

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## Rosenthal's Widow

*A Humorous Jewish Story*

BY ED. CAHN

## Raising Public Revenue

*Comparison of Systems in Canada and the United States*

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

## Wives of Cabinet Ministers

BY MADGE MACBETH

### Illustrated News of the Week



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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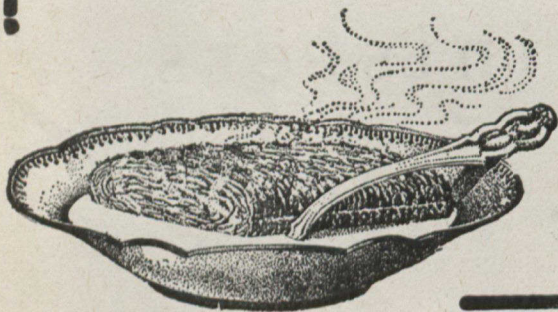
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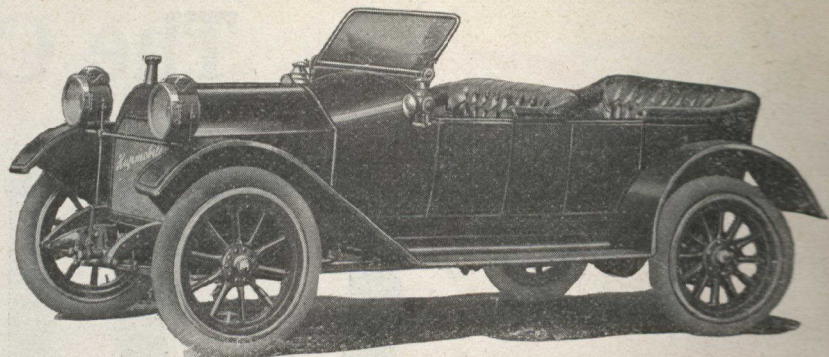
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S. H. B.



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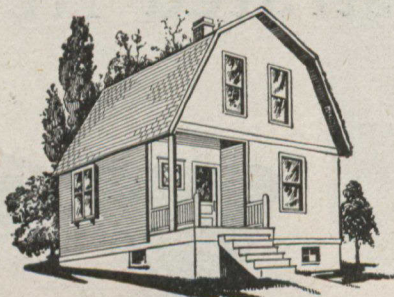
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 12

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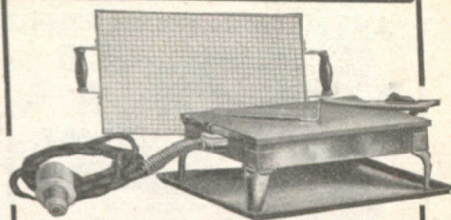
## Editor's Talk

ONE day recently the editor met Professor Workman and had a discussion with him on the question, "What is religion?" Have all so-called Christians a right to be so termed? Is religion confined to those who go to church regularly? What is the test as to whether or not a man is religious? These are some of the points which the people are asking themselves and one another. As a result of that conversation, Professor Workman agreed to write two articles on this topic, "What is Religion?"

Professor Workman believes that religion is not a creed—a belief which will startle some good people perhaps. To his mind religion is character and practice. This is a sample of the breadth of view which has led to the inclusion of Professor Workman among the "Higher Critics" and to his persecution by certain high dignitaries in the Methodist Church of Canada. In the first article, which may appear next week, he explains the difference between religion and morality, between religion and piety, and between religion and worship.

\*\*\*

Professor Leacock's third and last article in the series on national taxation appears in this issue. Dr. Michael Clark's first article in reply will appear in the following number. The free-trade member for Red Deer is a forcible writer and speaker and when he undertakes to break a lance with an adversary he is never accused of lacking either courage or vigour.



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**IN LIGHTER VEIN**

Identified.—"That was the spirit of your uncle that made that table stand, turn over, and do such queer stunts."

"I am not surprised; he never did have good table manners."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

\* \* \*

**His Own Reporter.**—A sporting editor sat at his desk one Saturday evening, when a little boy in spectacles entered solemnly and handed him a report, written in an unformed hand, of a game between the Harkaway Juniors and the Young Deadwoods.

The editor glanced over the report. It ended with the words: "The feature of the game was Mannering's superb playing. Mannering tackled faultlessly. He kicked two magnificent goals, and the four touch-downs Mannering scored were the finest ever seen on the field."

"Who's Mannering?" asked the editor.

The spectacled midget answered proudly, "Me."

\* \* \*

**Saving.**—"How is it that Rufus never takes you to the theatre any more?"

"Well, you see, one evening it rained, and so we sat in the parlor."

"Yes?"

"Well, ever since that we—oh, I don't know, but don't you think that theatres are an awful bore?"—Cornell Widow.

\* \* \*

**A Tip.**—Johnnie (to new visitor): "So you are my grandma, are you?"

Grandmother: "Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnnie: "Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out."

\* \* \*

**Where Genius Shines.**—Klymer: "What is the secret of success in business? Selling the people what they want?"

Muntoburn: "No, not exactly; educating them into wanting the things you have to sell."—Chicago Tribune.

\* \* \*

**Mistaken Identity.**—"Sir, I am looking for a little succour."

"Well, do I look like one?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

\* \* \*

**A Long Thirst.**—A lawyer tells the following of a judge who in his day was an advocate of temperance in eating, in drinking, in the use of tobacco—in all things.

Praising temperance at a lawyers' banquet, he once told a story about a young wife, who said to her husband:

"Jack, dear, I do wish you would stop drinking. Every time you go to one of these banquets of yours, you get up the next morning pale and tired; you won't eat anything, you just gulp down nine or ten glasses of water. Do stop drinking, won't you, dear? I know it's bad for you."

"But all great men have been drinking men," Jack grumbled. "Look at Webster, look at Poe, look at Charles Lamb, look at Grant, look—"

"Well," interrupted his wife, "you just promise, dear, that you'll quit drinking till you're great, and I'll be satisfied."

\* \* \*

**Woman's Way.**—A man says: If the shoe fits, put it on.

A woman says: If the shoe fits, get a size smaller.—Life.

\* \* \*

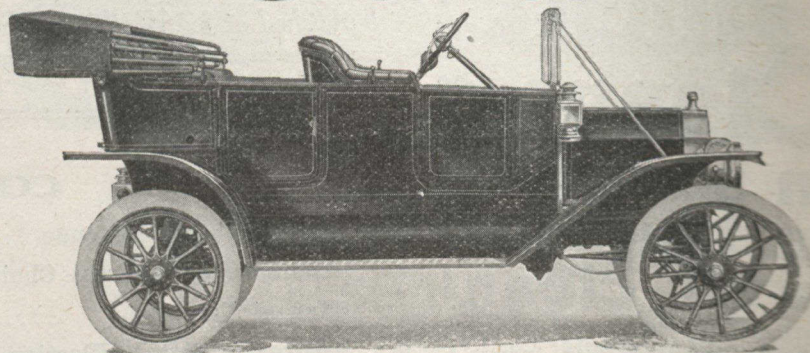
**Reason Enough.**—Figg: "Don't you wish you could live your life over again?"

Fogg: "Well, I should say not. I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing this month."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

**No Credit.**—Maybe the man who boasts that he doesn't owe a dollar in the world couldn't if he tried.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Ford**



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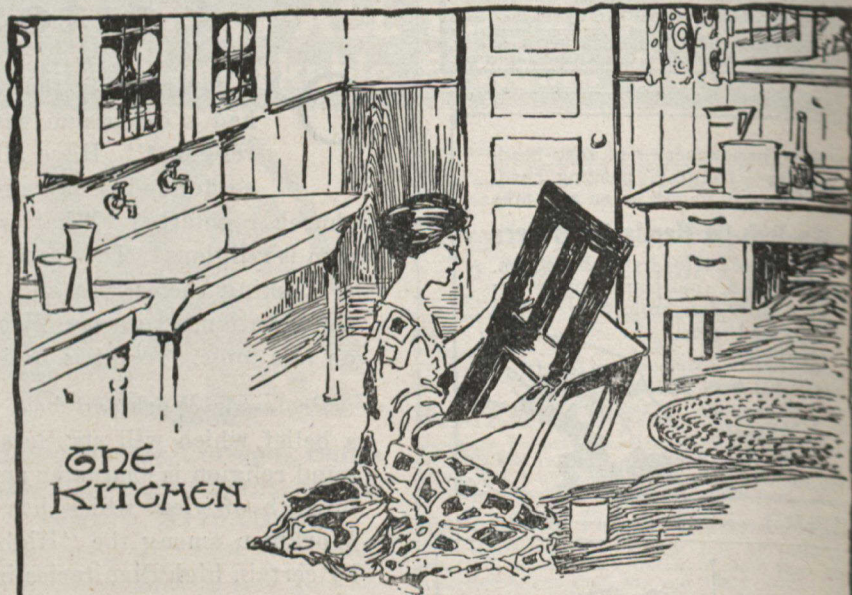
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# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

Vol. XI.

February 17, 1912

No. 12

## MEN OF TO-DAY

### The Long Distance, M.P.

HERE is an M.P. at Ottawa, who, when he takes his seat in the House, is just 4,500 miles distant from his home and constituents. Dr. Alfred Thompson, of Dawson City, represents one of the most unique ridings in the world. He is the Arctic legislator. The man with the iron look of the north in his face is the sole legislative voice from the hush of the ice land in the House of Commons. He sits for that broad, bleak belt at the top of Canada, known as the Yukon Territory. Think of it!—200,000 square miles his kingdom extends. As there are only 10,000 other people scattered over the whole Yukon besides Dr. Thompson, there is but one parliamentary seat—his. He was elected on October 23rd, last year, and reached Ottawa barely in time to be able to eat his Christmas dinner in Eastern Canada.

A peculiar thing about this long distance M.P. is that he was born at the extreme other end of the Dominion—Nine Mile River, Hants County, Nova Scotia, in 1869. He found Nova Scotia quite big enough to hold him till some time in 1898. A graduate of Dalhousie, he was getting along nicely in a white coat as House Surgeon in the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, when he contracted yellow fever. Early in 1899 the golden lure proved too strong, and he hit the trail for the Yukon. In those days, there were numbers of medical men in Dawson, but they held picks in their hands. Dr. Thompson plied his surgical instruments and medicine. He charged gold camp fees, made money and made friends who swore by him. In 1902 he aspired to the Yukon Council; he got there. In 1904, he moved on to Ottawa as an Independent. One night, in 1908, he declared to the House his intention of joining Mr. Borden and the Conservatives. In 1911, he fulfilled this pledge, and sits to-day among the Premier's following. Dr. Thompson believes the Yukon a permanent heritage, not a mere jumping-off place for gold. He choruses with the sentiments of the late Dr. Dawson: "It will be one day Canada's great reserve."

### The Mayor of Montreal.

THEY have been holding the municipal elections in Montreal: much oratorical fireworks, intrigue, and hubbub over the issues involved. The mayoralty campaign was not the least exciting incident in the voting. Two prominent Montrealers absolutely "self-made," Alderman L. A. Lavalee, K.C., habitant's son, lawyer, and leader of the people; Alderman George Marcil, once a printer's devil, now one of the largest realty holders in the city—these two men coveted the first honour in the Metropolis. It was a tense struggle. And the Mayor of Montreal is Mr. L. A. Lavalee.

Mayor Lavalee is a man of long municipal experience. He has been a member of the City Council for twelve years. There is nothing meteorically brilliant about the Mayor. He is just a particularly striking example of the average man; safe enough for ordinary chaps to respect and follow. The Mayor is of the plain people; his father, a habitant at Berthier. Little Louis, Arsene Lavalee, went to the Seminary of Joliette years ago. A thrifty boy, all his youth he pinched himself to get through Laval. He graduated from that university. Then he became a lawyer. In law he plodded, got clients and kept them. Twelve years ago, he entered the Council. There he became known for his stolid sanity. In the City Hall, he has constantly, but moderately, advocated a policy of municipal unity for the Island of Montreal. He wants the suburban districts of the city annexed by the corporation. The Mayor speaks English fluently, and was supported by thousands of the English residents.

Mayor Lavalee is not by any means an orator in either French or English.

But he manages to say what he thinks with a rugged delivery which appeals. During his term Mayor Lavalee will probably have several opportunities of expressing his convictions, for the municipal situation in Montreal just now is rather factitious. Those who have supported Lavalee are convinced that he is not the man to be stamped in a crisis.

\* \* \*

### An Honest, Homespun Face.

A FEW weeks ago there was a large convention of New Brunswick Liberals in St. John. Hon. C. W. Robinson reluctantly told the assembly that his pressing private affairs made it desirable that he should retire from the Liberal van. His mantle, he handed to the eloquent young fighter from Westmoreland County. Arthur Bliss Copp, M.P., gathered the folds about himself. He was acclaimed leader amid huzzas.

Mr. Copp has been worthy of a big job for some time. He has been long recognized as among the first lances in opposition to the Government now headed by Premier Flemming. Copp has a way of saying things which "gets to you." On the stump with his coat off, he is a whole battery of oratory. He speaks to the people in the language and wit of the lumbermen, millmen and farmers of the province. He has an honest, homespun face, which never needs a dress rehearsal to wreath its rotundity into a smile. Tall, he looks down at you from his broad shoulders and subtly suggests inherent strength. He moves as if he meant business.

Mr. Copp is young; forty-one. He has lived all his life in New Brunswick. Professionally he is a lawyer; Copp and McCord, Sackville. He is a farmer's son; educated at Mount Allison, and the law schools of Dalhousie and Harvard. Since 1901 he has been a member of the Legislature.

\* \* \*

### A Rising Lawyer.

JUST as the year 1911 was petering out, the Ontario Bar Association elected Mr. W. C. Mikel, K.C., its President for 1912. Mr. Mikel is one of the chief citizens of Belleville. He is also a leader of the younger Bar in the province. He was born in Belleville, which is an inspiring place to grow up in. For, from the Bay of Quinte District have not sprung such national leaders as Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir George Kirkpatrick, Sir Alexander Campbell, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell? Mr. Mikel confesses to being a hero-worshipper. Perhaps the example of the above-mentioned Knights spurred him to his successes like many another Belleville boy. Mr. Mikel has been prominent as counsel for the Province of Ontario in various matters, and in municipal work. In 1908, he was president of the Ontario Municipal Association. He has a large practice, which claims most of his time. But when he chucks the routine for an hour, he is a very amiable companion. His chief recreation is politics—for others. He is in demand by the Conservative party as a stump speaker to help out candidates who have not his force and glibness of phrase.

As a stripling, Mr. Mikel went to school at Albert College in Belleville. After graduating here, he left for Toronto to seek a university education. He chose Trinity as his college. In the legal profession Mr. Mikel has steadily been advancing. A corpulent figure, with a broad, good humoured face, he carries the very atmosphere of the law about him. Not long ago, a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Ontario. Mr. Mikel looked after the interests of the Ontario Government. After the Farmers' Bank smash, when the desperate depositors raised a cry for a Royal Commission to probe the affairs of the institution, they called upon Mr. Mikel to lay their claims before the authorities at Ottawa. The honour of serving on commissions is one of the rewards which come to professional men who make their chief business the practice of their professions. The law—that's Mikel's whole life. He is never happier than when he is out in some remote town of the province representing the Crown at the assizes, where he may face witnesses and opposing counsel.



MR. L. A. LAVALEE, K.C.  
Montreal  
Mayor-Elect of Canada's Biggest City.



MR. W. C. MIKEL, K.C.  
Belleville  
President Ontario Bar Association.



MR. ARTHUR B. COPP, M.P.P.  
Sackville, N.B.  
New Leader New Brunswick Liberals.



DR. ALFRED THOMPSON, M.P.  
Dawson City  
"The Arctic Legislator."

# The Man at Lone Lake

## CHAPTER IX.

HE stared into the crumbling logs for a few moments.

"About that time my uncle came over from England to find out what really was wrong," he went on. "With him came the girl I told you of—and her mother, just a party of three. When they finally did understand how things were I do not think there were any of them so much grieved for me, as indignant that I should have become such a wreck. There was no question about the wreck," he ended. "The nurses dwelt much on my deplorable lack of will. The original cause of the trouble—the accident—had become a thing of the past. I was no longer a patient, but a morphine-fiend."

"What did they do, all of them?" Nance asked in a little tense voice.

"Do?" he laughed softly. "Why, the one and only reasonable thing. The engagement, which had become to them a farce, was broken absolutely. Months before I had written to—to the pretty girl—we may as well call her that—she was pretty—offering to release her from what her people considered a hopeless entanglement, but she insisted that things be left as they were until she saw me. The idea that we were intended for each other from the beginning had taken root in our young minds long before, you understand."

"I understand," responded Nance absently, watching a shower of golden sparks fly up the chimney. "And I suppose you wrote to her very often during your stay in the hospital."

"Hardly," he returned. "My handwriting at that time was akin to the hieroglyphics of the old Assyrians. Now and then I persuaded one of the nurses to put my thoughts into shape and post off a letter for me, but, unless a person has tried it, they can hardly realize how weird a correspondence becomes under such circumstances." A smile flashed across his face, then died. "But I told you," he said, "that the engagement terminated after the three in the party from England had seen me. Then my uncle kindly settled my account with the hospital, and they all took ship for home."

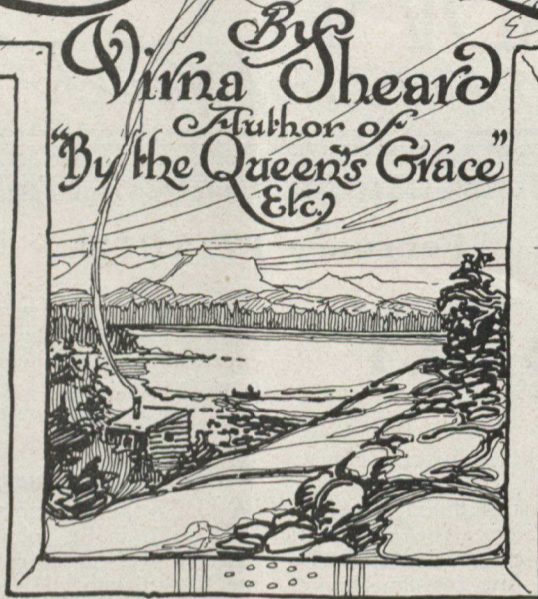
"They left you—that way?" Nance questioned, leaning forward.

"Why, yes," he nodded. "After the mother of the pretty girl had conveyed to me, most sympathetically and charmingly, the fact that she considered me a distinct failure—and after my uncle had somewhat brutally insisted that in his opinion I was decidedly more the victim of a drug than an accident, and dwelt at length on my lack of moral fibre, and still further after the pretty girl had shed a few tears for lost illusions—I was changed you know—there was no getting around that, and I hadn't made good—after these concluding incidents, they left. Fate has a way of giving a few more knocks to the man who is down," he continued after a moment's pause. "I got mine; not that I minded so much just then. I simply took more morphine—which was indefensible."

Nance drew a quick breath. She looked up at the man standing before the fire, noting the wielded strength of every line of his figure; the strong beauty of his face with its clean-cut outline and eyes whose outlook was steady and far seeing, and she wondered at what he had told her.

"What followed then?" she asked.

Wynn took his pipe from his pocket and filled it. "What followed was unpleasantly—well—*bizarre*. It went to prove that one should invariably be prepared for the unlikely to happen. This uncle of mine whose opinions and habits had apparently become ossified, and who had often in my hearing anathematized marriage, took up the engagement when it had been broken off, and married the pretty girl himself. As time was at a premium with him, he lost as little as possible, and the wedding took place on board ship during that return voyage, the ship's chaplain officiating. When I heard of it the news broke my drug-made indifference, and I regret to say that my anger was abominable. Indeed, on looking back I conclude it was not so much anger as rage—an actavistic horror, unreasoning and deadly. Most men have the possibility of such rage in their nature, but in some it is never roused. Not all the years since we lived in trees have been able



to kill its primitive strength. It sweeps every other sensation totally away before it, and does not last long. It is like a cyclone that leaves the country waste.

"So it passed with me. I was a bit more desolate than before, and what ideals had been left me were storm-laid, that was all. Nearly a year later, just before I started North, I received a cable from my uncle telling me of the birth of his twin children—a son and a daughter. The line in direct succession is tolerably secure."

"And you," said the girl, "are no longer next of kin."

"No longer," he repeated. "I invariably hate myself when the realization comes over me that in my inner heart, sometimes, even as long ago as the Eton days, I used to in a sub-conscious way, count upon—upon the things that might have been mine."

He paused so long that Nance grew impatient, but something in the expression of the quiet, dark face, kept her still.

BY an effort he seemed to throw off the thought that held him, and took up the story.

"One piece of great luck came my way shortly after the departure of the English party. A publisher who had accepted a book of mine just before the explosion—I date from that—notified me that the book was beginning to sell. It was only a little book of nonsense verse-jingle, that had been written just by reason of my having known Lewis Carroll when I was a boy at home."

"The Lewis Carroll?" Nance exclaimed.

"The one and only," Wynn asserted.

"I know 'Alice!'" she returned. "Sister Mary Philomena lent me a copy of 'Alice.' It had belonged to her when she was a child and she did so love it that she kept it after she entered the convent. It was very wicked of her, she says, and the Holy Mother did not know. Sister Mary Philomena has done much penance for keeping it. When she lent it to me she did long penance, I found out afterwards. But," she ended curiously, "what has Lewis Carroll to do with your book, Mr. Wynn?"

"Lewis Carroll was a mathematician," he explained, "and once I heard him tell my father that a man should never let his mind swing too far in one direction. That was why he wrote his blessed nonsense, I suppose. Later, when figures and facts dominated me too much, I tried in a poor sort of way to follow his example—hence the small book. The sale of it has put me beyond actual want, and enabled me to return to the uttermost farthing what I owed my uncle. According to last accounts my bankers continued to stack up the modest royalties that accrue from it."

"I am so glad!" she said. "How terribly proud your mother would be if she knew! And Lewis Carroll. He would have loved to know what that chance word of his did. Such luck must have helped you to get well?"

