

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE ORIGINAL "FALL FAIR"

Drawn by Herbert Pizer

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

**"My GURNEY
OXFORD
jumped right in
and helped with
my housekeeping"**



Dear Edith,

In a general way I have wished you all the good things I know of, so now I am going to descend to the practical and give you some sound advice from the store I have accumulated since I started housekeeping.

Housekeeping naturally suggests the kitchen first—its equipment and management, or in other words, THE RANGE

My range, as you know, is a Gurney-Oxford. I never enjoyed much of a reputation as a cook in my younger days, so when I thought of being responsible for three meals a day my heart sank. I imagined myself battling all day with a sulky range, trying to coax it into a good humour, and covered with mortification because of late or spoiled meals. But my dear, my Gurney-Oxford seemed to sympathize with my inexperience. From the day it came it

jumped right in and helped. It has become my good right hand, and I go my way confident that my Gurney-Oxford will not disappoint me.

It has the cleverest arrangement for regulating the drafts, well named the Gurney Economizer. One small lever put up or down does everything. The fire will stay in all day, hardly burning any coal at all—then, presto! It is burning brightly, ready to bake or roast. An arrangement of flues keeps the oven always properly heated, so that the biscuits or bread come out light and crisp and brown. Yes, Edith, as Bob says, I have developed into "some cook," and I often tell him he must give at least half the credit to our Gurney-Oxford.

You will understand my enthusiasm better after you have had *your* Gurney-Oxford a month or so.

Sincerely Yours,

MARY HOUSEWIFE.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited

TORONTO - CANADA

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(10)

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Each has stood without an equal for over a quarter century. Sold by dealers and hotels.

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The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

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American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEO. W. SWEENEY,
President.

ANGUS GORDON,
Manager.

From Jew's Harp To Symphony Orchestra

The Musical Number of The Canadian Courier on October 12 will contain something to interest every man, woman and child that ever heard music. It will be of as much interest to the man or woman who only likes a good thing and doesn't know why, as to the man or woman who enjoys music only by criticizing it. The man who likes nothing so well as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" will find just as much in this Music Number as the man who can tell you off-hand the subtle differences between the Pathetic Symphony of Tschai-kowsky and the Choral Symphony of Beethoven. The man who enjoys best of all a good brass band will be as well pleased as the man whose ideal of an evening's music is a string quartette.

A FEW FEATURES.

Here, for example, is one instance of how universal is the appeal of music and how we expect to illustrate it in the Music Number. A clever cosmopolitan writer, who has travelled more than a little, will write a critical eulogy on the street piano. One of the foremost musical critics in America will write on the Future of Grand Opera in Canada.

There will be a brisk and breezy article on the reasons why Canada as yet has not produced a national anthem—written by one of the most entertaining writers in Canada. There will be another on—"What's the Matter with Toronto Bands?" written by one who remembers when there were more than one good military band in Toronto. Another article will deal with the phonograph and the pianola on the farm.

NOT HALF TOLD.

And these are only a suggestion. There will be twice as many more articles just as interesting—of which more in another issue. There will be more pictures to the square foot in this issue than in any other paper of the size ever put out in Canada; every one of strong individual interest. And from cover to cover the general principle will be kept in mind—

FROM JEW'S HARP
TO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 15

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Editor's Talk

MUCH has been written in Canada recently concerning the "back to the land movement," but the matter written has dealt with the topic largely in a general way. In this issue D. C. Nixon tells about a man who has actually got "back to the land." The story of accomplishment which it tells might be repeated in the lives of other men who are conscious of a longing for country life—a longing that grows stronger as Canada's leading cities grow larger.

This article is part of the Country Life Supplement—the livest Country Life Supplement, in our opinion, which we have published. The contributions of Mr. Cook are, as usual, up-to-date and interesting. The supplement covers a wide range of subject matter and contains illustrations of more than usual interest.

The "Home Products Number," issued two weeks ago, has been well received, to judge by the complimentary letters which have been received. Many of our readers declare that the contents of that number opened their eyes concerning the importance and extraordinary progress of Canadian manufacturing. To be candid, we had much the same experience. Getting together the material for that number proved to us that the progress of manufacturing in Canada is even more striking than we had thought it to be.



Salvador

CANADA'S
MOST FAMOUS
BEER

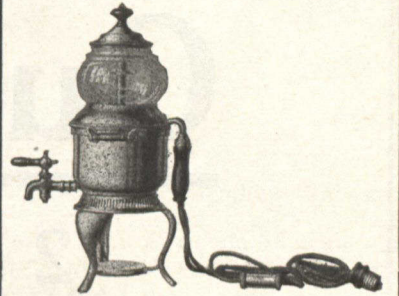
The Beverage that has made summer heat endurable.
Call for "SALVADOR" any time you are thirsty or drink it with your meals.
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"SALVADOR" Beer has proved a genuine aid to digestion. Try it yourself!
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For Cool Mornings
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HALF AND HALF

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

Get Your Canadian Home From the CANADIAN PACIFIC

C.P.R. Lands and Town Lots in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

We would advise passengers travelling via the Canadian Pacific Railway to the West to stop off and see the Big C.P.R. Irrigation Dam at Bassano, Alberta. Bassano is a rapidly growing town on the main line of the C.P.R., situated 83 miles east of Calgary. The irrigation project of the C.P.R. is the largest of its kind on the American Continent.

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500 Shaves From 12 Blades Guaranteed

2 Mills per Shave Guaranteed

ANYONE failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from any package of 12 AutoStrop blades will please send his 12 used blades to us; tell us how many shaves he is short, and we'll send him enough new blades to make good his shortage (and postage). The Era of Guaranteed Shaving is here.

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THE AutoStrop Razor is not a maker of blade expense, but a saver of it. It is a practical razor.

In business everyone is hunting for practical things. In shaving we seem to hunt always for impractical things—impractical razors.

The Head Barber has the only practical method of making his edge last through many shaves, and of making it keen, i.e., by stropping.

Why should anyone try to keep away from this practical method instead of trying to get in on it?

The AutoStrop Razor was built so everybody can get in on the practical Head Barber stropping. With it the novice can strop a Head Barber's edge, can strop at least 500 shaves on 12 blades, and can do the stropping as speedily and easily as the Head Barber, because he strops, shaves, cleans without detaching blade.

Do not be over-modest about asking the dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Razor on thirty days' free trial. You are not asking him a favor. You are doing him a favor. You are giving him a chance to sell you a razor. You can take it back if you want to—but you won't want to. However, should you want to, don't hesitate to, as the dealer loses absolutely nothing. We protect him from loss.

This 'phone message to your dealer quick: "Send me an AutoStrop Razor on trial to-night."

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Ltd., 400 Richmond St. W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; 327 Fifth Ave., New York; Schleusenbrucke, No. 8, Hamburg.

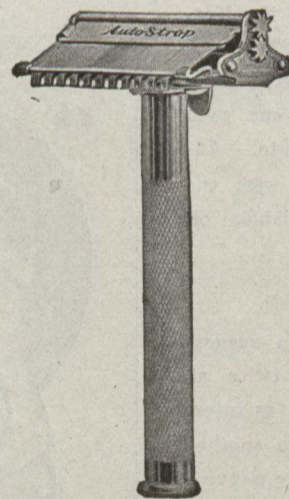
AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself



This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

*If a wooden man can do it,
you can.*



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The AutoStrop Razor consists of silver plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome case. Price \$5.00. Travelling sets \$6.50 up.

The
**CANADIAN
COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XII.

September 7, 1912

No. 15

Men of To-Day

Ramsay Macdonald, Labourite.

ENGLAND is laughing at a subtle, humorous jibe at Mr. Bonar Law made by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the leader of the Labourites in the British House of Commons. Mr. Macdonald in referring to the Unionist Chief's rather violent speech at Blenheim Castle, which evoked the famous epistolary retort of Winston Churchill, remarked that Mr. Law should have delivered his speech on Tower Hill, the recent scene of the labour hysteria of Ben Tillett.



J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.,
who wants a Socialist
elected President of
the United States.

For another reason just now interest centres on J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. It is persistently rumoured that Mr. Macdonald, upon concluding his two year term as head of the Labour party, will not seek the honour next year.

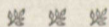
Labour has been making itself very conspicuous recently. There are critics who claim that the Labour men have grown apathetic towards the Asquith Government, being opposed to the increased naval expenditure. The retirement of Mr. Macdonald may have a significance on the present situation which cannot be foretold as yet.

Ramsay Macdonald is considered the sanest and most broadminded of the tribunes of labour in Great Britain. A grave defect of the Socialist cause has been the rabidness, and

often ignorance of its chief exponents. A prominent Canadian who heard Macdonald speak at Westminster a few weeks ago wrote his impressions for the CANADIAN COURIER and described him as one of the "best debaters" and the "biggest minded man in the House." Macdonald has not the theatricality of Ben Tillett, nor the tendency to indiscreet speech characteristic of Mr. Keir Hardie. He is a studious, thoughtful man—a scholar who tries to look at social troubles scientifically.

In his latest book published this year, "The Socialist Movement," Mr. Macdonald sums up his creed in a sentence:

"Like the fisherman in the Eastern tale, who liberated the genii individualism has been unable to control its own discoveries. The community, the state, the whole of the people—under whatever name it may be the pleasure of different men to designate it—must now take over this power, bridle it, and harness it and make it do social work. This is the genesis of the Socialist movement; this is Socialism."



Military Changes.

A GOOD deal of interest was created a few days ago when extensive changes in the militia were announced from Ottawa. Momentous alterations have been made among the chief officers of Canada's fighting forces. For instance, Major General Otter, probably to the public the best known soldier in the Dominion, will retire on December first from the post of Inspector-General. Major General Cotton, of Toronto, is to succeed him. Brigadier-General F. L. Lessard is to move from Ottawa to Toronto, stepping into the command of No. 2 Division, vacated by General Cotton. General Lessard's place at the Capital, as Adjutant-General, will be filled by Lieut.-Colonel V. A. S. Williams, R.C.D., A.D.C., commanding officer of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and Inspector-General of Cavalry, Toronto. The officer in charge of District No. 11, British Columbia and the Yukon, Colonel R. T. Wadmore, is leaving the service after thirty years of it. Colonel A. Roy, M.V.O., 4th Division; Montreal, will take Colonel Wadmore's place. This move necessitates the departure to Montreal of Colonel Septimus J. A. Denison, C.M.G., now head of the School of Infantry in Halifax. A Montreal man, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Fages, will exchange cities with Colonel Denison.

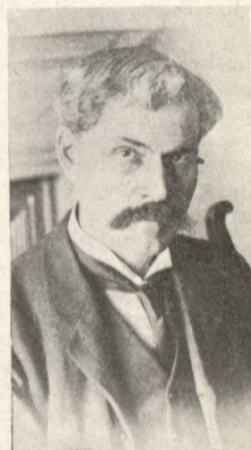
From Halifax to the Yukon—as is evident—the shake-up means a geographical distribution of commands pretty well covering the Dominion.



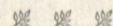
The Retirement of General Otter.

THE withdrawal of General Otter from the office of Inspector-General is a most important event. For fifty-one years this energetic

soldier has given his talents to building up a system of defence in Canada. He was the first Inspector-General—the first Canadian to command the Canadian army. He holds the record of having been at the front on every occasion that Canadian arms have been required to do battle for the honour of Canada. He was at Ridgeway against the Fenians in 1866; in the Riel Rebellion, it was Otter who headed the Turtle Lake column pursuing the Indian Chief "Big Bear," and was presented by the city of Toronto with a purse of gold for his exploits, and Canadians have not forgotten his services in South Africa. The long experience of Canadian military conditions and accurate knowledge of the methods of warfare gave General Otter peculiarly fitting qualities for the position of Inspector-General. His chief characteristics are precision, thoroughness, and ability to compass many duties.



J. R. MACDONALD, M.P.,
who may retire from the
leadership of the British
Labour Party.



The New Inspector General.

HIS successor, General Cotton, has been in the militia nearly as long as General Otter—to be exact, forty-six years. The two men do not look alike. General Otter is lean and grizzled; General Cotton is a big, rotund, pleasant man who would look well in a Cardinal's robes.

General Cotton won a medal in the Fenian Raid. This is the only active service he has seen. But he has passed all the grades in the Canadian army, and knows the intricacies of the big system which has to be kept going in peace as in war.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. D. OTTER,
Fifty-one years in the Army; first native-born to command
the Canadian Army; he is retiring from the post
of Inspector-General.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. COTTON,
A Soldier since he was Eighteen; at the age of Sixty-four he succeeds General Otter in
command of the Canadian Forces.

"When Wives Were Scarce"

By JAS. F. B. BELFORD

Sketches by G. Campbell

HERE were just three kids of school age in our settlement—Yonnie Yonson, aged six, born of poor, Icelandic parents; Stanislaus Keviet, aged eight, of the Hungarian persuasion, and Mysie Butler, six, coming seven, whose parents had left Tyrone for the Western prairie.

It didn't seem, at first, to us bachelors that there was any violent hurry for a school; but Jack Green, who pitched the hymns on Sunday, when a minister came our way, and in consequence was looked up to as our leading citizen, pointed out that Osprey had a school, and appealed to our patriotism as to whether we would allow a degenerate community of clodhoppers, backed up against the Sand Hills, to put it over us on a vital matter like education of the young.

We could grow two bushels of wheat to their one; we could lick them playing base-ball; and our tug-of-war team had pulled theirs all over the grounds at the County Fair. Would we sit quiet and let them throw their schoolhouse in our face? The matter being put in that way, we decided unanimously that we wouldn't.

We organized our district, making it six sections bigger than Osprey, and elected Jack Green, Joe Thompson, and Jim Bruce trustees. All were bachelors—you can't always depend on the enterprise of a married man; his acts are more or less subject to veto, anyway, and we weren't taking chances. Mike Keviet kicked some, but Jack pointed out to him that he was a parent, and his boy would be a pupil, which was honour enough; that being a Hun he wasn't on to the latest dodges in American education; and, finally, that he wouldn't stand for it. And as Jack was some big and husky, Mike ceased from troubling.

That winter we drew the logs into Mac's mill and got the lumber sawed for the schoolhouse—the Osprey school was only a log building. In the spring we all turned out and put it up, and I want to remark that it looked fine. A good, big room—we hadn't had a real good place for dances so far—new shiny desks, a factory-made door, and the outside painted the brightest and reddest red that money could buy. The preacher moved his service from Joe Thompson's shack to the school, and, say, he had crowds—sometimes thirty or forty people would line up on a Sunday to listen to the preaching, and help Jack negotiate the hymns. The Osprey fellows were boiling mad.

The next move was to hire a teacher. The trustees met, and Jack was instructed to advertise in the city daily. Our mail came in on Saturday, and next mail day we were all sitting round the office an hour before old Jake Cathers pulled in. Jack was there, and when Jim Baxter had shuffled the letters, he dealt Jack three. A meeting of the school board was called, and the letters read.

EACH application was from a lady. As far as I could see, there was no choice among them. Each had the necessary certificate, each wanted fifty dollars a month, and each was ready to sail in at once and instil useful knowledge into the heads of the Rosedale youth. But the trustees couldn't agree. One girl's name was Dottie Jennings, and Joe Thompson was for her from the start. Jim Bruce liked the writing of Miss Mary Saunders, and Jack said the style of the other girl, Miss Annie Binks, was far superior. They argued and wrangled until the rest of us got plumb tired, and we suggested that they should cut the deck, high man to win. They agreed; old Jake cut, and shuffled, and cut again; and each trustee drew a card. Joe got a king, Jim Bruce a ten-spot, and Jack a deuce. Joe got up off the keg he was sitting on.

"I declare Miss Dottie Jennings duly elected teacher of this here Rosedale school," he announced. The stage started back to town carrying a telegram which Jake was to send to Miss Jennings, stating that her application was accepted and that she was to report the next Saturday.

There was a full house that next Saturday with one exception. Joe Thompson wasn't there. We

kept guessing and wondering what had happened to Joe, until the stage came in sight, and then we forgot him, we were so anxious to see the new arrival. Jake drove up with a flourish, but our jaws dropped; there was no school-ma'am on board. We questioned Jake, but he knew nothing, or if he did he wouldn't tell.

We were about to disperse, some discouraged, when another rig turned the corner of the trail. A man and a woman were in it, and not one of the three women in our settlement wore a hat like that. We stared, and stared, and, as they drew nearer, Jack roared, "Herrin's, if it ain't Joe!"

And Joe it was. He pulled the horse up at the door of the office, and stood up in the buggy.

"Gents all," he said, "let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Joe Thompson, viceroy Miss Dottie Jennings, who hereby and hereon resigns her position as teacher of this school. Good evening." And he drove off to his shack.

We were sure flabbergasted. That ornery Joe had borrowed the only buggy in the settlement and sneaked off to town on Friday. He sprung himself to a new outfit of clothes, a haircut and a shave, and announced himself to our school-ma'am as the reception committee from Rosedale. And he made himself so agreeable that in two hours after the train had left Miss Jennings on the platform she became Mrs. Thompson.

WE held a council of war, and talked the matter over. We were some reconciled when we remembered that Dottie looked thirty-five and was decidedly of the skinny order. Jim Bruce and Jack matched quarters, and Jake carried back another telegram, this time to Miss Mary Saunders, accepting her application, and asking her to report the following Saturday. Joe and the missus came to meeting on Sunday, and when we saw four women in the crowd, we felt better. Osprey had always crowed over us because they had four women in their settlement—they counted in Pete Contois' wife, and she was three parts squaw—but now we had four genuine white women and another coming. Things might have been worse, and we forgave Joe.

