

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

An Unconventional Confidence

STORY BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

What About the Senate?

BY THE MONOCLE MAN

The Athenaeum Club of Vancouver

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

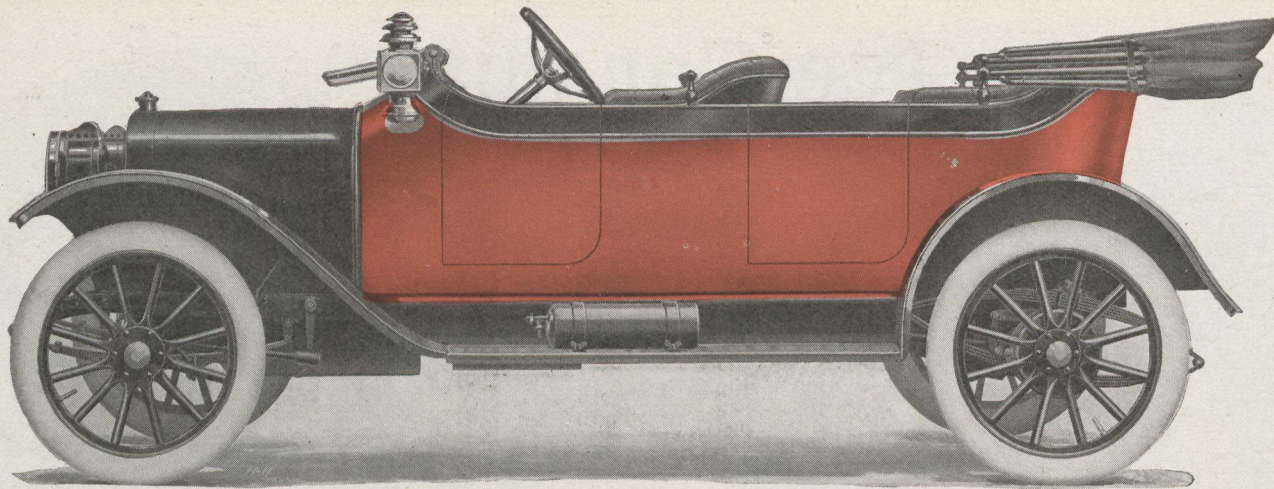
In Mountain-Land

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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Comfort. First, you want a car with a long wheelbase. For that means a good-sized body with plenty of room for the family. You don't want a short, scrunched-up body that you can't get the family into without everyone feeling uncomfortable. The wheelbase on the R-C-H is 110 inches---greater than that of any other car under \$1,200.

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You owe it to yourself to investigate this wonderful automobile before buying a car.

Standard Models. These are fully equipped with top, windshield, lamps, horn, tools and kit. They have not the self-starter or other special equipment of the SS models mentioned above. They are priced as follows: Touring Car, \$1,050; Touring Roadster, \$1,000; Roadster, \$850.

GENERAL R-C-H SPECIFICATIONS---Motor---4 cylinders, cast en bloc, 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke, two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. Drive---Left side. Irreversible worm gear. 16-inch wheel. Control---Centre lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs---Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame---Pressed steel channel. Axles---Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Body---English type, extra wide front seats. Wheelbase, 110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

Accessibility. You can't bother with a car that has to go to the machine-shop every time there's a slight adjustment to be made. The R-C-H has been specially designed to make every possible part readily accessible, even to an entirely inexperienced owner. The gears, the motor parts and the transmission can be examined by the removal of a few bolts or screws. The steering gear or the clutch can be readily removed if desired without disturbing the rest of the car.

Other Features. The drive on the R-C-H is left-side. This is the only natural drive for American road rules. The right-side drive was copied years ago from European cars, but in Europe the rules of the road are just the reverse of what they are here. The control is by means of a center lever, out of the way, yet convenient to the operator's right hand.

Naturally you'll wonder how we can make such a car at such a price. And here's the reason in a nutshell. There has been a big advance in automobile construction within the last year or so. Newly-invented machinery has made it possible to manufacture at much less cost. And no matter how big a plant may be, if it is running with old machinery it cannot compete in production cost with a newer plant.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

"Better Not Inquire."—"Yes," said Swagger, "this is a turkeze ring."
"Excuse me," said Beggs, "the correct pronunciation of that word is 'turkwoise.'"

"No, 'turkeze,' excuse me."
"I say 'turkwoise.'"
"Well, let's go to a jeweler and ask him."

"Right."
"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is 'turkeze' or 'turkwoise?'"

The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully.
"The correct pronunciation," he said, "is 'glass.'"—Tit-Bits.

The "Come-Back."—He—"Madam, you promised to obey me. Do you do it?"
She—"Sir, you promised me your worldly goods. Do I get 'em?"—Baltimore American.

Up Against the Bars.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul;
A merry old soul was he!
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.
But only two of the fiddlers came;
The third, they said, was barred
From earning his living thenceforth, because

He carried no union card.
Nor came the pipe with its fragrant weed,
Nor the bowl with its golden brew;
For all such things had been driven from court

By the W. C. T. U.
—New York Evening Post.

Too Frank.—"You are workingmen—"
"Hooray!"
"And because you are workingmen—"
"Hooray!"
"You must work."
"Put him out! Put him out!"—Tit-Bits.

Consolation. — Struggling Author—
"This world will not recognize all I have done until after my death."
Friend—"Well, I wouldn't worry. You'll be beyond injury then."—Satire.

Nursery Rhymes Up-to-Date.

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The crooks are all over the town!
They're making grabs
From taxicabs,
And no one runs them down!

Diddle diddle dumpling,
My son John,
He came home, but
His watch was gone!

Little Miss Muffit,
She sat on a tuffit,
Her diamonds made a display;
A pickpocket eyed her,
Then sat down beside her,
And got all her sparklers away!

Taffy is a burglar,
Taffy is a thief,
Taffy has a pull, though,
And never comes to grief!

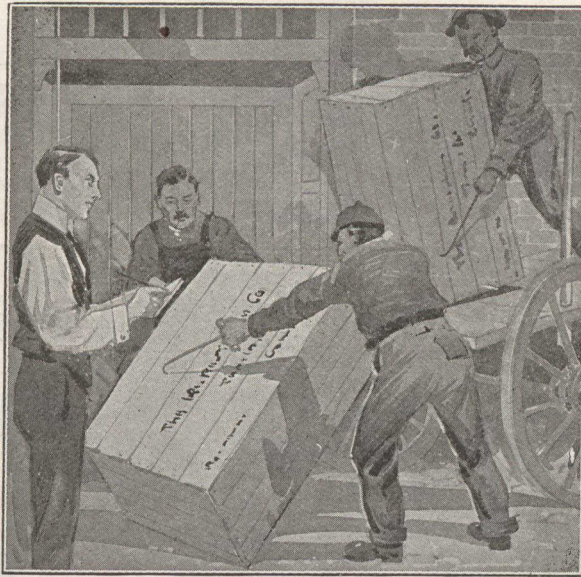
Little Cop Horner
He stood on the corner,
Watching the robbers go by;
He twiddled his thumb,
And he pulled in a bum,
And he said, "What a good cop am I!"

—Town Topics.

An Omission.—Knicker—"Did your father give you an auto?"
Bocker—"Yes, but he didn't endow it."
—Lippincott's.

Consoling.—Musician—"Is it not a distressing thought that some of our greatest composers made very little money in their lifetime?"

Philistine—"No. It's my only consolation when my wife drags me to the opera!"—London Opinion.



How are you fixed when goods arrive?

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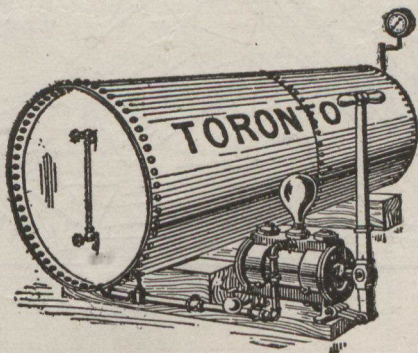
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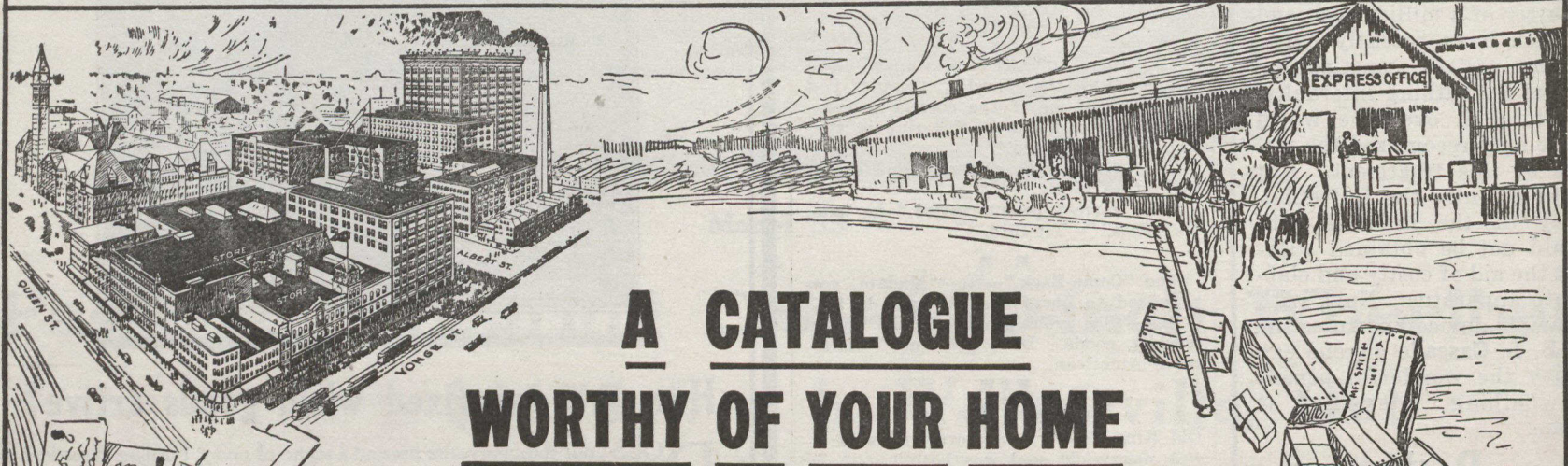


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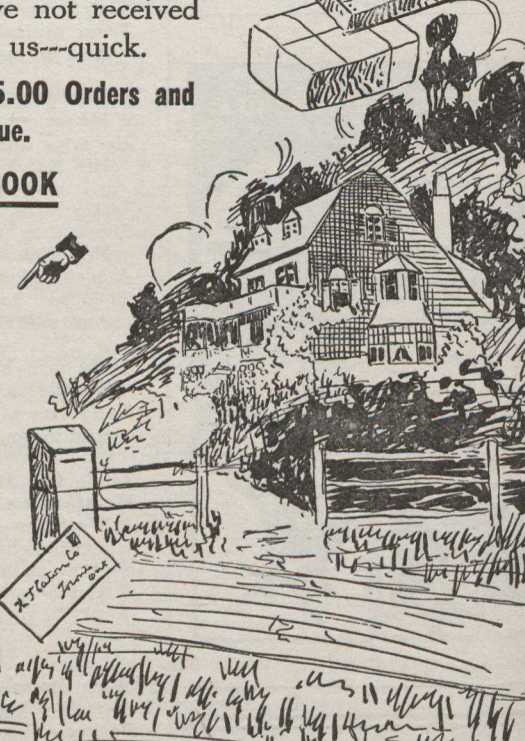
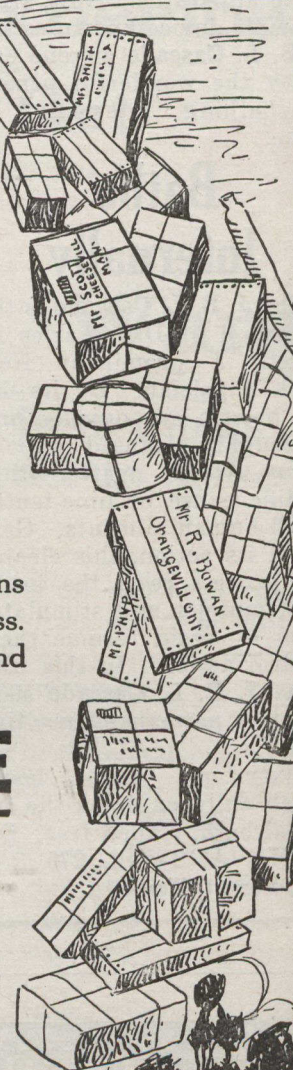
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NO. 21

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Editor's Talk

PERHAPS no phrase in common use in this country is so generally misunderstood as "Good Roads." The average reader shies away when the subject is mentioned. He thinks it a discussion about crushed stones, drainage, crowning and other technical details of road-building. In reality the question of "Good Roads" is as interesting and as broad as the question of "More Railways." It is one of the big problems of transportation. It is national and economic.

A writer in this number estimates that good roads throughout Canada would effect a yearly saving of thirty millions of dollars. Should not every man be interested in a problem which means an additional profit to the farmers of thirty millions a year? If railway rates could be reduced so as to add thirty millions annually to the value of our farm products, would not every citizen be interested?

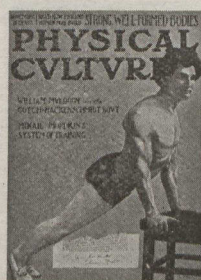
There will be three articles in this series. The first appears this week and the other two will appear in the next two numbers. Every person interested in the relation between city and country life in its broadest phase will find this series most informing.

There is considerable talk above and below the surface as to the relations between East and West. The United States has passed through a similar phase of national history. There was once much talk of that country breaking in two at the Mississippi. Time worked wonders in the United States and it will do so here. In the meantime, however, it is best to discuss these differences freely and kindly so that a broader understanding may be reached. The subject is dealt with on one page of this issue.

We shall shortly publish a series of three articles on "The Working Girl," being the results of a special investigation of this economic question made by Miss Marjory MacMurchy, the president of the Women's Press Club of Canada. Miss MacMurchy undertook the task at the request of several organizations interested in the problem of the woman who works, and her experiences, her discoveries and her findings, will throw a flood of light upon a question of vital importance to our social and economic efficiency. The series will be specially illustrated.

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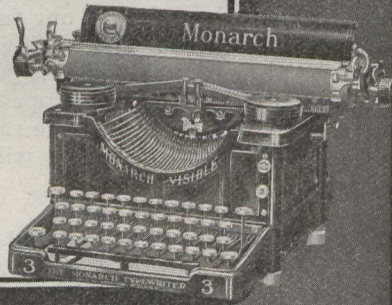
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The Scrap Book

Enjoyment.—Paul J. Rainey was dining in New York—fresh from his slaughter of seventy-four lions in Africa.

"Ugh!" said a young girl. "Killing lions! How could you?"

"Lion-killing is a matter of taste," said Mr. Rainey, and then, with a laugh, he continued: "Everything is a matter of taste, you know. At the Kingsway in London I once went to see Lena Ashwell in 'Madame X.' It was a matinee. Girls and women surrounded me. These girls and women wept under Lena Ashwell's spell like pumps, like fountains, like Niagaras. I was sorry I hadn't brought my raincoat. It got so damp I feared I'd catch cold. But after a while the spectacle of the hundreds of weeping girls and women began to amuse me. Forgetting the damp and discomfort, I began to laugh. I couldn't help it. I laughed on and on. I held my sides and shook. A beautiful young girl on my right looked at me over her wet handkerchief, first reproachfully, then indignantly.

"At last she plucked up courage to say, in a low, fierce voice broken by sobs. 'I wish you—you'd go away! Even if the play doesn't amuse you, at least you might—you might let those around you enjoy it.'"

Her Idea of Hash.—Mr. Bacon—"Something wrong with this hash this morning, dear."

Mrs. Bacon—"Why?"

Mr. Bacon—"I don't know. It needs something."

Mrs. Bacon—"I can't think what it can be. I put in everything I could find."—Yonkers Statesman.

Happiness.

The hall clock strikes the knell of parting day,
And mother goes, astute and thoughtful, she,
Then father upstairs plods his weary way,
And leaves the girl to darkness and to me.

—The O. A. C. Review.

Concerning Spending.—Senator Dixon, of Montana, says that he saved a soldier a walk to Fort Myer the other night, and, incidentally, learned a new lesson in economy.

"Very evidently the soldier had been celebrating pay day, for he was good-naturedly intoxicated as well as 'broke.' Not having his fare when the conductor called for it, I granted his request for the accommodating nickel. Then I asked him what he had done with his \$16.50. "He answered frankly enough: "Ten dollars went for a champagne supper with the boys—and I bought drinks with five."

"I asked him what he had done with the other \$1.50.

"After a moment's thought he hesitatingly answered: 'Well, I guess I just spent it foolishly.'"

Pronunciation.—"Is he a man or pronounced views?"

"Yes; but they are pronounced by his wife."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Penalty.—"This show cost the producer \$30,000."

"I'm glad of it."—Washington Herald.

Behind the Times.—"Did you read about the \$500,000 pearl necklace that the Philadelphia banker gave his bride the other day?"

"No."

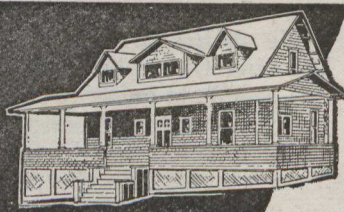
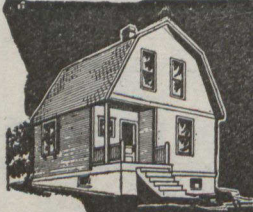
"Goodness! Don't you ever try to keep posted on the important happenings of the day?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Answered.—Cholly (handling his friend's revolver gingerly)—"I suppose, now, if this should go off while I'm holding it like this it would blow my brains out."

His Friend—"No, it wouldn't do that, but it would bore a hole clean through your head."—Weekly Scotsman.

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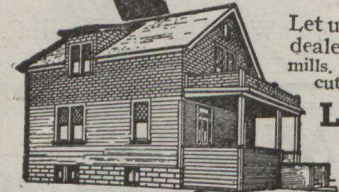
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The National Weekly

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Vol. XI.

April 20, 1912

No. 21

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME"--WHEN THE INVADER IS UNEMPLOYMENT.
 THE COAL STRIKE TURNED THOUSANDS ON THE STREETS OF BRITAIN SEARCHING FOR FUEL AND FOOD.



Hundreds With Baby-Carriage Vehicles Waiting for Hours at the Birmingham Gas Works to Buy Coke.



Corporations Are Said to Have No Souls. But the Mothers and Children of Sheffield, Waiting for Free Mugs of Soup, Seem to have a Cheerful Faith in Corporate Benevolence. Photographs by Topical, London.

An Unconventional Confidence

Proof That it is Not Well to Make Rash Vow

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE Girl in Black-and-yellow ran frantically down the grey road under the pines. There was nobody to see her, but she would have run if all Halifax had been looking on. For had she not on the loveliest new hat—a "creation" in yellow chiffon with big black choux—and a dress to match? And was there not a shower coming straight from the hills across the harbour?

Down at the end of the long, resinous avenue the Girl saw the shore road, with the pavilion shutting out the view of the harbour's mouth. Below the pavilion, clean-shaven George's Island guarded the town like a sturdy bull-dog, and beyond it were the wooded hills, already lost in a mist of rain.

"Oh, I shall be too late," moaned the girl. But she held her hat steady with one hand, and ran on. If she could only reach the pavilion in time! It was a neck-and-neck race between the rain and the Girl, but the Girl won. Just as she flew out upon the shore road, a tall Young Man came pelting down the latter, and they both dashed up the steps of the pavilion together, as the rain swooped down upon them and blotted George's Island and the smoky town and the purple banks of the Eastern Passage from view.

The pavilion was small at the best of times, and just now the rain was beating into it on two sides, leaving only one dry corner. Into this the Girl moved. She was flushed and triumphant. The Young Man thought that in all his life he had never seen anyone so pretty.

"I'm so glad I didn't get my hat wet," said the Girl, breathlessly, as she straightened it with a careful hand, and wondered if she looked very blown and blowsy.

"It would have been a pity," admitted the Young Man. "It is a very pretty hat."

"Pretty!" The Girl looked the scorn her voice expressed. "Anyone can have a pretty hat. Our cook has one. *This* is a creation."

"Of course," said the Young Man, humbly. "I ought to have known. But I am very stupid."

"Well, I suppose a mere man couldn't be expected to understand exactly," said the Girl, graciously.

She smiled at him in a friendly fashion, and he smiled back. The Girl thought that she had never seen such lovely brown eyes before. He could not be a Haligonian. She was sure she knew all the nice young men with brown eyes in Halifax.

"Please sit down," she said, plaintively. "I'm tired."

The Young Man smiled again at the idea of his sitting down because the Girl was tired. But he sat down, and so did she, on the only dry seat to be found.

"Goodness knows how long this rain will last," said the Girl, making herself comfortable and picturesque, "but I shall stay here until it clears up, if it rains for a week. I will *not* have my hat spoiled. I suppose I shouldn't have put it on. Beatrix said it was going to rain. Beatrix is such a horribly good prophet. I detest people who are good prophets, don't you?"

"I think that they are responsible for all the evils that they predict," said the Young Man, solemnly.

"That is just what I told Beatrix. And I was determined to put on this hat and come out to the park to-day. I simply had to be alone, and I knew I'd be alone out here. Everybody else would be at the football game. By the way, why aren't you there?"

"I wasn't even aware that there was a football game on hand," said the Young Man, as if he knew he ought to be ashamed of his ignorance, and was.

"Dear me," said the Girl, pityingly. "Where can you have been not to have heard of it? It's between the Dalhousie team and the Wanderers. Almost everybody here is on the Wanderers' side, because they are Haligonians, but I am not. I like the college boys best. Beatrix says that it is just because of my innate contrariness. Last year I simply screamed myself hoarse with enthusiasm. The Dalhousie team won the trophy."

"If you are so interested in the game, it is a wonder you didn't go to see it yourself," said the Young Man, boldly.

"Well I just couldn't," said the Girl, with a sigh. "If anybody had ever told me that there would be a football game in Halifax, and that I would elect to prow about myself in the park, instead of going to it, I'd have laughed them to scorn. Even Beatrix would never have dared to prophesy *that*. But you see it has happened. I was too crumpled up in my mind to care about football to-day. I had to come here and have it out with myself. That is why I put on my hat. I thought, perhaps, I might get through with my mental gymnastics in time to go to the game afterwards. But I didn't. It is just maddening, too. I got this hat and dress on purpose to wear it. They're black and yellow, you see—the Dalhousie colours. It was my own idea. I was



"I Am so Glad I Did Not Get My Hat Wet."

Drawn by A. Keelor.

sure it would make a sensation. But I couldn't go to the game and take any interest in it, feeling as I do, could I, now?"

The Young Man said, of course, she couldn't. It was utterly out of the question. The Girl smiled. Without a smile, she was charming; with a smile, she was adorable.

"I like to have my opinions bolstered up. Do you know, I want to tell you something? May I?"

"You may, I'll never tell anyone as long as I live," said the Young Man, solemnly.

"I don't know you, and you don't know me. That is why I want to tell you about it. I *must* tell somebody, and if I told anybody I know, they'd tell it all over Halifax! It is dreadful to be talking to you like this. Beatrix would have three fits, one after the other, if she saw me. But Beatrix is a slave to conventionality. I glory in discarding it at times. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," said the Young Man, sincerely. The

Girl sighed. Then she started to tell her story.

