Canadian National League," of which Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., is the head, and Mr. Hawkes the secretary, will also pass away in a few weeks without having made any great dint in public opinion. As the editor of the *Star Weekly* says, "There is no division in Ontario between the British-born and the Canadian-born, and Mr. Hawkes and his pamphlets can make none.

At most he can but succeed in deluding a few new arrivals who have not had time to get acquainted with Canadian affairs."

In the meantime, lest any one should think me unfair to Mr. Hawkes, I shall be glad to mail on request a copy of his pamphlet, "An Appeal to the British-born." The recipient will then be able to judge for himself as to whether or not Mr. Hawkes, like Mr. Bourassa, is making a racial appeal.

* * *

Ready-Made Farms for North Ontario.

READY-MADE farms for new settlers is a feature of recent Canadian Pacific Railway policy. The *Cobalt Nugget* suggests that some such plan be adopted for the opening up of the Clay Belt of North Ontario. Australia and New Zealand have successfully worked such schemes, especially the latter.

Northern Ontario farms must be hewn out of the bush and thus differ radically from the prairie farms of the West. Moreover, roads are more costly and more drainage is required. The *Nugget* suggests that the Ontario Government raise ten million dollars by popular loan, appoint a commission to administer it, and proceed to invest this sum in the preparation of the land for the new settler. Each farm should be provided with say twenty acres of cleared land ready for tillage, a house, a barn and machinery. Each should be sold to the settler on easy terms, with a low rate of interest. Roads and schoolhouses would also be provided and the land settled in districts so that neighbours will be plentiful.

The suggestion is good. It would be much more reasonable than investing money in hydro-electric lines to compete with private capital for the benefit of rich cities and prosperous manufacturers. Northern Ontario is capable of sustaining a population of half a million people, but at present it cannot compete in attractiveness with the West. Some such scheme as this would start settlement going at once and add greatly to the wealth and population of the province. The National Transcontinental will be completed through the Clay Belt next year, so that this is the golden moment. It is to be hoped that the *Nugget's* suggestion will be fully discussed at the next meeting of the Legislature.

* * *

Mob Rule in Britain.

SEEMS strange, doesn't it, that all the peace advocates in Great Britain have grown suddenly silent? Here is a country boasting of its desire for peace, of its willingness to submit all international disputes to arbitration, with an industrial war in progress. It turns from signing a treaty of peace with the United States and France, to pursue a bloody, costly and destructive war within its own boundaries. It accepts international arbitration and refuses or reluctantly accepts domestic arbitration.

Personally I do not believe in lock-outs or strikes. I feel that British civilization has reached the stage where these are unnecessary. There is no need to tie up a large percentage of the commerce of the world because the wages of certain men are too low by a shilling a week. The railway managers of Britain had no right to refuse that shilling if justice demanded that it be given. On the other hand, the refusal to grant the shilling did not give the men reason for going on strike.

The working men who are operating our public utilities should not be allowed to go out on strike and the men who manage these utilities should not be allowed to force their men to go out. Both sides are to blame. The innocent should not be made to suffer because of an industrial dispute. And the parliament which allows the innocent to suffer, as has been the case in England, is not worthy of any man's high opinion.

* * *

Defending Our Rights.

WHEN the United States and Great Britain made an agreement concerning copyright in 1891, the United States got the better bargain. To get a copyright in the Republic an English author must "set up" and print his book in that country. To get a copyright in Britain, a United States author simply registers his book in London and prints it wherever he pleases. Great Britain submitted to this one-sided bargain in order to

stop "piracy," or unauthorized publishing, in the United States. Before that date the books of British authors were "stolen" by United States publishers, and the British author got no royalty on the United States editions.

The other day, in discussing the British Copyright Bill, which has just passed its third reading, some one suggested that a compulsory printing clause should be inserted. Whereupon Sir Gilbert Parker said that if Great Britain insisted on equal rights in this matter, that the United States would go back to piracy. Sir Gilbert must have fallen far when he pleads with his fellow-legislators to truckle to the United States. Moreover, few people will believe that the United States would take such a retrograde step. And yet the British House seemed to think that Sir Gilbert was right. It yielded its rights regretfully.

A corresponding case has occurred in Canada. Hon. Mr. Fisher introduced a Copyright Bill at last session of our Parliament providing for "home rule" in copyright. He proposes to make the United States author and publisher print in Canada in order to get copyright, so long as they impose such conditions on Canadian authors. He proposes reciprocity. As we haven't a Sir Gilbert Parker to plead that the United States will not submit to reciprocity in copyright, Mr. Frank Wise, of Toronto, undertakes the task. He is manager for Macmillans in Canada, and formerly lived in New York. He points out in an article on "Copyright," of which advance copies are being distributed, that if we retaliate against the United States in this way a lot of evil effects will follow. One is that the Canadian editors would become thieves and "lift" stories and articles from United States publications. Another is that our publishers would steal books and print them without authority. Mr. Wise would have us protect our morals by bowing our copyright knee to the United States.

Sorry, Mr. Wise, but I cannot agree with you. I would fight the devil with fire or any other way. If the United States will not give us equal rights with themselves (and I believe they would if they were asked), then let there be war in the copyright world. Canadian morals are not in danger of yielding to this increased opportunity of committing literary theft. The editors and the publishers of this country have been quite as honest as any of our newly imported citizens.

* * *

Applied Art in Canada.

APPLIED art does not seem to be making great progress in Canada. Perhaps it is too much to expect that it should. Our artists and art workers are battling against the "newness" of the country and the undeveloped state of art appreciation. For example, when men buy tie-pins, few of them will pay \$25 for a hand-carved pin. A machine-made pin at \$5 is quite the summit of the ordinary gentleman's ambition. So a stencilled curtain of special and exclusive design at \$25 does not appeal to a woman as compared with a duplicated, unexclusive, machine decorated curtain at \$10. A hand-bound book of poems, at \$10, with exclusive cover design, has little chance on the market with a machine-made leather-covered edition at one dollar.

Nevertheless, every year at the Toronto Exhibition a little band of earnest workers keep up the educative work. Illuminated books, stencilled designs, hand-made enamels, ceramics, and mural decorations, are shown in limited quantity. This year there will be a special display of hand-made jewellery and enamels by a dozen Canadian art workers. There will also be some excellent and important pieces from abroad. Mural decorations have been sent from England by Frank Brangwyn, Cadogan Cowper, Gerald Moira and Byham Shaw. The Ruskin and Doulton works are sending some of their fine pottery.

Those who profess to feel an interest in applied art should visit this exhibition and give it their encouragement. This feature of our art life is as much in need of moral support as any other.

* * *

The Rate of Interest.

UNCLE SAM in his new postal bank system pays depositors two per cent. and turns the funds over to the banks at two and a half per cent. Thus the banks and the government work together to tempt the people not to put money in old teapots.

In Canada, the government pays three per cent. and uses the funds for its own purposes. Thus the Canadian banks and the Canadian post-office do not work together. They compete.

It would be interesting to have some financier compare the two systems and tell us which is the better.

THE GREAT STRIKE

THE biggest labour strike in England's history came to a close eight weeks after the greatest Coronation pageant ever known. For two days in June London was crammed with apparently loyal millions—including the "submerged tenth" of the Embankment—jubilant over King George. In August for many days the same streets were packed with hoodlums and rioters defying police, obstructing traffic, acting in conjunction with a quarter of a million railway employees doing their worst to tie up the transportation of England. One day the King's motor was held up by a blockade—on the very streets where a few weeks previous the Royal Coach had right of way amid the huzzas of millions. Weeks ago the trouble began in the dockyards of Liverpool. That was before the Coronation. American and Canadian-bound vessels were held up. It spread to the docks of London. From that it went like a fire to the railways and locked up important industries which, without railways and steamship lines, could not exist. The world's greatest and hungriest city was reduced almost to a state of siege. The docks of London and Liverpool were piled with perishable goods dumped from remote corners of the earth under a system of free trade, and rotting, while thousands went hungry.

Here is a brief picture drawn by a correspondent of The Courier in Liverpool while the strike was on:

"We are in the midst of a strike in Liverpool. Police and soldiers hard at work, all the railway porters (goods department) on strike. They say we shall have no milk, meat, or provisions of any kind if it continues for another three days. Thousands of tons of fruit are rotting at the depots. Any one attempting to remove it is promptly thrown off the waggon. All the goods are thrown in the street, and the waggon turned upside down. Rioters stopped a beer waggon yesterday and drank all the beer."

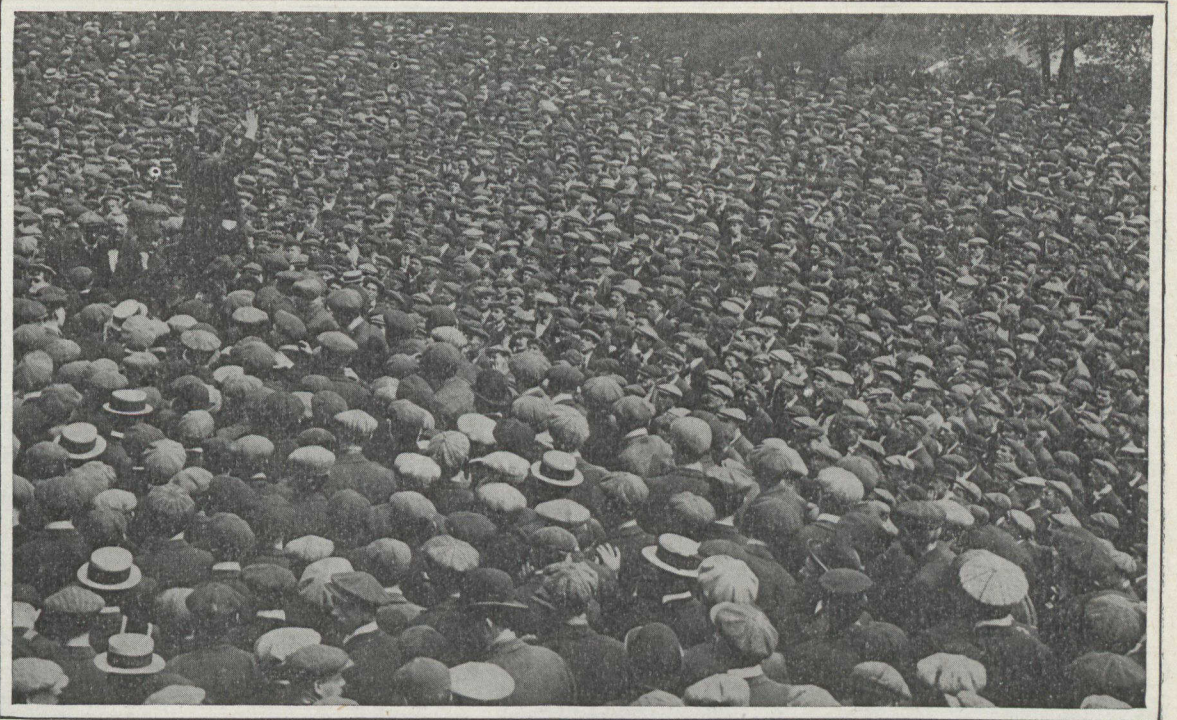
This was not merely—a strike. It was an upheaval. Those trained in the psychology of social revolutions may be able to trace the causes of this one back many generations. Even the man on the street sees a direct cause in the recent agitation whereby a Free Trade Government has arrayed the wage-earners and the "submerged tenth" against the wealth of the Lords.

This outbreak against capital and wealth and the House of Lords was fomented by violent socialism. It may not be true that Lloyd George ever intended to set his country by the ears. But whatever his intentions, the result is that he and Winston Churchill, who were most prominent in the recent revolution embodied in the Veto Bill, were called upon to conciliate the mob they brought into action.

It has been said that the British people are not by nature revolutionary. It has been proclaimed that the restriction of the Lords would have the effect of promoting good government by exalting the power of democracy. But England a few days ago was in the grip of very bad government—by the mob. It was expected that the mob would not ultimately triumph. There was thought to be loyalty enough in the forces of ultimate government in England to overcome the solidarity of a mob whose only common impulse was revolt. But when it came to a struggle between the best troops of England and the worst exhibition of mobocracy the Empire has ever seen, even Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill must have felt that things were somewhat worse than the constitutional struggle between the Lords and the plain people.

The British workingman knows as well as he can how that for the first time in history all the resources of government were utilized to adjust conditions in his favour. He knows that two great elections at immense cost were brought on that he might have better conditions. He has a strong representation in the Imperial Parliament. He understands in a feeble sort of way that for centuries municipal government and churches and charitable organizations of all possible sorts have laboured to help him. He knows that the poor laws of London are so contrived and executed that no man— theoretically at least—is permitted to starve. He knows that steamship companies and railway companies and colonial governments have been busy draining away surplus population and labour to countries where work and wages could be got. Yet when for the first time in history the British Government had won concessions from the Lords that a few years ago would have been scouted as impossible revolution—he rose as water boils.

It may be asked—why labour in England should have resorted to such extreme violence. The reason probably is that though strikes are less common in that country there is also less general enlightenment of labour than there is in America. No harm can ever come from the sane enlightenment of labour. Nothing but good will ultimately accrue from the organization of labour along right lines to secure the rights of labour. But in Great Britain there is no Federation of Labour covering the country as that organization does in America. There has been little or no education of labour.



Listening to a mob spell-binder at Tower Hill just before the procession on Friday, August 11th.



Army of car-men setting out from Tower Hill to the railway yards—to intimidate workers.



Police with drawn "billies" escorting a load of beer across the Tower Bridge.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

SPORT BY PROXY.

OCCASIONALLY someone permits himself to criticize the sporting spirit of our people. Even Rudyard Kipling—who should have known better—did so with his “flannelled fool at the wicket” and his “muddled oaf at the goal.” Now, the sporting spirit which sends us out into the fresh air, and induces to take active exercise in all sorts of weather, is one of the chief factors in giving us our fine physique. There are nations which do not go in for “sport”; and the effect of their indolence upon their physical condition is apparent at a glance. Much of the vigour which Anglo-Saxons show in their business is born of their muscular activity; and there would be very little muscular activity amongst us if there were no lure of fun to bring it out.

* * *

OF course, I am not talking now of the anaemic mob who take their exercise on a grand-stand watching somebody else play at a game. If they strengthen anything, it is their vocal organs—though even that is doubtful. The sport-by-proxy is a mighty poor thing, either as a “sport,” an athlete or a citizen. I, awhile ago, found one excuse for him—old age. I thought that, when a man had grown too feeble and rheumatic to play at lacrosse, football or tennis, he might be excused for sitting on a wooden bench and watching somebody else enjoy the full flood-time of youth. But since then I have learned to play golf; and now I know that there is no excuse, short of death, for retirement from personal activity into the mollusc class. I am quite aware that many good sports frequent the grand-stand. They go to see experts do what they themselves will try to imitate the next day. They go to get inspiration for continued devotion to this or that game. I am not talking about them. The man I am after is the jelly fish who wiggles on the grand-stand for his sole exercise.

* * *

WE say that it is good for children to play because it helps them grow. So it is good for adults to play, because it keeps them supple and alert and vigorous. It is disuse which dries up our muscles. Take a young country lad or the son of a small town who has been accustomed to all the playing he wanted, and immerse him in a large city where he does not happen to get in with any of the clubs which play games, and where he can get no exercise beyond sedate walking without joining some such club; and you begin the tearing down of that lad's physique. One by one, his muscles atrophy or wither. He gets so that he could not throw a ball straight to save his life, nor could he hit one with a club. His eye loses its sureness of direction; his arms and wrists lose their accuracy of play; his legs lose their elasticity; his heart becomes soft and his lungs grow good for nothing but “ladylike” breathing. He is being mildly “mutilated” as surely as if you cut out some of his muscles. No greater charity could exist than an organization in every city which should see to it that every newcomer has a cordial invitation to “come out and play.”

* * *

BELIEVE that quite as many young men and girls from outside large cities are ruined in those gigantic maelstroms of money-madness by not getting “play” as by not getting work. The movement to provide “homes” for young girls recognizes this. It is not enough to give a young girl in a strange city a deadly, dull room and a chair at a glum boarding house table. She has other appetites besides the requirements to sleep and eat. Her delicately-hung nature asks for recreation, for joy, for “play.” And when she cannot get these in safe surroundings, her gradual starvation for the bright things of life will finally make her reckless about where she does get them. She does not intend to do wrong; she fears danger and squalid vice as much as she did when at home; but she simply must see something alive and happy outside of the drab cell in which she lives in solitary confinement. Now the inhuman devils who prey upon the soft flesh of virgins like so many foul dragons in their slime, know of this appetite; and they bait their traps to attract it. For such creatures, I should like to see torture restored to our implements of justice; but we can balk them of a great deal of their prey if we see to it that young girls

are given a fairly legitimate chance to “play.”

* * *

DID it ever strike you that most crime is committed to gain the means of pleasure? Rarely do we read of the starving woman who steals bread to keep her children alive; and, when we do, we wish we were on the jury to set her free—with a bonus. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, men and women commit crime—not to get the necessities of life—but to get its pleasures. They want enough to “play.” They are not satisfied merely to live. If life has no more for them than that, they reason that they might as well be dead—or in jail. So they take long risks to get the liberty, the wealth, the toys that make pleasure possible. Those who preach contentment to the joyless, are preaching to the east wind. It is not in human nature for them to be content. We must bring them joy if we would save them. We provide play-grounds for school children, which is an excellent work. But it is quite as necessary to provide play-grounds for their parents, and their grown-up brothers and sis-

ters, and the young men and women who come to us from the wide country where play was easy.

* * *

THE sporting pages of our newspapers—so far as they lead to participation in sport—are about the most wholesome departments which our press contains. They keep the minds of the young alive to the lure of play. The great and vivid interests which most people take in these pages should offer a valuable hint to students of human nature and social reform. Instead of deprecating this taste with a “high brow” superiority which asks why our young men do not read Ibsen instead of the baseball news, they should enquire what it means, and whether they cannot divert so great and obvious a force to some good end. In fact, they need not do any “diverting.” The force is all right. It is leading right out into the sunshine and the clean air and onto the grassy sward. All they need do is to provide the “grassy sward” for those who cannot easily get it for themselves. They should see to it that the students of the sporting columns, who now can only satisfy their aroused interests by buying seats on the grand-stand or watching the bulletins before the newspaper offices, get a special and pressing invitation to be “sports” themselves and emulate the doughty deeds of which they love to read.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THE NATIONAL ASPECT OF MANUFACTURING

Where Geographical Terms are Misleading.

By JOHN A. COOPER.

DURING the recent political discussions there have been many references to “the interests of the eastern manufacturer” and to “the interests of the western farmer.” The people in the east have been discussing the western farmer and his particular ideas with regard to tariffs, transportation, government ownership and general commerce. In his turn, the western farmer has been discussing the eastern manufacturer and his ideas of what is best for this country in the way of tariffs and international trade relations. Each has been expressing his opinion of the other until it almost seems as if the two classes might come to regard each other as loyally as do the two political parties of which Canada is so proud.

In a despatch which appeared in the daily papers a few days ago it was announced that the Hon. Arthur Sifton, Premier of Alberta, had come out in favour of reciprocity. Provincial premiers do not ordinarily interfere in Dominion elections, preferring rather to maintain at least a nominal independence. Mr. Sifton was breaking the rule to some extent and it was natural that he should explain. In his explanation he is reported to have said, “I would stand behind any policy which would be of real benefit to our province.” This is another phase of the same tendency to place provincial or local interests ahead of national interests. Perhaps no person really does this, but there is evidence that this is sometimes the case. There are times when such an attitude may be justifiable, but in most cases the sectional interest must give way before the national interests. For example, when British Columbia passed a law prohibiting the entrance into that province of people from the Japanese Empire, Sir Wilfrid Laurier felt it necessary to advise the Governor-General to veto the measure. In the forty-four years of Confederation few provincial measures have been vetoed. Nevertheless, here was one outstanding case where national and international interests were of greater importance than provincial interests.

Again, an example of the tendency to take a sectional rather than a national view is found in the phrase used some months ago by Mr. Haultain, leader of the Saskatchewan Opposition, in his address in the legislature, in which he declared in favour of reciprocity. Mr. Haultain declared with some vigour that he did not propose to take his political opinions ready-made from the “Gamaliels of the East.” Now Gamaliel was a Pharisee, a doctor of the law and a rather moderate and wise counsellor. It was he who advised his compatriots not to persecute and slay the apostles. Perhaps had Mr. Haultain stopped to think for a moment he would have used some other term, one which would have been more suited in a literary way for his purpose. Nevertheless his meaning was clear. He tried to show the people of Saskatchewan that he thought more of their interests than he did of the interests of the eastern manufacturers, financiers and men of commerce. It is open to question

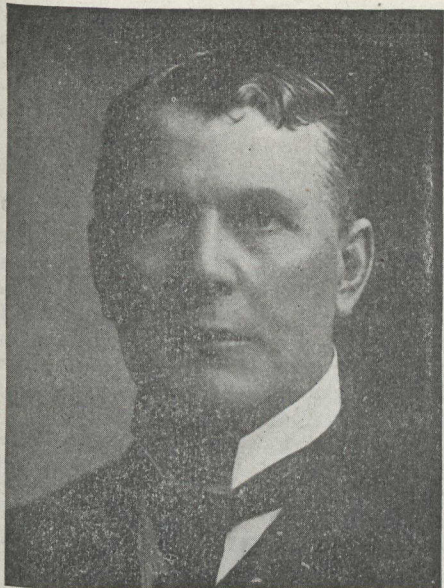
whether his attitude was broad enough to meet the needs of the case. A publicist of Mr. Haultain's standing might be expected to take a broader view.

