

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Alpine Club's Camp

By H. W. ALLAN and MAIN JOHNSON



George E. Drummond

Iron Manufacturer

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Hail to the Heat

By THE MONOCLE MAN



Perkins' Harmonizer

STORY by JAS. F. B. BELFORD



A Canadian Abroad

By CANADIENNE



The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT



Drawn by Almon Field.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 8

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Editor's Talk

JUST how cosmopolitan we are in politics in this country may be judged from a few of the contents in this issue. On page 12 a correspondent in England gives a brief but graphic depiction of the men wrestling with big problems in the British House of Commons. On the same page appear the results of the elections in Saskatchewan on July 11, with pictures of the two leading figures in what was expected to be one of the most interesting political contests in the West. On page 5 are five photographs of Governor Woodrow Wilson at his summer home in New Jersey, as he appears after the excitement of the nomination contest at Baltimore.

Our readers are about equally interested in the three sides of this political triangle. It is a characteristic of this country, as it always has been, that though we have more politics of our own according to population than any other country in the world, we also have a vital and necessary interest in the affairs of government in the two great countries with whom we have the closest possible relationship in history, in language and problems.

ON this basis Canadians should be—as perhaps indeed we are—the most cosmopolitan young people in the world. The average Canadian knows more about the public affairs and the political figures of Great Britain than does the average American; more about the politics and personalities of the United States than does the average Britisher. And so long as we are developing a healthy first interest in the public affairs of our own country, this is a good thing.



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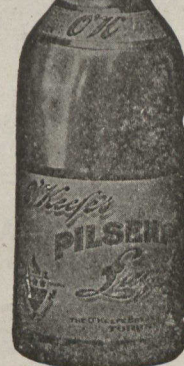
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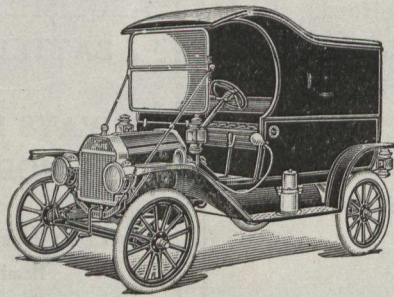
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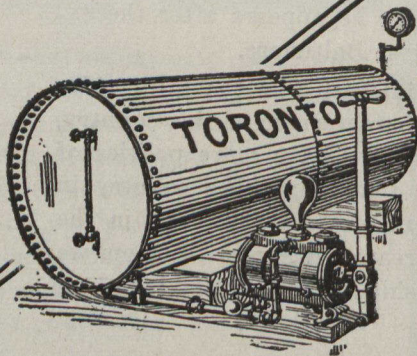
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Or peevish sentence to be heard.
Men are of cheerful frame of mind,
Are philanthropic, and are kind.
They 'e'en give money to their wives,
So glad and care-free are their lives---
That's when the home team's winning.

The clouds hang low, the heavens scowl,
The voice of nature is a growl.
Of happiness there's not a spark.
It is not safe to make remark
On any subject, new or old.
Men view the life in manner cold.
There's not a single ray of hope.
They talk of shot-guns and of rope.
They all go home and nag their wives,
So sad and gloomy are their lives---
That's when the home team's losing.

Changed.—Alice—"Does Edith's husband ever take her out to dinner as he did before they were married?"

Kate—"Oh, yes; but not to the same restaurants."—Boston Transcript.

Turned the Joke.—Pat was busy on a Hull road working with his coat off. There were two Englishmen labouring on the same road, so they decided to have a joke with the Irishman. They painted a donkey's head on the back of Pat's coat, and watched to see him put it on. Pat, of course, saw the donkey's head on his coat, and, turning to the Englishmen, said:

"Which of yes wiped your face on my coat?"—Tit-Bits.

Incurable.—Stella—"Has she an impediment in her speech?"

Bella—"Yes; there are only twenty-four hours in a day."—Harper's Bazar.

Overpowering.—"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's you' will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You jest want ter come out hyar an' measure dis here mewel's won't power."—Christian Register.

Sarah's Squanderings.—In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah; mustard plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"—Lippincott's.

Exactly.—The Politician—"What is the next question to bring before the people?"

The Voter—"They have had questions enough. What they want is a few answers."—Puck.

A Fair Proposition.—Mr. Summerman—"Is it true that since coming up here you've engaged yourself to Billy, Harry, Ed, and George, as well as to myself?"

Miss Sweetly—"What if it is?"
Mr. Summerman—"Then I'd like to know if you have any objection to all of us chipping in to buy the engagement ring?"—New Orleans Picayune.

Should Work Both Ways.—Hicks—"How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day?"

Wicks—"Well, I always have, but it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish."—Tit-Bits.

Saw It Coming.—"Mr. Wombat, I have always heard of you as a good loser."
"I try to deserve that reputation, young man, but you can't sell me any bum stock of any sort."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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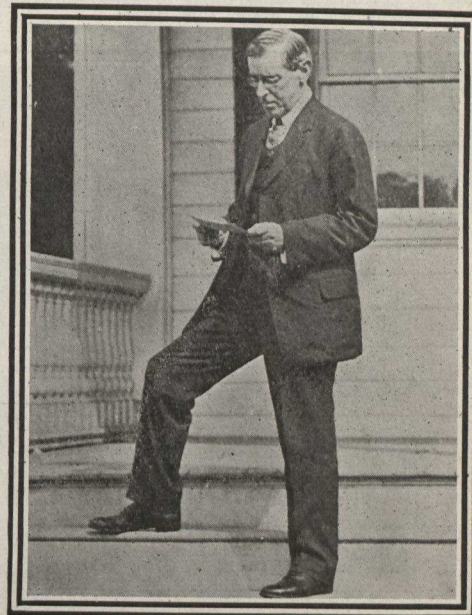
July 20, 1912

No. 8

Post-Nomination Views of Woodrow Wilson



The Governor at Sea-Girt, N.J., Busy Between Congratulatory Telegrams and Copy-hunting Reporters.



Something Significant in This Telegram.



The Professor is Not Studying Nature.



He Tells the Press What He Thinks About the Progressive Democratic Party.
Photographs by Paul Thompson, New York.



He is Taking His Summer Holidays.

Up Above the Heat Waves

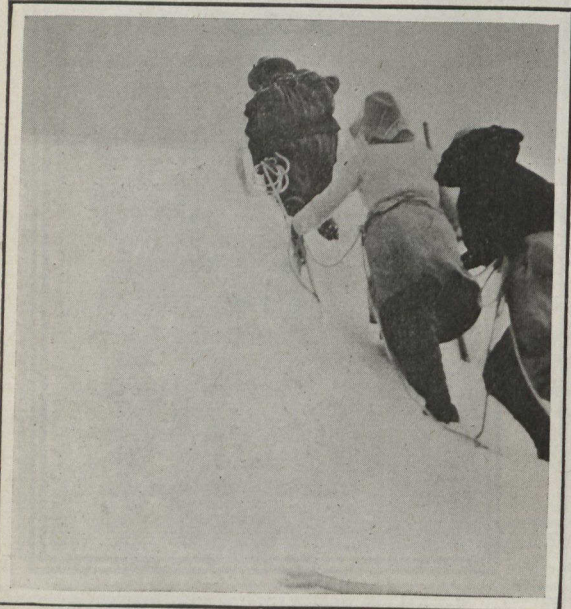
The Alpine Club of Canada in the Rockies

By H. W. ALLAN AND MAIN JOHNSON

Photographs by H. W. Allan



Party of the Alpine Club Going Up the Snow Dome on Mt. Daly, July, 1911.



Crossing the Snow Slopes; Swiss Guide and Two Ladies, One of Them Sixty-five Years of Age.



Glissading Down Mt. Daly.



On the Top of Mt. Daly—And Able to Smoke.

WAKE up at four o'clock in the morning, aroused by the noise of an insistent bell. Unroll yourself from a pair of blankets; shiver with cold. Fumble about in a dim tent for your clothes, and array yourself in hob-nailed boots, puttees, knickerbockers, sweater and soft hat. Stumble outside to meet your companions around a sputtering camp-fire. Eat an open-air breakfast of bacon and coffee. Fasten a rucksack across your back, and grasp an ice-ax in your hand. Climb and slip, scramble and fall for fourteen hours with only ice-cold water or snow to drink and only a bite to eat. Return to camp in the evening. Roll yourself between a pair of blankets; wake up again at four o'clock.

How is that for a holiday? Wouldn't it make a new man of you? Or would it rather be a sign of incipient madness to talk about such experiences as a rest and a vacation?

Whether they are insane or not, that is what the members of the Alpine Club of Canada will be doing the first week of August during their annual camp, and there is no disputing the fact that they themselves are enthusiastic over their method of holidaying. The Club was organized in 1906, largely through the efforts of A. O. Wheeler, A.C., F.R.G.S., who is still director of the Association. The membership now totals more than 800. This number includes representatives from all parts of America and the world. The President is Professor A. P. Coleman, of the University of Toronto.

This year's camp, beginning July 31, will be pitched in the Vermilion Pass in the main range of the Great Divide of the Rockies. The nearest station on the Canadian Pacific Railway is Castle, seventeen miles west of Banff. The country to be covered is almost unexplored territory, and the zest of the members is thereby increased. One of the scenic treats known to be in store is Boom Lake, whose waters are of turquoise blue. A submerged moraine catches and holds all the floating driftwood and thus gives the appearance of a boom—hence the name. Storm Mountain, with an altitude of 10,700 feet, will be accepted as a graduating climb. There is no easy road to membership in the Alpine Club; neither aristocracy nor plutocracy will let you in unless you climb the required 10,000 feet.

A number of competent Swiss guides will be in attendance. One of the most distinguished is Gottfried. He, together with his confreres, now spend all year in Canada. After the season's work is over, they retire to the new Swiss village, established at Golden, B.C.

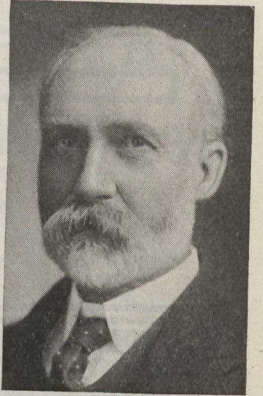
Mountain-climbing is hard work—no doubt of that! It is the Rooseveltian strenuous life carried almost to the limit. But the rewards—the exhilaration, the stimulus of the sport! The artistic pleasure, the delightful shock of sensation that comes with the sudden view of an exquisite mountain tarn! The alluring combination of placid and rugged beauty! Such experiences make a mountaineer alive; he fairly throbs with life.

As usual, ladies will figure prominently in this year's climbing. The Alpine aspirations of women are almost beyond human comprehension. No matter how difficult a trip is proposed, lady applicants are always ready. Pink teas, alas, are not the best preparation for the arduous tests, and now and then, especially when unfavourable weather conditions assail, the co-climber (analogy, co-ed.) wonders at her mad decision to join such a party. In the heavy grind up the steep, shale slope, her view of the glorious scenery oftentimes is restricted to the rise and fall of the guides' boots ahead. Rarely, however, is there a complaint, howsoever justified.

And what an unconventional costume the women have to wear! The club regulations are quite explicit on this point: "No lady," they say, "who wears skirts or bloomers will be allowed to take a place on a rope, as these have been found a distinct source of danger to the party making the ascent. Knickerbockers, with puttees or gaiters, and sweater have been found serviceable and safe." Another clause gives the useful suggestion, "The dropping of the waistline to the hip makes one look graceful in knickerbockers." The dismayed are further reassured by the saving sentence, "Skirts are fashionable by the camp-fire."

In the majority of difficult ascents, the members

of a party are linked together by a rope. On the whole, this is a useful precaution, but there are exceptions and disadvantages. Once upon a time, a lady climber, unusually competent but rather stout of build, suddenly missed her footing and slipped. The next person on the rope, a mild-mannered, kindly old gentleman, was brought up with a jerk that took him off his feet. The same misfortune happened to the guide, and the whole party rolled down the slope in a confused mass—rope, ice-axes, alpine stocks, rucksacks, climbing-boots, and knickerbockers. Fortunately, the spot was not a dangerous one, and the only untoward results were one strained finger and a half hour's delay necessary to disentangle the mass of animate and inanimate debris.



PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, President of the Alpine Club.

The Swiss guides are interesting characters, gifted with the highest intelligence and prepared for all emergencies. If they can secure obedience—and that is an indispensable condition—they will guarantee to get anything on two legs safely up to the top of a peak and down again. One of the guides had difficulty in keeping this pledge. The cause of the trouble was a fat man who was determined to reach the top of a mountain for which he had a particular liking. To gratify his client's whim, the guide had to carry him the last few yards and deposit him bodily on the summit.

Another gentleman, who was also finding unexpected obstacles in his dash for a peak, shrank from asking the guide to carry him and had recourse, instead, to stimulants. All such things are severely frowned down upon by Alpine tradition, but this man was of the modern sceptical school which does not give a fig for tradition. His insurgency, however, he tried to conceal by insisting on a halt from time to time "to tie his shoe lace." The guide, a Swiss strict on rules, and keen of perception, noticed the ruse. He offered to untie the unfortunate gentleman's shoe-string himself, and also to carry the distressed one's rucksack, which contained the supplies. After that there were no unnecessary delays.



One of the Alpine Club Swiss Guides.

Personalities and Problems

6---George E. Drummond, Iron Manufacturer

To Whom Business is the Evolution of an Idea

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

PLENTY of people have ideas without money. At least a few in Canada have money without ideas to make it worth while. The men who have both ideas and money are not exactly uncommon in this country; and among them Mr. George E. Drummond, of Montreal, is one of the most conspicuous.

It may be said that the development of the Drummond interests in Canada is the evolution of an idea. What that is the Vice-President of the Canada Iron Corporation knows better than any one else. And there are times when he takes a notion to expound the concretion of ideas that has grown up along with his business. When he does it is not so much a matter of argument as of conviction.

There is no sign on any of the windows in the Hammond office building to show which of them are Mr. Drummond's. He has no need to advertise. He has a passion for public affairs in a private capacity; but he hates mere publicity. From one of his windows, at 28 Victoria Square, the Vice-President of the C. I. C. could carry on a sign dialogue with another man who has ideas along with his money. That is D. Lorne McGibbon, President of the Consolidated Rubber Co., over in the Eastern Townships Building. Any lounge on Victoria Square these summer days might occasionally behold Mr. Drummond hustling across the campus to have a confab with Mr. McGibbon; though he has nothing directly to do with rubber, neither D. Lorne McGibbon with iron and steel.

On the walls of Mr. Drummond's big general office—all in one room—are pictures of iron and steel plants in various parts of Canada. On a stand in his private office are chunks of ore. You understand—that he is a man of iron. At the present time, between George E. and his brother, Thomas J., about 12,000 men are employed from Sydney to the Soo making iron and steel products, not least of which are steel rails, from Canadian ore, employing Canadian labour and a large amount of Canadian capital. The word "Canadian" is thrice-repeated here because it has more than the usual meaning; as we shall see before we get through with appreciating Mr. Drummond. The Drummond iron and steel interests began in 1881, in the exporting houses across the water. In the days just following the establishment of the N. P. the name "Canadian," applied to anything costing much capital to produce, had almost a sentimental significance. Times have changed. Now it's the British label that carries most of the sentiment; and Mr. Drummond knows rather better than most men how little sentiment we really need in this country to maintain Canada as a common-sense unit in the Empire.

FROM this evolution one consolidated truth has become the property of George E. Drummond. Other men have come near expressing the same idea; but none that I remember with his matter-of-fact certainty. And it was the size of this idea that caused Mr. Drummond to stump-speak for his friend, Sir Max Aitken, and the Unionist cause, last general election in England.

Now there is a story concerning the two Drummond boys in the days when they went rollicking round town wondering where the first dollar might come from. A story that might be taken to illustrate the real genius of the Drummond family, if you did not feel sure that the mere manoeuvring of money plays a very small part in their make-up.

Anyway the story, or legend, or whatever it is, has to do with that sentimental period in a boy's career when he makes his first dollar; the dollar or the quarter that he carries with him through life like a scar; the coin that probably John D. Rockefeller remembers—and the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Even a poet may remember his first honest dollar.

So the legend goes—there was a cat show in Montreal. The Drummond boys, George E. and Thomas J., understood that prizes were to be given for the best cats. But they had no cats, which to some lads would have been a real impediment; not so to these. Montreal was blessed with a large number of ownerless cats. The legend says that these lads corraled enough cats into bags to fill a good-sized packing-case cage, which, with due circumstantiality, was carted down to the cat show.

The entry was made and the cage of captive backyard cats was set up. In a very short while these cats became the most interesting part of the show. They fit and fought and raised Cain in a fashion that quite outdid the famous cats of Kilkenny. The management of the show did not wish to do anything unconstitutional. As a point of ethics one or more of these cats might win a prize. Had the first prize been for fighting the whole cage would have got it. The boys were offered a couple of dollars to take away the cats. Which they did. The



"No preference anywhere that interferes with a dominion building up its own industries."

cats were turned loose. A dollar went into each of the Drummond pockets.

Which may or may not have been the intention.

Anyway, though the legend may not be an illustration of the Wordsworthian adage, "The child is father to the man," it proves once again that boys will be boys. And the two Drummond brothers have hung together in business and ideas with the same pertinacity that they exhibited in the cat show. Their own boys never had such experiences. But so far as George E. Drummond is concerned, he has made it a principle that his own sons are to have the glorious privilege of taking hold of the world at least while they are boys, in as nearly as possible the practical, strenuous fashion the father did when he was a lad. One of Mr. Drummond's two sons is at present employed in the iron works at the Soo. When he graduated from college it would have been the most natural thing in the world for the boy to have gone into

the office at Montreal. But a talk with the father settled it—that if that branch of the Drummond family was to take its real place in the iron and steel business of Canada, there was plenty of time yet for the office. The lad went to the Soo. Every morning, winter and summer, he lugs his tin dinner pail down to the works and takes his place among the iron workers. When he gets through with that he will have more knowledge of how iron ore is made into steel rails than any other millionaire's son in Canada.

This is a sample of the plain common sense without ostentation that has developed the Drummond idea. George E. Drummond began business life as a clerk in an iron and steel merchant's office in Montreal. In 1881 he started the firm of Drummond, McCall and Co., importing iron and steel commodities from Great Britain. In those days there wasn't a pig of iron produced from Canadian ore. The iron business of the world in the order of magnitude by countries was—England, Germany, the United States. The Drummond firm put a nail in practical Imperialism by importing from England.

Six years the firm with the two young men at the head of it had its invoices and bills of lading checked in the counting houses across the water in L. s. d. And in that six years the Drummonds began to evolve the idea that makes the Canada Iron Co. possible. Business and experience are great teachers.

At the same time things were shaping up for what at this distance of looking back seems like a remarkable change in this or any other part of the Empire. It was the sort of change likely to be most evident to men who were importing goods from England, paying their bills in L. s. d. At least a few thinking Englishmen had begun to discover that the dominions overseas were not merely dependencies—but possible autonomies. Sir Charles Dilke was one of the visionaries. He traveled the Empire and wrote a book about it. Professor Seeley, at Cambridge, was another. He also wrote a book, much concerning the politics of the Empire.

I don't know whether George Drummond read either of these books; but I have a notion that he read both of them not long after they came out. Anyway his practical convictions just about that time were right along the line of the remarkable change that came over the minds of men regarding the somewhat curious countries across the seas. It was the time between the building of the C. P. R. and the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria, in 1887—which was the first real spectacle of Empire in London. That was eight years before Joseph Chamberlain became Colonial Secretary; when it was said by his critics—"He actually believes that he has discovered the colonies as Columbus discovered the new world."

BUT there were men in the colonies who—but of course the first name that comes to mind will be Col. George Denison, who is supposed to have taught Chamberlain what the colonies meant to the Empire. I suspect that George Drummond had begun to put his ideas into practice before he knew much about the Colonel, whatever he knew about the ironmaster of Birmingham. Anyway it was in the year of the golden jubilee, which was the first time England began to realize what the colonies really were, that the Drummonds quit importing iron and steel from Great Britain and began to manufacture in Canada, from Canadian ore, by Canadian labour for the Canadian market.

That was a phase of swift evolution—at first in a small way—that Sir Charles Dilke and Professor Seeley might have missed, but one that the ironmaster of Birmingham must have appreciated.

"And I might have been a much richer man now if I had kept on importing," said Mr. Drummond, in his office—one of the plainest in Montreal. "But it's not a question of how much money a man makes. We're all rich enough if we can pay our just debts and live according to our needs. A man can't be judged by the money he doesn't make; neither by what he makes. I'd rather be doing my share towards developing a big Canadian industry than making twice as much on some other basis."

How consistently the Drummond interests have worked to carry out the Canadian idea may be judged from the fact that in 1887, when the firm started to manufacture in Canada, they employed

eleven men. Now the pay-roll of the Drummonds in the iron and steel business totals nearly twelve thousand, and the production aggregates a million tons a year.

What a man believes about politics is sometimes part of his gospel of business; which in the case of some men is tantamount to the whole theory and practice of protective tariffs. Talking to some men about such matters means that what is good for the pocket of the manufacturer is equally good politics for the consumer. In the views enunciated by Mr. Drummond that rainy morning in his office concerning the politics of trade, there was no symptom of a man who has any conviction to suit his own interests that in the broadest possible way would not suit the interests of the people at large. In a general way George E. Drummond might be called one of the Canadian "big interests." And the bigness is according to the size of the men who have put their lives into the business.

"When I was importing iron and steel from the old country," he said, "I told the British manufacturers that the day might come before long when they would no longer be the iron kings of the world.

"They pooh-poohed. They always had led the world in iron production; always would do so. It was stuff and nonsense.

"Now—I think they understand.

"I told them that so far from holding the markets of the world—including the United States—the day might come when they would not even hold Canada.

"They laughed. It was bosh.

"I went further and begged them to establish plants in Canada producing from Canadian ore.

"They guffawed at the absurdity.

"Oh, I suppose they thought a mere colony couldn't be supposed to have iron ore; and as to developing an iron and steel industry of our own—it was as chimerical as doubting the law of gravitation."