"On the contrary, it made it absolutely easy for me to stay where I was and continue to take the drug, when I could out-wit the attendants. Morphine develops diabolical cunning in its victims, and a methodical madness. As I paid largely to the hospital and had some freedom, I usually did get it, although I was supposed to be a closely watched patient. I might have gone elsewhere, doubtless, but I did not; I lacked the energy."

"You do not spare yourself," she said gently, leaning forward, her round chin on her hand. "You

need not tell me the bitter details—unless you choose."

"I choose," he said shortly. Then after a moment, "I would have you know the worst, so I will 'nothing extenuate.' If we had met in London, for instance, I would hardly have read you this scroll of my life, but up here among the honest things of God I will not pass myself off as a better or stronger man than I am."

"Yes," he went on, "I stayed on in my forsaken hospital room, for it had become the only refuge I could think of. I had lost my grip, and when a man does that, you know—or perhaps you don't know into what an abyss he can fall. I had lost the power of mental concentration. My mind was like a maze in which unhappy disconnected thoughts, lost desires and ambitions, wandered like ghosts—ghosts that could only be laid by the popped charm."

"But the doctor, the young doctor you told me of," she broke in, raising her troubled eyes to his. "Surely he did not let you go so easily? I cannot believe it!"

"You are right," Wynn answered. "He was not the sort to let anything he cared to keep, get away from him. I have never seen such concentrated force as he had embodied in his personality. He stood by me. He told me that before he removed the glass splinter there had been excuse enough for an opiate; that afterwards there was none. He offered to fight it out with me, but my will seemed paralyzed. I was indifferent, apathetic save for one insatiable craving. He was vivid life and youth personified—'Excelsior,' the nurses had nicknamed him. Weeks went by—no, months, and he stood by me never admitting defeat, though I baffled him time and again, and tried his spirit to the breaking point often—and then —"

"And then?" Nance repeated.

"Then he did not come to see me for a few days, and I had things all my own way. As far as the time allowed I undid his work. After a week it came to me through the haze of thought befogging my mind, that something serious kept him, and I roused from lethargy sufficiently to question the nurses. They told me that the doctor had pricked his finger during a post-mortem and was ill of blood-poisoning. In another day I heard he was beyond hope. Then one of the nurses brought me a note from him. I have it here."

The man drew a sheet of folded paper from the inside pocket of his coat and handed it to Nance.

"You may read it, if you care to," he said.

She took the paper and bent her golden head over it. Wynn stirred the logs into sudden flame.

"Dear Wynn," the note began, and the writing ran queerly across the sheet, "I am afraid I won't see you before I start. I would have liked to stay and see the end of the game, but I have a hurry call. Don't spoil my work, old chap—dear old chap—and for my sake, if not for your own—win out."

"Yours till we meet,

"A. L."

NANCE folded the paper with fingers that trembled a little, and handed it back. The man held it a moment before he returned it to the inner pocket.

"And you?" she said. "You did win out?"

"One will occasionally do more for the dead," he answered in his low-pitched voice, "than for the living. I left the hospital after—after I got this note, and the real fight was on. I took my enemy along with me, for it seemed a poor sort of thing to try to overcome an unseen force that was so material. I have it with me up in the shack on a shelf with the tobacco tins. It is in a rather attractive leather case. Now and then I forget that it is there; I have won so far; again I have a wild half-hour. Once in a while I chance to touch the case, and then I see red for a moment or so. But the spell is broken. I am able now to hold figures in my mind, to wrestle with facts without being thrown, to concentrate and work steadily. For some weeks I have been trying to solve a problem that was too much for me at Oxford. The shack is piled high with curled scraps of birch-bark covered with figures, and perhaps what you would consider 'occult signs.' They will make a beautiful bonfire, most of them—but I have at least one piece I will save to take home to the wise Dons one of these days. I got

(Continued on page 27.)

# Who Pays The Taxes?

Last of a Series of Three Articles

BY

Stephen Leacock

THE fact is not generally appreciated that the provinces of Canada are very largely dependent on the national tariff system for their public revenue. The provinces, of course, levy no duties of their own. But they draw from the central government, in the form of subsidies, funds which can only be considered as part of the proceeds of the tariff and excise taxes, since the federal government itself has hardly any other source of revenue. This system has very often been attacked. It is argued, not without reason, that since the Canadian provincial governments derive a large revenue without incurring the odium of levying taxes, they will necessarily be led into extravagance. They reap what they have not sown and gather where they have not strawed. They enjoy the fruits of taxation without incurring its responsibilities.

## PROVINCIAL FINANCES AND THE TARIFF.

The sums which our provinces receive in this way have grown to considerable proportions. In the year 1910-1911, the Province of Ontario received from the Dominion Government the sum of \$2,128,772; Quebec, \$1,686,579; Nova Scotia, \$610,460; New Brunswick, \$621,360; Prince Edward Island, \$321,051; Manitoba, \$838,247; Saskatchewan, \$1,229,975; Alberta, \$1,173,068, and British Columbia, \$522,076. In all, the Dominion paid to the provincial governments more than nine million dollars. The system evidently has its weak sides. But before we undertake to condemn it altogether, we must at least ask what is the prospect of our being able to replace it with any other method that does not present still graver disadvantages. It is often said that a more direct form of taxation might with profit be employed instead of the subsidy system. There is certainly some truth in this, and indeed in the last ten years the leading provinces of Canada have developed direct taxes on corporations, railroads, banks, telephone companies, etc., in a way to supplement most effectively the existing system. But it would be scarcely possible to cut the provinces loose from the support they receive from the national tariff without compelling them to fall back upon the property tax as the chief source of their yearly revenue.

## THE GENERAL PROPERTY TAX.

Now if we wish to see the difficulties that would be encountered by the introduction of direct property taxes as the chief fiscal resource of provincial governments, we have only to turn to the experience of the State governments under the American system. The States, of course, receive no subsidy as our provinces do from the customs receipts of the Federal government. The state, county, and township authorities draw a very large proportion, in the case of the two latter practically all, of their national support from the proceeds of a direct tax laid on all houses, buildings, horses, carriages, furniture, stock and shares, mortgages, bonds, etc. At its origination it seemed eminently reasonable. The States were forbidden to levy import and export duties, and to levy excise duties would tend to drive out manufacturers to a more favoured locality; they, therefore, of necessity, fell back on direct taxes. And of all such, a single tax, laid on all forms of property alike, seemed to commend itself as the most uniform and equitable. In practice it has shown itself to be distressingly inequitable.

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TAX.

This is due in part to the manner of the assessment, which is made as follows: The State authorities compute the amount of the direct tax needed for their purposes, and divide it among the counties in the proportion of the value of assessed property in each. To the sum thus called for each county adds the amount needed for its own use and then distributes it in like manner among its townships, again according to the proportional value of the assessed property in each. To this sum the township adds what is needed for its own purposes, usually the largest amount of all. The total thus reached is distributed among all the property holders of the township according to their proportion of assessed property; in other words the total of the assessed property is divided by the total tax to be collected, and a tax rate is thus obtained, which is levied on all property. If, for example, the total of the property was worth \$5,000,000, and the total tax to be collected was \$100,000, then the rate tax would be put at one-fiftieth, or two per cent. Under such a system, then, everything turns on the assessment. If one county has been assessed for very

much less property than it actually has, then the amount of the tax assigned to it by the state will be very much less than it should be, but at the expense of the other counties, for the rate all round will need to be higher in order to supply the fixed quantity of money asked for. Or again let us suppose that in one of the townships the property is assessed for very much less than it is worth. Then, the township in which the assessment is too low is given less than its share of the county tax, but always at the expense of the other townships, on account of the rate being of necessity higher than would be needed if the assessment were larger. Finally, within the township itself, precisely the same thing happens among individuals.

## THE HONEST MAN SUFFERS.

Anyone whose property is put at too low a valuation, or not valued at all, escapes at the expense of his neighbours; and the more the property in general escapes assessment and remains invisible, the higher becomes the tax rate. Hence has arisen what is called competitive under-assessment. The assessors, moreover, being elective officers, elected in most cases for a very short term, are personally interested in not making the total property of their area stand at too high a figure.

The upshot has been that while the system was originally devised as the most equitable form of universal taxation possible, in its actual operation nothing could be more vicious and inequitable. For it is to be observed that it in reality discriminates most unfairly between different kinds of property. Real estate, for example (lands and buildings), is much less easy to conceal than such forms of property as shares in bank stock, bonds, debentures, etc. In illustration of this it may be mentioned that in the assessment of property in Brooklyn in 1895, real estate constituted over ninety-eight per cent. of the total values. Some years ago (1884) a tax commission in West Virginia reported in reference to personal property. "Things have come to such a condition in West Virginia that as regards paying taxes on this class of property, it is almost as voluntary, and is considered pretty much in the same light, as donations to the neighbouring church or Sunday school."

## A SCHOOL FOR PERJURY.

In addition to this, a premium is put upon dishonesty, since people of a pliable conscience will find it easier to dodge the assessment than those of a more uncompromising morality. Even some of the measures intended to prevent this, as, for example, the adoption of a schedule or property made out and sworn to by the owner, and the penalties (legal and spiritual) for perjury, etc., accentuate the evil rather than lighten it. The worst feature of all is that, when under-assessment once sets in, it moves forward at an accelerated pace. For the higher the rate rises, the more imperative does it become for each individual to understate his property. But the more the property is understated, the higher the rate rises, and thus the worse the situation is the worse it tends to become. In some cases the rate becomes so high that to tell the literal truth, and pay the full rate tax, would mean absolute ruin. This in some of the "towns" of Chicago, previous to the reform of the assessment system a few years ago, the rate stood as high as eight and nine per cent. Now, it must be remembered that this means, not the contribution of eight per cent. of one's income, but eight per cent. of one's capital property. To actually pay this and continue in business would not, for ordinary enterprises, be found possible. The result is that both the assessors and the assessed adopt a rough scale of depreciation, accepting as accurate a figure that is perhaps one-fifth or one-tenth of the probable actual value of the property concerned. Meanwhile, the incentive to dishonesty remains, and a vast amount of property escapes untaxed.

## DIRECT PROPERTY TAX CONDEMNED.

Throughout the entire United States opinion is agreed as to the inefficiency and iniquitousness of the general property tax. It has been condemned by a long series of state tax commissions held within the last forty years, and by all the highest authorities on the subject of public finance. "Instead of

being a tax on personal property," said the New York commissioners in 1872, "it has in effect become a tax upon ignorance and honesty. That is to say its imposition is restricted to those who are not informed of the means of evasion, or, knowing the means, are restricted by a nice sense of honour from resorting to them." The Illinois commission of 1886 spoke of it as "a school for perjury, promoted by law." The New York report of 1893 says: "It puts a premium on perjury and a penalty on integrity." The recent industrial commission in its final report (vol. XIX), quotes as illustrative of the general feeling, the words of a special committee on taxation which reported to the California senate in 1901: "From Maine to Texas and from Florida to California, there is but one opinion as to the workings of the present system. That is, that it is inequitable, unfair, and positively unjust. Theoretically all property is called upon to bear a share of the public burdens in exact proportion to its present value. In practice, that end is admittedly not even approached. Scarcely a fractional part of the property in any commonwealth is brought to the tax rolls."

## LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

At the present time the efforts of tax reformers in the United States are directed towards escape from the evils of the direct property tax. In many cases personal property is being abandoned as a source of revenue, while resource is being had to increased inheritance taxes, and to the development of taxes on corporations. In the light of American experience, the fiscal system of the provinces of Canada shines by comparison. Our provincial governments draw a large revenue, in indirect fashion, from the national tariff. The system has undoubted weaknesses. Responsibility is lessened and unless public opinion is alert, there will be a tendency of the subordinate governments to plunder the national chest. But after all the present plan appears to have advantages which outweigh, in practice, any of the shortcomings which may be noted in its structure.

## Canada's Semi-Centennial.

IN an article in the CANADIAN COURIER of January 20th, Mr. Charles R. McCullough stated that Canadian people should now start to plan for the celebration of this country's semi-centennial. The idea has evidently "caught on." Mr. McCullough's article has aroused great interest among our readers. His suggestion has been favourably commented upon by many newspapers, the editors of which heartily second the suggestion that now is the time to commence working out the details of the celebration. The following editorial comment was made by the *Sentinel-Review*, Woodstock:

"A writer in the CANADIAN COURIER reminds his readers that Dominion Day, 1917, will be the semi-centennial of Canadian Confederation, the jubilee of the Canadian people. The outstanding importance of the event and the adequate marking of it by Canadians should now, he says, begin to possess the minds of our people and lead them to plan for its celebration on a scale proportionate to the growing greatness of Canada.

"The writer evidently realizes the importance of beginning in time. A casual observer is likely to receive the impression that Canadians are not very enthusiastic about the great national event in their country's history, or about the celebration of the day which commemorates it. Perhaps the battle for national existence was too easily won. There was no outpouring of blood, no accompaniment of roaring cannons or flashing swords, nothing to make it picturesque according to our ideas of the picturesque, and so for the most part the anniversary of Confederation each succeeding year is allowed to pass as if it meant but little to the people, or as if the people had not come, as yet, to fully understand its meaning.

"Therefore, the writer in the COURIER was wise in beginning early to prepare the way for the celebration of the semi-centennial of Confederation. The celebration, if there be one—and it will be a shame if there be none—ought to be worthy of the great event commemorated. We are fond of boasting sometimes that Canada has been discovered by the rest of the world. Let the Canadian people show the rest of the world that they have discovered themselves and that they appreciate the meaning of events that have contributed to the making of Canada."

## ROSENTHAL'S WIDOW

How Esther Berger Won a Fall Suit From Her Husband

By ED. CAHN

"AND so, Minnie, I have come to you for advice and to ask you to have Dave find out if anybody in the waist business wants a lady traveler." Mrs. Kraussman's visitor, in handsome, man-tailored mourning, dabbed her fine brown eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief.

Minnie Kraussman stared at her open-eyed. "Hattie Rosenthal!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered from her amazement to speak. "Do you mean to tell me that you want to go on the road yourself? Why you're crazy! The very idea! And you only a widow three months. What would poor Adolph say if he could hear you?"

Hattie's eyes twinkled. "Adolph would say, 'Go ahead, kid, don't let me detain you,'" she rippled. Minnie tried to look shocked, but failed utterly, and laughed instead. "That's a fine way to be talking about your poor dead husband, Hattie, but that's just what Adolph would say."

"But you couldn't travel like a man does, you have no experience; why, you never sold anything in your life. Dave says it's a fearfully hard life even on a man—and you could never compete with men. But you don't have to work, do you? Adolph always made big money—I thought the insurance—"

"Yes, he did, and he was also a swell dresser and a high liver, and so was I. We never saved a penny; in fact, we owed money when Adolph died and the insurance wasn't much. It's gone to pay those debts and for my trip South and this mourning. I have my board paid for a week where I'm stopping, and exactly three hundred dollars in the bank: it's all my fortune. So you see, Minnie dear, I'll have to find something to do right away. Now I just know I can sell goods. Adolph took me on several trips with him, and once, in Wilmington, he was sick and I called on the trade, made the appointments and sold as many hats as Adolph ever did, at least in that town."

"Well, then, why not get into a millinery store here and not go on the road?"

"Oh, pooh! Work for twelve or fifteen dollars a week as long as I live? No, thanks. I'm thirty-three, you know, Minnie, and I'll have to make hay while the sun shines. I can make bigger money, and I'm going to—all I want is the chance. You be sure to tell Dave to keep his eyes open for me. I wish I could get Mr. Berger interested. I'd simply love to get Sol Berger's line of Esther B. waists. Adolph and I met Sam Posner in Baltimore once and he showed me the line; it's beautiful. I always knew that Dave Kraussman was one of the best designers in the business, but until I saw the line I didn't know how good he was. It's lucky for Berger that Dave's designing for him. Minnie, I want Berger's line and I want you and Dave to help me get it."

"But Sam Posner has it!"

"Certainly, but the United States is a big place, even if you New Yorkers don't know it. Mr. Posner can't make every town in it. I want to try at the towns he misses."

"Posner has the cream of the territory."

"Well, all I want is a generous share of the skim milk, then. You needn't try to discourage me, Minnie; I know I can make good."

Mrs. Kraussman rose. "Hattie, I see there is no stopping you, so I'll try to help. My! but you're brave! Wait until I get my hat and gloves, we'll go and see Sam Posner's wife Agnes; she's got a heart like a lion, and if anybody can help, she can."

"Mrs. Posner?"

"Yes. She's the wife of the Posner you and Adolph met in Baltimore, the fellow with Berger's line. She's been growling this long time because Sam has to travel so hard to make his big territory and she'll be tickled to death if he gets rid of some of it. Come on, I'm ready."

"I don't know about that. Perhaps Mr. Posner might not like to have his territory cut up; he might lose money."

"Don't you worry about Sam's losing money. He'd make just as much if he only made two towns. When money sees him coming it just gets up and runs to him. I wish Dave was more like him."

THEY found Mrs. Posner at home and, immediately after introducing Mrs. Rosenthal, Minnie came straight to the point.

"Agnes, I thought of what you always say, 'Women have got a right to help each other,' and so I brought Hattie right to you. You know she's

a widow and all that, because I told you—remember?"

"Yes, it's so sad."

"You bet it's sad; 'scuse my slang—when I get worked up over anything it always makes me awful slangy; but, Agnes, it couldn't be any sadder because she hasn't any money—she's got to get a job!"

"That sounds as if you thought it was worse to have to go to work than to be a widow," said Hattie. "No, Mrs. Posner, I don't mind that a bit. I'm strong and healthy and I want to be busy. You see, Mr. Rosenthal was a traveling man and I learned a lot from him. I know I can't sell goods well enough to make a living. The hardest thing I have before me is to make some one else believe in me and to get a start. Mr. Rosenthal and I met your husband once and saw his line, and ever since I have been aching to handle it or one like it. Minnie says perhaps you might know of something."

Agnes reflected. Then she asked a few questions and promised to see what she could do. "Come on out in the dining-room and have some chocolate, and let's get real well acquainted."

"There, Hattie! You're job's as good as got. When you know Agnes better, you'll know that when she says 'chocolate' and wrinkles up her nose like that when she smiles, that she's got another one of her famous schemes just about hatched."

"Oh, Mrs. Posner!" said Hattie, gratefully.

"Don't call me Mrs. Posner. Call me Agnes. I like you ever so much, Hattie Rosenthal, and we are going to be friends. Come on, I've got some perfectly grand devil cake to eat."

"I'm going to have Dave tell Sol Berger, to-morrow, what a smart business woman Hattie is, and the next day the same thing, and that she's going on the road for Jaffee & Janowitz. Sol hates them so that will make him wish he had her," said Minnie at parting.

"That's a good scheme; do it, but have him say they are trying to get her but somebody else is after her—see? Well, good-bye, I'll do all I can and I'll get Sam to help. Don't worry, now, Hattie; Minnie and me never yet failed to get what we wanted, did we, Min?"

"I haven't a doubt but what you will succeed, but I'm going to call on his biggest competitors so that we will have more than one string to our bow," said Hattie.

"WHAT'S the matter with you this evening, Sam?" said Agnes to her husband on the way home from the theatre. "You look as blue as indigo."

"I am blue; all shades. Here I was sure I could be home two weeks this time, and to-night Berger tells me that he wants me to cut it short and go out again day after to-morrow. Isn't that enough to pinch the arm off a goat? Honestly, Agnes, I'm all tired out. How can I do justice to myself or him if I never get a minute's rest?"

"If you made fewer towns, Sam, couldn't you do just as well and be home more?"

"Gewiss! Sure, and I wouldn't wonder if I'd make more money in the end. Would have more time for the big towns and could drum 'em better."

"Why don't you tell Berger that?"

"Why don't I? Why, I have been telling him nothing else ever since I've been home; told him this morning for that matter. But he's as pig-headed as a mule. He says I've always made it and he can't see why I can't keep on. He says I'm bad enough, but somebody else might be worse. That's quite a compliment, coming from him. I know an awful decent young fellow that's looking for a job and he'd be fine for us, but I'm not going to say a word to Berger about him. Every time I try to do Berger a favour, something always happens and I get it in the neck. I'm through. Gee! Agnes, I'd give anything to be able to stay home a month; I'm about all in."

"I wish you could, too, Sam. Did you ever know a traveling man by the name of Adolph Rosenthal? I think he sold ladies' hats."

"Yes, nice fellow. Kraussman tells me he is dead; was some relation to Kraussman's wife. Last time I saw Rosenthal was in Baltimore; he had his wife with him. She's a mighty fine looking woman and smart as a steel trap. The boys say she had more brains in a minute than Adolph had in his whole life. I believe it, too, for I showed 'em my line and she asked all kinds of questions that showed that she was no slouch of a business woman. Won-

der what will become of her now she's a widow? Too bad. Wow! but I'm sleepy; me for the hay as soon as we get home."

"Do you suppose Mrs. Rosenthal could make a living selling goods, Sam? That is, if she had to? Do you think any woman could?"

"Oh, I dunno. Ask me something easy. Any woman couldn't, but some few can, and I wouldn't wonder if Mrs. Rosenthal was one. Hope she won't have to—she won't, either—some guy'll marry her—she won't stay a widow."

"Well, Sam, Sol Berger needs another traveler; Mrs. Rosenthal has to live from now until the time she gets married again, and I don't see why they can't help each other out. Sol Berger's got to give her a job."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, ever since this afternoon; Minnie brought her up. I like her ever so much and I promised to have you help her get a position with Berger."

"Now look here, Agnes! You oughtn't to do that. I can't be mixed up in any such thing. Women don't know anything about business. Berger would fire me out of the place head first if I so much as suggested a woman drummer. If he had his way there wouldn't be a woman down town. He says they belong in the home and no place else, and he's right."

"But, Sam—"

"Agnes, I won't listen to any argument—that's enough." When Posner spoke in that tone Agnes recognized the uselessness of further words and said no more, but she was by no means vanquished.