Is there such a man as the “Eastern Manufacturer” in the sense in which the term has been generally used? Is a manufacturer who lives in Ontario and has a factory in that province, an eastern manufacturer or a Canadian manufacturer? These are natural questions, and it is only right that every citizen should be prepared to answer them. If the Ontario manufacturer is to be classed as eastern, how shall the Winnipeg manufacturer be classed? How shall we classify the manufacturer in Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver? Are they western manufacturers or Canadian manufacturers?

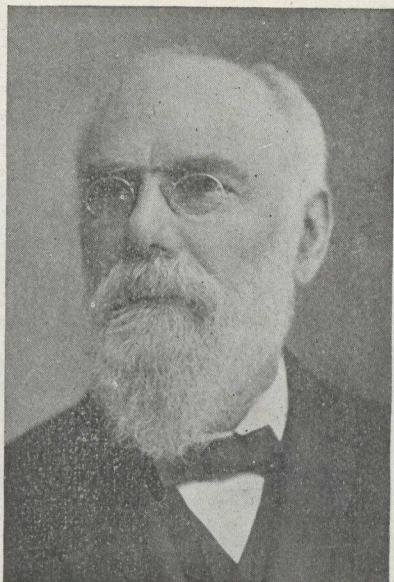
It is easy to see that the use of the words eastern and western lead us into difficulties and are apt to confuse our ideas. It is quite true that up to a recent period manufacturing in Canada was done mainly in the east. This, however, is gradually changing. For a time the interests of the Western provinces were largely agricultural, but that day is almost gone. The farmers and the railways have opened up Western Canada and after them have come the merchants and the professional men. As the villages and towns have grown to towns and cities the manufacturer has come in to add his quota to the complexity of western development. To-day the manufacturing interests of the West are getting larger and larger. Indeed the circumstances are already such that one may say, without fear of contradiction, that manufacturing in Canada is a national feature. It is almost as safe to assert that there is a Canadian manufacturer in the same sense as there is a United States manufacturer and a British manufacturer.

It is quite reasonable to suppose that the different portions of the Dominion will look at public questions in different ways. It will hardly be possible for any section of the Canadian people to absolve themselves wholly from provincial or sectional views. The Maritime Provinces will always have a view of their own on certain national questions; so will Quebec, Ontario, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Nevertheless, Canada is rapidly approaching the time when manufacturing shall be regarded as national rather than eastern.

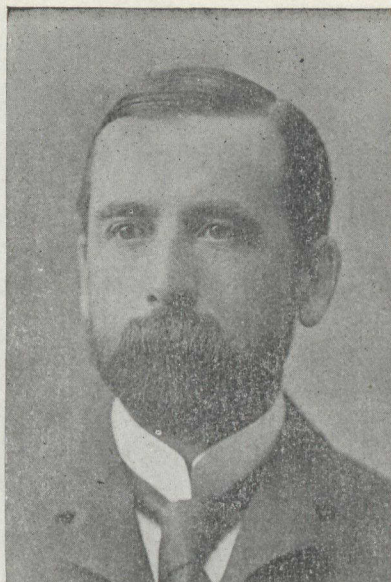
As a practical evidence of the “national” aspect of our manufacturing, it is to be noted that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is formed on national lines. It has nine vice-presidents, one from Nova Scotia, one from Prince Edward Island, one from Manitoba, one from Alberta, one from British Columbia, and two from Ontario and two from Quebec. Similarly its Executive Council contains men from every district in the Dominion. Further, two recent annual meetings were held in the West, one at Winnipeg and one at Vancouver. Thus the manufacturers themselves desire to recognize the national distribution and national importance of their branch of Canadian activity.



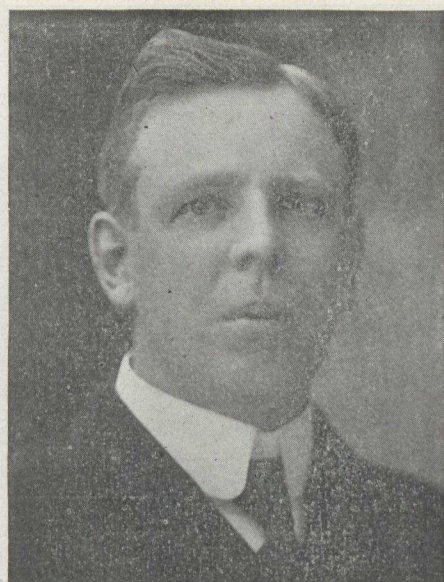
MR. W. K. McNAUGHT, M.P.
Makes Watchcases in Toronto



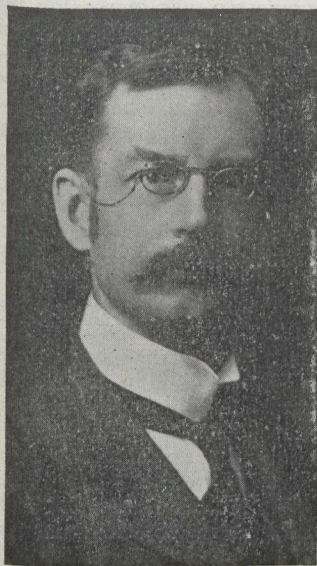
HON. WM. PATERSON
Maker of Confectionery.



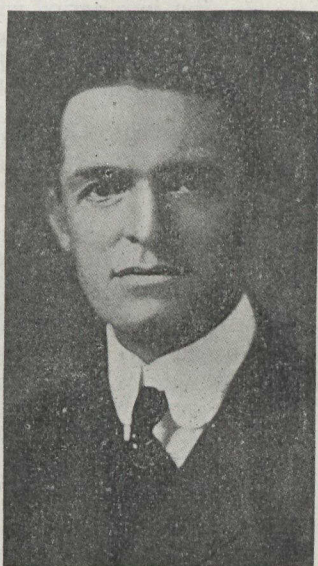
MR. G. H. PERLEY, M.P.
Ottawa Lumber Operator.



MR. JOHN STANFIELD, M.P.
Maker of Knitted Goods in Truro, N.S.



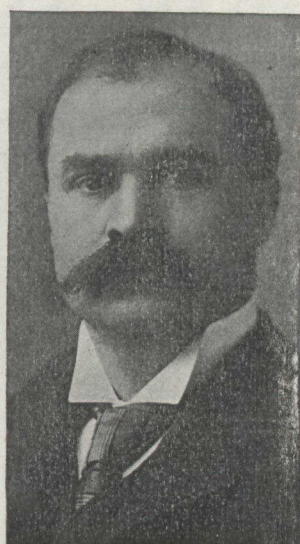
MR. H. B. AMES, M.P.
Footwear in Montreal



MR. LLOYD HARRIS, M.P.
Farm Machinery in Brantford



MR. H. COCKSHUTT
Manufacturer of Plows.



W. K. GEORGE
Manufacturer, Liberal, Protectionist.

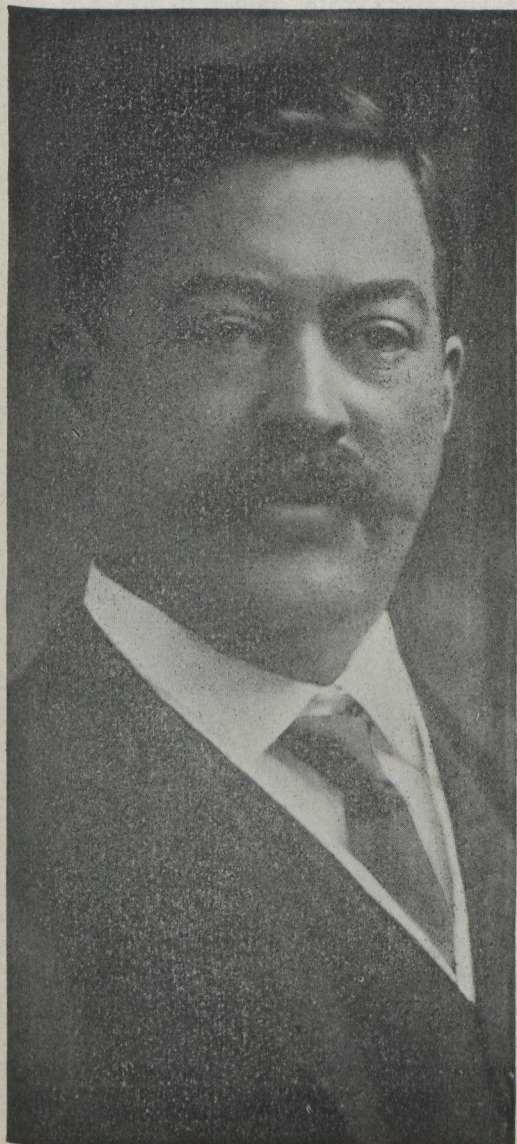


MR. GEO. CLARE, M.P.
Stoves in Preston, Ont.

PROMINENT MANUFACTURERS

CANADIAN manufacturers are a cosmopolitan class. The men whose portraits appear on this page are a few chosen, not exactly at random, from the thousands of men who represent the industrial capital of the country. That there are more from Ontario than from any other province is because Ontario leads in manufactures and has produced a greater variety of industries and types of men. Montreal, in some cases, manufactures things on a rather large scale, and stands next to Toronto in volume of manufactures by cities. It will be noticed that several of these gentlemen were members of the late Parliament. This is a good sign. The big manufacturer is necessarily a very busy man. The time he spends at Ottawa is worth much more to him than the sessional indemnity. Other things being equal, a big manufacturer has better chances of being in touch with the interests of the whole country than the big lawyer—who is the other major feature in the House of Commons. The things he manufactures go from coast to coast and beyond into the markets of the world. Canadian manufacturers are studying the economic conditions and political exigencies of the country more keenly than men who are in Parliament merely as professional politicians. They are, of course, more directly affected by tariffs. It was the manufacturing interests that stood behind the National Policy. Perhaps none of the men whose portraits are published herewith had anything directly to do with that Policy. But all of them have to do with the present national policy—of keeping the industrial system of Canada segregated from that of the United States, and at the same time extending the markets of manufacturing Canada into the civilized countries of the world.

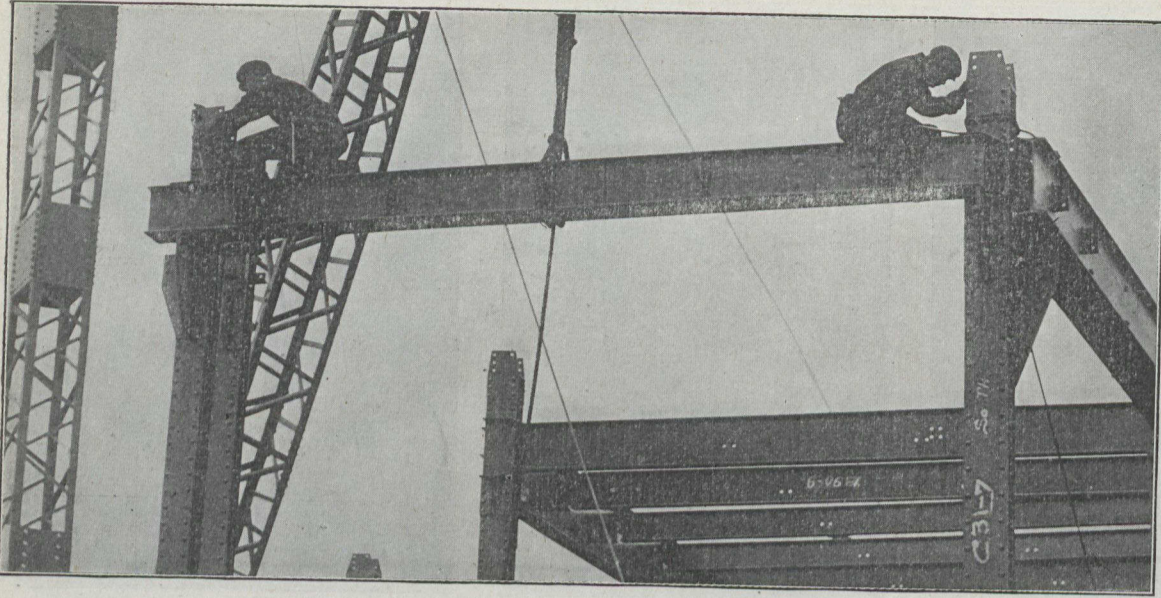
The two Drummonds, whose pictures are on this page, have done as much for industry as their illustrious brother, the late Dr. Drummond did for poetry. Mr. H. B. Ames has been a persistent opposition to the Laurier Government. Mr. Lloyd-Harris has recently gone against reciprocity, but remains a Liberal. Mr. W. K. McNaught is one of the most constructive minds in the Ontario Legislature. Hon Wm. Paterson is both an historic and a modern figure in Parliament. Mr. H. Cockshutt was President of the C. M. A. in 1906. Mr. G. H. Perley donated his father's beautiful Ottawa home as a hospital for incurables. Mr. Geo. Clare is President of Clare Bros. & Co., and has been a member of Parliament since 1900. Mr. John Stanfield has been Conservative member at Ottawa since 1907.



MR. GEO. E. DRUMMOND, OF MONTREAL
Past Pres't C.M.A.; prominent in Canadian Iron Corporation



MR. T. J. DRUMMOND OF MONTREAL
Head of the Iron and Pulp Industries at the Canadian Soo.



Steel has replaced brick and wood for any sort of structure from three to forty stories.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

A Review of Twenty-Five Years of Manufacturing

By F. P. MEGAN

Editor of *Industrial Canada*

ASPECTATOR at the recent aviation meet in Toronto was complaining of a forty minute delay in getting the flying machines in the air. His friend reminded him that he had been waiting some thousands of years for this sight and that a half hour more or less now should count for little.

Just such impatience as this has driven invention forward step after step with feverish haste. A generation ago grain was cut with the cradle. The method was not dissimilar to that practised by Cincinnatus two thousand years earlier between elections. Plowing was done with a primitiveness that rested on the traditions of the past.

In the intervening years improvements have crowded one upon another. The single plow drawn by horses and followed labouriously by the plowman, picturesque in story but wearied and worn in reality, has given place to the ten and twelve furrow gang plow drawn by a gasoline tractor engine. The cradle has been succeeded by the mower, to be

scrapped shortly for the self-binder. The world has moved forward in a generation.

Two decades ago a kindly old man in an Ontario town made his rounds from door to door, with a well-worn carpet bag strapped over his broad shoulders. His coming was almost as joyful an event to the children as that of Santa Claus, for his bag contained a variegated assortment of yarns and stockings and mitts to be displayed with much ceremony and unbounded garrulity. He was the stocking man, and with him the mother who had not the time to knit for her own family, placed her order and from him in the course of weeks or months received his manufactured product.

To-day that town has two knitting mills, whose looms whirr with activity. The picturesque old character has passed away, but in his stead has come a phase of manufacturing which gives to the consumer stockings and mitts at half the price of the old method.

That represents manufacturing yesterday and to-

day. Concentration is replacing diffusion, economy is replacing wastefulness. The big factory with its facilities for specialization, for minimizing the overhead charges, for reducing the cost of distribution, has banished forever the primitive methods of a former day.

Canada has progressed greatly in manufacturing during recent years. In the number of individual manufacturing plants the Canada of 1881 compared not unfavourably with the Canada of to-day. But that requires an explanation. The census returns of the earlier date credit Canada with many factories. Canada at that time was young and had youthful ambitions to appear big in the world's eyes. Hence the census commissioner told the world that 7,986 blacksmith shops were factories, although they employed only 12,451 men, or less than two on an average for each shop. Over two thousand dressmaking shops were included in the total, although they employed on the average but three hands. Grist mills and cooperage shops added to the proof that figures may tell the truth and then some.

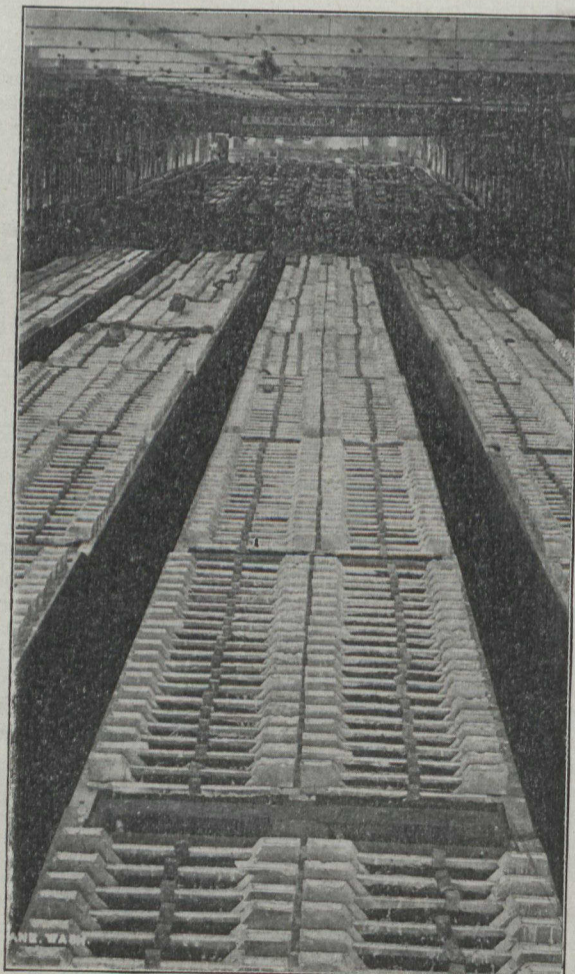
A factory to rank as such now must employ at least five hands. Hence in recent returns the numbers of factories are reduced by the number of blacksmith shops and dressmaking establishments. But in a period when population was increasing by sixty or seventy per cent., Canadian manufactures made tremendous advances. In 1881 there was invested in manufacturing industries \$165,302,623. In 1906, when the last census was published, the investment had grown to \$846,585,023. To-day a conservative estimate would place it at \$1,500,000,000, a sum which establishes Canada's place among the manufacturing nations. While we have been doubling our population we have increased our manufactures eightfold, as measured by the capital invested.

Nor does this tell the whole story. The output of factories has grown from \$309,676,068 in 1881, and this again includes the cost of shoeing every horse in the country, to \$706,446,578 in 1905, and over a billion dollars to-day. A billion dollars is a hard sum to grasp. What does it signify? Consider it this way. The value of the total wheat crop of this Granary of the Empire was, last year, not over one hundred and fifty million dollars. Our manufactures aggregate in value seven times as much as our wheat.

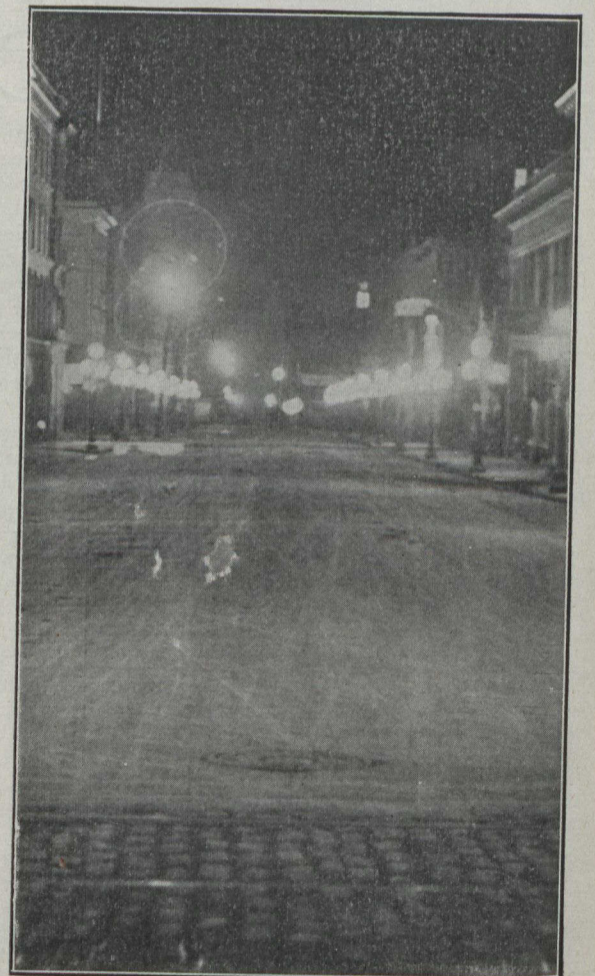
The share of expenditure which has gone to employees has increased proportionately. Three decades ago, it stood at \$59,429,002; in 1905 it had increased to \$162,155,578; to-day it does not fall short of two hundred and thirty-four millions. A vast sum to be earned by the artizan class of not more than eight million people.