Next Saturday we lined up at the office again, and this time Jake delivered the goods. I heard afterwards that Jack had had four arguments with fellows that wanted to borrow Pete McIntyre's buggy, and I know some of the boys looked puffed about the eyes. Jack stepped up to the stage and helped her out. She was a fine, big, strapping woman, not so young as she used to be, but still a mighty fine girl. Mrs. Yonson had agreed to board her—they had three rooms in their house—and Jack escorted her there, Jim Bruce tagging behind carrying her grip.

Next day five women at church. But you ought to have seen how the boys had slicked up. Hair plastered smooth as grease could make it, boots rubbed up, and Jim Bruce had on a boiled shirt. We overlooked it under the circumstances, but we all felt it was a dangerous innovation. School



"Gents all," he said, "let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Joe Thompson."

started the next day. Jack and Jim were there in their official capacities, and the three kids were there with three dinners wrapped up in newspapers. The teacher got busy, and the trustees, after admiring a spell, got up and came home.

Jack was busy breaking sod the next few days, so when I went over to his shack one night and congratulated him on the increase in the number of pupils he looked astonished.

"Yes," said I, "started with three on Monday, had four on Tuesday, seven on Wednesday—that's today—and I wouldn't wonder if she has twenty by Friday."

"Hey," he said, "you crazy? There ain't but three kids within ten mile of here."

"All the same," I replied, "if you had peeped in through the windows of our dinky red schoolhouse to-day, you'd have seen seven pupils busy with their spelling-books."

"By Herkimer," he snapped—Jack never used the old-fashioned, vulgar cuss-words—"what d'you mean?"

"Tuesday," said I, slow like, "Jim Bruce started. Said he felt he was kind of backward in arithmetic and ought to rub up a little. To-day Bob Gilmour, Tom Bowles and Alf. Little joined the merry throng. Book-keeping is their specialty. I'm thinking of a course in hygiene myself."

Jack sat and stared at me. The door opened, and Mike Keviet came in.

"Mister Green, I come see you 'bout dat school."

Jack grunted, and turned his glare on Mike. "My Stanislaus, he go for say his lesson, and Mister Jim Bruce, he tell him not to bodder teacher. He want teacher to show him sum. Why for my Stanislaus not say his lesson? I pay more de tax dan Mister Jim Bruce."

"You, Mike, listen to me!" Jack got on his feet. "I'll fix that school first thing to-morrow. Now you go home."

Mike went.

By tactful questioning, I found that Jack had determined to visit the school at ten o'clock next day. Promptly I attached myself to the committee of inspection.

Next morning we cautiously approached the schoolhouse through the scrub, and took up a strategic position under one of the windows. Peeping "She sure bowled Jack over." in we gazed in wonder at the scene. The seven of the previous day had swelled to twenty. One-half of the able-bodied bachelors of Rosedale had abandoned their growing crops and other agricultural affairs for higher education. Miss Saunders moved among them, a buxom Minerva, seemingly not one whit disconcerted by her position. As for the three original pupils, literally they had to take a back seat. Fierce resentment showed on the face of Stanislaus, while Mysie Butler relieved her outraged feelings by covertly sticking out her tongue at the teacher whenever that lady's ample back was turned.

But the senior grade—how industrious they were! They figured, they wrote, they erased, with conscientious faithfulness. They blushed with pleasure as Miss Saunders examined their work. It was an affecting scene.

Jim Bruce was easily the star pupil. Jim was a very tall man, stoop-shouldered, and celebrated as having the biggest feet in the county. He humped up over the little desk before him, while his eyes, framed by stringy side-whiskers, followed the teacher. Whenever he considered she dallied too long by the desk of another pupil, he would shoot up a hand like a ham, and, with a snap of his finger and thumb that sounded like a rifle crack, bring her hurrying to his side. For ten minutes we gazed on this hive of industry, then Jack started for the door. Not being sure of my footing I stayed where I was.

"Miss Saunders," said Jack, opening the door, "I am sorry to interrupt the children at their studies. But we have to put up the stoves and pipes to-day, and sometimes on such occasions, language is used which is not fit for infant ears. If you would dismiss the little ones"—he glared at Jim—"for the day, I'll have everything ready for to-morrow."

"Certainly, Mr. Green, certainly. Pupils, attention!"

The bunch looked sheepishly, but they straightened (Concluded on page 25.)



Jim Bruce, the Star Pupil.



Winnipeg Rowing Club's Senior Eight: C. S. Riley, stroke; G. B. Aldous, 7; J. S. Henderson, 6; E. B. Eadie, 5; J. M. Baker, 4; K. L. Patton, 3; C. E. Allen, 2; J. D. C. MacLennan, bow; G. L. Leggo, cox. Club-house in the background.

Our Oarsmen of 1912

By J. T. STIRRETT

CANADIAN oarsmen won nearly all the races at the three important regattas held in North America during the season of 1912. This is no vain boast, but a plain statement of fact. There are three series of contests annually to decide who are the best oarsmen on this continent: the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen's regatta, held this year at Peoria, Ill.; the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen's regatta, which has taken place annually for many years at St. Catharines, but which will probably be transferred permanently to Toronto next year; and the Northwestern International Association's regatta, which has lately come into prominence and which was held at Winnipeg this year.

How fared the Canadians against the brain and brawn of the crack clubs of the United States?

Out of thirty-six races rowed, the Canadians won twenty-nine, dividing their victories among the regattas as follows:

At the N. A. A. O. Regatta the Canadians won 8 races; at the C. A. A. O., 13; at the N. I. A., 8; total, 29. The Americans won at the N. A. A. O. Regatta, 4 races, at the C. A. A. O., 0; at the N. I. A., 3; total, 7.

These contests include "sweep" races, in which the men row in crews and with one long oar, and "sculling" races, where the men row alone or in pairs and use two short, light oars, or sculls. In England the former is "rowing," and the latter is "sculling," but the two are usually included under the one term, "rowing," on this continent. This is not only confusing, but also misleading. The two exercises call for entirely different athletic ability, and it is very rare that a man excels in both.

How did Canadians and Americans compare in sculling and rowing? A glance at the following table will give the answer:

Regattas.	Sculling (C.)	Sculling (A.)	Rowing (C.)	Rowing (A.)
N.A.A.O. ..	6	1	2	3
C.A.A.O. ..	6	0	7	0
N.I.A.	3	0	5	3

That is, in sculling, the Canadians won fifteen out of sixteen events, and in rowing the Canadians won fourteen out of twenty.

These victories were divided among five Canadian rowing clubs as follows:

Clubs.	N.A.A.O. Regatta.	C.A.A.O. Regatta.	N.I.A. Regatta.	Total.
Winnipeg R.C.,				
Winnipeg	6	0	7	13
Argonauts,				
Toronto	2	5	0	7
Dons,				
Toronto	0	7	0	7



A. F. Culver, Winnipeg's Best Sculler.

Ottawa R.C.,				
Ottawa	0	1	0	1
Selkirk R.C.,				
Manitoba	0	0	1	1

Fifteen of the races, consequently, were won by Eastern Canadians and fourteen by Western Canadians, a very equal division of honours.

THE Winnipeg Rowing Club deserve great credit for their record this season. They have stepped into the continental leadership which the Argonauts held last year, that is, so far as the number of victories is concerned. There is a close connection between the two clubs, owing to the fact that the Winnipeg Club was founded by graduates of the Argonaut Club who went west many years ago. They were good teachers and they had pupils whose energy and enthusiasm could not be excelled. And in some respects, the pupils have excelled their masters, for they have done what the Argonauts have so far failed to accomplish—they have won a sweep race in England.

In spite of the fact that they have won fewer victories than the Winnipeggers, the Argonauts played the most important part in Canadian rowing this year. They represented Canada at the British Henley and at the Swedish Olympiad, and, while they were defeated at both places, they demonstrated that they had one of the three best eight-oared crews in the world. Their sculler, E. B. Butler, retained two United States senior championships, and their

eights won the senior, light senior and junior championships of the Dominion. This seems a contradiction to the above tables of victories until one considers that seven of the races won by Winnipeg took place at the Northwestern International Association's regatta, which, although it provides splendid races, does not confer national championships. The Canadian championships are decided at the C.A.A.O. regatta, and those of the United States are decided at the N.A.A.O. regatta.

THE Dons, of Toronto, have easily distanced all competitors in sculling. They won every Canadian sculling championship, six in all, a record of which any club may be proud. The feat of Robert Dibble, who won the junior, intermediate and senior championships, at the one regatta, and who beat E. B. Butler, the Canadian Olympic contestant, in the last event, is a remarkable one in the history of sculling in this country. The Dons have mastered the difficult art of handling two oars at the same time, and, as they have taken up rowing in earnest, it will be interesting to watch whether they can train crews which will be formidable in the sweep events at the big regattas.

Ottawa did very little this season, winning only one international race, the senior four at the Canadian Henley. The men of the Maritime Provinces and the Pacific Coast have created little enthusiasm in rowing circles. Toronto and Winnipeg clubs have won twenty-seven out of the twenty-nine races, a fact which requires explanation. Rowing is an expensive game. Boats and other equipment cost a great deal. Many men must be tried before the proficient are selected. There are usually no gate receipts because regattas are held on wide stretches of water where the public has access without expense. Consequently, it is only in large cities, where there are plenty of young men available to swell membership lists and fill boats, that rowing clubs can flourish. Money and numbers are not the only essentials for success in this sport, however, a statement proved by the fact that although the American rowing clubs surpass greatly the Canadian rowing clubs, both in membership and wealth, the Canadians hold all the championships of their own country and two-thirds of those of the United States. Consequently, the small cities and towns of Canada need not feel that they are debarred from rowing. The small club may be hard to hold together, but it can develop oarsmen and scullers.

THE Canadian stroke, which is practically the Argonaut stroke, has received considerable criticism since the failure of the Canadians abroad this summer. The Englishmen tell us that we must change our stroke if we hope to beat them, and many Canadians agree with this view. Certainly, we have patiently trained and instructed many losing crews. While it is wise to admit a willingness to learn from the Englishmen, who have taught rowing to all the world, it is well to remind them of several things occasionally. They said that the Canadian scullers used slides which were too short and

were all wrong generally, till Ned Hanlan played with their best professionals. Then their scullers lengthened their slides. Lou Scholes showed them that Canadian amateurs can scull. Both these men learned their game on Toronto Bay under the instruction of the Toronto Rowing Club.

On the whole, this has been a good year for rowing. It is a great sport, the best loved sport of Old England. It requires of its votaries the courage of despair, the endurance of the camel, the cheer of Sunny Jim and the unwavering patience of an archangel. These are not foreign qualities to the inhabitants of our vigorous climate.



Grand Stand, Winnipeg Rowing Club.



Fair Winnipeggers Interested in Rowing.

His Little Girl

L. G.



Moberly

CHAPTER X.

THE room was square, small and furnished with the utmost simplicity. In the centre was a table covered with a red cloth, and on the table were an open blotting book, an inkstand and some pens. Round the table six chairs were ranged at regular intervals, and against the dingily papered walls were two armchairs covered with uncompromising horsehair. A deal cupboard stood beside the little fireplace, and on the floor was a most inadequate square of cheap carpet. Beyond these the room had nothing, excepting an American eight-day clock, which stood on the mantelpiece and ticked loudly and aggressively after the manner of its kind. No other sound broke the total stillness of the little apartment; plainly it was at the back of the house, and any noises from the street outside would not penetrate into it. The couple of people who sat there together, sat in such silence that when at last one of them spoke, his voice seemed to awaken scores of slumbering echoes, and the woman, lost in reverie in the armchair, started and uttered a quick exclamation.

"I did not have you brought here to indulge in day dreams," her companion said roughly, though in his well-bred voice there was a singular and penetrating charm, "I sent for you to give you more explicit directions than I was able to do before. Where is Michael?"

"He brought me here, and put me into this room. I do not know where he went. You must remember this house is strange to—"

"Yes, yes, we needn't waste time over explanations. It was necessary that you should come to this house. You know by this time that I make no arrangements that are not necessary. As the great English poet said: 'There is method in my madness.'"

"You wanted me for some definite purpose?" The two spoke rapidly—in French—and it was noticeable that, although there was a look of high courage in the woman's face, she seemed to shrink a little back in her chair when she met her companion's eyes. They were eyes which, once seen, were not easy to forget, eyes vividly blue in colour, and with a most compelling and penetrating glance. Perhaps the woman, who shrank back as her own glance met them, felt, as others had felt before her, that those bright blue eyes could look into her very soul, and even read her thoughts, and she looked away from the strong, masterful face that watched her, and fixed her gaze on the deal cupboard by the fireplace.

"Naturally, I wanted you for a definite purpose," the man answered drily, rising and standing before the fireplace, "I have a special work for you." As he stood there, his dominating personality seemed to fill the whole of the small room, and to overawe still further the woman in the chair. Her eyes came back unwillingly to his face, her gloved hands that had rested quietly in her lap, moved restlessly, and she began to pull off first one glove and then the other, as though the slight movement lessened the sense of strain.

"Then you no longer want me to continue what I have been doing," she said, "am I to play a totally different part?"

"You have often been in England before—you understand that," came the answer, spoken sharply and imperiously, "but, hitherto, you have only stayed in hotels."

"Only stayed in hotels," she repeated mechanically after him, "and—then—"

"THEN—your uncle was anxious," a somewhat sardonic smile crossed his handsome face, "you were anxious yourself—to learn something of English family life, something more than can be learnt in hotels. Your uncle therefore," he spoke more slowly, his eyes fixed significantly upon her face, "your uncle has decided to find a suitable family with whom you could live for a time, from whom you could learn all that is best of the home life of England."

"Yes," she said, interrogatively, "so far I follow you without difficulty. I am to go to live somewhere *en famille*, but where?—and why? May I know why? Or is the reason for this step not to

be explained? You—" she paused, and looked into his masterful face with a smile, "you—are Mr. Muller, and I—your niece, Rosa?"

"I am Mr. Muller, and you my niece Rosa—quite so," he replied, "and I do propose to tell you my reason for sending you to Stockley."

"Stockley? Why, Stockley? It is a suburb, is it not? I thought suburbs were—"

"The invention of the evil one? They are. But at this moment a suburb chances to be the place in which an important piece of work can be done; and I intend to entrust the work to you, my dear Rosa." A smile parted the well-cut but cruel lips that were not hidden by his black moustache, and he bent a little towards her, looking deep into her eyes with his own compelling glance. Her hands stirred uneasily again, she moved her head much as a frightened animal moves when a snake first begins to fascinate it, then with a quick gesture she flung back her cloak, revealing the costly evening dress below it.

"What is the work?" she said, after an almost imperceptible pause, "not—to track—" and her voice died into silence, whilst the colour ebbed out of her cheeks.

"You are far too squeamish, my dear child," Muller laughed easily, "what I am asking you to do will hurt nobody. It is only a question of the proper person getting his rights; and—in this case—I am the proper person."

"Then it is not—work of the Holy—"

"It is work for me," Muller interrupted sharply. "It is a private matter, or—at least it is mainly private—though," he paused, and studied her face with keen scrutiny, "though the matter is not *only* of importance to me," he added, slowly and significantly. The woman's eyes were caught and held by that significant glance, the colour mounted to her face, she turned her head again with that same restless movement which was so like the movement of a frightened creature fascinated by a reptile.

"Then," she said at last, with hesitation, "I suppose—I must do—what you wish."

"CERTAINLY you must do what I wish." The decisive coldness of the words spoken in that musical voice seemed to add to their force, and a shiver ran through Rosa. She drew her wrap closely about her again, and there was a tremulousness in her voice as she answered—

"Tell me what it is I am to do for you. I would rather know quickly what my new business is to be." There was an accent of uneasiness in her tones which did not escape the ear of the listening man; he looked at her more sharply than before.

"You are not getting tired of the work?" Some peculiar note in his voice, some new ring of a sternness that was positively sinister, made her draw herself into an upright position, and the signs of weariness were wiped from her face, as though a sponge had been passed across it. No one, seeing the sudden renewal of vigour and interest that had come over her, would have guessed that a flash of fear had stirred the depths of her soul, that only long habits of self-control saved her from letting the flash of fear look out of her eyes.

"Tired of the work?" she said, her own voice as cool and decisive as his—some rare histrionic power enabling her to punctuate her words with a little laugh—"what an idea! I am tired to-night, because I have been busy all day, first at one social function, then at another, and working all the time. I am simply tired in my body, that is all."

Muller shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, well," he responded, "I suppose one must remember that you are only a woman, in spite of your magnificent physique; and as long as you are only tired in body"—he paused and smiled a strange smile—"there is nothing that need be said. But, for those who tire of the work—" He broke off abruptly, and again their eyes met fully and squarely, but this time there was no shrinking or even a hint of fear in her.

"I understand," she answered, putting out her hands with a gay little gesture, and laughing a gay little laugh, "you need not enter into more minute explanations—Uncle Sebastian," she glanced at him archly, with a repetition of the charming laugh, "and now tell me exactly what you want of me in

this suburb, Stockley, and let me go home to bed."