"I have reached that point where I must have a confidant, or go crazy. Once I could tell things to Beatrix. That was before she got engaged. Now she tells everything to him. There is no earthly way of preventing her. I've tried them all. So nowadays, when I get into trouble, I tell it out loud to myself in the glass. It's a relief, you know. But that is no good now. I want to tell it to somebody who can say things back. Will you promise to say things back?"

The Young Man assured her that he would, when the proper time came.

"Very well. But please don't look at me while I'm telling you. I'll be sure to blush in places. When Beatrix wants to be particularly aggravating she says I have lost the art of blushing. But that is only her way of putting it, you know. Sometimes I blush dreadfully."

The Young Man dragged his eyes from the face under the black and yellow hat, and fastened them on a crooked pine tree that hung out over the bank.

"Well," began the Girl, "the root of the whole trouble is simply this. There is a young man in England. I always think of him as the Creature. He is the son of a man who was father's especial crony in boyhood, before father emigrated to Canada. Worse than that, he comes of a family which has contracted a vile habit of marrying into our family. It has come down through the ages so long that it has become chronic. Father left most of his musty traditions in England, but he brought this pet one with him. He and his friend agreed that the latter's son should marry one of father's daughters. It ought to have been Beatrix—she is the eldest. But Beatrix had a pug nose. So father settled on me. From my earliest recollection I have been given to understand that just as soon as I grew up there would be a ready-made husband imported from England for me. I was doomed to it from my cradle. Now," said the Girl, with a tragic gesture, "I ask you, could anything be more hopelessly, appallingly stupid and devoid of romance than that?"

The Young Man shook his head, but did not look at her.

"It's pretty bad," he admitted.

"You see," said the Girl, pathetically, "the shadow of it has been over my whole life. Of course, when I was a very little girl I didn't mind it so much. It was such a long way off and lots of things might happen. The Creature might run away with some other girl—or I might have the smallpox—or Beatrix's nose might be straight when she grew up. And if Beatrix's nose were straight she'd be a great deal prettier than I am. But nothing did happen—and her nose is puggier than ever. Then when I grew up things were horrid. I never could have a single little bit of fun. And Beatrix had such a good time! She had scores of lovers, in spite of her nose. To be sure she's engaged now—and he's a horrid fady little creature. But he is her own choice. She wasn't told that there was a man in England whom she must marry by and by, when he got sufficiently reconciled to the idea to come and ask her. Oh, it makes me furious!"

"Is—is there—anyone else?" asked the Young Man, hesitatingly.

"Oh, dear, me. How could there be? Why, you know, I couldn't have the tiniest flirtation with another man when I was as good as engaged to the Creature. That is one of my grievances. Just think how much fun I've missed! I used to rage to Beatrix about it, but she would tell me that I ought to be thankful to have the chance of making such

a good match—the Creature is rich, you know, and clever. As if I cared how clever or rich he is! Beatrix made me so cross that I gave up saying anything, and sulked by myself. So they think I'm quite reconciled to it, but I'm not."

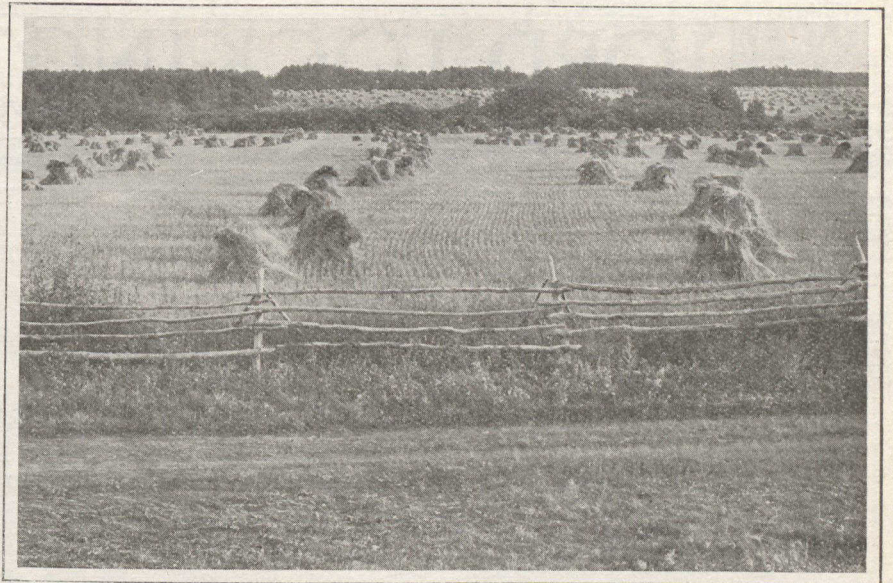
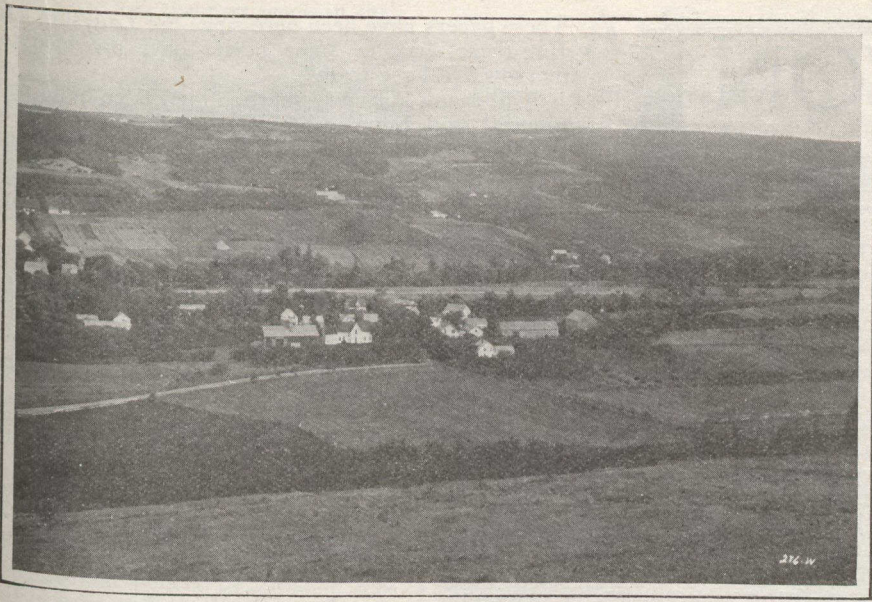
"He might be very nice after all," suggested the Young Man.

"Nice! That isn't the point. Oh, don't you see? But no, you're a man—you can't understand. You must just take my word for it. The whole thing makes me furious. But I haven't told you the worst. The Creature is on his way out to Canada now. He may arrive here any minute. And they are all so aggravatingly delighted over it."

"What do you suppose he feels like?" asked the Young Man, reflectively.

"Well," said the Girl, frankly. "I've been too much taken up with my own feelings to worry about his. But I daresay they are pretty much like

(Continued on page 32.)



The Poet Who Said, "Oh, East is East and West is West, and Never the Twain Shall Meet," Might Have His Troubles to Say Which of These Pictures is Nova Scotia and Which is Saskatchewan.

The Talk About Secession

Opinions of the Press and the Poet

BEFORE a committee of the Dominion Senate, Mr. F. W. Green, from Saskatchewan, gave evidence regarding the agitation among West-erners over what are alleged to be unfair conditions imposed on the West by the East. Mr. Green's evidence is summed up briefly by the Ottawa correspondent of the *Manitoba Free Press* as follows:

"Mr. Green put on record a great deal of documentary evidence to show that the grain business of the West was under the control of big interests. Reciprocity with the United States would have done away with this, as it would have brought the competition of that country into the situation. Mixed farming could never proceed under present conditions, for full production meant a glut on the local market. There was, he said, a fearful restlessness in the West, a feeling that its interests have been bumped and sold like chattels. The West felt betrayed and sold from the Eastern majority; Saskatchewan felt that the withholding of her lands, the handing of them over to Manitoba, the strutting off of its market without money and without price was an imposition, which it felt very keenly indeed."

Too Well Off to Secede

(From *Toronto News* correspondence.)
"My own belief, based on a tolerably careful inquiry throughout Alberta and Saskatchewan, is that the advocacy of secession is nothing more than a momentary outburst of Liberal disappointment at the defeat of Laurier and his failure to upset the Borden Cabinet on the Manitoba boundary question. Western Liberals as a body, like all other Westerners, were angry at the attempt of the Eastern Liberal Press to induce the Quebec Nationalists and Clericals to resurrect the Separate school controversy and impose once again upon us the 'impracticable pedantries of men who live in the past.'"
"It is difficult to foment discontent in a community of farmers who own the soil they till, who are self-governing in local affairs, and, on the whole, very comfortably off. The best practical answer to the cry that the West is being sacrificed to the East and therefore is no longer a good country to live in, is furnished by the Americans. In February the receipts from land sales at the Canadian Pacific Colonization Department at Calgary exceeded by over half a million dollars the receipts for February, 1911. These lands were bought almost entirely by Americans, for the British-born immigrants and those from Continental Europe do not begin to arrive until

Prodigal Still.

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

Mr. Stead was formerly a resident of Manitoba and now lives at High River, Alberta. With his poem he sends a letter in which he says: "Some years ago you published a poem of mine in which I used the lines, in the figure of Western Canada addressing the East,

*'Yet nurture the child that is born you
Ere other arms entwine.'*

and these lines now seem to have been almost prophetic. As I say 'Loyalty never yet came by force,' and we must have a broader and more sympathetic attitude between East and West if Canada is not to break at her Laurentian Rip."

THE Prodigal Son has turned his face
To his Father's house and his Fatherland,
And he seats himself in the highest place,
And the viands are served at his command;
His face is fair and his heart is free—
And great is its burden of good or ill—
But little of reverence bringeth he,
For the Prodigal Son is prodigal still!

THE Prodigal Son comes not in rags,
Nor stained with the tears of a sad estate;
He comes with a flourish of foreign flags,
He comes in the pride of the newly-great;
His purse is fat and his arm is strong,
And if he sin he will pay the bill;
He brings his creed of Right and Wrong;
For the Prodigal Son is a prodigal still.

THE Prodigal Son at the Father's board
Feasts as only a prodigal can;
He knows where the richest wines are stored,
And he helps himself—as becomes a man;
And the Brother may look with eye askance
At his kinsman's nerve and his kinsman's will
As he drops the Sure to seize the Chance,
For the Prodigal Son is a prodigal still.

THE Prodigal Son has come to stay,
And Father and Brother must face the fact;
And him they cannot coerce, they may
Convert by generous, graceful tact;
The heat in the blood must run its course;
The fever must burn or the fever will kill;
Loyalty never yet came by force:—
And the Prodigal Son is prodigal still!

March. The Canadian Pacific lines from the boundary are crowded night and day with special trains bringing in Americans with cattle, implements and household effects; and the official estimate that 150,000 of them will enter this year is probably under rather than over the mark. The bank managers say that they possess \$1,500 in cash or effects for every man, woman and child; if so, here is a stream of over \$200,000,000 of new wealth, or sufficient to put out the fires of secession if they were raging several times fiercer than they are. A good crop this year will, of course, give the agitation its quietus.

"It is not probable that the agitators mean what they say about turning the West into a separate British Colony. They must be aware that the Imperial authorities would hardly sanction the dismemberment of Canada by recognizing the seceding portion as an integral part of the Empire."

Free Markets for the Farmer

(*St. John Telegraph.*)

"I T is useless for Conservatives to expect that the agitation in favour of reciprocity is going to die out. On the contrary, its force will be redoubled, not only in the West, but in the East. While the Federal Government and several provincial governments are discussing aids to agriculture and legislative schemes to benefit the farmer it is more widely recognized day by day that the simple and natural way to stimulate agricultural production is to give the farmer an increased, a free, and a steady market for his surplus products, at all seasons of the year, at competitive prices.

"This is an issue that will not down. With the exception of Ontario, a majority of Canadians voted for reciprocity last year. There is no way in which they can be led to forget the facts. If the manufacturers are to continue to enjoy reasonable protection, and in some cases unreasonable protection, the agricultural interest, which is the most important in Canada by all odds, will have to be given justice."

No Secession in Alberta

"S O far as this talk of secession is concerned I would like to say that there is no such feeling in Alberta," asserted Mr. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta. "The people in Alberta are in favour of reciprocity and low tariff, but we are going to fight it out on Canadian territory and we are going to win."

LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER V.

IF Edna had felt small and lonely before, when she sat alone in the great hall at the piano, and when she was first introduced to the grandeur of her two rooms and her maid, what were her feelings when, entering by a door which was held open for her by the solemn and disagreeable Revesby, she found herself in an enormous apartment with a

lofty open roof of carved oak and high walls covered with family portraits, in which she felt herself to be but a speck, an insect, an insignificant atom of humanity amid the stately splendours of centuries.

How could she eat, alone and in such state, under the faces of rows upon rows of ladies with farthingales and stomachers, the artificial smiles of more ladies in floating draperies and high-piled hair, and the stern looks of gentlemen in armour beside their horses, gentlemen in ruffs and long gowns, gentlemen in white wigs and swords.

Edna glanced a frightened glance towards them, but kept her eyes away from the still more alarming living occupants of the room, the impassive, disagreeable butler, the consumptive footman she had already seen, and a second, more imposing, with a deep voice and an air of world-weariness which was impressive and superior.

These three men were all in liveries which, though black and very quiet, seemed amazingly splendid to the inexperienced girl.

She felt that if she could once get through the ordeal of eating with creditable indifference to her surroundings, in the presence of these portraits and those servants, life, even in Lockington Hall, would have no further terrors for her.

Even at that moment, when she was so fully occupied with her own novel sensations, she was struck by the strange appearance of the dining-table, which had been reduced to the smallest dimensions of which it was capable, but which was even thus about seven feet square.

Under the lofty, beamed roof and in the enormous room this table looked like a postage-stamp. It was gracefully arranged with flowers and fruit, with peaches and pears, roses, ferns, and chrysanthemums.

"From the gardens and hothouses, ma'am," said the butler explained to her with dignified condescension.

Edna, although she had at the first moment experienced a feeling of alarm and of utter insignificance at the sight of so much state, presently recovered her self-possession and began to enjoy herself. She even, in her girlish mind, saw the humour of the thing, and imagined the letter she would write to her aunt, who would, she felt sure, think that she was "making up" when she told her about the magnificence of her surroundings.

When at last she was left alone to enjoy her peach by herself, Edna indulged in a scrupulous examination of all round her, such as had not been possible while she was conscious of three pairs of observant eyes about her.

She thought that the room must be something like that in which the king dined, and she felt sure that she had seen no finer paintings than those by which she was surrounded in any collection she had ever visited.

The splendid beams of the roof, the harmonious tints of the tapestries which hung as curtains before the three windows, struck her with a sense of delight. It was all so handsome, yet so subdued, so unlike the upholsterer's magnificence of the houses of such rich people as she had ever known.

There was something even about the old-fashioned cut-glass on the table, the sheen on the white cloth, the pattern of the spoons and forks, that seemed to her better, richer than anything of the sort she had seen anywhere else.

She was leaning forward to look more closely over the table at one of the pictures, which represented a taper-fingered lady with a flying, gauzy scarf about her shoulders and an attractive sweetness and charm about her willowy figure, when a slight noise from somewhere near the roof attracted her attention.

There was a lofty mirror in a heavy, carved, and

gilded frame over the mantelpiece, which was of white marble, elaborately carved, but discoloured by time.

She thought that the sound had come from that part of the room, and she scanned the wall curiously, without being able to discover anything to account for the noise.

But a moment later she was sure that she, caught a tiny flash of light, at once extinguished, from a space in the oak roof between two of the mighty carved beams which supported it.

What was it? In vain she half-closed her eyes and looked upward. There was nothing to be seen there to account for the fancy she had had that she had seen a faint flash of light appear and disappear.

But the fancy at once seized her that perhaps there was some opening, some door, some peep-hole hidden among the massive rafters, through which some unseen eye might be looking down at her.

This fancy she herself laughed at, and dismissed as ridiculous, telling herself it was only a consequence of her previous experience in the hall, when she had known that she was being listened to and watched, without being able to see or hear the listener and watcher.

But it was uncanny, haunting, all the same. And again and again, as she finished her pear with slow nibbles, admiring, wondering, examining all the time, she would cast her eyes up towards that place among the oak beams where she had seen, or fancied she saw, the faint flash of light, and asked herself whether Lord Lockington, the recluse, the invalid, had perhaps means to watch what went on in his establishment without being seen himself.

It was an odd fancy; but having already been surprised at what she saw and heard in the great hall, she was prepared to be further surprised in the great dining-room.

When she had finished, she rose from the table and walked to the door. But she had no sooner opened it than the butler came forward from some unseen doorway, and said:

"I will show you, ma'am, the way to the saloon."

And he led the way, Edna following, rather scared at the thought of finding herself in another enormous room which she would have all to herself, to a door quite near at hand, which he threw open.

Edna entered a room which seemed to her to surpass in splendour everything that she had ever seen, and to leave the glories of the great dining-hall in the shade.

The White Saloon was a fine apartment, entirely modernized, with white enamel furniture upholstered in pale tints, relieved by gold. Even the carpet was pale in colour, with blurred flowers in pale colours in the pattern. The only note of deeper colour was in the linings of the window curtains, which were of deep rose-colour. There were three pairs of these curtains now drawn before three lofty and wide windows, each of which had a deep window-seat filled with cushions to harmonize with the rest of the room.

A FIRE blazed at one end, but there was other warmth than that provided by unseen hot-water pipes. The light was electric, and came from little jets which hung from the bosses in the moulded ceiling, and from little sconces that hung round the walls.

The rugs in the room were all of white bear; and one of these, near the fireplace, looked so deep, and so soft, and so fluffy, that Edna felt how strongly tempted she would be, if she had not been so much restrained by her surroundings, to sit down and revel in its pleasant furriness.

As the butler opened the door, he said: "His Lordship thought you would like this the best of the drawing-rooms, ma'am. The others are beyond, to the left, but they are in darkness, and we don't usually take the covers off the furniture in them unless my Lady comes to the Hall. But if you would like to see them, I will turn on the light for you."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Edna. "This room is beautiful; I shan't want to see any other rooms than this."

Even Revesby, the disagreeable, seemed mollified by her gentle enthusiasm. He advanced into the room, and, drawing nearer to the fire a little table on which were some books and magazines, he said:

"I'm afraid there's nothing very new here, ma'am.

These papers have been here since her Ladyship left. But there shall be some newer ones provided tomorrow. I'll see to it."

"Oh, thank you very much. They'll be quite new to me," said Edna, gratefully, as she advanced to the fire, seated herself in one of the softest and deepest armchairs she had ever seen, and took up a magazine, by which she learnt, as the date was August, that it was about two months since Lady Lockington had visited the Hall.

The butler stood respectfully at a little distance, and said: "If you will touch this bell"—and he pointed to an electric button in the wall—"when you wish to retire for the night, ma'am, you will find your maid waiting upstairs for you by the time you reach your room."

"Thank you," said Edna, in a very small voice, suddenly overpowered afresh by the state with which she was surrounded.

Then the butler retired, and she was left alone. Although she had taken up a magazine she could not see a word it contained, so much was she occupied by the novelty and strangeness of her new experiences.

Was she awake? She could scarcely be sure of the fact as she sat back, and blinked at the fire, and let her eyes wander round the splendid room, which made, she felt, such an absurdly handsome frame for the one small human picture in it.

She looked down at her own dress. How modest and simple it looked, now that she was in the midst of so much luxury!

The ladies who were here two months ago must have been dressed in costumes from Paris, with jewels that flashed and sparkled in the bright light. What a strange little figure she must seem, all alone in such handsome surroundings! How would she be able to live up to the requirements of such a position? What would there be left of the salary which had seemed so munificent, when she had bought but one or two dresses fit to be seen among these dainty tapestries and rich brocades?

She had scarcely let her thoughts wander in this direction for more than a few minutes when she again became conscious, this time without so much as hearing any sound at all, that she was being looked upon by unseen eyes.

She looked round her in alarm. She could not have told why this consciousness came upon her so suddenly, or how it was that it was so strong. In vain her gaze roved from one end of the apartment to the other, and to the upper part of the walls and the handsome ceiling.

She sprang from her chair, determined to find out if she were really being watched.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the first place Edna stood still in the very middle of the room, and looked slowly round her. She saw nothing, she heard nothing, however, to confirm her uneasy fancy that she was being looked at by unseen eyes; she began to recover herself a little, and to laugh and to tell herself that she had become fanciful and silly as a consequence of her fatigue and the excitement of the day's events.

There seemed to be no corner in the room from which she could be spied upon secretly. The lights were bright—there were no gloomy corners where things could remain half-seen. Large as was the saloon from end to end, there was nothing to obstruct the view; and, although there was a pretty Louis Quinze screen in one corner, a rapid examination which she made of it, peeping round it fearfully, as if in fear that a ghostly arm might wave about it as she did so, she found nothing behind it to justify her uncomfortable fancies.

It is true that the three windows had their curtains drawn, and that there would probably be a space behind these hangings where a person might remain concealed. But when she timidly lifted back one of these, she discovered, indeed, a wide space behind, the windows being each set in a bay, but no one was hiding there.

She was struck, however, by the cold look of the landscape, and of the wide river, which showed like a silver thread in the moonlight beyond the trees of the park. The sight was awe-inspiring, the sense of desolation produced by it intense. Hastily Edna withdrew again into the room itself, with its lights and brightly-burning fire.

She could not now, however, rest satisfied until she had peeped into the space between the two remaining windows and their long curtains; but each time with the same result, and each time with the feeling, as she looked into that gloomy, dark space, that there was someone behind her in the room itself.

She began to have strange fears that this sense of loneliness, heightened by the fancy that she was followed and watched, would never leave her while

(Continued on page 28).

A Tragedy of the Long Trails

Burial in one grave at Fort Macpherson of the Four Northwest Mounted Police, who lost their lives on the Trail to Dawson, more than a year ago



A Photograph Worthy the Art of a Painter.

A strangely interesting group was present at the funeral of Inspector Fitzgerald and Constables Kinney, Carter and Taylor. These heroes were all buried in the little churchyard at Macpherson. On the left stand the four police in the Macpherson detachment. Next them a group of Lochieux Indians and half-breeds—one chief in his ermine-skin. To the right are a company of Indian women in the background. Traders and trappers and the white-surpliced Bishop Whitaker, reading the burial service of the Church of England, complete a picture worthy the brush of a great painter.

A YEAR ago the first week in this month bodies of four members of the R. N. W. M. P. were dug out of snowdrifts by a relief party from Dawson. The bodies were buried at Ft. Macpherson, twenty-five miles from where they were found; from where they had set out early in January to go to Dawson and on out to the coronation of King George. The perishing of these four experienced trailsmen lost in the snow was the greatest tragedy in the history of the mounted police.

The picture of the burial—all in one grave—was taken by a photographer at Ft. Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, many weeks' "mushing" by dog-train from Macpherson at the confluence of the Peel and the MacKenzie.

The picture was held at Resolution, seen for months by fur-traders and trappers and police, by Indians and half-breeds; talked about as though the tragedy happened only last week. By a later mail, *via* dog-train and trails of all descriptions, delayed by all sorts of weather, it was sent out. It arrived in Regina a few weeks ago and was forwarded east; an illustration to the story which occupied a page and a half in the CANADIAN COURIER, issue of April 29th, 1911. So slowly does news travel except by telegraph, from the far north.