AGNES had finished her marketing and was walking home with her arms full of bundles, when she almost collided with Esther Berger, the beautiful and golden-hearted (if somewhat plump) wife of Sol Berger. Though Esther was considerably older than Sam's sensible little wife, she enjoyed her stimulating society very much and was really very fond of her.

"Ach! I'm glad to see you. Come, give me part of those bundles, and I'll help you carry them. Oh, yes; don't argue with me. You are as bad as Sol. You are coming to lunch with me, and then we'll go by the matinee."

"All right; that's fine."

"Something is wrong, Agnes. A little *tsuris* wrinkle I saw just before you saw me. What's the matter? Couldn't you laugh no more? *Das iss besser*—a smiles skiddoo it. Is life not all smiles, *mein?*"

"How German you are this morning, Esther!"

"No Germaner than I am every morning, and all Germany couldn't close it *mein* eyes. Come, don't you feel like telling me? Couldn't I help?"

"Yes, you could do a good deal, but—"

"I give you *mein* word that I will, then; that is, if you will so soon as we get by my house, sing me that Heinie song."

After hearing the story of Hattie Rosenthal and Sam's opinion of her abilities, Esther promised to see what she could do. "But I warn you, don't expect anything, Agnes. You know Sol's got set ideas about what womens can do and what they can't do."

When Sol came home that evening she mentioned seeing Agnes, sighed heavily and shook her head, but said nothing.

"Esther, *vat iss?* You look like you heard it of a death. What's the matter with Agnes, hey?"

"Poor child! she is worried to death about Sam. I feel sorry for her, honestly."

"What for is she worried about him? I aint seen nothing wrong."

"I couldn't tell you, Sol. She told me in the strictest confidence."

Sol was immediately interested. "What was it, Essie? Never mind the confidence part; aint we one yet? Aint a secrets told to you meant for me also, too?"

"She'd never speak to me again if she knew I told you; but you come first, Sol, and you oughta know. She says that the doctor says that Sam's not as strong as he looks; and he's working too hard; and if he don't quit he will have it a noivous smash-down. Agnes says if it wasn't the busy season coming on she'd make him give up his job, but Sam says he wouldn't give it up till he drops down dead. He's got that much feeling for you, because you've always been good to him. Agnes she just cried awful when she was telling me, so it must be serious, Sol. Aint it good I found out in time? Now you got a chanct to get a man to travel

(Continued on page 30.)



# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## GEORGE GRAHAM'S ELECTION.

IT isn't often that I talk politics in this column. For one thing, I don't think that the Editor half-likes it. He strikes me as being constantly nervous for fear my "politics" will not agree with his "politics"; and, when we do agree, I suspect him of wondering how it is that he has "got in wrong." But I do not know that I should pamper the delicate nervous system of the Editor too much. Why shouldn't he have his worries? All the rest of us do. So I am going to talk politics on this occasion; and, if he doesn't like it, he can get back at me in his own department.

\* \* \*

THE politics I am going to talk is that I hope that George Graham will be elected by a big majority for South Renfrew. Now I am not a party man. If I had been an elector of Brockville, I would have felt it my duty to vote against George Graham at the last elections. I won't go into the "whys" and "wherefores" of that; for I will be doing well if I get South Renfrew politics into the paper without a fatal collision with the opinions of the Editor. But I just mention the fact to show that it is not as a "hide-bound Grit" that I am "hurrahing" for Graham this time. I think I am doing it as a good citizen.

\* \* \*

IN the first place, the Conservative party goes into this election under a shadow of dishonour, which may be too small to be noticed in politics but which would rule it out of any "sporting event" in the country. I wouldn't want to play golf with a man who agreed to "bar stymies," and then insisted on counting the first one he laid me. It isn't so much that I would object to letting him have his "stymie" as that I prefer to play golf with gentlemen. Now there was more than a "gentlemen's agreement" between the local leaders of the two parties in South Renfrew to permit George Graham to have the seat

if Mr. Low resigned. There was a written and signed agreement. It has been published. I do not know whether all the Conservatives on that agreement are fighting, tooth and nail, for Graham's election; but I would think much better of them and their party if they were.

\* \* \*

STILL I admit that they are in an awkward position. They are probably conscientious opponents of the political policy which Mr. Graham represents, and would be voting against their convictions if they supported him. On the other hand, they did agree to let him have the seat and they profited by that agreement; and surely a man is bound to deliver—if he can—the goods for which he takes pay, even if he does not like the principles of the person to whom he has sold them. Then Mr. Graham's election will not give his party a majority in the Commons, though it must be admitted that it will improve the chances of that party to get a majority at the next general elections.

\* \* \*

OF course, no one defends the original transaction as being any too honourable. It should never have occurred. No group of men should get together and try to barter away the franchise of a constituency. It was quite as immoral as the "saw-off." But two breaches of honour do not cancel each other. Again, it is quite true that these men could not bind the rest of the voters of South Renfrew; and it is equally true that they could not bind the Ministers at Ottawa. Still it is altogether likely that, if they lived whole-heartedly up to their agreement, they could prevent effective opposition in South Renfrew and pretty effectively paralyze interference from Ottawa. It was, in fact—to repeat a phrase we have already employed—very like a "gentlemen's agreement"; and its repudiation by the men whom it professed—at least by inference—to bind, must be regarded with that feature of the case in mind.

THEN I have another reason for wishing to see George Graham elected. He is the sort of public man whom this country needs. We are the losers when such representative leaders of opinion are out of public life. Mr. Graham is clean, capable, public-spirited, effective in Parliament, popular with the people. I do not believe that he is a bigoted party man. I do not think that he would try to legislate against what he genuinely thought to be public opinion. Moreover, he brings to the consideration of national issues that rarest of qualities—good humour. Now that is a priceless gift to a public man. It keeps him from becoming so enamoured of his own opinions that he will bow down and worship them in public. It enables him to appreciate the fact that there are other people in the country whose opinions may possibly be worth hearing. He is a better REPRESENTATIVE man than the victim of a tremendous solemnity who is always mistaking his prejudices for decrees of Providence.

\* \* \*

GEORGE GRAHAM will make the Opposition stronger; and a strong Opposition is the best guarantee we can have for a strong Government. I venture to say that Mr. Borden will be delighted to see Mr. Graham in that vacant seat next Sir Wilfrid—it will solidify his own ranks and make his task of leader far more simple. But it is not from a party point of view that I would like to get this question considered. It is from the point of view which would rejoice to see the Conservatives of South Renfrew "purged" from a position perilous to their honour, which would like to see the House of Commons richer for the presence of one of the best of our Parliamentarians, and which would like to see our public life sweetened by the retention of one of the exceedingly few "humourists" who have consented to grace it. Has it struck you how few "humourists" have drifted into politics? Sir John Macdonald was the greatest of them, and the most successful. Then there were "Joe" Rymal and Dr. Landerkin—both Liberals. Nicholas Flood Davin was another—a Conservative. George Graham is almost alone in this rare excellence to-day. I hope that South Renfrew will give him back to a country which laughs too seldom. I would then like a constituency to give us George Ham—or why not put him in the Senate? THE MONOCLE MAN.

## HALIFAX SUFFERS FROM A SERIES OF FIRES

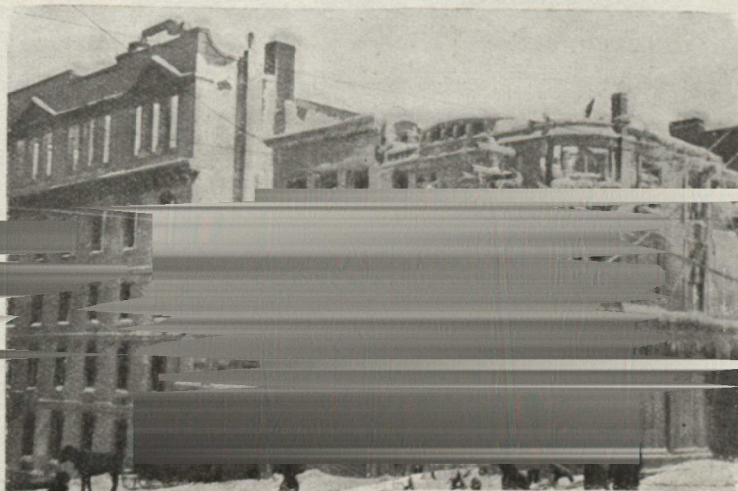
During the past six weeks, Halifax has suffered severely from fires. The Ronnan Block was gutted, the King Edward Hotel burned to the ground, together with half a dozen buildings, the Herald building and eight or nine other structures destroyed and the St. Pierre house and other structures burned. The fire loss for six years was under \$500,000. Four times that amount has been lost in the fires on the shores of Halifax harbour during the past forty days. The army, navy, joint Halifax and Dartmouth fire departments and Woodside fire department did splendid fire-fighting work.



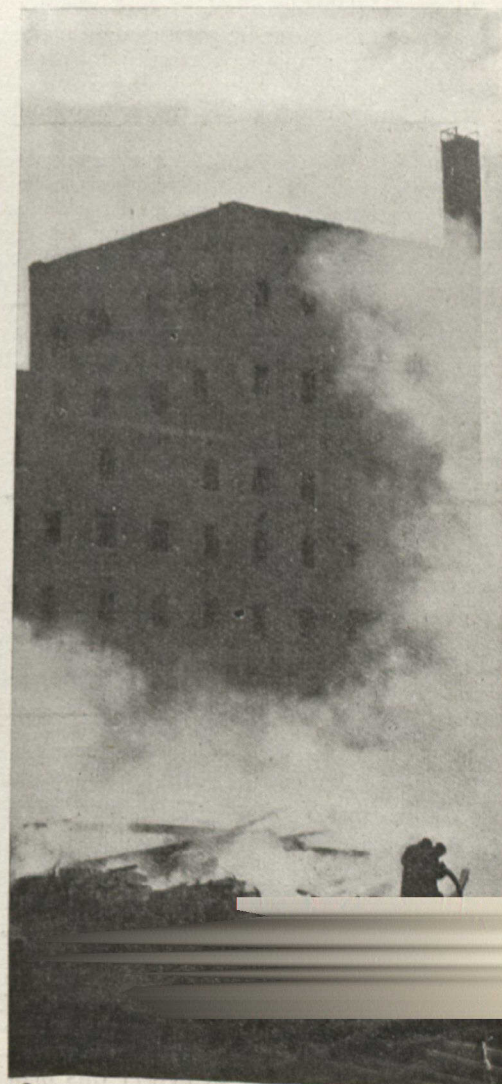
Ruins of the King Edward Hotel.



After the fire on Barrington Street.



Ruins of the "Herald" office and other buildings.  
Photographs by H. W. Hewitt.



Warehouse ruins and gutted sugar refinery

## CORRIDOR COMMENT

**S**WIMMING with the tide is proverbially easy. It is when one turns and breasts the stream that stamina is tested. Moving with the crowd congenially swallows up identity. It is when one bucks the line that individuality is emphasized.

So in the course of the long-drawn-out Parliamentary discussion of the Grain Bill, with its two



J. J. CARRICK, M.P.

hundred and forty-seven sections of technical prospective legislation regulating the handling of wheat from producer to consumer. Ministers and members contributed at length—and were merely mentioned in despatches, or passed up altogether. Then unexpectedly, as the House was droning through the non-contentious clauses, a young new-comer rose, and, in his brief maiden speech, furnished the "story" of the day. Ministers and ex-Ministers, and members on both party sides, had bespoken and re-bespoken their arduous and able efforts to stop the mixing of grain, and had rivalled each other in their proposals to make the prohibition more effective. Then came John James Carrick—famously known as "J. J."—with proof that he had claims to distinction other than as the young political gladiator who had chased Jim Connee out of the representation of Thunder Bay district. J. J. had a few words to say—and proceeded to say them.

There seemed to be, said he, an opinion in Canada that mixing was a crime. It was a misdemeanor under the act. But—and here J. J. made the House sit up—in his opinion it was "a simple business proposition." With arguments, pro and con, on the question, readers of the COURIER are not now interested. Suffice it to say that Mr. Carrick had caught the undivided attention of the House, made out his case, and before he got through availed himself of the favourable opportunity to press home a vigorous advocacy of establishing a sample market at the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William.

That's J. J. all over, and all the time. He's the greatest advertiser of them all, and when he hasn't the audience handy he just makes it. A plea from a new member for consideration for his constituency under such circumstances as those which confronted him the other day would have been passed un-noticed by a sophisticated House and a cynical Press Gallery. But Carrick first made "copy"; he got the undivided and somewhat startled attention of all; and then, at the psychological moment, he got in his good work for the communities he represents.

The member for Thunder Bay is a true type of the western "hustler" as he is pictured in his most hustling moments. He has done big things and done them in mighty short time. He is yet on the sunny side of forty, but he has been Mayor of his home city, member of the Provincial Legislature, and now member of Parliament. Beside which it would be difficult to count the number of enterprises in which he is interested. And there is no "dummy director" business about J. J. Carrick. He is there with the goods every time. His operations in real estate have been on a mammoth and invariably successful scale. He has been described as the maker of modern cities; of a certainty he has been the maker of modern home districts.

In politics J. J. is a law unto himself. He campaigns on his own lines, and not only at election times. When he was holding down the Port Arthur seat in the Legislature he inaugurated a mid-term campaign throughout the whole area of his big constituency. And he conducted a regular political vaudeville troupe. There were moving pictures, party songs and skits sandwiched in along with political wisdom as doled out by the member. It was a novel experiment, but it made votes.

It would be too much to expect this man of initiative to be a mere voting machine. Party whips in the Legislature learned that he had a way of

his own. One day he rose and attacked the administration of the Government he was supporting. It was his way of getting what he wanted—and he got it. Some of these days he may want something in Parliament, and the Government may be a little slow in seeing that he gets it. Then—but just wait and see.

\* \* \*

**M**YSTERY surrounds the fate of Edward Norman Lewis since he located in that unobtrusive front stall at the end of the initial row of government benches. Time was when the member for West Huron was in the limelight. Never a week went by without leaving record of legislation fathered by him. He was a great reformer in those days, and his endeavour ran the gamut of all ills that flesh is heir to. He was always on the look-out for wrongs to right and misfortunes to redress. Alas and alack! Silence now broods over the habitation of Edward Norman Lewis. He has quit adjusting the machinery of Providence and the Dominion. His voice is no longer heard, and the Order Papers seem a bit desolate without those customary notices of bills to turn the sun back and filter the ocean.

Yet yonder, from within the privileged precincts of Room Sixteen, comes glad tidings to the effect that the member for West Huron has one more arrow in his legislative quiver. From the astronomical and the aesthetic they say he has turned to the sordid and practical problems of a parliamentarian's life. Edward Norman Lewis is to produce a masterpiece in his statute-framing career. He is to introduce a bill to abolish the whole party patronage system. Think of that.

His ambition was, his fellow-Conservatives say, born in the fiery furnace of experience. He created one vacancy in the civil service of his riding. He removed one man from office. And he had one hundred and six applicants for the job. Lewis is too good a politician to dote upon situations of that character, so he hastened to make his selection. The results are his justification for his prospective measure of reform. The hundred and five unsuccessful party friends told him what they thought of him, and then quit speaking to him altogether; the one successful applicant came to him in indignant protest against the meagreness of the re-

muneration of the office, and the wife of the official he had beheaded chased him with a broomstick or some other equally congenial weapon. There is now no heartier supporter of civil service reform and extinction of patronage than the member for West Huron.

\* \* \*

**T**HAT astonishing lust for Government job finds its most frenzied expression at the Capital. Ottawa is the centre of the civil service and yet, strange to say, the fascination seems to reach its acutest form here. For weeks it was impossible to get near the room in the Parliament Building allotted to Messrs. Fripp and Chabot, the two Conservative members for Ottawa, for the steady stream of anxious humanity on the job-hunt. And this, despite the fact that the members in question had found it necessary to open a special city or down-town office to assist in taking care of the problem. It has been a strenuous life for the two new parliamentarians. Chabot has grown thin over it—one should say, thinner. Fripp, on the contrary, has waxed fleshy. But then Fripp sees the humour of it all. One day he annexed some three hundred names of party patriots who were willing to serve a grateful country for a consideration. Then he closed up his office and went in search of Hal. McGiverin, his Liberal predecessor in the Ottawa seat. They are good personal friends.

"Hal," said Fripp, "I am consumed with curiosity, a curiosity which only you can satisfy. What in the world did you do with all the party applicants for jobs that waited upon you?"

"My dear fellow," responded the former Liberal member, "I endeavoured to be as affable as possible and kept a list of the applicants for constant reference when vacancies occurred. By the way, I still keep it as a memento of when I was numbered among the great."

"Bet it wasn't as long as that," quoth Fripp, producing his manuscript and handing it over for inspection.

"Mmm-m," murmured McGiverin with a distinct rising inflexion. Then he broke into laughter, hearty, uproarious laughter. He hastened over to his desk and from one of the pigeon-holes drew forth a long roll of parchment. "Let's turn ourselves into an impromptu committee of enquiry," he suggested.

An hour later Mr. Fripp departed, a wiser, if not a sadder man. Of the three hundred odd names upon his patronage list he had checked off no less than one hundred and ninety-three who were also enrolled with Mr. McGiverin!

H. W. A.

## Appreciating a Great Choir

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**T**HURSDAY afternoon of last week the usually diligent and commercial Yonge St. in Toronto was almost suddenly transformed into the semblance of a holiday. More than three thousand people flocked away from Massey Hall, half a block east of the retail thoroughfare, crowding the cars, blocking the sidewalks, clattering away in motors and carriages and chattering as they went—about Lhevinne and the Thomas Orchestra; about the Symphony of Brahms in D Minor which a European violinist at the door declared to be perfect, absolute music; about the Liszt rhapsody played by the Russian pianist with the orchestra—and the hackneyed but always novel and inspiring Tannhauser Overture first heard in Toronto many years



DR. A. S. VOGT.

ago when played by that same orchestra under Theodore Thomas, but then a band of less than sixty men, now nearly a hundred.

It was the orchestral matinee of the Mendelssohn Choir, which this year attracted a bigger crowd than ever before in the remarkable history of that

society. Some eight or nine years ago this matinee began as a complimentary concert to the members of the choir and their friends, when Victor Herbert wielded the baton of the Pittsburg Symphony. Later, when Emil Paur came to the baton, the matinee was listed among the pay concerts of the society. Now, with Frederick Stock and his superb band of more than ninety men, the biggest orchestra that ever came to any Canadian city, the orchestra concert with its assisting artist has become one of the truly big musical events of the season. And for one afternoon, in a week chockfull of music, it transforms Toronto from the "consumingly commercial" to the festive air of a German city; which is always worth while and should happen oftener.

However, it is not of the great Chicago orchestra that one is most disposed to write; because but for the enterprise and organization of the Mendelssohn Choir this band of men would seldom be heard here.

Thursday evening was the last of five record-breaking concerts—in attendance, in box office receipts, in obvious enthusiasm over a series of almost sensational offerings in choral music. Nowhere else in America, except once every two years in Cincinnati, may be seen such a furore of interest over choral singing. So has it been these five years since ever the Choir went to New York, where within two weeks it will be heard again as well as in critical Boston and grateful Buffalo.

The writer of this did not hear the last two of these choral concerts; that of Wednesday being the Manzoni Requiem described at some length in these columns last year. The Monday and Tuesday events were sufficiently typical. Since last September the greatest choir in America has been rehearsing as hard as any professional orchestra rehearses in order to give the patrons of the society—comprising a large section of the musical public in Toronto—the full worth of their money in the form of art.

Two absolutely new works in Canada were both

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA



The famous eight camels of Benares in the great Calcutta Pageant witnessed by Their Majesties. Photo by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.

given on Tuesday night: the "Vita Nuova," by the Italian-German modern composer, Wolf-Ferrari, set to the quaintly beautiful and melancholy text of Dante, concerning Beatrice; and the "Te Deum," of Hector Berlioz, composed in honour rather of Napoleon than of the subject of the piece.

The latter may safely be omitted from the category of appreciation. It is without doubt a magnificent creation of musical noise, abundantly taxing the resources of choir, orchestra and organ, and exploiting quite fully the remarkable though bizarre genius of Berlioz. As most of the critics have already said, it came as a very heavy dessert after a full meal and was not appreciated as it might have been. Actually it succeeded in obliterating the grateful impressions of the much bigger work of Wolf-Ferrari. A similar case of this occurred a few days ago in the first rendering of the German Requiem which was followed by an orchestral programme. No doubt in the light of experience, if the Choir again perform the "Vita Nuova" the management will prelude it with a suitable orchestral number as a curtain-raiser; thus giving a hundred late-comers a chance to hear the beautiful prologue without looking through glass doors, and enabling the audience to go home just as the "Vita Nuova" is finished.

This was the only flaw in an otherwise perfect programme. The Vita Nuova is a tremendously interesting work; quite as revolutionary as the Children's Crusade of Pierne given for the past two seasons—though written much less for the choir of children. It typifies well the radical, almost revolutionary evolution of this great choir that seemed to have reached a culminating point in Pierne's sensational work last year and the year before. But of course there is a reason for this. And the reason why the Mendelssohn Choir chose to sing the Vita Nuova with its almost exotic wealth of modern colouring and sang it so tremendously well, might shed a deal of light on what has been the real development of that organization.

Here was a work that called for the singular co-aggregation of an immense adult choir capable of the highest virtuoso performance; of a large, well-voiced and finely trained choir of children as an auxiliary; of two solo singers, soprano and baritone; of the entire modern orchestra—numbering ninety-five men—though without resorting to the circus tricks of one Strauss; of two harps, a piano and a pipe organ.

This more than operatic and almost fabulous co-ordination was performed without an apparent hitch. The simple, most idyllic neo-tragedy of Dante was given a tone interpretation and a musical colouring absolutely gorgeous in character. The tonal climaxes were at times almost overpowering—if less bewildering than some of those in the Children's Crusade. Harmonic unconventionalities of  
(Continued on page 24.)