"You are my niece wishing to know something of English family life. I, in my diplomatic career, especially busy at present, am unable to do as much in the way of taking you about as I should like. You want a home where you can combine town and country life, that is why we search out of London for what we require. You follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"A gentleman I meet in the city, Mr. Stansdale, the last of a good old family, now fallen on evil days, has a home with a sister in Stockley. They will be glad to receive a paying guest. My niece—is glad to be that guest. She goes to them, she makes herself as pleasant and charming as it is in her nature to be, she becomes extremely intimate with the elderly lady, Mr. Stansdale's sister. She learns"—he spoke with increased slowness and emphasis—"she learns every detail about their family, about *every member of that family*."

"Are there many members of it?" Rosa looked a little puzzled.

"Mr. Stansdale and one sister live together. Another sister is taking a post, very much against her brother's wishes, I gather, and he has not confided to me what or where her work will be. That is an unimportant detail. But there was another sister, much younger, who"—his eyes suddenly shifted their gaze from her face—"who is dead; at least, I believe her to be dead. She at one time played a part in my life. She had in her possession a jewel which it is vital I should find. And so far I cannot trace its whereabouts. Circumstances"—he made so long a pause that his companion glanced at him in surprise—"circumstances have made it difficult for me to prosecute searching enquiries about what became of the jewel, and of all the things belonging to the Stansdales' youngest sister. By hook or by crook, you must discover everything you can about her, and about all that was hers. Probe these Stansdales thoroughly, but probe them so delicately that they do not know their family skeletons are being turned out of the cupboard. You understand?"

"I understand, up to a certain point. But do you suppose this jewel you mention is in the Stansdales' care?"

"I don't know where it is," was the irritable reply, "if I *knew* anything definitely, I might be able to lay my hand upon what it is most important I should have. But I know nothing excepting that an interfering, meddling fool has put a spoke in my wheel."

"Who is the fool?"

"That ass Tredman, who is by way of being engaged to Miss Cardew. I fancy I may find means to spoke his wheels more effectually than he has done mine. We shall see. He happened to be on the spot when—when the youngest of the Stansdales' sisters died. Mind, I only believe she died. I cannot even be sure of that. Circumstances have prevented my discovering the true facts of the case. Possibly you will be able by roundabout means to find out all I wish to know. But the chief aim of your visit to Stockley is to discover the whereabouts of the jewel, and if possible to get it for me."

"Do you want it stolen?" A faintly ironical tone crept into her voice.

"If necessary—yes. Chance led me to stumble across Mr. Stansdale, of whom I had only known before by hearsay, and that chance I intend to use to the best advantage. Therefore I send you to be an inmate of their house, and to ferret out for me all that can be ferreted."

"And this jewel? How shall I know it? What is it like? Is it very valuable?"

Again came that shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by a deprecating gesture of the hands.

"OH! it is worth a little something, nothing very tremendous, because the stones are not genuine. It consists of a pendant with an emerald (an imitation emerald) in its centre. The colouring is particularly bright, and it is surrounded by diamonds. Hanging from them by a fine chain of brilliants is a locket of emeralds and diamonds, and the locket when opened— However, that is a detail of no importance whatever, for neither you nor any other human being who did not know its secret, could open that locket. The description I have given you should make it quite easy for you to recognize the jewel."

"Oh! quite easy," Rosa got up from her chair, "and I gather that you do not only wish me to get this bauble for you. You also want me to find out exactly what has happened to the Stansdales' youngest sister. Is her name Stansdale too, by the way? Or was she married?"

"Her name is not Stansdale, but I have no idea

(Continued on page 28.)

Democracy and Treaties

By HOMER LEA

An opportune chapter from a remarkable book, "The Valour of Ignorance," written some years ago, and published in New York in 1909. Its author is an officer in the United States army, and the volume is dedicated to the Hon. Elihu Root. The object was to prove that the United States would ultimately have to fight for her existence. This particular chapter is interesting, in view of the Panama Canal dispute.

IN consideration of the relationship that popular control of government bears to the causes of war, the character of the populace is more or less immaterial; the essential point to be considered is the degree of control the populace has over the central government. As the populace becomes more absolute in the control of governmental affairs, the chances of war increase accordingly; and to the degree that it is racially heterogeneous the probabilities of international strife are augmented. . . .

The success of negotiations between nations, as among individuals, is in proportion to the number of negotiators, interests and prejudices involved. When the government of a country is the government of the masses, the number of negotiators is increased to the whole nation, and involves not only their mediocrity, but unending self-interests and prejudices. It was this perversion of government that confirmed John Hay in the belief that this Republic would not again be able to make an important treaty.

By treaties international affairs are governed, and inability to make such stipulations is only another way of stating the impossibility of observing treaties already made. Of the failure on the part of the United States to observe the rights and privileges due other nations we have had many and melancholy instances.

THE mind of a nation in dispute is its mob-mind, credulous and savage. It is primitive, hence brutal. It is feminine, hence without reason. It is instinctive to the degree of an animal, and is cognizant only of its own impulses and desires. It is full of hates and frivolities.

While the mind of an individual is more or less constructive, the mob-mind is intelligent only in devastation. Reason roams sullenly in the dim labyrinths of its brain: a Minotaur to whom the world ever and endlessly yields up its tribute; seven Youths that are Empires; seven Maidens that are Progress. Mob-minds can be active only in a destructive sense. As the sum total of the collective efforts of man under individual direction constitutes the upbuilding of a nation, so the sum total of their collective acts uncontrolled is marked by ruin. Whenever the mob-mind rules, mankind shudders. Its voice is the evil banshee of nations.

TO the divine rights of majorities should be added the will of constituents—a condition that aborts nationalism and benumbs where it would rule. In Republics every office down to the pettiest of magistrates is supposedly subject to the approval of the populace. But in actuality politicians are subservient to it only in its wrath, hence they abet a popular demand for war, instead of opposing it. The will of constituents has resulted in a continual struggle to localize the efforts of government by the paramount interest of sectional legislation. Whatever may be the foreign policy of the national

government, that policy must be sacrificed if it interferes with their self-interests.

As the government of a nation passes under popular control, its energies and progress are more and more consumed in the contention of internal affairs, while the nation as a whole drifts along among scyllas and shoals innumerable. It is in this drifting that the tempests of war are encountered.

A nation to withstand the tides and storms of erosive time must progress internationally; its internal affairs made subordinate to its foreign policy, and controlled to conform with its needs and vicissitudes. In Republics, however, the reverse of these conditions exists, so that the nation as a derelict drifts along toward the Great Port whither others have also drifted, a port without shores or tempests.

WHEN the inhabitants of one nation are prejudiced against the people and institutions of others, they designate this prejudice patriotism; but when such foreign antipathy is not brought in active use this kind of patriotism hibernates, and the nation gives itself over to sectional prejudices, which are strong or weak in proportion to the strength or weakness of the central government. When the national government becomes subordinate to delegates representing the will of constituencies, then the nation becomes more or less coherent. The will of constituencies, or the mob-minds of them, has three salient characteristics: it is selfish, with a selfishness that never rises above the flattest mediocrity; improvident, with an improvidence of children; inflammable as timber, its conflagrations are war; its embers rebellions; while over the cinders, over the ash and slag of its going out, other nations pass or flare up.

As the government of a nation passes under the control of the populace, it passes to a certain degree, beyond the pale of peaceful association with other nations. It enters into a condition of arrogant unrest, an isolation, insolent and impatient as to the rights of others. Out of these demeanors come wars.

PEACEFUL international relationship not only demands the highest intelligence and justice on the part of arbitrators, but a complete subjection by the people to their decision. When, however, governments are under popular control, this condition is reversed; the negotiators become only the representatives of the real arbitrators, the populace; mediocre is intelligence, violent and quick in temper, submissive to none but themselves. Should the negotiator acting for them yield in any degree their most extreme demands, he would at once be cast aside.

It was this phase of popular control that led the late Secretary of State to make the sombre prophecy that never again could this Republic, under its present form of government conclude an import-

ant treaty. In other words, this nation's future is to be rather of war than of peace. Since it has reached that point wherein it is impossible for it to make treaties with other powers, it has fallen to that degree of incoherence that it will violate treaties already in force. The reply to such violation is battle.

The difficulty of making treaties, or respecting those already made, increases with the increase of popular control over the conduct of national government.

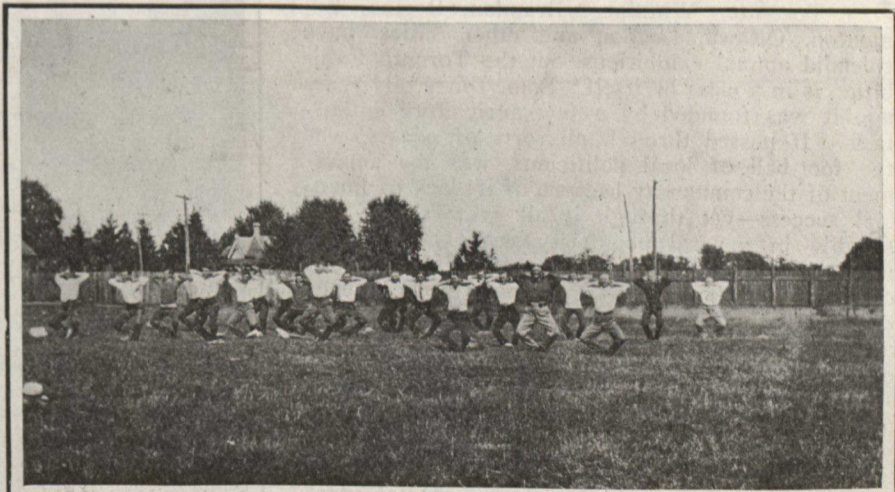
In this Republic almost every phase of international relationship in which are concerned the rights and privileges of foreign nations, is indifferently regarded or directly violated with legislative acts, by powerful political sections or classes whenever it is to their interests or appeals to their passions.

THE political history of the United States betrays the difficulties not only of inaugurating, but continuing, just and friendly relations with foreign nations; while its diplomatic records lay bare the inability of the national government to constrain sectional or class legislation, though contrary to the stipulations of existing treaties. This arbitrary indifference to international obligations, and their increasing violation by sections and classes, cannot be attributed to ignorance. The unlettered savage, hidden away amid the wild thickets of the world, has been known to keep his unrecorded obligations inviolate from generation to generation. There were no laws to bind him but the law of the torrent before his wigwam, the law of the winds overhead, the law of the illimitable forests about him; yet out of this he evolved the very spirit of human obligation that this great Republic is coming to know not of. Its disregard for such pacts is not only increasing, but its violations are, in many instances, unworthy of the nation's potential greatness.

The violation of treaties, and the increasing incapacity to maintain friendly relationship with foreign countries have their origin in the popular control of the national government; (1) by the political power of sections and classes; (2) by the subordination of legislators to the will of these sections and classes, or to such corporate interests as may control their election. As foreign nations are without votes or lobbyists, their demands are of little or no importance to the average politician. This subserviency of politicians to the will of their constituencies makes possible anti-foreign legislation. Yet, on the other hand, this subserviency is a natural but unreasonable outgrowth of governmental control by the populace, and as it is augmented the subserviency of politicians will increase, and will be followed by a concomitant increase in legislative acts originating in prejudice and arrogance or utter contempt for the rights of other nationalities.

In a government where the spoils of office belong to the political victor, the consular service has been relegated to rewarding the cheaper class of politicians for their past services. This policy of placing transitory ignorance in positions where wide range of knowledge and long training is necessary will become more apparent as the world grows smaller, and the Republic's relationship to foreign countries becomes more intimate and complex. As the internal growth of all nations forces them to external expansion, and their national needs and ambitions come in vital conflict with those of the United States, the dangers of international war—as precipitated by the ignorance of the politician diplomat—become apparent.

A Summer Course in Military Science for Teachers



Last week The Canadian Courier published an article describing the military training of school teachers at a Manitoba camp. This week we add two pictures of a group of teachers taking similar instruction at the Wolseley Barracks, London. They followed the pedagogical maxim of "Learn to do by doing."

People and Events

Where Crowds Paid Honour to Great Leader

The Burial of General Booth

THE coronation procession was almost eclipsed in point of popular interest by the funeral procession of the late head of the Salvation Army. Not only was the funeral cortege the largest ever known, but the crowd who gathered along the route was more numerous than any previously gathered together in the city of crowds. It is estimated that two million people lined the five miles of streets through which the funeral procession passed.

On the night of August 28th funeral services were held at the Olympia at which thirty-four thousand people were present. The crimson flag of the Army which the General unfurled on Mount Calvary was planted above the coffin. Flags of various nations in which the General had commanded troops were arrayed in front of the platform. King George was represented by an equerry. There were several mayors in their robes and chains of office, a delegation from the Stock Exchange, ministers and clergymen, of Protestant churches, Jewish Rabbis, and many notable people of civil rank were seated with the blue-coated and red-jerseyed members of the Army.

On the following day the body was borne from the Army Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street to the burial ground of Abney Park. Twenty thousand Salvationists with forty bands made up the cortege. It is probably true as stated by a correspondent that the event was more in the nature of a triumphal progress than an occasion of mourning.

The accompanying picture of the General is one of the latest, if not the last, taken of this wonderful man, who left behind him a private estate valued at \$2,444. It is also worthy of mention that although he governed this great institution and handled vast sums of money he drew no stipend or remuneration of any kind from the funds of the Army. He supported himself entirely from a small sum of money settled on him many years ago by the late Henry Reed. This property is now valued at \$26,000 and will be divided amongst his six children. His small personal estate was left to the Army.

The Peg Auto Club Goes Visiting

LINED with automobiles of every size and make, Saskatchewan Avenue, the main thoroughfare of Portage la Prairie, presented an animated appearance on a recent Saturday afternoon, when upwards of 200 cars decorated with Union Jacks and pennants bearing the word "Winnipeg," proceeded up the Avenue and were lined up in the middle of the street.

Mayor Garland on being notified that the cars had left Winnipeg, rounded up the auto owners, and at 12 o'clock the Portage cars left for High Bluff, where they met the visitors and escorted them to the city.

During the afternoon the visitors made a drive through the principal streets, admiring the many beauty spots from which Portage has earned the reputation of being the Beautiful City of the Plains. Portage also can be called the City of Unequalled Railway Facilities, being situated on the main lines of the four great transcontinental railroads.

The Exhibition at Toronto

PEOPLE in Toronto and Canadians generally are very proud of the annual exhibition in Toronto. Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Edmonton, Ottawa, London and other cities have splendid annual exhibitions, but the Toronto Exhibition is in a class by itself. Some thirty odd years ago it was founded by a few agriculture enthusiasts. It passed through all sorts of phases, was the foot-ball of local politicians, was the amusement of the community because of its lack of financial success—yet through it all grew slowly and steadily in general popularity with the common people. To-day it is not an event; it is an institution. It has played so large a part in the life of the city and of the province that it is now as much a part of the life of the people as Dominion Day or Civic Holiday.

The Exhibition really entered upon its present prosperity when the management realized that it was a provincial and not a local institution. With this idea borne or forced into their minds, these gentlemen began to cultivate the provincial press and in a short time succeeded in convincing them that they had as much interest in it as the Toronto



Body of General Booth Lying in State at the Congress Hall, London.

Interesting Incidents in Which Automobiles Figured



The Hon. Winston Churchill and Mrs. Churchill Sitting in Their Car at Dover, While the Chauffeur is Making Frantic Efforts to Get His Employer Away From the Staring Mob.



Winnipeg Automobilists Visit Progressive Portage la Prairie.

Picturesque Scenes at Toronto Exhibition

journalistic fraternity. An annual Press Day was established to which the provincial press was invited. While this seemed only a minor feature of management, it really had a tremendous effect upon provincial sentiment. Every country publisher became a booster for the Toronto Exhibition. And when the country press all get together and pull on one rope, something is likely to move.

The features of the first week of the Exhibition were the opening ceremonies by the Duke of Connaught, the presence of representative Cadet Corps from the various parts of the Empire, and a camp containing some three thousand Boy Scouts. In spite of rather cool, damp weather the attendance was large and another success was scored.

Mention might also be made of those more permanent features of the Exhibition, the Art Gallery and the special musical organizations. As usual the Art Gallery contains more than a hundred pictures borrowed from the leading galleries and artists in Great Britain and the United States. This year there are two of the best British bands, each giving two free concerts a day and delighting thousands of music lovers from all over the Province.

Studying Municipal Government

THE union of Canadian municipalities held its session this year at Windsor, Ont., and discussed many questions of vital interest to the towns and cities of Canada. Civic government is coming to be recognized as one of the most important parts of the multiple government under which modern society lives. It touches interests which are very close to the health and happiness of the home, and involves problems which are not too abstruse for the common people.

Mayor Hopewell, of Ottawa, was chosen president, with Mayor LaValle, of Montreal, as first vice-president; Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg, as second vice-president; and Mayor Beckwith, of Victoria, as third vice-president. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, was re-elected honorary secretary-treasurer and G. S. Wilson as assistant secretary.

Saskatoon won out against Sherbrooke, Regina and Victoria as the convention city for next year.

A resolution was passed suggesting that the Government discourage the practice of railways appealing from the railway board to the Governor-in-Council, and that the Government substitute therefor an order to the railway board for a re-hearing.

Public Ownership That Pays

(The Ottawa Citizen.)