Smelter "B" of Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. Said to be the largest smelter under the British flag.



Electrolytic Lead Refinery. One of the mammoth mining concerns at Trail, B.C.



Street Lighting in an Age of Power. Street Lighting generated at Niagara making necessary vast manufactures of equipment.

At one time in our industrial history the word "imported" had a magic ring. The retailer used it indiscriminately, the wholesaler with somewhat more discrimination and the manufacturer, well, even he was compelled sometimes to refer to his New York brands or his French odours. The confidence which is characteristic of the Western Hemisphere has swept aside, among other things, the sacred "imported" shibboleth. A people, we have come to think, who could project and build the C. P. R. through thousands of miles of wilderness and mountains, can build an automobile, and the erection of Niagara power plants presupposes an ability to construct a motor.

With a fine courage Canadians set about making for themselves what they had formerly purchased from abroad and no feature of our industrial progress during the past quarter of a century is more noteworthy than the increasing breadth of range of our manufactures. At the beginning of our industrial era we had made some progress in the natural primary industries. There were grist mills to grind the grain, saw mills to cut up the timber, small woollen mills to supply the local needs. The blacksmith shop, the brickyard, and the foundry about completed the cycle.

An occasional touch carries us back into the dim past and suggests the narrow band that separates us from the preceding centuries. A quarter of a century ago Canada boasted of sixteen spinning wheel factories. We have now the Hewson Woollen Mills, whose product is known from coast to coast, the Dominion Textile Company, the value of whose output is reckoned in the millions, and one carpet manufacturing company, out of half a dozen, which will this year turn out over seven hundred miles of carpets. The spinning wheel has gone the way of the candle and the scythe. It will soon have a place in the museum of antiquities.

Steel and Iron

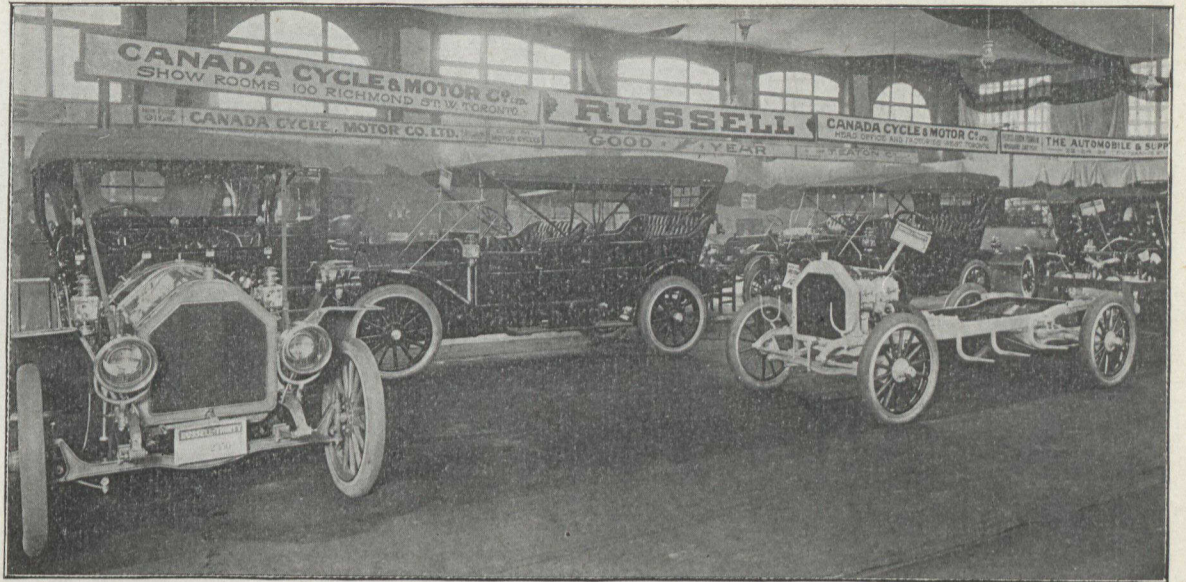
Of the larger industries which have practically come into being within recent years none is more outstanding than that of steel and iron. The progress of a nation, someone has said, may be judged by its consumption of steel. A generation ago our annual production amounted to about one million dollars. Twenty-five years later it was fifty-two millions, and this year it will run close to seventy millions of dollars. The basis of protection to steel and iron has been bounties on output. Hon. Mr. Fielding has stated that the increase in customs receipts at the steel ports as a consequence of the establishment of these industries, more than covered the bounty payments.

At the same earlier period Portland cement was practically unknown as a Canadian product. By 1905 the production had grown to \$2,271,002. Last year it jumped to \$6,414,315, or an increase in five years of about two hundred per cent. And concrete construction is in its infancy in Canada. The next few years should see a yet greater growth in this industry. The process of ousting foreign cement from the Canadian market is worthy of notice. This is the way it has worked out:

	Canadian.		Imported.		Total.
	Barrels.	Per cent.	Barrels.	Per cent.	
1905	1,346,548	59	918,701	41	2,285,249
1906	2,119,764	76	665,845	24	2,785,609
1907	2,436,093	78	672,630	22	3,108,723
1908	2,665,289	85	469,049	15	3,134,338
1909	4,067,709	97	142,194	3	4,209,903
1910	4,753,975	93	349,810	7	5,103,285

To take one more example from among the large industries, consider pulp, which in 1880 was manufactured to a value of \$63,300. Over fifty mills are now grinding up the timber, in 1909 using over six hundred thousand cords of wood and producing pulp to a value of \$9,230,687. And the pulp and paper industry of the future is ours, if we refrain from burning all our forests. The "if" is a mighty big one.

These are some of the natural developments of our earlier efforts. There are others which have followed fast upon invention or have risen to meet a new demand. A generation ago men of ample wealth toured the country ostentatiously on high-wheeled bone-shakers. Their prototypes now choose a motor car from any of a dozen manufacturers in Canada. Science then had not yet turned the magic current to commercial uses. To-day the Canadian General Electric Company, at Peterborough, the Canadian Westinghouse Company, at Hamilton, and a score or more other plants throughout the country have difficulty in keeping up with the demand. Twelve million dollars will scarcely cover the output of electrical apparatus from Canadian factories this year. While the Standard Oil Company was sweeping aside competition at home and monopolizing trade abroad, a group of capitalists in Toronto entered the field



ONE OF THE MOST MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN CANADIAN MANUFACTURING. Exhibit of automobiles made—not merely assembled—in a Canadian factory.



Grinding Lenses in an Optical Laboratory.



BUSY SCENE IN THE INDUSTRIAL WEST Making White-wear in a Winnipeg factory.

with the result that no better equipped oil refinery exists on the continent than that of the British-American Oil Company. To enter the lists against the company which brooked no rivalry required courage. To win out in the contest proves ability.

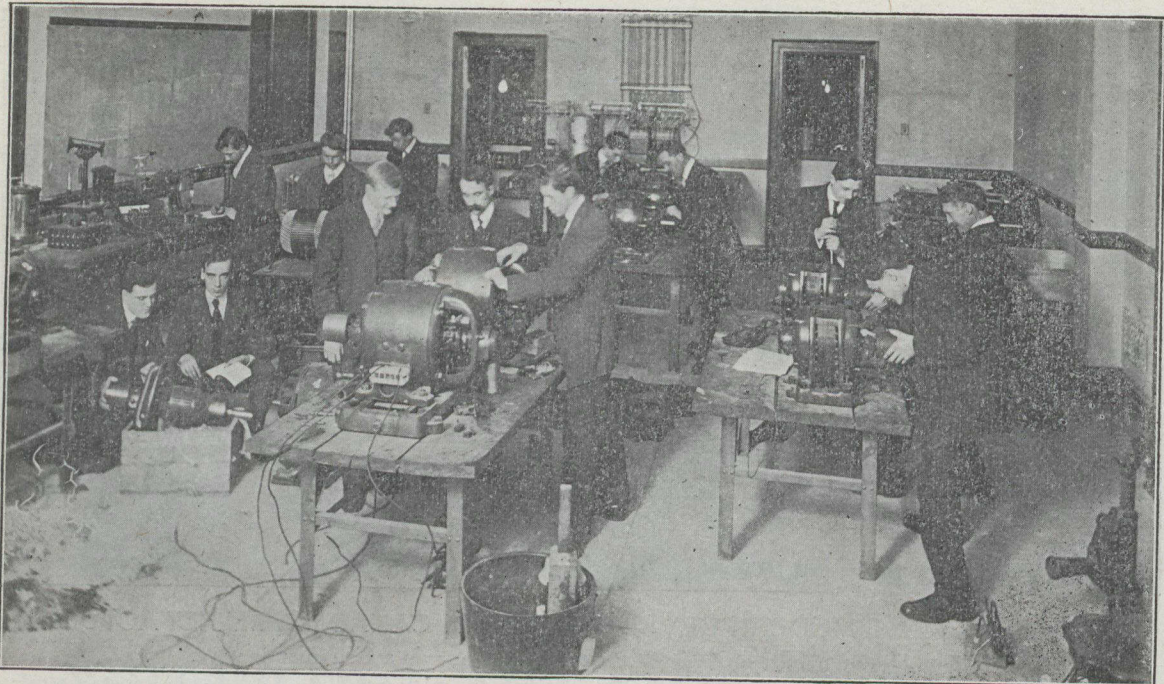
Austrian women formerly made our pearl buttons; now they are made by Canadian labour. From Germany came our knitted goods; they are now produced here. The United States was the source of our shoes; to-day ninety per cent. of them come from our own factories. England supplied us with all our cottons; now we have mills of our own.

No Easy Road

Self-sufficiency has been our aim. Wherever we imported an article which could be made at home some one was ready to take the chance. Canada has had its share of industrial fatalities. But the optimism of youth has ever impelled another pioneer to push on where the first had failed. In the earlier stages lack of capital and a small market dashed many a bright hope or smoking chimneys and flying wheels. Manufacturing has had no easy road to travel in Canada. With a total population somewhat less than the State of New York, scattered over a territory larger than all Europe, and with consequently heavy charges for selling and distribution and the many requirements of a diverse people, discouragements in the early days were many and great. Mills, the windows of which are boarded up, plants whose wheels no longer turn, these are the tomb-stones of misplaced confidence. They mark the casualties of over-buoyant hopes or unfair competition.

But with the aid of a moderate protective tariff, a sound industrial system has gradually grown up. That the tariff was not prohibitive is shown by the amount of imported goods which compete with the native product in almost every line. Manufactured goods to a value of \$71,781,656 were imported last year. That it was not excessive is shown by the fact that the cost of manufactured goods has not increased materially to the consumer. The recent investigation of the Department of Labour, at Ottawa, proved that while the cost of farm produce had increased in twenty years by approximately fifty per cent., the cost of manufactured goods had increased in the same time by a mere four per cent. Those who will compare the stove of twenty years ago with the stove of to-day, or the sewing machines of the two periods, will wonder, not at the increase in cost, but at the marvelous advance in usefulness and efficiency.

We are no longer a purely agricultural people. Our problems are those of the city as much as of the country. Four hundred and fifty thousand people earn their bread directly in our factories. At a reasonable computation two millions are dependent upon manufacturing for their livelihood. Villages which were little more than a corner store and the post-office have become active centres of life, making possible the establishment of adequate educational institutions and the spread of the luxuries and advantages which urban settlements alone develop. Foreign capital has been introduced for the development of our resources. Over \$226,000,000 has been invested in Canadian branches of United States factories. The latent wealth of the country has been brought forth to feed the factories with raw material. Opportunities have been thrown open to those whose talents lie in skill of hand and sureness of judgment. A generation has broadened the outlook of Canada.



An evening class in electrical machinery work at the Nova Scotia Technical College.



Evening class of tailors' apprentices learning how to make clothes in a scientific way.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN NOVA SCOTIA

How Hundreds of Young Men in the East are fitted for Industrialism.

By HON. G. H. MURRAY.

IT is with pleasure that I accede to the request of the CANADIAN COURIER for an account of the initiation and progress of a technical education system in Nova Scotia. The province has done some pioneer work in this direction and the results achieved are sufficiently promising to reward the attention of other communities.

Technical education is not a new thing in Nova Scotia. The province began laying the foundations for industrial training many years ago. About the year 1885 the first technical schools were established in the principal coal mining centres. Coal mining is one of the principal industries in Nova Scotia, and the Government has done everything within its power to stimulate and safeguard this industry and the workers that are employed in it.

One of the first steps taken in this direction was to provide that all of the officials in the collieries

were competent to hold positions of responsibility. To this end the Government appointed a Board of Examiners composed of a group of experts and practical men to examine every applicant for an official position in the collieries, to ensure that he knew the science and practice of mining to a degree commensurate with the responsibility of the position he coveted. These examinations were severe. They

included such subjects as geology, surveying, theory and practice of the steam engine, theory of ventilation, coal mining practice, trigonometry, etc. Soon the problem arose, "How are our Nova Scotian miners to qualify for positions of responsibility?" The subjects mentioned were not taught in the academies, nor at that time in the colleges. Furthermore, most of the miners had been compelled to leave school early in life in order to work in the mine and contribute to the support of the family and had not been able to get beyond the seventh or eighth grade in the common schools. Correspondence schools were practically unknown. If the native Nova Scotians were not to be put to a disadvantage and if the positions of responsibility were not to be held by outsiders who had the advantage of superior training, the province would have to supply some means of her own to give a thorough practical education to the miners.

Evening Schools for Miners.

The Government met the situation in an optimistic spirit. There was established a series of evening technical schools for miners throughout the coal mining sections of the province. In each community the best man available, as regards theoretical knowledge, practical experience and teaching ability, was appointed as instructor. The schools have been carried on modestly but efficiently for nearly a generation, and what are the results? Today practically every position of responsibility in and about the mines of Nova Scotia is held by a Nova Scotian. The native-born coal miners are as intelligent as any in the world, and the coal mines of Nova Scotia show a lower fatality rate

per thousand workers over a long period of years than any other mining region on the American continent.

A little incident may be related here by way of illustration. Cornelius Shields, the eminent engineer, was one of the earliest managers of the Dominion Coal Company. He came to Nova Scotia to become acquainted with local conditions before assuming his duties as General Manager. On his arrival in the province he declared his intention of importing a number of competent men from the Pennsylvania coal mines to manage the various collieries under him. After he had made a thorough investigation into the conditions of labour, superintendence and mining methods that obtained in Cape Breton, he returned to Pennsylvania. When he came back to Nova Scotia he was accompanied by only one Pennsylvania man—his private secretary.

More Technical Schools.

A few years after the coal mining schools were established the Board of Examiners was appointed for the purpose of issuing certificates of competency to stationary engineers. Simultaneously, the Government also started a series of evening technical schools for these workers. The men were taught the principles of steam and mechanical engineering as applied to steam boilers, steam engines, air compressors and pumps. Most of those who are in charge of the power plant at our collieries secured their training in the evening schools.

After the coal mining industry had been provided for, the agricultural industry received the attention which it deserved. An agricultural college was established and has been maintained by ever-increasing appropriations. It trains young men in the science and practice of agriculture; it has short courses in the winter for farmers and their wives and daughters; it carries on a rural science training; it educates through the medium of Farmers' Institutes and local exhibitions, and does everything in its power to raise the standard of livestock and crops throughout the country. To-day, owing to the diversity of the activities, it reaches and stimulates every agricultural community and interest in the province.

The next step in the evolution of technical education was to bridge the educational gap caused by the general industrial expansion taking place in the province. Under the stress of sharp competition, employers were calling for skilled operators and all-round foremen. With the specialization and extreme division of labour, the apprenticeship system became less and less effective and the factory system was not training any men to fill its higher positions. There was no educational institution for the poor man's son who wished to learn a trade. So the next forward move was to provide practical education for the workingman and the workingman's son.

This step was taken with the establishment of evening technical schools in every large manufacturing community in the province. At present there are evening schools in six places, namely, Halifax, Sydney, New Glasgow, Amherst, Yarmouth, and Truro. The classes offered were carefully selected according to the dominant industries in each locality. Instruction is given in Business English, Practical Mathematics, Book-keeping, Drawing, Building Construction, Chemistry, Electricity, Pharmacy, Garment-making, and other branches.

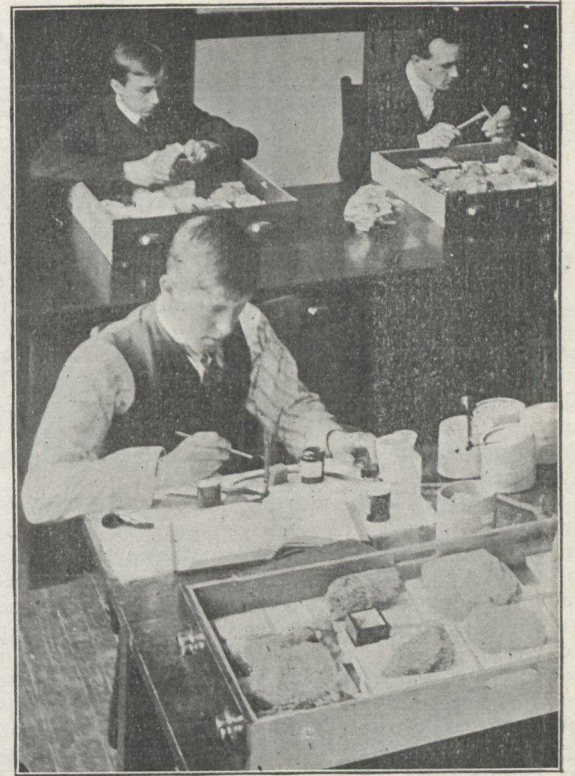
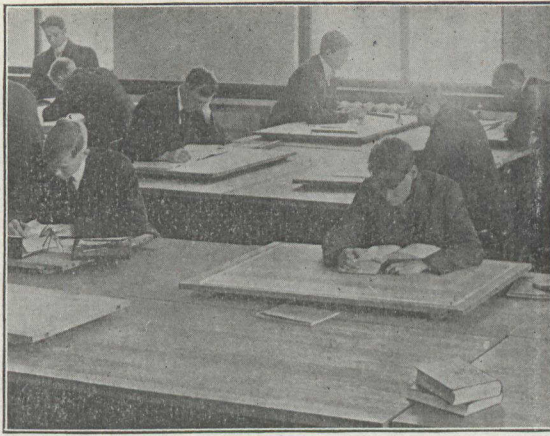
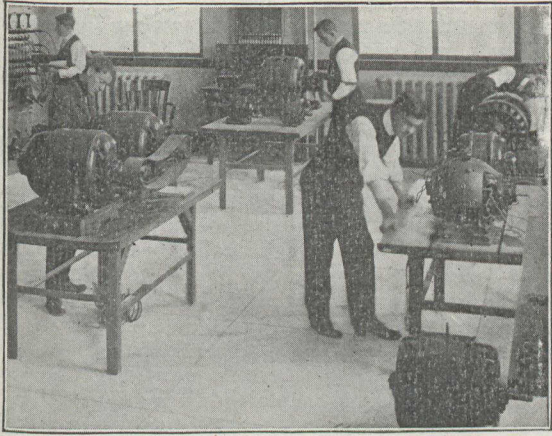
All the instruction is practically free. Anyone working for a living can obtain the special education connected with his vocation without leaving his position or losing a day's work. Nearly all of the teachers are practical men who hold positions of responsibility in industrial establishments during the day.

Finally, the technical education system has been rounded out by the establishment of a Technical College at Halifax, where professional instruction is imparted in mining, mechanical, civil and electrical engineering. This college is supported solely by the Government, and the poor boy who has time, aptitude and ambition can secure here an education in any one of the four courses mentioned at the minimum of expense.

I believe that the truest democracy is based on equal opportunity. I believe, also, that the greatest single power in any democracy is education. I believe that we have made a long step toward equal opportunity for each Nova Scotian when we established a comprehensive technical educational system four years ago. We have made a modest beginning and will enlarge the facilities in this direction as our revenue will allow. The most progressive industrial nations, like Germany and Great Britain, have found technical education one of the most effective, if not the most effective, single in-



PROF. F. H. SEXTON
Principal N.S. Technical
College.



Sectional View of Dynamo Electrical Laboratory.

A small section of the Draughting Room.

Students in the Geological Laboratory.

strument in striving for industrial supremacy. It has transformed agriculture in this country and I think we may look for as far-reaching results in our other industries. Nova Scotians have long been noted for intelligence, honesty, tenacity and sturdy ideals. It is our ambition while preserving these national qualities, to enhance the productive power and the industrial intelligence of the Nova Scotian mechanic, so that he shall yet be counted the best in the world.