## EARL GREY PRESENTED WITH FREEDOM OF LONDON



At the Guildhall, London, Earl Grey was presented with the freedom of the city. He is in the centre; Lady Grey on his right; the Lord Mayor on his left. At extreme left are Sir Vezev Strong, Sir G. Truscott, Sheriff Hanson, and Sir F. Fulton, recorder (with wig).

Photo by L. N. A.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## The National Calamity.

LAST week a number of gentlemen met at Ottawa to discuss what Dr. Fernow called "The National Calamity." There are all sorts of national calamities of course. There are Liberals who believe that the Borden Government is a national calamity. Sir James Whitney thinks any one who has a mind of his own (other than Sir James and Sir William Ralph) is a national calamity. Hon. Adam Beck considers a privately owned water-power or a hydro-electric generating machine is a national calamity. The editor of the *Toronto Evening Telegram* thinks it is a national calamity that there is no other sane or sensible editor in Canada. Mr. Henri Bourassa, Senator Belcourt, and a few others consider that the existence of the people who use the English tongue is more or less of a calamity. And so one might run through the list.

But Dr. Fernow's national calamity is the annual fire waste of twenty-five million dollars' worth of timber. These gentlemen who, with him, discussed the question, are more nearly right in their estimate of what is a national calamity than most of the others. Canada, federally and provincially, spends only \$350,000 a year trying to prevent that twenty-five million waste, and spends most of it badly. Dr. Fernow calls it "continual neglect and incompetency," and refers to "their governments" supine and self-destructive incompetency and mismanagement."

But why should I worry myself about the nation's forests? If that twenty-five millions was saved every year for five years, what portion of it would come to me? Would it increase my salary, lower the price of the coal, potatoes, butter and eggs which I buy for the use of my family? These are questions to which Dr. Fernow should give simple answers which we, the ignorant public, could grasp and understand. His appeals are made to governments, to party politicians and vote-manipulators who are unconcerned with anything but the immediate present. Governments follow, and not lead, public opinion. Let Dr. Fernow and his associates appeal directly to the people and they will get results. Rouse the public and the governments will do something; and not otherwise.

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## The Victory of Belfast.

MR. CHURCHILL seems to have won a victory at Belfast. Not a great victory, perhaps, but one worthy of notice. Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right, but the fight will be that of a reasonable minority. There will be arguments but no bullets.

Home Rule for Ireland is nearer being a reality to-day than at any time during the past quarter century. If the proposed Bill is reasonable and contains ample safeguards for the Protestant religion and the rights of minorities, it will undoubtedly pass the British House of Commons. What the House of Lords will do is more doubtful, but the Peers are not so interested as they once were. Moreover, they have discovered in the two recent general elections that the people do not follow them as faithfully as they did in Gladstone's day.

The Roman Catholic majority in Ireland would have no more reason to repress the Protestant minority than the Protestant majority in Canada has for oppressing the Catholic minority. Home Rule would inaugurate an era of compromise and local patriotism which, if not wholly satisfactory, would probably mean the regeneration of Ireland. Further, the effect on the British Parliament and on Anglo-Saxon unity and good-will would be supremely beneficial.

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## Tottering Great Britain.

WHEN Dr. Macdonald, editor of that ancient and honourable daily paper, the *Toronto Globe*, returned from a visit to England two or three years ago, he told us all about British misery and British decadence. In his most high-sounding rhetoric, he phrased a prophecy of the early downfall of that great island nation. This modern Jeremiah made us all shudder and shiver. Yet Great Britain still exists and seems more prosperous than ever.

Indeed, ever since the preacher-publisher-peace-

maker returned from Great Britain, prosperity seems to have settled permanently upon the Ancient Realm. In 1909 business was good; in 1910 it was better; in 1911 it was great. The total foreign trade of Great Britain in 1911 was one hundred and twenty-five million dollars greater than in 1910. Exports of British goods increased 5½ per cent., and almost the whole of the increase was in manufactured articles. The increased exports of cottons alone totalled seventy millions of dollars in value. The imports increased 33 per cent., showing that the people of the country have the money to buy what they want. They are not buying on credit, like Canada and other new countries are. They pay spot cash.

Any country whose exports have grown steadily from \$1,400,000,000 in 1901 to \$2,270,000,000 in 1911 cannot be in a very bad way. While the professional croakers discuss tariff reform, Lloyd-Georgian



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill (centre) whose speeches at Belfast and Glasgow have attracted much attention.

On the left Lord Grey; on the right Lord Crewe.

confiscation and taxation, the German scare and the degeneracy of the modern citizen, the country goes right on getting greater and wealthier.

In all this, there is more than one big lesson for the Canadian people.

\* \* \*

## The Quality of Our Sabbath.

FOR many years Canada has been famous for its quiet Sabbaths. Any attempt to change the nature of these rest-days has been resisted on all sides. The Lord's Day Alliance and similar bodies have been active in trying to secure one rest day each week for all classes—policemen, firemen, trainmen, street-railway men and so on. But over and above all the good sense of the Canadian people made them avoid the "Continental" or "American" Sunday.

It would seem, however, that in Toronto the Lord's Day Alliance has foolishly placed itself in a position where it has lost the support of many people who previously upheld it. This was done when it made a move to close the civic toboggan slides on Sunday. By a vote of 17 to 8, the City Council has upheld the necessary by-law, although the final vote is not yet taken. The civic slides will be closed in a week or ten days.

As Mayor Geary pointed out, the Lord's Day Alliance has been working hard and well in order that the working-man should have his Sundays free. Now it contradicts itself and urges, with the support of a majority of the aldermen, that the workingman shall not indulge in certain popular recreations on that day during the winter. Whether it will go farther and move for the closing of the

parks during the summer remains to be seen. It ought at least to try to stop the ferry-boats running on the Bay.

In the smaller towns, the young people have only to walk a short distance for their sleigh-riding, tobogganing and ski-ing. Hence there is no need for indulgence in these sports on Sunday. In Toronto, many working people must spend an hour riding in a street-car and walking before they come to a place where tobogganing may be indulged in. Hence Sunday is the only day available for many of them and a different rule should obtain. Moreover, the population is large, the slides few in number, and the opportunities limited. Theoretically the Lord's Day Alliance are right; practically they are injudicious, if not absolutely wrong.

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## Winnipeg Officials Resign.

BOTH public and municipal ownership in Manitoba are having their troubles. The government elevators are not paying, and the ministers complain that the farmers prefer to take their grain to the private elevators. The government telephone commissioners have been forced to "re-visit" their rates, and submit to a special investigation. Now Winnipeg's municipal power plant is in trouble; General Manager Rossman and five of his assistants have resigned because of aldermanic interference. In Toronto, the municipal power and lighting plant is managed by a commission; in Winnipeg it is directly under the control of the council.

Neither public nor municipal ownership is prejudiced by these revelations. The principles are as sound as ever they were. The lesson is simply that the results depend upon the ability of the management. One private business succeeds, another fails. The difference is the superiority of management. So with public undertakings.

There is no royal road to success, and municipalities and governments discover this just as do mechanics, business men, financiers, statesmen and monarchs. If the publicly elected persons in Manitoba and Winnipeg think they are clever enough to run public enterprises on a basis of political patronage, they will speedily discover their error.

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## British Columbia's Attractions.

OUR most westerly province seems to have great attractions for the people of both Europe and Asia. The Japs confine themselves almost exclusively to British Columbia and have crowded the whites out of the salmon-fishing business. The Chinese are there by the tens of thousands. The Hindus are there and no where else. Now the Doukhobors are moving there. Just what is going to happen when this motley collection of people get properly going in the raising of new generations, it is hard to say.

As for the Douks—the latest to take a fancy to the balmy climate and fertile valleys of the Rocky Mountain province—Saskatchewan seems to be glad to see them go. There are only 2,000 of them left now in Saskatchewan and these will probably soon join their brethren and sisters in British Columbia. It is said the Dominion Government is willing to take over their farms and make them fair compensation for the improvements which they have made. But on one condition—they must all go. Not 1,000, nor 1,500, nor even 1,999—but the whole colony. This may or may not be complimentary to British Columbia.

One thing is to be said for the people of the Pacific Coast province—they manage fairly well in keeping order and peace in their household and in maintaining their industrial and commercial development at concert pitch.

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## Toronto's New Census.

TORONTO took a police census of her citizens on January 21st and found that 425,407 people slept that night within the city limits. This is 50,740 people more than the Dominion Government census takers found in June last. The number of visitors sleeping in the city that night would not be much larger than the number of Torontonians absent for business reasons. The student population would possibly be larger than in June. But allowing 10,000 for visitors and students, the figures show that the population is 40,000 larger than the census showed it to be. Allowing 20,000 for growth, which is undoubtedly present, the census takers were only about 20,000 astray.

This error, if error it be, amounts to 5.3 per cent. The same percentage throughout the Dominion would make the nation's population nearly 400,000 more than the published figures. But after all four hundred thousand more or less doesn't matter seeing that we are all happy and prosperous.

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

### A Matter of Music

IN these days of much discussion concerning feminine aspirations and limitations, public attention is frequently drawn to the fact that woman has accomplished little in the department of creative art. "Where is the woman Shakespeare, Beethoven or Canova?" asks the social philosopher, who would remind woman of her domestic obligations. Let us be candid and admit that woman, as a great dramatist, artist or musician is hardly existent. Such philosophers forget that the feminine genius is for appreciation or interpretation, rather than for creation, and that woman is happier as listener than as composer. Go to an art exhibition, and you will find that women observers are in the majority. Attend a concert, and you will discover that women form about two-thirds of the audience. This excess of feminine interest is not, by any means, an affectation—it is woman's natural attraction to the vocal or pictorial interpretation of the beautiful. Thus, the philosopher who thinks to crush feminine ambition by commenting on the absence of a woman Shakespeare may well be answered by the many women readers who have known the dramatist's plays and by the ethereal host who inspired him and who, from Miranda to Virgilia, remain an eternal dream of fair women.

In music, woman's part is nearly always that of interpretation. It may be admitted with cheerfulness that there is no woman's name to place beside Liszt, Beethoven or Wagner. However, as we think of the queens of song, from Jenny Lind to Gadski and Melba, we need not grumble over that part of music's realm which woman has found peculiarly her own.

During the cycle of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, it must occur to many of our Canadian hearers that the feminine share of the triumph is of no mean order. One-hundred-and-thirty members of "North America's premier chorus" are Canadian women, whose voices have been so exquisitely trained that in such a selection as the "Crucifixus" there is a supremely ethereal quality. The Canadian voice has been criticised, with some justice, for its harshness and lack of modulation. The "speaking voice" of the Canadian woman does not compare to her advantage with that of our Transatlantic kinswoman; but Dr. Vogt has made of the northern voice a wonderful instrument for all harmonies—and it has taken a master to reveal its possibilities.

If one will consider the discipline of musical taste and talent, to say nothing of nerves, required of the feminine performers in a Mendelssohn Choir programme, the splendid achievements of the soprano and alto will be recognized as a proof of unselfish devotion to art. This is emphasized, not from any desire to minimize the work of other sections, but merely to do justice to those on whom the nervous strain of practice is of greater intensity. To realize the perfect balance of our Mendelssohn Choir, one need only compare it with such an organization as the Maennerchor of Vienna, which made a tour of the United States some years ago. The male chorus, however finished and disciplined, is utterly inadequate to the higher musical triumphs, and it is only when we hear the soaring climax of the *Ninth Symphony* or Bach's *Sanctus* that we are aware of a superlative choral achievement.

### Modern Chivalry.

THERE are places which cannot be vulgarized, no matter what crowds may throng to them as sight-seers, no matter what commercialism may turn their beauty into gold. To me, Niagara

is one of these, although humanity has done so much to mar its majesty and loveliness. Yet, however, the swarms of tourists may cover its banks, however the electric energy of a continent may disfigure the shores with horrors of commercial activity, there is a savage beauty of the river which remains aloof and unsullied. To many, it is a stream of terror, with a leaping cruelty in its whirling depths; but to others its fascination lies in that very violence, which flings a tumult of spray on high. It is a river of many tragedies, with stories such as few rivers of the earth could tell as they flow. Since those early days, when the Indians named it in musical syllables, it has known many an hour of stress. There is now added to its grim story a tragedy of such pathetic, human appeal as thrills the common heart with sympathy. As we read the account of how three lives were sacrificed to its wintry waters, the quiet, unfaltering heroism of the man and the

boy who refused to snatch safety while a woman's life was in danger, illumined the scene of disaster with a clear radiance. To meet a supreme crisis with steady courage is the test of our civilization—and we may well take comfort for the dormant chivalry in everyday lives when we think of the way in which Eldridge Stanton and Burrell Heacock faced the ultimate hour.

\* \* \*

### Dickens' Heroines.

DURING the last fortnight we have had many an article on Charles Dickens—since it was one hundred years ago, February 7th, 1812, that the most popular novelist of the last century was born. Much has been written concerning the Dickens women, and the critics seem agreed that she was an impossible and hysterical person, given to tears and swooning. The more valiant of his heroines have been almost ignored. To offset the lachrymose vapouring of *Dora* we have the stalwart defiance of *Betsy Trotwood*. The critics have been somewhat too sweeping in their denunciation of the Dickens heroine, who is sometimes quite an independent young person with a will of her own. Personally, I prefer *Dolly Varden* to most of the modern young women of fiction. Was there ever such a bewildering little coquette as that winsome *Dolly*, who laughed at honest *Joe* until there came the hour of misfortune? *Beatrice Esmond*, in the days of her youth, was a bewitching maiden, but hardly so charming as the little lady of the sedan chair.

\* \* \*

### St. Valentine.

THE day, which was once devoted to tender sentiment, has come again, and the postman has delivered the messages of St. Valentine, marked with the prosaic stamp of His Majesty's mails. Perhaps it is the tendency of each age to consider its own fashions common-place and unromantic; but we do seem a matter-of-fact people in comparison with our grand-parents, who set so much store by the valentine, all hearts and darts and fragile lace-paper. Valentines are comparatively out of fashion, it must be admitted, and the modern young person would vote the verses of old-time sentiment too highflown and remotely devoted. The comradeship of To-day is, no doubt, a pleasant relationship. Yet, when we find in an old trunk or work-box a valentine of two generations ago, there seems a tender grace in its dignified compliment, which is wanting in our world of hurry and noise. The independence of the modern women may be the cause for the decline of stately sentiment; but the ballot is a poor substitute for the valentine.

CANADIENNE.



MISS CARRIE M. DERICK  
Acting Professor of Botany at McGill University  
(See page 20)

# FROM COAST TO COAST

## Social Activities at the Capital.

OUR royal Governor-General is showing himself much interested in Canadian winter sports, and Princess Patricia is among the most enthusiastic of the skaters. The skating party held at Government House, this last week, was the largest and most successful of the season. Their Royal Highnesses received in the rink house, attended by Miss Pelly. Princess Patricia looked a charming and graceful figure in her grey costume, with green hat and black fox furs.

The Canadian Handicrafts Guild held their meeting in Ottawa recently, at the residence of Mrs. H. M. Ami. Miss Phillips, of Montreal, gave an address on handicrafts in general, and Canadian handicrafts in particular. Mrs. Harry Bottomley read the annual report of the Montreal work.

Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, the well known artist, whose paintings have been on exhibition in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, had the signal honour of a visit from H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia. Princess Patricia is herself an enthusiastic amateur in art, and assisted the Duchess in choosing three of the pictures for Government House.

So successful have been the concerts given by the Ottawa Choral Society, that instead of giving only one concert this season, the society have made arrangements for two—on the evenings of February the twenty-first and second, for which they have secured Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano; Mr. John Barnes Wells, tenor; and Mr. Reginald Werrenrath, baritone.

The May Court Club scored a decided success, at their amateur performance at the Russell House, on January the thirty-first. The Imperial Troupe of Barcelonian Dancers in a picturesque idyll was the most elaborate of the varied offerings, and the representations by many members of world famous pictures was particularly clever.

Those taking part were, Miss Helen Ferguson, Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, Misses Marjorie Bate, Phyllis McCullough, Pauline Hecker, Isabel Sherwood, Hazel Payne, Gladys Carling, Katherine

Foster, Aline Rutherford, Daisy McLachlan, Maude Audette and Cicely Rutherford.

\* \* \*

## New Women's Club at Edmonton.

THE Inaugural luncheon of the new Women's Canadian Club of Edmonton has just been held, and to judge from the success and enthusiasm, one may safely say that the new Club is destined to remain and grow more successful. There seems to be some enthusiasm-producing oxygen in the Western air, which infuses into all the women the desire to make things "go." At the table of honour sat the President, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who, after the luncheon, gave an address on the educational work of the club. The other officers present were Mrs. Bulyea, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Griesbach, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Marriott, Madame Cauchon, Miss Jean Forsyth, Mrs. Glendennen, Miss Hicks, Miss Merrill, Miss Ewing and Miss McKenney.

\* \* \*

## Hamilton I.O.D.E.

THE regular meeting of the Municipal Chapter of the Hamilton Daughters of the Empire was held on February the second, when Mrs. Crearer, the Regent, presided. The dates for the performance of "Iolanthe" were set for the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth of April. A very favourable report was received of the work which is being accomplished by the Girls' Club in the East End. The National Executive of the Daughters of the Empire are hard at work on the constitution, which provides for the change of headquarters from Toronto to Ottawa. A new departure which is meeting with favour is the establishing of provincial headquarters in the capital city of each province.

\* \* \*

## Montreal S.P.C.A.

EVERY year finds more people taking up the cause of the poor dumb brutes who suffer so much at the hands of thoughtless ones. At the

forty-third annual meeting of the Montreal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it was shown that a total of seven thousand cases had been looked after during the year, this being the largest number in the history of the society. In the financial statement it was shown that through the energetic efforts of the women's branch, an increase of over three hundred dollars had been effected. Amongst the great volume of work done by the inspectors during the year, the most worthy of mention was the purchasing of a hundred and twenty old worn-out horses. Most of these animals were in a pitiable condition, and had the society not interfered, they would have been placed to work on the streets. Such a statement of success is worthy any society's best efforts, and sister cities whose Humane Societies are not so firmly established should take pattern from the noble work which is being done in Montreal.

After the meeting the election of officers took place, in the Ladies' Branch. The results were as follows: Mrs. A. H. Gault, President; Mrs. A. A. Sandman, Miss M. S. Gillespie, Vice-Presidents; Miss Sache, Treasurer; Mrs. H. W. Thomas, Hon. Secretary.

\* \* \*

## Winnipeg Hunt Club.

IT is the season of annual meetings. Probably none had been looked forward to with more enthusiasm than that of the Winnipeg Hunt Club, when the proposal to purchase land for a club house was discussed. The club house is to be the most modern of its kind in Canada. Ten acres will be purchased near the new Agricultural College, bordering on the Assiniboine River at St. Vital, and a start will be made as soon as possible on the erecting of the club house, stables and kennels. The women members of the club are naturally very much interested in the proposal, and are anxious that operations should begin at once.

\* \* \*

## Regina Musical Club.

THE Women's Musical Club of Regina gave a concert on Monday, February the fifth, in aid of the Children's Home, in the city hall auditorium, under the patronage of His Honour and Mrs. Brown.



SHOPPING FOR HIS WIFE.

—From the Associated Sunday Magazine.

# Calgary Women's Enterprise

By E. M. HEYDON

WHILE the women of Western Canada are among the most progressive and democratic in the Dominion, there is in the West not quite as much enthusiasm as one might expect for many of the movements which command the attention and interests of the women of the older provinces. It is a matter of record that the executives of the Woman's Canadian Clubs of both Calgary and Winnipeg disapproved of the idea of inviting Miss Christabel Pankhurst to address these clubs when the daughter of the famous suffragette, now speaking in several Western cities, proposed a Canadian tour last spring. Several members of the Calgary body denounced her strenuously and refused to shoulder the responsibility of exposing the club to her influence for a single hour. A satisfactory conclusion was reached only when the worried president took her troubles before a general meeting and received a desultory expression of approval of the "suffragette person." The National Council of Women has taken steps

tion of houses, the wrapping of bread, the bottling of all milk delivered in the city and the covering of all foodstuffs in shops and stores.

Recently, a deputation presented to Premier Sifton the petitions of the women, with the result that a grant equal to one-fourth of the cost of the building was promised, together with a grant of 35 cents per day, per patient, after the institution is established.

Mrs. C. A. Stuart, wife of Mr. Justice Stuart, is the president of the club; Mrs. W. Carson, one of the "old-timers" in the community, the convener of the sanitarium committee, and Mrs. Harold Riley, wife of the member of the legislature for Gleichen, the secretary of the committee.

In addition to this work, the club has entertained many persons of note who were visiting in the city, and has benefited by the addresses of many brilliant men and women.

The Daughters of the Empire have the infant Cadet Corps and the Boy Scouts under their wing



MRS. PINKMAN  
Regent of the Colonial Macleod Chapter Daughters of the Empire.

organizations in the smaller towns were induced to take the matter up, and to secure thousands of signatures to petitions for presentation to the legislature. The Alberta Medical Association was ap-



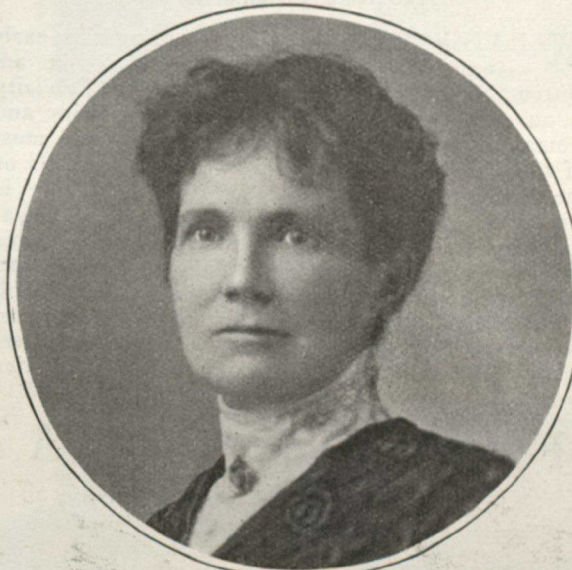
MRS. C. A. STEWART  
President Woman's Canadian Club, Calgary.

to secure a revision of the homestead laws in the Western provinces, and the women of Edmonton, last year, secured a very small measure of reform in the matter of dower rights legislation in Alberta; but beyond these affairs, women meddle very little in the politics of the country, and there is no sign of live interest in matters of suffrage.