In the annals of the N. W. M. P. lost men are almost unknown. These four from the whaling station detachment had tried for days to beat back to Macpherson, whose remaining detachment, supposing they had got through to Dawson and being without telegraph connection, might have found them within a few days. The overland route to Klondike was once marked by many a wayside grave; never by one so grim as this of the four police heroes at Ft. Macpherson.

Strange Case of the Town of Frank

Which moved from its old site in 1903 and is likely to move again in 1912



A Small Town Under the Shadow of a Huge Impending Mountain.

The New Town of Frank is a Quarter of a Mile from the Site of the Old Town Buried by a Landslide in 1903, When Fully a Hundred Inhabitants Were Entombed Alive.

WESTERN towns that pull stakes are not uncommon. But there is no town in America that moved once because it was wiped off the map by a landslide and nine years later was likely to move again because a mountain desired to fall on it. Old Frank, in Alberta, near the door of the Crow's Nest Pass, was buried alive in 1903. New Frank, a quarter of a mile distant from the old site, is in danger of being overwhelmed by Turtle Mountain.

The town has a population of 1,000. Twelve hundred coal miners have been burrowing under the mountain. A Government Commission of three have reported that the excavations, the geological structure, frost and vibrations may at any moment precipitate the mass. The Canadian Consolidated Mine Co., after spending \$2,000,000 in improvements, have suspended operations until the Government decides on the location for a new shaft.

The day the report was made public fifteen miners quit town. Scores of others have since gone to the Lethbridge mines. Many more will leave—homes built from years of savings. The home of Mayor McGowan, all the stores and the houses of 250 miners are in the danger zone. The C. P. R. has changed its route for that part of the line.

Frank is still waiting, for a catastrophe that may be deferred for years may happen any moment—and when it does will come as abruptly as an eruption of Vesuvius or the Frisco earthquake.

In the story of calamity towns in Canada Frank is most conspicuous. The category contains also Fernie burned to ash-heaps in July, 1908; Three Rivers, P.Q., with its holocaust the same year; Porcupine devastated by forest fires in July, 1911; Hull burned off the map near the close of the nineteenth century; Campbellton, N.B., destroyed by fire in 1910. Fire has been the most frequent destroyer; flood never; cyclone devastation none; earthquake none.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

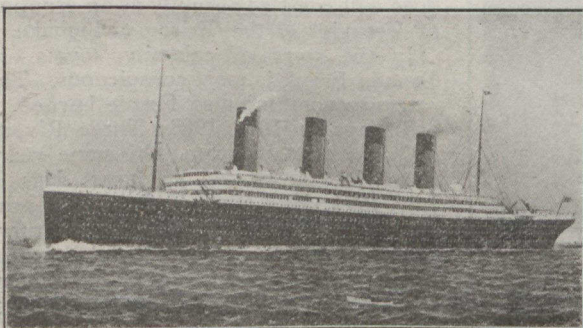
WHAT ABOUT THE SENATE?

THE usually somnolent and unobtrusive Senate has suddenly emerged into the "spot-light," and a lot of people are discussing its notions of Parliamentary etiquette who commonly think that all of Parliament sits to the left of the main entrance. Critics talk as if it were very rude of the Senate to insist upon its opinions after it had been politely but firmly informed that the Commons thought otherwise; while supporters aggravate the offence by urging that it was the plain duty of the Senate to amend bills sent up to that Chamber if it felt that they needed amendment. How otherwise could it pretend to earn its salary? The chief sensation, however, seems to be astonishment that the decrepit old "body" would "dare"! It was all right for it to express an opinion—modestly, of course, but still quite freely; but when it came to actually refusing to do as the Government told it, that was carrying a joke too far.

AND it was. Right there lies the explanation of the whole affair. We have got into the habit of regarding the Senate as a good deal of a "joke." We don't quite say so; for we never feel entirely certain that we may not need an Old Age Pension ourselves. But the country as a whole does not take the Senate seriously as one of the two Houses of Parliament, having duties and responsibilities very like those of the Commons. The consequence is that when the Senate wakes up and legislates—or refuses to legislate—we are pained and astonished and even indignant. We feel much as we would if some harmless character about the village store whom we all called "Colonel" for a joke, should insist some day on trying to command the local battalion—and should succeed. There are few things which can be more serious than for a "joke" to begin to take himself—or themselves—seriously. The "joke" is then on the rest of us.

THIS incident, however, should teach us that we must stop regarding a body, which has such great constitutional powers as the Senate, as a "joke." It is like using a loaded rifle as a "pointer." It may go off at a moment's notice with disastrous effect. If we are going to leave with the Senate the really immense powers which it possesses, we ought to make it worthy of those powers. We ought to create a House with the responsibility and the command of public respect and the share of public confidence which goes with such powers. Now it is my private opinion that we can never do that so long as we permit the Government—any Government—to appoint the Senators. No appointive body will ever be really trusted and steadily supported by the people in holding to its opinion in the face of the policy of our elected Commons. We go to great trouble to choose our Parliament. We may not always make a very good job of it; but we get into a tremendous fuss over it, and hold meetings, and nominate candidates, and abuse each other like pick-pockets, and even read dull newspaper articles, in our genuine endeavour to select the right men to rule over us. We think, in all sincerity, that we are performing the kingly act of self-government when we go to the polls and vote for our members of Parliament. We are laying down our public policy for the next four years.

AND here a little company of elderly gentlemen whom we have almost forgotten, and who have been little enough considered in the great national assize which has just been held, step quietly to the front and nullify the results of all our furious speech-making and leader-writing and voting. If a Senator had spoken at a public meeting, we would have ranked him a little lower than the local lawyer



S. S. "TITANIC."

and a little higher than the paid organizer. He would never have ranked with the candidate or been within shouting distance of a Minister. But, bless your heart, when our august new Parliament assembles at Ottawa, one Senator counts for as much as two members of the Commons; and the pledged policy of a newly-elected Government may be dumped into the ditch by the little-considered co-Members of Parliament who often owe their jobs to the pity of a successful Ministry for unfortunate friends who could not hold their seats in the Commons.

NOW there is no use deceiving ourselves. This sort of thing cannot go on. The large powers which are left with the present appointive Senate are only permitted to stay with them because they are practically never exercised. But a few such incidents as the slaughter of four Government measures at prorogation the other day will call public attention to the anomaly; and we shall have either a strengthening of the Senate or a clipping of its powers. At present, we think we have one-Chamber Government, with the outward form of two-Chamber Government to please those people who imagine we would go to wreck-and-ruin without it. But when we discover that we have two-Chamber Government in reality, we are mightily amazed and disgusted. Now it is perfectly obvious that we must have either one or the other. If we decide that one-Chamber Government is enough—

and show me a Second Chamber that is not a nuisance, and I will acknowledge the debt—then we should abolish the Senate. It costs too much for a "joke"; and it has a fatal habit of waking up which spoils it for an ornamental replica of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

BUT if we want two-Chamber Government, let us get it. Let us bring the Senate into contact with the people, who are the source of all political power—whether we like it or not—and make it a genuine co-ordinate member of our Parliamentary machine. We can create a very useful and widely-respected Senate in this country by causing its members to be elected for, say, two Parliaments—only half retiring at once—from large constituencies. The large constituency would bring out the large man; for it needs a man of some stature to be seen over a wide area. The squalid little "glad hand" artist would be automatically wiped out. Such a Senate would command public respect, and be amenable to public opinion. Being chosen by the people, it could stand sturdily up and fight for its ripe judgment against the will of the Lower House without everybody crying out in astonishment at its temerity. We would deliberately create, in such a Chamber, a body of men who would not be entirely subservient to the passion of a passing election; and we would endure with patience and even with gratitude their refusal to permit some the products of that momentary passion to pass into law until the people had had another chance to pronounce upon them. That would be two-Chamber Government. The present system is fair neither to the people, to the Government, to the Commons, nor to the Senators themselves.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Tragedy of the Titanic

ON the 10th of April the world's greatest steamship of all time steamed out of Southampton bound for New York. It was her first trip. At 10.25 Sunday night, April 14, the Titanic rammed head on into the broadside of an iceberg and sent a C. Q. D. message for help. Which was the beginning of the most incoherent complication of news that ever muddled through from the scene of a catastrophe to civilization all over the world.

The Titanic of the White Star line had long been talked about as the twentieth century triumph of shipbuilding. She was to carry 3,000 passengers, including a crew of 870. From bowsprit to rudder, representing nearly ten millions of dollars, she was a complicated world of inventions designed for the comfort of mankind. In her 66,000 tons of displacement and her total length nearly one-sixth of a mile, from topmast to the bottom of the lowest coal bunker, she was a cosmos of contrivances for the conquest of the sea. She was the product of an age when men and women who travel by sea demand that the voyage shall be infinitely more luxurious than travelling on the most superbly appointed train. And the 2,300 passengers aboard this "floating hotel" would have it to say in years to come that in the second week of April, 1912, they had been the first passenger list aboard this most tremendous of all steamships on a voyage from Southampton to New York.

But twenty-four hours after the Titanic struck an iceberg 450 miles off Cape Race, Nfld., newspaper extras that got on the streets by night reported—this much for certain from the colossal muddle of wireless messages, telegraph service and press despatches—that the Titanic had gone down seven hours after she struck the iceberg. After twelve hours of the most conflicting transmissions that ever bewildered the newspaper offices of at least three continents in half the languages known to the civilized world, it was reported as near the truth as might be, that of the 2,200 souls on board the Titanic, including the crew, less than nine hundred had been taken on board the Carpathia. Most of these were women and children picked up from the lifeboats. Some of the first-class passengers might have been saved—but who could tell? Magnates and millionaires, eminent men in many walks of life had gone down with the hundreds of others. The encouraging stories of earlier editions that all the passengers and the crew had been taken aboard the rescue steamers must have been the humane invention of some agency that feared to break to the world the news of a catastrophe almost as staggering as the story of an earthquake or some frightful reverse in war, and in some respects more tragic than either.

Up till midnight of Monday, twenty-six hours after the Titanic signalled C. Q. D., this is a summary of the various despatches that blundered through from wireless long after the wireless on the Titanic had ceased to work:

A message received early Monday morning at Cape Race and flashed to the Associated Press, gave the first news—inaccurate as to time—of the disaster:

"At 10.25 last night the steamship Titanic called C. Q. D. and reported having struck an iceberg. The steamer said that immediate assistance was required. Half an hour afterwards another message came reporting that they were sinking by the head and that women were being put off in lifeboats."

A bulletin from Montreal stated that at the Allan Line offices a message had been received from Capt. Gambrell, of the Virginian, stating that in response to the C. Q. D. message from the Titanic he was heading his boat full steam ahead with 900 passengers on board towards the Titanic. At 12.27 a.m. the Virginian got the last message from the Titanic—blurred and stuttering. The Titanic's wireless was out of business.

But before this two other vessels had got the C. Q. D. The Olympic, sister ship to the Titanic, distant 300 miles, eastward bound, and the Baltic, 30 miles further from the scene of the catastrophe than the Virginian, were already speeding to the helpless, isolated Titanic, known to be "sinking by the head."

An unofficial despatch from Halifax stated that word had been received that the Titanic was afloat and was making her way towards Halifax.

Other hopeful messages were reported to have been received.

But later on Monday came a message declaring that out of a total of 2,200 souls on board only 675 had been saved. The Olympic's captain sent a message saying that of the passengers saved "nearly all were women and children." He reported that the steamer Carpathia had reached the scene of disaster at daybreak on Monday, but had found only boats and wreckage, that the Leyland liner California was remaining in the vicinity to make a search. Later the report of the number saved was changed to 866.

Such was the partial story of the impact on the world's nerves of this most appalling of all marine disasters in modern times. Almost diabolically complicated as the story is, many of the facts are almost malevolently simple. The Titanic was equipped with all the modern devices for the detection of icebergs either in a fog or by night, in storm or calm. Yet sudden as a crash of thunder, before many of the passengers were asleep, came

(Continued on page 25)

New National Policy of Good Roads

First of a Series of Three Articles

By R. S. NEVILLE, K.C.

It costs the Canadian farmer an average of \$2 a ton to haul his produce to the market town or to the railway, lake port or other place of delivery on the way to market. No figures are obtainable for the amount of this tonnage, but the production of field crops alone amounts to about 40,000,000 tons. It would be moderate to estimate that 25,000,000 of this tonnage is marketed or hauled over the roads one way and another; so we have \$50,000,000 as the cost of teaming field crops by the farmers. This cost could be reduced, if we had first-class roads, to \$20,000,000, a saving of 60 per cent., leaving \$30,000,000 as a tidy saving to our farmers on one class of their produce.

How do I arrive at these figures? Simply enough. The average cost of hauling over the roads as they now exist, both in Canada and the United States, is authoritatively stated to be not less than 25c. a ton per mile. The average haul in the United States is placed at eight miles. We also have a large country and we have only about 1-10 of the railway mileage of our neighbours. It is, therefore, well within the mark to calculate the average haul in Canada to be at least as great as that in the United States. Then it is only a question of multiplication. An average of eight miles at 25c. a ton per mile makes the \$2 per ton. Now it has been abundantly proved by actual experience that this 25c. a ton per mile can be reduced to 10c. by the proper construction and improvement of the roads. Thus we have the basis for our simple calculation.

Let us take the case of wheat for illustration. Two dollars a ton is 6c. a bushel for hauling; reduce this by 60 per cent. and you save 33-5c. a bushel. On an annual output of 200,000,000 bushels this would amount to a saving of \$7,200,000, which alone would pay the interest at 3½ per cent. on \$200,000,000 invested in road improvement. But 200,000,000 bushels of wheat amounts to only 6,000,000 tons and we have above estimated the hauled portion of the field crops at 25,000,000 tons, or over four times as much. Multiply, therefore, the \$7,200,000 by four and you get \$28,800,000 as the amount saved on the whole of our field crops in one year. This would pay the interest at 3½ per cent. on over \$800,000,000 spent on road construction.

But we have only started. Long before our roads can be put into shape our crops will be doubled, trebled, quadrupled. The saving by the construction of good roads will increase in proportion. Besides, I have only mentioned field crops and there are still to be added to the calculation such items as carrying milk to the factory or to the market, hauling butter, cheese, meats, fruit, eggs and poultry, garden stuffs, lumber, sand, stone, brick and other building materials, and many other things, besides all the hauling the other way; that is, from the town or village to the farm. Probably hauling field crops would not be more than half.

And when we have grasped the significance of all this we have yet to consider the constant light driving on the highways. The whole of our country life is bound up in this question of roads. It affects the church, the school and the social life, the trip to the post office for the mail, the necessary travel in connection with the business of the school section, the township, the county, etc.

The question touches our national life in a most important particular. Bad country roads are one of the chief causes of the movement of young people to the towns and cities. The farmer's occupation is just as scientific and just as interesting as any other and is much more free and healthy than most occupations. Who would not prefer being his own master and breeding live stock, dairying, growing hay, cultivating fruit and vegetables, plowing the land and planting, sowing and reaping field crops, to selling goods over the counter, keeping books in an office or working in a factory? No, I repeat, it is not farm life, but bad roads that make country life irksome. They frequently shut the farmer folks in or cover them with mud and mourning when they go out. During portions of the year it is a choice between loneliness at home and wading through seas of mud on the roads. Walking is no better than driving and whether our farmer friends or their horses do the wading their condition does not make for comfort or social enjoyment.

As for the church, it is poorly attended on Sundays during the wet seasons of the year; the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting is abandoned; the

preacher is discouraged and the devil is happy. The school? Poor attendance, shoes and clothes wet and covered with mud, teacher out of sorts, nobody happy, bad colds, coughs, tuberculosis and other diseases, doctors' bills and often the premature coming of the undertaker. Why? Largely because of bad roads.

Now there is no more excuse for a muddy road in the well-settled rural parts of any country that contains material for making stone roads, than for unpaved streets in cities. But a stone road is no good unless it is properly constructed. Indeed it is often worse than natural earth. It is simply pitiful to see in many of the country parts of this province the way broken stone is dumped into the middle of the road without system or science. The roads are not properly drained, which is the first principle of road-making. The foundations are not properly laid; the road is not properly graded, topped or rolled. As the fresh stones are driven upon the mud oozes up from below, the ruts are renewed and the whole patchwork reverts to its former condition or worse. A properly constructed, drained, and graded stone road will not permit mud to ooze up through the stones, or water to lie on the surface. The water should run off as it does from a city pavement, and when once the road is properly constructed there should be provision for such constant supervision that it would never be allowed to get out of repair. Immediate amendment is always cheap. "A stitch in time saves nine."

In twenty years the townships of Ontario have spent \$19,000,000 in cash and \$22,000,000 in estimated value of statute labour upon the roads—

\$41,000,000 in twenty years—and most of the roads are no better now than they were before. The reason is that the money is ignorantly applied to methods of road-building that can never make good roads if persevered in till the crack of doom.

The fact is that we are still living in the pioneer days and the farmer is still tipping and jolting over the rough and rutty roads of his grandfather. He is carrying half the load he would carry if the roads were right and travelling at half the speed. He is breaking his wagon and harness, wearing out his horses, losing his time and his temper and in many places is compelled to give up hauling altogether for weeks at a time in the spring and fall to wait for the roads to become passable.

This last consideration is important; for the farmer is often thus prevented from taking advantage of a favourable market. By the time the roads are fit he is apt to find five or ten cents a bushel knocked off the market price of some of his grain, materially reducing his profits for the year. Then the difficulty of hauling from the country surrounding cities and towns, limits the areas in their immediate neighbourhood within which market gardeners can profitably carry on their occupation and farmers transport perishable goods which are often the most profitable to produce. This not only lessens the incomes of the gardeners and farmers, but adds greatly to the cost of living in urban communities. In the newer districts good roads would open lands further from the railways and materially aid settlement and development. Hauling a distance of twenty miles might be as cheap as it is now at half the distance.

We are a hundred years out of date as compared with such countries as England, France and Germany. These peoples long ago learned that the transportation requirements of a nation do not consist alone in railways and waterways, but include the public highways over which every ton of marketed produce must be hauled.

The second article will appear next week.

The Fan's Fantasia

By WILLIAM BANKS, Jr.

WELL, the baseball team has left the training grounds, and the championship is won. Yes, sir, there's nothing to it but the team from this little burg right here. Nothing. There isn't a weak spot on the team, and if there is it's stronger than the same spot in any other team in the League, so there you are. Every man a star and every star twinkling from the first minute of play in the opening game till the pennant is copped.

Oh, well, you honestly couldn't expect a team to win the pennant every year, and last season was our Jonah. Every time the team would get going right somebody'd break an arm or smash a wrist or put a finger out. Talk about luck; we didn't have any but the worst kind, and at that we didn't do so badly. It's a cinch for us this time, though. I've got it all doped out, and I guess my doping's as good as any; and I don't set up to be a real expert either, just a loyal fan.

Baseball is the one and only. Talk about the elixir of life; baseball has saved more lives than all the medicine ever prescribed by the tablespoonful-after-every-meal sharps in the country. Why I know a man myself, great friend of mine in fact, who was given up by the doctors. Couldn't live three months, they said. Heart disease of the worst kind, they told him, and cheered him up by adding that he'd pop off suddenly, 'specially if he became excited. Well, he took a chance—said he might as well die happy as any other way—and went to see a ball game. Struck a good one, too; nothing to

nothing until the home team came to bat in their half of the ninth. Excited! Why my friend was almost crazy with excitement. Most of the time it kept three or four men busy holding him in his seat. He wanted to get on to the field and kill the umpire, and the fans wouldn't have shed any tears if he had done it, either. Once in a while he thought about his heart, but most of the time he was too busy cheering or expressing his opinion of the umpire. Say, did I ever tell you about that umpire? Of all—

What's that? Yes, yes. You bet the home team won. With two out, one on third, and the punkest hitter on the team at bat you can imagine the condition of the fans. But you can't imagine their feelings when the punkest one hit out a home run. You have to be there to realize what a thing like that means.

This fellow I'm telling you about almost died, but not of heart disease. No, sir—it was just joy, that nearly finished him. And he felt so good the next day that he went back to the ball grounds, and he's been going to every home game every season this last ten years. Once in a while, in the winter, his heart goes back on him some, but he doesn't worry about it like he used to do. He just lets his mind switch on to the most exciting play he saw the last season, and it acts like a powerful stimulant. It heartens him right up, and the moment he feels his blood starting round the track again, so to speak, he begins reading more of the baseball literature

(Concluded on page 26.)



The Camera Catches Four Men in Action, to Say Nothing of the Manager.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Drunkenness in Ontario.

SOME foolish newspaperman has sent a despatch from Toronto to the provincial dailies, saying that drunkenness is on the increase in Ontario. He quotes the figures of the License Department's reports as to the number of commitments, which increased last year from 5,045 to 5,802. Of this 757 increase Toronto had 271 and Hamilton 100.

Now, I submit that drunkenness in Ontario is on the decrease. The increase in commitments is explained by, first, the increase in urban population, and, second, by the increase in the number of new European immigrants. The growth of the city population is too well known to require proof. As to the European immigrants, any student of the situation can easily find that in these days he is the chief patron of the "bar." He has much idle time on his hands and more money in his pocket than he is accustomed to have. During his first year of residence in Canada he drinks too much. Then he gets the spirit of progressiveness worked into him and learns the spirit of saving which is characteristic of the American and Canadian workingman.

Again, we have no system for taking care of habitual drunkards. One man may be committed six times in a year. The License Department's figures are not reliable, because they do not show the number of commitments of "habituals." If we had a system which would send the "habitual" to a jail farm or other institution for permanent treatment, the figures would be less misleading.

Happiness in Prince Edward Island.

JUDGING from the Speech from the Throne delivered last week in Prince Edward Island, that province is in a happier state than for some time. It has a brand new premier and cabinet. It has been promised an increased subsidy by the Federal Government. The same authority has turned over to it the portions of the coast suitable for oyster culture, has promised a car ferry between the Island and the mainland, and will aid the local authorities to broaden agricultural education. Why shouldn't a province so well treated be happy? The Speech fairly sparkled with joy and enthusiasm.

There was just one little note of discontent. The authorities admit that the schools have fallen behind the times. There is "deterioration" and measures are to be taken whereby this "may be stopped." Even here the Island is to be congratulated. In Ontario, the Government does not seem to have discovered that its educational machinery has rusted out and broken down. There are none so blind as those who will not see.

Prince Edward Island looks into the future joyously and fearlessly. If it acts as it talks, all will be well. But why not build some summer hotels? This is a suggestion we have all been making for years, but the Island is still without a real tourist hotel. I know hundreds of Ontario people who would send their families to the Island every summer if there was suitable accommodation.

Montreal's New Controller.

ALDERMAN NAPOLEON GEROUX, leader of the "Twenty-three" who were so scored by Judge Cannon and who caused a civic revolution in Montreal, has again failed to come back. He was rejected as a successor to Controller Wanklyn, and Charles H. Godfrey, choice of the citizens' committee, won out by a tremendous majority. Bravo Montreal!

Controller Godfrey is a Montrealer born. For twenty-eight years he has been connected with the steel-works, where he built up a reputation as a clean, able and skilful business man. He makes a sacrifice to take the new position, and goodness knows Montreal needs men who will sacrifice themselves. For a long time, like Toronto, it has been ruled by men who sacrificed the city's interests for their own. But Montreal has the advantage over Toronto that its revolution is almost complete, whereas Toronto's has not yet begun.

Thinking About Canada.

A NUMBER of documents of considerable interest to Canadians are printed in the report of the Committee of the House which has recently been investigating the United Steel Corporation. Part III of 53 contains a charming

letter from Mr. Farrel, president of the U. S. Steel Products Export Company, to Mr. Corey, president of the big corporation. It tells why Mr. Farrel thinks that the U. S. Steel Corporation should establish a plant in Canada, on the site purchased some time ago in Sandwich. The letter is dated November 5th, 1909.