Bit by bit, year after year, George E. Drummond has built up his fabric of political ideas just as he has developed his business. What was once raw material in the mine of a young man's mind is now the finished product in the brain of the matured political thinker. His political arguments, tested by any number of tons drop on a given length of bar, would be let through to go on the ties. From magnetite to steel rail he has put them through all the processes—Bessemer or open-hearth—and when they get through they are as sound Canadian arguments as the steel rails turned out at Sydney and the Soo are Canadian rails. Anybody who cares to try deflecting him from his way of thinking might better put in a while trying to bend a 100-lb. steel rail. He has no visions; is not carried away by imagination; keeps mere sentiment strictly out of business—as a man of iron should.

"The British preference is radically wrong," he said, in that same swift, but sledge-hammer, style. "It is based upon sentiment, which has little or nothing to do with business; certainly nothing with trade."

"Apart from sentiment what is the objection?"

"Bad economics. We must look at this thing broadly. No parochial methods will do."

"You mean—Imperially?"

"I believe it's the greatest thing in the world to be a citizen of the British Empire," he said, energetically. "It doesn't matter profoundly whether it's in Canada or Australia, or in the Himalayas or in South Africa. The Empire's the thing."

I BELIEVE that with a microscope one might have detected a trace of sentiment in that remark. But somehow Mr. Drummond is able to switch it back to economics. By the force of an economic argument he makes you forget that he began life with any necessarily preconceived notions of politics; that when he began to import iron and steel, in 1881, there was no British preference, and in all probability not likely to be.

"Then what would you state as a fair principle of preference in the Empire?"

Here he began to set forth the argument for a just measure of fiscal autonomy.

"My first belief is in Canada."

But there was no use hinting at independence. He was not beginning to dream about that. Evolution from what has been, and by common sense and hard work helping to make the evolution of what should be, is more the Drummond way.

"Every colony in the overseas dominion has its own peculiar commercial problems," he went on. "No cut-and-dried Imperial programme can fit them all. But the general principle that applies to all is—no preference anywhere that interferes with a dominion building up its own industries. That's the kind of autonomy I believe in."

"Then you don't believe that Great Britain is in

a position to give or accept preferences?"

"Not under free trade. Great Britain will never be able to evolve a system of just preferences—just to the whole Empire including herself—until she reforms her tariff."

Hence Mr. Drummond's part in the Max Aitken campaign and the Unionist cause. A Conservative by economics at home he is a Unionist in England. Not long ago he was vaguely credited with a desire to sit in the British House of Commons; but that will never happen—unless George E. Drummond changes his attitude towards this country.

"How would you convince Great Britain of what you say?"

"I think the overseas dominions will teach that. An Empire can't be held together on free trade and preferences. We shall have to teach the old country—protection."

"Can you suggest any machinery?"

"I believe in a Trade Commission for the Empire—composed of members from all parts of it."

"And as a sequel to that—what?"

"An Imperial Parliament. Yes, by all means."

"But what of the army and navy?"

"Just this—that Canada will never be on an even keel for reciprocal trade negotiations with Great Britain on a basis of protection, until she contributes her just share to both the army and the navy."

"Quite apart from sentiment?"

"As a matter of political ethics."

"And of course you don't believe in the Adjunct?"

"I believe in nothing that resembles or approximates to commercial union with the United States."

"What of the Americans in Canada?"

"They are the most ardent protectionists we have. Why do they come to Canada? Not merely for cheaper and better land. As much as anything to be delivered from the big interests on the other side."

On this head he freely endorsed the investment of American capital in Canadian enterprises.

"But more important than that," he said, "we need more and more British capital—just as I begged the iron men years ago to establish branches here."

He trundled out these clinchers with the absolute ease of a man who has spent a lot of his spare time away from business thinking out political problems; and when he had no time for spare time letting his business think for him. But somehow there seemed to be at least one possible incongruity that perhaps he had overlooked. I asked him:

"Believing in a protective autonomy for the Empire as you do, Mr. Drummond—is it logical at the same time to deny Home Rule to Ireland?"

HE was up in a moment. An Irishman himself he had been back to Ireland. He had seen the conditions and talked with the Irish people.

"And as a people they don't want that kind of Home Rule," he said. "They are not discontented. The Wyndham Land Purchase Act has worked well. The people are not clamouring for Home Rule. The leaders are. The people say—Let Redmond and O'Brien fight it out for themselves. At the same time if Ireland can be given the same kind of Home Rule that Quebec has—let them have it. Let Scotland and Wales and all the colonies have it. That's the only common-sense sort of Imperialism I know or would be bothered discussing. But the British connection—must be kept!"

And I am bound to say as I looked at the chunks of ore and the photographs of the power plants, and left this plain-thinking political demonstrator to his business—that he struck me after all as being very largely a man of sentiment.

The next article will deal with D. LYRNE MCGIBBON, President of the Consolidated Rubber Co.

The City Editor

As He is Described by Magazine Writers and as He Really Is

By JAMES J. LARKIN

THE City Editor is an honourable man. In fact the City Editor is a politician, diplomat, base schemer, evangelist, scoundrel, fakir, task master, good sport, human dynamo, useless incumbent, public mystery and promising young man all rolled in one. He may be other things besides, but these are all I have ever heard any particular one called in other than profane language.

But there are other useful purposes the City Editor serves which have not been enumerated. For instance he is, or is thought to be—it's all the same thing—a veritable bureau of information. Did Jack Johnson ever fight Brian Boru? Ask the City Editor. Why did the garbage man give a respectable citizen the go-by and disprove that to him who has shall be given? Ask the City Editor. What was the depth the year of the great snow? Ask the City Editor. Ask him anything. He knows. And somehow or other he generally does, too.

And at that the City Editor is handed many things—knotty matters in a sort of keep-the-box manner. For if Jones sees the first robin Jones tells the City Editor. And the C. E. must see if Jones has seen the first robin, and must see that Jones must see that he has seen the first robin. And sometimes when they read this annual fact Jones' neighbours say that they too must see the City Editor. They want to tell him things. They saw that self-same robin themselves long before Jones.

The City Editor, too, is a happy man. From the outside looking in the City Editor sits in a sanctum—generally regarded as a sort of grill room—and gloats over the latest scandal, battle, hockey story; or wonders what he will do with all his theatre or hockey tickets and permanent passes. This must be so, for the popular novelist says so, and, being a writer, he ought to know. In the popular idea, too, the C. E. does do a little work. He occasionally glances over a proof; calls a boy and roars at him; tells a reporter to do some easy task such as to "bring in the Parliament Buildings"; "interview the dead man at any cost"; "hire a special train"; or "fight to a finish"; puts up the telephone "with a bang"; throws out a page or two of advertising; defies a few blood-thirsty trusts and then goes out to secretly instruct the Premier and his colleagues how to defend the rights of the common people or proceeds to get his business tangled up with his matrimonial affairs

so as to form an interesting plot for the popular novelist.

And what a devil-may-care chap this magazine City Editor is! He nearly always is smoking a cigar, save when he is drinking black coffee against the "awful strain"; and generally he drinks. How else could he make good magazine material if he didn't drink? How could he "fall down; be fired; make good and secure his position again"? The idea is preposterous. Certainly he must drink. Generally, too—for where else would the sobs come in?—he has a wife and more or less hungry children. The children must be hungry. In fact the hungrier they are the less this public hero likes to put his "job" in the balance against the soulless corporation.

A day spent with a City Editor is something akin to a holiday in between a morgue and a stock exchange, a boiler shop, an auction mart, a battleship going into action, and sometimes a Rescue Mission. Outside of that it is quite serene. His visitors form a group that is only surpassed by a session's deputations to a Cabinet Minister. The only difference, too, is that the Cabinet Minister can turn his down.

FIRST, perhaps because he never forgets to call, is the police court chap—the man who would have his name suppressed from the paper. Invariably it is the same old tale for the City Editor. "I wasn't feeling well," he explains, "and I took a drop too many."

Or, "I have a good position, and if you print this I'll lose it."

Again: "Honest, I never was in court before in my life."

And occasionally: "I'm a subscriber to your paper and if you use my name I'll cut off my subscription." (A terrible threat.)

And so it comes in a variety of ways. Then the City Editor asks questions; assumes a Nero cast of countenance; crystallizes a disguised pulpit utterance in a few hard-hitting words, and, if the offence be slight and the reasons for suppression good, he agrees. Sometimes a City Editor is almost human.

There was once a City Editor who had a plan. When a police court visitor appeared he read him a lecture; then referred him to the nearest reporter, who gave him some strong advice; passed him

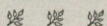
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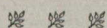
Through A Monocle

HAIL TO THE HEAT.

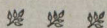
YOU have read about the imaginative and unhappy wight who is constrained to sit down in the coolest spot he can find in mid-summer, with the blazing sun on the closed blinds and the ice tinkling in the glass, to write a Christmas Sketch for a special "number" then in course of final preparation. Or, perhaps, he comes in out of a January blizzard, shakes the snow off his overcoat and rubs his ears to see if they are really frozen, and then sits down to indite a Seaside Idyll for the Mid-summer "number" of the publication which commands his time. But this hymn of joy is nothing of that sort. There is no imagination required to picture to one's self what is meant by "hot weather" as I pen these lines. It is "dollars to doughnuts," indeed, that it is you, gelatinous reader, who will have to exercise your imagination—or your memory—to get into the proper spirit to appreciate them; for it is altogether likely that the "tropical spell" will have passed before they are printed. If it has not—but why anticipate?



THIS is "the real thing"—also the genuine "hot stuff." I am attired—as I write—in a costume which would only seem adequate in pictures of South Sea Islanders who did not desire to appear over-dressed. Being a man, I could not go out into Society this way. Evening is approaching, and, with it, a promise of relief; but, as I look out of the window, the yellow sun still pours itself steadily over everything in sight and the notes of the birds come from the nearby trees, drowsy and pessimistic. I miss two sounds which would make it seem hotter if I were in the real country—the thirsty "tuck-tuck" of the live-baked hen and the whizzing dizzy note of the over-dried grass-hopper. But the delivery boys are cross—the street cars have an iron clang—the irrepressible children are not playing out of doors—the "trip-trip-trip" of the horses on the asphalt seems to strike sparks in the brain. Every sense proclaims the fact that it is stiflingly hot; and every sense seems also to insist that it holds me personally responsible for the circumstance.

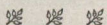


BUT then every person does that too. I happen to be one of those individuals who like a certain amount of heat; and the consequence is that, when it gets "hot," my friends all talk as if I had ordered it. The truth is that I can enjoy a good deal of heat if I am left alone with it. Let me dress as I like—loungue where I like—do nothing as I like—and the absolute invitation to laziness which overpowering heat conveys so gently to folks, fits in cosily with my much-to-be-deplored nature. Heat pronounces more imperatively than anything else, the First Commandment—"Thou Shalt NOT Work." Yes; that was the First Commandment. I do not mean the First of the Second Set of Commandments—the Ten Commandments—which were only launched against humanity long years after it had fallen from its pristine purity. I mean the real First Commandment which echoed musically and soothingly down the tropical avenues of Eden when our "first parents" still lived softly on their matchless Estates and did not know the meaning of the plebian word—"Work." All this trouble about earning one's bread in the sweat of one's brow came later, you will remember. Work is the child of Wickedness; and it has always seemed more natural to me to be Good.



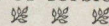
I THINK that the scientists make no mistake in looking for Eden in the Tropics. There is where it would be. I always like the Edenic life most—to say nothing of looking like an Edomite—in blistering hot weather. Then I could gather the fruit of the Good Trees, and sit in their deep shade to eat it, and care nothing for any occupation more diverting than attaching appropriate names to such animals as impinged on the placid picture of silent summer. It wouldn't matter that there was no one to play golf with—it would be too hot. Even Eve's simple taste in costuming is seen to be quite natural when we remember that she lived in a tropical garden. Clothes are to a large extent a by-product

of Cold; and Cold is an enemy of life—just as Work is an enemy of joy. I know that there are unconfined lunatics in Canada who talk of both Cold and Work as if they were blessings; but then there are farmers in Switzerland who insist that a field cannot be really fertile unless it is stood up on edge and irrigated from a glacier. We all tend to regard the evils we cannot escape as benefits.



THE papers are full of "health hints" these days, telling us how not to feel the heat. But that is entirely the wrong system. We do not want to know how to escape feeling the heat—we want to know how to feel and enjoy it—how to benefit by it. Nothing is more amusing than to see people in Canada, who spend nine months out of the year grumbling at the cold, rushing off toward the North Pole, as soon as the cold leaves them, to find it again. They want to be cold except when they can be cold; and then, if they are rich enough, they

rush down to Florida so that they can be hot. Heat, treated rightly, is a source of pure joy. Why, it even makes riding in a street car a pleasure. You get where the breeze flows over you, and the sun dances on the swimming pavements alongside, and the white summer people sit in regal ease all along your path of progress, and everybody is out of doors and the world is visibly inhabited; and you will store up pictures in your mind which will mitigate many a bitter day next winter when snow-covered storm doors cover the porches and the verandahs are banks of forbidding ice.



THEN think what heat does to all water-sides. Lie in the shade by a moving river, just rippled by the breeze, looking up stream into the tropic haze that lies over the water, watching at times the heat waves rise from the golden hay field behind, motionless, restful, chained to inaction by the silken bonds of heat, determined upon nothing except that you will not move till the cool of the evening. Ah, but you change your mind. You can slip down just under the fringe of trees, drop off your clothes; and you are in the water, with not a human being nearer than the clattering bridge far up the stream. What has winter to match it? Nothing that I know of. Count me every time for the Sun Worship, for Eden, for the First Commandment, for those glorious old idlers, our First Parents.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The World's Greatest Aquatic Spectacle



Henley on the Thames, a Regatta Which Has Escaped the Picturesque Pen of Mr. Kipling.



The Royal Barge, From Which Their Majesties Viewed the Regatta. The Barge is Two Hundred Years Old.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Saskatchewan Sensation.

REGINA'S cyclone was easily eclipsed by the Saskatchewan election results. That the Scott Government would be given another term of power was inevitable, but that it should be so overwhelmingly endorsed was not anticipated by either Conservatives or Liberals. It was a great victory for the Scott-Calder Government and a severe blow to the Haultain-Rogers combination.

There are several interesting features of the case which are worth considering. In the first place, it is unusual to find both political parties with leaders of equal ability at the same period. When one party is strong in leadership, the other is usually weak. It is so in Saskatchewan. The local Conservative leaders are not to be compared in ability with the local Liberal leaders. Mr. Haultain is a good type of English-Canadian, but he is not energetic and has little political finesse. He is honest and straightforward, but lacks many qualities which make for political leadership. On the other hand, both Premier Scott and Mr. Calder are men who have given deep and exhaustive attention to political management. They are cool, calculating, and able. In addition, they had the prestige of being in office which is a tremendous help where the political record is fairly clean.

In the second place, there is a spirit of independence in the West which resents federal interference in provincial affairs. This is also true in Ontario, although I do not think it is equally true in the Maritime Provinces. For example, Mr. Roblin has long held Manitoba solid because of his hard fight with the Dominion Government for boundary extension and better terms. Now that he has got all he fought for, his power is likely to wane. So Sir James Whitney was helped in Ontario by the opposition, though extremely slight, of members of the Dominion Government under the Laurier regime. Hence the presence of the Hon. Robert Rogers in the West during the Saskatchewan elections was a detriment to Mr. Haultain rather than a help.

The Dominion Conservative party should avoid provincial entanglements. This is the lesson of three recent campaigns. I do not think that Premier Flemming was helped to victory in New Brunswick by federal sympathy. It is quite certain that Premier Gouin was not injured in Quebec, nor Premier Scott in Saskatchewan by federal opposition. If the Dominion Conservatives should make any further attempts to destroy provincial Liberal administrations they will be but digging their own grave. This is the chief lesson of the Saskatchewan sensation.

Canada, an Adjunct.

MR. BORDEN says Canada is not an "adjunct" of the British Empire. It was a "clever" remark. It might have been made by a phrase-maker on the Toronto *Evening Telegram* or certain "smark-aleck" weeklies in Winnipeg or Vancouver. It should never have been made by a man who is something of a diplomat and statesman.

Let me explain. Lord Salisbury, in 1897, denounced the Anglo-German treaty of commerce because Emperor William would not admit that Canada was part of the British Empire. Lord Salisbury's action forced the German Government, at a later date, to recognize that Canada is part of the British Empire and must be treated on the same basis as the United Kingdom. Does Mr. Borden want to go back to the old theory which Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lord Salisbury fought so hard to kill? Does he desire to see international diplomacy revert to the idea that courtesies extended to Great Britain by the big nations of the world do not necessarily extend to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa?

Again, just while Mr. Borden is claiming that Canada is not an "adjunct" of the Empire, the British Government is trying to prove to the United States Government that Canadian ships must have the same rights in the Panama Canal as British ships. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's language when he read the report of Mr. Borden's speech may be more easily imagined than transcribed. I am quite certain that it would have melted any ordinary phonograph record-cylinder.

I hope Mr. Taft will not take any advantage of

the remark. It was made in a public speech when it is difficult for the most experienced speaker to have every phrase convey his exact meaning. Mr. Borden intended to state that Canada was an integral part of the British Empire, but such an important part that it would not submit to any treatment such as might be accorded to a mere crown-colony.

However, let Canadians get this clearly in their minds. If Canada ceases to be part of the British Empire, we lose more than the protection of the British fleet; we lose the advantages conferred upon us by many important British treaties. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is the only document which safeguards the rights of Canadian shipping in the Panama Canal. If we were to lose those rights we should be in a much less advantageous commercial position for many years to come.

Mr. Borden, Otherwise.

ASIDE from this unfortunate remark, Mr. Borden's speech seems to have been masterly in tone and matter. It was in strong contrast to the noisy orations of the Hon. George E. Foster, and savoured of the grace, the finesse and the brilliancy of the former premier. It was just such a speech as the First Canadian should make.

Indeed, Mr. Borden has been well received in England, showing that he fully understands the importance of his mission. The press is quick to size a visitor in London, where regularly they have visitors from every nation and every tribe in the civilized and uncivilized world. The London press is always polite, but it draws fine shades of meaning. I cannot, by the most careful inspection, find an undertone of disappointment concerning Mr. Borden.

The British people have come to understand the independent and manly tone of the Dominions overseas. Sometimes the shout may be a little overdone and the tone slightly bombastic, but the spirit is clearly manifest. The Dominions want to keep in touch with the Empire, and are determined to do so so long as that Empire stands for all that is best and highest and noblest in modern civilization. At the same time, the autonomy and self-respect of the Dominions overseas must be maintained. This is the attitude of Mr. Borden and of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Either one could make the speeches of the other on this subject—because both represent the best Canadian thought.

Of course there is this difference. Sir Wilfrid thought Canada should, for a time at least, avoid mixing in the making of peace or war. Mr. Borden is anxious to plunge into this responsibility. But after all this is a matter of detail—although an important detail.

A Canadian Navy.

WILL Mr. Borden be advised to create a Canadian navy? I hope so. On his own principle of bearing a due share of responsibility, he will have to build a squadron of battleships, a squadron of cruisers and a flotilla of small boats. If Canada demands one-sixth the control, she must supply one-sixth the fleet. This means, if it means anything, that the Borden navy will be five times the size of the Laurier navy; that instead of having two training ships we shall have four or five; instead of one naval college, we shall need two or three; and instead of one naval shipyard, we shall have three or four. This would mean a strong Canadian navy, forming an integral part of an Empire navy, in which all the Dominions overseas would be represented.

If he decides not to have a Canadian navy he will probably adopt the Montreal-*Star*-Norton-Griffith policy, as outlined in the *Star* of June 7th. This declares for "one British navy under one Admiralty Board." In other words there should be no Empire navy; only a British navy. This is quite the opposite of the policy adopted by the last Imperial Council and since loyally supported by the CANADIAN COURIER.

The *Star* goes on to say that "the day when it was thought possible that the Colonies might better slowly create navies of their own, seems pretty well to have vanished." Also, "The late Canadian Government tried to establish a separatist navy which would be controlled from Ottawa. That

policy was fatally mistaken." It seems hardly credible that a sane newspaper would take such an attitude, but such is the case. It also seems incredible that Mr. Borden should accept such poor advice, but he may.

Agricultural Education.

THE Conservation Commission recognizes that the farmer of Canada cannot be educated through huge experimental farms, such as those at Ottawa, at St. Anne de Bellevue and at Guelph. The farmer will not go there for instruction. Consequently the Commission is establishing small experimental farms in the counties or districts. For example, thirty-five are to be created throughout Canada this year, of which nine will be in Ontario.

I have long been advocating such decentralization in experimental farms and agricultural college education. If the farmer is to be educated, it can be done only by putting the education where he can reach out and get it. One big agricultural college in a province is a mistake. It serves a purpose, but it doesn't reach all the farmers. It reaches only a few, and it makes specialists of those few.

What the farmer wants is general education, and he can get this only through the agricultural public school and the local experimental farm. Ontario recognized this when it established agricultural experts in county towns to give advice and assistance concerning local problems.

We have now established the principle of county instructors, and county experimental farms. All that remains is to establish the principle that a rural school should be an agricultural school, with a curriculum and text-books separate from those used in city public schools. Then we shall be on the high road to agricultural efficiency, progressiveness and success.

Self-Interest vs. the Party.

RECENT election results in Canada indicate that the Canadian is voting less and less according to the dictates of partisanship and more and more from his ideas of self-interest. The day when voters could be driven to the polls to do the bidding of the party leaders is passing away. Independence is growing. The Conservative may vote Liberal to-morrow, or the Liberal may vote Conservative. Canadians are more inclined to vote for men and measures than ever before.

Analyzing the reasons for this growing independence, one finds much of self-interest in it. Each section of Canada finds that it has interests of its own and it is inclined to vote that way. Even the party newspapers recognize that and hedge accordingly. For example, the *Winnipeg Telegram* is much less a protectionist paper than the *Toronto Mail and Empire* or the *Montreal Gazette*. The political leaders recognize the same set of circumstances and the Liberals in Nova Scotia advocate a policy which often materially differs from the policy advocated by the Liberals of British Columbia. Sectional self-interest is getting very strong in Canada, and the wise politician studies it closely.