This lack of enthusiasm for the feminist movement is probably the result of conditions which will have disappeared in a few years. Just now, the Western woman has her hands full with the work of home-building and of housing and feeding people. The prime necessity of bed and board absorbs her immediate attention to the exclusion of a serious consideration of abstract "rights."

There is, however, a remarkable esprit de corps in those organizations which necessity has called into being. The popular support of the women of Calgary, Alberta, which is the second city west of Toronto, in the matter of population and commercial importance, is divided between a few such organizations as the W. C. T. U., the Y. W. C. A., the Woman's Canadian Club, and the Daughters of the Empire; and the success of these has been remarkable.

THE Woman's Canadian Club was organized in January, 1911, with a membership of three hundred and fifty, which has since increased to nearly five hundred. A lively campaign for a tuberculosis sanitarium in the province, closed on December 22nd, with the support of the Provincial Legislature pledged, strong anti-tuberculosis societies organized in the two leading cities, Calgary and Edmonton, and stringent health by-laws passed by the Calgary city council. The sanitarium committee was not appointed until March, but the campaign was energetic. Over one hundred women's



MRS. THOMAS UNDERWOOD  
President of the Y.W.C.A., Calgary.

proached and responded with a grant of \$3,000 in money.

A petition to the city council in July resulted in the passing of by-laws providing for the disinfect-



MRS. ANDREWS  
President Calgary Branch of Alberta Woman's Association.



MRS. GEO. K. KIRBY  
Honorary President Y.W.C.A., Calgary.

and have contributed over one thousand dollars to the support of these this year.

THE W. C. T. U. is a strong organization in the province, although the local band is comparatively weak; but its influence is hampered by the continual influx of foreign voters. It is the first organization to announce itself in favour of woman's suffrage. The Calgary branch has recently opened a day nursery in the city and supports two travellers' aid deaconesses.

Recently a branch of the Alberta Woman's Association was organized to promote the higher education of women and to supplement the work of the various university boards by providing high school and university scholarships. Only university graduates and the wives of members of the senates of universities are eligible for membership.

The crowning achievement of the women of Calgary is the recently opened Y. W. C. A. building. This beautiful building, which is sumptuously furnished and one of the best equipped in the Dominion, is the meeting place of all classes of women in truly democratic social intercourse. It represents the dauntless energy of half a dozen women. In the year 1907, a committee of six, of which Mrs. G. W. Kerby, wife of the pastor of Central Methodist Church (now principal of Mount Royal College), was the leading spirit, brought the "Y" into being in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles. Calgary was not half as populous then, as now, and hundreds of homeless women were poorly accommodated, in fact the churches were the only public meeting places for women.

ALTHOUGH the Y. M. C. A. had been accorded adequate support, the proposed Y. W. C. A. did not meet with sympathy from the men, who

control the financial situation absolutely in the West. For six weeks the little band made a tedious canvas of the city and collected the sum of \$1,200, chiefly in quarters, dimes, and half-dollars. No contribution exceeded the sum of ten dollars.

The cause all but perished in the struggle. Mrs. Kerby, returning home one night too weary to eat, and thoroughly disheartened at the discouraging response, called the wife of Mayor Cameron to the 'phone and asked tonelessly: "What's the use? Hadn't we better give it up? It's too difficult!"

And the Mayor's wife replied in an equally fagged voice: "I have been thinking so."

But the next morning they took heart again and resumed their tramp.

With this twelve hundred dollars they rented and furnished a house which provided accommodation for fourteen young women. The first secretary was Miss Adra Luton, a well known soprano soloist, graduated from Alma College, Ont. With the co-operation of the secretary, who was very popular, the women worked out the details of an institution to meet the needs of the city.

In three years the little Y. W. C. A. was an inadequate but self-supporting institution. With their surplus and the funds derived from another and more successful campaign they purchased real estate valued at sixteen thousand dollars.

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FINALLY, two years ago, the day came when they held a momentous conference with the architect. Every woman on the committee contributed some portion of the ideal sketch; and because they had grasped the meaning of the spirit of brotherhood with characteristic western breadth of conception, the building is as nearly ideal in architecture and atmosphere as any building ever designed as a meeting place for women. It is one of simple beauty with wide, sunny spaces, handsomely furnished and very home-like.

There were some details which the architect and the advisory board thought trifling. For instance, the mere men did not approve of the three small parlors on the ground floor, in addition to the large drawing rooms and library. These tete-a-tete parlors the ladies had designed to meet a special need in a city of several thousand "eligible" young men. The older men called them "cubby-holes," but they were politely over-ruled. These little parlors are very daintily furnished and cosily attractive. To be sure, the doors are carefully nailed wide open; but they serve an excellent purpose in this unusually homeless city. Its presiding genius, Miss Bradshaw, is one of the most popular young people's hostesses in the city; she puts a young man at his ease with all the tact and sweetness of the little mothers left back east, and her genuine interest in



MRS. W. J. BUDD  
President W. C. T. U. Calgary

little affairs has been responsible for a score or so of weddings, some of which have been celebrated this year in the "Y" parlors.

The Y. W. C. A. has a very fine swimming pool and gymnasium and is taking a leading part in educational work.

Although the building was completed only last February, its capacity was outgrown within six months, and the top floor of a large building on the next street was leased to accommodate eighty girls. More room is needed.

When these western women get 'round, to women's rights, things are likely to happen.

### Modern Advertising

WHATEVER may be said regarding this early twentieth century, it will generally be admitted that it is an age of advertising. Publicity is an ordeal to which every man of affairs and woman of accomplishment must submit—and most of them appear to enjoy it and take the attacks of the camera with admirable *sang froid*. There is one aspect of modern publicity which is more amusing than edifying. The manner in which persons of commercial, political or artistic importance are made to stand and deliver their opinions on any and every subject under the sun is merely ridiculous. Mr. Andrew Carnegie may know all about "steel presses a grave doubt as to the literary qualities

of the "Odyssey" and depreciates Homer of the many cities, he makes even an average citizen wish that the shoemaker would keep to his last.

The actress is the feminine character who is exploited most frequently in this fashion. The opinions of Miss Gertrude Elliott on church service and the way to hold a tennis racquet are published in all seriousness. The views of Mrs. Fiske on the tariff and the hobble skirt, not to mention Sunday tobogganning, are canvassed with much solemnity. The opinion of Madame Fritzi Scheff regarding feminine suffrage is one of the latest manifestations of histrionic many-sidedness. Why do they not publish Madame Fritzi's views on vocal training and modern musical comedy. They might be worth reading, while Madame Fritzi on the subject of the ballot is a trifle distressing. However, so it goes from week to week, and we are sure that some morning an enterprising Canadian journal will publish an interview with Madame Sarah Bernhardt on the subject of the Newmarket Canal or the demands of Sikh immigrants in British Columbia.

### Fashion and Business

AND now we read that the hobble skirt, so long the target for such merciless shots from masculine pens, is really a serious problem. Textile makers in France are beginning to complain that the narrow skirts are almost ruining their business. The labouring class of people are likewise affected, many being thrown out of positions owing to the decrease in the number of workers necessary for weaving the fabrics. So it is a serious problem after all.

But why place all the blame upon the women? Bless them, the dear creatures, they did not set the hobble style. It was a man, a man who became great in a moment, and was lauded as a creator. If women made the styles, they would be so diversified as to be a mere chaos of ideas, and uniformity would take wings and soar to the fourteen winds of heaven. Man alone is responsible for the ludicrous street car episodes, as man is responsible for the abominably high street car steps. Man must answer for the unemployed textile makers of France, but let us hope man will not turn the famine to a feast, and decree that henceforth the skirts are to be a la crinoline!

### A Marriage of Interest

Of special interest to Canadians is the marriage of the Marquis of Stafford to Lady Eileen Butler, which will take place in England shortly. Both young people are well known in Canada and will spend a good deal of time on this side of the Atlantic.

## HALIFAX DEBUTANTES

BY ALICE HOPE HOUSTON.



MISS ANITA LUGAR.



MISS CARMEN SYLVA LUGAR.



MISS GEORGINE FAULKNER.



MISS ALICE BUCKLEY.

EACH of the Halifax debutantes here presented is a distinctive type, a personality.

Miss Georgine Faulkner is the daughter of the Honourable George E. Faulkner, Speaker of the Provincial House. A charming, accomplished young lady, she is especially prominent in the University "Lit."

Carman Sylva and Anita Lugar are daughters of Captain W. R. Lugar,

of the Marine and Fisheries Department. Both girls are unusually pretty and besides being skillful musicians, are in great demand for amateur theatricals. What is perhaps best of all, they are typical outdoor girls.

Miss Aileen Buckley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Buckley. Slight and graceful, of a winning personality, she is one of the greatest favourites of this season's debutantes



# Wives of Cabinet Ministers

By MADGE MACBETH

CONTINUING with short word pictures of the feminine part of Premier Borden's Cabinet, Mme. Nantel comes next. Living in the country all her life, she confesses that she feels cramped in the city; her lovely large home has, for the time, been abandoned for a small one; in lieu of carefully tended grounds and a garden there is a sidewalk and the street beyond. No wonder that Mme. Nantel sighs for St. Jerome and her home! She is essentially and characteristically French, possessing all the polish and politeness of that nation, beside which she has an enviable knack of making the English visitor feel especially welcome—and clever!

When asked about a hobby, Mme. Nantel laughed; when one has had ten children, she said, there is not much time for hobbies. Perhaps if left to her own devices, Madame would spend a great part of the day with her flowers—after seeing to the comfort of her household, and she would have been glad to continue with the study of music had not domestic duties made this impossible. She takes as much pleasure, however, in her daughter's playing as in her own. Mme. Nantel was Mlle. Gauthier.

A musician lost to us is Mrs. John Reid. After diligent study in Canada—at old Hellmuth College amongst other places, Miss Labatt, as Mrs. Reid was then, went to Germany—Leipsig—for five years and studied under the famous Martin Krause. But

two years since she visited Ottawa, and one is impressed with the rapidity of Canada's growth to hear Madame describe the wilderness it was then.

Before the duties consequent upon her husband's position claimed so much of her time, Mme. Pelletier put her dainty hands to work, and made ex-

all of her husband's cigarettes, as many as three hundred at a time, for the Hon. M. Pelletier is a great smoker, consuming sometimes forty a day. His wife makes these cigarettes with Dr. Cosgrain's machine, and she uses a mild tobacco which is especially prepared for M. Pelletier.

"He won't smoke any other kind," she said.

Madame is the sister-in-law of Judge Archambeault, and a sister of the assistant Clerk of the Senate, M. Simeon Lelievre. She is also prominently connected in Quebec.

## A Romance From Dickens.

BY MARION DALLAS.

SOME form of entertainment, other than cards, is very often wanted for evening parties. In view of the approaching Dickens Centenary the following Romance, written out with the blanks unfilled and given to each guest, will create amusement and pleasure; the blank is to be filled with a title of a book of Dickens. A small portrait of Dickens framed would be a suitable award for the successful person and a copy of "Hard Times" to the one securing the fewest correct replies:

A young woman by the name of \_\_\_\_\_ is the heroine of this little romance. She was born in \_\_\_\_\_ and was pretty and as lively as \_\_\_\_\_.



MRS. JOHN D. HAZEN.  
Wife of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

all work and no play caused a serious breakdown and the doctors forbid the young student to look at a piano for many months. Half a career would not satisfy Mrs. Reid, so she gave up her studies and now deprecates any eulogistic reference to her unusual talent. She is glowing with life, and her sensitiveness makes her a sympathetic listener and ready helper. Mrs. Reid is one of the women whose conversation makes a person bury that arch enemy—Time—for the nonce, and quote Omar Khayyam, "Why fret about to-morrow if to-day be sweet?"

And speaking of human kindness and abundant sympathy, where can one find more of it than Mrs. Hazen possesses? She has one attribute which even without her beauty and keen understanding would make her more than ordinarily attractive and lovable; it is a genuine interest in the people with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Hazen has a theory that every one is interesting if one can find the way to get below the surface and find that mutually appealing topic. She was born in Fredericton, N.B., but has lived for many years in St. John, and she is never tired of extolling the beauties of her native province. And I believe firmly that if Mrs. Hazen says it is very beautiful, it is, for she should know, being an artist and artistic in every sense of the word. Mrs. Hazen has a host of enthusiastic friends in the Capital and will make more as fast as she meets new people.

Mme. Pelletier is the vivacious Frenchwoman of the novel whose brightness and gaiety never fail to surround her with a coterie of admirers. She is small, with large brown eyes and clear skin, through which a becoming pink shows. Her hands are small and shapely, and, like all her countrywomen, she uses them prettily. Her home was in Pontneuf County, Quebec, but when a young girl she went to the city of Quebec, and there was, later, married to M. Pelletier. It has been thirty-



MME. LOUIS P. PELLETIER.  
Wife of the Postmaster-General.

quisitely fine vestments and clothes for the church. The modern sewing machine has displaced much old-fashioned hand work, but the hand work has not altogether died away. Another accomplishment—a unique one—has this busy woman; she makes



MRS. JOHN D. REID.  
Wife of the Minister of Customs.



MME. WILFRID B. NANTEL.  
Wife of the Minister of Inland Revenue.

For the purpose of educating his daughter her father \_\_\_\_\_ left his native town and moved into a city of educational renown where he rented \_\_\_\_\_. He had arranged that his daughter would become the wife of \_\_\_\_\_ and he expected that she would furnish him with plenty of \_\_\_\_\_. However, she refused to obey him and was determined to marry \_\_\_\_\_, so her father instead of having his \_\_\_\_\_ realized, had for a while

He entered into partnership with \_\_\_\_\_ and published \_\_\_\_\_. This venture was not successful and they were compelled to open \_\_\_\_\_, this proved more satisfactory and the names of Little Nell and the Marchioness soon became \_\_\_\_\_. Meanwhile \_\_\_\_\_ and her husband had gone on the stage and were travelling in \_\_\_\_\_. Their repertoire was extensive and included \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. In this company was a young man called \_\_\_\_\_. He was very popular and was known by all the members of the company as \_\_\_\_\_. Owing to jealousy these three severed their connections and formed a new company which presented \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. Everywhere they met with great success, and the financial returns soon warranted their giving up \_\_\_\_\_ and spending their last days in quietness and surrounded by every comfort.

### KEY TO THE ROMANCE.

"Little Dorrit," "The Haunted House," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," "Nicholas Nickleby," "American Notes," "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," "Hard Times," "Dombey & Sons," "Pickwick Papers," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Household Words," "Little Dorrit," "Sketches by Boz," "The Chimes and a Christmas Carol," "Oliver Twist," "Our Mutual Friend," "Master Humphrey's Clock," "Pictures from Italy," "The Battle of Life."

# BLACK KNIGHT

STOVE POLISH

You don't have to mix "Black Knight" Stove Polish.

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## The Canadian Women's Press Club

IT is an interesting coincidence that two of Canada's best known women writers are each at work just now on books of short stories. Miss L. M. Montgomery (Mrs. Ewan Macdonald), in her new home at Leaskdale, is putting the final touches to "Chronicles of Avonlea," to be published in the spring; while Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, of Winnipeg, expects to have a volume of six short stories ready for publication next fall.

**MRS. MARGARET L. FAIRBAIRN**, the secretary of the C. W. P. C., has given up special charge of the Woman's Page, in order to have more time for the writing of special articles for the Toronto Daily Star, both on art and on more general subjects. Recently, several very interesting articles by Mrs. Fairbairn have come out in the Star Weekly on various activities in Toronto, such as Household Science teaching in the public schools, and Settlement Work.

**MISS BERTHA THORNLEY**, formerly of London, is now editor of the Woman's Page on the Toronto Daily Star.

**MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON** who arrived in Canada from England shortly before Christmas, going straight through to Victoria, where she now is, was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the United Men's and Women's Canadian Clubs, of Vancouver. Miss Cameron spoke of the early days of Vancouver, of her trip to the Peace River District, and also of her cordial reception in England, and the keen interest taken there in Canada by all classes of people. Before leaving England Miss Cameron presented to the Harrow Branch of the Victoria League over a hundred of her lantern slides on Canada. While in England Miss Cameron was elected a member of the Institute of Journalists, London district. At the annual meeting of the Lyceum Club, London, Miss Cameron was the seconder of a proposal to create a Geographical Section in the Club, qualifications for membership to include "anyone who has in any way added to the world's geographical knowledge."

**MISS BELLE DOBIE**, who was for a time on the staff of The Chronicle, Port Arthur, is now in Kenora. Another of the C. W. P. C. members whose home is in Kenora is Mrs. Evelyn Gunne, the author of "The Silver Trail." Miss Dobie tells with zest that even though Kenora's temperature some times drops to 40 degrees or 45 degrees below, it does not at all interfere with outdoor sports like snowshoeing or tobogganing.

**MISS KATHERINE HUGHES**, whose "Life of Father Lacombe" has been recognized both in Canada and the United States as one of the notable biographies of the year, has left for Honolulu for two months' complete rest after a somewhat severe breakdown. The members of the C. W. P. C. wish Miss Hughes a speedy and entire recovery.

AT the January meeting of the Toronto Branch of the C. W. P. C., Mr. M. O. Hammond of the Toronto Globe, and Mr. J. R. Bone of the Daily Star, gave most entertaining and practical addresses on Special Writing. Miss Lytleton, of New Zealand (known so widely by her pen name of G. B. Lancaster), and Mrs. W. G. Appleby, formerly Miss Kate Lawson of the Toronto World, were guests. It was specially pleasant, also, to have "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) present, for, as a special writer "Kit" holds high place in Canadian journalism. Since terminating her twenty-five years of eminently successful work on The Mail and Empire, "Kit" has been syndicating a delightful weekly column in a large number of newspapers. In addition, once a

month, she does a causerie, called Pedlar's Pack, for The Canada Monthly.

"OPEN TRAILS" by Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck, of Edmonton, Alta.), is to be illustrated by Warwick Reynolds, one of the popular present-day illustrators in England. Mrs. Murphy has been elected first President of the Edmonton Women's Canadian Club.

**MISS AMELIA WARNOCK** (Katherine Hale) has included this winter in her vocal and dramatic recitals, a recital on "Canadian Songs," which is quite unique, and has met with a very cordial reception. This programme is made up of a history of Indian Tribal Melodies and of French Canadian Songs, with several songs typical of each; also a group of songs by modern Canadian composers, and a number of readings from Canadian verse. In addition to her usual recitals in many towns and cities throughout the Province, Miss Warnock was engaged by the Ontario Government to give recitals in a number of the Provincial Normal Schools.



MISS AMELIA WARNOCK  
(Katherine Hale)

**MRS. JOHN BURNS**, of Lethbridge, Alta., Secretary of the International Congress of Farm Women, spoke at a high tea held in January by the Winnipeg Branch of the C. W. P. C. The aim of the association of which Mrs. Burns is secretary, is to make the life of the farm homes, and especially of the women, better and happier. Mrs. Leslie Stavert, editor of Country Life in Canada, one of the Press Club members, is the President, and the next meeting is to be held this year at Lethbridge, Alta., in connection with the Dry Farming Congress.

THE speaker at the January meeting of the Regina Branch of the C. W. P. C. was Miss Florence Parberry, of England. Her subject was "Kashmir, the Garden of Paradise."

**MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON** (Seranus) has been for the past five years the editor of The Conservatory Bimonthly, the paper published by the Toronto Conservatory of Music. This magazine is widely read among musical people, and in recognition of its value is now to appear ten times in the year instead of six, and in a new form. A delightful series of poems by Mrs. Harrison, called "The Little Astronomer," has been coming out in The Globe.

THE Woman Journalist, is the name of the official organ of the Society of Women Journalists, England. The leading article for January is by G. Herbert Thring, on "The Free Lance." Other features which must be of practical usefulness to the members of the society are notes on changes in the press world, and on new periodicals. Miss Mary McLeod-Moore, a C. W. P. C. member, and now on the council of the Society of Women Journalists, was one of the hostesses for the evening meeting in February, when Miss Mary Gaunt, author of "Alone in West Africa," spoke on the amusing side of travel in that country.

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# THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

*Rose Stahl in a Factory Role.*

FOR the second season, Rose Stahl has appeared in a role other than her beloved Chorus Lady. This time she is a factory girl, with all the problems of the modern factory helper. Last year she tried the play out in Toronto, with Charles Klein, the author, viewing his effort from the stage box. It made good, and Miss Stahl is touring in Canada for the second time. This week finds her in Toronto, with a greater following than ever. "Maggie Pepper" is the name of the factory woman, who has grown old before her time, in the endeavor



ROSE STAHL

to make things run as smoothly as they do for less competent ones. Maggie is a slavey in the first part of the play, working on shirtwaists in a great establishment. But things happen, as they must in a play, and Maggie becomes the head of the whole department. There is a rascalion of a manager, who has been noted chiefly for his ability to spend money and "put the business on the blink," as Maggie styles it. He comes home after the pater's death, and determines to take things in his own hands, and make the business a paying establishment. Incidentally, he hears some of Maggie's remarks on himself, and decides more than ever, to make good. Maggie helps him in his decision, and another little helper comes to the factory, young Cupid, with a quiver full of poisonous darts. The result is obvious. That is why the play pleases the matinee girls.

By the way, I wonder how many know that Rose Stahl is a Canadian. She hails from Montreal, and Canada is proud to mention her name among the list of those who have achieved something really worth while under the reign of the Thespian deity. There is a peculiar finish to her acting, which only a few acquire, and she has a face most attractive for its strength. And, to anyone who admires a good chin line, Miss Stahl is a positive delight.