This document points out that the Canadian consumption of iron and steel products has been increasing at a rapid rate, but that the Canadian plants have increased still faster. The consequence is that Canada is buying less steel products abroad. In 1904 we purchased, from the Big Company, 204,449 tons. In 1906, this fell to 171,292 tons. In 1908 it fell as low as 92,211 tons, but rose again the following year to 142,289 tons. Mr. Farrel doesn't like this, of course; especially as he was having a similar experience in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

For this reason, he wanted to see the plant erected at Sandwich. Further, he expressed himself as believing that from such a plant they could export to



MR. CHARLES H. GODFREY,
New Member of the Montreal Board of Control.

the other British colonies and thus get the benefit of the "preference" policy which is spreading throughout the colonies.

Then he ends up with a compliment to Canada: "Few other countries have the resources, latent and developed, and capacity for expansion and internal development that are patent in Canada."

We must all regret that Mr. Corey didn't pay more attention to this excellent letter from Mr. Farrel. Everybody would have welcomed the U. S. Steel Corporation had it decided to put a big steel plant at Sandwich and help in the consumption of our vast stores of native iron ore and the growing crop of smelted products.

Another Interesting Document.

THIS same volume contains an illuminating letter from James M. Swank to Judge Gary, chairman of the Big Corporation. It is dated January, 1911, and deals with the cost of printing a new edition of "Protection and Prosperity," by Hon. Judge B. Curtiss. Incidentally it shows that many of the leading books on this subject published in the United States during recent years have been paid for by the steel companies. But its chief interest lies in its expression of fear that a "tariff commission" is a dangerous foe. The view in Canada is that a tariff commission would be an enemy of the public and a friend of the manufacturers. Mr. Swank takes the opposite view. He says:

"A protective tariff or a virtual free-trade is the issue to be settled in 1912. I suppose it is useless to take any steps to prevent the present Tariff Board from being made a permanent tariff commission, but we do not want its recommendation or conclusion looking towards free-trade to be approved by Congress or to be embodied in the Republican national platform of 1912. Even if the duties on iron and steel could be further reduced without serious injury to our iron and steel industries so far as prices and foreign competition are concerned, the iron trade of the country could not be prosperous if serious injuries should be done to other industries

through tariff reductions. Our iron and steel manufacturers must have a prosperous country to insure them an active home market for their products. Of course, you all know this. I mention this partly because in 38 years spent in this office I have many times witnessed the disastrous effects upon the iron trade of low duties or the efforts of our enemies to enact them."

In contrast to this, the Canadian Senate, composed largely of Liberals, has voted down a Tariff Commission Bill and about the same time a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives at Washington has killed a further appropriation for the Tariff Board of that country. A Tariff Commission must be a fairly good institution when both free-traders and protectionists are afraid of it. Or it is merely that the politicians fear that they will lose prestige if the tariff is taken out of politics?

No One Loves the Senate.

PROPOS the action of the Senate in killing the Tariff Commission Bill, the Good Roads Bill and the Subsidy to the Ontario Government railway, it is quite clear that no one loves the Senate. The Ottawa *Free Press* is out with an editorial saying that the Senate has done harm to the Liberal party, while the Conservative papers agree that the Senate has shown an utter disregard of the public interests. The three measures which the Senate killed were among the best legislation passed by the House during the recent session. The Upper Chamber has seriously injured its reputation.

The defeat of the bonus to the Ontario Government railway is condemned by both parties in the province, especially as the Senate passed bonuses to be given to numerous railways owned by private corporations. The Liberal party is pretty well broken up in Ontario, and by this action the Senate has made its rejuvenation more difficult. The provincial Conservatives are using the incident for all it is worth as a proof of Liberal antagonism to Ontario's pet projects. It would seem that the Senate has foolishly played into the hands of the enemy. No wonder the *Free Press* says "The Liberal party of Canada has not very much love for the Senate."

Common Sense in Manitoba.

PREMIER ROBLIN, the Winnipeg City Council and the promoters of the Manitoba Power Bill seem to have acted with unusual common sense. The syndicate behind the Bill are to take over the Winnipeg electric railway, which has such a broad franchise for transportation, lighting and power supply in that city. Hence the new legislation was of vital interest to that city. By agreeing to the general features of the Bill, the City has regained the control over its streets which it had lost by a recent decision of the Privy Council. The City's representatives seem to have acted reasonably and wisely and thus scored a great victory where a pig-headed council such as Toronto is blessed with Mayor Waugh, Controller Douglas and Controller Harvey publicly express themselves as being pleased that a fair understanding has been reached with the new owners of the city franchises.

Revolution in St. John.

ON Tuesday of last week, St. John completed its revolution, begun in April of last year. It then adopted the principle of commission government—an elected mayor and four elected commissioners. The office of alderman was abolished entirely. Last week the first elections under the new system were held. The citizens' committee responsible for the change put up five candidates who had no previous public record and succeeded in placing four of them in the lead. Their candidate for mayor, Mr. W. S. Fisher, would have been in a similar position had he not been absent in the West during the whole of the campaign.

Next week, there will be a second election, at which the two candidates having the highest vote for mayor and the eight candidates having the highest votes for commissionerships will again be considered. This is the newest or Des Moines system. The two candidates for the mayoralty are prominent business men, and either will make a good mayor. The four commissioners nominated by the citizens' committee will lead the poll again in all probability. The commissioners are elected for four years, two retiring every two years. On this first occasion, two of them must therefore seek election at the end of two years instead of four.

Every city in Canada will watch this experiment with considerable interest. Commission government is not a cure-all, but it should give more efficient and more progressive administration than can be secured from a board of once-a-year vote hunters.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

A Winning Circumstance.

IT has long been recognized that trifles are the only really important things in life. It has also been admitted that manner is almost as significant as matter. Would Antony have risked his Roman forces had Cleopatra been cross-eyed and freckled? If Mary Queen of Scots had been snub-nosed and without eyelashes, who would have protested when Elizabeth signed the warrant for her execution? These and similar thoughts occur to you as you read that a lady on a visiting committee to a certain orphan asylum in a large Canadian city took a sudden fancy to an unusually pretty and smiling cherub and whisked the small girl off in a motor car, from charity to luxury, adopting her at once into her heart and home. Such a fairy change for the tiny person who awoke a foundling and went to sleep an adopted daughter in a wealthy home! Such is the magic of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and a dimpled smile! Ah, votes are good and higher education is better, but the lady of the winsome countenance has a passport which has the universal seal.

A Story of the Sea.

MARCH, the month of high winds and stormy seas, saw a pathetic sight on a lonely island of the Magdalen group. The waves had swept furiously against the tower on Bird Rock Island for days, and, during one of the most terrific assaults of wind and wave, Peter Borgue, the lighthouse-keeper, was swept away and drowned. For ten days of storm and bitter cold, the widow, alone, save for a bit of a baby girl, tended the light and saved the fog-stayed ships from destruction on the rocks. What a lifetime of loneliness and horror it must have been, with no sunlight over the storm-swept seas, and only the stern sense of duty to keep that forlorn human being from losing hope and strength!

The despatch from the captain of the Seal, which finally reached the island, contained the first news of the disaster; but, laconic as it was, it told a story of heroism such as reveals the fortitude of which our humanity is capable. This is an age of cheap cynicism, when an epigram which emphasizes self-interest or greed is almost certain to find publicity or popularity. A novelist who writes a sordid and hopeless story, exploiting the most unlovely aspects of human nature, is called "virile," and his book is hailed as a depiction of "real life." Such selfishness as shines out in this true story of the woman on that remote island, who forgot her personal grief in the duty of warning and ministering to others, is just as much "real life" as the chronicle of vileness, and is infinitely more worthy of remembrance. How rebukingly comes this simple story of a woman's pluck to those of us who have been sheltered from all of life's rudest storms! If we are tempted to complain of crumpled rose-leaves and repine at the price of violets, let us remember the woman who kept the light burning on the wave-swept island and let us wish for her, peace in a quiet haven.

Tiresome Thomas.

M. R. THOMAS EDISON may be a wizard of electricity and one of the seven wonders of the modern world, but there are a few matters of which he is profoundly ignorant. The best thing about him is that he likes his work and is determined to stay young as long as he lives. Recently he has become loquacious to reporters, which is a fatal infirmity in noble minds. His latest journalistic indiscretion is the remark that women are three thousand years behind men in intellectual ability—though he does admit that some of us may be only two thousand and five hundred years behind our brethren in the matter of brains.

Rash Thomas! The college girls will get you, "ef you don't watch out," and make you wish you had not talked to that bright young man from the morning papers. The reason for the feminine inferiority, in the matter of brains, is that there are no cross fibres in a woman's thinking apparatus. What in the earth, which is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, is a cross fibre, and what good is it, anyway? I suppose Mr. Edison is reverting to that tiresome circumstance, that woman jumps at a conclusion instead of carefully reas-

oning her way by means of a syllogism containing a major and a minor premise. Suppose, for the sake of peace, that she does. The method is not of so much consequence as the result. Her "jumps" at the conclusion are quite as likely to result in arrival as man's more leisurely steps towards the goal.

Mr. Edison magnanimously admits that it is man's fault that woman is so inferior to him as an intellectual being. He has oppressed her, forsooth, and prevented her from becoming his equal in brain power. However, he leaves the aspiring sisterhood with some hope for the future. Thirty centuries is not such a dreadfully long period, as time goes, and we may eventually overtake the gentlemen, who are now such lights of learning. Mr. Edison has just been telling the wondering world that he sleeps very little, and that it is a great mistake to spend much time in slumber. Let him forget to wind the alarm clock for a week and he'll refuse to talk any more "cross fibre" rubbish to youthful representatives of the Fourth Estate.

A Wise Move.

MRS. HETTY GREEN is an object of much solicitude to certain inquiring acquaintances. In a nation renowned for spending, she is content to remain a humble citizen in attire and diet, although possessed of many millions. Her plain gowns and simple meals have been objects of ridicule for those who would see nothing absurd in a thousand-dollar gown or a sixteen-course dinner. According to the ethics of New York, the unforgivable sin is not to spend, and Mrs. Hetty staunchly refuses to become a spendthrift of either time or ducats.

Her latest decision, to return to her simple and inexpensive flat in Hoboken, has excited wide comment. Her son is responsible for the information that she finds the largest city on the continent a dull spot and takes no joy in bridge or problem plays. She longs for the peace of her humble fireside, with only an occasional neighbour to break the monotony of Hoboken evenings. When one thinks of all the aspiring young matrons who are longing for the diversions of a great city, and who would regard the spending of a million or more as the height of felicity, one realizes that Mrs. Hetty must seem to them an extremely misguided old lady. She does not even wish to go to England to purchase a duke, nor to France for a count. Titles are as trivial in her eyes as a game of cards, and society is the greatest vanity under the sun. She seems to be that rare creature in modern times, a contented person, to whom the game of money-making is excitement enough, without the poor pleasure of buying extra meals and superfluous garments. Wise Mrs. Hetty! Her "hand" in the Chemical Bank is worth many a bridge game.

The Horse Show.

A CANADIAN woman was regretting the other day that so few of her countrywomen are interested in riding or in equine affairs. She actually went so far as to say that the modern woman is too lazy to take a healthy amount of exercise, asserting that, in the olden days, the wife of the Canadian farmer was often in the saddle, while, in these days, such a sight is rare. Perhaps it is the motor which has obscured the merits of horsemanship; but it is a great pity if it is allowed to supersede the joy of equestrian exercise, which has a vitalizing value which the motor ride can never give. Diana in an automobile is hardly to be imagined.

However, the case of the horse is by no means hopeless—and the Horse Show is one of the best methods by which his good qualities may be kept before the public. The most luxurious motor car on the continent is eclipsed by the glossy coat and arched neck of a favourite "Sparkle" or "Dandy." The exhilaration of a cross-country gallop makes the most breathless motor ride a colourless experience. The cities of Canada have not been slow to appreciate the advantages, social and equine, of the Horse Show. Calgary has started in nobly this year with a Horse Show in Easter week, Toronto is to have an imposing display, and on May 7th Montreal holds a Horse Show in the CANADIENNE.



A CHARMING MONTREAL DEBUTANTE.
Mademoiselle Helen Berard, Whose First Season in Society Has Been a Conspicuous Success. Mile Berard Received Her Education at the Convent "Villa-Maria."

The Athenaeum Club of Vancouver

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY



The Secretary.

EVEN in these, the early days of the feminist movement, clubs for women are becoming a familiar feature of city life. Was there a time when the idea of a club for women was looked upon with horror or received with derisive laughter? Undoubtedly it was a bogie once, but, like many another bogie, its materialization has not realized the anticipations of the fearful. We now admit with complacency that a woman may enjoy all the privileges of a comfortable down-town club without evolving prematurely into a feminine counterpart of the clubman, or challenging any other of those hair-raising consequences predicted by the alarmist! Viewed broadly, these clubs seem to naturally divide

themselves along two distinct lines; there is the purely social club with its pleasant relaxations, charming rooms and facilities for entertaining, and there is the club whose aims are more seriously utilitarian. To the latter division belongs "The Athenaeum Club," of Vancouver—a woman's club whose members, according to its constitution, must be women professionally engaged in Art, Literature, Science or Handicrafts; or whose qualifications for membership shall be an active personal interest in the welfare, development and educational progress of women.

The Athenaeum Club is not yet a year old, but already its membership includes many women who, by long study and training, have qualified along some definitely professional line. Upon the list we see doctors, nurses, authors, journalists, painters, musicians, dramatic readers; artists in china, brass, leather, jewel-work, book-binding, and every style of handicraft and artistry. It is hardly necessary to state that in a cosmopolitan city like Vancouver, politics, creed, nationality are not considered; only the individual worth and professional standing of the member. The Club makes no pronouncements, so that suffragette and anti-feminist can agree to differ amicably over the luncheon table. In the non-professional class are women whose names are associated with every good and philanthropic project; women who have achieved much and will achieve yet more in the building up of a clean and wholesome city life. It is an object of the Club to bring together all these workers, so diverse and yet so

sympathetic, and to provide a centre in this rapidly-growing city where congenial women may meet and snatch a pleasant hour from a busy day.

The Club premises provide a reception room, a reading room, a writing room (for members only), Secretary's office, dining room and kitchen. These first premises are not large, but they are situated in the heart of one of the busiest streets of the downtown section, easy of access and convenient to everything. Luncheon and tea are served in the Club; members are allowed the privilege of bringing a friend, man or woman, provided that the privilege be not extended to the same person more than twice in the month. The reading room is liberally supplied with the current magazines and journals; a first class cook is installed in the kitchen, and a genial and competent secretary has the whole under careful supervision.

The officers of the Club are: Hon. President, Mrs. R. H. Alexander; President, Mrs. James Macaulay; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Mrs. M. A. McLean, Mrs. J. C. Keith, and Mrs. J. M. Lefevre; Secretary, Mrs. K. Pegram. These, with a General Committee of twelve, form the Executive, and the constitution and by-laws under which they work are modelled upon those of the best London clubs.

An interesting feature of this first winter of the Club has been a series of evening entertainments given in the rooms for the benefit of the members. These have included evenings with "Canadian Poetry"; "Ancient and Modern Art in China Decorating"; "William Blake, Man and Poet"; "India as she was and is" (including reminiscences of the Mutiny by one who passed through the Siege of Lucknow). A Twelfth Night Frolic introduced a lighter vein, while other evenings still in prospect are: A Folk-Lore Evening; Evenings with Persian Rugs; Celtic



A View of the Reception Room at the Athenaeum Club.



A Quiet Corner in the Writing Room.

Poetry; Ghosts I Have Met, and other equally interesting topics not yet decided upon.

Altogether, it is confidently expected that, long before its first birthday, this new departure in clubs will have done much to justify its existence.

A Session of the Browning Club

By FARNHAM HARPER

MRS. MARNER was not a "new" woman. Before her marriage she had been neither nurse nor stenographer; had simply been her mother's daughter, and after she was married she became her husband's wife. John Marner was her first consideration, her daughter the second, and her home, well, she often said that husband and daughter meant "home" for her, and it certainly was an attractive spot. She did not "belong" to a single club; she was not interested in the suffrage question, and when she amused herself it was not with bridge parties.

"When mother wants to have a tremendously good time," Molly sometimes said, "she curls up in a comfortable chair and reads Jane Austen."

Mrs. Marner and her daughter both liked to read, but their tastes were very diverse. When Molly emerged from the High School she joined three literary associations: a Browning Club, a Dickens Society, and The Modern Fiction Circle, but unfortunately in none of them was her mother interested. And her father, a quiet man who lounged in slippers and smoking-jacket of an evening, and read everything from newspapers to the Republic of Plato, laughingly informed Molly that "it looked as though she was going to take her mental aliment on the restaurant plan."

Molly was amused, and one afternoon she inveigled her mother into accompanying her to a session of the Browning Club.

"It will do your mental digestion good to have a change, mother," she said. "Don't you want to hear about Pippa, and Mr. Sludge, and James Lee's wife?"

Mrs. Marner was not certain that she did. She was not an admirer of Browning. She thought he tripped in his rhythm and erred in his rhyme, and besides, he often said absurd things.

"Isn't he the man who makes somebody say that he hadn't the moon in his pocket, by way of explanation, when he fell downstairs in the dark?"

"You never read that in any other poem, did you, mother?" returned Molly. "That statement was a flash of pure genius."

"Originality, perhaps, but genius —?" Mrs. Marner had her doubts.

The Browning Club met once a month, and an unprejudiced person might conclude that any poet would become a bore if discussed monthly for a very long period. Mrs. Marner wondered if after two or three years it would be possible to gain a new point of view.

"But, mother, it is. Browning is often very obscure, you know, and every interpreter has a new version. And his biography and letters and the reminiscences of his friends supply abundant material for discussion."

When the two reached their destination, the home,

by the way, of the President of the Club, Molly was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"It's Dr. Collins who is to give us a paper this afternoon. He's professor of something at Varsity, and awfully clever. You ought to enjoy his remarks."

The Club was in full attendance. The rooms were warm, the air flower-scented; books and pictures were in evidence. Mrs. Marner thought she might be able to put in the time, secretly hoping that her lack of appreciation of the author of "Sordello" would not be perceived.

She found herself seated between a couple of young girls, not any older than her Molly, and she speedily discovered that if she had been anxious to give her attention to the Professor's paper it would have been practically an impossibility. How they chattered!

"Don't be shocked, please, Mrs. Marner. We do talk, to be sure, but it's such a good chance, under our big hats, and behind other people's backs. You can't blame us."

"We tell each other at the Club what we otherwise would not have time for, exchange ideas in hair-dressing, millinery and chafing-dish cookery," chimed in the other young charmer. "I'm going to learn this afternoon how to make an aviation cap, and even so I may not go away without a glimmer of what the Professor has said."

An elderly lady in front was surveying the speaker

of the day very attentively. "He's very distinguished-looking, don't you think, Mrs. Marner?" turning around. "It's funny he doesn't say something original, though. I've read the book he wrote about Browning; he seems to be quoting it."

Mrs. Marner wondered if it would be worth while to make an original remark to such an audience. Two or three were taking notes. "I shouldn't be surprised, however," she thought, "if they dealt with another subject than Browning."

The elderly lady in front turned around again, this time to show a picture. "This is the house where the Brownings lived in Florence," she said. "Mrs. Browning used to keep the flowers her friends gave her until they were completely withered, would not allow the servants to throw them out. Ah, these poets have such sentiment!"

Mrs. Marner surveyed the scene, but her daughter was not in evidence. The young girl on her left apprised her that Molly was probably "cutting the cake." "Does no one listen," she inquired after a minute, and her neighbour smiled. "I did just now. Dr. Collins said that somebody compared Browning's mind to a piece of strong wood with a knot in it. I wonder who said such an odd thing?"

"It was Gilbert Chesterton," replied Mrs. Marner, but without illumination. Mrs. Chesterton would not have felt flattered.

The speaker concluded his address. Would anyone have the effrontery to say she enjoyed it? The elderly lady in front was making her way forward to do so. But the Professor soon disengaged him-

self, and approached—Mrs. Marner.

While he had been giving his address the hats in front had obstructed her view. Now she recognized him as one of her husband's old friends. The young girls who had been discussing how to make an aviation cap soon vanished, and he sat down beside her.

"I was glad to discover some one I knew," he said. "Do you know, Mrs. Marner, it wears me out more to address a gathering like this than to give a week of college lectures? There's something in the atmosphere that depresses me. The ladies seem appreciative enough, but their detached air is singularly disconcerting."

Their eyes met in amusement, and they laughed together.

"And when did you come to town?" Mrs. Marner inquired by way of variation.

"Just half an hour before I entered this house, but I'm glad I don't leave until the midnight train. I want to see your husband. How is dear old John?"

Molly had just approached, carrying a laden tray. What a feather in her cap to have her mother talking with the learned Professor! What a pity she could not be interested in his favourite poet! It was to be hoped that she would evince some appreciation of his scholarly address. She heard nothing of the sort. Instead, Mrs. Marner was saying, "John would feel very badly if you failed to see him, Dr. Collins. May I invite you to take dinner with us this evening?"

"I'll be delighted. I was hoping you'd ask me. Promise, however, that you will not mention Brown-

ing. I'm so weary of him at times. We'll talk about Jane Austen, whom everybody does not discuss to death. Thank fortune there is not a great deal known about her! How many times have you read "Pride and Prejudice" since I saw you last?"

It was a surprised young lady who offered the "learned Professor" a cup of coffee and a triangular sandwich. He accepted absently, his flow of speech undiminished.

"Do you remember what a famous caterer Emma was, Mrs. Marner? It makes me hungry to recall her dinners and suppers. And wasn't it a cruel joke when her father feasted Miss Bates and her mother on baked apples instead of—what was it?—lamb cutlets and asparagus tips—?"

Dr. Collins remained so long after dinner that Molly wondered if he would reach the depot in time for his train. She thought that for a busy man his actions were very leisurely, and that for a scholar he was almost frivolous.

When he was gone she gave her mother an arch look. "Mother," she said, "what would the girls say if I told them that the great Dr. Collins never referred to Browning, or quoted a line of him, all the evening, and that he is as enthusiastic about Jane Austen as Goldwin Smith?"

"They might decide that Jane Austen must be a very entertaining writer," replied Mrs. Marner.

And with a little embrace Molly concluded, "If you let me have your copy of 'Emma' I'd like to look over it. I ought to read what you do, mother, not to speak of a learned professor!"

In Mountain Land

By Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

FROM the little back-balcony of the house where I am staying there is one of the most bewitching, fascinating, hard-to-describe and impossible-to-forget views that I have ever seen. It is at all times beautiful, but I think perhaps most memorable as I have just seen it, on a clear star-lit winter night. First you look down and across a little open space to a grove of slender trees. They are all powdered with white from the recent storm (for the weather changes here with lightning rapidity), and through them, just beyond them, gleam like Christmas candles the street-lights and house-lights of the town. Past the trees and the lights stretches, cold and mysterious and grim, a strip of dark water, an arm of the Kootenay, and beyond that water stand the mountains, a mighty wall, closing in protectingly the sleeping town. Over those vast, irregular ramparts Angels or Titans might peer down upon us. I think if I had my choice it would be Angels, great, dusky-winged ones bearing sleep and dreams; but then, what likelier place for some old Titan from legendary days to have been sleeping than in some great gorge beyond those mountain-walls; and if at last he awoke and

leaned his massive head across and saw the little houses of a little mortal city, what a deal he would have to think about as he settled back to his next long nap—unless, indeed, he decided that we were a nice toy-village, and came lumbering over and down to play with us! Above the mountains arches a clear, cold sky, sprinkled with solemn stars, contrasting with and yet companioning the cheery glittering lights below.