Then there is personal self-interest. The manufacturer and all who are intimately related to him in business, including most of his employees, are thinking more of their business than of the fortunes of their party. They will vote with the party if it does not interfere with their commercial interests—otherwise they will bolt without hesitation. Even the farmer is beginning to show signs of intelligence, and to think more of the "agricultural interests" than the fate of politicians. Also the "foreign" voter figures out as best he can which party is likely to do the most for him, before he decides which way he will vote.

All this growth of independence is sure to have an effect upon our politics. The successful politician realizes that he must be popular with the people and that ability to buy them drinks and cigars or to call them by name does not necessarily mean popularity. He must find out what self-interest there is in certain provinces, districts or classes, and cater to it.

It is also likely to make the people less chary of discarding one government and accepting another. Heretofore in Canada, because of the intense partisanship of the voters, a government has been able to stay in power for several successive terms. Now the people are beginning to recognize that all governments look alike and that one has as many virtues and as many vices as another. The theory that it is unwise to change from one set of rulers to another is almost exploded, and the benefits of short terms of power are being more fully recognized.



The Nova Scotia Historical Society Unveils a Tablet to James William Johnston (1792-1873), Orator, Jurist and Statesman. To the Right, Lieut.-Governor MacGregor, Archdeacon Armitage, President N. S. Historical Society, and Dr. McKay, Superintendent of Education.

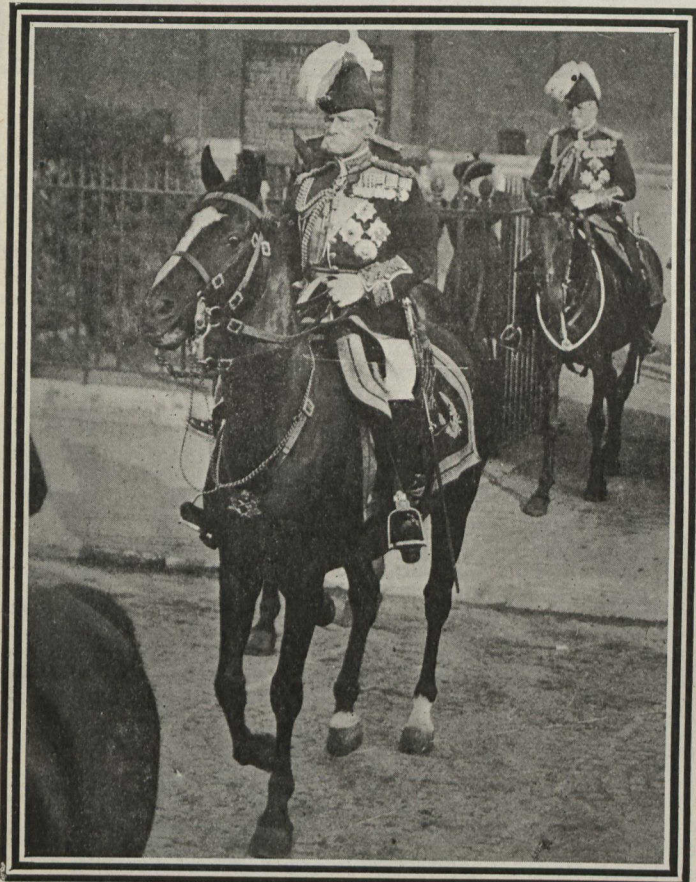
King George is as Much Interested in the Humblest of His Subjects as Ever Were King Edward or Queen Victoria. His Recent Visit to the Welsh Coal Miners Shows Both High Diplomacy and Deep Human Sympathy.

Pictures of People

King George seems to have a high regard for coal as a basis of economics in the Empire. Four years ago as Prince of Wales, returning from the Tercentenary celebration to England, he shoveled coal in the stoke-hole of the Indomitable. A few days ago he went down a thousand feet into a Welsh coal mine, delivered up his matches and cigarette case at the entrance to the shaft, and with a miner's pick loosened a souvenir lump of coal.

The appearance of Lord Roberts at the funeral of General Sir George White was a fine tribute from a great and exceedingly picturesque soldier to the officer who so long defended Ladysmith in the South African war. "Bobs" is the honorary colonel of Queen's Own Rifles and of the Royal Canadian Artillery.

The Duke of Sutherland, one of the wealthiest of British landowners, is now a Canadian farmer in Alberta, where there are as yet no Lloyd Georges and no House of Lords to abolish. In the accompanying photograph he is shown with the Duchess, who expects to accompany him to Canada next year.



Lord Roberts at the Funeral of Sir George White, the Defender of Ladysmith.

Duke of Sutherland (and Duchess) at Paddington Station on His Return From Canada.



Dauphin, Man., Entertaining Knights of Pythias at a Grand Lodge Convention.

Delegates Ready for a Motor Trip to the Beautiful Dauphin Lakes.

The Premier of Canada in England



Mr. and Mrs. Borden, Honourable Messrs. Pelletier and Doherty and the Mayor of Bristol on Board the Royal George at Avonmouth.



Hon. Mr. Borden, Mrs. Borden and the Canadian High Commissioner Leaving Paddington Station, on Their Arrival in London, July 4.

A Battle of Personalities

ON the trails, among the homesteads, and in the towns of Saskatchewan summer political excitement has been at white heat. The forces of Hon. Walter Scott and Hon. F. W. G. Haultain came to final conclusions the other day in a battle at the polls. Mr. Scott is again Prime Minister of Saskatchewan with a majority which makes the Haultain Conservatives feel very lonely.

The struggle in the great wheat province possessed features which made it unusually interesting. Apart from the big issue of reciprocity, upon which the election was fought, and upon which Saskatchewan has set its seal of approval, the battle was a straight, clear-cut fight between two men different in temperament and ideals whose controversies have been famous in modern political history on the prairie. Mr. Haultain went to the West a university trained man and started to practise law. There is a philosophical bent to his mind which makes him more of a political theorist than a prac-

thick of the fight appealed more to his aggressive nature. In 1900 he bought the Regina *Leader* from Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, and beat that silver-tongued Irishman for parliament.

It was five years later that Mr. Scott and F. W. G. Haultain began their career of political antagonism. At this time, Mr. Haultain was the biggest man in the Northwest Territories. He had been, since 1888, a leader in the different phases of government by Council, Assembly, Executive and Legislature the West was passing through. Mr. Scott made a hit in Ottawa suggesting some very practical grain legislation. The Liberal party in the West began to speak hopefully of him as its coming leader.

The days of the Autonomy Legislation of 1905 threw Mr. Scott in direct opposition to Mr. Haultain. Hon. Clifford Sifton, Chief of the Liberals in the West, and Minister of the Interior in the Laurier Cabinet, bolted from the party on the proposal to grant Separate schools to the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Hon. Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, succeeded him. Mr. Scott took Mr. Oliver's place as leader of the prairie Liberals. The West, under Mr. Haultain, and Mr. Scott split upon the Autonomy Bill. Mr. Haultain, with all the precise argument of a lawyer, and a large Conservative following, urged that the Autonomy Legislation was unconstitutional; that it saddled sectarian schools on unwilling provinces, crippled their revenues, resources and liberties. Mr. Scott and his battalions thundered back the Liberal idea of Separate schools. The Liberal policy triumphed. Two new provinces were added to the Dominion. In Saskatchewan, Mr. Scott, at the early age of thirty-eight, was called on to form the first government. Mr. Haultain, political veteran of the prairie, dauntless in defeat, has for seven years sat as Opposition leader.

Bitterness in Great Britain

POLITICS in Great Britain are intense. The fight over Home Rule proceeds apace. The Government majority against the Agar-Robartes' amendment was only 69, and the majority against the amendment for single chamber government in Ireland was only 89. On the latter occasion, the Labour party, under Ramsay MacDonald, saved the situation for Mr. Asquith, although they are opposed to two chambers on principle.

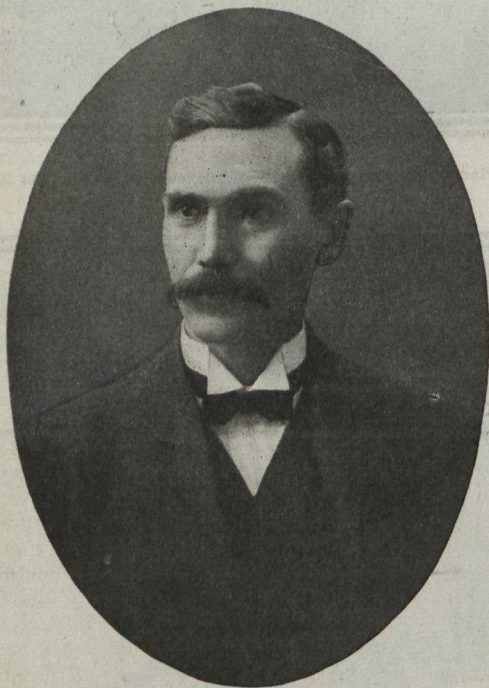
The Franchise Reform Bill is also adding to the intensity of the political game. It removes nearly 600,000 votes of the plural variety, abolishes the nine university seats, and adds 2,500,000 men to the voters' lists. Qualification is to be by residence or occupation only, and the qualifying period is reduced to six months. This is practically manhood suffrage as we have it in Canada. Nevertheless the *Spectator* dubs the bill "the most shameful piece of political partisanship that has ever been introduced into the House of Commons." Irish over-representation is left untouched. Some Irish constituencies with 13,000 to 16,000 people have the same representation as some English constituencies with 250,000 to 300,000 inhabitants. The *Spectator*

wants both reforms to go together.

The intensity of feeling over these two features, added to the Insurance Act which comes into force this week, is well described by a Canadian now visiting in London. In a private note he says:

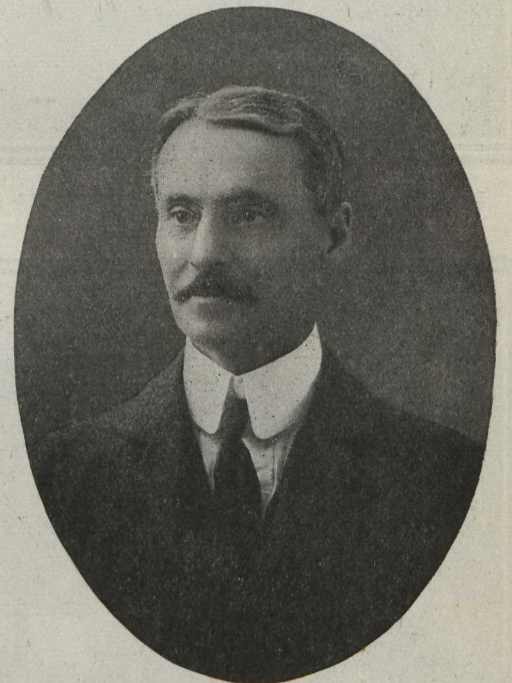
"I spent a couple of very interesting nights in the House of Commons. Heard Austen Chamberlain, F. E. Smith, and Bonar Law in a couple of big debates, and on the Government side McKenna, the Home Secretary; Pease, the Minister of Education; Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General; Ramsay MacDonald, the Labour leader; and other lesser lights. But the three Unionist speakers I heard showed up better to my mind than the Government speakers. I was agreeably surprised in Bonar Law. Ramsay MacDonald struck me, however, as the biggest-minded man of them all. Asquith, Churchill and Lloyd George I heard answering questions only. Of course, the last three with Sir Edward Grey, are the best speakers in the House.

"It appeared to me that the average of debating power on the Unionist side was superior to that on the Government side, both as to matter and manner in the two debates I heard. Of course, it would be unwise to draw any conclusions on this subject from two debates. But



HON. WALTER SCOTT,
Who has Swept Saskatchewan for the
Liberals.

tical politician. Hon. Mr. Scott is an essentially practical man who gave his college yell in the school of experience. He made his advent on the prairie driving a grocery waggon in Portage la Prairie in 1885, an eventful year for the West. He became a "devil" to a printer; then a printer himself. When he was nearing his thirties he was a proprietor of newspapers. He wrote for his papers, having studied editorial writing in the spare moments he was not setting type or playing baseball. It did not satisfy him to deal with public questions merely as an editor. The stump and the



HON. F. W. G. HAULTAIN,
The Leader of the Vanquished Conservatives
in Saskatchewan.

what struck me most was the bitterness of the spirit that exists and was shown between the two sides of the House. Don't make any mistake about it, politics are at fever heat just now in England, both inside and outside the House.

"Lloyd George is the most hated man in Britain. In going about among the business men in London and Edinburgh I found that the first ten to fifteen minutes of our meeting were invariably devoted to a tirade against this awful creature! It soon became tiresome, but I had to listen and put up with it.

"But to return to the House of Commons. The Labour men irritate the 'gentlemen' on the Tory side while the 'gentlemen' irritate the labour men."

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

A Flash of Scarlet.

AT the modern educational convention, one is painfully impressed by the shortcomings of our ancestors in the matter of instruction and training. Most of us can remember being soundly "whacked" by our parents, and being all the better for the punishment. Yet the ultra-modern reader of papers at conventions and mothers' clubs speaks with horror of corporal punishment, as if it were a crime which a helpless though incorrigible infant would never overlook. As for war, that was an unspeakable barbarity, and our soldier forefathers are referred to in terms of strong reprobation by the very persons who enjoy the freedom bought by a hard-fighting ancestry.

In Boston, there are educational authorities who declare that small boys should not be given tin soldiers to play with, lest they should form a desire for bloodshed and become twentieth century Napoleons. Yet the small boy continues to hanker after the toy trumpet and the Christmas drum, and will not be denied the joys of building a fort. He finally becomes a Scout and finds in that order a natural and not-too-militant outlet for his buoyant young spirits.

While we may pray devoutly for "peace in our time," there is something within us which answers to the march of troops and the sound of the bugle. Across the many years which separate us from the days of strife comes the ancestral thrill of military pride, in spite of all that modern philosophers can tell us of the brutality of warfare. Up the street from the boat come the marching men, and the busy citizens pause for a moment to watch the scarlet coats go by. "The Twelfth from Niagara" is the answer to the inevitable inquiry from the small boy who "wants to know." And the next week one watches the young cadets swing down Bay Street from the Toronto City Hall, on their way to the Niagara boat—and if one has Irish blood tingling in the veins, there is nothing to do but long to be a cadet or the band-master or the boy who carries the colours.

An Old-World Garden.

IS it so very far from battles to blossoms? Hardly—when we reflect that one of England's most sanguinary civil conflicts was called the Wars of the Roses. From France, there comes the news that the famous rose garden at the Chateau de Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine lived, has been re-opened. The garden will be free to the public and several varieties of roses will be seen in full bloom, just as they are supposed to have been in the days when the beautiful Creole Empress reigned among the flowers which she loved so passionately.

Josephine, a daughter of the Tropics, had an especial fondness for roses, and had the most gorgeous rose-garden in France. The flowers were catalogued by Mirbel in the year twelve of the Revolution, but the catalogue, which contained the names of more than two hundred varieties, has been lost. However, the curator of the museum, assisted by a French scientist and a wealthy American, has reconstituted those which could be identified in the records as the varieties which the Empress had cultivated. During the last two years, roses have been brought from all corners of France to recreate the historic garden, while the modern French citizen and the curious tourist may wander through the alleys where once walked a most brilliant and unhappy woman.

A Daughter of the Manse.

CANADIANS have taken unusual interest in the Democratic nomination at Baltimore, and its result is evidently popular in the Dominion. Governor Wilson's rival, Mr. Champ Clark, was frequently in the Canadian papers of a year ago, as the United States politician who had boldly declared himself in favour of the annexation of Canada. Consequently Mr. Clark was regarded in this country as an over-appreciative gentleman, whose admiration for the Land of the Maple should be kept within bounds.

The wife of Governor Wilson is a lady who will most graciously dispense the hospitalities of the White House, should her husband be elected to the highest office in the Republic. Mrs. Wilson is essentially a "Daughter of the Manse." Her maiden name was Ellen Louise Axson, and both grandfathers were members of the Presbyterian ministry in the Southern States, while her father, Rev. Edward Axson, was also a pastor of the "kirk." Mrs. Wilson was born in "The Manse," Savannah, Georgia, and was married from the same house in 1885. Her husband's rapid rise in the university world and in political circles has not altered in the least the charming geniality and readiness to please in his Southern wife, and the three daughters of the household, both in scholarship and social gifts, have inherited their parents' characteristics. They are all, as might be expected, college graduates, and are now working hard, the eldest, Margaret Woodrow, at voice culture in New York, the second, Jessie Woodrow, in Philadelphia, doing settlement work, while the youngest, Eleanor Randolph, is studying at the Academy of Art in Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson, herself, has done creditable work as a landscape artist, and is a member of the "Artists' Guild" of Philadelphia. The Wilson household seems to be one of real comradeship between parents and children, with that true democracy of spirit, combined with refinement of manner which characterizes the finest civilization. It will be an interesting election next autumn, and—here's hoping that Governor Wilson will win!



Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham, the Tactful and Able President for Canada of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

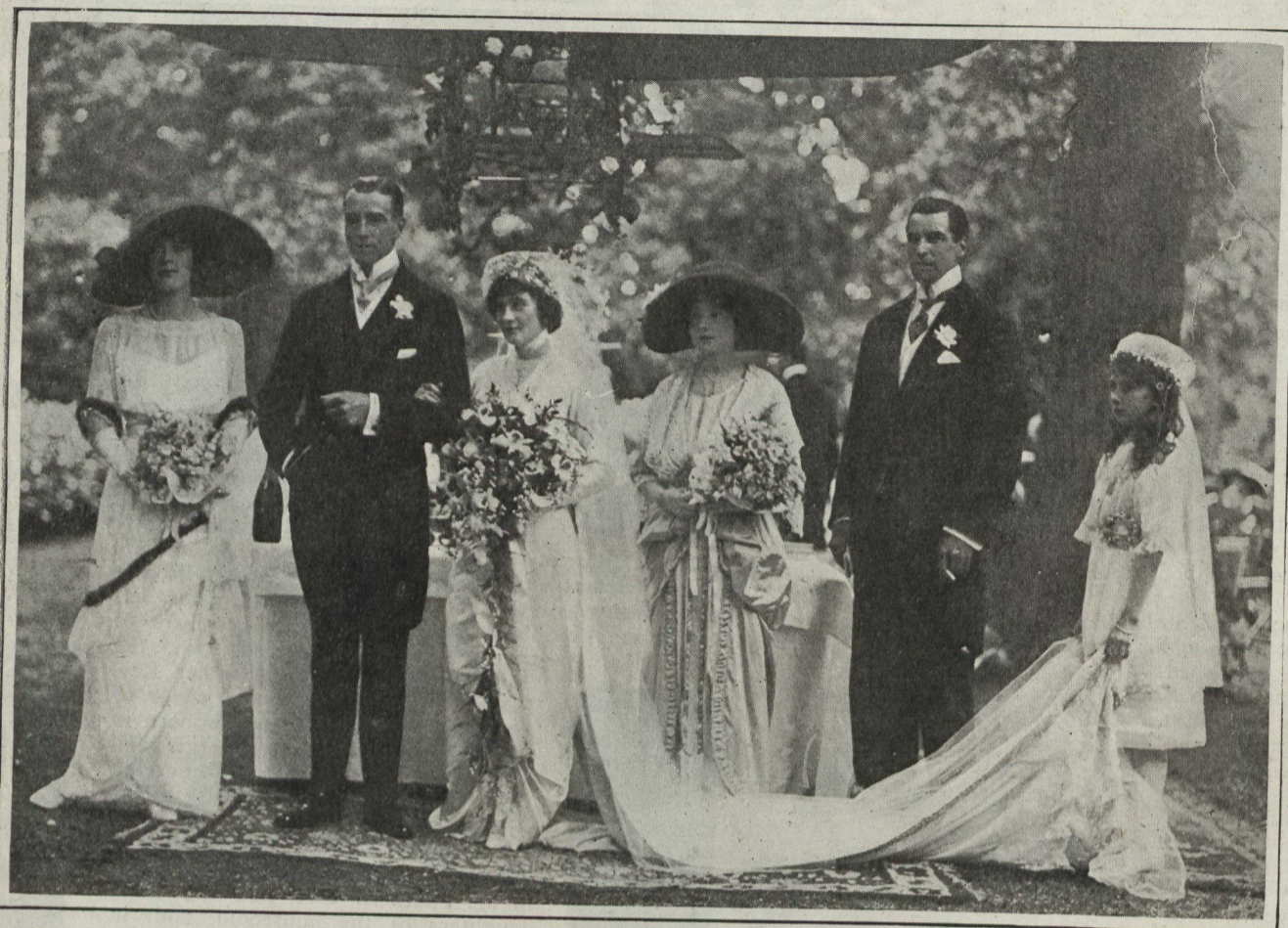
Our Lady of the Sunshine.

THE summer girl has come into her own, during the last week, and is departing in glad expectation of "the time of her life" to Muskoka, the Saguenay, Georgian Bay and "up the Lakes." There is nothing more striking about the Canadian girl in the summertime than her ability to help herself, in the matter of rowing, paddling and having a jolly time generally. We have all manner of pathetic descriptions from newspaper humourists of the summer resort swarming with disconsolate girls and almost destitute of presentable young men. Of course, there is more fun to be had when the summer youth is present, with his tanned face and joyous performances on the banjo, to say nothing of his infinite capacity for bestowing his fleeting vacation affections on a score of dainty maidens. But Canadian girls are quite capable of forming an exclusively feminine camp and enjoying themselves immensely. Far from her desires, are the tiresome exactions of the fashionable hotel, with its afternoon bridge and variety of evening gowns. An outing costume, a flapping hat, and a seat in the bow of a canoe—and the summer girl is ready to enjoy "the song my paddle sings"—a song as delightfully variable as dreams in eyes and lights and shades scattered over the river. And they, surely, are full enough of changes.

CANADIENNE.

News of Nuptials—Mostly

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



The Flying Honeymooners, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Grahame-White, whose marriage occurred in Essex, England, June 27th. The Bridesmaids are Miss Mary Bovee and Miss Phyllis Gooch; the Groomsman, Mr. Montagu Grahame-White.

Hymen in Halifax

RATHER representative of the eastern seaport city is the accompanying group of the season's Halifax brides.