Canada is a young nation, with untold industrial potentialities. It would seem a good thing, a sane

thing, for all the different provinces in the Dominion to establish flexible systems of technical education, laying the foundations so broadly that the systems may expand simultaneously with the future industrial growth of the nation. This would seem to be a most auspicious time, while the nation is still in its infancy, for the introduction of provincial industrial education, and it seems also right and fitting that the Dominion Government aid the separate provinces in making this an integral part of their general policy for the encouragement of industry and commerce.

OUR GROWING ARMY OF MECHANICS

By ROBERT H. COATS

Editor *Labour Gazette*, Ottawa.

TO gauge or illustrate the growth of the Canadian labour supply during the past quarter-century is by no means easy. To begin with, seeing that we are in a census year, we are exactly ten years removed from the latest available census returns. Those returns, moreover, differed at so many points from their predecessors that even as between 1900 and 1890 comparisons are often difficult. And 1890, considering the speed of our recent advance, is already a distant date.

Statistics are available to show the growth of the number of workmen between 1880 and 1890, the decade which saw the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1880 the number of workers in industrial occupations amounted to 287,296, which was more than the combined number engaged in trade and transportation, domestic and professional work. By 1890 the industrial workers had increased to 320,000, but those in other occupations had increased much faster.

Between 1890 and 1900 there was apparently no increase in the number, engaged in agriculture. Those employed in domestic pursuits, in professional work, in trade and transportation, increased considerably. None of these increases compared with the well-defined increase in the number of industrial workers. These comparisons, however, are not a safe guide since the system adopted by the Census Department was changed radically between the census of 1890 and that of 1900.

A more correct estimate may be gleaned from an estimate of the number of men employed in the factories as tabulated. The details of the figures need not be given, but the results show that between 1890 and 1900 the increase amounted to 26 per cent. This is probably much nearer the truth. This would bring the total number of mechanics from 320,000 to about 400,000.

Again, statistics are available for 1905 with regard to manufactures only. These are probably somewhat low, but they are the best available. The number given is 383,920. Of these 184,526 were in Ontario; 116,748 in Quebec, and the remainder scattered through the other provinces.

Taking all the data at hand it is probably safe to say that the number of people employed in Canadian factories and shops is now about 500,000, or about one-half the number engaged in agriculture. Some time next year, the census office may give us this year's returns, and we shall then know more accurately just where Canada stands in this respect.

An idea of the distribution of the labour force employed in Canadian factories and shops may be gained from the following list, which shows in descending order the classes of establishments employing over 4,000 workmen in 1905:

Class of Establishment.	No. of Employees.
Sawmills	50,108

Foundries and machine shops	15,738
Boot and shoe factories	12,002
Printing and bookbinding	11,855
Lumber manufactories	11,572
Cotton mills	10,214
Smelters	9,307
Car repairing shops	9,261
Men's clothing	7,915
Women's clothing	7,450
Car works	7,363
Furniture factories	7,313
Cigar and tobacco factories	7,052
Bread, biscuits, confectionery	6,868
Agricultural implements	6,668
Brick, tile, pottery	6,154
Plumbing	5,613
Butter and cheese factories	5,484
Customs tailor shops	5,331
Iron and steel works	5,192
Flour and grist mills	4,609
Paper mills	4,589
Knitting mills	4,503
Carriage and wagon works	4,416
Woollen mills	4,202
Electrical supplies shops	4,108

The labour supply, whatever its proportions, comes by natural increase and by immigration. The latter has, as is well known, played a most important part in the development of Canada during recent years. While direct encouragement is offered by the government to agriculturists and domestic servants alone, it is not to be supposed that the heavy immigration of the past decade has not included large numbers of other classes as well. This will be evident from the following analysis of the immigration movement of four typical recent years:

	1906.	1908.
Agriculturists	41,562	45,793
General Labourers	39,603	77,569
Mechanics	39,245	61,074
Clerks	8,323	17,471
Miners	3,372	4,811
Female Servants	6,976	11,726
Not classed	10,291	15,039
Total	149,372	233,483

Information of this nature, however, even were much more of it available, shows only one side of the shield. Supply can scarcely be discussed apart from demand. Table could be added to table to show that in the past fifteen years the expansion of Canadian industry and consequent increase in the demand for labour has been tremendous. It might be possible by balancing statistics of capital expenditures against the tendencies partially depicted above to compare the rate of progress in the one field with that in the other. But the results

would have little practical bearing. The situation probably does not admit of statement in other than general terms.

Of almost equal importance with the quantity of labour is its quality. Is the artisan of to-day as efficient as his predecessor of a generation ago? There is no doubt that with the buoyancy that has characterized nearly every branch of employment during the past few years men have sometimes been pressed into service who in less strenuous times would have been passed over or would have been forced to a lower scale of pay. Apprenticeship has all but disappeared. In its place we have a rapidly-growing appreciation of the need of technical education and an increasing effort to provide the facilities which that need demands.

The Outlook

Those immediately concerned in the adjustment of the labour supply in Canada have an exceedingly complex situation to deal with. The fact that the country is not only one of immense natural wealth, but one in which that wealth is still to a larger extent awaiting development, acts and reacts upon the labour situation. Free land, free mining rights, provide the boon of alternative employment. The rapidity of the development process has given a false scale to many occupations, notably in the construction branches. The winter season, with its periodic dislocation of some of the largest avenues of employment is a recurrent factor in the problem. Such, too, is the demand created by the rush to harvest the western crops. The experience of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, with its London agency, and the chary treatment by the recent Imperial Conference of the suggestion to bring the labour bureau system of the United Kingdom into touch with the Dominion, are but reflections of the difficulties which await any attempt to deal with the problem of the labour supply even in its simplest phases.

Of still broader interest is the general "atmosphere" which exists as between employer and employee. As in the United States, so in Canada, the expansion of industry and the increase in wealth has been accompanied by the evolution of class feeling and by greater cleavage between capitalist and labourer. The patriarchal relationship of master and man which existed a comparatively short time ago in the small industrial establishments which dotted the country has almost disappeared, with the tendency to centralization and with the increasing volume and organization of production. It is significant to note, therefore, that the year 1886—the beginning of the last quarter-century—marks the beginning, also, of the continuous existence of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada, the central body which symbolizes to-day nine-tenths of the organized labour of the Dominion. In 1886 it was made up of less than 70 bodies; to-day it has nearly 1,000. Altogether there are now some 1,859 labour organizations in Canada, of which 1,520 are international in their affiliations. With a total membership of probably less than 200,000, this still leaves Canada, when compared with Great Britain and European nations in general, a non-union country.

THE WAITRESS

A Little Drama With Fear and Hope Predominant

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

"I'S not a mite of use my going, Bess! I know I'd break something right off! It's awful good of you to get me the place, but I know I won't keep it."

"In course ye won't, Silly, if ye talk like that first off! Ye've got to keep a stiff upper lip, and ye'll do all right, all right. Look at me! Has it hurt me any, waitin' on folks at White's restyrant? I guess no—an' ye're lots smarter'n I am, if ye only thought so."

The two girls who were proceeding—one so reluctantly—toward "White's restyrant," were as much of a contrast in appearance as in their ways of thinking. Bess was a tall, red-haired, capable-looking young woman. Her eyes, though they rested so kindly on her friend, were quite equal to a snap of wrath, and no one could doubt her capacity for taking care of herself, as well as of anyone else lucky enough to secure her championship. The girl at her side was several years younger—did not, indeed, look more than fifteen or sixteen—and was of fragile build. Her face was delicately modeled and rather pale, with sensitiveness and a strange refinement in the expression. Her eyes were hazel, and it was their wistful, eager gaze which had first attracted the robust and sturdy Bess. "There's something about yer eyes, Kid," she had frankly admitted, as soon as their friendship had reached the confidential stage, "that makes me feel the way the big organ does in church."

When Mattie's mother died, some weeks before, Bess at once took the lonely girl to share her room; and now it was Bess's eager recommendation which had procured for her chum a position in the restaurant where she herself worked. But, grateful and eager to make her own living though Matty was, the child's courage had failed her when the morning of the great venture came; and she was trembling with nervousness now in spite of all her friend's encouragement.

"I wish," she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone that told tears were not far off, "Oh, I wish I was back in the country! I never wanted mother to come to town; but when father died, and we found the place was mortgaged, she thought we'd be able to do fine with our sewing in the city. But you know how it was; she went right down."

"Yes, she couldn't stand it, could she—poor soul! She was a strong-built, hearty-lookin' woman, too; not a bit like you."

"No, not a bit like me, was she? And I'm not like father, either, not a bit. I wish I was. My, but father was handsome!"

Bess turned on her sharply, "Look a-here, Matty, are you bein' so foolish as to build on what yer ma said when she was dyin'? I didn't think ye'd be that silly."

"No—no, I'm not building on it, Bess! Of course not! But she did say, quite plain and straight, that I wasn't their own child, and that I'd been left on their door-step, just a mite of a baby. What would make her think all that, do you s'pose?"

"Hum!" Bess grunted disdainfully. "What'd make her think all that? Why, she was out of her head with the fever, of course. Such stuff, anyway—zactly like the novels Della May used to lend me; there was always a baby left on the door-step, or in the bushes—no, shrubbery—or some such likely place; an' they all turned out to come from Baronial Halls, an' they be Dukes an' Duchesses at the worst! Don't you get any such ideas, like a good child. It's broodin' on things like that makes folks wrong in their upper story."

Matty burst into a clear, derisive laugh at this awful suggestion.

"Don't you worry about my upper story, Bess! It's quite sound, I guess! But—what about the gold pin mother gave me? She said I had it on, that day they found me."

And Matty raised her hand to touch tenderly the little gold pin that fastened her collar. It was a bib-pin of very yellow gold, with the initials "M. C." engraved upon it.

"Well," said Bess, still more exasperated, "don't that prove the poor soul was dotty—what did the doctor call it?—delirious? 'M. C.' Why, them's just yer own initials, girl; Mattie Connor, of course! She's got it for ye, herself, and then made up this here yarn in her fever! Anyway, don't ye talk about it to anybody but me, will ye, Honey?"

"Of course I wouldn't, Bess," Matty promised.

"All right, then. And git it out o' yer head if ye can. Here we are at White's. Now don't ye look so scared; no one's ago'in' to sass ye, not when I'm round!"

The Conistons and Winthrops drifted into the restaurant with a swishing of soft, rich garments, a murmur of pleasantly modulated voices, and the faint, fresh fragrance of roses. There were six people in the party, Mr. and Mrs. Coniston, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Coniston's sister, and Mr. Winthrop's brother. They were on a motoring trip, and had decided to spend a day or two at Hampton, as that little town proved to have a picture-gallery worth visiting, and a play which they wanted to see running in its one theatre.

They made rather a good-looking party as they sat grouped at one of the small tables discussing the menu. Mrs. Winthrop was decidedly pretty; Mrs. Coniston's sister had the nameless charm of youth; and the men were all more than passable in appearance. Mrs. Coniston, however, was the one who held the attention of whoever once looked at her with more than a casual glance. Not that she was a beauty or more beautifully gowned than the other women; but something in the expression of her eager face, and especially of her eyes, made the thoughtful observer wonder and speculate. For what were those hazel eyes always searching; what gave the unsatisfied expression—not discontented; that is altogether a different thing—to the sweet mouth? It was a very sweet and readily-smiling mouth—but you wondered, as you watched the smiles, how and why the sadness came there.

THE meal had progressed to the stage of ice-cream and wafers, when Mrs. Winthrop leaned forward across the table and said to Mrs. Coniston, suddenly but very low:

"Look at that little waitress, Evelyn! She looks like you!"

Mrs. Coniston turned sharply and looked at the girl on whom her friend's gaze was fixed. Matty started at the sudden movement and raised her deep, wistful eyes. The two looked long and steadily at each other. Then Bess, attracted by the sudden tableau and her friend's strange behaviour, hastened to her side and whispered admonishingly:

"Stop starin', Matty! Whatever in the world's got into ye?"

Matty turned away, flushing vividly, and dropped the tray of coffee-cups she was carrying. The coffee splashed down the front of her dress, and the breaking of the china sounded loud in the sudden stillness around them. Mrs. Coniston sprang to her feet, but found herself, inexplicably, trembling with excitement, and sank back into her chair. But Bess, though puzzled, was quite undaunted. She put her arm around her friend and said, in loud, reassuring tones:

"Don't you mind a bit, Matty! Accidents will happen, an' nobody's goin' to say a word to ye! I'll settle things. You come on with me an' I'll get ye a clean apron."

And she half-led, half-pulled, Matty away from the scene of disaster.

"Jack," Mrs. Coniston said, in a strange-strained voice, "I must see that girl. Stop her. Let me talk to her. Don't—don't let her get away!"

Mr. Coniston himself looked excited and distressed. He saw the likeness to his wife in the little waitress, and he knew the wild thought that had leaped into her heart, and the almost absolute certainty of its cruel disappointment. He rose without a word and went to the proprietor of the restaurant. In a few minutes the little party was ushered into a small private room, where they waited for Matty's appearance.

Fifteen years before, a horrible tragedy had come to the Coniston's. Their baby-daughter, less than a year old, had been taken by the nurse for its regular afternoon outing—and from that time—from the moment when she kissed the little laughing face, and waved to it in merry farewell, the child had vanished from their life. No trace, no clue, no possible sign either of its death or its continued existence could ever be obtained. Mr. Coniston was rich, and money was lavished like water in every conceivable effort to find some trace of baby or nurse; but there was none. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Mrs. Coniston was a woman of great strength

of character—but this thing, so infinitely worse than death, this maddening uncertainty as to her darling's fate, very nearly broke her both in body and mind. When she came back from the hell of brain-fever she was a ghost, a shadow, poised on the border-land between two worlds. Not even her husband's love could have held her, but her little boy and his need of her turned the scales, and for his sake she renewed her grip on life. Splendidly, too, he had answered to her love. He was a young man now, nearly through college—clean-minded, clean-bodied, her close comrade and devoted friend. But the haunting wonder as to her baby's fate had never left her, and the sadness and hunger in her eyes came from the depths of her heart.

In the little room at the restaurant Mr. Coniston paced up and down, mentally cursing Fate that a chance likeness between the little waitress and his wife (there was a likeness; he could not deny that)—should have brought the old anguish to the surface. Mrs. Coniston sat facing the door, leaning forward in a tense attitude of waiting, her hands tightly clasped. Her sister, Theodora, made ineffectual murmuring efforts to break the stress of emotion. Mrs. Winthrop cried quietly over the effect of her own impulsive remark, and her husband and his brother looked on, helplessly distressed.

"Dearie, dearie," Theodora said, patting her sister's arm, "what do you expect? She is like you; anyone can see that; but what does it mean? She's just a little waitress—and it's one of these queer accidental likenesses that do happen sometimes. What are you going to say to her? What do you want of her, Evelyn?"

Mrs. Coniston laughed a sharp, nervous laugh that made her hearers start, but she did not move her eyes from the door.

"Want of her?" she repeated. "What do I want of her? Oh—I want to adopt her! That's all!"

Then the door opened, and Bess and Matty appeared. Bess, flushed and excited, with an air half-defiant, half protective, held the younger girl by the hand. Matty stood with her head drooped till Mrs. Coniston spoke; then she looked up and met her eyes with the loveliest adoring smile.

"Will you come and sit by me, dear?" Mrs. Coniston said. "I want to talk to you a little."

The others in the room seemed to hold their breaths, and each leaned forward, hushed and still, watching the drama that unfolded so swiftly before their eyes. Even Bess stood quiet, awed by something beyond her comprehension in the tense faces before her. Matty went forward quickly and seated herself on the chair that Mrs. Coniston drew close beside her. Mrs. Coniston took her hand and looked deep into her eyes.

"Who are you? What is your name?" she asked.

The words were abrupt, but the caress of her tone brought tears to the eyes of the men who heard it.

"Matty Connor," the girl answered, very low.

"And—your father and mother—are they living?"

"No—father died a year ago, and mother last month," Matty said, never taking her wistful, lovely eyes from her questioner's face.

Mrs. Coniston hesitated a moment.

"I—I want to know you better," she said. "You are like—someone I know."

And then a strange thing happened. Matty put her hand to her collar, and took off the little gold pin.

"I am like you," she said, and laid the pin in Mrs. Coniston's hand.

"Milicent, Milicent, Milicent!" cried a voice wild with rapture, "oh, my baby, my baby!" and the next moment she was gathered close in her mother's arms.

Beards and Success.

A DISCUSSION on the relation between beards and success appeared recently in the *Eton College Chronicle*. "What famous men," the historian of the *Chronicle* asks, "did not wear beards? Caesar and Napoleon did not, it is true, but their ends were unhappy. Who knows but that beards might have saved them? Try to imagine Abraham, King Arthur, Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Tennyson without beards. The effect is ludicrous."

The significance of shaving is thus described: "Every morning we undergo a voluntary mutilation; a voluntary loss of self-respect, a voluntary emasculation. . . . Artists are supposed to worship the beautiful, and they nearly all wear beards."

"Very few people," the writer adds, "have reason to be proud of their chins; in most this is the weakest feature. But a beard hides all trace of the receding chin of the feeble-minded man, neatly and artistically finishes off the lower portion of the square face of the prize-fighter, and in a fat man and one reluctant withal to admit his fatness, covers a multitude of chins."



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



The King of the Pool.

BY AUNT HELEN.

MY littlest nephew and I went down to the rocks by the sea one morning to sail his boat and there we found a little baby pool. It was a quiet pool with a bunch of sea-weed at one end, a star-fish and some shells at the bottom, and snails and barnacles, sticking to the rocks all around, while now and then a water-bug darted across the surface. In the centre of the pool was a stone, and on it sat a small but very important-looking frog.

The frog looked at the littlest nephew, and the littlest nephew looked at the frog, but when I stooped down, the frog jumped into the water and swam off.

"You go away, Aunt Helen," said the littlest nephew, "and perhaps the frog will come back. He doesn't like big people, he just likes little mites like me."

So I went away and the frog came back and talked to the little nephew.

"Hello!" said the frog. "Glad to see you. It is a pleasure to talk to some one my own size!"

"But I'm not your size," said the littlest nephew.

"No, but you're the smallest boy I've ever seen, while I am the biggest frog in the world."

The littlest nephew was too polite to contradict him.

"It's stupid living in a small pool like this—and stupifying. Those snails are the slowest things I ever saw, and the oyster never opens his mouth. I always thought sea-urchins were mischievous, but this one is as quiet as a clam, and so touchy!"

"The water-bug seem lively."

"Yes, they keep me busy catching them, but they are good eating. Ever try one?"

Just then a crab scuffled past them bowing politely to the frog, who barely acknowledged the salute. A crawfish approached the rock, but the frog glanced sternly and he turned away again.

"You seem to have things pretty much your own way here," said the boy.

"Oh, I'm the King of the Pool, and he's a stupid fool. They are all stupid fools here for that matter."

"Why don't you move to a bigger pool? There is a lovely one farther down, where I sail my boat," said the boy.

"Yes, but how am I to get there?"

"Why, jump, of course!"

"No, thank you, that is too much like work!"

"Suppose I carry you," said the littlest nephew.

"Splendid! I'll jump on your back."

"Oh, no!" cried the boy, shrinking back, "on my boat please."

So the frog jumped into the boat and the little boy carried him down to a great pool near the ocean. It was a charming pool, with little bays and islands, and a stream that ran down to the sea. The water was clear and fresh, for twice a day the tide came up, and with it came and went minnows and sometimes larger fish. There was movement and stir.

"Ah, this is life," said the frog, as the little boy launched his sail-boat with its passenger.

The boat cruised along the shore, and the frog, catching sight of a fat water-bug, jumped overboard and swam away.

"And he didn't even say 'thank you,'" said the littlest nephew, when he told me about it.

Two days later he went to the rocks again. Half way between the little and the big pool we met the frog, looking thin and crestfallen. I hurried on, remembering that frogs don't like big people, and



"He Launched the Boat in the Big Pool."

the "little mite" talked to him.

"Didn't you like living in the big pool?" he asked. The frog shook his head.

"Sit down," he said, and I'll tell you about it."

"I left you rather abruptly to get my dinner, for I saw a most delicious-looking water-bug. No sooner had I swallowed him, than a frog sitting on a rock nearby called to me in a great rage—

"What do you mean by eating my water-bugs?"

"He was smaller than I, so I only laughed, but what did he do but call a policeman—an enormous bull frog, twice as big as I—who put me in a dark cavern and rolled a stone before the opening, so there I sat for a whole day with nothing to eat but mosquitoes—pretty dry food!"

"Next day they took me to the police court and an ancient crawfish asked me what I meant by meddling with private herds of water-bugs. I told him I had never heard of private bugs, that people took any bugs they happened to fancy, where I came from.