This is my night view from the balcony. By daylight, in bright weather, the picture is in blues and whites—with always that cold grey of the water, the one rather daunting feature of the landscape. The ground shows here and there through the snow on the mountain-sides, and the trees and houses add soft neutral tints to the whole.

But sometimes one sees a soft, white, fleecy cloud drifting in a leisurely fashion along the mountain, such a cloud, apparently, as might accentuate the warmth and blueness of a sky in June—and that, the weather-wise will tell you, is a snow-storm coming! And it is! In a little while that white cloud

has grown like the genii let out of the bottle; the mountains are shut out by a sky-woven veil of mist and storm; feathery, drifting flakes outline the trees and flutter like fairy birds against the window-panes.

These are the Selkirks that keep guard around us, like mighty *couchant* St. Bernards. They seem to me friends already—but without a formal introduction, for it is almost impossible to find out their individual names! By dint of much questioning, however, I have discovered the appellations of a few. There is Granite Mountain, Morning Mountain, and Silver King, and in the distance the lofty peak of perpetual snows called Kokanee. But this is only the beginning of our acquaintance. The mountains are like some of one's human friends; there is an endless amount of wisdom and delight to be gained from their companionship, and of rest in the very remembrance of their steadfastness.

Another distinguishing feature of Mountain Land, besides its beauty of landscape, is the tonic, exhilarating quality of the air. It fills one with joy and ambition. You are weary of work within four walls? No wonder! Come out into the delightful
(Concluded on next page.)

Wives of Cabinet Ministers

MRS. FRANK COCHRANE and Mrs. Alexander Lougheed are two cabinet minister's wives much loved by many people for their philanthropy and sterling social qualities. Mrs. Cochrane was born in Pembroke, where her father, Mr. Dunlap, was a pioneer lumber-man. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane lived in Sudbury, where they were famous for their hospitality and social leadership. About fourteen years ago they moved to Toronto, where Mrs. Cochrane first had the experience of being wife to a cabinet minister.

The people who can tell most about Mrs. Cochrane are the poor and needy. She is not a "slummer," but an active member of many charitable societies. She was especially interested in the Boys' Home in Toronto. She is also a member of the Daughters of the Empire and a great church worker.

Not long ago, when she contemplated having her photo taken, she said to one of the handsomest women in Ottawa, "Mrs. Blank, I wish you would do a favour for me."

"With pleasure," said the lady. "What is it?" "I would like you to pose for my photo," said Mrs. Cochrane, with a smile.

But native modesty usually marks fine character. Mrs. Cochrane has a very keen interest in people less well off than herself. As was once said of her—"All the poor people love her."

Mrs. Lougheed, sister of Lady Strathcona, is the daughter of Chief Inspector Hardisty, of the Hudson's Bay Co. She has lived in Fort Resolution and Norway House. Her home is now in Calgary.



Mrs. Frank Cochrane, Wife of the Minister of Railways.



Mrs. J. Alexander Lougheed, Sister of Lady Strathcona.

freshening atmosphere, and soon your dreams will seem within the bounds of possibility—your ambitions things to be improved and then achieved, not pined for—your whole vision of life enlarged and clarified. Then the four walls, when you go back to them, will be a pleasant refuge and resting-place.

Somewhere among these mountains, on some green table-land, there must be, I think, the ideal place for a home—a real home, a homestead, a family gathering-place. Do you know, oh gentle reader, Alexander Smith's essay, entitled "Dreamthorp"? His writings, with their flawless perfection of English, are not so much read as they de-

serve to be—but that "is another story." He tells of coming to Dreamthorp, and describes it with a few apparently simple words that yet somehow make you catch your breath and feel homesick, as a wonderful sunset does; then he says:

"When I first beheld all this, I felt instinctively that my knapsack might be taken off my shoulders, that my tired feet might wander no more, that at last, on the planet, I had found a home."

Such another instinctively-to-be-recognized abiding-place I think is waiting, somewhere in Mountain Land. And with Summer shall the magic quest begin!

From Coast to Coast

Events at the Capital.

ABOUT twenty members of the May Court Club were invited to Government House, one afternoon last month, by the Duchess of Connaught to attend the first of a course of lectures on First Aid to the Wounded, given by Dr. Worthington, household physician to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia are deeply interested in the work of the St. John's Ambulance Association and there is no doubt that the viceregal interest in such matters will stimulate the feminine concern in hospital service throughout Canada.

The prorogation of the House has brought all sessional gayeties to a close and Ottawa is comparatively deserted, minus the Senators and Members with their families, who make the political life of the Capital. Several members of the Cabinet are going to Europe for the summer or for a month's much-needed holiday. Hon. R. L. Borden has gone to Virginia, which is a happy vacation ground for tired Canadian politicians, popular with Conservatives and Reformers alike. Perhaps it is because Virginia long ago received the benign name of "Mother of Presidents" that she exercises such a soothing influence on political nerves and sends Sir George Ross, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the present Premier back to Canada with renewed energy. While there is no Coronation with its pageant to attract Canadians to England this summer, there will be a goodly number of our politicians away in the Old Country, for it has become a healthy habit with many of them to cross the ocean for a vacation—and that means shopping for the feminine members of the family.

The members of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa have entered upon an undertaking in which all Canadians should be interested. At the thirteenth annual meeting of this society, held last month, it was recommended that an equestrian statue of Colonel By, the founder of Ottawa, with the historic stones bearing the crest of the Royal British engineers, with date of completion of the Rideau Canal placed in its base be erected as a memorial. It was also considered advisable to have a memorial to Confederation placed on the new Plaza. During the construction work on the new Plaza, several of the members of this society visited that scene of activity from time to time, with the result that the stones placed in the base of the old Sappers' Bridge by the royal engineers have been carefully protected.

It is entirely appropriate and commendable that the women of this society should take such an active interest in the erection of a memorial to the founder of our Capital. It is the mothers of the nation who tell the future citizens the stories of our great men and heroes and who keep strong the links which bind us to the past. Ottawa has its great opportunity to become an inspiring example of the City Beautiful. It is most picturesque in natural surroundings, with its rivers and rapids and pine-covered hills. It is no wonder that three poets of national fame have made it memorable. Now is the opportunity of the women of the Capital to aid in making the historic memorials worthy of the Builders of the State. Mrs. Thomas Ahearn is president and Mrs. J. B. Simpson secretary of the Ottawa branch of the Women's Canadian Historical Society.

The Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign.

IN East and West, the fight against tuberculosis is going on bravely and efficiently, and the women are doing their best in each community to cope with the White Plague. An educational campaign, as to preventive measures, especially as re-

gards the necessity for well-aired houses, is being carried on throughout the Dominion and already its benefits are being realized. As soon as possible, outdoor schools for tubercular children will be provided in Saskatchewan. In Winnipeg, the Daughters of the Empire started a campaign for ten thousand dollars for the King Edward VII. Memorial Cottage at the Ninette Sanatorium on April 1st, and obtained nearly half the sum on the first day of the campaign.

In Calgary, the Tubercular Hospital recently established by the Woman's Canadian Club of that flourishing city is already showing its value. "In a western city of Calgary's proportion and climatic advantages," says an Albertan journal, "tubercular patients find advantages peculiarly healing for the disease. Many from the eastern provinces in the first and second stages of the dread disease seek the advantages of the dry atmosphere of sunny Southern Alberta. It was under such conditions that the Woman's Canadian Club found it necessary to establish the Tubercular Hospital. The building was granted by the city free of rent, and as a temporary abode they could not have been more successful in the selection of a building. Although from outside appearance, at first sight, one might get the impression of it being a lonely place. But not so. Just go inside and note how quickly your conception will be changed.

"The situation is an ideal one. The front faces the river and the coulees, commanding an ideal view of the river, hills and surrounding country. The verandah and balcony are now nearly completed, and what a boon they will be to the patients. These are splendid spacious additions, facing the south, where all can enjoy a bask in the sun. Not only on sunny days will comfort be found here, but also on windy days, for awnings are being put up so that the patients may enjoy fresh air even in ill-tempered weather.

"The interior is cheery, provided with an ample number of windows. With high ceiling, hardwood floors and white draperies and delicately tinted walls one gets the impression of the ideal hospital."

Bonnie Golfing Dorothy.

MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, of Hamilton, has been doing credit to her city and country on Uncle Sam's golf links. To prove his appreciation of her skill, "Hek," of the *Chicago Tribune*, writes the following touching lines:

Miss Dorothy Campbell o' Hamilton, Can.,
Uses brassie and putter as well as a man.
A creedit she is tae her country an' clan,
Miss Dorothy Campbell, o' Hamilton, Can.

Women and Municipal Affairs.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the equal suffrage agitation in Canada, there is no doubt that the women of this country are taking more interest in civic government than ever before. There are certain matters associated with public health, concerning which the masculine councillor is lamentably slow. A pure water supply, for instance, is something which every town and city in the Dominion should possess. Typhoid fever is a disgrace to any community, as it means merely indifference and criminal neglect. Women have awakened to a knowledge of preventives and are taking measures to make the Twentieth Century city a cleaner, brighter and more beautiful community than has been known heretofore.

The women of the Canadian Clubs are taking up practical questions affecting civic health and improvement. A lecture under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club of St. John, addressed by Mrs. Bowlker, President of the Municipal League

of Boston, was attended by an audience which showed a ready sympathy with the work and aims of this capable woman. Mrs. Bowlker also addressed the pupils of the High School, thereby interesting the youthful generation in the work which is to make our towns and cities a reason for patriotic pride.

The Benefit Bazaar.

WHATEVER fashions may come and go, in the way of feminine charitable efforts and entertainment, the bazaar is not likely to disappear altogether. A great flood of satire has been poured on the manner of conducting bazaars, and we have all heard of the pincushion sold for half a dollar and the cup of tea at twenty-five cents. But the modern women have changed the old-time methods, exorbitant prices have vanished and the patrons and patronesses may be sure of "value for the money." One of the most successful bazaars held in Canada during Lent was that of the Montreal General Hospital Alumnae Association, when fifteen hundred dollars was made in aid of the Nurses' Sick Benefit Fund.

What About Tag Day?

SOME years ago, the custom of Tag Day was initiated in Canadian cities and many good causes were furthered by young girls who sold "Tags" to every benevolent citizen. Such days have been observed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the masculine inhabitants of town or city are beginning to fear the announcement that there will be a Tag Day in behalf of hospital, school or sanitarium.

Winnipeg had a prettier observance on the 6th of April, when violets were sold throughout the city for the funds of the Children's Hospital. At the leading theatres, bunches of the fragrant spring flowers were sold in abundance and the audiences responded liberally to the appeal both of the cause and the blossoms.

The Lady With the Violin.

SUCH a feted lady as Kathleen Parlow has been in the West during the last month! This gifted violinist is claimed by Calgary as one of her daughters; but from Winnipeg to the Coast each city seemed to consider her its own peculiar pride. The concerts were greeted by enthusiastic audiences and the social circles of each city gave warm welcome to the clever Canadian girl and her charming mother. We are often accused as a people of being slow to recognize musical and artistic talent; but this charge is hardly proved in the case of those who have done lasting work.

An Unusual Tribute.

AN Albertan paper tells of an event which is significant of the growing appreciation of the pioneer literary work, done by Canadian women. In most of our towns and cities, the majority of those who use the public libraries are women—and tributes to the enterprise of those who encourage such libraries are all too rare.

An interesting ceremony took place recently in Calgary when the Woman's Literary Club, at their annual meeting, unveiled a brass tablet to the memory of Mrs. Davidson. When the matter of a Carnegie Library for Calgary was first broached much opposition was made by those who objected to the city accepting assistance from Mr. Carnegie. The matter was dropped for two years and was then brought forward by the president of the Woman's Literary Club, Mrs. Davidson. The tablet now erected to her memory in the lecture room of the Carnegie Library reads:

In loving memory of
Annie Davidson,
who was instrumental in founding the
Carnegie Library in Calgary,
Erected by the
Calgary Woman's Literary Club, 1911.

It is as pleasant to note the real service Mrs. Davidson has done for Calgary as to remark the appreciation of it, thus shown by her fellow-workers and townswomen.

A Lively Illustration.

IN the city of Montreal there is the variety of women's clubs, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon city of the Twentieth Century. Among these none does better work than the Montreal Women's Club, of which the president is Mrs. N. C.

Smillie. At a recent meeting, Miss Helm, of the University Settlement, gave an interesting address on "Settlement Work in General," with an account of the work of the University Settlement on Dorchester Street in particular. Miss Phillips, superintendent of the Foundling Hospital, then gave the Club a clear and inspiring talk on the work of the Milk Depots throughout the city. She showed how the milk was prepared for each baby, how it was packed in the small bottles carefully corked and carried away in tin pails with cracked ice. If those receiving the milk were able to pay they did so, if not they received it free.

However, the most interesting feature in connection with the address was the presence of a "real, live baby," that was brought in by a neat nurse and behaved beautifully as it was undressed and weighed in the scales which stood with an array of milk bottles and pails on the platform table.

In Montreal the work of preparing the

milk Depots is patriotism of the best kind in saving these small citizens for the Dominion.

❖ ❖

Personal Paragraphs.

DR. WILFRED GRENFELL and Mrs. Grenfell have returned to the East, after a tour of Western Canada, during which the "Fishermen's Doctor" won many friends for his Labrador work.

Mrs. J. G. Woods, of Vancouver, and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, of Moncton, were among those presented at the first Court during March.

Lady Mount Stephen was "At Home" last month to the Presidents of the London Needlework Guild. Her Majesty the Queen honoured Lady Mount Stephen by being present. Queen Mary's interest in needlework is well known and has revived interest in that feminine accomplishment in aristocratic circles.

The Countess of Warwick is now engaged in explaining just why she did not continue her lecturing tour of the United

The One Perfect Food

The whole wheat grain is the one perfect, complete food given to man. This is affirmed by dietetic experience. It contains all the chemical elements that are found in the human body and in about the same proportion. If it is a complete, perfect food, why mix it with other grains?

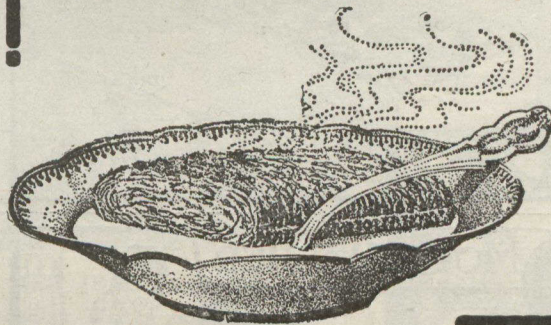
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It is the whole wheat, nothing added, nothing taken away—no yeast, no baking powder, no grease and no chemicals of any kind—just pure whole wheat made digestible by steam cooking, shredding, and baking.

For breakfast, heat the Biscuit in the oven a few moments to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it and salt or sweeten to suit the taste. It is delicious for any meal with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced pineapple, berries or other fruits. At your grocer's.

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY BROOKE AND HER SON.

Lady Brooke is the daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Warwick and married Lord Brooke four years ago. She is the daughter of Sir William Eden and Possesses the unusual Christian name of Elfrida. Lord Brooke takes an active part in the Territorial movement, and has seen service in the South African War, and during the Russo-Japanese War was a special correspondent for Reuter's. —The Tatler.

milk is done by Miss Phillips at the Foundling Hospital, and in its distribution she is ably seconded by the nurses of the Victorian Order.

Once a week a clinic is held at the depots at which the mothers gather with their babies, who are examined by a doctor and weighed as the little baby present was weighed and the increase or falling off in weight was carefully noted. These clinics do much good, for they established a friendly rivalry among the mothers with regard to the care of the babies.

To sum up the benefits of the work she quoted a doctor as saying, "Before these Milk Depots were started I lost seventy-five per cent. of the babies among my clients, now I save seventy-five per cent."

Miss Phillips also dwelt on the need of continuing this work of distributing milk all the year around. As it was now, the depots had to be closed, except in one or two cases, during the winter. And this for lack of funds, in a rich city like Montreal.

As it was proved two years ago that Montreal has the highest infant death rate on the continent, the work of the

States and why she did not come to Canada. Her sudden return to England, Home and Duty was all on account of the coal strike!

Western air seems to be favourable to authorship. Mrs. McClung, Mrs. Arthur Murphy and Mrs. Isabel Mackay will bring out new books this spring.

Miss Margaret Anglin, Canada's favourite actress, will be on tour in the West this month.

A Gentle Reminder.

DE PACHMANN, says the San Francisco Argonaut, will have cause to remember Quincy, Illinois, that is to say if he is well served by his press-clipping bureau. Here is a report of his recent recital which doubtless he will paste in his clipping album with a red line around it to remind him of the virtues of humility:

"There was a splendid house at the De Pachmann concert last night, and the Scherzo Club ladies were a little ahead on that concert, although it took \$650 cash for the pianist, and then there were the theatre, advertising and other expenses."

It makes you hungry

"Remember my face— you'll see me again."



Wives! Here's the soup for the husband who leaves his appetite out in the cold —Edwards' Soup.

It's the soup that he's eager to begin and sorry to finish; the soup that warms him through and through; the soup that gives him such an appetite that it makes you hungry to see him eat.

Yet Edwards' desiccated Soup is no trouble to make—all the preparation is done long before you buy.

Edwards' Soup is also an excellent addition to your own soups—it imparts flavour; it thickens; strengthens and gives a richer colour.

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Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' Soup is made in Ireland from specially selected beef and from the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell


The highest grade of cocoa beans, finest cocoa butter, purest cane sugar, and the best vanilla beans that can be bought, are the ingredients which we blend together to form that rich, smooth coating which is characteristic of



MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

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Halifax, Canada, 31



"Bunty" in Her Hotel.

SOME clever press agent and a few favourable critics sent the theatrical pulse a-beating this season with the news of the quaint Scotch comedy, "Bunty Pulls the Strings." And we do not wonder at the curiosity which awaited its arrival in every city. Much less do we wonder at the genuine enjoyment it afforded all who saw it, particularly those who had some of the original Scotch coursing through their veins. The wit, the narrowness of the villagers in the little Scotch town, the whole atmosphere, was so cleverly portrayed as to merit all kinds of appreciation.

But—theatrical press agents are commercial, and are not content with one company playing the greatest money-maker of the season. They sent two others straying over the country, some members of whom had as much idea of Scotch pronunciation as the itinerant banana peddler who stops at your door. The "Bunty" however, the leading character of the company which toured different parts of Canada, was a recent Scotch importation, and grasped the situation naturally enough.

A very quaint young miss she was, Miss Mollie McIntyre, with her slight rolling of her r's, her witticisms and her coquetry. I met her, one day in her hotel, carrying the dearest little Pomeranian puppy, as black as ink. This is her one pet, who accompanies her wherever she goes; a much pampered puppy with a tiny bell about its neck. Bunty seems rather fond of alliteration, for she has named the puppy Bubbles. And they go hiking over the country, Bunty and Bubbles, the latter much petted by her adoring mistress, the former pampered by the public.

Bunty has soft brown eyes and hair about the same colour. She is Highland Scotch, and, of course, I naturally expected that her hair would be the shade that Titian adored. She laughed at the idea.

"I don't know how it is that people think all Scotch people should have red hair. It is really the exception. I am going to tell you a secret. I am a direct descendant of Mary Queen of Scots. I told someone that, one time"—making the secret much more valuable, of course—"and he said, 'I don't quite see how that can be. Mary had such brilliant red hair.' Now, isn't that absurd?"

I suppose I should have been frightfully embarrassed talking to a real descendant of the mighty Mary, who lost all her brilliant hair so woefully. But Bunty had a way which banished all possible embarrassment, and Bubbles, the inimitable Pomeranian, supplied any extra attention-topics.

Bunty came back to Toronto the second time, after having visited a number of Canadian one-night stands, and was violently ill-pleased with some Canadian hotels. In fact, she made the statement that they were the worst she had ever encountered. And her pretty nose formed itself into a decided retrouse. But, as I said above, she is a much pampered Bunty.

The Worst Yet.

SOMEONE persuaded me to go out in the cold April air, one night, to see Richard Carle and Edna Wallace Hopper, co-star in "Jumping Jupiter." And that someone has ceased to exist on my friendship sphere. We have had plenty and to spare of inane productions, in this country, this season, but we reached the extremest limit of worseness in "Jumping Jupiter." If I had played the martyr long enough to sit through two acts, I might be able to give the story of the thing. But, as far as I could judge, the whole plot centred around a certain purple lady, played by Edna, whose greatest diversion was being tossed in the air by a quartette of dissipated absurdities commonly known as men. Edna had a propensity, too, toward tight skirts of the extreme directoire type. She shrieked out a few bits of verse in a much forced falsetto, and attempted

a series of pirouettes around the stage. She might have accomplished that fifteen years ago, but not now.

By the way, I had been asked to interview her by the press agent, and hurried down to the hotel, at the appointed time, only to learn that the Jumping Jupiter train had not arrived. The next morning I called up Edna Wallace Hopper, and ever since have been nursing the memory of the rudest retorts I ever received from any professional. Evidently switchboard was listening. This from Edna:

"I do wish you'd speak so that I can hear you."

I shouted that I had had an interview arranged with her the night before, but had missed it, owing to the slowness of the Jupiter train.

"Well, that's funny. I can't see how you possibly could have an interview without consulting me." For Edna's small anatomy, she can contain a great amount of egotism, you see. I mentioned the possible existence of a press agent. Also very courteously asked if I could see her that morning.

"No, you certainly can not. I am too busy to see anyone, this morning. And it is a nuisance to be bothered."

Fortunately, the receiver hook was close by.

A Mother of Many Homes.

TEN children, one hundred grandchildren, one hundred and five great-grandchildren, and ten great-great-grandchildren—has "Aunt Fanny"; born in Carleton Co., N.B., on September 13,



"Aunt Fanny," a great-great-grandmother.

1818. Mrs. Kinney is of U. E. Loyalist descent, and still disbelieves in reciprocity with the United States. She is a woman of most remarkable vitality, and her activities are of the plain, old-fashioned sort that were in vogue when she was a girl on the banks of the St. John River. Forty years she has regularly conducted a Sabbath-school at the little church next door. Last fall she knit with her own hands nine pairs of socks and twenty pairs of mittens. Every year she makes a patch-work quilt for some needy household. She has never worn glasses or walked with a cane. A few months ago she visited Aroostook County, Maine, going and returning alone. When asked if she was not afraid to travel alone she said, "I want to go when I can; when I get old I can't."

Answered.

An especially enthusiastic lady tourist had kept up her Gatling fire of questions until she had thoroughly mastered the geography of the country.

Then she ventured to ask the brakeman how he had lost his finger: "Cut off in making a coupling between cars, I suppose?"

"No, madame," he said, "I wore that finger off pointing out scenery to tourists."—The Argonaut.

'VELOX' MOTOR-WASHER

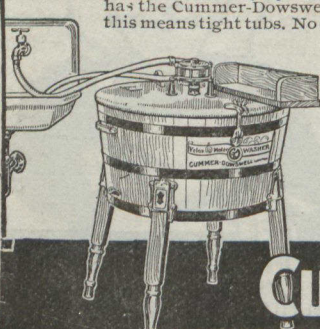
If you have running water in your house, why make a drudge of yourself 52 wash days every year, when a VELOX Water Motor Washing Machine will wash your clothes as fast as two women can do the other necessary operations, such as blueing, rinsing, hanging out, etc. AND DO IT WELL.