Miss Dorothy Lugar, whose marriage to Lieutenant Warde, H.M.C.S. "Niobe," was solemnized in St. Paul's Church, on July 3rd, is one of the bevy of charming daughters of Captain and Mrs. Lugar, and one of Halifax's most popular girls.

Special interest socially attaches to the marriage, on June the eighteenth, of Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Brookfield, and Professor Holbrook, of the Nova Scotia Technical College.

Recently occurred the wedding of Miss Harriot Barnes Dodd and Mr. A. W. Redden, one of the leading business men of Halifax. And, on the same day, the marriage of Beatrice, daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. R. Lugar, and one of the greatest favourites in Halifax society, and Henry Douglas Blackadar, son of H. D. Blackadar, one of the editors of *The Acadia Recorder*.

Cupid Smites Prince Arthur

THE god of the little bow and dart is no respecter of persons. Prince Arthur of Connaught is the latest person reported to be feeling the barbs of the said small outfit. The Princess Irene Alexandrovna is said to be the illustrious

maiden concerned. The Prince is the only son of the Duke of Connaught and the lady is the daughter of the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch, who is a cousin of the Czar. The marriage is rumoured to have been arranged recently, and the betrothal is expected shortly to be announced as the princess has lately attained her seventeenth birthday. The marriage will, doubtless, take place in St. Petersburg, and King George honour the celebration.

The Greatest Love Lyric

NO other lyric of love ever written can compare with, for passionate emotion and expression, that best love-song of Robert Burns—"O My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose." Here it may be appropriately quoted:

"O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like a melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile."

Honeymooning by Aeroplane

ROMANTIC indeed, as have been some of the helms at which Dan Cupid has piloted wedded couples to that metaphoric moon which the bees make, none among them all ever boasted the high romance of that which appeared, lately, to be bearing the Grahame-Whites to the real and literal moon, made of cheese.

The ingenious air navigator and constructor of aeroplanes, Claude Grahame-White, is world-known. His bride, Miss Dorothy Taylor, formerly of New York, was rather less renowned for her clever acting. The pair were married at Widdford, a small village in the county of Essex, on June 27th, and travelled to France, forthwith, via the sky.

The bride and her two bridesmaids are exceedingly beautiful women, the latter being Miss Mary Bovee and Miss Phyllis Gooch, and their beauty was brilliant, indeed, in wedding array. The groom was supported by Mr. Montagu Grahame-White. Pierre Verrier, a guest at the wedding, arrived at the church, by aeroplane, with Miss Christich as passenger. The accompanying cut gives some idea of the etherealness and romance of the occasion.

A very happy honeymoon was spent in France and the couple returned to London by dirigible.

Cophetua—in a Measure

THAT the whole world loves a lover is universally true—especially, when that lover is nobly born. The immediate object of that proverbial regard is the Archduke Ferdinand Carl of Austria. Sometime ago the Duke renounced his rank in order to marry the woman of his choice, the daughter of a mere man—a professor. The choice, as results show, was decidedly a wise one; for the winsome and beautiful Frau Czuber-Burg has succeeded in winning her way into the after-all human heart of the Austrian monarch. That Emperor, Franz Josef, has not only restored "the tried and true" Archduke to favour, but has also created the brilliant wife a countess.

At Cobourg, on July 4th, was celebrated the marriage—the second marriage, that is—of the only daughter of the late General U. S. Grant, twice President of the United States. The bride was Mrs. Nellie Sartoris, widow of the late Algernon Sartoris; the groom, the Hon. Frank H. Jones, formerly Assistant Postmaster-General, at Washington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Spragge, who several years ago married also Mrs. Sartoris' daughter, Vivian Sartoris, to Frederick Roosevelt Scovel, and took place at the bride's summer home.

A Quartette of Halifax Brides



MISS EDITH BROOKFIELD,
Recently Wedded to Professor Holbrook.



MISS HARIOT BARNES DODD,
Bride of Mr. A. W. Redden.



MISS C. A. ALLEN,
Now Mrs. Wm. Gore Foster.



MISS DOROTHY LUGAR,
Married to Lieutenant Warde.

Distinguished Canadians Abroad

Mrs. Sanford

At Court

THE women of Hamilton are proverbial for energy and thoroughness. When they undertake a "made-in-Canada" exhibition, a Mountain Sanitarium, or the buying of a battlefield at Stoney Creek, the project is sure to be carried to completion. Consequently, it is no surprise to learn that the only Canadian woman who has held for years an official position in the International Council of Women is Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of "Wesanford," Hamilton, the widow of the late Senator Sanford, who was known as one of Canada's leading manufacturers.

Mrs. Sanford is the daughter of the late Thomas Vaux, accountant of the House of Commons, Ottawa, and was born in Montreal. A sister of Mrs. Sanford's was the late Mrs. John S. Evans, of Hamilton, the mother of Mr. Sanford Evans, of Winnipeg. Mrs. Sanford has always been interested in philanthropic and benevolent institutions, and, on the formation of a National Council in 1893, her experience and judgment were of great service to the organization with which she has always been identified. She now holds the office of Hon. Treasurer in the International Council, Vice-President in the National and President of the Hamilton Local Council of Women. "Elsinore," the Convalescent Home at Hamilton Beach, which was founded by Senator Sanford, is now maintained by Mrs. Sanford in his memory.

Mrs. Sanford was first presented at Court in 1894, and in 1895 was summoned to Windsor Castle on a sad occasion. It will be remembered that the late Sir John Thompson, then Premier of Canada, died suddenly at the royal residence. While in London, previous to his journey to Windsor Castle, Sir John Thompson had been the guest of Senator and Mrs. Sanford and Queen Victoria summoned the latter and her daughters when the Premier's tragic death occurred. They remained at the Castle for the obsequies and were then presented to the Queen, who sympathized profoundly with the stricken friends. Mrs. Sanford was depicted afterwards in the historic painting by F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., of the scene in Windsor Castle, where Queen Victoria is represented placing a wreath on the coffin of the dead premier.

Mrs. Sanford attended the Court held by King Edward and Queen Alexandra in June, 1902, and was presented to King George and Queen Mary, June, 1911. During last March, Mrs. Sanford presented her young grand-daughter, Miss Constance Phyllis Sanford, daughter of the late E. Jackson Sanford. Miss Sanford's mother, Mrs. Robinson, who was a Tennessee girl, lives in Toronto, and Miss Sanford will be one of next winter's debutantes.

Mrs. Sanford's Hamilton home is the centre of many charming hospitalities and is stored with many beautiful treasures from abroad. Her Muskoka residence, "Sans Souci," is a delightful summer home, where many distinguished guests have been entertained. Mrs. Sanford usually spends the winter in Switzerland or France, and has taken much interest in the work of the National Council in Italy.

Mrs. Sanford, although so broad in sympathy and activities, is thoroughly feminine in her interest in



CANADIANS AT COURT.
Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton, and her Grand-daughter, Miss Constance Phyllis Sanford, in Costumes Worn at the Presentation of the Latter at Buckingham Palace This Year.



The Little Montrealer, Miss Mona Dunn, Who is the Youngest Exhibitor at the International Horse Show.

all the aesthetic side of life and is always exquisitely gowned. Years ago, Senator Sanford took a keen interest in orchid culture, and imported some fine varieties of this most fragile flower, and the orchids of "Wesanford" are considered among the rarest in Canada. On Court or State occasions, Mrs. Sanford invariably carries a bouquet of orchids, which harmonizes artistically here, with a costume of ivory white and pearl grey.

Miss Dunn

At Olympia

WEE DIANA, Fairy Queen of the Ring—these and others, similar, are the truly story-book titles which a small Miss Canada in the person of Mona Dunn has recently won at the International Horse Show.

Mona is the hearty, pretty little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn, of London, England. But Mona was born in Montreal—a fact she is decidedly fond of pointing out to her younger English-born brother and sisters—and her parents are known familiarly about Montreal and Quebec as Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Dunn, of Coombe Cottage, Kingston Hill. Mrs. Dunn was formerly Miss Gertrude Price, of Quebec, where her father, Mr. H. M. Price, yet resides; she is an enthusiastic golfer—fond of many an outdoor sport—and, probably, that accounts for the fearlessness of her daughter when she undertakes the role of equestrienne.

The small person, aged nine, is said to be the youngest exhibitor of horses in the world, and the youngest lady owner of horses in England. Thirty thoroughbreds comprise the stud which occupies the picturesque Dunn stables

at Olympia, and twenty of the number were presented the little girl by her indulgent sportsman father her last birthday. The Dunn stables are much resorted to and admired for their sixteenth-century quaintness. They are oak-built and allied with a cottage and flower garden. An interesting photograph, not published here, showed the famous horsewoman, Miss Preece, of New York, standing, mounted, just under the Dunn stables sign.

Miss Mona won the Belvoir Gold Cup last year, presented by Sir Gilbert Gresnal, master of the Belvoir Hounds, girls as old as sixteen competing. She also rode with wonderful ease, once, before Queen Alexandra. Canadians, the many in London, among them the Siftons, of horse show fame, are mightily proud of their petite countrywoman, who, when she fares abroad riding her own splendid horses, wins the applause as well of the witnessing public at large. In brief, little Mona is the talk of admiring London, and the news of her triumphs has travelled the equine world.

"Just one thing wanting," Mr. Dunn was heard to say. "None of Mona's horses has a distinctive Canadian name, and we must have that remedied next year."

Miss Frances Galbraith, whose home is in Toronto, recently was awarded the first prize for the head and also for the best group of still life and drapery at the annual competition for prizes, at the Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole School of Art, London, England. There were about sixty canvases in the competition—judged by Mr. David Murray, R. A., a competent critic.

The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

The Accident and the Order.

APPROPRIATE, indeed, is it that knights should happen along when the lady who does this page is at the casement. And what knights more worthy than they of the most noble Order of the Garter to be images first in the crystal and then in the web? Certainly no colours could be worthier reproduction than those ancient and gorgeous ones the habiliments presented when the king called a chapter of the famous order, recently, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



\$400 Worth of Dog.

In St. George's, by the way, each "companion" has his stall and the garter-plates of the knights, containing their arms and style, remain permanently and constitute (some) the most valuable heraldic relics in Europe.

The mantles worn were of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta silk—on the left shoulder the gorgeous badge of the order. The surcoats, sleeveless and short, were of crimson velvet, also white-lined. The caps were a-bob with ostrich and heron feathers. The hose were of white silk, the shoes white with red heels, and the garters, that which is the emblem, worn on the left leg, blue with gold letters, and that on the right, silver, with rosette. And added was the splendour, the flash, the glitter, of decorations—the medallioned collar with pendant of St. George, the irradiated star which is worn on the surtout, the magnificent diamond clasp of the head-piece. And everywhere "Honi soit qui mal y pense" appeared—and all because a countess dropped her garter!

For the story goes that at a ball given in the reign of Edward III.—who instituted the Order of the Garter—the charming Countess of Salisbury, while dancing with the king, had the shocking misadventure to drop that detail. The king, however, chivalrously rescued and bound it about his leg—it does not tell how the Countess managed in the meantime—and wore it there as a favour until the jealous glances of the queen prompted him to hand it over to the fair owner again, which he did with the happy remark, right knightly expressed in French, "Dishonoured may he be who thinks ill of it." And thereupon the remark and the garter became the motto and emblem of the new order of knighthood the king had been busy founding to help him in his ambitious French exploits.

The order has practically ceased to be military. Twenty-five "companions" constitute the body, exclusive of the king, the Prince of Wales, and certain other distinguished persons, native and foreign. The functionaries are a Prelate, a Chancellor, a Garter King of Arms, and a Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. The knights are almost exclusively peers, or the eldest sons of peers, and to write K. G. after the name is to claim or to bestow relationship with the pre-eminent body among the orders of knighthood in Europe.

Prince Mohammed Ali Coming.

PRINCES are visions that actually rest the eyes of princesses and other styles of women. And espied along the highway comes Prince Mohammed Ali—the Lancelot whose intention of visiting Canada shortly, of course with a proper escort, is proclaimed. The personage is a brother of the Khedive of Egypt, is twenty-six years of age, is said to be widely travelled, and speaks English with absolute command. Matrimony is said to be a habit of Eastern princes—which we are not informed if Mohammed has yet acquired.

Dogs of Mrs. Shannon, Ottawa.

PEOPLE have latterly been hearing much about certain distinguished little English-owned canines in connection with the Botanic Gardens dog show. But not all the doggies so describable are in England—in proof of which are the annexed illustrations. Mrs. Shannon, of Ottawa, has a



Mrs. Shannon at home with her Dog Pets—All Three of Notable Pedigree.

fancy for unusual pets. Her Japanese sleeve dog, "Yo-do," which weighs only seven pounds, and for which she refused four hundred dollars, sets a price on flesh that should cheer a Mr. Shylock. The accompanying single illustration of "Yo-do" was photographed from a beautiful painting in oils by Mrs. Sen, Japan. In the same household are a Maltese terrier, which, locally, has become quite celebrated, and a wee baby Jap dog, "Mit-zu," which at birth was but the size of a good-sized mouse, measuring about three inches. A handsome Persian cat completes the coterie; but declined, with a fine hauteur, to be photographed.

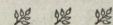
Queen Mary, the Amiable.

POPULARITY as well as capability is the increasing reputation of Queen Mary, which, perhaps, is all the greater for the unexpectedness of it, for, as the Princess of Wales, the Queen was remarkably shy. Numberless occasions lately, however, have found their crown—and please do not, for the fraction of a moment, imagine that "crown" there is intended to be a pun—in the Queen of England's kindness, wit, distinguished looks and charm. Notably at Harrow School Speech Day was her personality felt, and also at the recent regatta at Henley, at which function the emblazoned royal barge was, probably, the principal cynosure. The Princess Mary, on both occasions, attended.

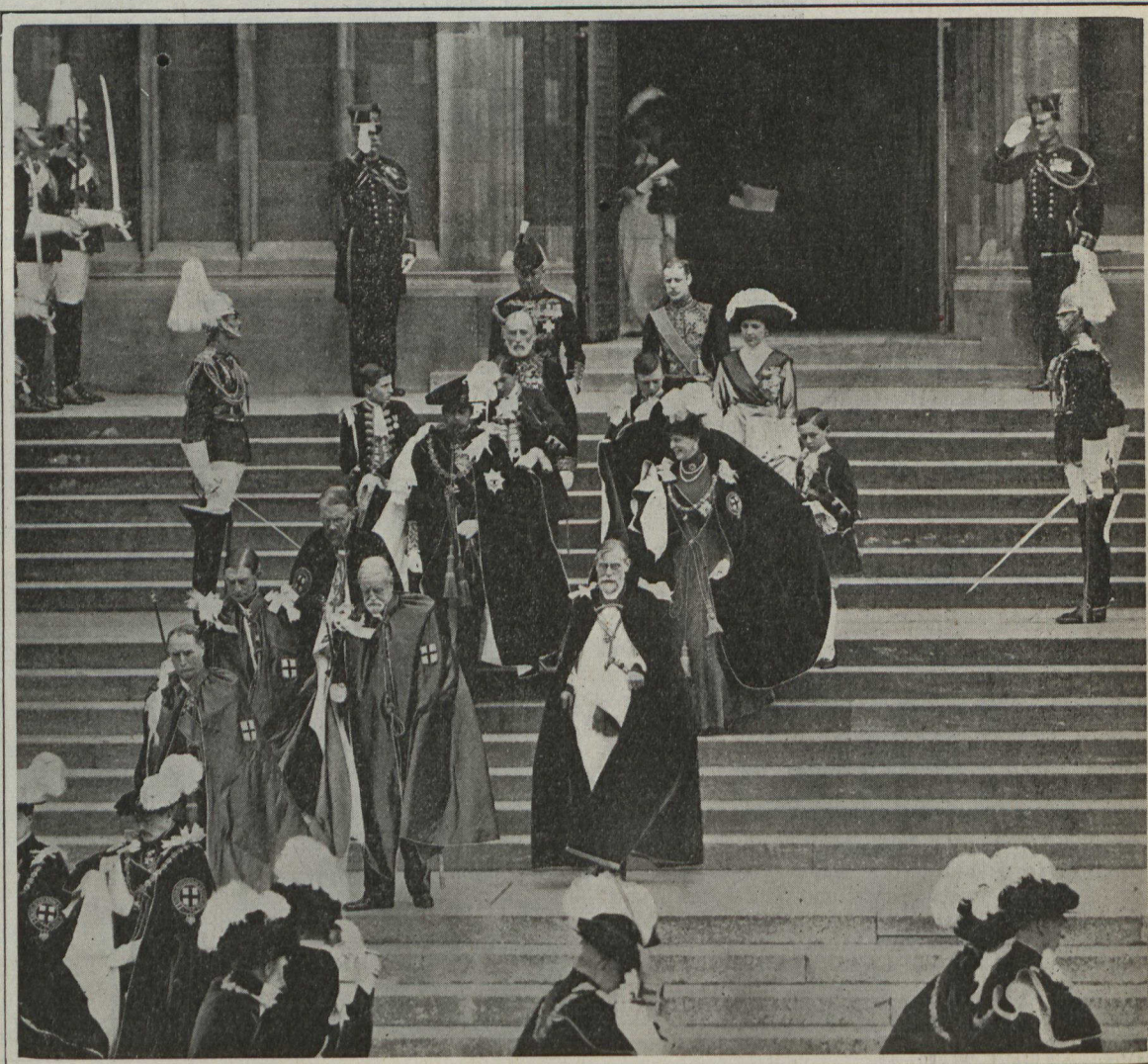
The Oyster Speaks.

PEARLS, according to Fashion's latest hint (fairly shouted at Longchamp and Ascot), are about to be the be-all of feminine ornamentation. "Get pearls" is the dictate; and at both world-famous races fashionable women had obeyed, it seemed, ensemble. Pearls were present in long strings, in "dog collars," in buckles, in all conceivable guises, and many more. Some of the manifestations were exceedingly beautiful; others, as a matter of course, less lovely. But as pearls cannot be ugly no matter what the design, the vogue promises a prevalence nothing short of astounding—a fact which is causing the oysters some irritation.

Wider skirts, by the way, were noticeable at Ascot, conspicuously the compromising panier. This is probably due to the queen's expressed aversion to anything in the shape of a hobble skirt; and to some women's ambitions for a call to court.



The pilgrims are many that wend to the summering places, and the rustication camps of the Y. W. C. A. are to be thanked that wage-earning girls are of the number. A camp for girls opened at Knowlton, Quebec, and another located at Banff Hot Springs, are sufficiently wide to show the extent of the movement. Girls have every (camping) convenience and the joy will last through the months of July and August.



The King, the Queen, Knights and Dignitaries of the Most Noble Order of the Garter—Procession Seen Leaving St. George's Chapel, Windsor, After the Recent Chapter Called by the King.

The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell

Runaway Billie.

BILLIE BURKE came back to us this season, to give us a taste of delicacy and breeziness as a finale to the theatrical year. That is about all that Billie will ever do. Petite, youthful, breezy she will always be, and as such will always put it over the public. She runs and romps across the forty or fifty feet of rickety boards which constitute the whole mimic land, pouts her pretty lips a bit, and lo! the audience sits enthralled, finally bursting into a glove-splitting applause, which makes blase Billie smile and dimple and say that that audience is the dearest in the world. Then she makes a graceful little speech, and says it is with



MISS AILEEN BARR.
(See June Supplement.)

extreme regret that she must depart from their midst at the end of the week, and the curtain goes down on a thousand people who fill the stuffy atmosphere with the most extravagant of all admiration epithets. And all the time pretty Billie is longing for the gay Whiteness of Broadway, and smiling little smiles of mockery at the humanity of all audiences.

Billie appeared, this season, in "The Runaway." She came on the stage bearing two huge telescopes, and a head of fuzzy, red-brown curls. Before the drop of the final curtain, Billie had performed all her little Billiburkinesses, which consisted of a display of temper, with plenty of stamping of her not too diminutive feet, a few tears, much unconscious flirting, and the final conquest of the man she had set her heart upon.

Back in her dressing-room, Billie was very dignified, all her mannerisms had vanished, and she was just the tired girl, longing for her summer vacation. For she had just finished the purchase of a farm on the Hudson and was anxious to spend her summer there.

"It's so good to be in Toronto again." Which was a perfectly legitimate remark for a Thespian who happens to be talking to someone who is likely to chronicle her sayings in black and white. But I really felt like telling her that a blase demeanor might very easily be dropped in the dressing-room.

I suppose Billie is now on her farm. Here's hoping a quiet communing with Nature will restore any fragmentary bits of sincerity which may

have been swept away by too much association with the mimic.

A Disappointing Marlowe.

WE had put on our best evening gowns, had carefully ordered the taxi in good time, and sat waiting for the curtain. The house was packed, as is usual when such a team as Sothern and Marlowe are billed to appear.

But there was a slight rustle, the large, red curtains shivered a little, then parted, and the company manager stepped out before them. We thought that something had happened to cause a delay, but were prepared to wait. It would be worth while. But he had begun to speak. What was he saying? Miss Marlowe could not appear! Surely not. It was Marlowe we had come to see most particularly. "The part of Katharine will be played by Miss Lenore Chippendale, her understudy, who has played the part with much success."

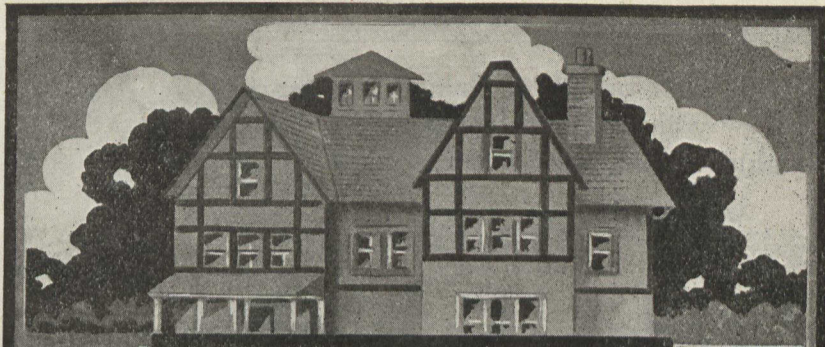
And then we sat back and groaned. Positively groaned. It could be heard all over the big parquette. It was the first time Julia Marlowe had ever disappointed us. But she was ill, so the manager said, and we must feel sympathetic. And anyhow, understudies must have a chance SOMETIME. A gloom seemed to fall over the audience, and it is putting it mildly to say that I should not have liked to be Miss Lenore Chippendale, that night. She acquitted herself very well, however, displaying, to the best of her ability, all of our beloved Marlowe's mannerisms, and reading her lines very well. But it was not Marlowe with her beautiful voice, her subtle naivete, her wit and brilliance. We went home, hoping for better luck, at the matinee performance. For we could never endure to see another Portia with E. H. Sothern. Juliet was to be played by Percy Haswell.