"Then Judge Crawfish laughed and six little crabs sitting in a row laughed too, so did the policeman.

"Well, he is a green one!" they said.

"Tell me where you keep your public bugs and I'll eat them," I said.

"Only those who are very old or sick are fed at the public's expense. If you want to eat you must work. What is your trade?" asked the judge.

"I'm a king," I said.

"That won't do here. This is a republic."

"Well, I might give swimming lessons."

"Let's see you swim."

"A ring was cleared and I started off. At the third stroke they all burst out laughing.

"Why, nobody swims like that now!" they said. "It has quite gone out of style. All the swimming masters teach the side stroke. What else can you do?"

"I can sing," I said.

"Let's hear you."

"No sooner had I begun my favourite love-song, 'Froggie Would A-wooing Go,' than they all put their fingers in their ears and the judge, with tears in his eyes, begged me to stop.

"Not only is the song a relic of the past, but your voice! Excuse me, but I would rather listen to a mosquito or a donkey."

"What would you have me do, then?" I exclaimed angrily.

"The crawfish scratched his head.

"You might catch flies. For every twelve flies you catch; you receive one water-bug."

"What, catch flies and not eat them?"

"Certainly not!"

"I was so dumbfounded that a fly flew into my open mouth and out again.

"He can't even catch flies!" said the crawfish. "Well, he can't stay in this pool any longer, that's certain!"

"Nothing could persuade me to remain here," I said.

"That's good news. Policeman conduct the prisoner beyond the pool limits."

"Needless to say I hopped away as fast as I could, and I have been hopping ever since."

The tired frog sighed as he finished his tale.

"Never mind," said the littlest nephew. "I'll carry you the rest of the way!" and this time he allowed the frog to sit on his hand while he bore him home.

The quiet pool looked small and none too clean, but to the weary frog it was paradise.

The other inhabitants of the

pool did not look as pleased as might have been expected at the return of their king. The barnacles closed their doors, the oyster yawned, and the crabs and crawfish started to scuttle away, but the frog spoke to them all so politely that they remained.

"Good-bye, froggie," said the littlest nephew.

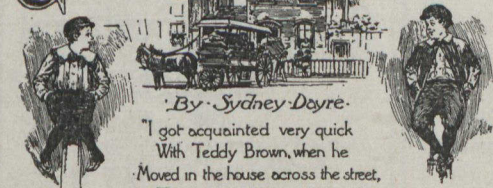
"Good-bye, little boy. Come and see me when you are passing, and help yourself to all the water-bugs you like; I'm going to have a feast of them now. Good-bye!"

As the boy moved away he saw King Frog shake hands with the crawfish whom he had so evidently snubbed on a former occasion.

"Well it is good to be back again!" he heard the frog say. "After all there is no place like one's native pool, and no friends like old friends," and he smiled benignly on the delighted crawfish. "By the way, I met a relative of yours while I was travelling, Judge Crawfish, a splendid old gentleman! I'm going to luncheon. Will you join me?"

And the littlest nephew watched them walk off together arm in arm.

Getting Acquainted



By Sydney Deyre.

"I got acquainted very quick
With Teddy Brown, when he
Moved in the house across the street,
The nearest one you see

"I climbed and sat upon a post
To look, and so did he:
I stared and stared across at him
And he stared back at me.

"I sposed he wanted me to speak
I thought I'd try and see—
I said, 'Hello!' to Teddy Brown
He said, 'Hello!' to me."



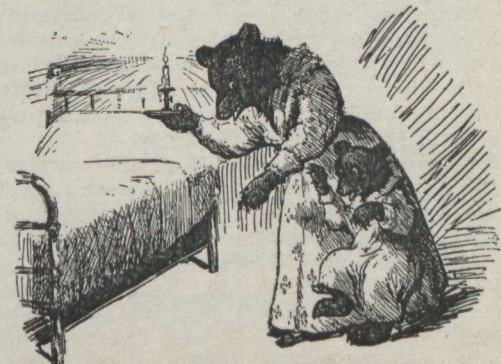
—St. Nicholas.

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Teddy Bear:—Oh mamma let me stay up for you and papa, I'm afraid there's a little boy under my bed.

THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CARL GLOVER, "the Prince" of college football days, is called from a study of art to take charge of a Cobalt mine, owned by an uncle who has been injured in a railway accident.

He is initiated into mining and into Cobalt by Freeman, the foreman of the mine, and forthwith becomes entangled in certain mysteries. A store-keeper named Ridgeley suggests to Carl one day that possibly Freeman is not straight, and that the mine may be a "wildcat."

Carl also meets a young lady named Rita Theodore, daughter of Col. Theodore, a promoter. She is an artist and a gambler. On the art side, she and her Oriental quarters appeal to Carl. Rita declares that he seems to her a ruling power—The Prince, and that she is—the page.

THE following day they were again in the canoe, enjoying the graceful motion of the Redman's craft. The conversation again turned to the subject of yesterday. Rita chanced to remark that the Prince's page should not be asked to make decisions.

Carl studied her face. A sudden idea dawned upon him. Perhaps she was secretly hiding reproaches under her words. Had he been selfish in their companionship? A suspicion of ungentlemanliness sent a hot surge of shame over him.

"If I have been so selfish as to have ever thwarted your real wishes, I most humbly apologize," he began.

She interrupted. "Don't, don't be humble," she said almost breathlessly. "Don't be humble. I will hate you then. Be the tyrant and—The Prince."

"I have offended you in some way."

"No, I mean what I said. Be imperative. I like it."

"Then you do not care to be the queen with hands, hearts, and lives thrown at your feet."

"Never," she answered. "There are softer things for the feet to tread on."

"That is true, very true," Carl said, in a voice of admiration, though some would rather have that pathway than one of roses."

Rita Theodore glanced at him, a half frightened expression in her eyes.

"Your words are full of meaning," she observed. "Forgive me, but your own may have lain with the roses?"

"I know some that have, but not my own. That has never been trampled on—or touched."

A great light flamed up in the dark eyes. It was well Carl was looking out over the still lake surface and did not see or that next moment had been one of inexplicable embarrassment.

"I sometimes wonder which is the greater," Rita said in eager tones, "the sorrow of the world or its joy, I mean real joy. Take the sorrow of all broken hearts and set it against the joy of the joyous, which would be the greater?"

"I cannot say," Carl mused; "some hearts hold sorrow a hundredfold deeper than others, and some hold joy in the same way."

"What is the true joy?"

"Love."

"That is your real belief?"

"Undoubtedly! What is anything else in all the round earth when compared with it?"

"And what is the real sorrow?"

"Sin."

"Then we all have real sorrow?"

"All! And more than we need. You have more than you need," Carl burst out in sudden emotion. "Oh! why will you chance gold pieces over the gaming table? Perhaps I shouldn't speak, but I must. You are too beautiful, too young, too perfectly fashioned, too cultured and refined to throw yourself into such a sin. Yes, it is a sin! Oh! why do you do it? What do you get? Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! You who can paint an angel's face from the treasure room of your heart, can draw music almost divine from the chords of your soul and echo it out from the keys of your instrument, why, why will you do it?"

Startled by his vehemence, she caught her breath, and the red flushed over the oval face.

"I never looked at it as that," she said, recovering her composure. "I had always done it. Why, everyone bets in every country of the globe. I've seen it done and have done it everywhere."

"But it's wrong, wrong!" Carl declared.

"It is chance, only a fair chance," she defended.

"It is gambling money, soul, virtue, heart, and all other attributes in one. Oh! I wish you would stop it. You

know you are so beautiful, so very, very beautiful."

It was the first time he had ever told her that. His words were not a lover's words, though. They were of earnest pleading.

"Will you?" he asked.

She did not answer.

"If you care for yourself," he went on, "if you care for anyone in this world, do! Will you promise?"

"It would do no good," she protested. "I might do it the very next time. I am weak, you know. I always told you I lacked strength. You are so strong." Her words were fraught with pain.

Carl made a gesture of defeat. "You will not?"

"It is useless."

"Will you ever cease doing it?"

"For one thing."

"What is it?"

"I cannot tell you."

"For one thing in this world you would?"

"At a certain time."

"I don't understand," Carl exclaimed, impatiently.

"Should a certain thing come to pass in my life, then I know I could give it up freely and fully."

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I cannot say."

"Is it strength?"

"In a sense, yes. More than that."

"You are unfathomable," Glover said, dipping his paddle once more. He examined her expression and cursed himself for his outburst. There was such a drawn, pained look about the eyes. What right had he to criticize anyone's actions? Now that he saw how it hurt, the fault did not seem so great. It was only a little fault of hers just as many of his own. There came into his soul a great pity for the girl, and his heart was nearer being touched at that moment than at any other time in her presence. He pondered on what she had said. She could overcome it if a certain thing should come to pass. What was it? He could not think, and paddled in silence. From her listless and pensive attitude he knew she would not speak, so they retraced their course the length of the lake without exchanging a word. By the shore where they had embarked he drew the canoe up on the pebbly beach and placed himself beside her to walk to her home.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, simply.

"A little, perhaps justly."

"How can I ask forgiveness? I should never have forgotten myself."

"You need not ask," the sweet voice assured.

"How?"

"You are forgiven before you ask."

"You are so tender," Carl said, with deep feeling—"and I am so boorish—"

"You are The Prince," she murmured, in interruption.

"And you should be a princess or a queen."

"To set an example of strength and excellence," his companion said, bitterly.

"Don't, don't," Carl pleaded. "You make me feel as if I were saying it. Tell me you will forget that."

"I will never forget it. You showed me my fault too plainly. It will take a little from the joy side and add it to the sorrow. You mustn't regret it, though."

"I am a beastly cad."

He opened the porch door for her, where they had come to the steps.

"You are coming in?" she said.

"I would like it," Carl answered, "but Uncle will be here to-morrow, and I have some of the men's accounts to square up so that he can see everything for himself when he arrives. So I must finish it to-night. Do you know you have commanded almost all my time these last few weeks? There!" he exclaimed, checking himself—"I am rudeness personified."

"Do you regret it?" He could not understand the tone.

"No, no, I didn't mean that. I just meant to say I had been with you much. It was all on the joy side, as you say."

"Then it has been a mutual pleasure. We talk as if it were all over," she added, with a nervous laugh. "Are you going or not?"

"I cannot say till uncle comes. If I go I shall go at once. Do you intend to stay here very long?"

"Till father has his investments soundly placed! He likes to be on the ground and see for himself. He says that is the only way to invest."

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"I shall know to-morrow, and I shall see you then if I go."

"Yes," she said.

The night had fallen duskily down. Through the gloom he could see the deep, lustrous eyes. Her hair waved in a shadowed wealth above. Over him came an almost irresistible desire to touch it, but he quelled the impulse. Something must be wrong with his nerves, he thought.

Rita stretched both arms into the dusk. "I love the night!" she whispered. "It rests me. Oh! when I am so weary, it rests me."

Glover was silent. He felt she had some secret sorrow.

"Yes, it rests me. Not the bright night, but the deep, dim, clinging night-time, damp with river mist! It refreshes as well as rests."

"You are nature's own child," Carl whispered, in turn, "a daughter of mother earth."

"And motherless."

He drew closer and saw there were tears in her eyes. A desire to comfort, to soothe, nearly overpowered him to make him clasp her close. Instead, he leaned one heavy hand on the door frame.

"Is that your sorrow?" he asked.

"No"—the tears fell.

"Tell me, tell me," he said.

"Go—please go!" the trembling voice interrupted.

"Oh! but tell me."

"Go"—the tremulous tones repeated.

In pity Carl turned away and, when he looked back, the night had shut out her form.

CHAPTER X.

JACOB GRAHAM hobbled off the train on his crutches. Carl and Freeman were there to meet him.

"Hello!" the uncle cheerily bawled. "How is the mine?"

"Right, sir," Freeman said. "The sheds are just finished. We can start Number Three Shaft any time now."

"How do you like your new master?"

"None better, barring yourself, sir."

"Well, that's good. Freeman told me you did fine work, Carl—worked hard, too. I think it's time you had a holiday."

"You're right, sir," the foreman said. "He has worked harder than any two bosses in the camp. It's time he had a rest."

"Oh! see here," Carl objected, "I haven't been doing a tap for two or three weeks. If you need me, why I can stay right on. You might dismiss me for not working enough. That would perhaps be just."

"We will work you hard enough later on," Graham said. "Better take your holidays now while you can. We will want you in a month or so."

"To tell the truth, I would like to run down to Toronto to see the boys. I want to see Clive, too, uncle, out by the old place, you know."

"Yes, yes, take as long as you like. You've been cooped up long enough."

As chance had it, only a few hours later he received a letter from Clive Halycon, begging him to spend a couple of months on the farm. Halycon had been his boyhood friend in the old, old days. He lived just a stone's throw from the former Graham place, and the friendship of the two had never died out as surface friendships do. Every year of his college course Carl spent some time on the Halycon farm by the Humber, and those were red letter days for him. Now the invitation came at a welcome and opportune time, so he made ready to go.

"I had a letter from Clive," he told his uncle, who came in while he was packing up some things. "He wants me to go down."

"Ha!" his uncle exclaimed, "Clive is a good sort, a deuced good sort. There wasn't much difference between you two boys when you were little urchins in knee pants."

"That's why we always stuck together, I guess," Carl said.

"You always did anyhow. In mischief or anything else you were always together."

"I wish he could have had a chance at college."

"Bright as a dollar! He knows more than some college men know."

"Where's Freeman?"

"At the mine. Why?"

"I'll leave these mining books. There's no use taking them."

"No, you won't want them there."

"By George, it makes me feel good to think of getting on the old spot again. Drony, old, peaceful spot!"

"You just bet!" the old man said. "All field and orchard!"

"And wood."

"Yes, and the spring, do you remember it?"

"I do. Three elms and one ash stand beside it. Many an hour I've lain there, bare feet, blue overalls, one suspender, rim of a hat, freckles and tan."

"You were the deuce to wander," his uncle declared, eagerly recalling these past episodes. "It was the dickens of a task to keep you from losing yourself. As for the

clothes, well, nobody expects to keep more than a third of a boy covered. It's natural instinct in him to touch as much sun, air and earth with his bare self as he can."

"The old mill is gone."

"Yes. Geordie Ross was the last to run it. He is dead now and the place is gone to ruin."

"There," Carl said, "I'm ready to go any time. I've all packed that I want."

"Well, good luck to you, boy! Stay as long as they'll keep you and bring me a branch from the big oak."

"I will," the nephew said. He had done that every time he visited the place.

Downstairs he called Wong Loo to carry his grip to the station, while he went to say good-bye to the Theodores.

"Goin' away?" Wong asked.

"Yes, for a short while."

"How longee? Me be lonelee."

"Poor duffer," Carl said banteringly, "you can talk to Freeman."

"Damee Freeman. He makee me mad. He thrashee me for smokee longee pipe when him smokee himself."

"What?" Carl gasped.

"You not know he smokee?" the Chinaman asked, with cunning eyes a-blink.

"Freeman smokee opium?"

"Yes, him smokee. That how he know Wong smokee."

Carl was amazed. He had never dreamed that Freeman was a victim of the drug. He remembered now his frequent nightly absences.

Carl walked up to the servant and grasped him firmly by the shoulder.

"Look here!" he commanded. "Are you lying?"

"Me no lie. Me tellee truth."

"Where the deuce do they smoke?"

"Charlie Ling has backee room. Chairee, bed, pipe. Goodee time!"

"You rascal," Carl said. "When did you smoke last?"

"Not for fourree weeks. Me keepee my job."

"See that you stick to it," was Carl's advice.

Calling at the Theodore home, he found them absent, but he learned from Giles that they had gone down the line for a day or two, so there was no use waiting. He had all ready to leave, so he took the night train down, glad at the thought of meeting his old and dearest friends and of seeing the cherished spot by the Humber.

CHAPTER XI.

THE harvest moon shone down where Carl stood with Clive Halycon at the old farm-lane gate. Just below, the dear, quiet Humber threaded through field and wooded bank, silent and silvery under the moonbeams' glow. Down all the valley length a wreath-like mist wound smokily in the willow tops, white, purple, mauve and gray, as each changing ray grew brighter or dimmed. Rolling far went heavy laden fields, thickly studded with shocks of dark-brown grain standing higher than the rottenwood rails of the scrawny, black fences. The deep orchards cast dark shadows to their midst and the deeper woods beyond hid plenteous crops of pumpkins, squashes, corn and buckwheat in the shelter of the south side.

Carl had been there a week, and the former love for the calm spot had gripped him as strong as ever.

They had fallen into silence where they watched alone beneath the stars and moon. At last Carl broke that silence.

"Clive," he said, "there is no place like it in all the world."

"No," Halycon said, "because it is home."

"Yes, for us both. Therefore it is beautiful."

"Carl! I've always held you far dearer in my soul because you haven't forgotten the old place. So many, so very many despise their birth spot for the reason it is some antiquated village or some belated wilderness section. When they taste city life and the wide reach of a continent or two the place where they first saw God's light is naught but contempt for them."

"Ah!" Glover answered, "that is something I could never forgive. I have seen those too—college asses who feel shame trickle down their spines should they have to walk up street with their fathers, simply because they don't wear a collar with the latest wing or their shoes aren't Broadway cut."

"It is the littleness of their souls. Great, generous hearts never feel those petty distractions."

"Now there's Whitmore. You remember him? He used to be out here at his cousin's. He was ashamed to introduce his parents to a person, and two better souls never raised a more worthless son."

"You're right," said Clive, "and I don't think he ever visits them now. Do you know where he is? Ben Clarke said he was coming out here soon. I don't know from what place."

"I saw him in Cobalt," Carl answered, "picking up what he could from the green cloth. He has been following the gambling game all over the two continents, he said."

"Good-for-nothing rascal! And his cousins, the Clarkes, make a little god of him when he comes out."

"That is always the luck of his class. They strike the

(Continued on page 30.)

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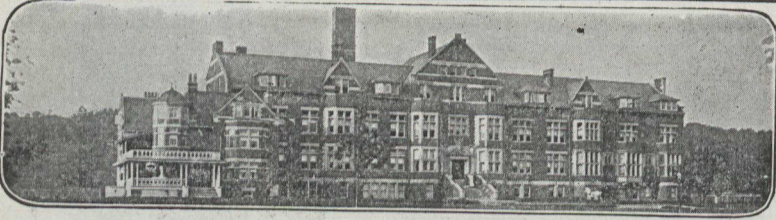
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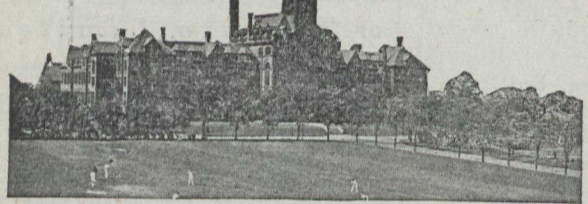
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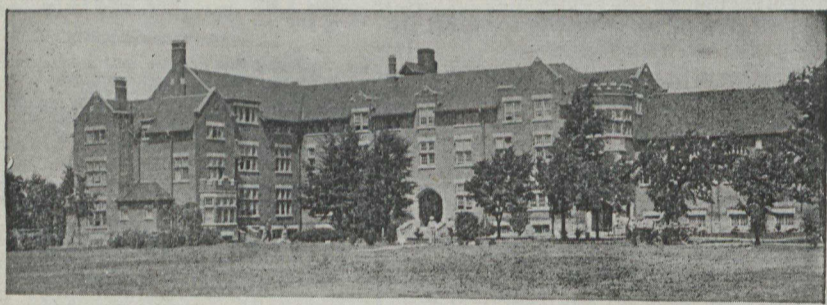
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 29th September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between HAMPTON, SOLINA and HAMPTON (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 15th August, 1911.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 29th September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between GRAND VALLEY and GRAND VALLEY (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 15th August, 1911.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

New York Life has referred editorially to our premier as "Mr. Laurier." This is carrying blatant democracy too far.

It is now the open season for the manifesto.

Mr. Winston Churchill is having a lovely party with the Unionists and Laborites, and almost wishes he had stayed with the Boers.

A Hamilton freight hand got a week in gaol for stealing four plums. If he had only lived in Ottawa he might have secured a term in the Parliament Buildings.

Sir Wilfrid expects the support of loyal Canadians—and Mr. R. L. Borden looks for encouragement to those who are true to their country.