THE Toronto *Telegram* states—"The country was becoming the dupe of a fallacy that regulation could solve the transportation problem of Canada. Public ownership is the only true solution of that problem, and regulation is no cure at all." The *Winnipeg Telegram*, in whose city public ownership has long been tried, gives as its weak point the fact that it is "not receiving the staunch public encouragement such a public enterprise warrants and deserves." Whereupon the *CANADIAN COURIER* very wisely declares that "public ownership pays only when there is an acute public consciousness that will ensure business administration of a first-class nature." The *COURIER* in this lays bare both the weakness and the strength of public ownership. Where there is no real interest felt in the business in which every citizen is a partner, it is inevitable that such business will fail. But where each citizen, acutely conscious of his ownership and responsibility, gives it his close attention and care, it must splendidly succeed. Ottawans cannot too soon realize the need of this civic consciousness as the essential condition of good government and economic public enterprise.

The Perfect Man

SPEAKING to the Cadets at the Dominion Rifle Association meeting, the Hon. W. T. White lauded rifle shooting as a manly sport. A man must have a good physique to be thoroughly developed. "I say that because the other side, the intellectual side, has been too much emphasized in certain educational institutions."

Our Royal Hustler

(Ottawa Free Press.)

IF we were asked to point out the greatest hustler in this country we would direct attention to the Duke of Connaught and his household.



The New Memorial Gates at the Dufferin Street Entrance.



The Duke and Sir John Gibson.



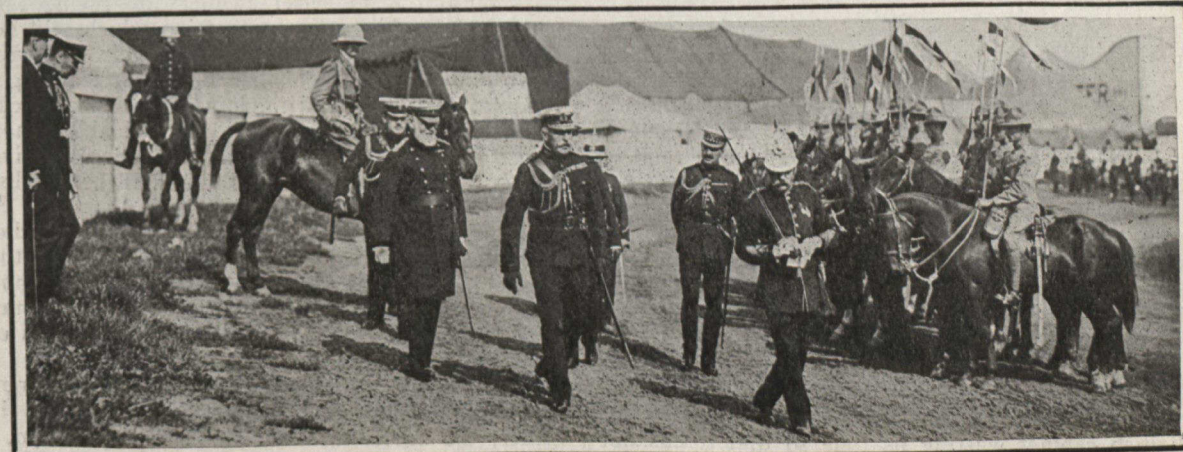
The Royal Party at the Opening Ceremonies. On the Right, President Kent and the Duke. On the Left, Princess Patricia, H.R.H. the Duchess and Miss Pelly.



The Duke Having a Little Chat With a Delhi Veteran.



The New Government Building Which Cost \$150,000, and Towards Which the Dominion Government Contributed \$100,000.



The Chief Feature of This Year's Exhibition is the Cadets From Different Parts of the Empire. In This Picture May Be Seen the Only Mounted Contingent; They Are From Alberta.

REFLECTIONS: BY THE EDITOR

New Zealand Advances.

NEW ZEALAND is again to the fore with a scheme to eliminate political patronage. It is to have a civil service commission of one to make all appointments to and promotions in the civil service—the government railways excepted. This officer is to be responsible to the governor, but may be removed for certain reasons by parliament. His decisions are subject to revisions by a special board.

Canada has a civil service commission of a similar character, consisting of two persons. But the flaw in ointment is the fact that only the civil servants at Ottawa, what is known as the inside service, are subject to its supervision. The outside service is still bedevilled by political patronage.

For example, about four years ago Mr. William Ireland was made customs collector at Parry Sound. Mr. Ireland was publisher of the Parry Sound *Star*, a member of the executive of the Canadian Press Association, and a highly respected member of the craft. He sold out his publishing and printing business and settled down to earn the moderate salary attached to this civil service position. Two weeks ago, without any investigation or trial, he was suspended from his position and Lieut.-Col. Knifton appointed in his stead. Col. Knifton is in England and it is not yet known whether he will accept this office or not.

What a travesty! A man, who four years ago sold his business to enter the service and who is now too old to build up another, is summarily dismissed and left stranded. There was apparently no demand for his "removal" and he claims that four-fifths of the people in Parry Sound admit that he has taken no part in politics during his term in office and that his administration has been locally satisfactory.

Nor is this an isolated case. There are hundreds of others equally unjust and equally indefensible. It was the same under the previous administration. No one party has a monopoly of this crude form of political retribution. We expected better of Mr. Borden's government, because Mr. Borden came into office pledged to civil service reform. Unfortunately Mr. Borden's colleagues were not similarly pledged and Mr. Borden's party was not privy to his promise.

Chinamen in Canada.

OWING largely to British Columbia's need for money, the Dominion Government keeps Chinese women out of the country by a head tax of \$500. Thousands of Chinamen are thus deprived of female company and solace. They seek out white women and bribe them into friendliness and sometimes into marriage. This is inevitable.

No settlers should be allowed to come to Canada if the women of their race are not also encouraged to come. We are pursuing the opposite policy with the Hindus, Chinese and Japs, and we are foolish. All the police departments in Canada, coupled with all the white ribboners and moral reformers cannot prevent the inevitable.

God made human beings to mate and no man-made law will prevent it. The Hudson Bay factors and agents became squaw-men. The white mates with the black when there is no other choice. There is only one way out. Bring in Chinese women or drive out Chinese men. The same applies to the Hindu. It is a crime against humanity to exclude the women of these two races so long as the men are here. And for that national crime, a certain number of Canadian girls and women will be sacrificed until the crime is ended.

Sir Max Explains.

SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P., of Westminster, England, lately organizer and promoter in Montreal, is now on a visit to Canada, and he talks like a real statesman. He assures us that he has investigated the relations of England and Germany, delved into them personally both "at home" and on the continent, studied them as he would two or three machinery plants which he felt might be amalgamated at a high capitalization, and he has discovered that "Germany and England are now in a state of war." Also "the overt blow has not yet been struck, but when it is all may be over in three months or three days."

This is really terrible. Think of such a serious situation and Mr. Borden wasting his time going to Glasgow to see a vessel-launching. Think of the British cabinet wasting its time so that it has not found opportunity to officially notify Mr. Borden of this crisis. Think of Mr. Winston Churchill

and our own Hamar Greenwood trying to organize a cheap trip to Canada on a warship. Think of Sir Max and a hundred lesser members of the Lords and Commons jaunting through the boom districts of Canada while the fate of two Empires "may be decided in three days or three months."

Yes, patriotism and chivalry are dead. Rome tottered unheeding to its doom. So did Babylon, Assyria, Greece and Egypt. It will be the same with Britain—or with Germany—Sir Max doesn't say which; but one of them is hanging unconscious on the brink of a Niagara. Below—down below is oblivion. (Curtain falls.)

Agriculture in the Rural Schools.

NOT all the people are convinced that it would be wise to introduce the teaching of agriculture in the rural school programme. The Peterborough *Examiner* says: "If the plan suggested by THE COURIER were put into effect it would

A British Statesman



This Excellent Picture of Mr. Bonar Law, Leader of the Unionist Party of Great Britain, Was Taken While He Was Making a Speech at a Recent Unionist Garden Party.

be found that a majority of the country parents would be opposed to the scheme, and that many who could afford the outlay and were ambitious for the educational advancement of their children would send the latter to the schools of the city."

There need be no fear that the teaching of agriculture in the rural schools would keep all the boys on the farm. If it kept half the boys on the farm, it would be remarkable in its effect. There will always be a movement from the farm to the town and city. This reform is intended simply to keep some of the boys on the farm, and to make the boys on the farm better farmers by giving them the sort of public school education which will help them in the work which is to be their life work.

No one proposes to abolish first-class teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic, or to give the children of the rural schools any less valuable general education than the boy in the city school receives. All that is proposed is that there shall be a substitution which shall be practical in its nature. For example, the bookkeeping taught in the rural school shall be the bookkeeping of the farm rather than the bookkeeping of the grocery store or the wholesale warehouse. Again, the teaching of botany shall embrace the botany of the grain field, as opposed to the botany of the flower garden.

The *Examiner's* remark that if the farmer's son is willing to take up the occupation of his father, the agricultural college is open to him, is not a strong remark. Not five per cent. of the farmers' boys will ever have an opportunity of

going to an agricultural college. It is only through rural-school handling of the elements of agriculture that ninety-five per cent. of the boys who remain on the farm can be reached.

If technical high schools are advantageous to the mechanics of the country, why not agricultural high schools? This would be the next step after the teaching of agriculture in the rural schools has been thoroughly established.

A Journalistic Visit.

TO my mind the proposed session of the Institute of Journalists of the United Kingdom next year in Canada is a mistake. In the first place, the meeting is not likely to be either representative or satisfactory. The Canadian Press Association is not affiliated with the bigger incorporated body of Great Britain, and it is hard to see how the two associations could meet together with advantage.

With the British Association it is different. These are men of more leisure. They are not busy and bustling as journalists must be. The British Association can meet here with good results, because its members may do their thinking and studying wherever they may chance to be. With the journalist it is different; his work must be done at the heart of things.

However, if the decision to come to Canada stands, then Canadian journalists, whether members of the Institute or not, should do everything in their power to make the meeting a success.

The "Tin-Pot" Navy.

SOME of the Ottawa newspaper correspondents, notably Mr. Hamilton, of the *Toronto News*, are still referring to the "tin-pot" or "Laurier" navy. These references are quite unworthy. Mr. Hamilton, an ex-military man and a university graduate, shows a lack of judgment quite inconsistent with his record as a journalist. Perhaps it was done by a "substitute," while Mr. Hamilton was on holidays. If so, Mr. Hamilton has a grievance.

But some Conservatives, who are neither members of parliament nor of the press gallery, are also guilty of using the same phrase. True, Canada's navy is small and insignificant, but it was a beginning, and it was Canada's, not Laurier's. Personally, I was one of those who thought the Laurier policy might have been broader, but a building programme involving \$40,000,000 and an annual upkeep of six or seven million dollars is not so bad as a start. Indeed it was an excellent beginning, and as such the CANADIAN COURIER supported it.

The Conservatives who talk this way are perfectly free to criticize, but it should be a reasonable criticism. To throw mud at a national movement for political advantage is the meanest and most despicable kind of partisan action. Besides, the Conservative policy must ultimately be a Canadian navy.

The Non-Partisan Movement.

IF there were only a few party papers in Canada which would support the movement to take the naval question out of party politics, two of those would naturally be the *Ottawa Free Press* and the *Brockville Recorder*. Yet the unexpected has happened, and these two excellent dailies have refused to see the light. They profess to find in this movement a Tory subterfuge.

Not being the author of the movement, but having been connected with it from the earliest phases, I am able to state emphatically that there is not a word of truth in this accusation. The movement really began among the Liberals of Toronto and Winnipeg and has been endorsed by nearly all the prominent Liberals of those two cities. The memorial as prepared jointly by Winnipeg and Toronto committees distinctly favours a Canadian navy as a permanent policy. Every Conservative who signs it, practically becomes a supporter of a Canadian navy which will be worthy of our national resources and our national ambition. To my mind, the Conservative who signs it goes farther in opposition to his party's record than the Liberal who signs it. Any person who doubts this should again read the text of the memorial as published in last week's CANADIAN COURIER and in the daily press.

It is said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. George P. Graham are opposed to the movement. I do not believe that this is true. When the question is properly placed before them, as it will ultimately be, I am confident that they will see the wisdom and advisability of giving it their approval. The real opposition to it will more likely come from within the Conservative Cabinet, two or three members of which will find it exceedingly difficult to accept the principle of a Canadian navy.

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

An Island Summer Garden

Little Sea of Flowers Set Off by Natural Surroundings

By E. T. COOK

AT the invitation of Mr. G. W. Mackendrick, the President of the Toronto Horticultural Society, a throng of members visited his charming home at Centre Island, Toronto, on a recent Saturday afternoon and enjoyed the warmth of colour from the beautiful borders of hardy flowers and the rich variety of roses in the little paved garden that drenches the air with a pot-pourri of cloying scents.

It is an island garden, a summer retreat with the beauty of willow and water near it, a little sea of flowers amidst natural surroundings. Crimson Hollyhocks and scarlet Phloxes tap against a fence skirting the sidewalk, and the whole small area is beautifully planned, an example of the effects that it is possible to accomplish when the designer not only has a knowledge of flowers but taste to set them out to the best advantage. The illustrations give a better idea of the garden than descriptions and they have a real teaching value.

The natural soil is a hungry sand, but this was replaced by material adapted to the growth of flowers, fruits and vegetables. Here, then, is one lesson—the uselessness of attempting to create a garden without a sure foundation. Another lesson is to take advantage of opportunities to paint flower pictures wherever a suitable canvas is discovered. An exquisite art has created this garden, and one wanders away thinking of some old English cottage home with

its simplicity and its wealth of colouring.

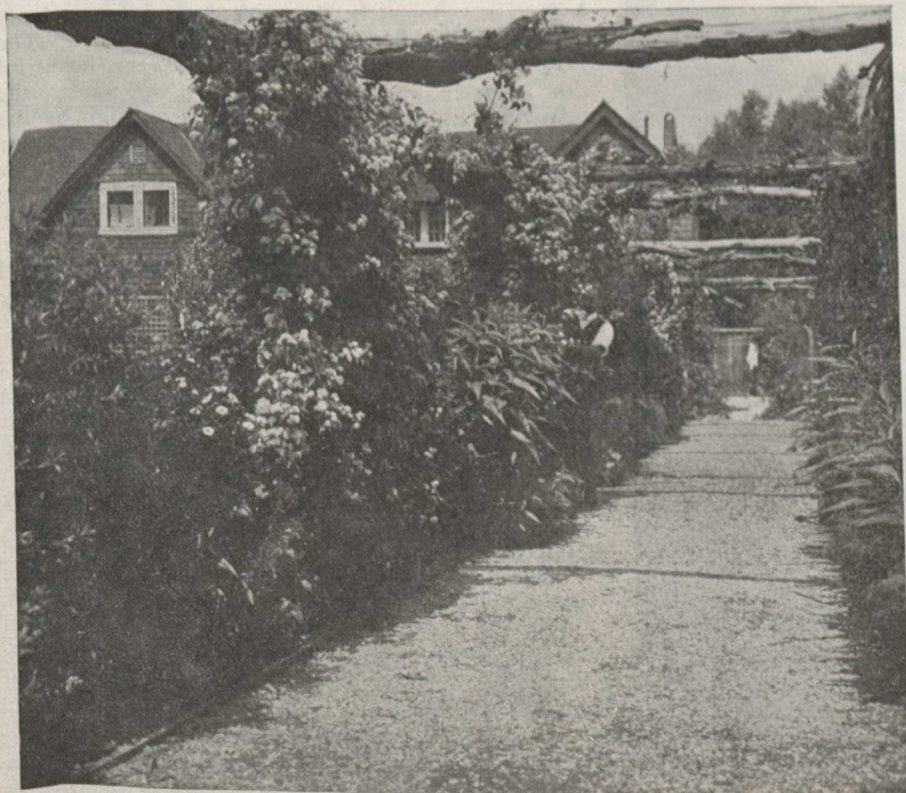
Borders skirt the tennis lawn and from them come the glorious hues of the Hollyhock, Phlox, Sunflower, and other perennials in full beauty in mid-August and with the home, pergola and lawn as a foil. A dashing association was a deep crimson Hollyhock and the king of Phloxes, the vermilion Coquelicot, one of the most splendid of autumn flowers; this scheme of bringing into harmony tints that are in complete agreement sets forth the highest form of artistic gardening. The illustrations show the way the plants are arranged to give the most satisfying results.

A simple little wooden gate leads at once to the garden on the right side of the lawn and house, through the pergola to the fruit and vegetable plot with more flowers and then to the rose garden enclosed with unobtrusive fences smothered over with roses and vines. The rose garden is a gem of its kind. It may be described as a square with four divisions, and these are cut into with narrow beds, grass on either side, and the centre of the whole planning is a sundial which imparts an old-world atmosphere. The outer beds, perhaps better described as borders, are lined with white Arabis and yellow Alyssum—among the first flowers of spring—and the collection of roses comprises favourites of childhood days with a host of recent hybrids or varieties, whichever one is pleased



A PAVED GARDEN OF ROSES

This is an example of a simple rose garden filled with the finest kinds. It was full of bloom recently, especially the crimson Gruss an Teplitz.



The pergola walk in Mr. Mackendrick's garden. Roses and vines smother the supporting pillars. The Clematises were very beautiful a few days ago.



Masses of flowers—Phlox, Delphinium, Hollyhock and many other perennials; a feast of colour, crimson and scarlet mingling, with white as a foil.