*Fritzi the Viennese.*

FRITZI SCHEFF, the erratic one, has just left us. She is appearing this season in Der Feldermaus, otherwise known as Night Birds, a comic opera with really good music. This is easily understood, even in these modern times, when one remembers that it is from the pen of Johann Strauss, and is the kind of vehicle

which gave Madame Scheff her first chance of appearing before the lights. It gives her excellent opportunity to display her colouratura accomplishments, but apart from two such songs, gives the star little chance of exhibiting her Mlle. Modiste slang and pertness. However, there are plenty of other roles, which afford great opportunities for good singing.

Madame Scheff is just as impulsive, as chic, as piquant, as vivacious as of old; and plays the part of the lady's maid as only Fritzi Scheff could play it. In fact, she reminds one more of some spoiled child, when on the stage than anything else, and I venture to say, would break up a whole rehearsal if the colour scheme of the theatrical wings did not please her. She will not be interviewed, professionally, but when approached socially discusses quite freely the things which seem to interest women most. She has been called the best dressed woman on the American stage, and if best dressed means dressed differently from anyone else, she surely is. Can you imagine anyone wearing a black Persian lamb suit? Fritzi has one, short coat and tight skirt, with which she wears a small black fur hat with a huge bunch of aigrettes at the left side. Her hats all have a peculiar tilt up toward this side, and anyone else wearing them would give one the impression of being caught in a violent windstorm with the gale blowing from the left. Many foolish women write Madame Scheff for information on this subject of dress.



FRITZI SCHEFF

To all of them she gives the same reply. "It is not possible for me to tell how you should dress. Eh, pourquoi? Because that is a talent and must be inborn. For a woman to take another's opinion on how to dress and what clothes to buy, is to admit that she has no individuality of her own, therefore her clothes can have none."

Madame Scheff has a way of shrugging her shoulders when she talks, a

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way peculiar to herself, and punctuates her conversation by repeated outbursts of French. She is the impetuous Fritzi like whom we have never seen another.

**News From the Gay White Way.**

THE season is at its zenith. For some, there have been disappointments, as there will always be in every walk of life. We are told that hundreds of chorus girls and second-rate actors walked the streets of Chicago, seeking employment. Others have had a full horn, and many have experienced a half success more exasperating, perhaps, than whole failure.

Gertrude Elliott, like many of our best stars, seems to have difficulty in finding a suitable role. Her latest play, "White Magic," by David Graham Phillips, failed to attract, although Miss Elliott always makes her own part charming.

OF special interest is the news that the Lieblers are to produce the Comyns Carr version of Oliver Twist with a remarkable cast made up of Constance Collier, Marie Doro, Nat Goodwin and Lyn Harding as the principals. Rehearsals have already begun, and the production will take place almost immediately.

JEFFERSON DeANGELIS is among the list of disappointed ones. His latest attempt, The Pearl Maiden, with Elsa Ryan as the principal woman failed to attract. Flora Zabelle keeps things interesting, but apart from her, the piece has little to commend it.

NOTICE that the moving picture shows are advertising two thousand, two hundred and seventy-five feet of Sarah Bernhardt in Camille. Has the Divinity spent the half million she took from America on her last tour?

STELLA HAMMERSTEIN, the daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, of Manhattan fame, will make her debut in vaudeville, under the management of her brother, Art Hammerstein. Stella recently appeared in the Henry W. Savage production of Everywoman.

SALLIE FISHER, who has just finished starring in Modest Suzanne, has inclination toward the vaudeville field, too. She makes her debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on February the twenty-sixth.

THE fair Lillian has become an inventor. Not content with the added honour of a new husband, she has invented a trunk for actresses. It is electrically lighted, and contains a wardrobe, dressing room and other conveniences.

THE LAMBS are to go on another gambol this season. Last season their tour of two weeks netted them several thousand, and they have decided to tour ten or twelve of the principal cities, at the close of the present season. About a hundred prominent actors will take part.

**Miss Carrie M. Derick**

AMONG Montreal women whose work is of incalculable value to Canadians, Miss Carrie M. Derick, a picture of whom appears on page 13 of this issue, stands in the front rank. She is Acting Professor of Botany at McGill University, and is generally considered a very brilliant teacher, but besides her chief work at McGill she has written a number of articles, and has given popular lectures on heredity and environment and other scientific subjects, on various social reform movements, educational topics the enfranchisement of women, etc.

Miss Derick is in favour of co-education, as she believes that it creates a normal feeling between men and women and makes them feel much like brothers and sisters. She is very fond of talking to children, giving them half-hour talks, is keenly interested in elementary teaching, and has

worked towards getting compulsory education in Montreal. She is vice-president of the National Council of Women, and a past-president of the Local Council of Women, which has done good work in two civic elections to encourage the women voters to go to the polls and vote for the reform candidates.

She was born in Clarenceville, Que., the daughter of Mr. Frederick Derick and of Edna Colton. Her grandfather was Mr. Philip Derick, a United Empire Loyalist who came from Brunswick, N.Y., in March, 1784. She studied at Clarenceville Academy, the McGill Normal School, where she carried off the Prince of Wales Medal; at McGill University, winning the Logan Gold Medal; doing research work at the Royal Academy, London, England, and at Bonn University, Germany. She was appointed demonstrator at McGill in 1891, was promoted to a lectureship in 1896, and in 1906 became Assistant Professor of Botany. In 1901 she refused a fellowship in the University of Chicago. "Flowers of the Field and Forest," written and illustrated by Miss Derick, appeared as a series of short articles in the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and was afterwards published in book form. Others of her articles are "On the Border," "Professions for Women," and "Canadian Plant-Lore."

In the winter Miss Derick resides in Montreal, and in the summer goes to Clarenceville, Que., where she takes up gardening.

L. W. I.

**Fashion's Decrees.**

DAME FASHION is a discriminating Dame, and always has her different vassals in mind, when she adds a new creation to her extensive store. She does not pay the slightest heed to public opinion, for she knows that, sooner or later, she will win all femininity to herself.

Some may chastise the hobbleskirt, may say it is extreme and un-



practical. But no one can deny the grace of the lines of the modern gown, which adapts itself equally well to the slender or rounded figure. The model here shown is a decided French one, and is particularly interesting. Note the "scoop" of Oriental braid at the left side of the bodice, extending some little distance below the waist line. The fringe is also one of Dame Fashion's newest decrees.

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# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

British doctors unite to strike against Lloyd-George's insurance bill. This is one case in which doctors don't differ.

All the world's a stage, and "the hook" works overtime.

They have discovered a big deposit of coal in the Yukon. Timely. The temperature there was 72 below zero the other day.

A veteran of the Indian mutiny has just been given the medal which he earned over half a century ago. The British War Office tries hard to prove that everything comes to him who waits.

Canadian militia are to get higher pay. Queer that the better a man soldiers the bigger is the pay he gets.

The attention of acrobats, who bear up under the weight of several men on their shoulders, is called to the fact that a lone bandit in Vancouver held up thirty people.

"China on the verge of peaceful settlement," says a newspaper heading. China is always "on the verge" of something.

**Gondolas Are Not That Kind.**—Many are the amusing "bulls" and "breaks" that have been made by members of the Toronto City Council. Here is about the best one told in City Hall corridors.

Some city father had proposed, a few years ago, to beautify Grenadier Pond, the sheet of water lying west of High Park. One suggestion made was that a number of Venetian gondolas should be imported and put on the pond. It was discussed, pro and con, for some time, and finally one of the aldermen fancied he had hit on a solution of the problem.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I move that we get two of those gondolas, male and female, and propagate the species for ourselves."

**A Superfluous Ruling.**—A man may not regulate the conduct of his divorced wife, according to the ruling of a Missouri judge.

It seems superfluous—that ruling. If a man can't regulate his wife's conduct before divorce, what chance is left him afterwards?

**Rev. R. J. Campbell on Accent.**—During his recent visit to Canada, Rev. R. J. Campbell, the noted London preacher, related publicly and privately quite a few amusing little stories, for he is an accomplished raconteur. One of his best concerned the eccentricities of the English accent.

"Our worst accent," he said, "is the Cockney one—the one that converts such a phrase as 'make haste' into 'mike 'iste,' and so on.

"I once employed two maids. One came from Devon, the other was a Cockney. Both bore the name of Catherine, but that did not mean confusion in the household when either one was wanted. I just called the Devon girl 'Kate' and the Cockney 'Kite,' and they always knew which I was calling."

**Barbers Please Note.**—Mikail Mordkin, the great Russian dancer, who recently appeared in Canada, says that America is a much dearer place than England.

"In London you can get a hair cut for 8 cents, and in New York, with

accompaniments, it will cost you probably half a dollar. An actor-friend of mine went into one of your American subterranean barber shops, done in gold and onyx. In London his bill would have been sixpence. Here it was 75 cents. As he was paying the barber remarked, 'Hang those flies. I wish I could get rid of them.'"

"I'll tell you how to do it," said the actor.

"'Thanks!' said the barber. 'What do I do?'"

"'Just catch a fly, cut its hair, shave it, and hand it a check for 75 cents. It will fly away and never come back. Do this with every fly and you'll never be bothered with them again. Good-morning!'"

**He Missed the "Stick."**—From Winnipeg, where it has been particularly cold this winter, comes this little tale of a hot-water bottle.

A city man was entertaining a former friend of his at his home. In the morning, after a particularly cold night, the host said, "I hope you slept well, Jim."

"Oh, pretty well," said Jim, "but



AN ECONOMIC ERROR.

"Come, come, my little man, what are you crying for?"  
"Booh-hoo! I've swallowed my all-day sucker!"

what was the good of that bottle you put in my bed?"

"Wasn't the water hot?"  
"Yes, hot as blazes, but you didn't put a darn thing in it."

**There is Hope.**—This is an astonishing news item from the Kalamazoo Gazette:

"The Normal School Band uniforms will consist of a coat and cap at first, with the probable addition of trousers at a later date."

**"Seeing Things" Again.**—"Chantecleer," the famous barnyard drama, is now in the moving picture houses, and a good story is told of an incident that happened during its performance by the moving picture players.

It happens that the film company which staged it has its suburban studio quite close to a sanitarium for the mentally weak.

After the performance one of the actors found a man sitting by the roadside, weeping.

The actor asked him what was wrong.

"I'm a patient over there," said the poor fellow, pointing towards the institution, "and the doctor told me yesterday that I was well enough to leave in a day or two. And what do you think I have just seen? Hens and roosters and peacocks and owls and dogs, six feet tall, and talking just

like human beings! Oh, I know I won't get away now for another ten years."

**Let's.**—Stump Speaker: "We politicians are the slaves of the people." Voice—"Let's abolish slavery."

**A Dangerous Law.**—Kansas Legislature is considering a bill to "standardize" hash, and compel hash-makers to let those who eat it know what is in it.

We warn Kansas that such a law would defeat its own purpose. Who would eat hash then?

**Owed—On a Grocery Bill.**

(As Tennyson might have written it had he lived to-day.)  
Fifty per pound for butter,  
And eggs at sixty-three—  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

**No Change.**—Somebody has dug up a copy of "The Grumbler," a paper published in Toronto in 1858.

It speaks of the City Council having "amused their audience for two mortal hours discussing a motion to dispense with two fire halls." Toronto has grown a whole lot in the half century that has since elapsed, but its City Council seems to have the same old "amusing" power.

**Gone is Gay Romance.**

((A girl was recently given damages for a stolen kiss.)

In the days of old,  
If a bad man, bold,  
By force kissed a beautiful maiden,  
To her mother she'd run  
And relate what he'd done—

But nowadays she makes for the nearest lawyer's office and the kisser must "come across" with a substantial cash consideration.

**Strange Terms.**—In these days of specialization and of great variety of trades, some of us hear technical language that is surprising. Every special line of work seems to have its own special terms which are not applicable to any other line.

An instance of this was noted recently in the press-room of a large Canadian publishing house. The whole printing outfit

had been moved to a new building, and of course, the setting up of the presses was a big job. One of the presses had been got running pretty well, but the little wheel that cuts printed sheets in two was not working quite right; the sheets were being turned out in unequal sizes. The difficulty couldn't be solved by shifting the paper so as to run further to one side, and therefore it was a question of moving the wheel.

A type foundry man was sizing up the trouble, and finally he said, "I think she'll be all right if you get your shoo-fly the other side of your jigger."

**Brotherly Candour.**—Katherine, twenty-five, charming and popular, remarked in the presence of a number of friends that when she became betrothed the engagement ring would be a matter of very small interest to her. "Indeed, I shouldn't really care whether I had a solitaire diamond or not," she said. "I'm not at all fond of diamonds, and I don't like to wear rings."

"You'd better let that be known, Katie," said her fifteen-year-old brother. "It might help some."

**A Napoleon.**—The man who is his own worst enemy usually carries on the fight to the bitter end.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

For Sane Investments

SAID a far-sighted Canadian the other day, "I lost all the money I put into my first investment, but the experience was worth the price. I haven't lost a cent since, though I have invested heavily."

Investors who learn by one lesson are exceedingly rare. There are thousands of people who have lost large and small sums in insecure investments and yet seem unable to draw proper conclusions from their experiences. They hear much talk, read plenty of market comment and are attracted by well-written advertisements. Yet they are unable to distinguish between the good and the bad. When the same old bait, with new trimming, is thrown in front of them, they succumb easily.

The Canadian investor must learn to distinguish between sane and insane investments. Millions of dollars are wasted annually in mining, townsite and other schemes of the dangerous type. The plausible promoter lines his pockets with the people's savings. The glib-tongued promoter gets his money too easily, to the detriment of good investments and to the disadvantage of the nation's general development. If these wasted millions were properly invested, they would quicken the pulse of our industrial, commercial and financial life. They would swell the tide of our general prosperity. For instance, a million dollars thrown away in wireless telegraph or fake mining stock would mean much to the country if invested in railway bonds. It would help to finance new rolling stock and help to carry the Western farmer's wheat. Invested in good industrial bonds, the same money rather than encouraging the dishonesty of the scalliwag, would help to make plant extensions, increase production, employ more labour, and better supply the demand. And so, in a dozen directions.

The backbone of investment is what we term the human element. The strength or weakness of that element, the control or lack of control of its enthusiasm, the decree of caution that figures therein, the quality of faith in our fellowmen, the appreciation of our neighbours' frailties—these and a hundred such other factors constitute the investment make-up. And running through all, is the speculative vein.

The average man will strive to obtain something for nothing, if he considers (as he usually does) that his wits are better than the other fellow's. He forgets that as a Josh Billings said, "Nobody don't do nothin' for nobody for nothin'." Something for nothing is impossible in investment, unless burglary is committed. He forgets that the unscrupulous company promoter has carried on highway robbery among investors ever since history was set on paper, and before. He overlooks the fact that he is fighting trained burglars, while investment is a mere incident in his own life. The investor must be trained to differentiate between the financial highwayman and the legitimate promoter, even though they wear identical clothing and look like the Siamese twins.

One man in ten thousand may have an instinct which he can invariably trust when used as a searchlight upon a stock or bond offering. Eight men out of ten perhaps will eschew the first dozen, lavishly-gilded speculations temptingly dangled before them. They bite at the thirteenth, or twentieth, or ninetieth. The other two will grasp the first, the second and every sprat thrown out to catch their whale. Every reader knows someone who lost heavily in the Rosslund boom, the Cobalt fiasco, land and townsite gallops, and hidden treasure schemes. Every reader thinks, naturally enough, that his investment sense is superior. But how many have invested and have not suffered loss? How many would assert that they will not sustain losses in their investments?

In this column, the CANADIAN COURIER has been trying to support sane investments. By a careful analysis of the situation from week to week, by the citation of statistics, and by an examination of the usual and unusual methods adopted by the company "hawk," it hopes to be a sane guide to the sane investor. As this financial department develops it will be more and more a help to the average investor who desires to invest his savings safely and remuneratively. The CANADIAN COURIER circulates much more widely from coast to coast than any purely financial journal, and hence must bear a broader responsibility. In recognition of that responsibility certain features which will be added to this department to enable it to better serve this purpose.

In this work on behalf of sane investments, the CANADIAN COURIER hopes to have the sympathy and support of those who fear "the wasted millions" and who desire to see Canadian investors proceed along sane and intelligent lines. Some of the most influential of the country's financiers have already promised to help in this undertaking. Next week, we shall have some interesting letters from responsible and experienced financiers which will be the opening features of a broad campaign.

## On and Off the Exchange

### Amalgamation of Pulp Companies.

SOME of the leading capitalists of Montreal are hard at work on plans to bring about an amalgamation of all the larger pulp companies in Canada into a concern that will have a capital of somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$100,000,000. Of course, in working out the plans for such a deal, there is always a good deal of uncertainty as to their being carried out until everything is closed up, but, at the present time, it is known in banking circles that very considerable progress has been made and that if favourable conditions continue, the whole deal may round itself out before the end of the present year. At one time it was thought that the Laurentide Paper Company was not disposed to go into such a deal, owing to the strong position it occupied, but, since then, the directors have solved the problem for this company by doubling up its capital and paying as high as the rate of 8 per cent. on the new capitalization, so that on any basis of the deal the shareholders of this company are sure to fare very nicely. If the present plans go through, it is altogether likely that the consolidation will also include the Eastern Canada Pulp and Paper, the Chicoutimi Pulp Co., the Belgo-

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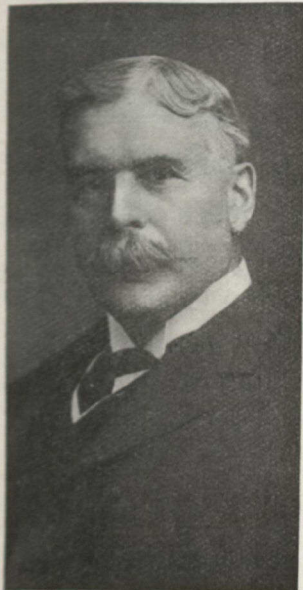
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Canadian Pulp Co., the Wayagamack Pulp and Paper, and the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, Ltd. If the last named comes in, it is only natural to suppose that arrangements will be made for the inclusion of the Ontario Pulp and Paper Co. The interests back of the proposed deal will also likely include Price Bros., Ltd., but, up to the present time, no negotiations with this company which would make it evident whether it is likely to be included or not, have been going on.

\* \* \*

**Government to Pay Dividend on Steel Common.**

THERE was an interesting report on the Street in Montreal the other day to the effect that Speyer & Co., the London bankers who were considering the purchase of the entire block of \$7,000,000 of new 6 per cent. Preferred Stock of Dominion Steel Corporation, had intimated that they would take the issue provided the Government regranted the bounties on pig iron. Of course, such a report is only a Street rumour and may not have anything particularly substantial behind it. Even at that, it looked like a good business proposition from the London Bankers' standpoint, and explains to some extent the determined fight put up by certain interests at Ottawa during the past few months to try and restrain the granting of this bounty until such time as the Tariff Commission had an opportunity of looking into the actual requirements of the Steel industry of the country. What such action will really mean would be that the Dominion Government, by the payment of a bounty, would practically ensure the dividend on the Common stock being maintained. While the bounty itself would not make up just enough to pay the entire amount of 4 per cent. on the total stock outstandings, still, it would swell the earnings to a sufficient extent to permit the Company to take a chance on the maintenance of the present rate.



MR. J. H. PLUMMER  
President Dominion Steel.

Incidentally some people, who seem to know what they are doing, have been getting ready in the stock market to make a clean up on the stock when it becomes known just what the Government intends to do. It just so happens that Steel common is such a popular trading stock that the professional element are always able to make a very nice turn on the stock in anticipation of any particularly good news. If the present movement turns out in the same way as most of the previous ones have done, it would be found that hundreds of smaller traders have been landed very close to the top prices. It is a curious thing but Iron Common seems to retain its popularity notwithstanding the fact that it has undoubtedly cost Canadian traders more severe losses than any other Canadian issue on either the Montreal or Toronto Stock Exchanges.

\* \* \*

**Mergers Creating Competition.**

THE way things seem to be working out in Canada at the present time is that large mergers, instead of creating a monopoly, immediately set other people thinking that the market must be a good one and, in this way, bring about competition within a comparatively short time. Recent instances of this are evidenced by the organization of the British-Canadian Cannery, Ltd., which is entering the Ontario field fairly aggressively this year, in opposition to the Dominion Cannery, which, a few years ago, brought together some thirty-eight different Canneries of Ontario.

Down in Montreal they have also had a pretty tight monopoly of the brewery business since the National Breweries, Ltd., took over all the larger concerns like Molsons, Dawes, Ekers, and now comes the announcement that a Canadian and American group have formed the Frontenac Breweries, Ltd., with a capital of \$1,000,000, which will immediately erect what is expected to be one of the largest individual Breweries in the country, in the north end of the city of Montreal. This brewery business has always been a big money-maker for the people who have been in it, and it has always been a matter of considerable surprise why someone had not worked out a plan that would bring the principal Toronto breweries together. It is understood that in the case of a couple of the larger companies the "personnel" side has been very strong and, as is well known, this is one of the hardest difficulties to get over in any plan that one may have in bringing about an important consolidation.

\* \* \*

**Is Toronto Railway Progressive ?**

AT the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Toronto Railway Company, held on the 7th, one of the officers dealt with the criticism that the Railway Company was not progressive. He pointed out that the annual report showed that during the past year the expenditure on Capital Account for 1911 amounted to \$1,113,867. To his mind this was a complete reply to the critics. Any street railway company in Canada which spends a million dollars on Capital Account in twelve months must be doing a great deal to improve its equipment and its facilities for handling traffic.

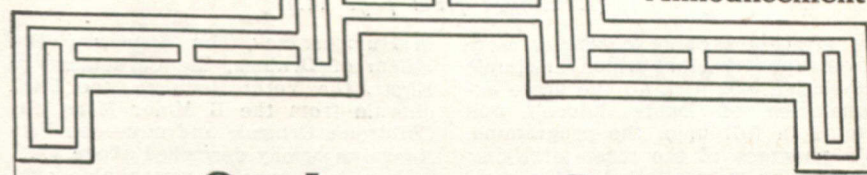
The net earnings of the Railway last year were a little over two million dollars. Of this sum dividends and interest absorbed \$869,712. Of the balance \$822,233 was paid to the City of Toronto. Thus the City got almost as much out of the Railway as the shareholders and bondholders combined.