Still Miss Marlowe did not appear. We saw Miss Chippendale as Portia, and our hearts ached. The Marlowe mannerisms were visible again, without the Marlowe. And all the time, the real Marlowe whom we had saved all our pin money to see, reclined in her suite at the hotel and read the history of the antediluvian theatre. She had had a difficult season, and was simply tired out. But it seemed just a little harsh on Toronto, who had looked for her for two whole seasons—a bit unjust of Marlowe.

Mr. Sothern gave us a rare treat on the closing night. Hamlet was the bill, and a great Hamlet he was, with all the weaknesses and strength, the melancholy and humour, the struggles, the despair and hope of the Prince of Denmark, which makes this the most dramatic, the most human of all Shakespeare's plays.

We still live in hopes. Perhaps Marlowe will prove considerate and will visit us in the fall, and not remain in her hotel, while her would-be audience is weeping out pints over the snares of a niggardly Hebrew.

THE director of the Hamburg Conservatory of Music, which is rapidly extending its fame as an institution of culture, has just concluded a contract with Miss Aileen Barr, who will act as professor of dramatic art, elocution, deportment and diction. The clever actress is Canadian-born, though her studies have been pursued—and with marked success—abroad.



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The Franchise Corner

Why Men Vote

By FREDERIC DAVIDSON, M.A., Ph.D.

WELL, men vote mainly because of a delusion under which they labour, that by marking a mystic X opposite the name of some stranger on the ballot they are sharing in the government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Formerly kings were supposed to possess the divine right and ability to rule; now these qualities of majesty are credited to the brain-pan of that bull-headed Minotaur, King Demos, the aforesaid brain-pan appearing, to judge by results, to be filled with sawdust, when not by affinitive alcohol. Men are deluded by the fiction of representative government, which excludes one-half of the nation, its women, from the vote; excludes another quarter by the party system; and leaves the choice of "representatives" (save the mark!) in the hands of oligarchic caucuses and local bosses. "Safe" men are chosen, men that will respond to the lash of the party whip when the division bell rings.

There are other reasons, however, why men vote.

Some men vote for two dollars.

Some vote because a friend asked them.

Others vote for a particular candidate because he is a Roman Catholic, or a Presbyterian, or a Jew, or a prohibitionist, or an Orangeman; or because he has promised a job, or to return the favour in another election, or to support the voter's tender for a contract.

Others vote against the brutal tyrannizing rich and for the white-souled, martyr worker, or they vote for the noble, unselfish capitalist, and to keep the workingman in his place.

FINALLY, there are a few, a very few, who with clarity of thought have studied national and municipal questions, who are anxious to advance the best interests of city and country, but these mostly stay at home; they refuse to vote, for they know it is of no use.

Oh, yes, we have the Orange vote, the Catholic vote, the liquor vote, the temperance vote, the "Nationalist" vote, representing a small section of one province; the labour vote, the foreign vote, a vote for every creed, fad, interest and prejudice, but where is the vote that will sink these differences in an effort for the common good? The one vote from which we might hope, to some extent at least, for this result, the vote of the women of the nation, is tyrannously denied.

And when our "representatives" are safely installed in Parliament, Legislature or Council, why do they vote? They vote because they are lobbied, they vote because of party exigency, they vote in order to get into power or to stay there, they vote with one eye on their leaders, the other on the next election. And the resultant legislation reflects this squint. A prominent Liberal said to me the other day: "We are taking up tax reform because the Socialists' propaganda is gaining ground and this is one of the least unreasonable of their proposals. If we didn't take it up, the other party would, for it is good politics." Does anyone imagine that the stalwarts behind Mr. Rowell really believe in the abolition of the bar, or that Sir James Whitney's following was converted over night to the anti-treating view?

Until we are qualified by an education in civics to select the best grey matter to govern us there is really no valid reason why men should vote at all.

Who?

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

SEVERAL times, by several people, I have been asked to write something in favour of Equal Suffrage. It is a subject in which I am most ardently interested—but when I try to write on it, the wonder strikes me afresh as to

who has any right to keep us from voting! When one thinks of it, it is uproariously funny that one-half of the adult members of the human race should be debarred by the other half from the obvious rights of humanity, and should calmly (or otherwise) submit to be governed by laws in the making of which they have no part. It seems to me so preposterously silly for us not to vote, that I cannot help the feeling that it is surely unnecessary to marshal arguments as to anything so plainly and simply a right. Who has a right to prevent us? As free and equal human beings, with minds, souls—whatever you like to call the most important part of us—we naturally have a "right" to do and have whatever any human beings should do and have. No male creature has ever, that I know of, suggested that as women we have not perfect liberty to breathe and eat! Now, to the thoughtful woman, in earnest about life and its innumerable possibilities, the air of political liberty and of freedom to exercise her powers as fully as man can exercise his, is as needful for her spiritual part as actual air and food are for her body.

Who has the "right" to limit, cramp and starve half of the human race?

The I.O.D.E. and Working Girl

AT the recent annual meeting of the National Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, in Toronto, the secretary's report showed remarkable progress made on behalf of the Canadian working girl.

The Municipal and Primary Chapters, Hamilton, had accomplished together the opening and furnishing of a club exclusively to benefit working girls. The Montreal Primary and Municipal Chapters had undertaken the raising of funds for the erection and equipment of a home-like hotel for working girls; the money was rapidly being found. The Loyalists' Chapter, St. John's, P.Q., had donated one hundred dollars to forward the founding of a club for girls who achieve their self-support. And the Waterloo Chapter, Galt, had raised sufficient money to buy and outfit a house that will be, indeed, a home to girls who are obliged to make their livings.

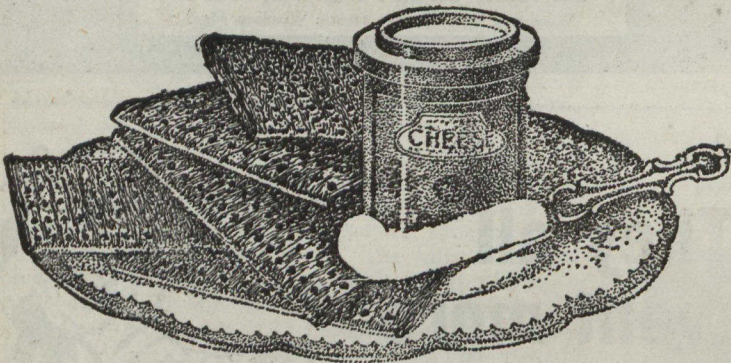
At the same meeting was re-elected to the office of President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, the tactful and able woman whose picture appears on the first Supplement page.

The U. S. Congress, which appropriates \$3,000,000 to promote the health of pigs and other animals, has at last appropriated the meagre sum of \$30,000 for a Children's Bureau, to investigate questions bearing on the welfare of children. This is the result of seven years of "indirect influence," by public-spirited women. Seven years!—to persuade men that the welfare of the future citizens of their country is of vital importance. If the power to deal with such problems were shared equally by the women of the country, and not left wholly in men's hands, would a seven years' agitation have been necessary?

Only when the women of the State are admitted to political equality with men will adequate laws in the best interests of women and children be enacted, and effectually enforced.

"WOMEN are just beginning to out-grow their condition as parasites," is the astonishing way of putting a point of a writer inspired by Miss Macmurchy's articles relating to the Canadian working girl. Touching the side of the problem that deals with unskilled work, he urges the necessity of "vocational" education, which will enable women who fend for themselves to take their places, equally, in the field of work, with men, as labourers worthy of their hire. He maintains that much of the hardness of the working girl's condition is due to the lack of just that education.

The Crisp, Tasty Toast



Food science has taught us that there is much body-building nutriment in the whole wheat grain which we do not get in white flour. The only question is how to make the whole wheat grain digestible. That problem has been solved in the making of

TRISCUIT

the shredded whole wheat wafer.

It is the whole wheat, steam-cooked shredded, compressed into a wafer, and baked—the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk. Many people prefer it to ordinary bread toast. Heated in the oven to restore its crispness it is delicious for luncheon, or for any meal, with butter, potted cheese or marmalades.

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The Canadian Women's Press Club

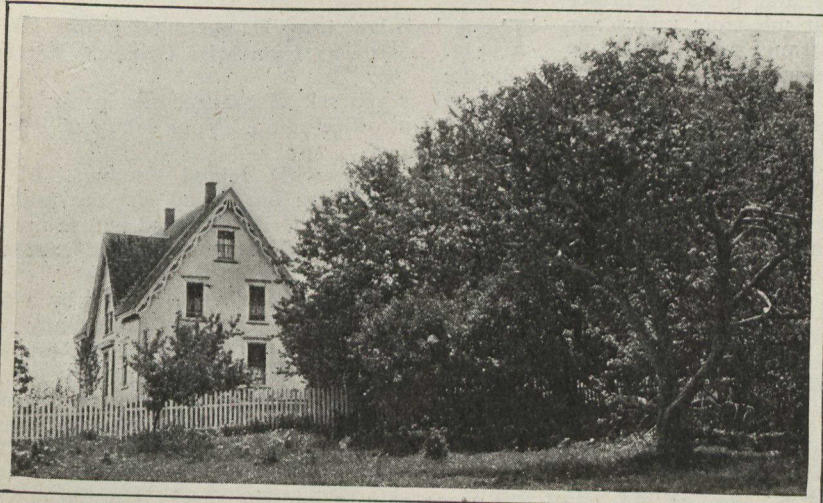
MRS. C. P. WALKER, Hon. President of the C. W. P. C., with her daughter, Miss Ruth Walker, sailed from New York on July 6th by the North German Lloyds for Naples. Mrs. Walker will travel on the Continent till the end of August, and will spend September and October in Great Britain. The C. W. P. C. wishes Mrs. Walker a very happy holiday and a safe return.

FRIENDS of "Kit" (Mrs. Theodore Coleman) all over Canada will be interested to hear of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Kathleen (Patsy), to Mr. Hulbert Footner, a young Hamilton man who has made a success in New York in magazine work, and who is also the author of several stories of North-

enjoyed in the Winnipeg branch a very heavy one. The Winnipeg branch also will be certain to miss Mrs. Clutton greatly.

MRS. PARKER, "The Bookman," of The Manitoba Free Press, has written, as joint author with Mr. A. O. Wheeler of the Canadian Alpine Club, a volume on "The Selkirk Mountains." The book is published by Stovel, of Winnipeg.

"THE GIRL'S WORLD," of Philadelphia, for July 6th, published by the American Baptist Publication Society, contains a story by Miss Edith M. Russell, of Dartmouth, N. S., entitled "A Patriotic First." Miss Russell has re-



The House at Park Corner, Where "The Story Girl" was Written.

ern Canada which have appeared in book form.

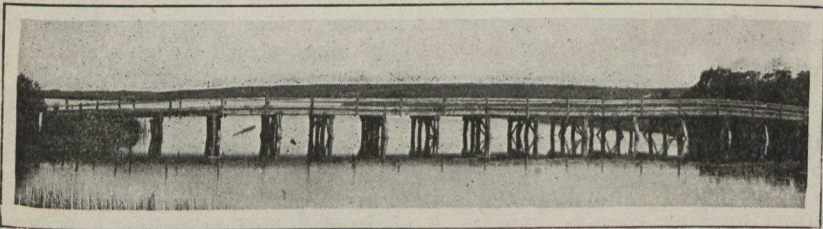
MRS. SHERK, who was a delegate to the meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada in London, afterwards went for a trip to Baltimore and Washington. Miss Belle Dobie, who has been for some time in Kenora, has returned to Fort William and has taken a position as Mrs. Sherk's assistant on the woman's page of the Fort William Morning Herald.

"THE CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA," a collection of short stories of Prince Edward Island in some of which Anne of Green Gables makes her appearance, has been published within the last few weeks by L. C. Page, of Boston. The book is said to contain some of the author's best work, and to be quite as charming as the stories of "Anne." Mrs. Macdonald intends to keep "L. M. Montgomery" as the only author's name on the title pages of her books. A son was

recently been successful in winning prizes in two competitions.

MISS IRENE MOORE, of Saskatoon, writes to the C. W. P. C. officers of having enjoyed a press club breakfast given by Mr. J. J. Kerr, editor of The Moose Jaw News, on Victoria Day, for visiting journalists from Regina and Saskatoon who were attending the provincial musical festival. There were eleven guests at Mr. Kerr's breakfast.

THE NELSON DAILY NEWS gives an account of an interesting lecture by Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald to the University Club of Nelson on a history of Canadian verse. As The News says, Mrs. Macdonald is herself a verse writer. She is as well sister of Charles G. D. Roberts and William Goodridge Roberts, and a cousin of Bliss Carman. Mrs. Macdonald gave an illuminating review of Canadian verse, and suggested that a bookshelf should be made in Canadian libraries of the work of Canadian



Bridge Over the Lake of Shining Waters in "Anne of Green Gables."

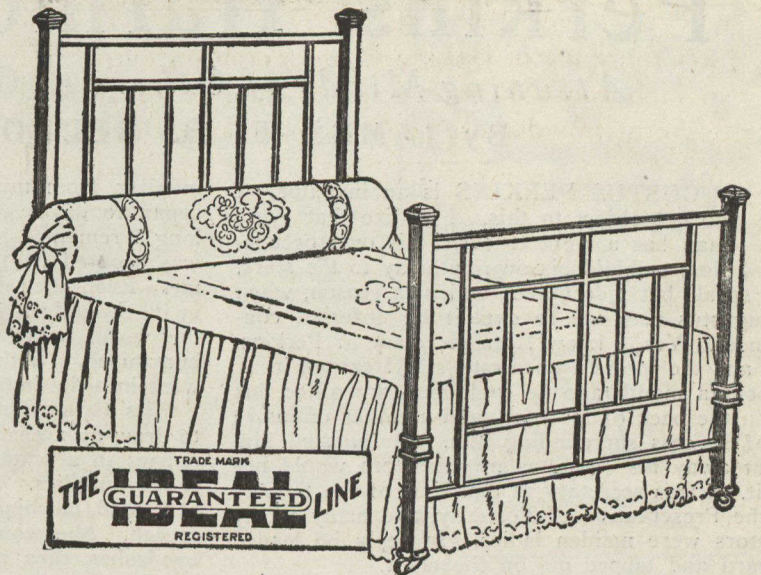
born to the Rev. and Mrs. Ewan Macdonald at Leaskdale, Ont., on July 7th.

MISS ETHEL HEYDON, of The Morning Albertan, Calgary, is on a holiday at her home near St. Thomas. The Executive of the Toronto branch had the pleasure of meeting Miss Heydon at luncheon on her way from Calgary to St. Thomas.

MISS FLORENCE LEDIARD was married in Owen Sound on June 26th to Mr. Ernest Clutton. Mrs. Clutton is an officer of the C. W. P. C., and one of its most valued members. Her new address is Scudder P. O., Ontario. It is hoped that Mrs. Clutton will sometimes be able to come to the meetings of the Toronto branch. As she herself says, she will find the loss of the comradeship so

poets. One of the points raised in the discussion following Mrs. Macdonald's address was that Canadian poetry should be more fully represented in Canadian school books. A committee of teachers was appointed to bring this point to the attention of Canadian clubs and publishers.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, entertained the Edmonton branch of the C. W. P. C. to tea on May 25th. Guests from out of town were Dr. W. T. Allison, a university professor, who is also a man of letters, and Mr. Gadsby, special correspondent of The Toronto Star. Among the members present of the Edmonton branch club were: Mrs. Cautley, Miss Hughes, and Miss Forsythe.



These square post styles are among the most popular of the many designs in the IDEAL line of metal beds—particularly for bedrooms that are furnished in the modern style.

"Restful designs" artists call them—quiet, simple, refined lines and of well-balanced proportions that never "clash," never tire.

You should insist on getting the "IDEAL" kind, identified by the "IDEAL" trade-mark shown above. No other beds are so carefully made, so beautifully finished, so permanently satisfactory.

Ask your dealer to show you "IDEAL" beds. We'll tell you where you can see them, if you write us for our free booklet No. P2

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Leading druggists sell it.

Accept no substitute!

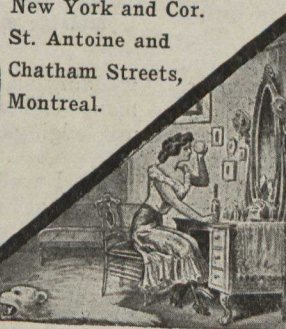
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"What Every Woman Knows"

That Bacon furnishes the most tasty and delicious breakfast. It is at the same time the most economical.

For over fifty years the House of Fearman has been curing Breakfast Bacon. It is made from the product of Canadian grain fed pigs, carefully selected and carefully prepared. The whole process from beginning to end is under the supervision of the Inspectors of the Dominion Government, ensuring pure, healthy food.

Ask your grocer to supply you with

FEARMAN'S ENGLISH

BREAKFAST BACON

Put up by

F. W. Fearman Co., Limited
HAMILTON

You've Tried the Rest
Now Drink and Enjoy

WHITE LABEL ALE

It's the choice of the "boss," and a mighty good drink for the man. It invigorates on a hot summer's day. At dealers and hotels. Brewed and bottled by

DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited, TORONTO

Perkins' Harmonizer

Attuning Minds of Others to One's Own

By JAMES F. B. BELFORD

J AUGUSTUS PERKINS is an inventor. I do not object to this. I realize that every man has a right to select his own occupation, to build his own pathway to the stars, so to speak, but I do object, and with reason, when J. Augustus uses me to exploit his infernal contrivances. Yes, I know I am secretary of Perkins, Ltd., and the job is a good one, still I earned it.

About a month ago he came into my office, his hat on the back of his head, and a rather offensive air of success surrounding him. I requested him to put away his cigar, as my directors would not like it. I was secretary at that time of the Society for the Preservation of Posterity, and many of my directors were maiden ladies. In reply he leaned forward and tapped me on the chest.

"That's just it," he said, "that's just it. You give away too much to the opinions of others. You are ceasing to be a free man and becoming a slave. Cultivate your individuality." Resuming his first position he puffed heavily at his cigar.

"It's all very well," said I, "to talk of my individuality, but if Miss Grimes comes in and smells this smoke, I may be dismissed. I have to obey orders."

"You do not have to obey orders," replied Perkins. "I grant you that for centuries the rule has been for the strong to order, and the weak to obey. But a new era has dawned. Henceforth there will neither be ordering, nor obeying of orders. The words 'obey,' and 'command,' will become obsolete. The domestic, business, and social arrangements of life will proceed smoothly, and harmoniously. Intellectual co-operation will replace the present system of master and serf. Thanks to Perkins' Synchronic Telepathist and Infallible Harmonizer." His air was more offensive than ever.

"Just what," I answered quite shortly, "do you mean by that jumble?"

"This is what I mean," he replied, producing from his pocket something that looked like a metallic beetle with wire antennae. "There lies the key which unlocks the door of hope for the human race. That little instrument means the death-knell of all discord. Behold in it the precursor of the millennium!"

I looked at the thing, but could see nothing but metal and wires. I said so very frankly. Perkins was not confused.

He said, "I expected scepticism, but I am prepared to let the Harmonizer justify itself. Listen to me. You understand the principle of wireless telegraphy?"

I nodded. As a matter of fact I don't, but it does not do to appear ignorant with Perkins, he loves explanations.

"Well, then," he continued, "what Marconi has done with aetheric vibrations, I have done with the subtler vibrations of the mind. With the Synchronic Telepathist in your possession, you attune the minds of those you meet to your own. That means they are in sympathetic accord with you. As you wish they wish. As you see a matter so they see it. Do you grasp the possibilities?"

He was holding the thing as he spoke, and whether it was the effect of the machine, or of Perkins' logic, I found myself believing thoroughly in the instrument. Before my mind vistas of wonderful possibilities opened out. The result was that I purchased a Harmonizer, and also took shares in the company he was forming.

One of the reasons that urged me to the investment was my love for Miss Gladys Jones. I had seen her for the first time six months before, and had thought of her almost continually since. Her father was one of the few gentlemen directors of our society, and sometimes she came in the carriage with him to the board meetings. Besides opening the door, and dusting a chair for her I had had no opportunities of declaring my passion. But if my love was secret, it was none the less sincere; and I hoped by the aid of the Harmonizer to bring about an understanding.

THAT afternoon Miss Grimes came to the office, as she sometimes did, to look over the letters, and arrange her work. She was one of our most active lecturers. Miss Grimes was tall and angular, of a severe and determined cast of countenance, and verging on the age of fifty. She went into the inner office, while I sat at my desk. My work for the day was finished, and idly I took the Har-

monizer from my pocket, and from studying it, began to daydream of love and happiness. How long I remained in this state I do not know, but I was aroused by the voice of Miss Grimes calling me. Even then I was struck by a different note in it. Usually it was loud, nasal, and if I may use the word, bossy. Now it seemed softer, more humanized. With the Harmonizer in my hand I went into the inner office.

Miss Grimes smiled most kindly, and asked me to draw up a chair beside her. She made some inquiries in a tentative manner, paying no attention to my replies. She seemed nervous, and embarrassed, blushing frequently, and hesitating in her speech. She would glance at me from under her eye-lashes, then away. A strange sensation came stealing over me. Miss Grimes ceased to appear the formidable creature she had heretofore been, and became pleasing, yes, lovable. She inclined her head toward my shoulder; unconsciously I placed my hand upon hers. In a moment we were clasped in each other's arms.

I have only a dim memory of that afternoon, but I know that we vowed eternal fidelity, and that our



Under the influence of Perkins' Harmonizer, the formidable creature became pleasing, even lovable.

wedding was set for the next week. Finally, after many embraces, we separated and I returned to my lodgings.