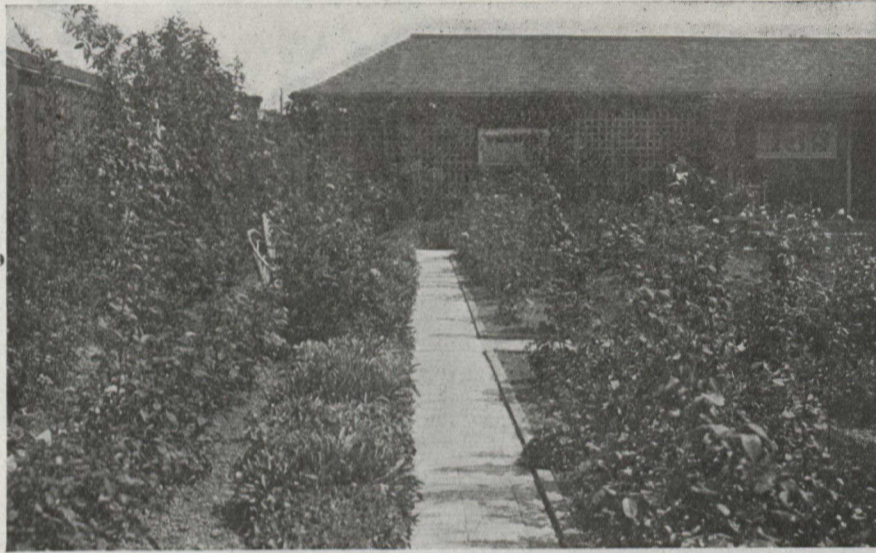
to call them. Among the collection are Ulrich Brunner, Dupuy Jamain, John Ruskin, the double white Japanese Rose, Blanc de Courbet, Flower of Fairfield, Leuschstern, Helene, Crimson Rambler, Baby Dorothy, Climbing Caroline, Testout, Gloire de Margottin, Margaret Dickson, Mrs. John Laing, Lady Arthur Hill, Lady Ashtown, Killarney—as sweet as its name—Countess of Caledon, White Dorothy, Cherry Ripe, Francisca Kruger, Sweet Briar—sending its warm fragrance into the hot summer air—Mrs. Aaron Ward, and two roses of delicious beauty.

This Rose companionship should be seen in other gardens and certainly no rose collection is in any sense complete without them, one a German hybrid, Gruss an Teplitz, and the other, as the name suggests, a French introduction, Mme. Ravary. Gruss an Teplitz is of bushy growth with those rich vinous leaves that give to many a kind its most distinctive beauty, and the full crimson flowers heavily laden with a rich scent are in warm contrast. It is one of the first to greet the summer and the last to leave, a real "greeting to Teplitz." Madame Ravary is queen of its race, a flower that is as intense in shading as a cut apricot, the richness of the buds fading as they expand to a softer shade. A bowlful of flowers gathered in early morn and used for the decoration of the table is as sweet a decoration as the most subtle mixtures.

A border by the path with the lagoon on one side is more beautiful than any of those in other parts of the garden. It has a misty effect, a winding in and out without hiding sumptuous colouring, and one sees suddenly a noble phlox or autumn perennial of which in the general effect only a foretaste is gained. This is a little scheme of planting that will



A border of hardy flowers by the lagoon in Centre Island. This has been planted with a view to colour effect.



View in Mr. Mackendrick's rose garden. Each kind has a bed to itself.

remain a pleasant memory, the massing of flowers, the grey willows casting their shadows over the still waters

of the lagoon, and sense of peace.

The Toronto Horticultural Society is happy in having as its President

a man who both knows and loves flowers, and it is in no small degree due to the enthusiasm of Mr. Mackendrick that this now influential organization is known throughout the Dominion.

One illustration shows the pergola, which means a creeper-shaded walk, a grateful retreat in warm countries, and sometimes constructed with the two-fold object, as in Italy, of supporting grape vines cultivated for profit and giving a cool shade in the summer heat. The sturdy supporting posts are smothered over with vines and the graceful flower-laden Virgins Bower (clematis virginiana), a study in tendrils bending with a profusion of grey-white blossom.

A Word to Exhibitors

EXHIBITORS of flowers have, it is needless to say, an influence for good in promoting an interest in gardening, but the receptacles used for showing the exhibits should undergo some scrutiny from the committee. Odd sorts of bottles are not slightly, and often the beauty of the flower is destroyed by an ill setting.

It is not difficult to have a series of glasses of one simple pattern and the simpler the better, both in the interests of the show and the flowers themselves. A soft-toned green is the most satisfactory, a shade refreshing to the eye and in complete sympathy with almost any kind of flower.

Roses, if excellence in the individual exhibit is the object of the exhibitor, are perhaps best displayed in boxes of the colour named, as that does away with the necessity of touching them to discern their merits. Overcrowding is a great mistake; it means confusion, and the individual charm of the flower is lost.

A Year in the Garden

Work to be Done During the Month of September

By E. T. COOK

THE beginning of autumn brings the richest month of the year, rich in gorgeous natural colouring and rich in garden work. Plans for planting should, if possible, have been already prepared, and orders should be given at once for those things required if the nurseryman is to deliver them at the right moment. There is so much to think of during this and the following two months that it is difficult to avoid generalities.

Those who have control of large estates will not need to be told, or should not, the work to be undertaken, but one is thankful to know that many who have small gardens are filling them with flowers and, if possible, vegetables, and sometimes a greenhouse or frame for the growth of exotics or the raising of seedlings is to be seen.

Bulbs to be Planted Out.

A LIST was given, in the last Country Life Supplement, of a few beautiful bulbous flowers to decorate the garden in the spring of the year. Towards the end of the month and during October these bulbs may be committed to mother earth. The depth for them to go is from four inches to five inches, but bulbs to be planted now must be hardy—not the beautiful Gladiolus, now aglow with many colours; these are for spring planting because the winter is too unkind to them.

The flowers that bulbs give are the brightest stars of the early months, and there should be no stint. Flood your gardens with them, the tulips in particular, and remember the kind I gave special mention to, the Gesners tulip, the big crimson goblet-shaped flower of dazzling beauty.

Those in the happy possession of a greenhouse or a glass structure attached to the house, leading perhaps from dining or drawing room, may grow many bulbs there, and the sweet smell of hyacinth, daffodil or tulip when the garden outside is white with snow is more subtle than the flower perfume of later months.

The bulbs must be put into pots either four and

a half or five inches across, the number in each to be in accordance with the character of the flower. One hyacinth is sufficient to one pot. When in

WILD FLOWERS IN A SUBURBAN GARDEN



The Turk's-Cap Lily (*Lilium Superbum*) and the purple-fringed Orchid (*Habenaria*) in Mrs. Buchan's garden, Toronto.

their respective receptacles transfer them to a corner outdoors and cover them over with rough litter or straw. On the approach of frost they must go to a dark cellar or room, and as soon as growth begins bring them into a steady light.

An Abundance of Certain Flowers.

IT is too late now to sow seed of the flowers that are mentioned in this note, but perhaps plenty of seedlings are available for next year. The Delphinium or Larkspur has been very beautiful this year, in one garden seen by the writer the tall stems of flowers rising almost as high as the proud formal Hollyhock. Plant the Larkspur wherever it is likely to create a good effect or strengthen itself as the years go by. It presents an example of the wonderful success of those who hybridize flowers to create new forms or varieties. A packet of seed saved from the finest flowers will give a host of beautiful shades from white or nearly so to the richest sapphire, passing through the softest blues.

The "airy fairy" Columbines—of which those with a long spur seem to be the most dainty—and Sweet Williams belong to the group of things that should have a foremost place in all gardens. Keep the seedlings where they are, protecting them with a litter of leaves, and plant out in the places they are to adorn when the weather finally breaks. Hollyhocks may be given the same treatment.

Sometimes a kind gardening friend will offer the beginner in things horticultural some seedlings. Follow the treatment described or, better still, when they are removed from the seed bed give the protection of a frame which must be covered with leaves in winter.

Planting the Peony.

THERE are many differences of opinion as to when the Peony should be either planted or transplanted, but if a vote of gardening enthusiasts were taken on the subject the result would be to

advise planting as soon as flowering is finished. This is a hint that will prevent failures, therefore, plant or transplant now, breaking apart large roots and giving all—large or small—the soil and positions that have been described before as the most appropriate.

Flower Tonics.

A USEFUL note appeared lately in a London daily paper on the importance of some tonic help for plants. It is as follows:

"If your household plants are drooping and looking jaded, it may be that—like human beings with nerves—they are craving for a tonic. A man takes a tonic to give him an appetite, and plants also have their favourite pick-me-up and must have it if they are to grow and to flourish and to produce flowers. Potash is a good plant stimulant, and so is nitrate of soda, which must, however, be used very carefully and sparingly if it is not to do more harm than good; it is quite sufficient to sprinkle a little of it over the soil. If it is light, sulphate of potash may be beneficially used, and phosphate of potash will produce fine blooms on such plants as roses and carnations."

The Wild Garden.

MANY will exclaim, "What is a wild garden?" It sounds as if it were a garden gone mad, but it really means a place in which as far as possible the hand of man is not revealed. It is vividly explained by a great writer on garden planning in England. "I was led to consider," he says, "the 'wild garden' as a home for numbers of beautiful hardy plants from other countries which might be naturalized with very little trouble in our gardens, fields, and woods—a world of delightful plant beauty that we might make happy around us, in places bare or useless. I saw that we could grow thus not only flowers more lovely than those commonly seen in what is called the flower garden, but also many which, by any other plan, we should have little chance of seeing.

"The term 'wild garden' is applied to the placing of perfectly hardy exotic plants in places where they will take care of themselves. It does not necessarily mean the picturesque garden, for a garden may be picturesque and yet in every part the result of ceaseless care. What it does mean is best explained by the Winter Aconite flowering under a grove of naked trees in February; by the Snowflake abundant in meadows by the Thames; and by the Apennine Anemone staining an English grove blue.

"Multiply these instances by adding many different plants and hardy climbers from countries as cold as our own, or colder, and one may get some idea of the wild garden. Some have thought of it as a garden allowed to run wild, or with annuals sown promiscuously, whereas it does not meddle with the flower garden proper at all."

I was with one of the most prominent of Canadian public men—going over his grounds with the intention of laying them out in the best ways—and

IN AN ONTARIO BUSH



The Canadian Lady Slipper in a bush. This is one of the most beautiful of native flowers.

he said, "Here is a place for a wild garden," and so it was, and the garden will go there this fall. It is approached from the proposed places for borders, roses, and so forth, by a winding path leading to the ravine below. The site will be cleared of dead and decaying wood, the little rivulet freed from noxious weeds and the wild flowers of the Dominion, with those, too, from other lands, will find a home—Cypripedium spectabile, or Moccasin—the loveliest flower of Canada—the snow-white Trillium, May Apple, and the rarer ferns innumerable. It will be a paradise of beautiful plants in masses and a flower retreat on summer days.

September is the month to begin preparations by removing obstacles and clearing up with strict care the place where the future wild garden is to be, to procrastinate is to invite failure. Everything should not be left to winter and spring.

Two interesting photographs are before me, both of superb groups, growing wild, of the Cypripedium spectabile in a moist ravine not many miles from Toronto. Its precise locality is not divulged for the good reason that wanton mischief may in time

destroy this sequestered spot of a beautiful Canadian flower.

The Planting of Evergreens.

WITH one's thoughts full of planting and a wholesome desire to avoid failures, a note upon Evergreens, which include Pines and Firs, may not be out of place.

Everyone who has had anything to do with this grand race of trees will have recognized two things—the utter futility of planting in the fall and the extraordinary care that is essential in coaxing them to become established. The season to plant and transplant is May, after growth has started. August is sometimes recommended, but obstacles, in the way of heat and drought, may be encountered.

It is absolutely useless to plant carelessly. A Maple or a Tatarian Honeysuckle may struggle with adversity, but an evergreen, never. When planting, expose the roots as little as possible and lift with a good ball of earth. Use no manure, and after the operation is over give water liberally when a dry season follows. The leader, that is, the centre stem or shoot, must not be injured, otherwise the plant suffers in symmetry and general well-being.

Wild Flowers in the Garden.

MOST of our wild flowers are seldom seen by those who may have gardens that are not sufficiently in the country to enable excursions to take place at frequent intervals, the demands of business preventing much leisure when the sun is high in the heavens. Then it is not a sin to bring the country flower to the town when vandalism is set down with a heavy foot.

Although the cities of the Dominion are large, means of access to the haunts of our flora and fauna are increasing, and the time will come when protection will be a necessity. But there is no reason whatever why a few wildings should not be lifted and transplanted and given as similar conditions as possible to those in their wild state. It is a pleasure also to mark exceptionally fine varieties and, when the flowers have flown, lift the plant for the garden. The lovely Aster or Michaelmas daisy, the flower dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, is a weed in many districts, and therefore not regarded with affection, though with its companion the Golden Rod—exquisite shades of blue and rich, glowing yellow—a picture is presented for us to imitate.

Where the Aster gathers there will be seen diversity of form in the flower as well as in colour—here an intense purple, there a softer tone, each beautiful in itself and to be marked. Several conspicuous departures from the type will be lifted soon and taken to the humble plot that surrounds the house. Whether the Aster is a weed or not it may be made to play a beautiful part in the garden, especially near large centres of industry.

The fall of the year is the season of colour on mountain and in valley. Let us enjoy it, having in remembrance that the great work of the year is approaching, and—with regard to planting bulbs—already begun.

The Great Rose Show in England

By ELLA BAINES

THE Queen of Flowers held her great reception recently and the constant and loyal affection of her subjects was proved by the crowds drawn from all classes in England that hastened to pay her homage. Perhaps one of the most charming features of this great rose show in England is the friendly commingling of all grades of society from the Queen Mother to the humblest in the land, united in a common love for the emblem flower of England.

The minute description of the Roses in their classes is a task beyond my power. The crowds moved too quickly through the great tents to allow of careful note-taking by an amateur, and one did not feel inclined to lose one moment of the beauty of the whole scene.

Passing on from tent to tent one became more and more possessed of wonder that so brilliant and varied a massing of colour and of form could be seen.

I will try to give two or three points that particularly struck me.

First, the variety of colour. Hybrid Teas and Perpetuals seemed to vie with one another as they blazed from their backgrounds of green leaf moss. Scarlet and nearly black, crimson, all shades of coral, carmine and madder shading to palest yellow, deep saffron, delicate blush, clear and silver pink and purest white, all combined to produce an indescribable effect. This Rose feast was more brilliant than any oriental feast of lanterns.

Second, the form and the texture. The marvellous grace attainable by the most double of roses, the perfect bud-like centre, the spreading, delicately curved outer petals, and the textures as of soft velvet and of satin with its lights and shadows—all these things were noticeable, not in one or two exceptions, but in the whole mass.

A few remarks now upon some particular roses. The Ramblers, Wichuraianas, and Briars were present in a variety of bewildering beauty, and the various groups of roses, it must be remembered, are hardy, adaptable, and easy of cultivation. They can be grown in the humblest cottage garden and will fill a countryside with beauty.

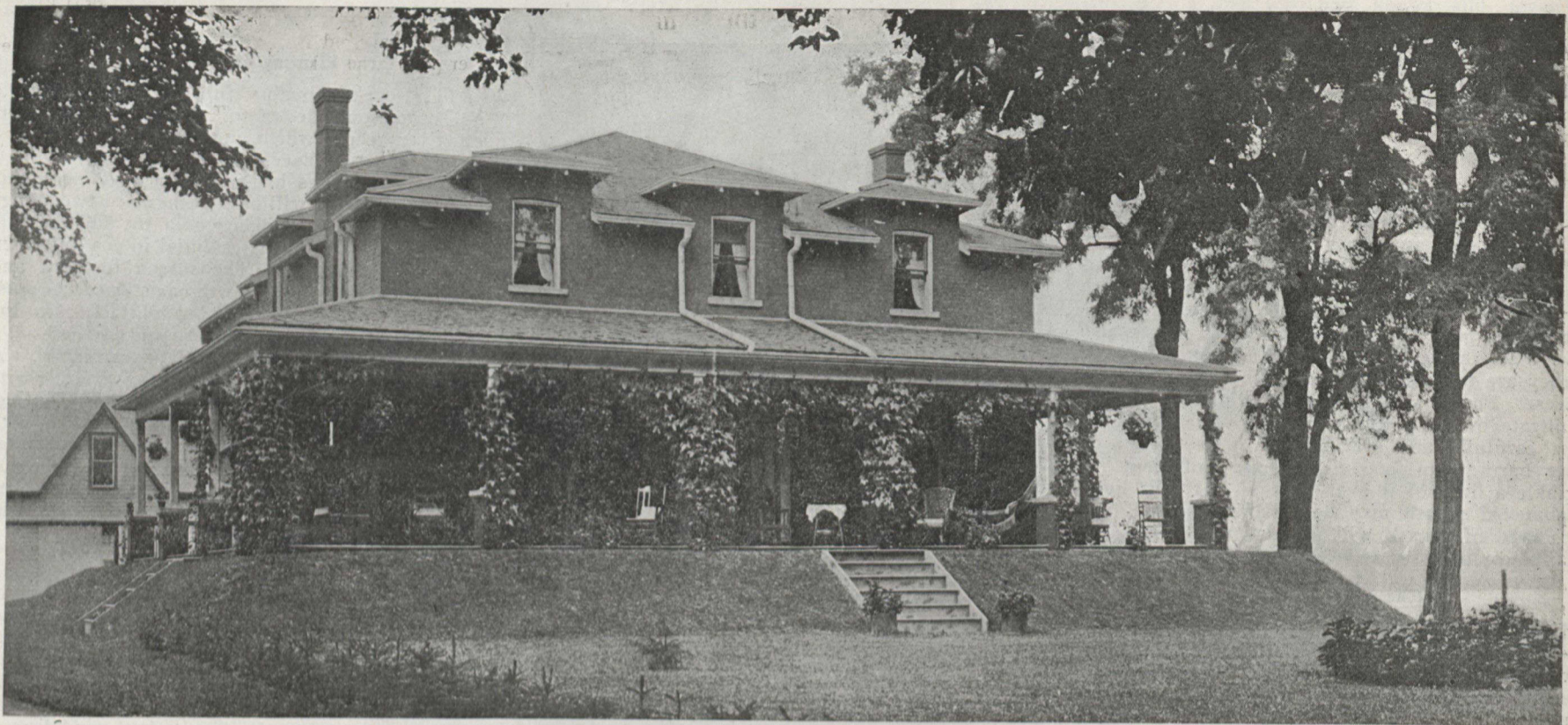
Messrs. Paul and Son, the famous rosarians at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, took the gold medal and first prize for the arrangement of their exhibit of these classes, and no wonder. There they were, not pressed into specimen glasses, but in great branches, forming a fairy bower. Among them, of course, were Hiawatha, Lady Gay, and Dorothy Perkins. A beautiful Briar called Juliet has tints of old gold and scarlet.