The two subsidiary companies show a profitable year. The Toronto and York Radial Railway Company had net earnings of \$63,266. The Toronto Power Company also has a satisfactory balance sheet, and during the year obtained control of 99 per cent. of the capital stock of the Toronto Electric Light Company.

The re-elected and re-appointed officers are as follows: President, Sir William Mackenzie; Vice-President, Frederic Nicholls; Sir Henry M. Pellatt, C.V.O., Sir Rodolphe Forget, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, W. D. Matthews, James Gunn, R. J. Fleming, General Manager; J. C. Grace, Secretary-Treasurer.

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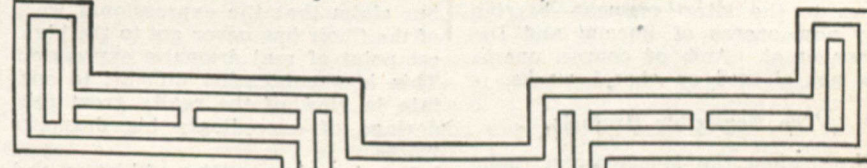
The investor—whether he deals in large or small sums—should overlook no opportunity to inform himself on the basic principle of intelligent investment.

For this purpose we have decided to publish from now on in this publication, a series of investment talks (numbered consecutively) which will be based simply and only on investment principles.

This matter, in no wise, talks of F. H. Deacon & Co., insofar as the actual advice is concerned—it speaks of facts that may be applied to any investment you may make with whatever investment house you may make it.

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## APPRECIATING A GREAT CHOIR

(Continued from page 11.)

the most bewitching character were woven upon the text which in simple translation and with all the prose explanatories of Dante himself, was printed in full upon the programme. Solo passages of the most terrifying construction were allotted to the baritone, Mr. Clarence Whitehill, who, though a more than ordinarily capable singer, surely had his troubles with the inhuman intervals that Wolf-Ferrari laid like a trap for the unwary, quite out-Straussing Strauss and making the solos in the Wagner music dramas like simple lyrics in comparison. In contrast to which was the enchanting "Dance of the Angels" done with the harps and the piano, strings of the orchestra Pizzicato—a theme that recurred as a fine pellucid thread amid the almost voluptuous vagaries of the work.

Everywhere the unusual and the unexpected. This was a sharp contrast to the Verdi Requiem which with all its prodigality of tone-colouring always preserves a sequence peculiar to ecclesiastical music.

Last year in this paper a comparison was made between the contents and character of the two big Requiems given by the Choir—the Manzoni of Verdi and the Deutsche of Brahms. No such contrast can be drawn between the two ultra-modern works—one French, the other mainly Italian—the Children's Crusade and the Vita Nuova. Both are outgrowths of the same tendency in very similar types of musical mind; whereas the two Requiems came from diverse roots and conditions. But each brings the modern trend of choral music down to the latest moment—barring any new operas of Puccini and Debussy et al. And, of course, operas are not classed as choral works.

### The Negligible Oratorio.

Now, when the Mendelssohn Choir chose for three seasons to perform two such extremely modern and profoundly elaborate works, there must be something in the character of this organization well worth analysis. For instance, it has often been asked:

"Why do not the Mendelssohn Choir sing some of the great oratorios?"

This, perhaps, from people who regard English singing societies as a standard. Choral societies in England do not as a rule consider a repertoire complete without the great oratorios. Many of them confine their attentions to a restricted range of works, such as may be composed in Great Britain. Up till a year ago the conductor of one of the finest societies in the west of England had never even heard of such a work as "The Children's Crusade," produced in several American centres during the past few years. The Mendelssohn Choir has never sung an oratorio, and perhaps never will. Years ago the name of the society was decided because of the then intention to do one or more things of Mendelssohn each season. Until four years ago this policy was adhered to. The Choir during its first decade had unaccompanied part-singing as the goal of its ambition. For several years it gave programmes with the aid of soloists and pianists—but without an orchestra; when the works done by the choir were totally without other than an occasional organ accompaniment. On this basis the choir got its early reputation as a great "a capella" organization.

About ten years ago a new departure was made on a more ambitious scale by the engagement of the Pittsburgh Orchestra under Victor Herbert—merely as an auxiliary in a cycle of programmes extending to two and three and four concerts every year. Soon it was considered more progressive to do works calling for the combined efforts of chorus and orchestra. Later works were chosen involving a quartette of soloists in conjunction with the choir and the orchestra. In this way were produced such works as the Liszt setting of Psalm 13, the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, Walpurgis Night of Mendelssohn, Olaf Trygvason of Grieg, "The Pilgrimage of Kevlaar"

of Humperdinck, The Deutsche Requiem of Brahms, the Caractacus of Elgar, the Verdi Requiem, the Bach chorals from the B Minor Mass, the Children's Crusade and now—the Vita Nuova as briefly described above.

Here is a case of remarkable evolution of a singing society from the status of a part-singing chorus without accompaniment, into a huge aggregation of talent performing the biggest works possible off the grand opera stage; all without ever touching the edges of an oratorio. In this way the public of Toronto—and such other parts of Canada as could send delegates—of Buffalo and Chicago and Cleveland and New York, have been able to hear the most advanced and cosmopolitan things in choral music within seventeen years of the time the Mendelssohn Choir was first organized to do unaccompanied part-singing.

### Tonal Climaxes.

As a result, or perhaps rather as means to an end, there has been developed a body of singers capable of the finest nuances in esthetic expression, along with the most astounding tonal climaxes possible in choral music. Naturally the great Choir has cut itself largely loose from its old unaccompanied works, and now spends most of its energies on big concerted performances. There are those who complain of this; who do not take into account the obvious trend of evolution, just as there are some who wish the Choir would do the Messiah or the Elijah. There are some also who admit the great tonal climaxes but claim that the expressional work of the Choir has never got to the highest point of real dramatic expression. This is a contention difficult to sustain in view of the really great renderings of exceedingly big dramatic works.

It is largely a matter of history and of taste. The Mendelssohn Choir has done a stupendous work in developing taste in choral music in America. It has set the standard for choral societies in the United States. It has advertised Canada as a field for native production in the choral field. What more remains to be done? The Choir cannot go on forever improving its tonal resources. Indeed, it has reached a point where not even the most fastidious can detect any necessary improvement not already made. Long ago it became needless to point out that any particular section of the choir needed improvement. Now it becomes a matter for judging the value of the works performed. This, as has been pointed out, covers a vast range of interest. In fact, the works already done by the Choir, though less in number than those done by many of the older societies of Great Britain, have been varied enough for at least two separate kinds of choirs. In the first concert given this year the Mendelssohn Choir reverted to a few of its earlier styles—not altogether successfully. The finale from Caractacus can never interest any one except those who perform it. That to the Die Meistersinger is more inspiring, and has some unity of its own, as have most of the Wagner excerpts. The Babylon's Wave of Gounod, one of the war-horse pieces of the Choir, was done not less efficiently than before; but with no particularly new inspiration.

Somewhat disappointing in balance of tone were the chorals from the Bach Mass in B Minor. This work, written for a full organ and a large choir, and a thin small orchestra of strings, was performed by a choir of tremendous tonality, a modern symphony orchestra and a miserable organ. The result was that the pieces lacked diapausal foundation, and the instruments were overwhelmed by the choir.

But year by year it becomes more and more useless to judge the Choir by its unaccompanied works and its choral excerpts. The test now is how it "gets across" with big concerted compositions. And in this respect the Choir is immeasurably in advance of all other choral progress in America.

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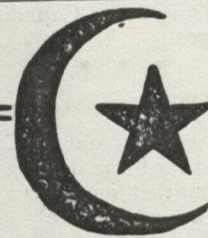
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\* \* \*

**Sharpeners.**—During the dinner hour two bricklayers were playing cards in the house they were building.

"Look here, matey," said Bill, "this 'ere game is too slow. Let's try something more exciting. I'll bet you two bob that I cut the ace of diamonds first time."

"Done!" said Jack, his companion.

Bill borrowed a sharp knife of another workman, and cut the pack fair in half.

"There," he cried. "'And over the money, sonny. The ace of diamonds is cut first go."

Jack grinned. "I reckon it's you what'll do the 'anding over," he said. "I put the ace in my pocket while you was a-bor-rowing the knife."

\* \* \*

**A Green Member.**—He was a new member of the Harbor Board in a New Zealand town, and was attending his first meeting. The board was discussing a proposal to place two buoys at the entrance to the harbour for the guidance of mariners.

"I beg to propose an amendment," said the new member, "that one man should be placed there instead of two boys as the latter are too young for such a responsible position."

\* \* \*

**A Modern Danger.**—Aunt Lucy: "Yes, uncle is back from town, but it will be a week before he's up and around."

Neighbour: "Why, what happened to him?"

Aunt Lucy: "He tried to pass through one of these revolving doors at the rush hour."—Chicago News.

\* \* \*

**Wanted Publicity.**—The new millionaire's banquet table was spread, and the guests about to be summoned. "Are you sure there are no reporters present?" anxiously asked the host of the butler.

"I've made cert'n of it, sir," "Then go out and get a few," rejoined the host.

\* \* \*

**Not a Suffragette.**—Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked recently how she stood on the vote for women question. She replied she didn't "stand at all," and told a story about a New England farmer's wife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote.

"No, I certainly don't! I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sakes let 'em do it!" she replied.

\* \* \*

**Love's Labour Lost.**—Majorie is a day-pupil at a private school. Her mother disapproved of her drinking from the common drinking cup, and bought her an aluminum collapsing cup of her own.

The next day Marjorie came running home, and with a kiss, exclaimed:

"O mother, all the other little girls at school like me so specially much, and we have the most fun with my new cup. They all stand in a line and take turns drinking with it!"

\* \* \*

**The Good, Slow Time.**—Grandpa (peevisly, in 1968): "Well, y'can talk all you like about Rocketships, Monorail-fliers, and this here new line of New York and London night boats, but give me the good old times. Folks didn't use to be in such a tearing hurry. In my day, if we slipped along at 65 miles an hour we thought it was fast enough for anybody."

# The Toronto Railway Company

## REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS

For the Year Ending 31st December, 1911

### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

#### To the Shareholders:

Your Directors take pleasure in submitting their Twentieth Annual Report, together with Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1911.

The operations for the year show very gratifying results as will be noticed by reference to the Income Account and the General Balance Sheet attached hereto.

The Gross Earnings amounted to .....\$4,851,541.42

Charges for Operating, Maintenance, etc... 2,653,361.86

Net earnings .....\$2,198,179.56

From which Net Earnings was deducted the sum of \$1,691,945.88 distributed as follows:

Dividends .....\$671,158.95

Bond Interest, Etc. .... 198,553.69

869,712.64

#### Payments to City:

Percentage on Earnings .....\$687,650.44

Pavement Charges ..... 84,463.20

General Taxes ..... 50,119.60

822,233.24

Total .....\$1,691,945.88

The Passenger Earnings, which amounted to \$4,800,467.48 show an increase of \$464,098.43 over those of the previous year. The various charges against these earnings for operation, maintenance, etc., amounted to the sum of \$2,653,361.86 or 55.2% of said earnings.

The payments made to the City of Toronto amounted to the sum of \$822,233.24, which amount when compared with the figures paid during the previous year show an increase of \$94,752.94, or 13.02 per cent.

Expenditure on Capital Account amounted to \$1,113,867.69 for the year. The different works in progress referred to in our report for 1910 were completed, and as a result better car-housing facilities now exist at our Lansdowne Avenue Car House; the Rolling Stock has been increased by the addition to the system of about one hundred double-truck cars. Track and overhead construction upon various streets has been completed, which has enabled the Company to change the routing of several of its lines, thus relieving some of the congestion upon several of the busy thoroughfares in the down-town districts.

Pursuant to authority the Directors subscribed for and purchased at par Twenty Thousand Shares of the Capital Stock of the Toronto Power Company, Limited, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars each and of the aggregate par value of Two Million Dollars (\$2,000,000).

The Shareholders at a special general meeting held on the 14th day of August last, by a unanimous vote of all present, authorized an increase in the Capital Stock of the Company by \$4,000,000 by the creation of Forty Thousand Shares of One Hundred Dollars each and there was offered for subscription to the Shareholders of record at the close of business the 25th day of August, 1911, at par, \$2,000,000 of the new stock.

Under terms of the Mortgage Deed dated the 1st day of September, 1892, covering the Company's Currency and Sterling Bond Issues, the Company is obliged to redeem by drawing annually five per cent. of the outstanding bonds. The first drawing of said Bonds was for payment on the 31st of August last. The Bonds drawn amounted to \$168,693.33, of which amount there was presented up to the 31st December, 1911, Bonds amounting to \$133,413.33, leaving a balance of \$35,280.00 deposited for purpose of redeeming the balance.

Careful attention has been paid to the maintenance of the Plant, Rolling Stock Equipment and other Properties of the Company.

Your Directors declared out of the accumulated Surplus Earnings of the Company a stock bonus Dividend of 12½ per cent., which was paid to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 25th day of August, 1911. The Directors declared two quarterly dividends of one and three-quarters (1¾) per cent., which were paid on the first days of April and July, and two quarterly dividends of two (2) per cent., the first of which dividends was paid on the first day of October, 1911, and the second was declared payable on the 2nd day of January, 1912.

The Toronto and York Radial Railway Company report that the earnings of the Company continue to show very satisfactory increases—the Gross Income amounting to \$449,059.16, compared with \$399,615.69 for the previous year, an increase of \$49,443.47, or 12.3 per cent.; while the Net Earnings, after providing for all Operation and Maintenance Charges, Bond and Loan Interest, etc., show a surplus of \$63,266.20, an increase over the previous year of \$7,268.17.

The Toronto Power Company, Limited, the Capital Stock of which Company is owned either directly or indirectly by the Toronto Railway Company, purchased during the year over 99% of the \$4,000,000 paid-up Capital Stock of the Toronto Electric Light Company, of this city. The Toronto Electric Light Company has for eleven years paid dividends ranging from 7% to 8% on its outstanding Capital Stock. During the past five years the dividend has been 8%. The Company's accumulated surplus is in excess of \$1,500,000.

A regular monthly audit and verification of the books, accounts and vouchers was made by Messrs. Clarkson & Cross, Chartered Accountants, and their certificate has been attached to the Company's General Balance Sheet.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM MACKENZIE,

President.

### INCOME ACCOUNT.

Gross Earnings .....\$4,851,541.42  
 Operating, Maintenance, etc. ..\$2,653,361.86  
 Interest on Bonds, etc. .... 198,553.69  
 Percentage on Earnings ..... 687,650.44  
 Pavements, Taxes ..... 134,582.80

3,674,148.79

Surplus Earnings .....\$1,177,392.63

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

December 31st, 1911.

Balance from last year .....\$3,619,660.65  
 Surplus Earnings after payment of all expenses, interest, taxes, etc. .... 1,177,392.63

\$4,797,053.28

#### Dividends:

Stock Bonus Dividend ....\$1,000,000.00

2 Dividends at 1¼% each.. 280,000.00

2 Dividends at 2% each .. 391,158.95

\$1,671,158.95

Balance from 1910..\$3,619,660.65

Less Stock Bonus

Dividend ..... 1,000,000.00

\$2,619,660.65

Surplus for 1911 carried forward 506,233.68

3,125,894.33

\$4,797,053.28

The present Board of Directors was re-elected; and the Board and Officials for the ensuing year as a result of the shareholders' meeting and a subsequent directors' meeting are as follows:

President, Sir William Mackenzie; Vice-President, Frederic Nicholls; Sir Henry M. Pellatt, C.V.O., Sir Rodolphe Forget, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, W. D. Matthews, James Gunn, R. J. Fleming, General Manager; J. C. Grace, Secretary-Treasurer.

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Made up to a Standard  
— not down to a Price.

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H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught

and practically every crowned head in Europe like thousands of motorists everywhere, have made the Knight Motor their personal choice.

The Russell Car has the exclusive Canadian rights to the Knight motor.

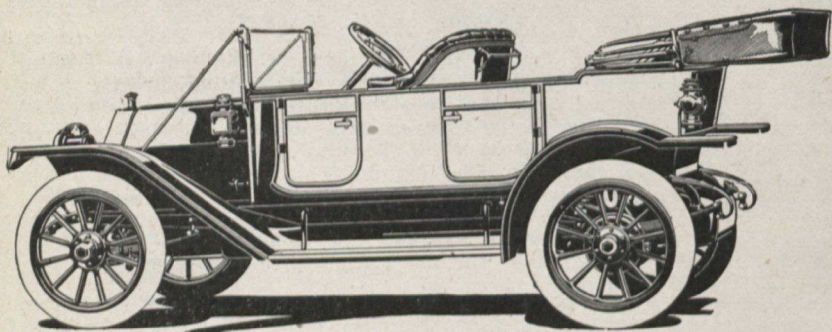
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W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager.

Z. A. LASH, K.C. } Vice.  
E. R. WOOD } Presidents

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## FOR THE JUNIORS

### Posty's Valentine.

By ESTELLE M. KERR.

MY bag is very heavy, and a postman's life is hard,  
But yesterday I handed out a "Happy New Year" card.  
And here we are in February, and valentines—Oh, dear!  
The comic ones, the loving ones in thousands, never fear.  
Such foolishness! I do declare, it's just a waste of stamps,  
And keeps the postman hustling till it's time to light the lamps.  
Now here are two for number ten and three for number eight,  
And there is Dottie on the steps to tell me I am late.  
They've brought her one already, I see it in her hand,  
"Why, Dottie, no, it's not for me! . . . I do not understand . . ."  
'To dear old Mr. Postman, from his loving little Dot,'  
You did the writing all yourself? I knew it by the blot.  
You meant it for a kiss—of course, my eyesight's getting bad,

the Great Spirit would guide him to where food would be found in plenty.

It was after a long consultation that Moosa, the son of Wakonda, the great medicine man, said:

"I, who am Moosa, the son of Wakonda, have listened to the wise words of my fathers and brothers, and I would now tell of a vision that came to me last night as I kept my lonely vigil in the forest. Last night, when all of you, my brothers, were fast locked in the embrace of sleep, I stole from my father's lodge, and going to a little wigwam that I had prepared in the forest, I laid me down to sleep.

"Being weak from hunger and tired from fruitless hunting, I soon sank into a heavy slumber. In what seemed to me about an hour's time I awoke, and, Oh, my fathers! my tent was filled with a golden light, as if the golden rays of a big harvest moon had stolen into it. Outside the wolves howled, and the wind shrieked, but I cared not. I was strangely happy.

"Suddenly, as I sat in that golden delirium, the flap of my tent burst



### Comrades

I haven't had a valentine since I was but a lad,  
Away back in the country from a girl with eyes like you,  
I think it mentioned something 'bout the violet's being blue.  
Why, so does this! 'The rose is red' . . . Dear me! I do declare,  
It makes me feel a boy again with Mary standing there.  
Yes, Mary is my wife, miss, she promised to be mine,  
The day she gave her heart to me with that same valentine.  
Good-day, and thank you, Dottie dear, I really mustn't stay,  
I'm glad to say my bag is full of valentines to-day.

### The Vigil of Moosa.

BY GEORGIA G. WINKLER.

IT had been a hard winter, and even now, in the month of March, the snow lay white upon the ground, and the rivers and streams were still locked fast in fetter of ice.

The wolves howled in broad daylight with hunger and cold. The women and children kept fast within their huts and wigwams. Daily little children were dying with hunger and cold, and the hearts of the braves felt like big lumps of ice in their breasts; for famine, the dreaded enemy of the Indians, was fast approaching the tribe of Iroquois.

Many were the consultations that had been held. Ancient braves and old medicine men talked long and earnestly, but to no avail, for the Sun-God refused to smile upon them, and daily the hunters returned with empty game-bags. Talks and consultations would not fill empty stomachs or empty soup pots. Many a lonely vigil had been kept by a venturesome brave, thinking that perhaps in his dreams

open, and in flew a bird—but Oh my fathers, such a bird!—never have you seen the like; it's plumage was golden like the sun.

"Then I, who am Moosa, the son of Wakonda, the great medicine man, knew that a wondrous thing was about to happen, for a bird is the fore-runner of good tidings. But even as that thought entered my head, the bird rushed upon me, and in a moment we were in deadly combat.

"Together we struggled for what seemed to me like eternity. But just when I felt myself becoming weaker and weaker, the great bird released its clutch on me. I made a last desperate effort to hold it by grasping its tail, but I was too weak from hunger, and with a quick movement of its powerful wings, it jerked itself free—leaving in my hand one feather.

"Here it is, Oh my fathers! Take it and examine it well, for it is a gift from the Great Spirit, and by it shall famine disappear from the tribe of Iroquois. Behold, it is a golden arrow! may the name of Moosa, the son of Wakonda, become as great as that of his father."

And by the arrow's help it did, for not only did famine disappear, but the Sun-God turned his smile earthward, and the rivers and brooks danced in the sunshine, and all was bright with the gladness of spring.

### COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen, two boxes of Holland linen note paper will be awarded for the best two stories about Wild Animals. Manuscript must be marked with the age of the writer, and be certified as original by parent or guardian. Contest closes April 1st.

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 6.)

the result I was after just two days ago. It seemed to rise under my fingers on the bark as a photograph rises on the dry plate when it is developed." He rose from the chair he had taken beside her.

"It is time for me to go, I fear. You are awfully kind not to tell me I have wearied you," he ended. "Take warning, and make a note of what happens when a man is allowed to talk about himself."

"Encouraged to," she corrected softly, rising also.

CHAPTER X.

CROSSING to the shelf Wynn lifted down the sleepy chipmunk. He glanced at the Indian woman. She stared unwinkingly at the beaver skins, and drew the shining needle in, and out of the fur. The ring of candle-light circled her quiet tiny body.

"Good night, Wanota," he said. The squaw turned her face up and responded with a few soft Indian words.