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Ask your dealer to demonstrate it. The Motor has single, direct acting shaft, no cogs or gears and is self contained.

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

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Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE third annual dinner of the Toronto Women's Press Club was held on the evening of March 28th, in the St. Charles Hotel. Miss Jane Wells Fraser presided, and conducted the festivities with the ability and charm which have marked her presidency. The guests of the Toronto Club at the dinner were: Mrs. Coleman (Kit), who came down from Hamilton for the evening; Miss Stafford, President of the Port Arthur Women's Press Club, who was in Toronto on her way to New York; Mrs. Long, lately of the Winnipeg Women's Press Club, who has come to live in Toronto; Mrs. Roberts (Miss Jessie Alexander), President of the Heliconian Club, and Miss Blanche Hume, of "Rod and Gun," Woodstock. Miss Nesbitt, of the Hamilton Herald, who is a regular and welcome attendant at the Toronto meetings, was also at the dinner. Different groups of members had decorated the seven different tables, a prize being given for the cleverest decoration, coupled with the best entertainment of the evening. The general plan was followed of illustrating by the decorations sections or characteristics of Toronto. The Toronto Real Estate table won the first prize; the blue print plan of the Toronto Women's Press Club passing into the archives of the club as one of its treasured possessions. Other tables represented the Water Front, the Ward, Suburban Life, Queen's Park, and Future Fortunes of the Club. The decorations of the head table represented the ladder of fame, crowned with a laurel wreath inside which was a golden dollar mark. Miss Marjory MacMurchy read a telegram from the Hon. President, Mrs. Walker, of Winnipeg, and responded to the toast of the C. W. P. C. Gay and clever verses were contributed by several members. Miss Estelle Kerr, whose work as an artist and illustrator is well known, had drawn place cards for each member. After dinner fortunes were told, and a number of Toronto stories were related. Miss Fraser, the retiring President, was given a bracelet of Dutch silver as a little souvenir of her presidency, and bunches of violets and sweet peas were given to Miss Kerr and Miss Fairlie, the retiring secretary and treasurer. The evening's enjoyment was certainly as delightful as it was unique. The officers of the Toronto branch for 1912-13 are: President, Miss Dvas; Vice-President, Miss Edith Macdonald; Secretary, Miss Houston; Treasurer, Miss Deacon; Executive, Mrs. Snider, Mrs. Burritt, Miss MacMurchy, Miss Warnock, and Miss Mason.

A BRANCH of the Canadian Women's Press Club is likely soon to be formed in Victoria, B. C.

THE Vancouver Branch of the C. W. P. C. gave a delightful luncheon recently for Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, now back in her native city after two years of most successful lecturing on Canada in Great Britain. The luncheon was given in the Hotel Vancouver, and the guests were received by Miss Durham, President of the Vancouver Branch, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Vice-President for British Columbia, and other officers of the club. At the conclusion of the luncheon Miss Cameron gave an extremely interesting talk about her visit to the Homeland. She spoke specially of the vital ties existing between the Old Land and Canada, and of the keen interest in the Dominion, which she everywhere encountered. Miss Cameron lectured on Canada before audiences widely diverse, one evening before the Royal Geographical Society, the next to a gathering of London's poor, in this way coming into touch with the varied elements of the country's life. Miss Cameron spoke of her travels with the brilliance, sympathy and humour which is characteristic both of her speaking and writing. Other guests at the luncheon were Miss Spon, of the Derbyshire Times, who has come to this country to write a series of articles on Canada for her paper; Miss Minnie Smith, of Kelowna,

author of the novel "Is It Just?"; Mrs. William Dalton, and Misses Alice and Edith Ravenhill, of England. New officers of the Vancouver Branch are: Miss Mabel Durham, President, and Miss Isabel Maclean, Vice-President.

MISS MARY McLEOD-MOORE, a member of the C. W. P. C., at present resident in London, England, presided at an editor's dinner at the Lyceum Club on the 11th of April. Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, also a member of the C. W. P. C., who has been visiting England, is returning to Canada this month.

AT a luncheon given by the Winnipeg Women's Press Club for Mrs. Jean Blewett, of Toronto, the guest of honour gave a brilliant address upon "The Fun of Working." Some of the happy things which Mrs. Blewett said were that: "Money was not a stepping-stone to happiness." "It is a mistaken idea to say, 'I will work hard for a period and then I will go away and have a good time.' Have a good time as you work." "If Solomon had lived to-day he would have advised, 'with all thy getting, get a good time.'" "The real things of life are free. Love, joy and genius cannot be bought with all the money in the world." "Souls should absorb work—not let work absorb them." "Women are the faith holders



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT,
Canadian Writer and Lecturer.

of the world. Never set the pulse beat of your heart to someone else's opinion. Do your best and leave the rest to God." Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, President of the Winnipeg Club, who presided, at the conclusion of Mrs. Blewett's address read one of the short stories from her new book, which is soon to be published.

THE Calgary Branch of the C. W. P. C. entertained at tea at the home of Judge and Mrs. Winter, for Miss Kathleen Parlow, the talented young violinist, who is a native of Calgary. A number of musical people were invited, and during the afternoon several instrumental selections were given. The Calgary Club also entertained Mrs. Balmer Watt, President of the Edmonton Branch of the C. W. P. C.

AT the regular March meeting of the Winnipeg Branch of the C. W. P. C., Mrs. H. B. Sharman, of the Chicago Evening Post, talked on Book Reviewing, and Mrs. W. Bale spoke of Articles Illustrated by Kodak Pictures, giving many of her own experiences in this matter. Mrs. Bale presented each member of the club with a little souvenir booklet of snap shots.

"NORTHERN SKIES" is the title of a collection of poems by Seranus (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison), which is shortly to be published. Mrs. Harrison, who is widely known for her writing on musical subjects, and also for her poems and stories, is a member of the Toronto Branch of the C. W. P. C.

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30 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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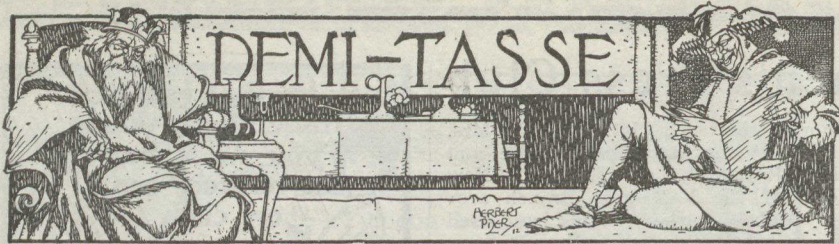
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Courierettes.

NO doubt some people across the line are now wondering why they kept on reminding Teddy Roosevelt, during his quiet spell, that he hadn't said anything for a long time.

Cobourg will now be known as the town of the stand pipe that didn't. Do you tumble? Well, at any rate, the pipe did.

Another "hunger strike" of London women who want to vote! Sufferin' suffragettes!

"Nobody loves a fat man"—at least Teddy Roosevelt is no longer passionately fond of Bill Taft.

Japan is reported to have begun the conquest of the air. Russia can plainly see the air's finish.

Home-work is denounced by the Ontario Educational Association; also by the suffragettes.

"Mud from Earls Court shown to Controllers" runs a Toronto evening paper heading. That's rather decent of the Earls Courters, since a lot of other people persist in throwing mud at those civic rulers.

A Hot Time.—Sometimes when a newspaper puts a heading over a budget of news the result of trying to feature more than one topic is an amusing combination.

An instance of this cropped up a few days ago in a heading, in the Daily Gleaner of Fredericton, over a half-column of news items from Marysville. Two of the important items were featured in the heading, and the result was this: **NASHWAAK RIVER ICE MAKES MOVE**—Easter Concert Given at Marysville Proves to be Highly Successful Affair.

Human Nature.

BOOST, and the world boosts with you; Knock, and you—well, to be perfectly candid, you'll find that a lot of people are ready to help you do that, too.

A Good Term.—F. L. Fuller, of Truro, N. S., secretary and manager of the Maritime Horse Show, which is held annually in Amherst, N. S., has a little girl who has inherited her father's love for a horse. Mr. Fuller, strangely enough, doesn't own a horse.

The little girl was very much interested in the horse show recently held, and wanted to be numbered among the exhibitors. So she prayed one night that the Lord would send her a pony and send it soon. She ended her prayer by

saying: "God bless the rich; God bless the poor; God bless the middle money, Amen."

"That was a very nice prayer, dearie," said her mother, "but what did you mean by the middle money?"

"Why, that's us, mamma. We're neither rich nor poor; we're just middle money—can't afford a pony."

ONCE more the fan—and fan-ess—
Are filled with joy and hope;
Once more the daily papers
Are full of wondrous dope.

Once more is conversation
Adorned with startling terms;
Once more the open season
For active baseball germs.

Once more 'tween crowded benches
The yelling youngster goes,
With candy, gum and peanuts
And no respect for toes.

Once more heroic sluggers
Win momentary fame,
Or smash the air to fragments—
Repeating Casey's shame.

Once more the friendless umpire
Is viciously put right,
And told that strongest glasses
Might help his failing sight.

Once more from office duties
The boy tribe ask release;
Once more their fathers' fathers
Conveniently debase.

Once more the myriad faithful
Are answering the call,
And pitying such as never
Rejoice to hear, "Play ball!"
W. A. C.

The Middy's Mother.—Lieut. Aglionby, of the Royal Navy, loaned to the Canadian navy, and an officer on H. M. C. S. Niobe, tells the following story, which will be appreciated by some Canadian mothers who are not conversant with the duties of a Canadian midddy.

The Niobe was just about to leave Halifax on a cruise, and, as is the custom in all navies, everybody on board, with the exception of the captain, had to turn in and coal ship.

A mother coming down to see her boy off was horrified when he appeared before her begrimed and dirty.

Unheeding her son's protests she straightway made for the captain and indignantly exclaimed that she had sent her boy to sea to fight and not to heave coal.

The captain, seeing the humour of the

thing, sent for his first officer to explain why this boy was trundling a coal truck instead of fighting.

The first officer, too, was far from being dressed as a fighting man should, and through the grime of his face expressed his sorrow, but, pointing to another disreputable object who was trundling his barrow up to a coal pile on the dock, he said, "If Lord Graham there, a duke's son, thinks it not beneath his dignity to coal ship, I don't see any reason for you to complain, madame."

Moral—The mother hates to think that her boy is "the goat."

"Oh, to Be in England."—How comforting it must be to live in England, where each really big question is settled by a poem from the pen of Kipling!

Canada has no Kipling. If she had, we might be given virile verse which would settle such burning questions as to whether Canada is to split into two countries. And we might at once find out for sure whether we made a mistake in turning down reciprocity.

The New Spelling.—Aside from the fact that current history is being made at a tremendous rate, these must be trying days for the poor school-boy. He hears rumours about simplified spelling, but he must be puzzled to read in the papers emphatic declarations that each of a host of Canadian town names spells opportunity, development, enterprise and progress.

Seasonable Complaint.

HAVE you a stronger than usual dislike for work?

Do you experience a longing to go fishing?

Do you imagine that you see vacation booklets before your eyes?

If you have any or all of these symptoms you may at once make up your mind that you have spring fever.

Timely.—At the Ontario Legislature a member recently brought before the House the matter of castile soap. Very appropriate during the closing days of the session when all legislative business should be cleaned up.

"Accidents Will Happen."—"There goes young Brown. He'll never set the world on fire."

"I'm not so sure of that. He may if he keeps on throwing live cigarette butts around."

The Misfits.

LIST while folk talk, and you'll decide
That quite a mighty throng
In picking out a line of work
Got very much in wrong.

It matters not the least how well
Some kind of work is run—
Outsiders claim that in their hands
It would be better done.

Each city man offhand can tell
The farmer how to farm.
We all can give the statesman tips
In times of great alarm.

With other tasks it's just the same;
Each of the outside mob
Knows better how to do the stunt
Than the man who's on the job.

Cheerful.—There's many a man who could give expert evidence that building up the circulation of a daily, weekly or monthly publication is usually no easy task.

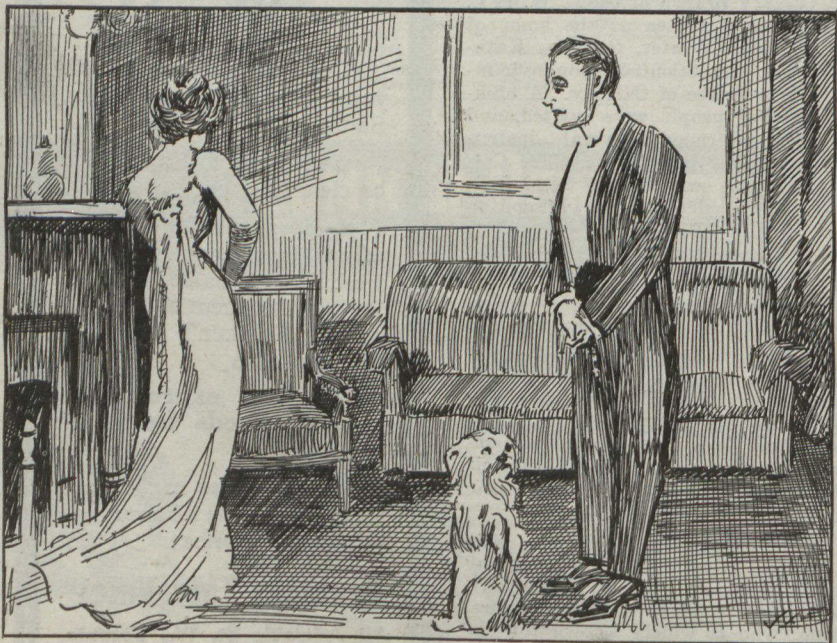
A man who started a trade paper in London, England, some time ago, had a hard job to get his publication going right. One day there came into his office four men friends, each of whom had bought a copy of the paper.

They produced the copies. The poor publisher was not feeling very bright, but he saw the humour of the situation.

"Boys," he said, "that's good of you. You've doubled my circulation."

A Surprise.—"Me no talkee Chinee velly well," explained the hostess, upon greeting the visitor from the newest republic.

"No matter," responded the latter, "I can converse tolerably well in English."



Leap-year Vaudeville—"I'll be a Brother to You."
With apologies to C. D. Gibson.

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"FOR MINE"

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder
keeps my skin in healthy condition.

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Well, Well!

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I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

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NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 10. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

Significant Advances

A few striking comparisons made by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C., President of the

Mutual Life OF CANADA

in his address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company held February 1st:

	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2,450,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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MAGNATES**



SANE INVESTMENTS

Points of a Government Bond

THE bonds of governments yield a smaller rate of interest than any other. At the same time they give the maximum of safety. The highest return from these securities is four per cent. This income is too small to be of value to the average investor, unless it be as a foundation for a miscellaneous list of investments. Financial experts in the United States assert that the credit of their country is the "highest of any nation on earth," but they must share that honour with Canada, whose credit is exceedingly good in the world's money markets. Our latest government loan, floated in London at 98, two points under the par value of 100, was absorbed to the extent of 20 per cent. by the general public. The remaining 80 per cent. was left with the underwriters. This means that they will have the responsibility of placing the balance with investors, and that is being done.

The changing appetite of the investor requiring a larger return upon his capital was a consideration which had the attention of Mr. Fielding, the former Minister of Finance. The yield of bonds to the investor has been steadily increasing over a period of years. That period almost exactly corresponds to the time in which the price of commodities has been advancing. When the income of the conservative investor can buy less than it previously did, only two courses are open to him. One is to reduce his standard of comfort. The other is to sell his high-priced bonds and look for a larger interest on something not quite so safe.

As a general rule, bonds tend to improve when the price of commodities is low, and vice versa. The credit of the particular country may almost be described as a secondary influence. While this assertion is true, it yet remains to be seen whether or not the present speculative tendency and the advancing high prices of commodities in North America are not to some extent permanent factors. There will be a swinging of the pendulum at periods, but it seems highly probable the investor will ask in future a larger yield upon his capital than hitherto.

The 3½ and 3¾ per cent. Dominion of Canada loans have, therefore, had a more difficult road to success than was previously the case. The investor is taking greater chances and learning the art of discrimination. Mr. Fielding, therefore, twice in 1909, thought to counterbalance this change by appealing to the small investor by allowing applications for amounts under £100. Of the first loan of £6,000,000, applications aggregating £19,360, and for the second loan of £6,500,000 applications aggregating £5,180 were made for bonds for amounts under £100. In both cases the £50 or \$250 investment was the most popular.

We may examine with advantage the prospectus of the former loan, which was one of 3¾ per cent. bonds, a typical instance. The issue of £6,000,000 was in denominations of £10, £20, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000. The bonds were offered at 94¼. Upon application £5 was payable, about a week after £19½, five weeks later £25, in five weeks again £25, and a month later the final payment of £25. This gave the investor nearly four months to pay for his bonds. The loan was raised under the authority of a Canadian act of Parliament to meet maturing obligations, to provide funds for the construction of public works and for general purposes. The interest on the bonds was payable half-yearly on January 1st and July 1st. The principal was repayable at par ten years after the date of issue, this being a rather short term loan. The buyers of these particular bonds will have the option, until November, 1913, of converting them into 3 per cent. inscribed stock on the basis of £110 of that stock for every £100 bond. The gilt edged safety of our government bond is apparent when we know that the revenues of the Dominion are liable in respect of them.

The greater part of our government bonds are held by large institutions, such as insurance companies. The Dominion Government bonds are also included in the British Trustee List and are, therefore, among the select securities in which the British law allows trustee investments.

Canada's provincial government bonds are chiefly sold in Great Britain, although Ontario has marketed several bond issues in Canada. Last year, that provincial government invited subscriptions from the public for \$1,000,000 of its bonds in denominations of \$1,000. They were issued at a premium, the price being 102. A few weeks later the price was 102 and accrued interest, which is the amount of interest on a bond not yet payable, but which has accrued over a given period of time subsequent to the last regular payment. These Ontario bonds, which yield 4 per cent., were issued under legislative authority and were free from all provincial taxes, succession duty and impositions whatsoever. The loan was raised upon the credit of the consolidated revenue fund of Ontario and is chargeable thereon. We give these merely as two typical instances.

Government securities may be considered, as one financier has termed them, "the luxuries of investments." If there is no objection to low interest, nothing is safer. A ready market always exists for them and there is a constant demand among banks, insurance companies and trustees. General political and industrial conditions naturally influence their market value, but the price fluctuations are of little moment. The variations are far less than the average of other securities. Still, the average investor desires a more remunerative bond.

On and Off the Exchange.

Politics and Steel.

THE steel interests expected—and with good reason—the Minister of Finance to satisfy the country of his good intentions by the appointment of a tariff commission and to then extend assistance to the iron and steel trade pending the report of the court of enquiry. Having guessed wrong the first time, the steel interests are trying again and they now expect the Minister to tell the country that the Senate having arbitrarily and without reason thwarted a scientific and impartial consideration of our tariff re-

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The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

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and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

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Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000
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vided Profits 5,458,878
Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911) . 63,404,580
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100 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

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RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

quirements he will be forced to help the steel industry at this supposedly crucial stage in its career, and at least until the will of parliament is carried into effect and the actual condition of affairs is revealed by the belated commission. Meantime the people who sold stocks on the advance in the steel securities because they did not wish the market to exhibit undue enthusiasm over the prospect of a renewal of the bounties are undoubtedly feeling piqued. They let go a lot of stocks which they were prepared to hold for a further rise, but they have been buyers since. The improvement in the steel trade of the United States is continuing to help our steel makers. There is less inducement on the part of the American steel interests to come into this market. But if there is no bounty, the domestic steel enterprises can hardly make a very good showing this year. It would not be good business.

The Busy Shareholder.

THERE still remains a popular idea that large corporations arrange their internal affairs at the annual meeting of the shareholders. The impression is probably strengthened by the policy of the larger banks which usually make their important announcements at these gatherings. Such functions are usually distinguished also by weighty utterances upon the condition of trade with particular reference to the institution itself, usually delivered by the president and the general manager. Then there is perhaps a motion to increase the authorized capital, or to swallow some little rival or to do something to the dividend, and the shareholder, as he enthusiastically endorses the final vote of thanks to the staff "for the untiring energy and unswerving loyalty exhibited by every member of the service," experiences a glow of satisfaction at the part he has taken in moulding the policy of a great fiduciary institution. The shareholder has done his useful part; he has assisted to make a quorum; he has obediently moved a motion, the nature of which he knows nothing when he arrived at the meeting; and for the rest he has applauded or maintained a decorous silence as his experience of gatherings of the kind prompts him to do. All the actual business was transacted weeks before the meeting, but he has seen the formal impress placed upon it.

A grizzled financier the other day was discussing the touching belief of a certain class of investors in their ability to direct the administration of their own investments. He said: "I remember once we intended doing something at an annual meeting. But for some reason or other quite a lot of the shareholders attended the meeting and we didn't do it."

The Southern Traction.

ALL of which sage reflections are prompted by the hints thrown out of possible developments at the Rio and Sao Paulo meetings a fortnight hence. It is within the range of possibility that some announcement of which the market did not know all about before may be made, but in other and more exciting speculative fields this would probably be classed as a hundred to one shot.

Rio's forty million dollars of common stock is held in almost every country of the world. In the form of bearer share warrants it nestles in the strong boxes of thousands of the middle class population of continental Europe. It has long been a speculative favourite in London, but until quite recently, when the old country began to take more of it, the market for Rio was made in Toronto. People knew as much about its affairs as they did of those of the Toronto railway, but there have been Rio annual meetings here which might have as well been held on the back of a street car. A score of financiers dash into the board room of the Toronto Railway Company as the bells of St. James Cathedral are ringing 12 o'clock. Someone reads the president's report, if the president himself is busy elsewhere. Usually before luncheon time, at 1 o'clock, both meetings are over and the participants are immersed in their ordinary business again.

Always Looking Ahead.

MARKET people are not interested in past performances. It is the rate of earnings this year and the probable course with regard to dividends that produces speculation. Rio is supposed to have earned something in the neighbourhood of ten per cent. last year and is doing considerable better now. Therefore market expectations of an increase to 7 per cent. per annum in the rate this year seem to be well based, although officially deprecated. It is the policy of the Rio administration to distribute profits as they are made, and the company has secured enough capital out of its recent stock issue to finance all its new work for some time to come. It already has a fairly substantial reserve and it could easily pay 7 per cent. for the last half of 1911 and have an amount equal to four or five per cent. on the common stock to add to its surplus. The new gas plant at Rio, which will reduce operating cost materially, is only now in complete operation.