AS I walked away from the office, the glamour that had overtaken me began to disappear. Before I had gone six blocks, I realized fully what I had done. Here was I, Algernon Simkins, twenty-two years of age, solemnly pledged to marry a woman old enough to be my mother, and of a most uncertain temper. How could I endure the chaff of my friends? How could I sit opposite that face every morning at breakfast? How could I endure that acid tongue? I turned hot with shame and cold with apprehension. The thought of a lady pierced me like a knife. Heavens, what had I done? I rushed to my boarding-house and up to my room. Throwing myself on the bed, I wept.

There came a hesitating tap at the door. I knew the sound; it was Tootles, my landlady's husband, with the hot water. Calling on him to enter I renewed my bitter train of thought. In the midst of my flood of grief I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning my head I saw Tootles, tears in his eyes, an expression of sympathetic sorrow on his face. In a voice broken with sobs, he tried to speak his feelings. I clasped his hand. We sat together on the edge of the bed. I spoke of my unfortunate position; he told me of the severity with which Mrs. Tootles treated him. I lamented

the fatal effect my appearance had wrought. He deplored the stringency of Mrs. Tootles' ideas as to pocket-money. Sadly, we agreed that we were waifs of misfortune, drifting on a sea of misery.

The sharp voice of Mrs. Tootles broke up our communion. Tootles turned away, giving me one last look of deepest sympathy. When he had gone my mood changed again. I was angry with myself for making a confidant of Tootles. I was angry with Tootles for intruding on my grief. I paced the room, my indignation growing hotter. Another tap, and Mrs. Tootles bounced in. My anger seemed to communicate itself to her. In a sneering way she apologized for Tootles. I sneered back that Tootles' actions were easily accounted for. In a moment we were at it, hammer and tongs. Her delivery was so rapid, and her utterance so vehement, that I was at a disadvantage. Still I made a few remarks as to her general appearance, the board which she provided, and her capacity in every way, which took effect. After a last scathing harangue, she departed, banging the door.

THE boot-boy brought me a telegram. It was brief. It was from Miss Grimes. It read as follows:

"Consider yourself discharged for insolence. Do not report at office again. Your salary will be sent by mail."

"I read this with mixed feelings. I had regained my liberty; but I had lost my job. But as a vision of Miss Grimes floated before my eyes, I threw the telegram into the air, and executed a *pas seul* of joy.

The room next to mine was occupied by a portly German professor of music, and his equally portly wife. Hearing the clatter I was making, they came to my door, the Professor carrying his violin. Instantly their faces lighted with a reckless happiness. The Professor tucked the violin under his chin and played a jig. Mrs. Professor, her arms a-kimbo, joined my break-down. Other boarders rushed to the scene only to join the revel. Up and down the hall, in and out of the rooms we danced, until the gong rang for dinner. That broke the spell. Warm and dishevelled, we made for the dining-room, Mrs. Professor panting, and ejaculating, "Ach Gott!"

I am extremely fond of roast goose; and Mrs. Tootles had provided one for this evening, flanked by a leg of pork. As soon as I saw the goose, I determined to make it the chief ingredient of my dinner. To my disgust everyone else did the same. The result was that each portion was very small, my own, owing, perhaps, to my late disagreement with Mrs. T., being infinitesimal. To add to my dissatisfaction, I saw Tootles, who waited at table, sneak a drumstick, wrap it in a napkin, and thrust it into his pocket. My dinner was spoiled, and I felt aggrieved. Each countenance at table indicated the same state of mind. Soon sharp things were said. Recriminations flew about. Even the Professor accused his wife of taking his bread. It was a most uncomfortable meal.

It has always been my custom to take a walk after dinner. This evening I discussed the matter with myself, and decided to follow my usual habit. I put on my hat and coat, and taking my stick sallied out. I strode along meditating on the strange events of the day. My mind reverted to the Harmonizer. I took it from my pocket, and watched the wire antennae quiver with the motion of my walking. The thing seemed to have a life of its own. There was something uncanny in its perpetual quiver. I thrust it into my coat-pocket, still holding it in my hand.

HANDSOME carriages dashed by loaded with gaily-dressed people, bound for theatre and opera. I pictured myself seated in one of them. In imagination I joined the festive rout, and revelled in their pleasures. One of the best-appointed of these drew up to the curb. A footman sprang down and opened the door. A head was thrust out which I recognized as that of Mr. Rufus Jones, one of our directors, and the father of Gladys. Cordially he invited me to enter, and in a moment I found myself sitting by Gladys, with Mr. and Mrs. Jones beaming at me from the other seat. We drove to the theatre where we occupied a box in the best tier. We had supper at Vandella's afterward. I left the carriage at 16th St. in a state of delirious happiness. Little did I dream of what would follow.

I had forgotten my latch-key and was forced to ring. Mrs. Tootles opened the door for me. She wore a highly-coloured dressing-gown that had seen better days, and a night-cap perched recklessly on the back of her head. The traces of our recent encounter still seemed to linger on her countenance. But as I stepped into the hall and closed the door,

(Concluded on page 30.)



Courierettes.

THREE soldiers were wounded in a sham fight in Prince Edward Island. It's remarkable, though, how some young fellows still stick to soldiering.

The Toronto Star is conducting a swat-the-fly campaign, seeking no doubt to destroy the pests attracted by its display of Buffalo bologna last fall.

"Is Marriage a Failure?" was played by a stock company in a big Canadian city last week. Just waited long enough to let the grooms sample the bride's biscuits.

By putting a comma in place of a decimal point, the Toronto Globe gave Canada's consumption of spirits last year as 1,030 gallons per head. That makes it look as if some people have been taking champagne baths.

King George has proved his skill with a coal pick, but it is thought unlikely that he will ever act as a strike-breaker.

It is said that clothes may be made from paper. They look very well—on paper.

"Eat less and you'll keep cool," says John D. Rockefeller. Many people can't avoid getting hot because the trusts force them to eat less.

A Puzzling Point.—Notwithstanding the nation-wide grip that professional baseball has won in Canada, there are still a few people who are slightly ignorant of some of the elemental facts of the great game.

This may be that sort of ignorance that is bliss, for, as in the case of a nice old landlady in a big Ontario city, those people are not apt to worry when the home team strikes a slump and drops to the "cellar position."

This particular old lady had a boarder who was somewhat of a fan. He came home late to dinner one evening and apologized, explaining that he had waited for the finish of an extra-inning game which the home team had won.

"It was a great game," he said. "I'm going back every day this week. See some good ball this series."

"Do they play every day?" queried the landlady.

"Certainly. Why do you ask a question like that?"

"Well, I was just wondering how so many men could find the time to play ball like that every day."

Their Best Ad.—Some summer hotels, which proclaim themselves to be ideal resorts for people with nerves, may be said to find their best advertisement in the prices they charge.

The Mere Man.—The jokesmiths have long harped on the comparative insignificance of the June bridegroom. Truth, however, to use a sporting phrase, puts it all over fiction at times.

Recently the Toronto Daily Star published an elaborate description of a wedding in that city, giving full particulars about the bride, the bridesmaid, the officiating minister, the organist who played the wedding march, the ushers, the dresses, and all the rest of it—but never a mention was made of the bridegroom.

The account of the wedding passed through the hands of the society editor without notice, but when one of the reporters found it in print, the poor woman had to endure a lot of "kidding."

The surprising discovery was afterwards made that the notice had been written by the father of the poor groom.

Modern Methods.—Competition is so keen among the various lighting companies in and around Toronto since the advent of the Hydro-Electric system that some surprising stunts are being done in order to land contracts of even trifling importance.

Recently a young couple bought a house in the west end of the city, and made a contract with a private company for light. There was some delay, and the house-owner told the company that if their connection was not made by a certain date he would sign up with the Hydro-Electric. The company had no poles on the street and for some reason could not get the necessary authority to plant them within the time limit.

Realizing that if they did not do something out of the ordinary they would lose that contract, they struck a bright idea, and in a few minutes had a gang of men busily at work stringing their wires on the brand new poles of the Hydro-Electric system. The connection was quickly made and the



"Give me a ticket to the seaside, please."

"Single, sir?"

"Ah—er—to all pretence and purposes, yes!"

happy householder has light. Such is modern competition.

Mary's Lamb Again.

MARY had a little lamb,
A bit just off the hip—
She made the waiter wealthy when
She gave it as a tip.

A Protest.

IN days that have gone, when a story we told,

"That's a good one," our friends used to say;

But those friends seem less courteous now—anyhow

Their comments are different to-day.

"That reminds me," some say, "of a very good yarn,"

When the end of our story we're at;
Or, with air of superior wisdom, they say,

"There's a quite clever version of that."

They state that, the first time they heard our best tale,

With delight they did lustily yell;
Or, with look of derision, they sweetly declare,

"My grandfather told that quite well."

Only for the Irish.—Napoleon Champagne, who was chosen for Ottawa East, at the last Ontario election, as a supporter of Sir James Whitney, was much bothered, after the election, by office-seekers.

As the French member for Ottawa, he was tackled by a number of French-

Canadians who were looking for soft jobs.

The successful candidate's opponent at the election was an Irishman, whose father was governor of the Ottawa jail. One office-seeker tried to make a case for dismissal out of that fact.

"You don't want that job," said the much-pestered M.P.P. "A French-Canadian surely doesn't want a place like that. That's an Irishman's job—in jail."

Getting Acquainted.—They are telling a good fishing story which concerns two men of Stratford, Ont. One of the men was fishing for trout in close season. The other came up to him, and this conversation took place:

"Getting any fish?"

"No, not a bite to-day."

"Ever catch anything?"

"Oh, yes. I caught thirty trout yesterday and forty the day before."

The stranger went close to the fisher and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm the game inspector."

That information was backed up by the showing of an inspector's badge.

The fisher laughed—a trifle uneasily—and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the inspector.

"Well," was the answer, "I'm the biggest liar in Stratford."

Seasonable Version.

IT'S easy enough to be pleasant

When the weather's a medium grade,
But the man worth while is the one who can smile

At 90 or more in the shade.

A Woman and a Car.—When lovely woman takes a notion to do some things that are a matter of course among men, she isn't so hopeless a person as ungallant members of the sterner sex would have one believe.

At a busy corner in a big Canadian city a few days ago, a man and a woman made a dash for a street car. It started to move before they reached it, and the man half-turned away with the look a man has at such times. But the woman grabbed the hand rail, and hopped aboard, and the man had to move quickly to avoid being left behind.

The Stinger "Stung."—They tell at Toronto's City Hall of a certain alderman who never loses a chance to take a whack at the Works Department of that city—and of one occasion on which his best-laid plans did "gang agley," as Bobby Burns expressed it.

He noted that on a certain street in his ward the pipes for a new water main had lain for some time by the side of the pavement. While they rested there a new asphalt pavement was laid on that street.

"Now," said Mr. Critic to himself, "I'll just wait until they start to tear up that nice new pavement to lay that main, and then I'll raise a row in Council about it."

He waited. In fact, he waited some time. No move made to lay the pipe. At last he grew impatient and made inquiries.

"Why, yes," said the bland and smiling Works Commissioner, "we are going to drop that pipe into the boulevard in the very near future."

The rest was silence.

Peculiar Soap.—On many things in connection with the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, is printed "Absolutely Fireproof," an advertising phrase much used by the hotel.

That comforting phrase is printed on the hotel's soap, which is made by John Taylor & Co., and that firm was much surprised to receive from a lady a letter inquiring whether the soap were really fireproof as she didn't think that it could be made so as to resist fire.

A Smooth One.—She—"I don't see any sense in your objecting to Mr. DeBumville being invited to the house."

He—"Why, you know he's been shown to be a man of no principle or character, a man who had to leave his country to escape the law—"

She (impatiently)—"That's very true; but no one can say he's not a perfect gentleman."—Time.

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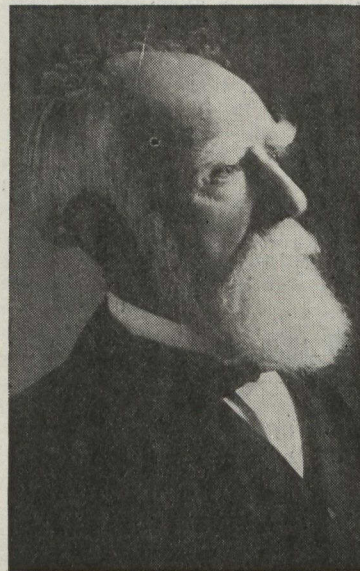
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Patriarch of the Hudson's Bay Company.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, a Scotch lad, called Donald Smith, had his name inscribed on the pay-sheets of the Hudson's Bay Company. He became a clerk and traded with the redskins for furs at the fringe of civilization. In the silence of the vast western wilderness began the career of the wonderful old man who is a peer of the realm and an honoured servant of his country at the centre of the Empire. Another year in the history



LORD STRATHCONA
 Who Has Been Seventy-five Years
 Connected With the Hudson's
 Bay Company.

of the oldest commercial corporation in Canada has just closed and finds Lord Strathcona at the helm. At the annual meeting of the Hudson's Bay Company, held in London the other day, Lord Strathcona, erect and alert, presided. He received the felicitations of the shareholders on his three-quarters of a century connection with the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was noted by those present how complete was the grasp of the aged peer of every activity of the company in the different parts of Canada.

Lord Strathcona indicated the change which has of late years taken place in the scope of the company's business. Probably most people associate the Hudson's Bay Company entirely with trade in furs. That, of course, used to be the chief interest of the company. But with the advance of civilization difficulties of fur trade have increased proportionately. On this account the Hudson's Bay Company has lately given more and more attention to making a profit of its land holdings. This realty is extensive. It amounts to 4,058,050 acres. The real estate policy of the company has hitherto been extremely conservative. The land is just now being marketed while

prices are soaring all over Canada.

While the sale of town lots in Victoria, North Battleford, Prince Albert and Fort William is occupying much of the interest of the Company, the directorate is pursuing an aggressive fur trade campaign. New salesshops and branches are being opened up. Regarding prospects in the fur trade for next year Lord Strathcona was fairly optimistic: "Indications for the fur trade point to an average collection in the coming season."

A feature of the shareholders' meeting was the opinion expressed on the part of some of the shareholders that an additional dividend of ten shillings was justified because of the steady earning power of the Company. Lord Strathcona hinted that there might be a dividend increase.

A Warning from Sir Edmund Osler.

FOR some weeks the English financial journals and the local papers in those cities which have had reason to know, have been sounding warnings to the Canadian public to keep out of the London market at present. Sir Edmund Osler, who has just returned from England, was in an admonitory mood the other day:

"If any new Canadian issues are brought out they will have to be put on the market at a very material drop in prices if they are forced on the market now.

"As a matter of fact no more are wanted, at least until present flotations have been absorbed. This includes not only the ordinary business affairs, but municipal flotations, and both will probably have to await better market conditions, and then sell at lower premiums."

There is some difference of opinion as to the cause of the present stringency in the London market. A view exists that the English investor has plenty of money on deposit, but flattered at the way loans are being begged from him, is holding out for bigger interest than the usual 4 or 4½ per cent. This may be a subtle explanation of conditions, with which all may not agree. The majority of critics are confident, however, that whatever may be the ultimate reason for the inability of certain people to place their loans, behind the whole difficulty is the fact that London this season has been too enthusiastically invaded. Municipalities and private companies have rushed in for money without realizing that at times the English temperament is adverse to being stampeded. London has to care for money seekers from all over the world, and it becomes somewhat unresponsive when there is undue pressure from one quarter. Toronto and Montreal, the first city trying to market \$6,000,000 worth of securities, the second city attempting to borrow \$13,000,000, are regarded as the heaviest Canadian weight on the market at this moment. Until these civic financiers are through, it might be well for other Canadian municipalities in need of money to keep their purse strings tight, postpone expensive enterprises, and wait till better market conditions prevail.

Chief Holders of Canadian Bank Stocks.

A BLUE book has just come off the government presses at Ottawa, which gives some interesting information about shareholders in the banks of Canada. According to the book, Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, has the distinction of owning more bank stock than any other man in Canada. He has 5,555 shares of Bank of Montreal worth \$1,400,000; also 4,140 shares of Commerce, worth \$920,000.

Hon. G. A. Cox possesses 4,524 Commerce. Sir Edmund Osler has 1,400

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Bank of Montreal at current quotations is selling round 251; Dominion, 228; and Commerce, 221.

The Money Trust Bugbear.

THE recent merger of the Royal Bank and Traders has occasioned a great deal of discussion. One opinion which is frequently expressed may be summed up in the words of a prominent Maritime daily.

"Canada offers the best opportunity in the world for the creation of a gigantic money trust. It may be said, indeed, that such a trust is already in the making, for all the recent changes in banking institutions have been in the direction of centralization."

President Henry S. Holt, of the Royal Bank, a party to the new merger, gave an address the other day and took a very different view of bank amalgamations. Mr. Holt's argument was to the effect that banking in Canada is on the eve of a transition period. In former days, the comparatively slight extent of our trade required only small banking facilities. Now we are growing up. We need bigger banks, with larger resources to accommodate the increasing business which is coming our way.

Because the directorates of two financial institutions come together and decide upon centralizing their capital, believing, that in doing so, that they will economize by avoiding duplication of offices and officials, why should it be suggested that they are trying to arbitrarily close the purse strings of the country? There does not seem very much in the present situation to warrant the alarm of those who affect to see the horror of an octopus in the approaching form of a money trust. It is a very difficult matter for individuals to control the supply and distribution of any commodity. To conceive a monopoly in money, with Canada, from Halifax to Dawson, howling for every dollar of capital which is offered, would be fatuous. When Mr. Holt remarked that in one or two of the very towns where the merger bank will operate, other banks have already announced their intention of competing, he sufficiently showed the difficulties in the way of a banking corporation which would aspire to absolute domination. If a set of bankers attempted to hold up Western farmers or Eastern manufacturers, the clients would go elsewhere for money. With such a demand as exists in Canada for capital, there need be no fear of stifled competition in the banking business. The new banks which will arise in Canada, may possess two or three times the backing of some of our thirty-odd chartered banks, but they will find it just as necessary to be as obliging to the public.

On and Off the Exchange.

Appraising Security Values.

THE delicate process of fixing the values of the Brazilian securities is still under way and the market has yet to definitely settle the worth of the stocks which are being projected into the speculative arena. Of course the market will never decide definitely as to the precise value of the stocks, but sooner or later the pendulum will begin to swing within a gradually diminishing range, and then we will see the real effect of the recent change in the Rio-Sao Paulo merger plans.

One factor entering into the situation which has not received due consideration is the tremendous increase in new securities which the market will have to carry. The owner of ten Rio shares will receive sixteen shares of the new stock. The owner of ten Sao Paulo shares will receive twenty-seven and a half shares of the new stock. A commission house carrying 10,000 shares of the two stocks now would, on the same basis, be obliged to finance between thirty and forty thousand shares after the exchange takes place. The small market value of the new shares will, of course, tend to equalize the load, but even then loans to brokers would require to be extended a great deal further than they are liable to be, especially during the autumnal money strain, and clients carrying long lines of these stocks may expect a request to reduce their commitments some time before they receive the new script.

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Will Attract Investment Funds.

On the other hand a very large amount of the new stock will go into the strong boxes of European investors at once. Although the issue of the Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company, Ltd., will be a common stock, there will be practically nothing ranking ahead of it for dividends, so that it will be to all intents a gilt-edged security, and will be regarded by the European investor as such. While they will partake of the nature of an investment stock, the Brazilian tractions securities will have also a speculative aspect. By this time next year the street will probably be discussing the possibility of an increase in the dividend from six to seven per cent., and then a year or two later when the Rio company gets well into its stride we may expect to hear wise dissertations as to the ability of the merger to return eight or nine per cent. to its proprietors.

What the Merger Means.

ALTHOUGH the official announcement only came out this week, readers of the Canadian Courier are probably fully acquainted with the final terms. They work out as follows:

The holder of ten shares of Rio will receive sixteen shares of Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company stock worth, say, 112 \$1,792

The holder of ten shares of Sao Paulo will receive twenty-seven and a half shares of Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company, worth, say, 112 \$3,080

The holder of ten shares Rio now receives \$50 per annum; on exchange of securities he will have 16 shares, paying \$96

The holder of ten shares Sao Paulo now receives \$100 per annum. On exchange of securities he will have securities yielding \$165, as follows: 27½ shares 6 per cent. \$165

The market value of 112 is not out of the way for the new securities, especially as there is every indication that they will receive inside support when they reach the market. It would be dangerous to assume, however, that this price would be attained at once. There will be an immense amount of liquidation and diversion of profits into other securities, but experience has proved that the earnings of public utility corporations in prosperous centres, such as Brazilian cities, increase very rapidly, and the basis we have selected ought not to be long denied those who invest or hold "for the long pull."

A Movement in Soo.

WHILE every Canadian railroad is carrying all the traffic that it can handle, industrial conditions seem to be ideal for the "Soo" line. There is every prospect that this road will carry a very large share of the crop this autumn, and that its earnings will be swelled tremendously by immigration business. It seemed natural that the stock should become suddenly prominent on our own markets, as these facts were realized by the public generally, and that values should have a speculative advance. Soo common always moves this way. Its market trend is never deliberate and gradual, but spasmodic and vertical. Its erratic actions usually precede news of some kind which the public is permitted to learn after the stock has fully discounted it in the market. It is, therefore, a security which is not trusted, and investors generally have nothing more than academic interest in it.

Our Steel Rail Output.

STEEL rail plants in Canada will not be able to supply the demand this year. In addition to the large extensions which have been made down in Cape Breton the capacity of the Algoma Company's steel rails mill will be increased by nearly fifty per cent. next month. This will mean two thousand tons of steel products per day. Algoma steel rails occupy a very high position, and the extension of the company's operations is having a marked effect upon these securities, the principal market for which is in Philadelphia.

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His Little Girl

By L. G. Moberly

Miss Lucy Gertrude Moberly is a well-known English writer, author of several novels, and a contributor to all the leading British magazines. Her latest story has been secured for THE CANADIAN COURIER, and will commence in the issue of July 27th. It will be completed in about twelve issues.