"She wishes you a long sleep," interpreted Nance.

"A long sleep is good," he replied, with his sudden smile, "if it is not too long. Give Wanota my thanks. Now to start. If you should need me, fire two quick shots. I will hear the report. Your grandfather will rest, I think, till morning."

The girl went with Wynn to the edge of the verandah. A frosty wind caught the curling ends of her hair. She lifted her pretty head and looked up at the stars. They were startlingly big and bright, and the silver mist of the milky way wound in and out amongst them, a fairy road that led no man might say where.

"What a night!" she said, then looked down at Wynn. "You have not told me why you came to Lone Lake? There is that much of the story for me to hear yet—if you care to tell it."

"I have no reason to give for coming," he answered, his eyes on her face outlined in the starlight. "I just drifted this way. An unseen current brought me North, and it was the right way. Some unseen current always does drift us in the right way eventually, I have come to believe. But you are cold?—I must not keep you."

"I am not cold," she answered, looking up. "I'll just stay a moment. Ah! See that amethyst light flash from the North! Now the pink!"

"The Aurora!" he exclaimed. "It is the first time I've seen the Northern Lights this year. Do you fancy you hear them unfurled with a soft rasp as of ribbon through the fingers?"

Nance nodded. "I have often thought I heard them. Sometimes they come like a great rose-coloured umbrella opening and closing over the world; and I have seen them like a fan of iridescent feathers, waving back and forth. Or they grow up softly in the sky as one might imagine fairy flowers would grow—queer coloured lily-like things with floating leaves, faintly green as seaweed—and they bloom and fade in the same moment. Once I saw them like chains of opals; and once they looked as though they were the long white fingers of a ghostly hand that moved among the stars. See! They are gone. Oh, I love the night, and the October stillness and the winds edged with frost!"

"Up here they remind me of the moor-winds that Stevenson loved. The winds austere and pure."

"Only a Scotsman would have described them so," she laughed. "Though I admit it does describe them." Then, irrelevantly, "Tell me, when did you meet Grand-dad?"

"When I got as far as the Post near St. Elizabeth's Mission. He chanced to be there. The Factor introduced him to me as 'The old man.' They both accepted me without comment or question. I had about come to the end of my tether in fact, and I



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Once you or yours realize the rich, wholesome savor of crisp, toasted flaky hearts of sweetest sugar corn, you'll banish porridge from your breakfast menu. It will be 'sweethearts for everybody' OFTENER than once a day when you offer



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TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Ten Cents A Package



41



The Folly of Paring Corns

Here's a typical corn. Paring that corn takes off just the top layers. It merely relieves the pressure for a little time.

The root remains, and the whole corn soon returns.

And that paring is exceedingly dangerous. A slip of the blade means infection, and blood poison often results.

Ending Corns

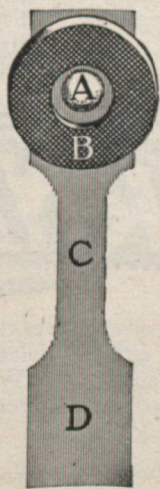
The way to end corns is with a simple Blue-jay plaster.

The pain stops instantly. Then the

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Blue-jay Corn Plasters

At Druggists—15c and 25c per package

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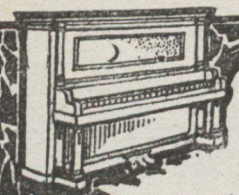


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asked your grandfather if he knew of an empty shack where a man could live and disturb no one. He told me of the shack at Lone Lake. There seemed a fitness in the name and the place. 'We belonged.' So I bought a canoe from a reservation Indian who luckily had one for sale, loaded up with supplies, and, following the old man, paddled up the river to Lone Lake. He kindly went with me to the hut and I took possession. There was enough of the 'eternal vagabond' in me to make me enjoy the adventure. The place held a stove, rusted but whole, a stump table and two odd spruce-root chairs. Also I found there a violin in its case, a faded red shawl, and what was left of a small pair of moccasins. Sherlock Holmes would have deduced that at a remote time a white man had lived there—and an Indian woman."

"Yes," said Nance, "the white man who was thrown over Black Rock by the Indian whose spirit they say haunts the lake, and the woman the Indian loved."

"I have seen no spirits," said Wynn, "though they may be there. The place is filled with an unutterable quiet. A healing silence. It is perfumed with balsam till the very shadows seem sweet-scented. I sought it as hurt things seek hidden places where they may be left alone, and perhaps win back strength. It has been lonely. So lonely, little lady, that at times I would even have welcomed the spirit of that love-mad Indian for company. 'But'—he looked down at the girl and held out his hand—"that has about passed."

She touched his hand lightly with her own, then drew back. In the dusk the dark gold of her hair was luminous, and her eyes brilliant as the stars in the frosty sky. "Oh, it is very late!" she said, "I must go in."

"Yes! Yes!" he said hurriedly. "And I have kept you too long. But tell me"—his voice suddenly eager—"tell me my story did not weary you, that it has not made you despise me. Tell me you like me quite as well as you did yesterday morning. You see, with a short uncertain laugh, "I take it for granted that I made a good first impression."

"Indeed, I like you as well," Nance replied, echoing the little passing laugh. Crossing to the door she stood suddenly absolutely still—listening. The long unhappy wail of a lynx came faintly on the wind, swelled louder, broke into moans, and died away.

"Have you a rifle in the canoe?" she questioned anxiously.

"He smiled in the dark. "Yes," he assured her.

"And—it is loaded?"

"With bird-shot," said Wynn.

"It should be buck-shot," she answered. "Keep the muzzle towards the bow, it is wiser when its dark. Good-night."

"Good-night," the man repeated.

The queer bark door swung on its moose-hide hinges, then closed. Wynn watched the girl's shadow fall on the window, stood a moment, lit his pipe, then strode across the brittle grasses towards the river.

Nance slipped off her green serge gown and put on a red woollen kimono that Sister Mary Philomena had made for her. She took the pins from her hair, brushed and braided it. Then she drew a bear-skin near the couch where the old man still slept, and sat down on the floor beside him. Joris, who had been nervously trotting about the room until she came in, went over to the hearth, stretched contentedly, tramped round in one small spot after a fashion probably followed by his wolf-kin in pre-historic days, curled up and slept. Wanota had disappeared. The wind blew up sharply. In the warm room, once more, the girl grew rigidly still and listened, for again came the desolate horrible cry of the lynx; nearer this time. Silence followed.

She crouched down, resting her head against the old man's hand where it lay on the fur. The red kimono that the little grey nun had fashioned, wrapped her round as in poppy leaves, but it held none of their charm, for sleep and she were two.

### Hotel Directory

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"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"  
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Thoughts, sweet and bitter, held her in bondage. Her soul was swept away on the flood tide of them. The presence of the man who had just left her seemed still to fill the room. She saw him everywhere, and heard his voice; the vibrant careless voice that rang the changes on each tone and made even common words and current phrases of golden value, to be treasured against the colourless and soundless days when perchance they would be heard no more. With small reason, she had always looked forward to the future as full of vivid possibilities—as a joyous kaleidoscopic time that would turn each day into a new delight. She shuddered as she realized that all in a moment her outlook upon the coming years had changed. She feared them, feared the long grey procession of them, for she knew that they would be blank, empty, silent as the seas beyond the last land, if Richard Wynn went away. Richard Wynn—the man she had only known since yesterday morning; a sojourner, a passer-by; one who would without the faintest doubt return to the place whence he came.

Though he made light of it, he was of a different world from her own. There were many it might be, in Oxford, in London or in the American University town he had named, who waited eagerly for news of him and wearied at his long absence. Here in the North she had seen no man like him. Here the men grew silent as the silent places they knew. They were taciturn, and often rough on the surface. Sometimes they were kindly, sometimes cruel, but not one of them who had come her way had this man's gentle freedom of speech, or his open delight in the beauty of the North. Not one had his buoyant indifference to the day's hardships, or possessed his unflinching courtesy.

Her father, she remembered, had been such a one as Wynn, and other men she had met in those dim days of her childhood spent amongst Shakespearean players and in the atmosphere of the theatres, now crossed her mind as vague, indistinct figures, yet of the same gracious bearing.

Her grandfather was different. He had no outward graces. At times he talked, but he was often unreadable, and given to long silences. His temper was quick and uncontrolled, and he was a dangerous man to cross or deceive, as different Indians had found to their cost. Yet he could be a faithful friend, and was strong and good also—apart from his trapping of the beasts.

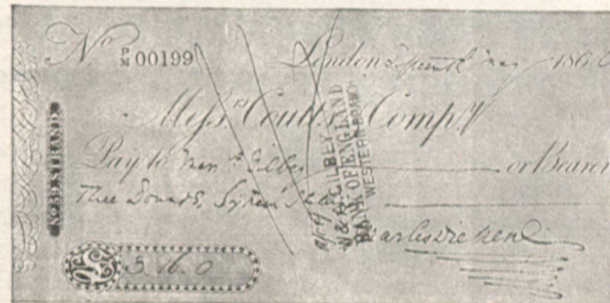
She wished now passionately that she had inherited his strength of will and self-sufficiency, and had been less easy to charm, less quick to give her friendship.

There in the dark her face burned as she realized that she had asked for—no, insisted upon Wynn's recital of his story. Had he not laughingly admitted that he would not have given her such confidences if they had met in England! How would he have talked to those conventional English girls, she wondered. In what way was she unlike them? Perhaps he was only starved for sympathy. One listener might have answered as well as another. Perhaps the silence of Lone Lake made him eager to hear his own voice and hers. That they had drifted into personal matters was natural enough. It was the tendency when people were cut off from outside interests. The settlers, hunters and trappers were nearly always introspective. No, it was not strange that he had told her. But there should be no more questions. Desperately she resolved to keep close guard upon herself. Yet—Oh! how dear the long paddle up the river had been! How for ever unforgettable the hours in the fire-lit room!

She pressed her head a little closer against the big helpless hand on the bear-skin, for Wanota's candle on the chair fluttered and went out. The room grew dark, save where the embers glowed; grew darker and darker, then grew grey, for the Eastern sky turned rose and silver, and Nance kept vigil by the old man till he awoke at sunrise.

(To be continued.)

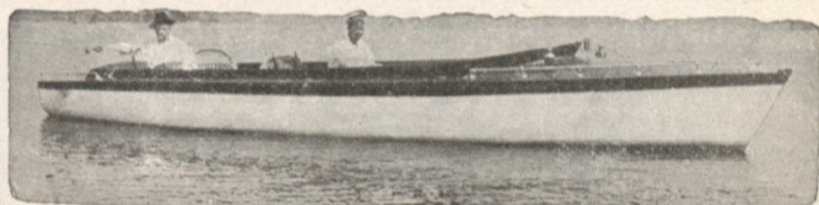
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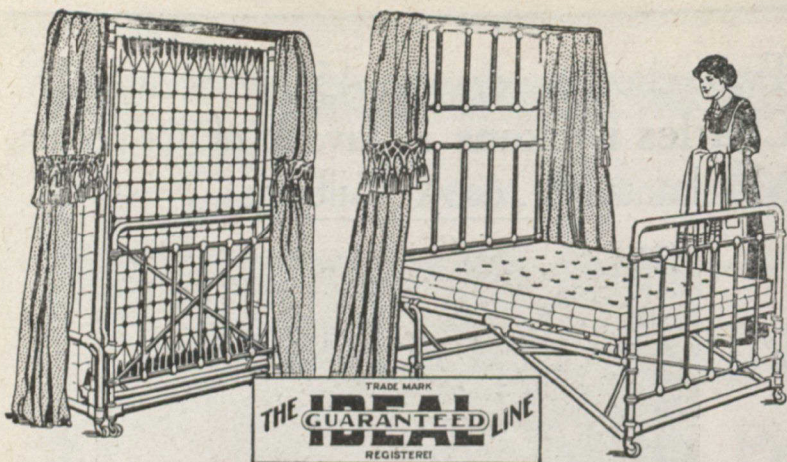
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The disagreeable taste of the cinchona is effectually covered, thus preventing stomachic irritation.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor



## ROSENTHAL'S WIDOW

(Continued from page 8.)

the smaller towns, and Sam wont have to work so hard, and you wont lose him."

"Gott weiss! what's coming over the young mens nowadays, Esther? Weak like dish-rags they all are, and a little hard travelling on Pullman cars, and extra stopping in first-class hotels at top prices gives them right away the nery prostrations. In my day, y' know, nothing could kill a young man. You could drive a team of elephants over 'em, and they'd get fat on it. Well, I guess I gotta worry myselfs looking for another drummer to take off some of the work, and if I get one what's no worse as Sam Posner, I wont got a word to say. He's been telling me I oughta get another man, but I just thought he was kicking from force of habit, like everybody does. Guess what them crazy lunticks, Jaffee & Janowitz, are doing now? Kraussman tells me this morning only that they are figuring on hiring a widow lady to sell their line through the Middle West. Aint that a hot one?"

"It depends on the lady, Sol. You know a smart business woman is awful smart, and why shouldn't a woman sell shirt waists on the road as well as in a store? Don't she know all about 'em?"

"Koosh! Are you going to begin on wha I heard already away too much about to-day? Kraussman he says that; Sam bears him, and he pitches in and says he's met the lady, and she's a cracker-jack and I don't know what all besides."

Esther raised her eyebrows. "My! she must be smart. Sam never gives oser a stuck extra credits. Why don't you see her, So? Maybe she'd take your line cheaper as what a man would. I'd like to see you get somebody good away from Jaffee & Janowitz. Wouldn't it make 'em crazy?"

"Not so crazy as what a woman drummer would make me," growled Sol; but Esther suspected that he had already considered the matter. "That's enough to say now," she reflected, and dropped the subject.

In the meantime Hatt'e had not been idle. She had called upon several firms and had created a great impression. It is not every day in the week that women talk to waist manufacturers in a manner that makes them sit up and stare admiringly.

Mrs. Rosenthal made them all the same proposition. "I will pay my own expenses and sell your line for ten per cent. commission," she said.

One reputable firm offered her seven and a half, and she promised to consider the matter. Then she looked up an embroidery salesman who had been a friend of her husband, and whom she knew called regularly upon Sol Berger. He promised to do as she asked, and volunteered to have a lace salesman do the same.

In consequence of all this, Sol heard a great deal about Mrs. Rosenthal the next day: how she had commanded respect from the shrewdest men in the business; how much she knew about the routes and expenses, and the usual commissions, and how nobody could beat her on goods; how confident she was that she could make ten per cent., and how determined to do it.

On the way down town in the morning he heard about her from some brother manufacturers whom he chanced to meet. Dave Kraussman sandwiched praises of her in between those of some new waist models he offered for inspection; the lace salesman had a great deal to say about her, and the embroidery salesman, who followed, had even more. Posner remarked that he had heard that she was going to make a bargain with Roth & Reeves, and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the office-boy ushered in the lady herself.

"I gotta admit," said Sol, in telling Esther about it later, "that that woman is sure one great exception to all man is sure one great exception to all the general rules and regulations. She actually knows how much is two and two, and in her head she can fig-

ure like lightning. She wants I shall make it up quick for her a sample line, and she says she will pay her own expenses, and until she shows what she can do she don't ask it no guaranteed expenses business. She wants it ten per cents commission."

"When will you have her line ready, So?"

"The day after it rains laces and embroideries, Esther. Say, I aint sending out no high-sterikill womens to sell Esther B. waists, so long's men hold out. I told her there wasn't nothing doing."

"Oi! Such a man! Foolish prejudices he lets stand in the way of good business. Some day you will be sorry you didn't get Mrs. Rosenthal."

"Some day never comes; and, anyway, if it was to-morrow, I'd not be sorry."

"I bet you will."

"I betcha I wont. I betcha anythings you like."

"All right! I'll bet you a fall suit against a silk hat. You will be sorry by fall, and I can use a suit by that time."

Mrs. Rosenthal wasted no more time on Berger, but speedily concluded satisfactory arrangements with Roth & Reeves, and inside of ten days left on her first trip.

"Of course," she said to Agnes and Minnie before she left, "their line is not as fine as Berger's, and I did want his—"

"Never mind," said Agnes. "It looks as though we failed, but we are not through with Sol Berger yet. Keep us posted on how you are doing, and we'll see that he doesn't hear of anything else but you. You will get his line yet."

As time went on, it became more and more apparent to Sol that he must get another traveller, and he even tried two, but they proved utter failures, and the fact that the waist-trade's topic of conversation was the phenomenal success of Mrs. Rosenthal did not improve his temper.

On the morning Sol Berger heard that Mrs. Rosenthal was back in town he addressed to himself this remark: "Being a dappes didn't never get nobody nothing but valuable experience." Then he put on his hat and called upon Mrs. Rosenthal at her hotel.

When he left, he muttered: "Oi! That's a business woman for your life! Two thousand dollars a year is piles for a woman, but, by golly, she's worth it."

That evening Sol, smiling rather sheepishly, handed his wife a generous check. "Go ahead, Es; get it yourselfs a swell suit. I made it a year's contract with Mrs. Rosenthal this morning. By golly, I'm going to stop making bets with you; too many times you are right."

**No Cruelty Allowed.**—A Boston contemporary has announced the engagement of the son of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, "President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Mrs. Rowley."—Chicago Tribune.

**Not Known.**—The Marquis of Queensberry, in the "smoke-room" of the Mauretania, said of the passing of the House of Lords:

"It makes little difference to me. I have no seat in the House. I am, you know, only a peer of Scotland."

He smiled grimly, and added: "A Scottish peer isn't thought much of in the House of Lords. There was a Baptist minister once who attempted to enter the floor of the House, ignorant of the fact that the floor is exclusively reserved for members and their servants."

"The doorkeeper thought the minister might be the valet or butler of some peer."

"What lord do you serve?" he asked.

"What lord?" replied the minister. "Why, the Lord Jehovah!"

"Oh, he's got no seat here," sneered the doorkeeper. "He's one of them poor Scottish peers, I suppose."

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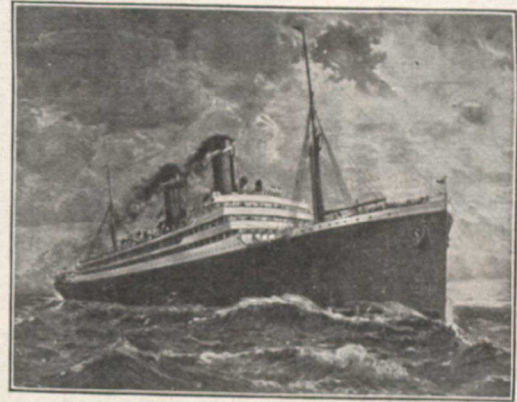
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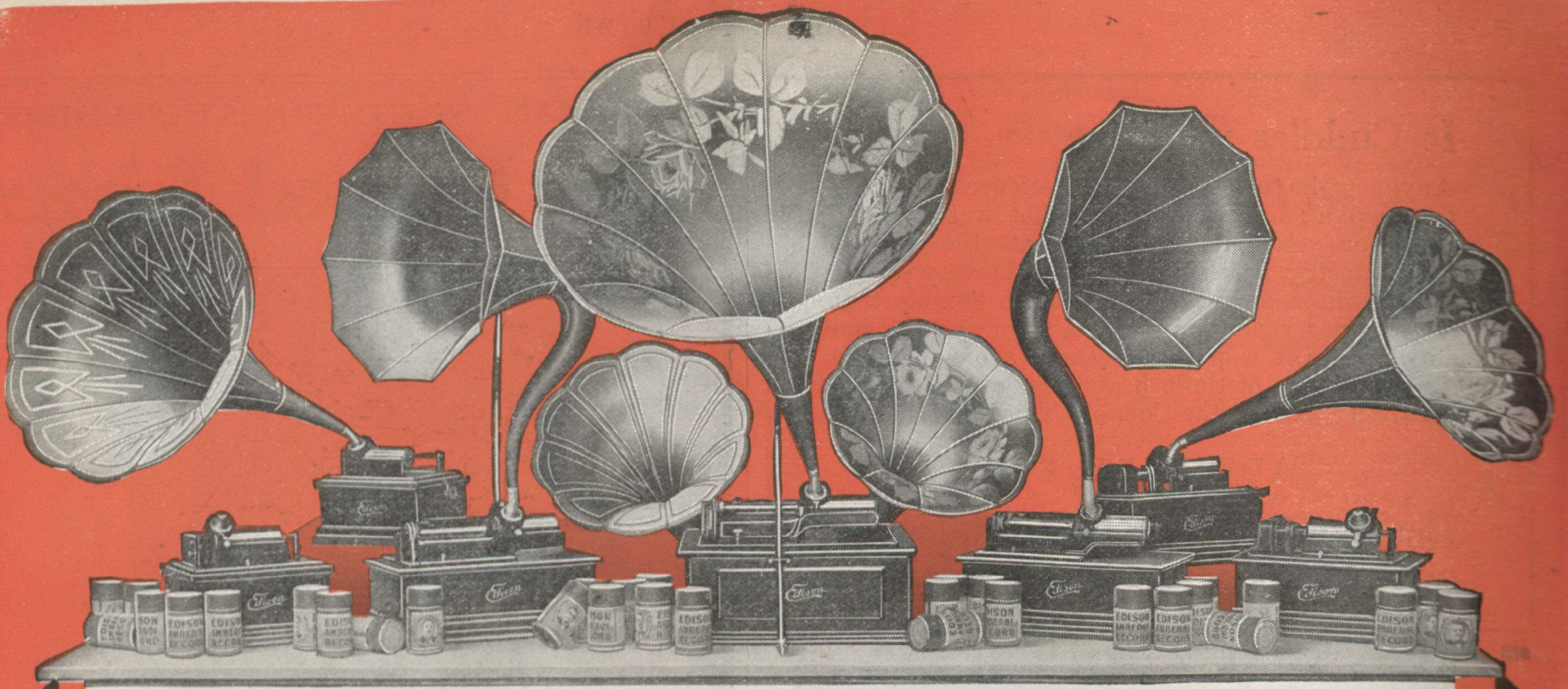
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