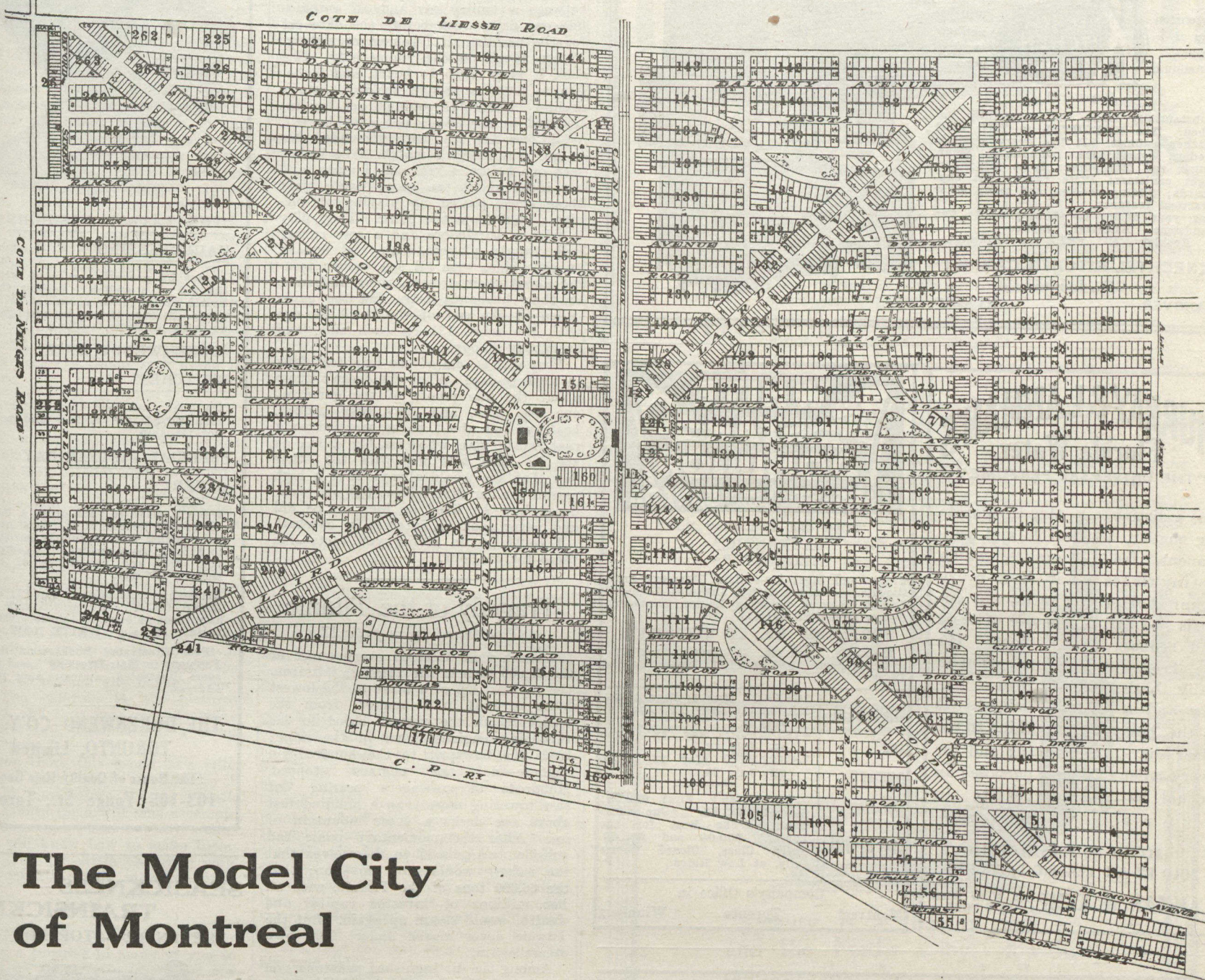
A Holding Company.

WITH regard to Sao Paulo, the end of the year will probably see the creation of a holding company which will permit of the distribution of its enormous excess profits. This smaller corporation is currently reported to be earning at the rate of twenty-five to thirty per cent. on its capital, but the plan to double the stock and give each shareholder a share of bonus stock is a little too amateurish for financiers as astute and experienced as those who administer Sao Paulo affairs.

Marconi and the Markets.

VERY rarely does any great change in the commercial world occur without preliminary signs being exhibited in the stock markets. Everyone knows that there is an absolutely natural explanation of this. But when the portentous news of the danger of the giant Titanic came filtering in last Monday and people understood that the Marconi system was trying to avert a great maritime tragedy some brokers wondered at the strange coincidence which had twice occurred with Marconi and the markets. They recalled that an inexplicable but very active movement occurred in the Marconi stocks upon one occasion and that although the advance in values was rapid and sustained there appeared to be nothing to justify them. Then came the great dramatic story of the "Republic" and the wireless operator Binns. After a long period of inactivity there has been another Marconi boom. Then came the smashing of the bows of the Titanic on an iceberg and again a demonstration of the work of the wireless.

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Company's Office in Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

The Fan's Fantasia

(Continued from page 13.)

he's collected, and he's amassed a lot of it, too.

Take another case; absolute fact. Charming young lady, a niece of my wife's, was engaged to a young fellow in the dry goods business. Quiet chap, doing well, but pretty close when it came to the rhino. He got mixed up between a trolley car and an automobile one day; week before the date set for the wedding, if I remember rightly. Pretty tough on the young lady. She took it very much to heart, and it began to look as though she'd go into a decline. Her folks couldn't get her interested in anything; not even herself. Well, one day my wife persuaded her to go to a baseball match. She hadn't seen one before, a real one, I mean, and her ideas about the game were just those she'd picked up playing at picnics. You know the game. They play it with a bat and a soft rubber ball, twenty players, male and female, on each side, with all the women talking about their dresses, their husbands, or their husbands-to-be, and the game called at the end of the third innings with the score 131 on each side, and everybody happy.

That girl is one of the brightest fans in town to-day. What she doesn't know about the fine points of the game no one else does, and she's rosy-cheeked, healthy, and about to be married to a real estate man who's as big a fan as she is. She told my wife the other day that she would always have a high regard for her first fellow, but she wondered how he lived as long as he did and never took an interest in baseball. I could go on giving you facts like these for an hour.

Tragedy of the Titanic

(Continued from page 12.)

the crash that shivered every ounce of the 66,000 tons in the Titanic; felt from the topmost tip of a mast to the lowest hunk of coal in a bunker; from the bridge where the captain stood to the throbbing engines down in the mine; from the bowsprit to the hundred-ton rudder—and the engines stopped. Hundreds of passengers peering out saw towering more than a hundred feet above the decks a sheer mountain of ice. After the momentary panic had subsided many said to themselves that the iceberg would now move on; that the 66,000 tons of the Titanic, with all her millions of invested capital and wealth, would steam up again. But the Titanic never moved under her own steam again.

Among the distinguished passengers on board, including President Chas. M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk Railway; Mr. W. T. Stead, one of the world's most famous journalists; Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line; Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Major Archibald Butt, aide to President Taft; J. G. Widener, of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Guggenheim, were apparently as surely doomed as the hundreds of less celebrated passengers and the 870 men in the crew. The man who controlled thousands of miles of railways in America was as helpless as the baby in arms. The man whose editorial writings have been translated into half the languages of Europe might survive to give his graphic vision of the most startling catastrophe that was ever spelled over wireless—and he might not. The millionaires from New York, able to preempt the most luxurious accommodation afforded by the world's greatest palace afloat, might write a check for a million, honourable in any of the world's banks, but they could do nothing in this case but contemplate the strange, sudden democracy of death by drowning—with the women folk adrift in the dark. And the managing director of the White Star line had no power to direct the movements of the greatest vessel in the world's greatest fleet of passenger leviathans. Captain Smith—used to sudden catastrophes at sea—could do no more than direct his crew of 870 men.

The details of the story are not to hand as this paper goes to press, but it will be the marine world's most tragic story.



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We will make to your order a beautiful 22-inch switch, of the finest quality hair, which sells regularly at \$12.00 to \$15.00, upon receipt of a sample of your hair and remittance of Seven Dollars (\$7.00).

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Much interesting and valuable information is contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free, upon request.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50c box is sufficient for twenty-four hours, \$1.00 box for a Trans-Atlantic voyage. Almost all druggists sell it, or you can obtain it direct, postpaid, from MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY, 366 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. Also New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg, and at 19 St. Bride Street, London.

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FOR THE JUNIORS

The Handy Men of Mafeking.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, the hero of Boy Scouts all over the world, tells a little story which goes to show the value of being a handy man. When he was in command of the fortress at Mafeking when that town was besieged during the South African War, it was one day discovered that an extra cannon was needed. There were no cannon-making materials in the place, but the handy engineers of the town got to work and pulled a boiler to pieces and used a steam-pipe for the muzzle of the gun. They made iron railings red hot and welded them around the pipe, just as the great gunmakers wind wire around our Dreadnought guns. When this was complete they had a very good cannon that answered the purpose for which it was so badly needed.

Therefore, these men by their ingenuity, which means promptness to invent, and their handiness, gave their country the greatest service in their power, and helped to keep the Union Jack flying in the breeze.

A New Kind of Toy.

WHAT would you think of a story book in which there were not only pictures of children and birds to look at, but pictures that spoke to you as well? This is the new kind of toy that has just been invented by a toy-maker in Paris, France, and is delighting many little boys and girls in the big French city. The pictures in the book represent all the animals that you know best, the cow, the lamb, the goat, the donkey and the rooster. To make each creature utter a sound all that you need to do is pull a little string at the bottom of the page, and the cow will "moo," the lamb will bleat, and the donkey "hee-haw." The children in the pictures speak, too, and it is very easy to make a little girl say "mamma," or a small boy call "papa."

Don't you think this would be a jolly new kind of story book? Let us hope it will not be long before the big French firm who makes them will send a sample over to America, so that our toy manufacturers will know how to make them, too, and then the little Canadian children will have a chance to enjoy them, also.

School-Boys vs. Panthers.

IT will be a surprise to many of you to learn that an athletic school-boy can out-jump on the flat a panther, a tiger or a lion, according to the records of the athletic meets and those made by the biggest and strongest animals in captivity.

In leaping, however, the wild beasts hold the record. To ascertain how high these animals can leap, a stuffed bird was placed on the branch of a tree, and the animals released in turn into an enclosure where the tree stood. The instant they saw the bird, they exerted themselves to the utmost to reach it. It was thus found that tigers and lions could barely jump six feet six inches, while the panther reached the branch at ten feet. The best high jump made by a school-boy is six feet and two inches, but many boys can clear the bar at five feet six inches with ease.

In broad jumping, however, the school-boy can lead the animals, who were tested in a similar manner. It was found that panthers and tigers could cover ten feet at a standing jump and from thirteen to fourteen feet running. Many high-school lads can make a running jump of from seventeen to twenty feet, but the record was made four years ago by an Ohio boy who jumped twenty-three feet two inches.

The Green Mountain Man.

By Claude A. Macdonald.
THE sun was shining brightly as a little boy started off to school one morning in June; he seemed not to feel his little ship-cap as it rested jauntily on the side of his head, and his book bag swinging lightly over his arm. He was barefoot, for the mud puddles

were very plentiful along the country roads, and as he was a little boy, he felt cramped in boots. He had to cross a brook on his way to school, and stooping down took a drink from its sparkling surface. Then he sat on the grassy bank, swung his legs, and dipped his fat, muddy toes into the cool water which felt so nice.

It was nearly 9 o'clock, but he did not know it, and did not want to know it, either; so he lost no time in getting up a conversation with the squirrels that chatted in the wide spruce boughs over his head, and scattered the green "spills" on his tumbled curls.

He took out his jack-knife and began to dig ground-nuts; but he had not been digging long, when he felt the sun getting warmer and warmer, and suddenly a small man in a red cap, with a huge white feather and a long green coat, peeped shyly through the bushes at the little boy as he sat there digging the big, juicy ground-nuts.

"Hello there, little boy," cried the man in green, "don't you want me to help you play? Come with me up the mountain-side!"

The little boy scampered to his feet, making the dead leaves rustle; but he had to run very fast to keep up to the little man, for he had wings, great white ones. "He must be a fairy," thought the little boy.

The man took him to a great cave, and there were diamonds hanging from the walls, and he could hear the drip, drip of the clear cold water as it fell from some unknown place behind the cave. Tall green ferns grew about and waved gently in the cool breezes that played about the mouth of the cave.

"You think these ferns look nice," said the man in green, "but step inside here, and you will see something you'll like even better."

SO little boy hopped quickly over the stone step and landed lightly in a narrow passage, at the end of which he stepped into a garden, and there row upon row of fruit-trees stood, some loaded with rosy apples or yellow peaches. Just as he put out his hand to pick a large purple grape that hung near him, he felt something pick off his cap, and turning he saw the cutest little pony he had ever seen; it had long, slim legs, and a shiny black nose, and great velvety-black eyes; a small saddle and bridle were on its back, and the best of it was, that the man in green turned to him and said:

"That pony is yours."

"But why do you give me such a lovely pony?" said the little boy.

"Because you spoke so kindly to the squirrels and did not throw stones at the sparrows and robins that sang their sweet songs."

So little boy got on the pony and started home. "You must say good-bye now," said the man in green, "for you will never see me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall come again soon," said little boy.

"No," said the man in green, "I tell you the truth; you will never see me again. I am called the Green-Mountain-Man, and I gave you that pony because I knew you would be good to it."

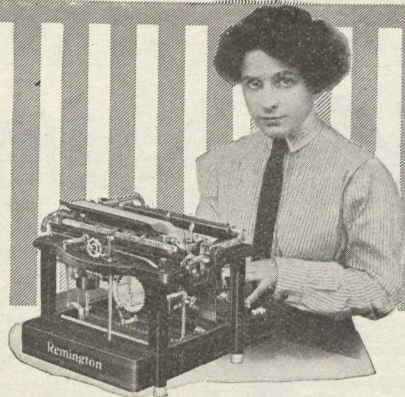
So the two shook hands and the boy rode off, but when crossing the brook some drops of water splashed from the pony's feet and struck the little boy on the face.

And what do you think happened?

He woke up and found himself sitting under the alder bushes by the brook, with his head resting on a mound of purple violets; his knife lay beside him on the mossy bank.

What time was it, though? Why nearly two o'clock, and school must have gone in long ago. He jumped up quickly and scampered home, and when he got there he found that his grandmother had arrived from the great city, and in the bustle and excitement his mother forgot to ask why he was home so early from school.

But little boy never regretted his dream by the brook-side, as his dream came true, for his grandmother gave him a real pony.



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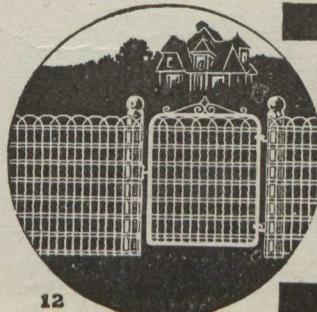
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Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 10.)

she stayed at Lockington Hall. She was not particularly superstitious, but she began to think of all the ghost stories she had heard, and to wonder whether any of them related to this particular mansion.

Many old country houses, as she knew, had weird tales told about them; and surely it needed some such explanation to make it comprehensible that Lady Lockington should leave her invalid husband alone in this one for so many long months together!

So argued the innocent Edna, with the feeling strong upon her that she would like to have done with the splendours of the Hall, and to be back with her aunt in their modest and jerry-built residence in the suburbs, which was haunted by nothing more spectral than the sound of the next-door piano on the one side, and of the neighbours' children on the other!

She ran back across the floor to the fire-place, and spread out her hands to the blaze, with a fancy that she must be cold.

Then the door which led, so the butler said, into the other drawing-rooms, caught her eye. He had said she might see them if she wished, so she might as well examine them too.

Summoning all her courage—for there would be no light in those unused rooms, and the visit might be rather "shuddery"—she went down the room and tried the handle.

But the door was locked, and there was no key on this side. She was troubled by this discovery. She began to feel that to see into those locked rooms was the greatest desire of her heart; and to conjure up spectres gliding about in the dark, shut-up apartments.

Aware that she was making much of a very small trouble the girl began to walk up and down the saloon, looking about for some fresh occupation to divert her.

There was a piano standing out from one corner, an instrument so handsome that she felt it was too beautiful to be touched except by special invitation. For it was painted a very light sage-green, and on this ground, amid scrolls in relief lightly touched with gold, there were dainty pictures of graceful women in hoop and powder, of dandies in sword and red-heeled shoes, surrounded by garlands of pale roses.

When she had begun to examine this handsome case she became fascinated, and presently decided to find out whether the instrument were worthy of its magnificent case.

So she opened it, and ran her fingers daintily over the keys.

Then she turned round quickly, with the feeling upon her more strongly than before that someone was present in the room besides herself.

Again, however, she saw no one. And, telling herself she was a goose, she gave herself up to the delight of playing a piano which was a revelation of power and sweetness. It was indeed an exhibition piano of great value, and a joy for any musician worthy the name.

WITH the instinct of a genuine music-lover, Edna soon forgot her fears and her fancies as she played, and then sang, and then played again.

But as she finished one of her songs, a little ballad in the modern style, childish in sentiment but rather pretty and tuneful, one she had scarcely thought important enough to sing in the great hall in the presence of the unseen and important hearer. She heard a human voice which made her start up and listen.

Outside the house, she thought, the singer must be, for the sound was muffled by distance, and seemed to come from the direction of the park between the mansion and the river.

Faint as were the sounds, Edna distinguished that they were the notes of a man's voice trying to repeat the melody of the ballad she had just been singing. Mellow they were, and deep, with nothing ghostly or uncanny about them. And she felt quite comforted and relieved to hear a human voice, and to imagine that this act of the unseen singer of trying to sing her little song established a bond of human and help-

ful friendship between her and him.

Such was the state of mind to which solitude and her strange situation had reduced her, that Edna almost felt surprised that anything so human as this voice should reach her ears, admit so much that was mysterious, perplexing, and ghostly.

The voice died away in the distance, and she sat down at the piano again, hoping that her music might bring the singer back. But if he came he came in silence, for she heard his voice no more.

Weary of playing, and disappointed in this silly little wish to hear the deep-toned voice again, Edna rose from the piano, shut it carefully, and looked at a little gilt clock, with a long-robed angel of fame flying on the top, which stood on a side-table. It was only half past nine. Should she go to bed?

She felt as shy of leaving the room, and venturing alone into that vast hall and those echoing corridors, as she had been shy of entering it. But she was just nerving herself to make the attempt, and approaching the wall to ring the electric bell, when the door opened and Mrs. Holland came in.

THE housekeeper seemed in good humour, and Edna was delighted to welcome her. A visitor in this terrible solitude, to break up the fancies which seemed to people it, was unlooked-for joy.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" cried Edna. "It's dreadful to be alone so long!"

"Poor dear!" said the housekeeper, smiling benignantly, as Edna insisted upon placing her in a chair and came close to her, with relief in her young face. "You have begun to be bored already, I'm afraid. I was fearing how it would be. I told his Lordship so. I put it to him that if my Lady, with her maids and her dogs, and her horses and her motor-car, and with the people who come to visit her and those she brings with her, always complains of being bored here, what would a young lady do who has no friends here, and who is so many miles away from her own people?"

The girl sat back and looked rather disconsolate. "Perhaps it won't always be so bad!" said she, wistfully. "When does Lady Lockington come back to the Hall?"

The housekeeper, so it seemed to Edna, pursed up her lips a little. "I don't suppose she'll be here before Christmas," she said.

"Christmas! Oh, I shall be away by that time, shan't I? I mean if I were to stay here, if Lord Lockington were satisfied with my playing, I should be allowed to go home for some holidays then, shouldn't I?"

Mrs. Holland hesitated, and Edna began to look frightened, as if wondering whether she was to be looked upon as having sold her very soul for eighty pounds a year.

"By the bye," she said, "have you heard yet what Lord Lockington thinks?"

There was a pause. "What he thinks about what?" asked Mrs. Holland then, evasively.

"Why, about my playing, of course? I'm sure he must have heard me! For there was a sort of blind drawn down in that little gallery, in front of a door that opens out upon it. I'm quite sure that Lord Lockington must have been behind it."

"Well, I believe, as a matter of fact, that his Lordship has heard you play and sing too," admitted the housekeeper, cautiously.

"Yes, I was sure of it; and now tell me, is he satisfied? Does he think I play well enough and sing, or shall I be sent away?"

A faint smile, instantly suppressed, appeared on the housekeeper's face.

"Do you wish to stay?" she asked, evading the question.

"Why, yes, of course I do."

"In spite of the dullness? And I warn you it will be no livelier!"

The housekeeper looked at her with a frown, not of anger, but of earnest and serious discussion.

She seemed to have some anxiety in

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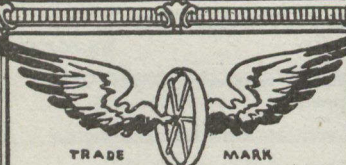
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her mind, Edna thought. The girl sighed. "When you've got to earn your own living," she said, "you can't have everything that you would choose. I should have gone as companion to a deaf old lady, to whom I should have to read aloud every day, if I hadn't come here. That would have been still worse, wouldn't it?"

Although she had herself spoken of the dullness of the life, the housekeeper appeared to resent the word "still" in the girl's speech.

"For the matter of that," she said, rather tartly, "his Lordship gave orders, particular orders, that you should be treated exactly like the ladies of his family, her Ladyship and his own sisters, when they come here. And, to the best of my belief, you have been so treated."

Edna perceived the mistake she had made in taking the housekeeper's apologetic attitude too literally.

"Indeed, indeed," she said humbly, "I'm very much too well treated. I've never had so much ceremony or so many beautiful things around me in all my life. But don't you see," she said, in a coaxing tone, putting her pretty, fair head on one side, and smiling with her pleading blue eyes into Mrs. Holland's face, "that this very ceremony is rather awful to me, since I am not used to it? I even think, though it seems disgracefully ungrateful to say so, that I should feel happier, or at least more at home, if I hadn't so many people to wait upon me, and if I were not treated like a princess instead of like the insignificant little person I am."

A smile of good humour appeared once more on the housekeeper's face. "Well, well," she said, "there's something in what you say, no doubt, my dear—I mean, ma'am. But as his Lordship has given his orders, all I can do is to see that they're obeyed. In the meantime I have to tell you something." She looked at the girl with a serious air, took note of her pretty hair, of her blue eyes, of her sweet little red-lipped mouth. "But mind, you're not to run away with notions, my dear, just because I'm obliged to tell you what his Lordship ordered me to say."

The girl sat up, wondering. Mrs. Holland coughed, and went on somewhat stiffly: "I don't know whether it's wise for you to know so soon, but, as I sav, I have no choice but to tell you. His Lordship wished me to come and teil you that he is delighted with your playing, and to tell you that you have a soul for music. A soul," repeated Mrs. Holland, as if conscious that there was something profane about this use of the word, which she hoped might be forgiven her, as it was by his Lordship's orders. "That was the word he used, and which he wished me to repeat to you."

Troubled as she had been by fears that her playing and singing could not be good enough for the owner of this splendid mansion and these beautiful instruments, Edna leant back with a little sigh of intense relief. She shut her eyes, and, opening them suddenly, found the housekeeper's fixed upon her with rather a strange expression.

She looked anxious, Edna thought. Why? she wondered.

"It's very good of him to say such a thing," the girl said, with delight, which was tempered with humility, "and very good of you to bring me the message."

A sort of short laugh, which was scarcely more than a snort, was the housekeeper's first reply. She folded her hands, and then said:

"Well, there's no thanks due to me, for I shouldn't have brought that message. I must tell you, if I hadn't been forced to. I don't quite hold with telling people they're so satisfactory at the outset, for it might—I don't say it would in your case—but it might lead to their thinking there was no need to try to do so well, since people are so easily pleased."