SIR GILES TREDMAN, a young Englishman, returning home on leave from his regiment in India, suddenly finds himself forced into the position of guardian to a little girl whose mother has been killed by a motor car driven at a reckless speed by an unknown man. Before her death the woman implores the Englishman's protection of her child whom she declares will be quite alone in the world and friendless after she is gone, and places in his keeping an ivory box which is later found to contain a gem of priceless worth, the only object of value in their possession. Unable to find the slightest clue to their identity and accepting the responsibility so curiously thrust upon him, Sir Giles, to whose pity and chivalry the lonely child has made a strong

appeal, returns to England bringing the little Sylvia with him.

Then the wheels of strange events are set in motion. Sylvia is stolen and a threatening letter sent her guardian demanding the jewel as a ransom. Later, the abductors are betrayed by a woman and the child is restored. Sir Giles' fiancée, angered by what she considers his absurdly quixotic proceeding in adopting the child, jilts him within a week of their wedding day, and runs away with a man who Sir Giles believes he recognizes as the unscrupulous villain responsible for the death of Sylvia's mother. Within a year after their marriage this man is mortally injured, strangely enough in a motor accident, and the mystery surrounding the identity of the child and her mother, and their possession of the wonder jewel, are brought to light.

Commences in the Canadian Courier, July 27th.

SCRAP BOOK

His Weapon.—Professor Brander Matthews at a literary dinner in New York said of a certain "best seller": "The grammar is rather off. Its author lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author in the last century. This author had been slashed in a review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. But the critic wrote back: 'I have read your letter. It is as wretched as your book. You have called me out. Very well, I choose grammar, You are a dead man.'"

Natural Selection.—When we decide to forgive our enemies we generally begin with those who are bigger and stronger than we are.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Much Difference.—Hoax—"What is the difference in time between New York and Paris?"

Joax—"Oh, I don't know. You can have pretty much of the same time in New York as in Paris if you know how to go about it."—Philadelphia Record.

Still Something to Do.—"I have just been talking to a youth who claims to have done everything."

"Has he ever wrapped a motor-car around a telegraph pole at three o'clock in the morning?"

"I think not."

"Then he has a great deal to learn."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Was Going Far Away.—When a group of visitors was going through the county jail recently a burly negro trusty was called to open doors and perform other similar duties for the visitors.

"How do you like it in here?" one of them asked.

"Like it? Lawd, if evah Ah gets out o' heah, I'll go so fer frum town it'll take \$9 to sen' me a postal card."—Indianapolis News.

As Usual.—"So Dibble is playing golf for his health? Any improvement?"

"His health is better, but his language is worse."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Many Like Him.—The Visitor—"Why are you here, my misguided friend?"

The Prisoner—"I'm the victim of the unlucky number 13."

The Visitor—"Indeed; how's that?"

The Prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."—Sporting Times.

An Early Riser.—This dialogue is reported from Gove County, Kansas:

"I reckon," said the first farmer, "that I get up earlier than anybody in this neighbourhood. I am always up before four o'clock in the morning."

The second farmer said he was always up before that and had part of the chores done.

The first farmer thought he was a liar, and decided to find out. A few mornings later he got up at three o'clock and went to the neighbour's house. He rapped on the back door and the woman of the house opened it.

"Where is your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to find the neighbour in bed.

"He was around here early in the morning," answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

Wiser Now.—"Much of our worry is useless."

"Yes; it is. I once bought some stock in a rubber grove and worried two winters about frost before I ascertained that the trees hadn't yet been planted."—Washington Herald.

Faint Praise.—While spending the winter in Georgia before his inauguration as President Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia.

He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said: "Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but I wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied: "You remind me

of the story of Br'er Jasper and Br'er Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shiloh Baptist Church, although avowed enemies. Br'er Jasper died and the other deacons told Br'er Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented. Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and siteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper to-night, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we know he ain't.'"

Perfectly at Home.—Wife—"How imprudent you are! You've only just finished dinner and now you propose to bathe."

Husband—"That's all right, my dear. I ate nothing but fish."—Pele Mele.

Perfection.—Mary—"Doesn't Ida keep her hardwood floors in beautiful condition?"

Alice—"Perfect! Every one who goes there is carried out with a fracture or a dislocation."—Harper's Bazar.

Well Turned.—Wickler—"Beastly weather, isn't it?"

Stickler—"Why will you use those idiotic expressions? How can the weather be beastly?"

Wickler—"Well, it's raining cats and dogs."—Philadelphia Press.

Lullaby Singer.—Diggs—"My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—"

Biggs—"Get out!"

Diggs—"After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep."—Tennessean.

Mixed.—Jones, able seaman of H. M. S. Vermont, gazed into the face of his commander pleadingly.

"You are always on leave," exclaimed the officer. "What on earth do you require extra leave for now?"

"My sister's baby's goin' to be waxinated, sir," replied Jones.

"And what has that to do with you?"

"She's my sister, d'ye see, sir?" exclaimed Jones, with a hurt look.

"What, the baby?"

"No, sir. The baby's sister's my brother—I mean, I'm the mother's baby—er—the father's my mother—no—I mean—"

"You mean!" broke in the commanding officer, angrily. "What do they want you for—that's the point?"

"P-p-please, sir," stuttered Jones, "they want m-m-me t-to stand as god-m-mother."

Decision Suspended.—"Father, our daughter is being courted by a poet."

"Is that so, mother? I'll kick him out."

"Not so fast. Investigate first and find out whether he works for a magazine or for a breakfast-food factory."—Washington Herald.

In Snobby Circles.—Mrs. Justin de Bunch—"Has your baby learned to talk yet?"

Mrs. Al De Mustahd—"No, and his nurse is so stupid that I'm afraid he never will. But you must let me show you new tricks I have taught Fido since you were here last. Play dead, Fido."—Milwaukee News.

Kind-hearted.—"You wish to marry my only daughter," murmured the magnate. "Would you take from me all that I have to solace me in my old age?"

"By no means," declared the duke warmly. "We want you to keep at least \$50,000."—Sacred Heart Review.

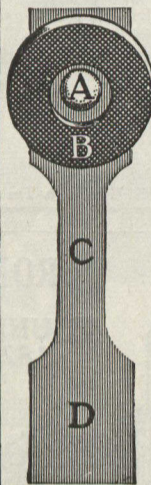
Excusable.—Having need of some small change, the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs.

"Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?"

"Yes'm—two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please m'm."

Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.



It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

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Let it remove one for you. That will show you the end of corn troubles forever.

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.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

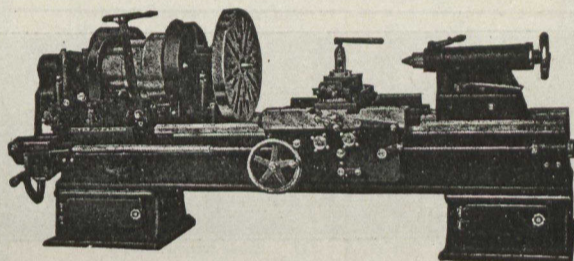
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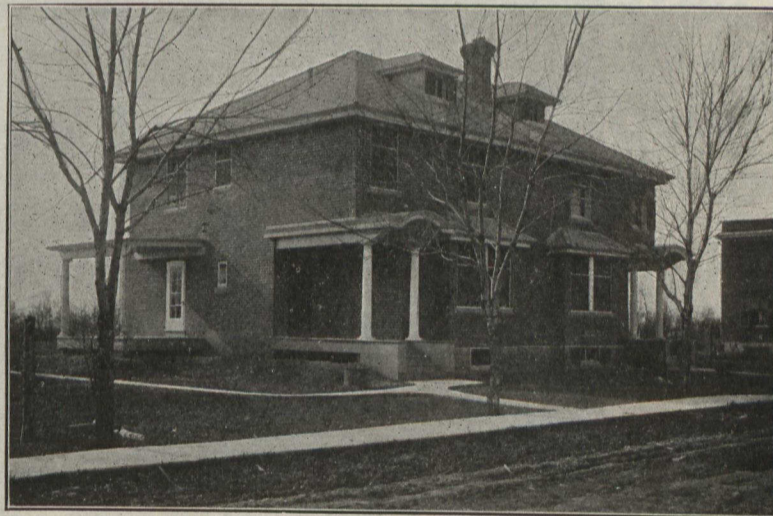
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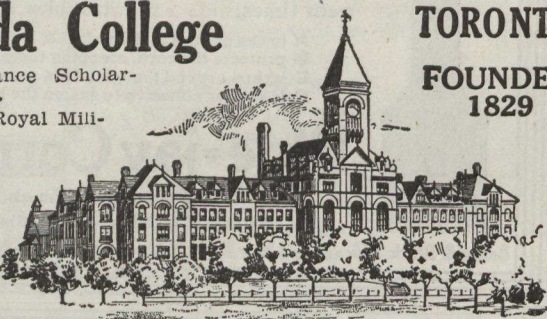
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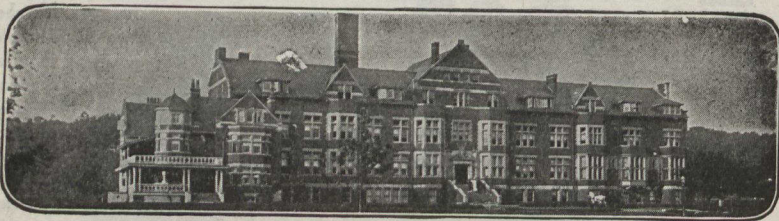
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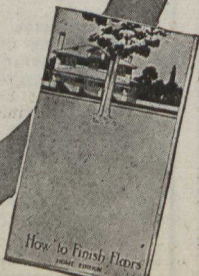
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The Jam Sahib and Other Cricketers

By SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

IN India everybody knows this finest of all batsmen as the Jam Sahib. In England every schoolboy used to worship him as "Ranji," and this year on his return to first-class cricket he will find himself as dear as ever to the hearts of all who love the game. There never was but one "Ranji," the greatest batsman the world has ever seen. Up to his time we all believed that "W. G." had shown us the last and greatest things it was possible to do with the bat, but Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji came up from Cambridge to show us fresh strokes hitherto never conceived by any mortal, and he it added no one more ardently admired his prowess than "the Old Man" himself. "A fine batsman, eh," said Clem Hill. "He's more than a batsman; he is nothing less than a juggler."

THERE is no need to apologize for writing enthusiastically about the Jam Sahib. I had the great pleasure of being his guest for the Durbar, and as host he proved as incomparable as he has as batsman. At the state entry into Delhi, when he appeared in his silver coach, the enthusiasm broke out spontaneously, and when it at length subsided Major J. G. Greig, the Hampshire batsman, said to me, "That was a great cheer for English cricket," a compliment which the Jam Sahib immensely appreciated when I repeated it to him.

AT Delhi and Jamnagar he talked at length about his own experiences at the game. As may be believed he is an enthusiast about it, and he once observed that he would have come from India to England purposely to see Mr. F. R. Foster play if he had not been visiting home this year in any case. Few realize how carefully he prepared himself for cricket. He used to be coached daily by Richardson and Lockwood before term began at Cambridge, and there he spent long hours patiently fielding out at nets. There was deep prejudice against an Indian "teaching us cricket," and Mr. F. S. Jackson has since publicly admitted his error in not giving him his blue.

I ASKED the Jam Sahib to what he himself attributed his transcendent skill. "To practice and application," he answered. "But beyond that?" "Well, I believe I always see what the ball is going to do a yard further from the bat than other batsmen, and that gives me more time to play at it." In India I observed wonderful displays of his amazing eyesight when travelling with him, whilst at the conclusion of an extraordinary exhibition of batting at the nets which he gave to Lord Londesborough and myself, after he had been shooting for seven hours and had not held a bat for many months, he actually told us standing behind him as the balls were delivered where he would put them in the field, and in twenty-two out of twenty-four he did so. Seven bowlers—four natives, with Messrs. H. D. L. Simms, E. C. Lea, and Major Rose—all failed to put him in any difficulties.

PERSONALLY I believe if his health can stand the fielding he is still practically as good as ever, good enough to play for England, though I do not suppose he will be given an opportunity. He himself has made a bet that he will score a century against both the South Africans and Australians, and he will probably win this. But, as he told me since his arrival in England, he is not anxious in big cricket to stand in the way of younger men. Remember he has always played the game as a recreation and in the most sporting fashion. He says himself he was never cast down if dismissed for a duck, and I have a notion at the back of my head that he derived more pleasure from the wickets he captured than from the centuries with which he delighted thousands. His life average in first-class cricket is 48 for an aggregate of 24,103 runs. In test matches he has made 995 runs with an average of 44. Marvellous figures! As allusion has been made to his bowling, it may be added that he is credited with 132 wickets, which cost 33 runs apiece.—The Tatler.

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The Artist

By MARGARET McLACHLAN

HE had loved her and she had laughed at him and married someone else.

This was ten years ago. She was a widow now and had written to ask him to paint her portrait. He had done it scores of times from memory. He called the sketches "Ivory and Gold." Ah! those green eyes of hers!—flashing, haunting, elusive green eyes. He dreamt of kissing the white lids into sleep. . . .

And now he held her letter. She said she had heard he was famous, and if he hadn't forgotten his old friend, would he paint her? Forgotten her!—he smiled as he read the words. The memory of her made him shiver. No other woman had come into his life.

He wrote to say he would be pleased to paint her. He wrote coldly because he felt deeply. What an inspiration she would be! What a picture he would paint!

When the day came he stood by the fireplace on a Persian rug. The studio was large and furnished with pictures and statues and draperies, and in one corner a figure of a Bacchante—white and cold. High up on a shelf were pewter plates and mugs. A large unfinished portrait of a girl rested on the easel. She was very dark, and her blue-black hair had the real shimmer of the raven's wing. The painter looked at it critically from where he stood. Frequently his eyes wandered to the door. Woman-like, she was going to be late! He glanced at the clock. It was not yet twelve. It was he who was ready too soon. Suddenly he moved to the windows and drew the holland blinds to temper the strong top-light—women don't like a blaze of light; besides, they would both feel less shy in a subdued light! The bell rang and the door opened. The artist hurried forward and took the gloved hand of his visitor. She was a beautiful woman—tall and slender, perhaps a shade too slender. She smiled cordially. He forgot to smile, but he quite agreed that it was a lovely day.

Her colouring was just the same, but there was a wistfulness in the green eyes which had not been there before. Had marriage disillusioned her? He wondered. She looked at him. Of course he was older, and his hair was just touched with grey—but he was extraordinarily good-looking and attractive. (What a little fool she had been!)

She walked about examining his pictures and ornaments, chatting gaily all the time. At the high mantelpiece she paused, and her eyes ran over the photographs. She half expected to see an old one of herself in a ridiculous hat or balloon sleeves. But the photographs were evidently all of portraits.

"I hate photographs, don't you?" he said, coming up to her.

"No—why?"

"Because they invariably smile."

"But you paint portraits."

"But I don't paint smiles."

"Who is this?" she asked, as she pointed to a picture of a girl, strikingly handsome.

"She was in last year's Academy," he said, without answering her question.

She turned and faced him. "Are you married?"

"Very much," he answered quietly.

"She reddened slightly. "Oh, I had not heard. Where is your wife?"

"There," he said, and he pointed to the marble statue of the Bacchante. "Isn't she exquisite?"

She laughed, because she was relieved. "Ah, I see—married to your art' sort of thing."

"That's it," he said, and his eyes lingered on her face.

She looked away and began to unbutton her gloves. He watched her, eager to see her hands again. Ah! they were just the same, almost transparently white, with the long, nervous fingers. But a wedding ring was on her finger now!

"Shall I sit here?" she asked, as she touched the model's seat, an old oak chair.

"Please," he said, as he placed a cushion at her back.

"How shall you paint me?" she asked,

as he began to arrange his easel.

"Just as you are," he answered.

"But not with a hat on?"

"Yes, just as you are."

"Ah! I see, the hat's to hide the wrinkles."

"But you haven't any."

"Then call them lines—it is kinder!"

"Lines on a woman's face are like honourable scars on a man's," he said, as he sharpened a chalk pencil.

Under the brim of her big hat her eyes looked grey. Her white face with the sad mouth was oddly piquant.

"I will begin now," and he sketched rapidly in chalk.

She watched his face. It was quite impassive. Did he remember? She wondered.

He watched her, and despite her smiling gaiety he knew she remembered.

"I want you to turn more to the left," he said, and he went up to her. He refrained from touching her face.

"Certainly; it's my best side, isn't it? All women have a better side, you know," a gleam of mischief shone in her eyes.

"But all men don't perceive it," and the man walked back to his easel.

"But artists do," she answered readily.

"It depends on—" and he stopped.

"On what?" she asked.

"Oh, on the artist, I suppose"—and for the first time he smiled.

There was a silence.

"I've been in India since—since I saw you." She could not resist an allusion to the past.

"Did the climate suit you?" he asked indifferently, as he narrowed his eyes and held up his pencil to measure the depth of her chin.

"Fairly well. I got thin there—but I was worried."

No answer, but the pencil moved rapidly over the canvas.

She turned her eyes to him.

"Please look to the left," he said, "at my Bacchante."

"I won't look at her. I don't like her face."

"I love it," he said.

Something like a gleam of jealousy came into the green eyes.

"She is so white and cold."

"As all women should be," he said quietly.

His pencil was accentuating the curve of her under-lip. She looked annoyed, and with difficulty repressed the desire to tell him he used to think otherwise.

"I was so pleased when I saw flattering notices of your pictures in the papers."

"Thank you," he said warmly.

"I ought to be a little afraid of you now you are such an important person, but somehow I'm not. Do you like people to be frightened of you?"

"Certainly. One has so much more influence over them. One can bend them to one's will."

"Ah," she said, "the old tyranny of man! You ought to have lived in Mediaeval ages."

"But I should not have been so happy as I am now."

A faint colour came into her pale face.

"Why?" she said, in a low voice.

"Because I should have had what I wanted!"

"I don't quite follow your reasoning," and she turned impatiently from the Bacchante to the man.

"She knows"—and he jerked his pencil in the direction of the hated statue.

His model shrugged her shoulders. The artist obliterated every line he had drawn.

"Am I so difficult?" she said.

"Terribly," he answered.

"But not 'difficile'?" she said, almost below her breath.

Then he slowly put down his cloth and pencil and walked up to his sitter.

"It is no use," he said, and his blue eyes looked coldly into her green ones. They fluttered beneath his gaze. "I can't paint you—because—because I no longer love you."

The Bacchante's smile seemed one of triumph. . . . The woman drew her cloak round her, and left the studio.

Feeling the Heat?

There's no reason why you should go about with a parched palate and thirsty throat. Just call for a bottle of sparkling, invigorating, thirst-quenching

Sterling ALE

It is a most delightful beverage for this sultry, summer weather. Keep a supply on ice in your own home—it is absolutely chill-proof, and pours out clear as crystal without sediment.

STERLING ALE has just hit the public taste because of its absolute purity—nothing but the choicest hops, selected malt and pure sterilized water is used in brewing STERLING ALE.

Inspection Invited.

Brewed and bottled at the Brewery by **Reinhardt's of Toronto**

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Paid Up \$7,500,000
Reserve Funds \$8,820,000
Total Assets \$114,000,000

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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

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

The Delights Of The Grape

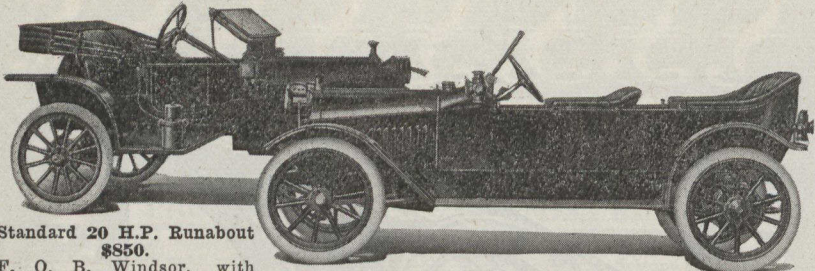
were known and revelled in by our forefathers at the very dawn of the world. They proved that it is not only the most luscious and delicious of all fruits, but an invaluable agent for health.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE
(à la Quina du Pérou)

is the pure, undiluted juice of finest Oporto Grapes combined with Cinchona Bark extract. It is a delight on hot days blended with cold, sparkling mineral water.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 144 BIG BOTTLE.

PEOPLE AND PLACES



Standard 20 H.P. Runabout \$850.

F. O. B. Windsor, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, \$950.

Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, \$1,000. F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1-4 in. bore and 5 1-2 in. stroke. Bosch magneto. 106 in. wheelbase, 32x3 1-2 in. tires. Colour, Standard Hupmobile blue.

Hupmobile

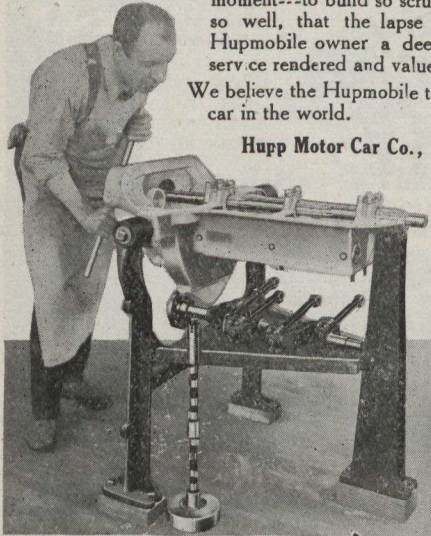
\$1000

One thought dominates this organization and impresses itself upon every operation that enters into the construction of the car.

To build for the future, and not for the sales of the moment—to build so scrupulously, so soundly and so well, that the lapse of years will find in the Hupmobile owner a deep and abiding sense of service rendered and value received.

We believe the Hupmobile to be in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Co., Desk A, Windsor, Ont.



This man's duty is to ream out the main bearings of the motor. The three bearings are reamed out at the same time; perfect alignment being thus assured.

From this operation, the crank case passes on to the skilled workers who scrape the bearings to a minute degree of exactness and marvellous smoothness, fitting the crankshaft with such nicety that any possibility of undue or uneven wear is precluded.

Please note the extra-generous width of the two end bearings; and the third or center crankshaft bearing—a decidedly unusual feature, in a motor cast en bloc, unless the car costs about \$2,500.

The careful workmanship told of here is typical of every operation in the great Hupmobile plant.

The Lure of Gold.