Mention must then be made of a white Rambler named Jersey Beauty, exhibited by Messrs. Burnett, of Southsea. The Teas and Hybrid Teas surpassed description, and the apparently equal merit possessed by hundreds of them made one pity the judges. The Irish single Hybrid Teas, Irish Elegance, Orange

Apricot, Irish Glory, silver pink, flamed with crimson, and Irish Modesty, delicate coral pink, were so exquisite in the loose grace of their growth and the tender colour and texture of their great single petals that one heartily agreed with our garden artist, Miss Jekyll, in her special pleading for these single roses.

The Lyon Rose, coral red fading into yellow at the base, Lady Hillingdon, deep orange and yellow, and George C. Ward, orange and vermilion, are Hybrid Teas which seem to have opened first at the sunset hour and to have absorbed the tints of the clouds.

A word must be added as to the arrangement of the show. The Hybrid Teas, Teas, and Hybrid Perpetuals were all placed in boxes filled with leaf moss. The setting of soft green impressed one, as usual, with the desirability of this manner of exhibiting. The Ramblers, Wichuraianas, and Briars, were of course shown, as I have mentioned, in great branches that hung or climbed so as to show their habit of growth. Roses on lanky stems in straight vases on painted tables were not in evidence at the National Rose Show. Perhaps some day we in Canada, when we have learnt the necessity of education in flower showing, shall realize that the beauty of a flower does not consist in several inches of stem, that tables should, in a show, be completely out of sight and that a box placed at a proper angle and filled with moss cannot be surpassed as a setting for exhibited roses.



The Farm Foreman's House, an Old Residence Modernized, With Spacious Verandahs and Given an Ideal Setting by the Landscape Gardener—Mr. Osler.

A Man Who Really Got Back to the Land

Obtaining Profit and Pleasure in the Life of a Country Gentleman

By D. C. NIXON

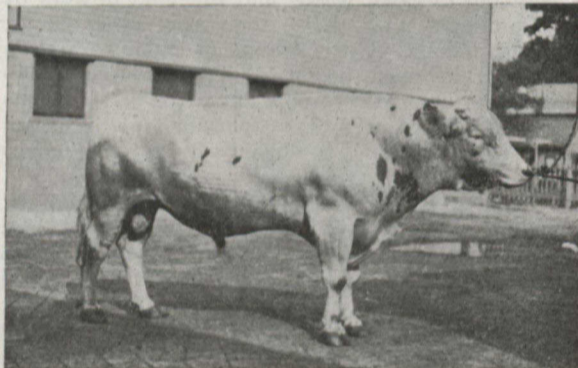
I KNEW he was a sailor for he wore a sailor hat." So runs a silly song absurdity of several years ago. Still it is not half as ridiculous as when a city man, engrossed in the ways and wiles of the city, buys anywhere from twenty to one thousand acres in the country and calls himself a farmer. True he may live on the farm for a few months in the pleasant summer, and to show that he is a real farmer he will don a hickory shirt, blue overalls, rough shoes and a cow's-breakfast hat on Saturdays, but, as a rule, you will find him back at his desk Monday morning, while the family stay behind entertaining envious friends who cannot yet afford a farm. Afford is justly taken. Our city farmer, becoming tired of a summer cottage on a twenty-five foot lot on the shore of a lake or river over-run with week-enders and day-trippers, annoyed perhaps by neighbours' children or chickens, decides he must have more room. So he buys a farm, the interest on the purchase price being about equal to the rental of the outgrown cottage.

Farming being an occult science, the new proprietor puts his property in charge of a man who, as a rule, didn't make a success of his own farm, but as he was born on a farm, and has always lived on a farm, it naturally follows that he must know all about it. Your city farmer will do one of two things, either let the farm run itself under the "capable" management of his simon pure farmer or he will run toward extravagance, introducing every contraption his willing friends and the vagaries of his own mind are able to suggest. Both are expensive, but then there is the consolation that "we get our butter and eggs fresh from our own farm" and that makes up for a great deal. Don't think that I disparage the city farmer. He is doing good work. He is getting back to the land if only for a few weeks. There is hope that his children, being brought so close to nature, will fall in love with her and turn to agriculture and country life.

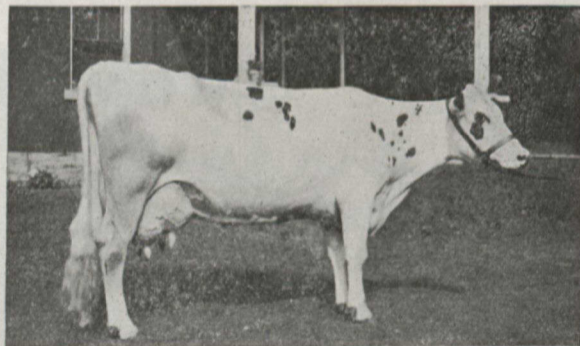
THERE are two facts which the city farmer or the city man who isn't a farmer forgets, or perhaps doesn't realize: any man or woman with brains can farm; any man or woman without brains can't. For the amount of money invested, farming done on business-like principles, with the proper mixture of horse sense, will give just as big returns and with less waiting than the average business or profession. The essential, of course, is that one must have the inclination that way, and, as in any other business, results will be obtained much quicker if there is sufficient capital invested. But there must not be any killing of the golden goose—all profits must be put back into the business until you have a perfected institution.

The tendency to really get back to the land is not very strong in Canada beyond what is being done by our friends the city farmers, who for the most

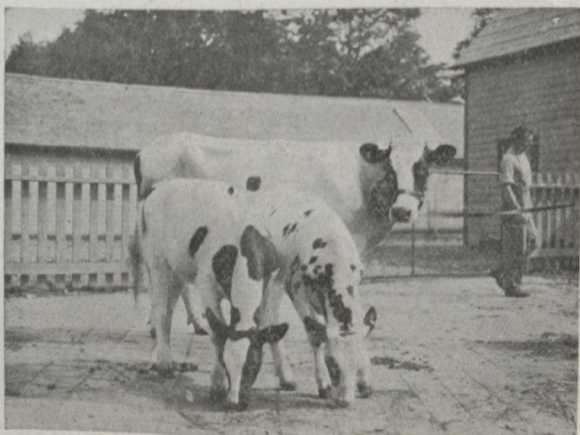
part are still young men. A few more years of strenuous city life will see many of them settled on their farms leading the lives of country gentle-



Head of the Herd. Count Hengerveld Fayne de Kol, Descendant of Three Royal Holstein Families.



A Holstein Queen, Cherry Vale Winner, Producing 800 Pounds of Butter Per Year.



Lake View Countess—Another Famous Holstein—and Her Twins.

men, managing their estates with the same care for detail that they now show in their factories, warehouses and offices.

Of the few city men who have selected agriculture for a livelihood, Mr. E. F. Osler, son of Sir Edmund Osler, the eminent Toronto financier, and nephew of Sir Wm. Osler, M.D., whom the world misquoted as to the age limit, stands out prominently as having achieved success. Six years ago Mr. Osler bought five hundred acres on the north shore of Lake Ontario, near the village of Bronte, twenty-five miles west of Toronto and about fourteen miles east of Hamilton. Its value has gone up several hundreds per cent. in that time, the increment not by any means being all unearned.

Mr. Osler is a young man—in the thirties; mayhap his theory is to get back to the land before they try to Oslerize one. He had never been a lover of the camps of a city; the open called to him, but it was not until he had served abroad with the famous Middlesex Regiment and had seen the country homes of the well-to-do in other lands that the idea of farming, which he had kept in the back of his head, was strengthened.

LAKE VIEW FARM rises gently from the lake, affording excellent drainage, which Mr. Osler has helped by putting down twenty-five miles of drain pipe. Drained land will produce double the crops of the same land undrained. The former owners couldn't be made to see this. By accident a beautiful hardwood bush escaped the axe and the fire, and with this as a background, Mr. Osler is erecting a residence in keeping with the rest of the estate. Though a good half mile back from the water, it appears from a distance to be right on the lake. From this eminence every part of the farm may be seen.

While the house will be large and roomy, well lighted and with every modern convenience, it follows sensible lines. It is a home for himself and family and a few rooms for the ever-welcome guests. The servants will have a wing to themselves. Its cost will be much less than the five ordinary farm homes of the five farmers who sold out to him, so that he cannot be accused of extravagance. The situation affords great opportunities for spacious lawns and landscape gardening. Mr. Osler transformed the ordinary house and grounds, which he occupies at present, into a bower of beauty, and we can safely expect that Lake View House will be one of the show places of the province.

THE question of making farming pay while handicapped by a lack of technical and practical knowledge, did not take Mr. Osler long to settle. Securing the services of a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College and of a competent farm foreman and a herdsman, he applied his common sense and business principles—if they two by

Educating the Child



Labels Are Being Put on the Different Varieties of Trees in Toronto's Public Parks so That Children, Big and Little, May Take More Interest in Them.

any means can be divorced. Farming not being a hobby with him, but a means of making a competent living and putting by something for his children, his college education and that of the world against which he had well rubbed stood him in good stead. Being a close student, he soon got the drift of things. The discipline of army life taught him order and thoroughness. Entering agriculture as a private, he worked himself up by merit to commander-in-chief. He works no longer than any of his men, and he so orders things that none works later than he.

His life is busy. Not only has he made a success of his undertaking, but he has also gained in health. His avocation is congenial. He delights to show his visitors his well-kept barns piled high with hay, his silos solid with silage, his granary groaning with grain. Each implement is well housed and cared for. The stables are like drawing rooms. His two hundred hens and three hundred little chicks of white leghorn and barred rock breeds would keep an average family in affluence. His smug Yorkshire beauties, the white hopes of hogdom, have an air of superiority as the price of pork goes up.

In fruit the problem of labour shortage faced him, so he is gradually getting out of small fruits and replacing them with the more profitable varieties of apples. He hopes some day to eliminate the middleman, there being too much loss between the producer and the consumer. As it is, his dealings are with very few people, as he sells no hay, grain or vegetables. Everything that leaves his place is a finished product in the shape of eggs, fruit, milk, cream and butter. Everything else grown on the farm is either used in the households of the place or is fed to the stock. Cream is the dairy product that he is exploiting now, and it is a most profitable one, as the skim milk left on the farm is a great fattener of calves, chickens and hogs. To

leave something on the farm as a by-product of the material sold is a principle which the modern scientific farmer keeps ever in mind.

ONE is not a real farmer of note until his name appears among the winners at the leading live stock shows. While there is a great deal of glory in breeding a winner, there is also profit. A prize-winning cow commands as much money as a whole herd of ordinary cattle.

I asked Mr. Osler whether he intended to gradually devote his whole farm to fruit, as many of his neighbours were doing. Pointing to his stables where seventy-five pure bred Holstein-Friesian cattle are healthily housed he remarked that his ambition was to have one of the best herds of that breed in Canada running from one hundred to two hundred head, eventually all bred on his own farm. The herd is the hub around which everything else revolves.

While his sixty acres of fruit land will be given the greatest of attention, Mr. Osler declares that his greatest money-makers are his highly-developed milk-producing cows, each of which has to pass an examination as to whether or not she is paying a profit. If not she is introduced to the headman and goes to the ice house. If any cows or bulls are not money-makers, he kills them rather than turn them over to some one else to reproduce their inferior kind. From the herds of others he will select nothing but those of record-making ancestry, and with his keen judgment and application, there is every reason to believe that this Osler will distinguish himself as much in agriculture and live stock as his father, Sir Edmund, has in finance, or his late uncle, B. B. Osler, did in law, and his illustrious uncle, Sir William, is doing in medicine. And what the Osler of the farm has done indicates the opportunity for other men similarly inclined.

A Suburban Country Home

Adapted to Almost Any Part of the Dominion

By E. T. COOK

Peach, Purple-leaf Plum, Laburnums, Catalpa and Lilacs, especially the double-white Marie Legray, the purple and the white Persian, Louis Spaeth, purple, and the double lavender-coloured Leon

THE object of the accompanying simple design is to show a garden that may be laid out without much expense and yet give a wealth of flowers and an abundance of vegetables. The design may be enlarged or reduced as conditions suggest. A very small garden could not accommodate vegetables. Where space is limited, the flower beds in the rose garden may be taken as an example of a simple arrangement, and if there is only space for one bed choose from the general design.

The following suggestions for planting the beds is the outcome of practical experience. At the Roses named grow well in the Dominion, are strong in growth and bloom freely, giving beautiful effects as well as a wealth of flowers for the house. This is an important consideration and for this reason a few kinds are repeated. A mere collection is not wanted at first. When a knowledge of roses develops, then, if so desired, experiments may be undertaken. The colour contrasts indicated in the numbered beds are very beautiful and and the pansy is easily grown: (1) Rose Madame Abel Chatenay, with white pansy over the surface of the soil; (2) Same Rose and Pansy; (3) Rose Viscountess Folkestone and blue pansy; (4) repeat the latter contrast; (5) Rose Antoine Rivoire and white pansy.

For the flower beds by the drive select from Caroline Testout, a pink flower, big and handsome; the snow-white Frau Karl Druschki; Madame Ravary, apricot; Mrs. Sharman Crawford, soft pink; Betty, rose, coppery pink and yellow shades intermingling; Richmond, or Liberty, which is similar to it, crimson; General Jacqueminot, intense crimson; Prince Camille de Rohan, crimson and richly fragrant; Etoile de France, fiery red; Captain Hayward, light red; Grand Duc de Luxembourg, rosy red tints; Killarney, rose pink, as pretty as its name; Dean Hole, carmine and salmon; Mildred Grant, pink.

For the pergola: Crimson Rambler; Bennett's Seedling, rose; Dorothy Perkins, pink; White Dorothy; Aimee Vibert, white; Philadelphia Rambler, crimson; climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant, rose-pink and very sweet; Tausendschon, rose and soft pink shades; Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, light red, half-double; Helene, pale rose and yellow; Lady Gay, larger and richer and later in blooming than Dorothy Perkins; Honeysuckles and Syringa.

Between the posts plant the White Lily (Candidum). When roses and lilies are in flower, the picture is entrancing.

Of flowering trees, select from the Keiffer pear—beautiful in flower and in the fall colour of its leaves; Double-flowered Plum, Double-flowered

The border of hardy plants on the extreme right may be filled with one or any of the following flowers in their seasons: Tulips, especially the glorious race called "Darwin"; Hyacinths, Daffodils and other bulbs, and then onward to the fall, Aster or Blue Daisies, Aquilegia (Columbine), Pentstemon Bellflowers (Campanulas), Carnations—the soft pink Enchantress is one of the best—Chrysanthemums, for the fall, many colours, Coreopsis, Cornflower (Centaurea), the white Shaasta daisy, Dahlias, Larkspurs (Delphiniums), Pinks—an edging of the white, sweetly-scented Mrs. Sinkins is charming—Doronicums, Foxgloves (in a shady corner), glum, light red, the lace-like Gypsophila paniculata, Gladiolus, in all its fascinating variations, Hollyhocks, German Irises, Lilies, the scarlet Lychnis chalcidonica, the red Monarda didyma (Oswego Tea), Paeonies, Phloxes, Iceland and Oriental Poppies, Pyrethzums, the blue Scabiosa caucasica and Snapdragons.

Round the house. Plant the border with sweet-smelling flowers, particularly the night-scented stock, that only opens at night—it is soaked in fragrance—Mignonette, and a few pansies in front. Fill the chief part of the border with Japan Roses (Rosa rugosa), Weigela and Japan Quince.

Against the house plant Dutchman's Pipe (Aristolochia Siphon), the blue Clematis Jackmani, and such a true vine as the Niagara. Over the porch or verandah, if existing, roses.

Plant the low banks round the lawn with Wichuraiana Roses; peg them down and they are delightful in this way.

On the left of the lawn looking towards the house there is space for fruit-trees—beautiful in spring and fall—and plant those kinds most esteemed by the household.

The pines behind the Rose garden throw into rich relief the flowers in front of them.