A look of gentle reproach came into the girl's face. "I don't think you'd say that," she said, "if you knew how afraid I feel upon that very point. I knew," she went on, "that I was playing my best to-night, and I did hope that I should please Lord Lockington, if he happened to be listening. But I feel most terribly frightened lest I shouldn't always do as well—in fact, one can't always be the same," she added, plaintively, "and I assure you I'm more likely to do badly

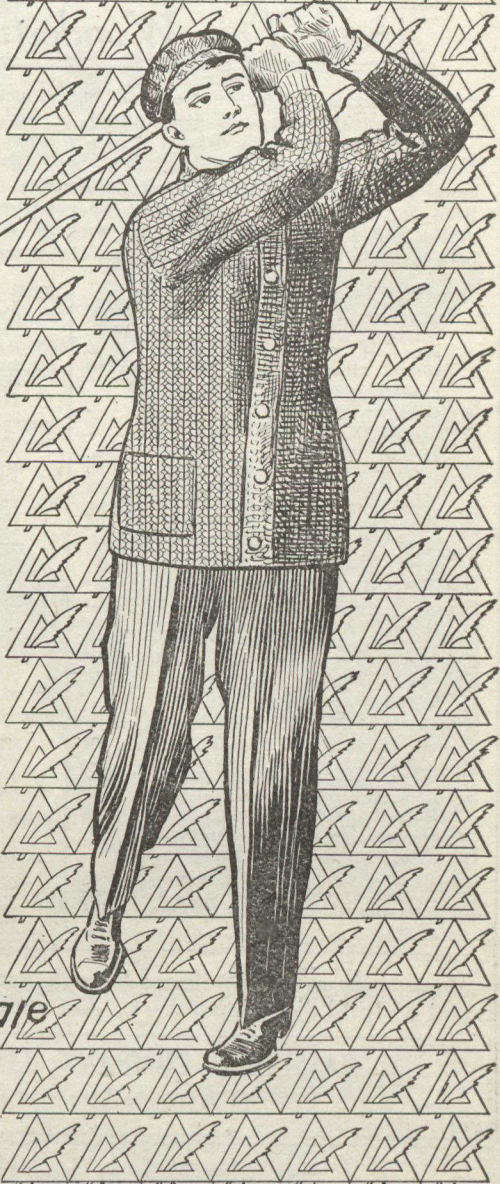
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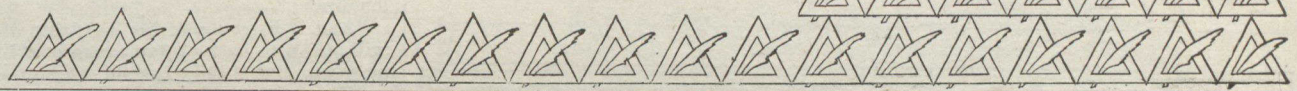
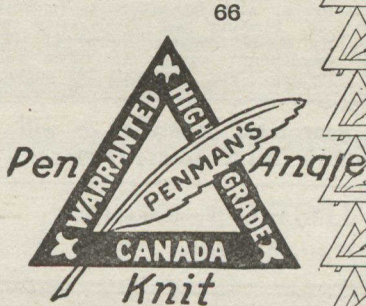
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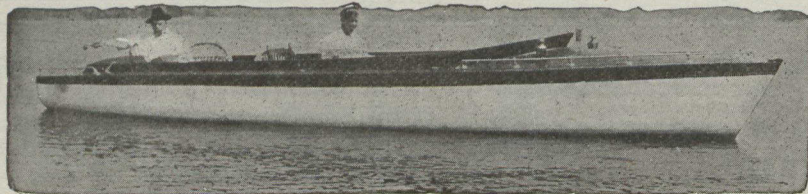
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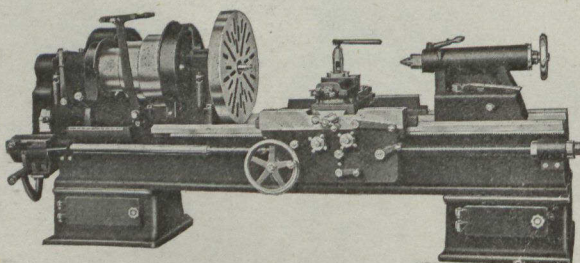
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because I think my playing and singing too good!"

The housekeeper seemed gratified by her humility, but was still inclined to be cautious.

"Well, so far, so good," she said. "And I don't suppose you'll fall below the standard his Lordship expects. It's of other things that I'm afraid."

"What things?" asked Edna, eagerly. But Mrs. Holland seemed loth to go on.

"Tell me the things you're afraid of!" demanded Edna, imperiously. "It's only fair that I should know, isn't it?"

"Well, in the first place, there's the dullness. Even his Lordship is afraid of that."

The girl looked at the fire. "It is dull," she admitted, "very dull—already. It wouldn't be so bad," she went on, looking inquiringly at the housekeeper, "if I could know as I went on what Lord Lockington likes, or what his likes best. Don't you think?"—she suddenly turned to wheedling again—"that you might put it to him how encouraging and kind it would be of him if he were to clap his hands ever so little, or to say 'I like that,' or 'Thank you,' when I played anything that particularly pleased him? Ever so little a sign of life even would be better, much better, than that dead, flat silence in the hall while I play. Oh, that's uncanny, dreadful, really!"

By the sudden apprehensive glance which the housekeeper threw around her, there was reawakened in the girl's mind the fancy that they were perhaps being overheard. She sat back and looked round, and then bent forward to whisper:

"Is anybody listening to us?"

Mrs. Holland answered in a frightened whisper, as if the suggestion had been high treason at least.

"Listening! Of course not."

"Because," went on Edna, still below her breath, "I've had the oddest fancies this evening that I was being watched, and—and listened to."

"Why, what should anyone watch us for?" asked Mrs. Holland, with that asperity always used by matrons to pretty girls when they appear to be in any way aware of their own advantages.

But Edna's answer came quite simply: "I don't know, I'm sure. But it was my fancy."

"And a very absurd one," replied the housekeeper, sharply. "You may rest assured that there will be no spying upon you here, nothing at all to worry about in any way, if you can only stand the loneliness."

"And will you ask his Lordship if he will speak to me?—I don't care how little he says. But if only I could see him—"

"His Lordship never sees anybody. He's an invalid—has been one for years," replied the housekeeper, tartly.

"Oh, yes, I know. But tell me, if he's an invalid, how does he get about—to the gallery, I mean?"

The question disconcerted Mrs. Holland not a little. She had perhaps hoped that the girl's aunt would judiciously have imparted some inkling of the truth, enough to prevent her asking awkward questions. But the fact was the story of the man rendered hideous by the gun accident was such an uncanny one that Mrs. Bellamy had not dared to tell her niece, for fear of the effect it would have had upon her.

Judging from her own feelings, and rightly judging, Mrs. Bellamy had been quite sure that the truth would have been enough to make Edna refuse to go to Lockington Hall, no matter how tempting the salary or pleasant the duties.

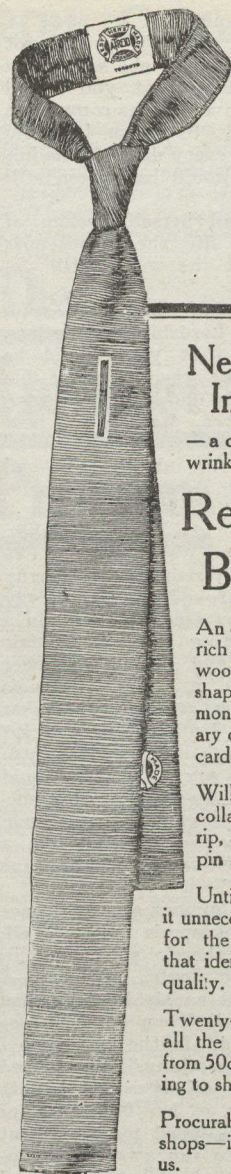
"Hasn't your aunt told you about his being an invalid?" asked Mrs. Holland, in a low whisper.

"Oh, yes. But I suppose that an invalid was a person confined to bed or to an invalid chair. I thought he would be carried about, and that presently, when he knew me, he would see me and tell me if he liked my playing."

The housekeeper shook her head decidedly. "You must give up all such ideas at once," she said, with decision. "Lord Lockington is not only a recluse, but he is eccentric in other ways. He prefers absolute solitude, and, as I say, he sees no one but his doctor, not even me."

Edna uttered a little cry of surprise. "Not even you?" she said.

"Not even me, or his valet. He lives his own life his own way, and nobody,



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of course," she went on, with severity, "has any right to dictate to him about it."

Astonished and rather chilled, Edna sat back. "Do you mean to say," she said, leaning back and speaking in an awestruck whisper, "that it is really true, then, that if I were to stay here twenty years I should not see him?"

"That is the absolute truth."

The girl looked troubled and even shocked.

"And Lady Lockington—what is she like?" she asked, by a sudden revulsion of thought.

"Oh, well, her Ladyship is quite different, quite. She is fond of gaiety and life. She resents—if I may speak confidentially to you—that attitude his Lordship has taken up; and it is possible that, if she were to find you here, and to find that his Lordship was glad you were here, and that he liked your music, it's possible, I say, that she might not be nice to you—not nice at all."

Edna looked frightened. "But why?" she asked.

"Well, it's difficult precisely to say. But my Lady has been a great beauty—of course, she's very handsome still," she added, hastily. "And she's one of those ladies that don't quite take to younger ladies who—who—"

Mrs. Holland stopped. It was evident that she found a difficulty in telling Edna that Lady Lockington disliked pretty, young women.

Edna laughed a little, slyly. "Do you mean she wouldn't like me," she said, "because I'm not ugly enough?"

"I shouldn't like to say that," said the housekeeper, quickly. "But perhaps my Lady is inclined to be one of those who think that a wide mouth, a speckled skin, and eyes that don't look in the same direction, are an incentive to good conduct in a woman."

Edna looked puzzled. "But what difference does it make whether my eyes are a pair or not," she asked, shrewdly. "if there's no one to see me?"

Mrs. Holland was beginning to grow tired of this conversation.

"It's not for me to look into her Ladyship's mind," she replied, with dignity. "I only spoke to warn you, in case she were to turn up unexpectedly, as she sometimes does, to be prepared for what might be—I only say might be—a little unpleasantness."

Edna sighed. The outlook was dreary indeed. She was to pass her days entirely by herself; she was to play and sing, unapplauded, unencouraged, never sure whether she were giving pleasure or the reverse. And, for a change, she must look forward to an unexpected meeting with a lady who would be disagreeable to her for no better reason than that she did not come up to the standard of ugliness Lady Lockington thought proper in a dependant!

Mrs. Holland, evidently anxious to bring the conversation to an end, rose to her feet.

"There are other little things I may have to tell you another time," she said, "but I don't wish to depress you on your first evening."

This was not encouraging, and Edna's heart sank still lower. That Christmas holiday she had mentioned had not been promised her, and she did not like to refer to it again.

But if she were to have to spend Christmas all by herself, and eat roast beef and plum pudding, and pull crackers with nobody to share those conventional joys with her, Edna felt, as she saw the ample person of Mrs. Holland retreat through the doorway into the hall, that she would be lonely indeed!

And as she heard the measured tread of the housekeeper in the hall, Edna almost thought she must run after her and call her back.

She could not go back to solitary state even for so much as another ten minutes. So she pressed the electric button which, she had been told, would be the signal to take Susan upstairs to attend to her, when she suddenly was seized with a fancy that she saw one of the window-curtains move.

It was that of the window in the corner of the room on the left-hand side, the furthest from the angle of the house.

With her fingers still on the button she watched, her eyes starting, her breath coming fast.

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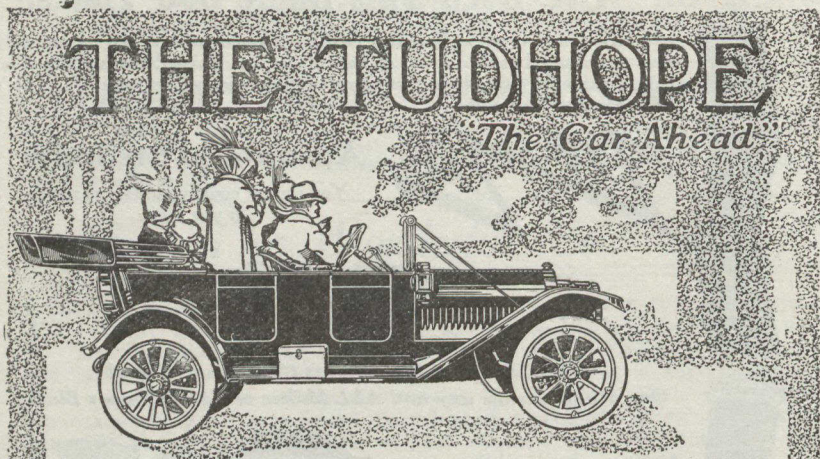
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tain appeared to be brown in a little way towards her, as if the window had been suddenly opened.

For one moment she doubted whether she had courage enough to look behind it. The next, setting her teeth hard, she sprang across the floor, pulled back the curtain almost roughly, and looked behind.

She had expected to see a form, a face, if not in the room, at least at the window, which she felt sure she would find open.

But she was disappointed.

There was the closed window, the empty space, and no sign whatever of any living thing, whether human or otherwise, having been there.

With a smothered cry, which she in vain tried to repress altogether, Edna, her cheeks blanching, her heart beating in wild alarm, ran out of the room.

(To be continued.)

Unconventional Confidence

(Continued from page 8.)

mine. He must loathe and detest the very thought of me."

"Oh, I don't think he does," said the Young Man, gravely.

"Don't you? Well, what do you suppose he does think of it all? You ought to understand the man's part of it better than I can."

"There's as much difference in men as in women," said the Young Man in an impersonal tone. "I may be right or wrong, you see, but I imagine he would feel something like this: From boyhood he has understood that away out in Canada there is a little girl growing up who is some day to be his wife. She becomes his boyish ideal of all that is good and true. He pictures her as beautiful and winsome and sweet. She is his heart's lady, and the thought of her abides with him as a safeguard and an inspiration. For her sake he resolves to make the most of himself, and live a clean, loyal life. When she comes to him she must find his heart fit to receive her. There is never a time in all his life when the dream of her does not gleam before him, as of a star to which he may aspire with all reverence and love."

The Young Man stopped abruptly, and looked at the Girl. She bent forward with shining eyes, and touched his hand.

"You are splendid," she said, softly. "If he thought so—but no—I am sure he doesn't. He's just coming out here like a martyr going to the stake. He knows he will be expected to propose to me when he gets here. And he knows that I know it, too. And he knows, and I know, that I will be expected to say my very prettiest 'yes'."

"But are you going to say it?" asked the Young Man, anxiously.

The Girl leaned forward. "No. That is my secret. I am going to say a most emphatic 'no'."

"But won't your family make an awful row?"

"Of course. But I rather enjoy a row now and then. It stirs up one's grey matter so nicely. I came out here this afternoon and thought the whole affair over from beginning to end. And I have determined to say 'no'."

"Oh, I wouldn't make it so irrevocable as that," said the Young Man, lightly. "I'd leave a loophole of escape. You see, if you were to like him a little better than you expect, it would be awkward to have committed yourself by a rash vow to saying no, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would," said the Girl, thoughtfully, "but then, you know, I won't change my mind."

"It's just as well to be on the safe side," said the Young Man.

The Girl got up. The rain was over and the sun was coming out through the mists.

"Perhaps you are right," she said; "so I'll just resolve that I will say 'no' if I don't want to say 'yes'." That really amounts to the same thing, you know. Thank you so much for letting me tell you all about it. It must have bored you terribly, but it has done me so much good. I feel quite calm and rational now, and can go home and behave myself. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," said the Young Man, gravely. He stood on the pavilion and watched the Girl out of sight beyond the pines.

When the Girl got home she was told

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—"1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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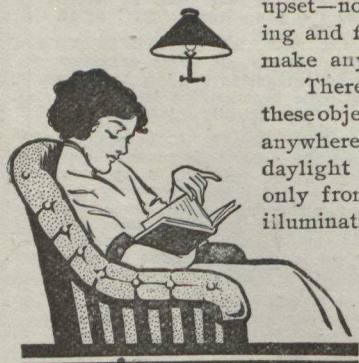
I guess you sometimes get pretty sick of those old oil lamps, don't you? Unevenly trimmed wicks—dirty chimneys—the oily smell that clings to your hands every time you touch a lamp—the constant danger that one will be

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that the Dalhousie team had won the game, eight to four. The Girl dragged her hat off and waved it joyously.

"What a shame I wasn't there. They'd have gone mad over my dress."

But the next item of information crushed her. The Creature had arrived. He had called that afternoon, and was coming to dinner that night.

"How fortunate," said the Girl, as she went to her room, "that I relieved my mind to that Young Man out in the park to-day. If I had come back with all that pent-up feeling seething within me and heard this news right on top of it all, I might have flown into a thousand pieces. What lovely brown eyes he had! I do dote on brown eyes. The Creature will be sure to have fishy blue ones."

When the Girl went down to meet the Creature she found herself confronted by the Young Man. For the first, last, and only time in her life, the Girl had not a word to say. But her family thought her confusion very natural and pretty. They really had not expected her to behave so well. As for the Young Man, his manner was flawless.

Toward the end of the dinner, when the Girl was beginning to recover herself, he turned to her.

"You know I promised never to tell," he said.

"Be sure you don't then," said the Girl, meekly.

"But aren't you glad you left the loophole?" he persisted.

The Girl smiled down into her lap.

"Perhaps," she said.

The Call of Jubilee.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

MR. C. R. McCULLOUGH has republished in pamphlet form the article upon which we commented when it was first published in the Canadian Courier in January, embodying certain proposals for the celebration of the Semi-centennial of this Dominion, five years hence. Any additional circulation thus given to the article is a public benefit, for Canada should long since have awakened from the lethargy of excessive prosperity and over-much politics and begun to take thought for an event that will draw upon her the attention of the entire world.

One at least of Mr. McCullough's ideas is so practical, and at the same time so large in its scope, that the work of preparing the ground for its accomplishment should be undertaken immediately. This is the idea of a great national convention of the eminent Canadians of this day and of those who have survived from earlier days, to which should be invited also the premiers and ministers of Britain and other Overseas Dominions, and at which His Most Gracious Majesty the King should be prayed to grant the favour of his personal presence. If the Canadian people decide early enough that they want this thing, and that they are going to get it, they will get it, but it will not come to pass of itself just because Canada is Canada, and the British North America Act was ratified in 1867.

Canadians have a great opportunity in this approaching celebration for the display both of imagination and of patriotism.

A Book of Laughs.

IN "Danny's Own Story," by Don Marquis (Musson Book Co., Toronto), Danny has given us a delightfully humorous biography of his eventful career. Although he introduces himself in a somewhat time-word manner, that of an abandoned infant left in a basket on the doorstep of the village blacksmith, the narrative subsequent to the introduction in no way lacks originality and incident. During his kaleidoscopic life, Danny acquires a human philosophy which, combined with his naturally humorous outlook on things in general, lends a new and deliciously funny flavour to his remarks.

"I have been around the country a good 'eal," Danny tells us, "and seen and heard of some awful remarkable things, and I never seen no one that wasn't more or less looney when the search us the femm comes into the case. Which is a dago word I got out'n a newspaper and it means: 'Who was the dead gent's lady friend?'"



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Calabash

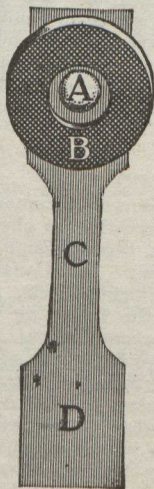
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Since then, fifty million corns have been ended forever by this little application.

It is applied in a jiffy. The pain instantly ends. Then the B & B wax gently

loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns—treat them over and over—when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it today.

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

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Boosting Their City.

REGINA has formed a real estate association for the purpose of boosting that city. It is proposed to raise about \$15,000, which is to be spent in advertising the city. And, later on, there will probably be formed a real estate exchange similar to that in Winnipeg.

The influx of people to that city has caused such great congestion at the hotels and boarding houses that the Board of Trade is aiming to induce some of the hotelkeepers of other cities to erect hotels in Regina.

"The accommodation problem has become a very acute one," said L. T. McDonald, commissioner of the Board of Trade, a few days ago. "People walk the streets all night in an endeavour to secure accommodation in private residences, and some of them are even unable to get this."

Nimble Sketching.

IN the accompanying illustration Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, who makes a specialty of painting chickens, is sketching a lively model in a Paris, Ont., farmyard. She is making a quick sketch of the rooster directly in front of her, while Mr. Knowles is tossing corn to it and to

inate their candidates, whereupon W. Sellick, Esq., nominated Thos. Harris, Esq., as a fit and proper person to represent the town of Esquimalt. F. Williams, Esq., seconded the nomination with a few appropriate remarks. No other candidates being proposed, the returning officer declared Thos. Harris, Esq., duly elected a member of the assembly, which announcement was received with cheers.

The member-elect then mounted the platform and addressed the electors, pledging himself to further the interests of his constituents in particular, and the Colony in general. He also assured the electors that whenever there was any public question raised, in any way affecting their interests, he would call them together and take their views upon it in order to fully represent them in the legislature. His remarks did not occupy in the delivery more than ten minutes, but were warmly received, ending in loud cheers.

A Spasm of Globe Trotting.

MR. AND MRS. L. DICKENSON, of Victoria, B.C., have left that city on a world trip of a most extensive and exhaustive character, occupying a period of eight months and embracing calls at

CAMERA SNAPS ARTIST AT WORK.



Mrs. McGillivray Knowles Sketching in a Farmyard.

the rest of the feathered things that seldom stand in one position long enough to be sketched.

Harvesting in April.

A NEWS item that is unusual, even for this big country of varied climate and lines of work, was sent out from High River, Alta., early in April. It ran as follows:

Threshing is again under way in the High River district, although progress so far is not very satisfactory owing to the fields being too soft to move the heavy threshing outfits. The general opinion is that grain has wintered better than expected.

The unusual spectacle of harvesting a crop in April is seen in this district, where several farmers are now engaged in cutting oats. The grain is coming out in fairly good shape. The small acreage ready for spring crops is resulting in many power ploughing outfits being bought, several being recently unloaded here.

How Times Have Changed!

IN these days of elections and rumours of elections it is interesting to glance back to the time when there wasn't so much election machinery in Canada. For instance, on March 29th, 1862, the Victoria Colonist had the following account of the election proceedings at Esquimalt:

At 12 o'clock yesterday the returning officer, Sheriff Naylor, proceeded to the election of a member to represent the town of Esquimalt in the assembly. There were about fifty persons present in front of the Royal Oak Hotel. After the usual preliminaries, the returning officer called upon the electors to nom-

all the leading centres of Europe, South Africa, Australia, and the Orient.

The peculiar and interesting feature about the trip of this retired couple is that until now Mrs. Dickenson has never been out of the city of Victoria in her life. She is going to do all her travelling at once and encircle the world in one great spasm of globe trotting. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson are well known in Victoria, the former having carried on a most successful grocery business on Douglas Street for many years.

Honour for Glace Bay.

THE people of Glace Bay are happy, for that place is to be very much in the limelight in the coming summer. The Sloane aeroplane is to start from there in August on its attempt to cross the Atlantic. That in itself is enough to give prominence in the news columns of a whole country's papers, but Glace Bay is to have the additional honour of having the Duke of Connaught and Premier Borden there as official starters for the aeroplane.

Is the Church "Played Out"?

ADDRESSING the Y. M. C. A. at Sydney, N.S., recently, Rev. J. L. Batty, of Moncton, dealt with the topic, "Is the Church Played Out?" While he does not agree with those who would answer that question in the affirmative, he said that there is no use in shutting one's eyes to the fact that the church is not the powerful factor in moulding men's lives that she once was. He confessed to sometimes feeling pessimistic concerning the alleged lessened hold that the Church has on young men. He held that the tendency of the mentality of the age is to turn young men away from the church.

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