FROM South Africa, California, Alaska come men to Canada, following the lure of the yellow metal. A picture on this page represents the unique outfit of a man from California who migrated to the British Columbia gold fields to do some prospecting. The animals in the picture are a species of traction beasts called burros. They carry each 200 pounds. The packs here shown are tied with the famous "Diamond Hitch."

Big Spending.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., has been doing some shopping. The other day the people of the Coast city appropriated the cool sum of \$1,190,000 for certain improvements, of which the city long has been in need. Half a million dollars was set aside to initiate some great works on the river front. There was a great deal of trepidation whether the harbour by-law would go through. But it did; score: 681 votes for, 108 against. A new, big, modern city hospital costing \$200,000, and a gas plant costing \$225,000 are other additions provided for New Westminster's equipment.

Moose in Moncton.

THE citizens of Moncton, N. B., were treated to a rather unusual experience the other day when a big moose ran amuck on Main Street, and walked inquisitively into several shops.

territorial budgets will be approved by the National Council.

The existing provincial organizations have decided to disband. The members of provincial committees are elected members of the new National Council.

As regards the policy of the new Y. M. C. A. scheme, it is agreed that it is not intended to weaken in any way the international bond between the Associations of Canada and the United States. But the aim of those who have had charge of the reorganization is by uniting the Canadian units of the Y. M. C. A. to make the work of the Association in Canada more effective as a national force.

On the Water Waggon.

CITY ENGINEER MACALLUM, of Hamilton, Ontario, has just made a startling discovery. He finds that the Ambitious City is using more water per head than any other city in America.

Hamilton has 90,000 people. According to the engineer's computation each person in Hamilton gets away with 166 gallons of water per day. He states that the average city consumes 90 gallons daily.

Engineer Macallum remarks that Hamilton is wasting a great deal of water. It is suggested in Hamilton that the city should prevent the lavish prodigality with the water supply by introducing a system of meter regulation. Cleveland curtailed the water waste in this fashion. The Ohio city was face to



A Prospector Drove These Burros From California to the British Columbia Gold Fields. The Packs the Animals Carry Are Tied With the Famous "Diamond Hitch."

The interesting thing about the moose is that it was not an escaped pet from some travelling circus, but a live, wild animal, whose habitat is the neighbouring woods of Moncton. A moose in the environs of Toronto or Montreal would be a decided novelty. But Moncton people are quite used to venison wandering round. Golfers in the New Brunswick city report that they quite frequently come on moose between holes.

face with the same conditions as Hamilton. The people were using 150 gallons of water each every day. Meters were installed and the average consumption fell to 100 gallons daily.

Sculptors Wanted.

IN Montreal, on the slope of Mount Royal, near Rachel Street, some day there is to be a stately monument to the memory of a great Canadian statesman, George Etienne Cartier.

The monument will not go up until there has been a contest among Canadian sculptors. The Cartier Centenary Committee, P. O. Box 188, Montreal, is advertising the terms of competition as follows:

The memorial when completed and in position is not to cost more than \$100,000, including pedestal from the level of the ground.

The competition is open to Canadian sculptors only.

Designs shall be in the form of sketch models in plaster made at a scale not exceeding one inch to the foot. A description of the design must accompany each model.

All communications regarding this competition shall be addressed to the President of the Cartier Centenary Committee, P. O. Box 188, Montreal. All models to be addressed to the office of the Committee, Hochelaga Bank Building, at Montreal.

The designs must be delivered on or before the 15th day of September, 1912.

New Y. M. C. A. Plans.

AN important move was made in the reorganization of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in Canada a few weeks ago at a national convention in Winnipeg.

The Y. M. C. A. was placed upon a more national basis. A Dominion-wide organization to be known as the Canadian Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, having an executive agent, the Canadian National Council, consisting of 36 men, was founded. The National Council is to provide three territorial committees who are to look after work in districts allotted to them. These will take the place of the present provincial committees. The National Council is to appoint a general secretary who will be its representative for the work of Dominion supervision. Each territorial committee will have its travelling secretary to look after detail in its field; also a local treasurer, who will hold the position of assistant treasurer to the National Council. Terri-



Renewed Health and New Life for the Weak.

A prominent feature of 'Wincarnis' is its extraordinary power in speedily restoring health, strength, vigour, vitality and new life to sufferers from Weakness, Anaemia,

Sleeplessness, Exhaustion, Brain-fag, Lowered Vitality, Nerve Troubles, etc. You can actually feel 'Wincarnis' doing you good. Will you try just one bottle?



The Wine of Life that is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, etc.

Trade Note--Wincarnis can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.

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\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned.

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Books on and How to Feed

Mailed free on application to

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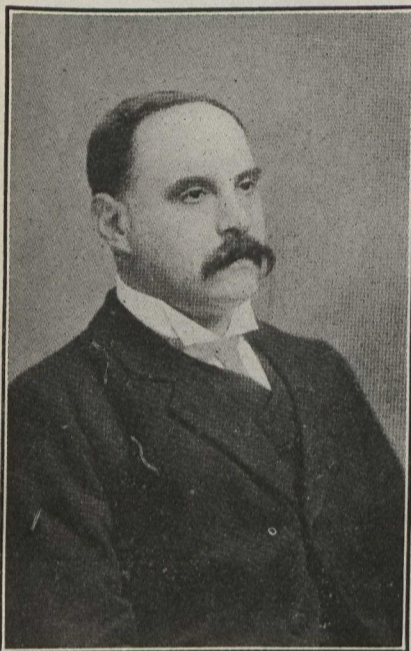
They will be kept from public view until the award has been made. All expenses of delivering the sketch models and accompanying descriptions shall be paid by the committee. Sketch models will, after the award and at the expense of the committee, be returned upon the request of the competitors, but at the risk of the competitors.

The award will only be binding provided the successful competitor is prepared to furnish satisfactory evidence, with security if demanded, that he can execute the work for the sum above mentioned.

A Literary Sensation.

SIR SIDNEY LEE, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, has stirred up a great deal of excitement in England by his recent frank biography of the late King Edward.

Sir Sidney is editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. He felt some time ago that the Dictionary could not at all be considered complete without a life of King Edward, who was in many respects the greatest Englishman of his time. Sir Sidney proceeded to write an account of his late Majesty's career. He became somewhat critical in his attitude towards the subject of his biography. On this account many newspapers and public men in Britain have decided to be offended at Sir Sidney. It was bad taste for him to criticize his late



SIR SIDNEY LEE, Author of a Candid Biography of the late King Edward, which is Causing Much Discussion.

Majesty's achievements so soon after his demise, etc.

Sir Sidney seems to have well answered his critics by simply asserting that he considered that now was the proper time for a biography of King Edward to be written while the owners of diaries and correspondence relating to the subject are still living.

The Capture of Tacoma.

THE Seventy-Second Seaforth Highlanders, a crack Vancouver regiment, recently visited the city of Tacoma, Washington, where they made a deep impression on their American hosts. The occasion was the first that these Highlanders had ever been on such a jaunt. They enjoyed every minute of it.

Tacoma people did everything in their power to make the visit a pleasant one. On July Fourth, the place of honour in the holiday parade was given to the Canadians. A feature of all the manoeuvres was the prominence with which the British flag was displayed.

The Highlanders messed with the American soldiers and tars and played games with them. Before leaving they were reviewed before 70,000 enthusiastic Tacomans, who could not repress cheers as the bare-kneed Kilties performed their evolutions.

Captain D. C. McGregor, Seventy-Second Seaforth Highlanders, summed up the spirit of the trip when he remarked: "I really believe that such exchange of international courtesies tends to cement the cordial relations between the two countries."

Big Ben



Don't set your mind—set Big Ben

Don't bother your head about getting up. Leave it to Big Ben.

You ought to go to sleep at night with a clear brain—untroubled and free from getting up worries. You men, if you are up to date workers, work with your brains as well as with your hands. Such a little thing as "deciding to get up at a certain time in the morning" and keeping it on your mind often spoils a needed night's rest and makes a bad "next day." Try Big Ben on your dresser for one week. He makes getting up so easy that the whole day is better.

Big Ben is not the usual alarm. He's a timekeeper; a good, all-pur-

pose clock for every day and all day use and for years of service.

He stands seven inches tall. He wears a coat of triple-nickel plated steel. He rings with one long loud ring for 5 minutes straight, or for 10 minutes at intervals of 20 seconds unless you shut him off.

His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light his large strong keys are easy to wind. His price, \$3.00, is easy to pay because his advantages are so easy to see. See them at your dealer.

5,000 Canadian dealers have already adopted him. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to Westlox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

\$3.00

At Canadian Dealers.

Hotel Directory

GRAND UNION HOTEL
Toronto, Canada.
Geo. A. Spear, President.
American Plan, \$2—\$3. European Plan, \$1—\$1.50.

PALMER HOUSE
TORONTO : CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.
Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
H. L. Stephens, Prop.

HOTEL MOSSOP.
Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL
(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

THE NEW RUSSELL
Ottawa, Canada.
250 rooms.
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL
\$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.
300 rooms.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL
London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neil, Proprietor.

LA CORONA
A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St. Room with use of bath, \$1.50 and \$2. Room with private bath, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3. Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.

EASILY INSTALLED IN OLD RESIDENCES

PEASE HOT WATER BOILER

A complete heating outfit—"ECONOMY" Boilers, Radiators and Piping, can be erected in a residence while the occupants are living in it, with no disturbance to the regular routine of the household. Modern mechanics can put up these accurately fitted materials with little or no noise, and with but a very limited amount of cutting or boring of floors. In midwinter this work can be done without disturbing the old heating arrangements, which can be used and need not be removed until the modern water-heating plant is ready to be operated.

Our books "The Question of Heating," or "ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE." "Boiler Information" sent free on request.
PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, LIMITED.
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ECONOMY BOILERS EARN THEIR NAME

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8¢ PER RUNNING FOOT
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REGAL FENCE & GATE CO.
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The best clothing that can be sold at the prices we ask.

The most satisfactory materials that experience can select.

The highest class of workmanship that can be put into garments with all the good style sanctioned by good taste.

All these are present in Broderick's suits at

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TO
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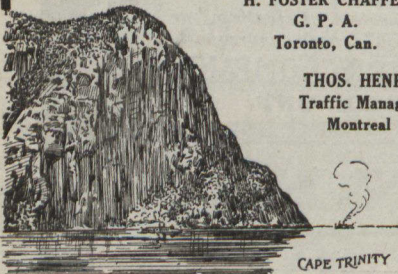
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Immunity from Hay Fever and Malaria.

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Lauriston Company, Limited
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James Straton, President

Perkins' Harmonizer

(Concluded from page 20.)

the angry look vanished, and was replaced by a softer one. The mysterious influence that had smoothed the asperities of Miss Grimes was operating on Mrs. Tootles.

"Are you tired, Mr. Simkins?" she enquired. "The cook is in bed, but I can get you some tea or cocoa. It will refresh you. Please allow me. I won't be a moment."

I was too much occupied with my recent happiness to be even surprised. I sat down in the parlour while Mrs. Tootles made the cocoa. Mrs. Professor, who had been visiting a compatriot, came in. I bowed, and continued my reverie. I sat on the sofa, I remember, and Mrs. Professor had taken a seat beside me. Mrs. Tootles brought in the cocoa. Mechanically, I accepted my cup. Mrs. Tootles sat down on the other side of me.

My next recollection is of a deep grumbling roar, above which trembled a high falsetto, which undoubtedly belonged to Tootles. I looked up. The gas-jets were still burning, but bright daylight flooded the room. Before me danced the bulky figure of the Professor, in a perfect ecstasy of rage. Behind him Tootles darted backward and forward, shrieking unprintable things. The other boarders were grouped together in the hall, and at the entrance of the room. Every face bore the imprint of astonishment. Then the situation became clear to me. I was sitting on the sofa, with Mrs. Tootles and Mrs. Professor on either side. Their arms were round my neck, their heads were on my shoulder. I was thunderstruck—incapable of speech or thought.

"Serpent," howled Tootles. "Turk," rumbled the Professor, "vould noddings but a harem do you?" He aimed a blow at me with an umbrella. Before I could defend myself, I was seized upon. The women tore my hair and scratched my face. The men knocked me about like a football. The door was opened and I was shot into the street. On the top step stood Tootles, wildly waving half my overcoat, which had been torn from my back. Groaning with pain and utterly confounded, I dragged myself to my feet, to be confronted by J. Augustus Perkins. In a moment he had me in a cab and we set off for his rooms.

Here, bit by bit, I related the history of the last few hours. He listened thoughtfully, pulling his under lip. When I had finished, he shook his head.

"It will not do, I'm afraid, at least not for general use; and there is no money in it otherwise," he said.

"Won't do," I cried, "what won't do?" "The Harmonizer," he answered. In a moment it was clear to me; Perkins' infernal contrivance had been the cause of my troubles. I could have slain him. I choked with rage.

"Never mind, old boy, never mind," he said. "You have been a martyr to science. Your experience will be most helpful. I want an assistant, and you are the man for the place. And remember, if you had not had the Harmonizer, you would not have held Gladys' hand. That was worth something, eh? By-the-by, where is the Harmonizer now?" Thank heaven, it was in the pocket of the overcoat Tootles had torn off me.

The City Editor

(Concluded from page 8.)

along to the next reporter, who also painted the wickedness of his offence in terrible colours, and so it went until the stranger had made the rounds of the office. Literally satiated with the enormity of his crime he then was referred back to the City Editor, who gave him the finishing touches and suppressed his name. It was not a pleasant task there to have your name "kep' oot o' prent," but it generally stuck.

To deal separately with the classes of visitors who call to pay their respects to this individual in return for some favour would be an almost impossible task. There is among them the good-natured, solid son of the soil, who drops around at fair time "just to see how you're gettin' on." There is the subscriber who calls in to have published a yard or two

of written obituary notice or a "deceased" poem, emphatically setting out that Uncle Tim was an angel or that Aunt Caecilia is picking a harp on the golden shore.

There is the would-be politician, orator or sensationalist, who would, if he could, have denied the dangerous statements he uttered the day before. With them comes the man named John Jones, who wishes to deny that he is the John Jones who stole his neighbour's chickens, as related in the issue of the day before. (Apparently no one would believe his innocence otherwise.)

Once in a while, too, there comes along a human derelict—a broken-down journalist. Perhaps he, too, was once a City Editor, who sat in a sanctum and drank strong coffee "against the awful strain." Then the City Editor hears the veteran's tale; calls him all the offensive names he can think of, and dips into his pocket. Afterwards he fights anyone who dares to say that he did so.

And through it all, typewriters click; reporters hustle, bustle and shout; the copy piles; telephones ring; buttons summoning the City Editor are pressed frequently; order follows order; linotypes in a nearby mechanical department keep up a constant roar, and the paper almost always issues on time. When it doesn't the City Editor again declares: "Some of these days I'll be joining the police force."

The Statue of Peter Pan

ONE morning, when the little children who live over in the big city of London, went to take their walk in Kensington Gardens, they found there a monument to their own Peter Pan. No one knew how it had come; it just seemed to have grown up in the night. So delighted were they that they crowded around it and gazed lovingly at the figure of the hero of childhood. The statue showed Peter Pan, blowing his horn, and surrounded by fairies, squirrels and mice, and was the work of Sir Charles Frampton, who made it at the request of the great Scottish author, J. M. Barrie, and was a gift from him to the little children of London.

A Busy Hammer

ALL over Canada the carpenter's hammer is loud. Every city is live with building; houses and places of industry going up.

The Contract Record has gathered some interesting figures which tell something of the story for the first six months of 1912. In twenty-seven Canadian cities so far this year there has been expended \$69,583,674 on building. Last year's record for the same time was \$54,192,092.

Toronto so far leads with a total of thirteen millions—two millions over Winnipeg, and five over Vancouver and Montreal. Edmonton makes the most notable single achievement, spending eight millions, as compared with a million and a half last year.

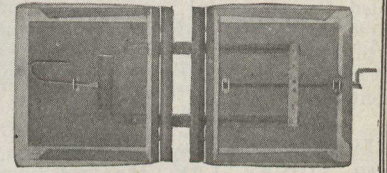
Science Versus Strength

DURNAN'S easy win over Haines was a surprise only to the Anglo-Bostonian sculler and his friends. Everybody else conceded Durnan a victory on his superior style, his skill, and his perfect knowledge of the course. Haines' perfect physique was much admired, and the lines in his weather-beaten face indicated strength of purpose, but his heavy, labored stroke, with the inevitable splash at the end denoted lack of polish, and marked him as anything but a finished sculler, such as his opponent.

No man in the world has a better style than Durnan. He is a perfect exponent of the art of sculling, with the lightness and delicacy of touch like the born billiard player, something that cannot be acquired, but must be born in one. All his life a waterman, Durnan, though of slender physique, and lacking the bull strength of the heavyweight, has had to depend upon his skill in handling a boat to gain the victory, and the lesson has been well learned.—Toronto Star.

Kalamazoo Point Number Two

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is of Simple Construction.



THE mechanism of the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is so simple that one hesitates to call it "mechanism" at all.

It consists of two or four flexible rawhide thongs of great strength and durability, which are secured to the side of the cover at one end and passing through the two clamping bars which grip the sheets, are attached to a cross bar at the other.

By the operation of the key this cross bar working on a threaded screw draws the covers together or opens them for the insertion or removal of sheets.

The "KALAMAZOO" Loose Leaf Binder has been made in the United States and in England for many years and is today recognized as the best expression of the Loose Leaf idea that has yet been offered.

Write for descriptive booklet "Cl." It will pay you to examine the "Kalamazoo" Binder.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers
Toronto
King & Spadina

COSGRAVE BREWS



PALE ALE
XXX PORTER
HALF AND HALF

Experience has perfected our products, established our standard, made our reputation and proved our guarantee.

On sale in pint and quart bottles at all hotels and dealers.

Try it at Our Risk

Order an Electric Glad Iron sent up to your home in time for Tuesday's ironing. It will cost you nothing. You get a 30 days' trial free, but if by that time you don't honestly feel that an Electric Glad Iron is one of the best all-round health and comfort investments a housewife can make, simply tell us to take it back, that's all. There's no obligation to keep it one minute longer than you wish. Hundreds of satisfied Toronto housewives now use the Electric Glad Iron. Join them in immunity from hot weather discomforts on ironing day. Phone the Summer Comfort Number,

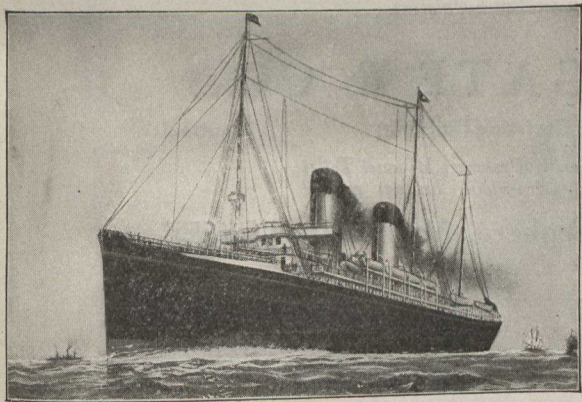
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"The Champagne
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OCEAN LIMITED

DEPARTS BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT MONTREAL 7-30 P.M. DAILY

for QUEBEC, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE RESORTS, MONCTON, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN - THE SYDNEYS - PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND - NEWFOUNDLAND EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

The Royal Line

To Europe

Luxury with Economy
3 Days on the Atlantic
THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE

No more magnificent river trip can be found anywhere else in the world. A two-day sail down the mighty, placid river on the splendid Royal Mail Steamships

ROYAL EDWARD
ROYAL GEORGE

Two days of unequalled scenic and historic interest. Then a little more than **THREE DAYS ON THE ATLANTIC** to Bristol (Avonmouth). Special Express Trains whisk the traveler to London in two hours.

These steamers are in a class by themselves in Appointment, Seaworthiness and Beauty of Interior.

For all information apply to Steamship Agents, or the following General Agencies of the Company: Toronto, Ont., Canadian Northern Building; Montreal, Que., 226 St. James St.; Halifax, N.S., 123 Hollis St.; Winnipeg, Man., 272 Main St.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

GREAT LAKES SERVICE---Five Sailings Weekly

From PORT McNICOLL to

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Making close connections for all points west.

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Full information from any C.P.R. agent, or write M. G. Murphy, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

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SPRING FISHING

"The Highlands of Ontario"
Is the Fisherman's Paradise.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
THE DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

Is the only line reaching all these resorts.

THE KIND YOU CATCH WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT.

MUSKOKA LAKES—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.
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LAKE NIPISSING—Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, and Pike.
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OPEN SEASONS.

BLACK BASS—June 16th to April 14th following year.
SPECKLED TROUT—May 1st to September 14th.
SALMON TROUT AND LAKE TROUT—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year.
MASKINONGE—June 16th to April 14th following year.
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Write to the following Agents for full particulars—how to get there, maps, rates, etc.: A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario; J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Quebec; W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. BELL, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



"WHAT'S talc powder used for, anyway?" said the artist when he took our commission for the design of this advertisement.

Thinking others might be as ignorant as he, we said: "Ask your family and friends how they use talc." Three days later he brought his sketch book half full of hasty sketches. Here are ten just as he made them.

☐ The fact that he readily found so many uses---some possibly new to you---shows how necessary it is to have a good talc in every home. But---

All Talcums Are Not Alike

Colgate's is different from ordinary talcums in its beneficial amount of boric acid, that mild yet efficient antiseptic, and its other sanative ingredients. It is the real boric powder---safest and best for young and old.

Soothing and absorbent, it gently cools and dries the skin and makes dressing comfortable. For nursery use, as well as after the bath and for the general toilet, Colgate's Talc excels.

Widest Choice of Perfumes

<i>Eclat (new)</i>	<i>Cashmere Bouquet</i>	<i>Violet</i>
<i>Dactylis</i>	<i>Monad Violet (new)</i>	<i>and Unscented</i>

Colgate's Talc is found wherever toilet articles are sold. If you wish a dainty trial box, send us 4 cents in postage, mentioning perfume desired.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. C. Coristine Building Montreal

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap --- luxurious, lasting, refined

W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA



after the shave

for chapped hands

If you can think of other talc uses---not pictured here---write us your suggestions and we will send you a trial size of *Cashmere Bouquet Talc* with our compliments.