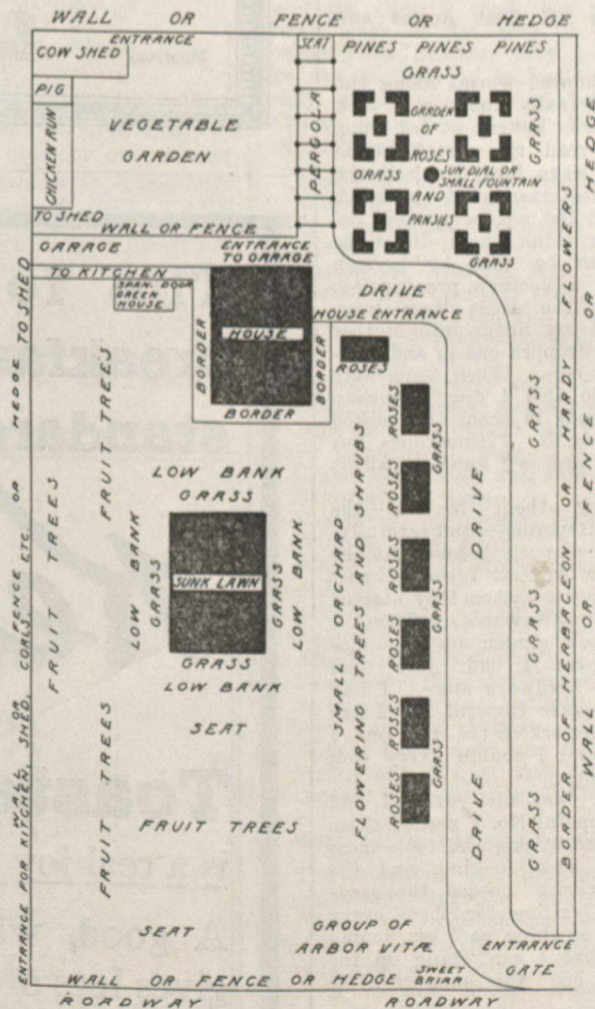
Positions are indicated for cow-shed, pig and chicken run, if these accessories are desired.

The greenhouse is welcome in winter and to raise plants for the garden. It is not wise to attach it to the house itself.

If trees are already on the ground, selected as the future home, so much the better; but those indicated, if strong when purchased, will soon screen the house and give shade.

The lawn, of course, need not be sunk, but when this is done, a dead level is broken up. Grass is better managed, too, in very hot and dry seasons, the soil retaining moisture more thoroughly.

Develop the garden gradually on the lines shown if the outlay is considered too great at once.



Simon. Plant in front of the taller trees from the following: Azaleas, Berberis (Barberry), Smoke Tree (Rhus Cotinus), Flowering Currants, Hydrangea paniculate, white, H. Otaksa, rose, Japan Quince. Near the fence by entrance plant Sweet Briars and the Penzance Briars—it is pleasant to smell their leaves when one is returning home.

My Vegetable Garden

By R. D. BLACK

I HAD a most unfortunate accident last year; the vegetable garden was an unqualified success. Thus it happens that I am forced to repetition, a thing abhorrent to all geniuses, and very rightly too.

But I must tell you about the garden. It is pleasantly situated at the side of the house, within easy walking distance of the back door. A garden, by the way, to be successful should be accessible. I can, and do, keep my tools on the back verandah and in the tool shed, which is on the other side of the garden from the house. To save steps, I always go to the nearest place for any of the many implements required in this pleasant pastime, but invariably I find that I have left the tool in the other place. Water, when necessary, is procured from an adjacent well, procured under groaning protest, however, by a pump which has to be primed each time it is used. I can al-

bought over three dollars' worth from them in two years. When I received the parcel from the Post Office, I hated to take it home, but being a man, a husband and a father, I fulfilled the obligation of those positions, and home it went.

Then my real troubles began. The garden had to be plowed, harrowed and rolled in approved agricultural style. I accomplished this in less than a week with the garden spade and rake. The garden is about twenty-five feet square, although some of my detractors have endeavoured to dispute my measurements. My poor hands and back! Even my wife felt a little sorry for me, so I got a respite over the Sabbath, though we are not Presbyterians.

Next came the planting. I had lots of assistance then. My wife had her chair brought where she could superintend operations. Hopeful No. 1 walked all over my nicely-raked beds, and

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ways get water in the kitchen to prime it.

Could anyone who has carefully read the many "back to the land" stories resist the call of the vegetable? Most emphatically no. I used to play golf before I felt the call, but the ancient game knows me no more, for I am playing an even more ancient one now.

Before I forget I am going to tell a secret to all those who are hesitating between these two ancients. It costs no more to play gardener than it does to play golf, and by purchasing your beer by the case you save a little on the "extras." Heigh ho! the rates at the Club are extremely extreme for a wee bottle of the purest malt, hops and spring water. However, let us get back to the greens or I will never be able to finish telling my story.

About the end of February, I think it was, the Seed Catalogues came in. From that date peace deserted our happy home, for my wife was a strong pro-gardener. She had saved a copy of our last year's order to the seed man, and, as I had not used all the seeds purchased the first season, an inventory had to be taken of those on hand, estimates made of our requirements and catalogues consulted. This all took time and exhausted my little store of enthusiasm left over from last autumn. My wife, however, was all aglow with happy visions of a greater garden "than has been." Whenever I paused to light my pipe, during our many consultations, my thoughts irresistibly went back to my school days and the experiment of dropping an object a given distance and figuring out how fast it was going per second. For her enthusiasm gained and gained and, as it gained, I grew more and more despondent over the thought of all the work I would have to do to make the dreams come true.

Well, we finally purchased our seeds, with a discount off for cash. We were valued customers of that firm, having

Hopeful No. 2 hunted worms along the borders. I don't really know what luck he had but he was hungry at tea time. I read and re-read the directions on each packet to learn how to plant the seed. As a mental exercise it was good, no doubt, but it did not help much because I do not think those directions are supposed to be read by laymen any more than a doctor's prescription. However, when the seeds were large enough I poked my finger into Mother Earth and then dropped one in and carefully filled the hole. When they were too small to do this I dug trenches, scattered the seeds in them and tucked them in with earth. I sometimes put the Hopefuls to bed so I know all about tucking in.

After putting them to bed—the seeds, not the Hopefuls—I put carefully-whittled sticks, properly labelled, at the end of each row so that I would know what the things were when they started to grow—and afterwards. Then I watered the whole garden out of a nice green watering-can I had just had charged at the hardware store. I had to charge it because Hopeful No. 2 had very much overworked the red one I had last year and I couldn't very well make an exchange.

It all looked very nice when I had finished, but Hopeful No. 1 needed those carefully-whittled sticks, and took them when no one was looking, and the neighbours' chickens needed the seeds and have been calling for them every day since, rain or shine, so I am hoping against hope that I can "hang up the shovel and the hoe" this summer after all.

A Flower of the Sun

THE time will come, and the sooner the better, when the Flame-flower, or, as the children call it, the "Red Hot Poker Plant," will blaze forth in every garden in the Dominion. It is called, in scientific



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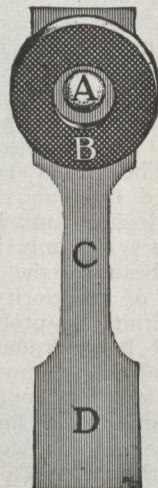
Apply this little plaster and the pain ends at once. Then this B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two

days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

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- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
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- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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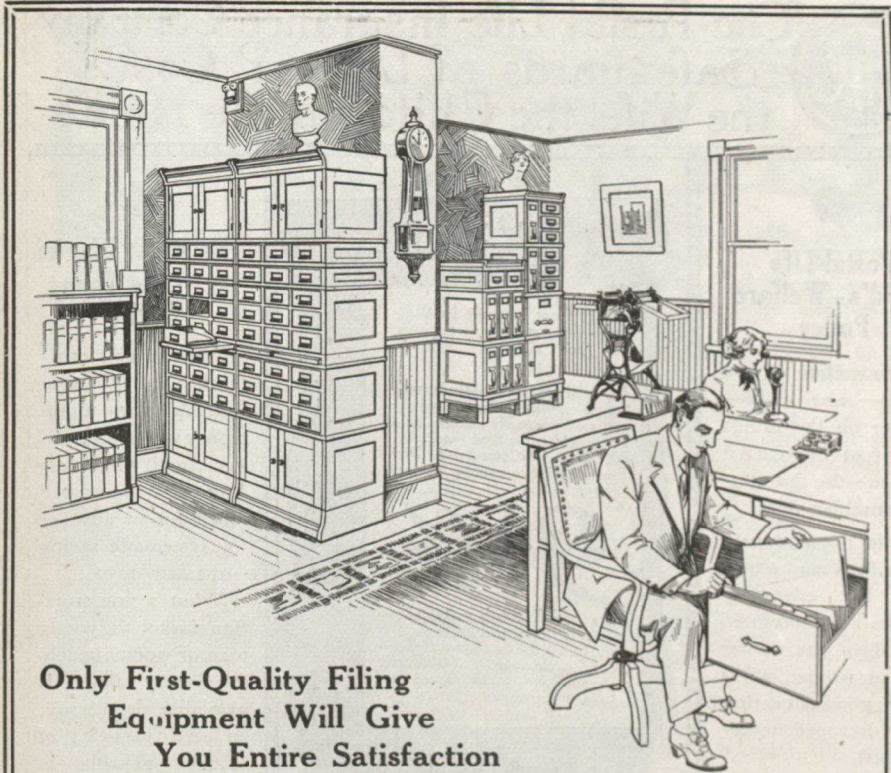
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books, the Tritoma and Kniphofia, and the most familiar of all is Uvaria, which has given rise to a brilliant family of varying shades of colour from a yellow as soft as the primrose, to orange scarlet.

The Tritoma is one of the noblest of perennials. It possesses not only a remarkable sturdiness of growth, an almost tropical leafiness, and a look of real strength, but is perfectly safe during winter, except in very wet land. A certain soil warmth and dryness are essential to success. It is a plant to make an imposing group of on a large estate or park, and is not for small gardens.

Here is an apt description of this wonderful family as applying to Canada: "The greatest bedding plant every introduced, surpassing the finest cannas for attractiveness and brilliancy, equal to the gladiolus as a cut flower, and blooms incessantly from June until December, regardless of frost. Plants perfectly hardy in open ground all winter, with a slight covering. Plants show from six to twenty grand flower stalks all the time, each holding at a height of three to four feet a great cluster of flame-coloured flowers of indescribable beauty and brilliancy. Each cluster keeps perfect several weeks, and when it fades two or three more are ready to take its place. Fall frosts do not kill it or stop its blooming, and it is as brilliant as ever long after all other garden flowers have been killed. For cutting it is unsurpassed, and the beautiful long spikes keep several weeks in water. It has created a sensation in the New York cut flower market, and will be a great factor among cut flowers in future."

There is little to add to this, but it is wise to choose first the cheapest and hardiest Uvaria. Attention is directed to the Flame-flower now because it is approaching full beauty, but spring planting is advisable. VIATOR.

Honey and Pollen Plants

FOR a number of years, it is mentioned in the bulletin (No. 69) on the Honey Bee, written by Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, the Dominion Entomologist, observations have been made upon the honey and pollen-producing plants and the times of the year at which they flower.

The following is a short list of such plants giving the months in which they flower; the variability of the seasons and the climatic conditions render the exact date of flowering of little real value. The calendar may be of value to the beginner in indicating when he may expect the different honey flows, though he will soon learn the incidence of such periods:

- Manitoba maple and soft maple, April.
- Willows (pollen producing), April to May. In British Columbia, February and April.
- Dandelions, April to May.
- Gooseberry, Currant, May.
- Apple, Plum, Cherry, Peach and Pear, May. British Columbia, April and May.
- Siberia Pea Tree (Caragana), May.
- Lilac, Honeysuckle and Barberry, May.
- June Berry or Service Berry (Amelanchier Canadensis), May.
- Grape Vine, May and June.
- Strawberries, June.
- Raspberry, Blackberry, June.
- Wild Mustard, June.
- White Clover (Trifolium repens), June and July.
- Alsike Clover (Trifolium hybridum), June and July.
- Alfalfa, June and July.
- Basswood (Tilia Americana), July.
- Sweet Clover or Melilot (Melilotus albus), July and August.
- Willow Herb, July and August.
- Buckwheat, August and September.
- Golden Rod (Solidago), August-October.
- Wild Asters (Aster), August-October.

The question is sometimes asked whether anything can be gained by planting nectar-producing flowers for the bees. Owing to the fact that bees forage over a wide area, it is impracticable to sow special crops for the bees, especially as there usually exists plenty of natural forage. Frequently, however, waste pieces of land may be advantageously sown with white clover, and in those regions where crocuses can be grown in the gardens or near to the apiary, they provide an appreciable amount of pollen in the spring when such food is of value.

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FOR THE JUNIORS

The Monkey and the Mole.

By Myra Moses (aged 12).

ONE of our junior readers has sent two interesting little notes about Monkeys and the Mole, which may teach us something about these two animals that we did not know before.

There are three hundred different kinds of monkeys, two of which are the Hooded Monkey and the Spider Monkey. They can act very manlike and funny.

The monkeys have been called four-handed animals, because they have four hands; that is, not only hands on their

"Oh, for strength to finish my work!" she murmured; and her busy brain weaved poetic fancies, while her nerveless fingers refused to write them down.

Lately, the little old woman had met a friend, and his messages of sympathy and encouragement had done much to cheer her on her way, as she trod, over and over again, the paths of disappointment.

He was thinking of her now—miles between them—and wondering how best to help her. He could see it all—how plainly!—the life begun in hope, the striving, the despair when disappointments came, the sinking only to rise again when Hope sang once more, and



The Circus Parade.

arms like those of yours and mine but also on their legs. The most important manlike apes are the Gorillas, Chimpanzees, and the Orang-Outangs.

Nearly related to the Desmans are the Moles, of which there are a great many kinds.

The common mole is found all over Europe, and also in Central Asia. The chief peculiarities of the mole, all of which are burrowing animals, are the wedge-shaped head, the strong nostrils, the broad, strong feet and the soft, thick fur, completely covering the body and almost hiding the eyes.—Certified by Mrs. J. Moses.

Birds as Musicians.

THE real musicians are the birds, and it is interesting to know that the young fledglings, in some cases at least, have regular singing lessons from the mother. A wren whose nest was in a box near a country house was watched by the family as she patiently instructed her little ones. Placing herself on one side of the opening, and in front of her pupils, she first sang her entire song very distinctly. One little flutterer opened its mouth and tried to follow her; but after a few notes its voice gave out and it lost the tune. Mamma Wren immediately took up the melody at that point, and sang it through as clearly as possible, when the youngster tried it again and finished triumphantly.

Then the mother sang again, and another nestling followed her, breaking down as the first had done, and beginning afresh. Sometimes there were three or four failures before the tune was carried through; but the wren always began where the little one broke down and sang to the end. These singing lessons lasted for some time, and several of them were given every day.—Our Dumb Animals.

The Little Old Woman.

THE little old woman was wearily bending over her work. For years she had been toiling, toiling, and now her work was nearly done; but she did not know it.

She was tired—oh, so tired!—this little old woman, and the toil of her years was still unfinished.

the pressing on and on to a goal which seemed out of reach.

"What can I do," said the friend, "to help this poor little soul?"

And presently, as he sat thinking, shadows came forth from nowhere, wavered about his head, wavered and took shape, flitted about the room, and were gone.

They were the kind thoughts of the old friend, and had flown to give the help he could not give himself.

The little old woman was sitting with drooping head. She did not see the shadows moving gently about her as they gradually took on beautiful forms.

But the kind thoughts of the friend were busy. They held softly the hand which grasped the pen, till the little old woman thought that new strength had come to her, and the pages were quickly covered. Then she looked up, and knew them.

"Blessings!" she cried. "Blessings be on you, kind thoughts, for aye!"

Then once more her head drooped, and her eyes closed. She could rest now, for her work was done. The little old woman was at peace.

The kind thoughts, after touching softly the grey head, and smoothing the lines of the careworn face, flitted back to the friend, carrying with them the blessings of the little old woman. And the blessings entered into the house of the friend, and remained with him and his forever.

This Hill is Dangerous.

TOMMY and Jerry and Bouncing Bill Pushed an orange-box up the hill, Filled as tightly as it could be With bottle and apples and Timothee. They were off for a picnic down in the wood,

And they pushed as hard as ever they could,

And never remembered, till they tried, How steep it was on the other side!

Over the top they went pell-mell! Then bumpity, clattery, down they fell! Tom, Tim, Jerry and Bouncing Bill, All down the side of that steep, steep hill!

The wheel came off from the orange box, And all of the four had fearful shocks! Billy was caught on a handy tree, But there wasn't much left of Timothee.



The Postal Life Insurance Company Safeguards at Lowest Cost the Wife, the Children, the Home

Postal-Life Child's - Welfare Policy

The welfare of the child—some child—is ever on the minds of most men and women—the thoughtful, unselfish ones.

This means not alone food and clothing, but education, for in these progressive days the young man or woman without a good education is handicapped, to say the least.

But education isn't always so easy. Grammar school and high school, yes; for the youngsters live at home and the cost doesn't seem to count.

It is another matter when high-school days are over and the next step—the necessary step—must be seminary or college.