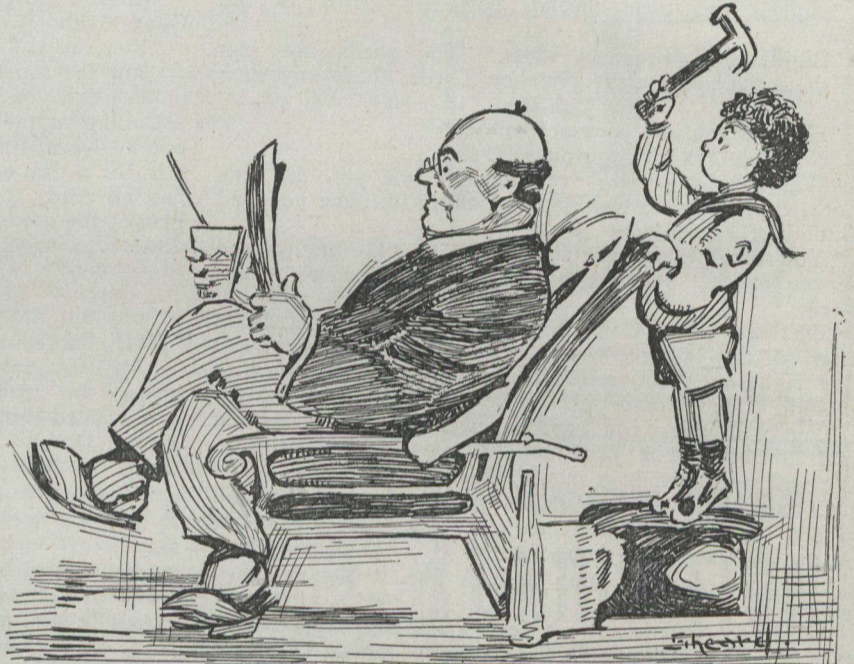
London, Ontario, had three terrific electric storms the morning after Mr. Borden's opening meeting. The weather man is trying to explain that Jupiter Pluvius is non-partisan.

Dr. Carman has declared that Sir John Macdonald was in favour of reciprocity. It is now in order for Rev.

fond of "heavy" novels, preferring those which are merely stories. The minister of a Montreal church recently declared that he would not read "Les Miserables" nor "Robert Elsmere" for anything in the world, preferring a Zenda story to anything more imposing. There is a professor at Queen's University, who is known as one of the most intellectual men in Canada, but whose relaxation in fiction consists of the immortal works of the Duchess and other sprightly feminine novelists.

Some years ago, when the late Sir Oliver Mowat was Premier of Ontario, he was on his way from Yoho Island, where he had been spending a few days, and most of the passengers on the Muskoka recognized the well-known features of the leading citizen in the Province. As the boat reached Port Sandfield, the passengers crowded to the side to see the jolly crowd which usually assembles at that resort, and Sir Oliver joined the gazers, leaving in the chair the book he had been reading.

Now, Sir Oliver was known as a writer of theological treatises in his leisure hours, and several passengers



"Don't move, uncle, there's a great big bluebottle on the top of your head."

George Jackson to question the historical accuracy of this statement.

Three Rivers is rising in a flood of oratory.

Cobourg is so superior to the common political clamour as to hold a horse show.

Judging from its cheerful crowds, Liverpool might be the capital of Ireland with Home Rule in full force.

Lord Charles Beresford is coming to the Canadian National Exhibition. Perhaps he may be induced to run against Mr. T. C. Robinette.

A Toronto man has written "A Plea For the Peers." It may help the Duke of Westminster to keep the wolf from the door.

After all, it seems safer to stay home and do the fall ploughing than to use the very latest monoplane.

The Conservatives have held an old-fashioned picnic at Blenheim. And the Reformers are rallying at Waterloo. But what's in the name of a battle?

According to the party press, the number of "Disgusted Liberals" is exceeded only by the number of "Disillusioned Conservatives."

Recreation Reading.—It is well known that clergymen and professors, who are obliged to read a good deal of serious literature, are seldom

were somewhat curious concerning his holiday reading.

"I'll bet it's theology," said one—"something by Henry Drummond."

"I'll bet it's politics," said another.

"They approached the chair, where the Premier's book was lying, and read on the paper cover—"Dearest—"

by Mrs. Forrester."
Just then, the boys at Port Sandfield broke forth in glad shouts of—"What's the matter with Mowat? He's all right." * * *

A Meat Metamorphosis.

An enterprising financier
Bought Mary's little lamb;
And now 'tis daily advertised
As "chicken, veal and ham." * * *

Matches on Strike.—Many people seem to be far more severe in their criticism concerning articles or service supplied under public ownership than they are concerning what they receive from private corporations. Perhaps, therefore, some discount ought to be put on the implied criticism in the following story:

A Frenchman was arrested for having smuggled in foreign matches. The French Government, as is well known, has the monopoly on the manufacture of matches.

In the court the judge said to the man, "Foreign matches have been discovered in your possession. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Please, your honour," stammered

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BOBCAYGEON, ONT.

A RESIDENTIAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

IN THE KAWARTHA DISTRICT

Among wholesome country surroundings. The buildings are new, and fitted with all modern conveniences. Careful supervision out of school. Small classes. Graduate masters. Boys specially prepared for the Royal Naval College, Halifax.

School re-opens Thursday, Sept. 14, 11.

Apply for all information to
W. T. COMBER, B.A., Oxford
Headmaster

Trinity College School

Residential School for Boys. Healthy Situation, Fireproof Buildings, Extensive Playgrounds, Large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and business. Special attention given to younger boys. Next term begins Sept. 13. New boys must report Sept. 12.

For Calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster,
REV. OSWALD EIGBY, M.A.
(Cambridge), LL.D.,
Port Hope - - - - - Ontario

Bishop Strachan School

45TH YEAR
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College Street
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Full Matriculation Course, also elementary, with domestic arts, music, painting. Centrally situated in large grounds. Tennis and other games. Skating Rink and gymnasium.

Reopens after Summer Vacation
SEPTEMBER 11th, 1911



St. Margaret's College

TORONTO
A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.)

President---Mrs. George Dickson.
Principal---Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A.

Academic Department---Preparation for the Universities with Honours a specialty. Mus. c--- Vocal and Instrumental. Art, Elocution, Household Science, Physical Education carefully directed. Large Lawns, Rink and Swimming Bath.

School reopens September 12th, 1911.
Write for Calendar

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

For BOYS and YOUNG MEN

Equipped in every way for training boys and young men to enter Commercial or Professional life. 1,000 ft. above sea level, 30 acres of ground, campus, splendid Gymnasium, indoor running track, swimming pool.

Courses - Matriculation, Business, Scientific. Manual Training Department, the first established in Canada.

University trained staff of teachers and excellent physical director. Mental, moral and physical growth developed.

Write for 54th Annual Calendar
A. T. MacNeill, B.A. - Principal
Woodstock, Ont.

-School re-opens September 5th.-

the prisoner, "it is true that I use foreign matches, but only to light our own Government ones with."

* * *

Irish.—A very pretty girl who recently returned from Ireland tells of an encounter with an Irish cabby in Dublin. She had started out from the hotel to do some shopping, but decided instead to make a tour of the city on a jaunting-car. Arriving at the first car-stand, and having selected the smartest-looking vehicle, she told the driver that she "wanted to engage him for the day."

Pat, never backward in paying homage to beauty, earnestly replied: "Begorra, ma'am, you are welcome. I only wish it was for life!"

* * *

Revenge

ACT I.

Scene—Barber shop.
Jones discovered lying in a chair. Barber rubbing soap on his cheeks and into his mouth.

Barber—Nice weather we're having. Jones (through soap)—Yes.

Barber (using razor)—Sad thing that bad fire.

Jones (afraid of wrinkling his face and getting cut)—Uh huh.

Barber—It's a wonder something more isn't done to prevent fires.

Jones—Uh huh.

Barber—Fire-proof buildings don't always seem to be fire-proof.

Jones (in moment when barber is getting soap off razor)—Seems like it.

Barber—You'd think the insurance companies would do something more about it.

Jones—Uh huh.

Much more similar conversation. Barber (bending over Jones)—Like a massage to-day?

Jones—No.

ACT II.

Scene—The same.
Time—A week later.

Jones discovered seated in chair. Barber combing hair of Jones preparatory to cutting it.

Jones—Do you think it's going to rain?

Barber—I don't know. It looks— Jones—How do you think the elections will go?

Barber—It's rather hard to— Jones—How's business?

Barber—Not bad. We are— Jones—Have you had any holidays?

Barber—I had a few days at my— Jones—Seems tough getting back to work, doesn't it?

Barber—Yes, I— Jones—Holidays always feel like more.

Barber (after long silence)—Wet or dry?

Jones—Dry.

Barber—Brush, Jim!

Jones—Good afternoon.

Barber—G'day.

* * *

Why, So It Does.—Children often say some things that look sensible in a way, but that sound funny to grown-ups.

A man who was hunting in a sparsely settled district met a little girl near a house, and asked her the time.

"It's just twelve o'clock," said the youngster.

"Oh, I thought it was more than that," replied the man.

"No," said the child. "It never gets more than that here. It goes up to twelve o'clock, and then it starts at one again."

* * *

The Umbrella Worry.—A man hurried into his office the other day, when a shower was starting, and found that his umbrella had been taken.

"I think that taking another fellow's umbrella ought to be considered as serious as robbing the mails," he said. "I'd give a man three years for taking an umbrella."

"I don't know that I'd do that," said another man. "I'd attach to my umbrella a contrivance that nobody else could understand, and that would blow a man as high as airships go if he meddled with it."

FOR POLICYHOLDERS ONLY

During the past Five Years the

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Has earned in Profits for its Policyholders

\$2,262,158

Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums received for that period.

PROFITS EARNED IN:

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$335,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083

PROFITS EARNED IN PER CENT. OF PREMIUMS RECEIVED:

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9 per cent.	21.99 per cent.	22.36 per cent.	24.49 per cent.	27.39 per cent.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.



The SOUVENIR

(NEW IDEA SERIES) certainly does eliminate furnace bothers

SOME folks dread the winter—because of the furnace troubles it brings. Antiquated heating systems are certainly a nuisance. Dust and ashes, sometimes deadly gas fumes, all over the house. Or hot air like a breeze across a desert waste—poisonous, dry, health-destroying air. All because conservative manufacturers would not consider New Ideas in heating. The SOUVENIR furnace makes the hot air system the healthiest, cheapest and best.

It's built right—A solid, one-piece iron firepot—tested and selected iron at that—and flanges on the outer side to increase radiating surface. The grate is simplicity itself—ashes easily dumped by a simple turn of the lever. No place for clinker troubles. From base ring to dome every SOUVENIR furnace is perfect. Ask for our new booklet. The SOUVENIR Furnace is made in Hamilton, the stove centre of Canada, by The Hamilton Stove and Heater Co. Limited

Successors to Gurney-Tilden Company

Every buyer of a Souvenir Furnace is presented with a legal bond on date of purchase, guaranteeing firepot against cracks or breaks of any kind for 5 years.

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

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London, Eng. Toronto, Can.



MONEY AND MAGNATES



May Not Sell Winnipeg Electric.

THE negotiations opened some time ago between the city of Winnipeg and the interests behind the Winnipeg Electric, with a view of having the city buy out the railway, from recent reports are not likely to go through. At no time were the Winnipeg Electric interests at all anxious to sell out to the city, for there is very little doubt that they would make a great deal more money by staying with the proposition for some years to come, as, in addition to the large dividends which the shareholders will receive, the company will almost every year require additional capital to carry out its various extensions in order to keep pace with the growth of the city, and this naturally will occasion further stock issues, which should afford valuable rights to the shareholders.

* * *

Shareholders Endorse the Melon Cutting.

AS was expected, the shareholders of the Toronto Railway unanimously favoured the action of the Directors in voting a bonus of stock on the basis of one share of new stock free for every eight of the old held. At the same time authority was given to issue an additional \$2,000,000 of stock for improvements at \$100 a share, being on the basis of one share of the new for every four of the old held. The shareholders of record August 25th are the ones that will enjoy the benefit of both issues.

* * *

Additional Capital for Larger Banks.

WHILE the Bank of Montreal will shortly ask its shareholders for permission to increase its paid-up capital from \$14,600,000 to \$16,000,000, it is altogether likely that if the authorized capital were larger than it is the Directors of the Bank would try to make even a larger issue than the present one, as it is quite evident that, with the expansion of their business, they could use very much more than their authorized capital. Of course, the management of the Bank has been somewhat handicapped during the last few years by errors of judgment which were committed in the past by Directors who paid out too large amounts of money in dividends, with the result that the present Board have been forced to peg away and increase their reserve and gradually try to bring it up to a point which would be more on a level with the paid-up capital. In order to do so they have had to ask the shareholders to be patient and wait for a time for still larger dividends. It is quite evident that, with the expansion that is occurring, the capital of the leading bank of the country at the present time should be more like \$25,000,000 than \$15,000,000. Of course, a great many other banks are also finding it necessary to secure a larger amount of capital to handle the business offering.

As yet the Bank of Montreal has not made any announcement as to the price at which the new stock will be issued, but it is likely to be \$200 a share, so that the Directors will be able to add the same amount to the reserve fund as is placed to capital account. It is also known that the Directors would very much like to be able to do something for the shareholders who have patiently waited for quite a number of years now for higher dividends, and from the manner in which the announcement has been kept back, it would not be surprising to find that some provision had been made so that the rights of the shareholders might have some larger value than they would under ordinary circumstances.

* * *

Train Stops at Dinner Hour.

CHAIRMAN of the Board Smithers of the Grand Trunk Railway, who is now making a tour over the various lines of the Company, while generally enjoying train travel always makes it a point to have his special train stop during meal hours, so that he may get the full enjoyment out of it. While the trip is planned in a way so that as far as possible the train will be at a standstill when the dinner hour arrives, still if it happens to be on its way between any two points, it is always stopped up for a half hour or so. It is believed that Mr. Smithers is the only head of a railroad who makes such a special condition in connection with his trips over the various lines.

* * *

On Annual Trip Over Western Lines.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, the President of the C. P. R., who always likes to keep shareholders as closely advised as possible regarding actual conditions in the various sections of the country, is now making his annual trip over the Western lines, and will return to Montreal in time to preside at the annual meeting of the shareholders early in October. Notwithstanding his advanced years, Mr. R. B. Angus, who has always been very closely associated with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, again this year made arrangements to accompany the President on the entire trip. The information that Mr. Angus will obtain should prove all the more valuable in his capacity as President of the Bank of Montreal.

* * *

Milling Companies Close Year.

THREE of the largest milling companies of Canada close their fiscal years at the end of the present month, and in view of the complicated conditions which have existed during the greater part of the year in the wheat market, it will be interesting to watch just what showing the different companies will be able to make in the way of earnings. The general opinion is that all three, the Ogilvies, Lake of the Woods, and Western Canada, will show very large decreases in earnings. The recent advance in the price of wheat will undoubtedly help the companies' output to some extent inasmuch as the stocks they have on hand will figure at a very much higher level than they would have if it had been necessary to make up the statements back a few months ago.

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Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.
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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.

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ASSETS
\$ 8827-945

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,300,000

CENTRAL CANADA

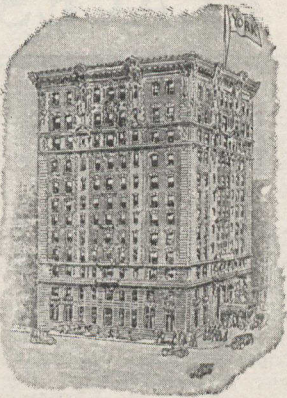
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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Corner 36th St. and 7th Ave.
One short block from Broadway and New York's
Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores,
Fashionable Shops and Theatres.
2 Minutes from New Penna. R.R. Terminal.
10 Minutes from Grand Central Terminal.
Accommodations Better than Rates indicate
ROOMS \$1.50 and \$2.00 with Bath Privilege
\$2.00 to \$4.00 Private Bath
Where two persons occupy same room only \$1.00 extra
will be added to above rates
Write Hotel for Map of New York
JAY G. WILBRAHAM, : Managing Director



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

A competitive examination will be held in November next at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission for the entry of Naval Cadets for the Naval Service of Canada; there will be 25 vacancies.

Candidates must be between the ages of 14 and 16 years on the 1st of January next; must be British subjects and must have resided in Canada for two years immediately preceding the examination; short periods of absence abroad for purpose of education to be considered as residence.

Successful candidates will join the Royal Naval College at Halifax in January next; the course at the College is two years and the cost to parents, including board, lodging, uniform and all expenses, is approximately \$400 for the first year and \$250 for the second year.

On passing out of College, Cadets will be rated Midshipmen, and will receive pay at the rate of \$2 per diem.

Parents of intending candidates should make application to the Secretary Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, before 15th October next.

Further information can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Naval Service, Ottawa.

Unauthorized publication of this notice will not be paid for.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, August 1st, 1911.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and DESBORO, CHESLEY and DESBORO (Rural Delivery), 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 Chatsworth, Chesley, Desboro and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent,
Ottawa, 5th August, 1911.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ERIN and ERIN (round route), GUELPH and GUELPH (round route), PUSLINCH and PUSLINCH (round route), ROCKWOOD and ROCKWOOD (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent,
Ottawa, 11th August, 1911.

CAMPAIGN STORIES

A Crushing Retort

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD possessed an almost unequalled facility for adapting his anecdotes to the peculiar nature or environment of his audience. On one occasion he was addressing a Conservative meeting in Lucan, where most of his hearers were of the Roman Catholic faith. There had been an accident in the crowded pavilion, and one unfortunate adherent of the party had been slightly injured. When the excitement attendant on the accident had subsided, Sir John, after expressing sympathy for the victim, said smilingly:

"It is only at good Tory meetings that we are able to have such accidents. No one hears of such crowds at the meetings of my worthy opponents. I never see an accident of this kind but I think of an interview which once took place between two friends of mine. John was a strong Protestant, and one morning he met Michael, a Catholic friend.

"'Mike,' said he gravely. 'Did you hear that the bottom of Purgatory has fallen out, and all your friends have tumbled clear down to hell?'

"'An' it's a terrible crushing the Protestants will be getting,' was Michael's reply."

* * *

Effect of a Speech

THE scene of another of the many Macdonald stories was a small country hall in which a joint campaign meeting was held. Sir John A. was taken quite ill, and he left the hall while a Liberal was speaking.

On his return, the Conservative leader was called upon to speak. He explained that he had not been feeling well, and he made an apology for having left the hall. And, as in so many other instances in his career, he handled the situation in a way that pleased his followers.

"I am sorry I had to leave the hall," he said. "But whenever I hear a Grit speech it makes me sick."

* * *

He "Tumbled"

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, whom the people of the United States came to look upon as a permanent "also ran" candidate for the Presidency, has a great fund of stories, and he doesn't keep back those in which the joke was at his expense.

Speaking to the Toronto Press Club, he referred to his several unsuccessful attempts to become President.

"My experience," he said, "reminds me of what happened to a man who went to a dance in a place in a Southern State while he was intoxicated.

"He became somewhat noisy, and was asked to keep quiet. But he kept on being noisy and, after being warned, was put out.

"He made his way back into the hall, and was put out none too gently.

"Once more he went in, and this time he was thrown out in somewhat rough fashion.

"He got up slowly, straightened himself, and looked at the entrance to the hall.

"I know what's the matter," he said. "They don't want me in there."

* * *

Always Running

IN another good Bryan story the joke is again on the big Democrat. Two citizens of the United States were talking about how they would vote.

"Will you support the Democrats?" asked one.

"No," said the other. "I'm going to stay with the Republicans. I can vote for Bryan any time."

* * *

Crushed

A MAN who was giving an address in a political campaign in England got back at an interrupter neatly.

"My friends," said the speaker, "I am here—"

"So am I," said a smart chap in the audience.

"Yes, my friend," retorted the speaker, "but you are not all there."

THE STANDARD WATER OF CANADA

When, in 1807, a beaver hunter discovered the "Great Medicine" of the Indians and trailed down the beaten track to the source of their healing waters, he little foresaw that in the course of a hundred years, Caledonia Springs were to become known throughout the continent of North America and that under the name of

MAGI

THE WATER OF QUALITY

would invade all parts of the continent and become the standard Canadian water.

Not only is MAGI the purest of pure spring waters, but it possesses marked medicinal properties as well. As it flows through its long subterranean course — no man knows whence nor how far — it gathers from Nature's store, natural salts and other minerals which make it an unexcelled specific for disorders of the stomach and kidneys — for rheumatism, gout, etc. MAGI assists exudation and helps carry off disease-creating body wastes.

Yet, MAGI is not, in any sense, a medicine. Not only does it do you good, but MAGI is good to drink. For the table its crystal purity and wonderful "fresh" taste, make MAGI just the simplest and most delicious beverage you can imagine.

The CALEDONIA SPRINGS Co.
LIMITED
27
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, CAN.

CEILING SENSE

cover old plaster with them

You would not tolerate a plaster ceiling in your home or store, if you really knew how much better are Preston Steel Ceilings. For plaster cracks and crumbles — and these steel ceilings cannot. Plaster harbors dust, disease germs, vermin — and Preston Steel Ceilings cannot, because they have no crevices and can be washed like a pane of glass.

P R E S T O N

save on fire insurance

And, then, any fire insurance company will grant you a lower rate if you put in Preston ceilings. For they go a great way towards fire-proofing an interior. Of course they are damp-proof as well. You can have Preston Ceilings put on to cover old plaster ceilings. Easily done. We tell you how.

S T E E L

and they cost so little!

Preston Steel Ceilings never need repairs and seldom need re-decorating. They will outlast the building you put them in. Thus they are the cheapest ceiling money buys, in point of service. Even in first cost they compete easily with plaster. In the long run, plaster simply doesn't compare. Nor does it in beauty. For these ceilings come in hundreds of most graceful, eye-charming designs, that can be painted in any color scheme. Our skilled decorators advise you, free, about colors, if you wish.

C E I L I N G S

name and address, please?

Before you build or repair indoors, allow us to talk with you by mail about this ceiling question. You will be interested — and will surely save money. Drop a line to Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, Preston, Ont. Branch Office and Factory, Montreal.

PRESTON STEEL CEILINGS

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000; Rest, \$8,000,000

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ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager.
JOHN AIRD, Assistant General Manager.

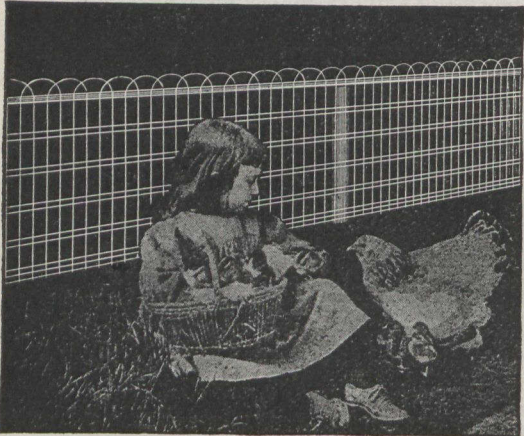
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This Bank issues drafts on the principal cities in foreign countries drawn in the currency of the country in which the drafts are payable. These arrangements cover over 500 of the principal cities and towns throughout the world.

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These Letters of Credit are issued for the use of travellers and tourists and may be obtained available in every part of the world. The holder can draw whatever sum he requires when needed without risk or difficulty.



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.

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The largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada. 505



The Guest Room

should be a "rest" room. Often it's quite the reverse. Cold, draughty, musty-smelling and cheerless, it is sometimes effective in putting a damper on the visitor's enjoyment. Nowadays in homes heated with a

King Boiler and Radiators

the guest-room shares equally with every other room in the pure, clean, invigorating warmth evenly diffused throughout the house. A turn of the valve regulates the temperature to any desired degree. No dust or fuss to cause inconvenience or expense.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Farmers on Wheels

FORTY years ago it would have been quite impossible to see a display of vehicles at one time in the rural districts of Canada such as is seen on this page. Then the farmer bumped to town in a wagon, or in the democrat on Sundays, over corduroy roads. In 1911 the farmer makes a date by 'phone with his best girl for a drive in a rubber-tired topper. The next step in Canada is the motor car, which as yet has not had much vogue among the farmers of the Dominion.

St. John's Harbour Project

EXCITEMENT is tense just now in St. John's N.B. The great harbour project on which depends so much the future of the city is moving. Tenders for the immense drydock and ship repair plant closed on August 10.

who first saw London 75 years ago, and told his friends he hoped again to walk the streets with them in the bustling Ontario city down on the Thames.

* * *

\$70,000 For a Half a Mile Run

THREE years ago, a Calgary millionaire played a joke on a Chicago girl which has resulted very fortunately for her. Miss Caroline Cantlon is one of those husky athletic girls from Vassar College. The year she got her degree from College, she summered in Calgary visiting some other fair Vassarites. The annual fair came off in cow town. On the programme with broncho busting was a half-mile race for girls. Enthusiastic Miss Cantlon entered. So did five other girls.

Then came forward the gallant Cal-



WHEN FARMERS HEAR RECIPROCITY.

Hundreds of farmers' buggies snapped at a recent political gathering. Scenes like these will be common throughout the Dominion for the next few weeks.

English capitalists are making a strong bid for the contracts, which involve millions. Admiral Kingsmill, of the Canadian navy, in St. John expressed himself very optimistically about the possibilities of St. John Harbour East. There is some talk that a Canadian firm will build a shipyard at St. John, and construct ships for the Canadian navy.

* * *

Victoria and Her Tourists

THE Victoria Daily Colonist had an optimistic editorial not long ago. The editor remarked that in the near future tourists would spend \$20,000,000 in Vancouver Island. Eighty thousand visited Victoria last season.

The railways seem to be paying particular attention to the Coast. The C.P.R. has a Chalet hotel in mind for Cameron Lake. That company will construct a trail up Mount Arrow-smith, and in the picturesque hilly district about this mountain a cabin or two. The Canadian Northern is steering past Cowichan Lake, where there is some magnificent scenery, including a cataract 1,500 feet high.

All this activity is in the neighborhood of Victoria, and the city expects to benefit from it.

* * *

The Oldest Old Boy

AT London, Ont., they have been holding a grand reunion. Old boys and old girls came back to their native heath on special trains hundreds of miles, among them Mr. Joseph Mantle, of Peterboro, who was the oldest old boy of all. Mr. Mantle amazed Londoners when he showed up in London to hear the band play and watch the sports. He is aged 102. But witnessing the antics of this London veteran the other day one would have thought him still in his heyday. After all, senility is only a matter of feeling. Ask Mr. Mantle,

gary millionaire offering to the winner 1,000 shares in the Gypsy Queen mine. Miss Cantlon crossed the tape first. She got the mining paper, which her friends informed her was worthless. They laughed at her. But she kept it, "just because it was pretty," she said.

The other day Gypsy Queen stock advanced to \$70 a share, and is soaring. Plucky Miss Cantlon, who had faith, is \$70,000 to the good. She says she didn't mind the half mile one bit.

* * *

Important Convention at Quebec

AN important convention is that of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, which takes place in Quebec City the last three days of August. W. D. Lighthall, the well known lawyer and writer of Montreal, is hon. secretary-treasurer.

The Union aims to promote the study of municipal administration and problems. At Quebec papers will be read on such subjects as "Town Planning," "Functions of a Provincial Capital," "Conservation of Water and Water Power," "Pure Food in Cities," etc., etc.

* * *

Record Police Chase

INSPECTOR of Detectives Thomas Ryan has completed a great feat in the annals of rounding up criminals. On July 31, Ryan packed his grip and got on a transcontinental for New Westminster, B.C., where the police department were holding a chap called Alexander Dick, wanted in Ottawa for tricking a lumber company out of \$1,034. In ten days Ryan was back in Ottawa with his prisoner. In that time he had travelled 5,800 miles. To cover that amount of ground alone in the time would have been not little accomplishment. But Ryan on his return journey from the Coast had to

attend to official duties—eat with, sleep with, and watch like a hawk a daring criminal.

Exploring for Canadians

MRS. SCHAEFFER, Philadelphia, is an American woman who has been doing some exploring in Canada. She has named a few mountain peaks for Canadians. Lately, Mrs. Schaeffer has been looking over Jasper Park in the vicinity of Maligne Lake, thirty miles from Henry House, on the Athabasca. This is a new tourist mountain region. Mrs. Schaeffer has climbed most of the peaks and christened them.

Mrs. Humphry Ward—whom by the way the Edmonton Journal, referring to the novelist, calls Mrs. Murphy Ward—got most of her information about Maligne Lake from Mrs. Schaeffer. In "Lady Merton, Colonist," this water is described as Lake Elizabeth.

Mrs. Schaeffer criticizes the Government severely for removing hunting restrictions from Jasper Park, which she says teems with moose, deer, goats and sheep.

Mrs. Schaeffer wrote "Old Indian Trails," a book favorably known to naturalists.

Enter the Parsees

D. R. D. P. GHADIAH, a Parsee, who is proprietor of Indian Journal Impartial, is outspoken when discussing Canadian immigration laws and their relation to Hindu immigration.

"It is better," said the doctor recently, "that Canada should encourage the emigration of our race than to hold out the hand of welcome to Germans and other European nations. We are Britishers, and stand high in the regard of the English Government for our loyalty. We are also an intellectual nation, and very hard working. At present I am seeking information in London. We desire to settle in New Ontario, which is not populated, and British Columbia. I and one of my colleagues propose to be the pioneers, and if we find the prospect encouraging I shall, through my journal in India, persuade my fellow-countrymen to follow."

Myst rious Death

AN unusual and tragic incident occurred at Ottawa recently. A fire was slowly eating away a small building in the capital during the heat of an August noon. With others, Danetci Alibeca, an Austrian workman was throwing pails of water on the blaze. He happened to touch the tin roof to observe the effect of the water. And he fell back. When the others went to him he was dead. All the foreigners who crowded around were panic-stricken. Firemen on the scene hastened to investigate the cause of the tragedy. They found that the tin roof was charged with electricity of high voltage.

Deserting the Rainbow

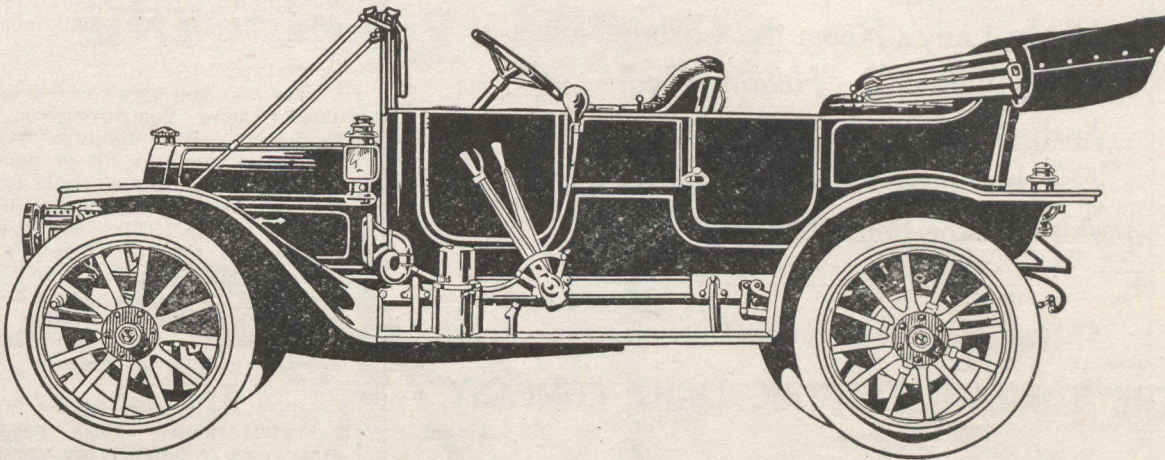
NINE months ago, the Rainbow, training cruiser for the Canadian navy, arrived on the Pacific Coast. Since that time, according to a western despatch, there have been forty-six desertions from the boat. The grievance among the crew, which has led to this wholesale shirking, is said to be a question of pay.

Toronto Girl an Ocean Queen

A UNIQUE honour not long ago was paid Miss Dorothy Langmuir, a well-known Toronto society girl. Miss Langmuir was returning from Europe on the palatial Royal Edward of the Canadian Northern line.

The passengers on the boat were filled with Coronation spirit. Nothing would satisfy some of the gallant gentlemen on board but that they should crown an ocean queen before they reached Canada. Miss Langmuir was crowned. The ceremony was rendered particularly interesting in that Premier Sifton of Alberta, and Premier Scott of Saskatchewan participated—the first time a Canadian Premier ever officiated on such an occasion. Miss Marjory Wilks, of Brantford, was a maid of honour.

More for \$1,350 than you can buy in any other car in Canada



Reo "Thirty," Detachable Fore-door Touring Car complete with Top and Windshield---\$1350

Reo "Thirty," Five Passenger Low Fore-door Touring Car---\$1350 Complete with Top and Windshield.

With the exception of the low fore-door feature, this car is identical with the Reo "Thirty" shown at the top of this advertisement.

Reo "Thirty," Two Passenger Torpedo Roadster---\$1275 Complete with Top and Windshield.

A popular model whose marked efficiency gives you the maximum of service for pleasure or for business.

OUR INCREASED OUTPUT AND LOWER MANUFACTURING COSTS BRINGS BETTER PRICES FOR YOU ON REO CARS

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We feel that it is due to Reo buyers that every dollar thus saved shall be shown in a reduced cost to them.

To those features of the highest grade which have given the Reo its tremendous vogue we have now added important equipment and have materially reduced its price.

This, in the most gratifying sense to you, is real—tangible—profit-sharing—

Thoughtfully consider the new specifications; weigh each item in your own mind; compare every feature with what you know of cars for which more money is demanded.

Inevitably you must ask "Why has the Reo always given the largest measure of all that makes for efficiency, yet with the lowest price?"

The answer is to be found in our improved methods and the economies resulting from greatly enlarged output.



But more than that, we are building for Reo future; we are adding to the popularity of what is already Canada's favorite car.

Go where you will—from one end of the land to the other—we shall abide by what you learn from satisfied, experienced Reo owners.

They will tell you that the Reo is first in efficiency—in hill climbing—in reliability of the day after day sort, and best of all in economy of maintenance.

See the Reo at any of these principal agencies, or ask for the address of the sub-agent nearest you:

- Joseph Maw & Co., Winnipeg, Man. Reo Garage, St. Catharines, Ont. Ketchum & Co., Ottawa, Ont. W. Saylor, Trenton, Ont. Auto & Supply Co., Toronto, Ont. J. A. Pugsley & Co., St. John's, N. B. George Phillips, Woodstock, N. B. A. S. Curry, Amherst, N. S. Stockwell Motor Co., Montreal Que. A. S. McDonald Sydney, C. B. Geo. Armstrong Perth, N. B. Capt. Lovitt Hines, Yarmouth, N. S. Chas. Gardner, Foxboro, Ont. Frank Smith, Madoc, Ont. Willis McPherson, Fredericton, N. B.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. D., St. Catharines, Ontario

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

Going West? Then Why Not Locate at YORKTON?

A Splendidly Placed



Business Centre

YORKTON is in the centre of one of the richest farming districts in Western Canada and it is already on three trunk railways; its rapid growth is assured.

In anticipation of future expansion, waterworks, sewerage and gas works have been installed and an electric light plant is now installed also. "Yorkton," now a thriving town, is fast coming to be one of the most important of Western cities. Why not share in its prosperity?

Send for our free booklet.

C. H. BRADBROOK, Secretary Board of Trade, YORKTON, SASK.

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*.

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THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY,
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"Those who believe in beauty and economy decorate the interior of their homes with Metallic Ceilings and Walls."

---The Philosopher of Metal Town.

A Handsome Fireproof Home at a Small Cost

Madam, do you know that the interior of your home can be permanently and artistically decorated at a small cost by a judicious use of "Metallic." Some of the most imposing residences in our largest cities are decorated throughout with "Metallic"—"Metallic" Ceilings and Walls in every room. It is a fireproof decoration and will save you many dollars by reducing your insurance rates.

"METALLIC"

Ceilings and Walls

last a lifetime.

You can apply them to old rooms without any trouble—simply nail on over the plaster. Just wipe them with a damp cloth now and again and they can be kept as fresh and clean as new. When you want to change the color design, simply paint over with the desired tints.

Particularly in your kitchen and pantry "Metallic" is invaluable as it is proof against mice and other vermin, and prevents any dust or bits of plaster falling.

Then for the bathroom, where a waterproof wall decoration is absolutely necessary, "Metallic" should be used. Splash as you like you can not harm this decoration—it is waterproof.

"Metallic" is very artistic—you have hundreds of varied designs to select from—heavy beam effects, fancy scroll and panel patterns—designs to suit every room.

You will find many interesting suggestions on improving the home in our free illustrated booklets—"Interior Decoration in Metal" and "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Send us a postcard with your address and we will mail them to you.

2029

Manufacturers Metallic Barn Roofing and Siding, Corrugated Iron, Etc.

The **Metallic Roofing Co. Limited**
 TORONTO & WINNIPEG

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 23.)

softest spots everywhere. Whether they are blackguards or not doesn't seem to make any difference to the majority of people."

"Blest if this isn't a queer, old world, Carl. It is a mixture of all sorts. Why in this small community we have representatives of nearly every type."

"Yes, but you aren't caged in alongside of them. You have room to pass by beyond calling distance. It is soul satisfying to put a bit of pure earth and air between some people and yourself at times. Don't you find it so?"

"That's true," Clive admitted, "and for various reasons. There are certain periods when I couldn't for the world rub up against some who should be my friends. Oh! say, that reminds me, we're to go out to-morrow night over to the Kearn's home."

"What is it?"

"Mary, the younger sister, is having her girl friends. They need some older ones to balance the atmosphere, don't you see?"

"Ah!" Carl chuckled, "not to let juvenile hilarity get beyond bounds?"

"Exactly! They need some wise, seriously minded people such as you and I, eh?" his friend inquired with a hearty laugh.

"I'm afraid, Clive, you could yet be as giddy as the youngsters?"

"And you?"

"I might. It seems like yesterday we set mill wheels of tin in the rapids down there, and gloated over five-inch chub we caught in the Basswood Hole. Doesn't it?"

"Only a little while," Clive sighed. "Life runs so swiftly. To-morrow night we will wish we were boys again."

"Will we be bored?"

"As for me I can't say. As for you, not."

"How is that?"

"Jean will be there," Clive gurgled in mischief.

"Pshaw!" Carl exclaimed, look here, old man, I'll break your blessed neck if you don't cease your chaffing. You've been at it ever since I came. Ha! Ha! If I could only get back at you."

"But you can't. I don't commit myself. Whereas you—"

The sentence ended in a splutter for Carl's felt hat flew straight into Clive's face, smothering words and puffing pine together.

"Oh! say," the latter ejaculated. "There, you've broken my best smoker."

"Never mind," Carl mocked. "I'll buy you another on the condition that you dry up."

"I guess I'll have to purchase it myself then," Clive went on, "for I was going to say you do commit yourself. Why, anyone can see it. You have eyes for nobody else when she is around."

"Oh! nonsense. Sure we were schoolmates together, and have been friends ever since! We always will be, nothing more!"

"As yet."

"Clive, you're a thorough idiot."

"No, it is you. One always is when one is under the spell," was Halycon's jocund answer. Then his voice changed from the bantering tones to deep, earnest ones not to be mistaken.

"Prince, old boy," he said, "there is no one like her in the world. She's a treasure. That's what she is! Prince, Prince, my friend, you'll never find a truer, better, tenderer heart on the wide earth. She has an angel face, too, but that doesn't count. It's the heart that tells. I know Jean Thurston. You know her just as well. Why, she is all heart!"

Glover turned and laid both hands on his comrade's shoulders.

"Clive," he asked quietly, "do you love her?"

"No!" Halycon returned. "I don't. I don't think I was ever built to love. I'm not the man that loves, Prince. I do not love Jean Thurston, but I place her before all God's women. If you care, old man, go in and win."

(To be continued.)



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 In business and social life.

Toupees and Wigs
 guaranteed to fit and match,
 made by experts from the
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Will give you an equal chance

With Toupee

Prices \$12.50 to \$18.00
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HOTEL VICTORIA

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Surface cars pass within half block of Hotel, connecting in subway for all parts of city and suburbs.

European Plan

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250 rooms

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00

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\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

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(Home of the Epicure)

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European Plan

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KING EDWARD HOTEL

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Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.

American and European Plans.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

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

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H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor

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

RATES:

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.

Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

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.

It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier — because you reach the best class of people in the nine Provinces of the Dominion.

**SPECIFICATIONS
MODEL J.M.**

AXLES: Front, I beam section; Rear, Semi-floating.
BRAKES: Two separate independent sets on rear wheels.
CARBURETOR: Schebler.
CLUTCH: Leather-faced cone.
COOLING: Centrifugal pump.
DRIVE: Propellor Shaft.
FUEL SUPPLY: Gasoline, 15 gallons.
IGNITION: Jump spark with magneto.
LUBRICATION: Plunger pump, Oil supply in crankcase, 2 gallons.
MOTOR: Horse Power, 45-50; Bore, 4½ inches; Stroke, 5 inches; Cast en bloc.
SPEED ON DIRECT DRIVE: 4-70 M.P.H.

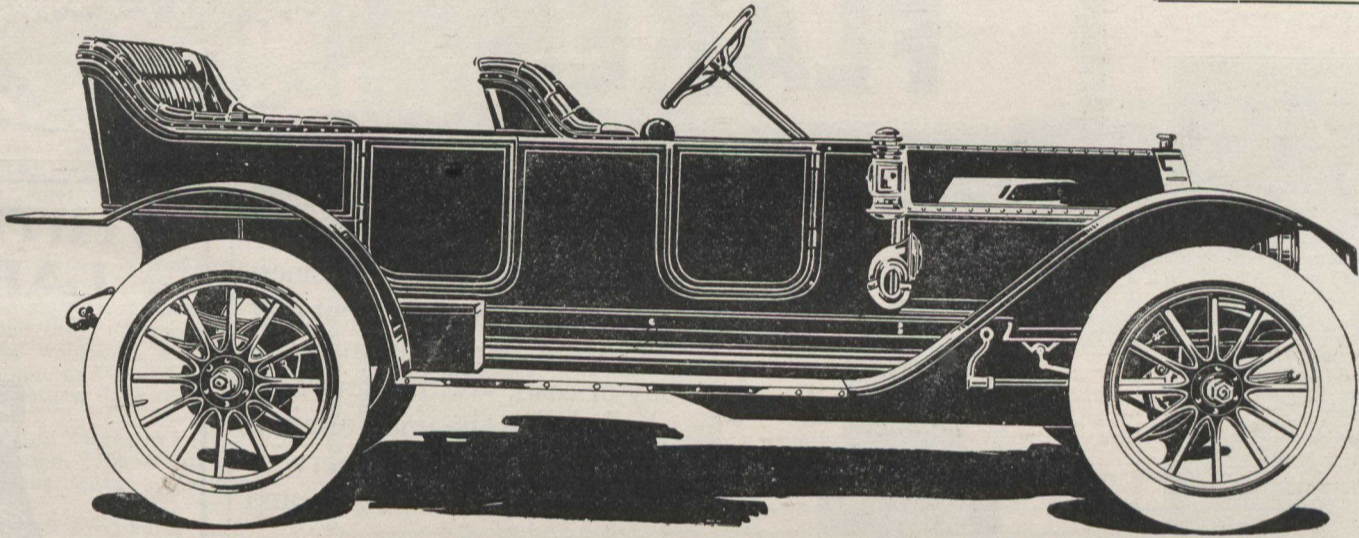
Introducing The

Schacht

**SPECIFICATIONS
MODEL J. M.**

(Continued)

SPRINGS: Special alloy steel; Front, Semi-elliptic; Rear, Three-quarter elliptic.
STANDARD EQUIPMENT: Mea Magneto, two gas lamps, two oil side and one rear lamp, jack, horn, all tools, pump and tire repair outfit, top and windshield.
STEERING: Worm and sector, 18-inch wheel.
TIRES: 34 x 4 inches.
TRANSMISSION: Selective, Forward, 3 speed changes; Reverse, 1 speed change.
WEIGHT: 2,750 lbs.
WHEEL BASE: 120 inches.
 Left-hand Drive; Gear Control and Emergency Brake in centre of car on all pleasure models.



1912 MODEL J. M. TOURING CAR, 7-PASSENGER, 45-50 H. P., PRICE \$2,450

As competition has increased in the manufacture of the modern motor car, costs of production have been sacrificed to meet the demand of the masses for a cheap car. Motor cars that five years ago sold for \$3,000 can now be bought for \$1,500 and the makers claim that it is a better car. Is it logical? The value that goes to prove its reliability cannot be there. The Schacht Motor Car was first manufactured eleven years ago—at the the present day there are 40,000 satisfied owners—the growth of business has only been proportionate with the quality of the car. If increased production made it possible to produce

the car cheaper, the value went back into the car—always with the one end in view to offer something better—the best car made for the price. The Schacht engine embodies all the latest improvements that are found on more costly cars—the graceful racy lines and superior finish of the body is not excelled by the very best makes on the market. It is not doing justice to ourselves or to you to go into the numerous features that have established the Schacht car in the motor world, but we will be pleased to send you a catalogue giving full particulars and complete information about the various types. We also manufacture delivery cars and trucks.

Applications for unoccupied territories will be received.

The Schacht Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited

General Offices and Works :

Sanford Avenue S., Hamilton, Ont.

The Scrap Book

Wall Street Lamb.—James R. Keene, at a celebration in Cedarhurst, said a New York broker, "once gave, in a dozen words, the Wall Street definition of a lamb.

"A lamb," said Mr. Keene, "is one who invests first and investigates afterward."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Surprising Answer.—Aunt Mary (horrified): "Good gracious, Harold, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?"

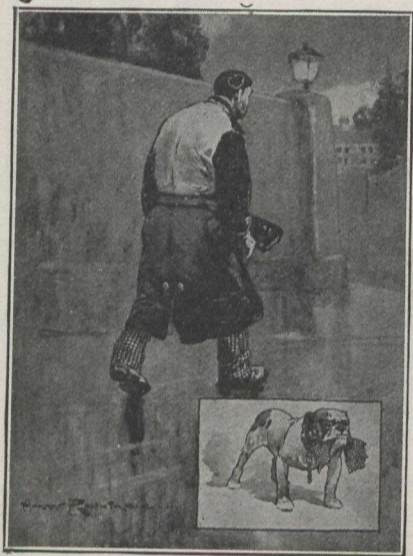
Harold (calmly)—"She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes."—Harper's Weekly.

The Knock Answered.—Opportunity knocked once at the man's door.

To the surprise of Opportunity the man appeared and said:

"I don't want any mining stock, and I don't want to invest in any bamboo plantations, and I don't want to buy a sand plant in Arizona, and I don't want any Belgian hares or squab farms, or mushroom cellars, or—"

"But, my dear sir," Opportunity interrupted, "I do not bring you any such offers. I am only here to show



Novel Form of Jupe Culotte

Observed at Surbiton the other evening. The wearer was seen to emerge from one of the large houses in that vicinity, and didn't seem at all comfortable in the novel attire. The author of this creation is depicted in the inset.

The Bystander.

the way to rivet yourself to the good job you are now holding."

Whereupon the man invited Opportunity in.—Life.

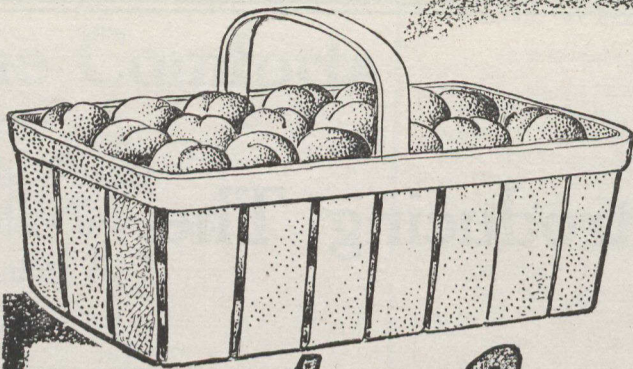
Pity the Mayor.—People who visit Dover probably never consider what a dreadful post the Mayor of Dover has to fill. Dreadful, I mean, by reason of the early rising involved by it. He generally seems to be up at 4 a.m. to see someone or something arriving. Formerly it was probably a London, Chatham and Dover train; then it was a Channel swimmer; now it is a flying-man. And very often the arrival doesn't come off.

I suppose that in that case the Mayor of Dover goes to bed again. What a life! To get up at 4 a.m. with a speech ready congratulating someone on their success in arriving at Dover. At 5 a.m. to retire again, chilled to the bone, with the speech undelivered, because the wind or the tide wasn't in the right quarter.—The Bystander.

"Partic'larly Rome."—When Mr. Newrich was asked, on his return to Tacoma, what he thought of Italy, he hesitated for several seconds.

"I want to speak fair about every country I've been to in my travels," he said, slowly, "and there are points about some parts of that Eytalian country that I'd like to see copied in Tacoma.

"I am referring," said Mr. Newrich, letting his slow and heavy gaze rest on one member of his audience after another, "to the natural beauties of the country, you understand. When you



Try Peaches and Cream

with


Use ripe peaches; peel and cut in thin slices; sprinkle with Corn Flakes and add a little cream at serving if desired.

Kellogg's

10c. per pkg. **TOASTED CORN FLAKES**




A dainty dish fit for a Queen



HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
\$6,650,000

TOTAL ASSETS
\$47,000,000




The Bankers Bank
OF CANADA
INCORPORATED 1885

113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

¶ The young man in business sees chances of investment that can be made with a small outlay of cash. With a few hundred dollars he may attain a position that would otherwise require years of patient and hard work.

¶ The young business man should put aside a few dollars each month to provide for such opportunities.

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Dominion Brewery Co. Limited
TORONTO

STAMPS 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c; 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c; 65 diff. U.S. 35c; 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wtd., 50 per ct. List Free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5943 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.



DUNLOP

UNIFORM. ELASTIC. NON-SLIP.

PUT ON THE 50¢ PAIR

RUBBER HEELS



come to buildings, the whole of Italy, particularly Rome, has seen her best days, in my opinion, and seen 'em a good while ago, what's more."

Expectant.—"Curious episode, this. Seems a young fellow got excited at the ball game and hugged the young lady next to him, a perfect stranger. She had him arrested, but he told the judge that any man might do the same thing, and his claim was upheld by expert testimony."

"And what was the sequel?"
 "Well, the sequel is rather interesting. The next day there were 5,000 girls at the ball game."—Washington Herald.

Ghost-Proof.—A plan was formed to scare a certain Tim Casey, living in a village near Belfast, on his returning from market by night past the churchyard. As he went by the usual turnip, white sheet, and lantern of the conventional ghost were submitted to his gaze, with the customary weird howls. Tim, however, simply looked fixedly at the apparition for a moment, and remarked: "Arrah, now, and is it a general resurrection, or are ye just taking a walk by yer self?"

The Fickle Fan.—The year the Chicago Cubs won their first world's championship a crazy mob of enthusiasts pursued Frank Chance, trying to raise him on their shoulders. Chance struggled to free himself. A big, red-faced man, purple from rooting, beat the manager on the back and yelled: "Don't you know me, Frank?"
 "Yep," replied Chance coolly.
 "You're the fellow who hit me on the head with a lemon last fall when the Sox beat us."

Religious Distinctions.—It was Sunday morning at a certain small country inn. The one guest, a commercial traveller, who had been unexpectedly detained over the week-end, had finished his breakfast, and had walked over to the proprietor's desk to make some inquiries.

"And another thing I want to know," he said, in conclusion, "please tell me what denominations have churches here."

"We ain't very well fixed here," said the other, reflectively. "We've got three churches, countin' 'em all, an' ye can take yer own choice. They's a Reformed Presbyterian, an' a United Presbyterian, an' one that ain't either Reformed or United."

Ignorant Defender.—The recruit was being put through an examination in geography, wherein he proved himself astonishingly ignorant. At last, after a failure on his part of unusual flagrance, the examiner scowled at him and thundered: "Idiot, you want to defend your country and you don't know where it is!"

Real Friendship.—Orator—"I thought your paper was friendly to me?"

Editor—"So it is. What's the matter?"
 "I made a speech at the Oddfellows' dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it."

"Well, what further proof do you want?"

Only Sure Place.—"Want to go to the ball game to-morrow?"
 "No; I'd rather go to the matinee. I'm sure of a happy ending there."—Pittsburg Post.

A Sure Shot.—Smythe—"Yes, we had a good day's sport yesterday. Juggins got a big bag and sent it to the hospital."

Browne—"Oh, yes; what did he get?"
 Smythe—"A gamekeeper.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Deception.—He—"How is this? I come back unexpectedly from my trip and find you flirting with another man. You have deceived me."

She—"Not any more than you. You told me you would be away eight days, and here you are back again the next day. Have you not also deceived me?"—Fliegende Blatter.



Night Travel to NEW YORK

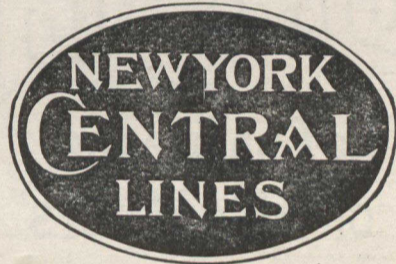
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Iowa Men Going to
Inspect Land
Near
Watrous



They
Come—
They See—
They Buy

They're Coming to CANADA Every Day!

400,000 Came Last Year

Here's
a
Pointer
for
You

From the day, over forty years ago, that Horace Greeley, the great New York Editor, wrote his famous editorial advising young men to "go West and grow up with the country," there has been a steadily increasing stream of strong and vigorous manhood hewing Westward, founding homes and fortunes.

One writer of note, who has travelled extensively throughout the entire West, marvelling at what he saw, says that "the wonderful development that has taken place on the broad prairies, where the buffalo and the red man once held supreme sway, could never have been accomplished except through the efforts of the mentally and physically fit." The hardships of pioneering soon broke down the will of the weak and irresolute. The exodus back to the wife's relatives, as a result of this inability to cope with the wild and conquer, was as good for the West in a way as the tenacious grip which the "stayer" and "winner" fastened to the soil, and by which he made the wilderness blossom as the rose.

The West owes those hardy pioneers much, though she has paid them considerable on account. Read the history of the wonderful increases in real estate values in Western Canada in the past ten years. Last year \$100,000,000 was made by real estate owners on increased value of land alone. Consider the vast profits made by those who homesteaded or purchased land only a decade ago, and you will have some conception of how well the West has repaid those who came and stayed and helped make the Canadian West what it is to-day.

The pioneer days of the "Last Best West" are over—the last page of pioneer history has been written—and its hardships and privations are a thing of the past.

Those who come to Western Canada to-day find conditions pretty much as they left them at home, only that they find opportunities much more numerous and the rewards for labor and investment much greater out here.

Watrous, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is one of the most favored towns of one of the greatest transcontinental railways of Western Canada. It is teeming, etc., with opportunities for the investor, as well as for the business man who is seeking a change of location.

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 the Central Divisional Point that the different Branch Lines to other important cities will most likely radiate.

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 fulfils these requirements. This is the central divisional point of one of the largest and most important Canadian Railways. 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, and no other feature of competing cities can take its place.

LITTLE MANITOU LAKE—"THE CARLSBAD OF CANADA."

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 began to be generally realized."

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 the newest of these is the Transcontinental 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 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.

Turn this
Increasing
Population
into
PROFIT

Buy
Lots
In

Watrous

NOW
while Prices
are LOW

You Can't Make a Mistake

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.

Lots in Moose Jaw that sold a few years ago at \$100 each are to-day worth from \$1,000 to \$3,000.

Lots which sold in Saskatoon ten years ago for \$100 are to-day worth ten to fifty times that amount.

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
C.C. Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man.**

It is almost impossible to chronicle the rapid advance in property in Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Vancouver and other cities of Western Canada.

Buy lots in Watrous now while they are selling at ground floor price.

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 herewith 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 this 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
C.C.

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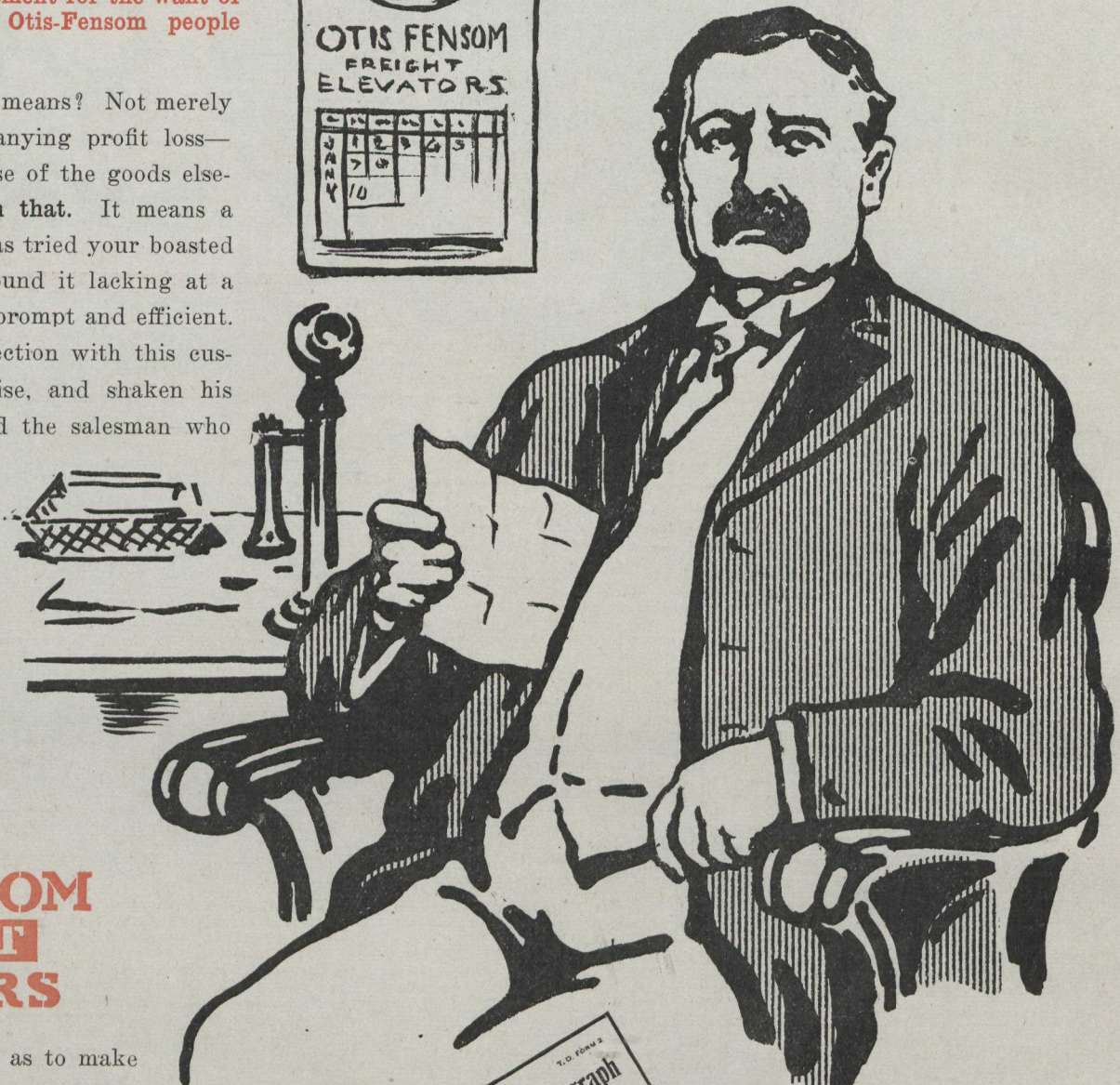
Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Watrous, which is just being placed on the market.

Name
Address
C.C.

The Cancelled Order

“WELL, that’s fierce—and a new customer, too. It wouldn’t have happened if we hadn’t been ‘balled up’ in our shipping department for the want of an elevator. I’ll write those Otis-Fensom people to-day!”

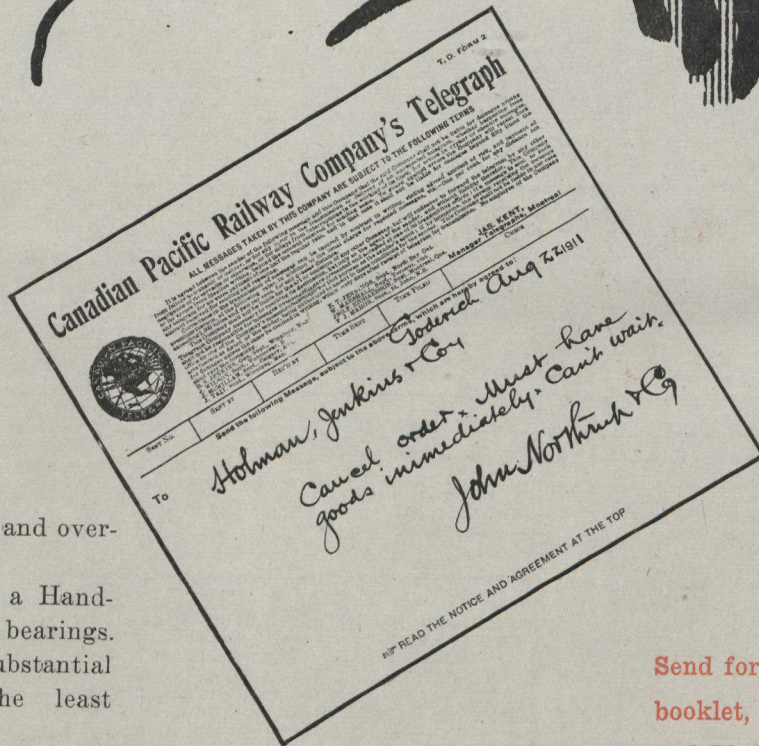
Do you realize exactly what it means? Not merely a lost order with accompanying profit loss—that’s easy; you can dispose of the goods elsewhere. **But it means more than that.** It means a **dissatisfied customer.** One who has tried your boasted service and found it wanting—found it lacking at a time when it should have proved prompt and efficient. You have jeopardized your connection with this customer. Perhaps broken a promise, and shaken his confidence in your methods. And the salesman who got the order is discouraged and disheartened because “the house” fell down on the first shipment. Can you blame him? Can you blame the customer? As a matter of fact, there is really no excuse for laggard, chaotic conditions in your shipping department so long as elevators so reliable and thoroughly efficient as



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