The Right Way to Start the Young Folks

Some parents may think that by the time the child grows up the money will come *some-how*, but it will hardly "come" unless provided for in advance by systematic saving—the *easy* way.

What a fine situation if when the young man or woman reaches twenty there is available, let us say, an endowment of \$1,000, payable in four yearly payments, being the proceeds of a matured Child's-Welfare Policy!

The way is opened to fulfill every parental obligation to assist the child into a professional or business career; and the Policy also includes certain specified insurance protection, as well.

Just at this critical point, the lack of a few hundred dollars in cash has prematurely sent many a boy and girl into the store, office or factory to struggle along for years at scanty wages because they lacked the educational equipment to get ahead quickly.

What a life-sacrifice—this lack of means to even start the young folks right!

Let us tell you about this special Child's - Welfare Policy —its options, advantages, benefits and moderate cost.

At the same time, let us give you particulars about insurance for *yourself*: the POSTAL LIFE issues all the standard forms of protection for men, women and young people.

In any case simply write and say:

"Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in Can. Courier for September 7.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Company dispenses with agents.

If you want figures for a child *be sure to give age*: if you simply wish personal particulars give

1. Your occupation.
2. The exact date of your birth.

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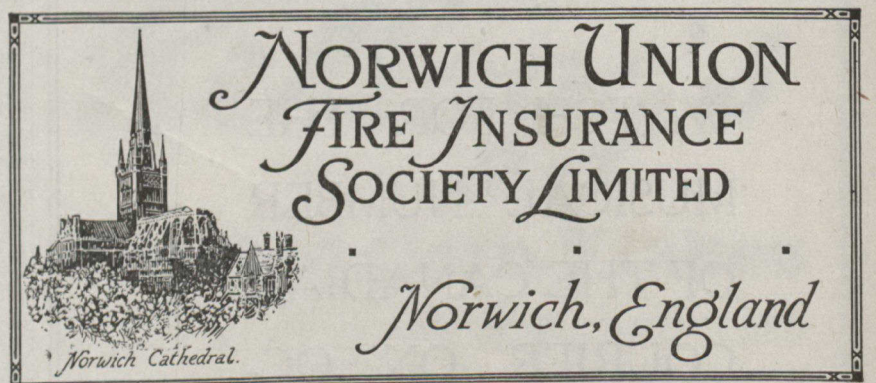
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- Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.
- Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.



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Courierettes.

NOW they are arranging for a merger of the religious papers in the United States. "Everybody's doing it."

An Ontario Agricultural College professor has been testing a water finder. It will be useful when N. W. Rowell abolishes the bar.

Another politician rises to remark that England is going to the dogs. It is comforting to reflect that the dogs which England visits periodically have a bark much worse than their bite.

Seventy passes on the Intercolonial Railway were given away as a joke by a clerk. At least seventy people saw the point of the jest.

Evangelist Newell says that Toronto is a Godless city. Other folks complain that Ontario's capital has too many gods.

A Norwegian dentist claims to have discovered the bacillus of pyorrhea alveolaris. Will somebody please discover the bacillus of the German war scare?

Guessing in the Art Gallery.—One of the pictures at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, has achieved an addition to the English language. Get out your dictionaries and write it in or they won't be up to date.

The picture is the whimsical "Fortune in Distress" of Gaston Latouche. Flighty Dame Fortune having damaged her winged wheel has brought it to a blacksmith to be mended. The lady is costumed in that airy nothingness customary on Olympus but unusual in a modern village, while the smith is a burly modern artisan in commonplace shirtsleeves, and the surroundings are those of a French village smithy. Hens peck timidly at the fruit that spills from Fortune's cornucopia.

The effect is quaint and, at first, a trifle disconcerting. So it was found by a lady visitor. A rather stout, motherly body, gorgeously upholstered and evidently one of the "nouveaux riches," she regarded the picture earnestly and perplexedly. Having no catalogue she was unable to find a clue to the picture's meaning, but was evidently anxious to frame some excuse for the presence of such a lightly-clad lady in such everyday surroundings. For some time one could see her mind working. At last she turned to her companion and remarked in a tone of confident finality, "Well, I suppose it's symbolical." Could there be a better word? It has all the virtues of symbolic and emblematic and adds a few on its own account.

There is another picture called "In the Arena," in which a young Christian girl is shown shrinking terror-stricken against the barrier while a crouching lion crawls hungrily towards her. This a young lady confidently described as representing "Venus and a Sign of the Zodiac—or something of that kind."

Severe on the Fair Sex.—There is a man who writes jingles and jests for a certain paper, who is somewhat of a cynic, having had some rather disappointing experiences with female friends. He delights in the stinging sort of satire that does not always

look well in print, and sometimes his wit is almost brutal in its blunt satire.

A good example of this was heard recently when somebody quoted to him the Psalmist's words: "I said in my haste all men are liars."

"Yes," replied the cynical wit, "and after calm reflection he amended it by adding the words "and women."

America Defined.

ITS national god: the greenback. Its national song: "Everybody's Doing It."

Its national game: poker. Its national topic of talk: graft, murder and divorce.

Its national hero: Any titled visitor. Its national bore: Teddy Roosevelt.

Its national mania: motoring. Its national food: sausage and griddle cakes.

Its national drink: lager. Its national emblem: the eagle, wings flapping and throat working.

Verbal Warfare.—Toronto boasts a new organization with a warlike name—the Irish Rifle Club.

It is understood that the members want to get practice in case Ulster rebels

an auto. Both bike and eggs were smashed.

Moral—Don't carry all your eggs in one basket on a bicycle.

Carnegie Medals Here!—A song writer has married the girl who sang his songs publicly. Brave pair!

Such a Sad Ending.

I WROTE a short story and thought it a gem; The fate of it—please do not ask it! It had a sad ending—the editor man Tossed it into his waste paper basket.

Smelt 'Em, Haven't You?—"Henry Lawrence, of Langenburg, Saskatchewan, enjoys his pipe at the age of 108," says a daily paper.

Seems to us, that if the odor be any indication, we know a few chaps with pipes quite as old.

Boosting Its Percentage.—Canada's Department of Labour reports that during July the cost of living dropped two points.

During August, however, it seems to have been winning double-headers every day.

Where He Finishes.—Many a man who starts out to find a nice opening for himself ends up in a hole.

The Difference.—People have only contempt for the man who "hasn't enough sense to pound sand," but they flatter with envy the one who strikes oil.

Mistaken for the Duke.—An amusing case of mistaken identity was a notable incident of the opening day at Toronto's big Exhibition, and it went unreported in the daily papers too.

To greet the Duke of Connaught, who was to attend the Directors' luncheon, a large crowd pressed around the entrance to the Administration building. The police lined up the crowd and kept the pathway clear to the door.

Now it so happens that the Globe has on its staff a man of rather imposing appearance, who, by reason of long service on the police assignment, is well known to the limbs of the law. When they saw him approach they saluted, much as they would to the Duke.

The crowd saw this impressive-looking person come up and receive the police salute and at once jumped to the conclusion that he was the Royal visitor.

The hundred Cadets who formed the guard of honour came to the salute at once, and the reporter of imposing appearance was regarded with awe as he walked up the path to the door. But before the crowd had worked itself up to the cheering point an automobile swung along the roadway and in it was the real Duke. The reporter was at once forgotten and he was glad enough when the attention ceased.

Sometimes.

HOW often that for which we ask And what we get don't suit— The lover seeks the daughter's hand But gets the father's boot.

The Point of View.—During a discussion of the fitness of things in general, some one asked, "If a young man takes his best girl to the grand opera, spends eight dollars on a supper after the performance, and then takes her home in a taxicab, should he kiss her good-night?"

An old bachelor who was present growled, "I don't think she ought to expect it. Seems to me he has done enough for her."

"Two Fall Dresses For My Daughter"

"Last spring I wrote you about the trouble I had because I tried to dye a

blue woolen skirt and some linen waists in the same dye bath. Thanks to your letter of advice, I have had splendid success since then. Now I want to show you the pictures of the two fall dresses for my daughters. I made these for Edna and Grace. I cut these from the Magazine, bought the patterns for each and made Grace's (my youngest daughter) from an old white serge, and Edna's from a pink voile party dress of my own. Grace's I dyed navy blue and trimmed it with dark red; Edna's I dyed a tan and used white ruching for the collar and cuffs. We are all de-a pink voile, dyed tan. They look even prettier than the pictures, and now we understand Diamond Dyes." Mrs. R. B. Kendrick.



Learn the economy—the fascination—the magic of changing colors with Diamond Dyes.

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in Blue envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods are in White envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics:

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are 60 p.c. to 80 p.c. Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, and another class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. AND REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

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AT THE SUMMER RESORT—THIS SUMMER.

"Well, what shall we do to kill time this morning?" "I have it! Let's write home and tell them what a bully time we're having!"

against Home Rule and there should be a civil war.

However, we note that on the roll of charter members are such names as Controllers Church and McCarthy, Ald. Spence, Hon. Thos. Crawford, and other noted politicians—which goes to indicate that the Irish Rifle Club may content itself with firing vocal volleys at long distance from the seat of war, using hyperbolic ammunition.

A Lively Ducal Pair.—The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland seem to have solved the problem of how to see New York's shows quickly. Seven New York papers reported them at seven different theatres on the same night.

Old Adage Amended.—A Toronto man, carrying eighteen dozen eggs in a basket, while riding a bicycle, collided with

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Will Cement Come Down?

SIR MAX AITKEN, having looked into his interests in Montreal and Toronto, has now proceeded westward. He is connected with several big prairie ventures. For instance, Sir Max is a director of the five million dollar Western Canada Power Company.

The West is quite interested in Sir Max because of his former connection with the Canada Cement Company. The young Knight has been deluged with queries for his opinion on the cement situation which of late has been such a live topic of discussion.



SIR MAX AITKEN, Who says that the price of cement will be reduced.

At Winnipeg Sir Max gave an interview to the *Manitoba Free Press*. He wished publicity to be given to the fact that he had no connection with the Cement Co. Sir Max took the view that the recent lowering of the cement tariff was unfair to the Canada Cement people.

"You must reflect the heavy duties that the company has to pay on coal, oil, and all other things, such as machinery, which the company has to pay just for the very things that go to make up cement. I am ready enough for free trade if it will be granted all round. The cement men will obtain nothing if coal and oil and all these other things are brought in free.

"As showing you that the cement company has done well for the country, just take the facts. In 1908, when I first engaged in cement, the price per barrel was \$1.30. In the following year there was a big war and the prices went down quickly, but that was not natural. In the next year the company was formed and then the price went back to the normal \$1.30 a barrel.

Last year the price came down to \$1.20, and this year it is down something like another 10 cents. It will come down still further, if the company is not molested. Who could say the company has done anything that is grossly unfair?"

Mr. Strathy's New Position.

THERE is one bank less in Canada. That tall building on Yonge Street in Toronto—the Ontario city's first skyscraper—no longer contains the head office of the Traders Bank. The other day Hon. W. T. White, who had been out of town, returned to Ottawa. There followed a meeting of the Treasury Board. One of the first things done was to ratify the merger of the Royal and Traders. Royal has bought out Traders. The Toronto institution with its 127 branches is now part of the system which President Holt directs from Montreal.



MR. STUART STRATHY, General Manager of the old Traders Bank, which merged with the Royal Bank.

One of the consequences of the amalgamation is the shake-up it means in the executive staffs of the banks. A man whose official position would seem affected seriously is Mr. Stuart Strathy, the General Manager of the old Traders. Mr. Strathy is to give his services to help supervise the enlarged bank which has extensive ramifications. All Ontario is to be looked after by him. The bank has 110 branches in that province. The work will be congenial to Mr. Strathy, for the territory is familiar to him. Ninety of the 126 branches of the Traders were in Ontario. Mr. Strathy now finds himself responsible for considerably more business than as General Manager of the Traders Bank. His long and wide connection in Ontario ought to prove of value to the new organization which is very strong there.

Mr. Strathy is a man of fifty-two years; small and alert. His education was obtained in Toronto. He banked first with the Federal Bank from 1878 to 1885, in which latter year he joined the Traders, then being founded. He occupied various positions till 1907, when he took over the general-managership in succession to his uncle, H. S. Strathy.

On and Off the Exchange.

Money and the Market.

THE increase last week of the Bank of England minimum discount rate to 4 per cent. has centered considerable interest on the money situation. Careful attention to monetary conditions is certainly necessary to investors. Money is none too plentiful at present, and though there does not appear to be danger of a serious stringency this fall, yet past experience, in countries better supplied with capital than Canada, has shown that it is impossible to finance a heavy crop movement and a bull stock market at the same time.

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market is strong in anticipation of increased earnings and dividends. The crop outlook is also good and so prospects for the maintenance of a strong stock market are good. But the very strength of the crop situation means that more money will be required to finance it and consequently higher rates will prevail, and less money will be available for speculation during the crop-moving season. This naturally means that stocks, which are at present ranging at high prices, will react somewhat though they should ultimately recover when the crop-moving period is over and additional capital is available for investment and speculation.

As Canada is still too small a market to stand alone, and as New York and London practically control the money situation of the world, it is well for investors to study the conditions in these two centers before buying. First consider the London situation which is dominated by the Bank of England whose rate is recognized as an index of financial conditions there, and this rate has just been increased from 3 to 4 per cent. This in itself is not a danger signal as a fall seldom passes without the rate being increased to 4 per cent. But on the other hand this increase seldom takes place till the end of September. The only time recently when this rate has reached 4 per cent. in August was in 1907 at the time of the panic. In that year it was raised to 4 per cent. in August and ultimately reached 7 per cent. So long as the rate is below 5 per cent.—the danger mark—there is little to fear but the situation must be watched.

The New York situation must be judged in a different manner as there is no recognized dominant bank to fix a rate. The statement of the banks in the Clearing House Association, issued every Saturday, affords a fair market index and must be analyzed. The ratio of discounts to deposits and specie to loans are the salient features and so long as the former is below 100 per cent. and the latter over 20 there is no immediate danger. At present the former is around 97 and the latter 21 per cent. According to Thomas Gibson, one of the best recognized statisticians in the United States, there is little cause for apprehension at present, though it must be remembered that these ratios sometimes change quickly. For example, on August 20th, 1910, the ratio of loans to deposits was 97.16 per cent. and specie to loans 24.31 per cent., yet by November 5th these had changed to 103.28 per cent. and 19.18 per cent. respectively. After that date they began to improve.

By studying these conditions from week to week the trend of the money market can be gauged, and consequently the trend of the security market, apart from odd securities subject to manipulation or which may be affected by special circumstances. It must be remembered though, that during the crop-moving period money is always likely to harden.

A Result of Mergeritis.

THIS is an industrial age and it is not surprising that the rush to incorporate and re-capitalize all sorts of industrial enterprises amounts to almost a mania which for want of a better name might be called "mergeritis." The public are being offered all kinds of securities, and never, perhaps, has it been of more value than at present to be able to analyze industrial stocks. A point of equal importance to the investor with the valuation of intangible assets, is the annual allowance for depreciation.

Different plants and different equipment have been found to depreciate at different rates, so it is impossible to give a general standard. Below is given a table of the annual depreciation allowance deemed necessary by engineers of high standing and other recognized authorities. If these allowances are not made regularly from earnings, the time will soon come when the difference must be made up, and it is quite possible that all profits may be wiped out for a considerable period.

Kind of property	Per cent. of depreciation.	Kind of property	Per cent. of depreciation.
Street railways	5.60	Rolling Stock	4.00
Trolley rails in city streets	4.50	Tracks	5.00
Rails in country roads	3.50	Railway motors	5.00
Roadbed substructure	4.00	Steam engines	4.00
Electric lighting plants	5.73	Gas engines	6.65
Gas plants	3.00	Brick buildings	1.50
Telephone plants	8.99	Frame buildings	2.00
Railroads in United States	8.51	Tools and machinery	6.00
Bell Telephone System	8.51	Furniture and fixtures	5.00
International Harvester Co.	9.85	Waggons and horses	10.00
U. S. Steel Corporation	6.88	The General Electric Co.	10.33

Strange to say, many corporations condemn themselves, on this basis, in their balance sheets by inflating the valuation of their plant so that percentage for maintenance and depreciation is low, even when the plant is being properly maintained. The difficulty then is for the investor to reduce this valuation, in order that he may ascertain the actual percentage of the depreciation and maintenance allowance. As an appraisal by the individual investor is impossible, he might make the reduction by reference to the actual selling value of the company's securities in the financial markets.

In order to get this reduced value, take the average selling price of all securities over a period of, say, five years, and from that reckon the actual value of the corporation. Supposing this value is found to be \$5,000,000 below the par value of the securities, it is then necessary to determine approximately which assets are overvalued. From that it can be determined whether the depreciation allowance has been sufficient or not.

A Defect in the Bank Act.

THE Winnipeg Telegram discusses editorially bank amalgamations as they are at present conducted under the Act. The Bank Act expressly permits one bank to sell its assets and business to another provided that certain conditions are fulfilled.

"The government's authority covers the mere detail of seeing that the provisions of the Act have been properly carried out. The policy of permitting the amalgamation of chartered banks does not come under the government's authority under the terms of the Act."

The Telegram thinks that the Bank Act should be amended: "The Bank Act which enables banks at their pleasure to negotiate amalgamations subject only to governmental review as to inconsequential details creates a condition of affairs which would eventually develop a banking monopoly in Canada and against such a danger Canada should resolutely set its face."



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- Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Torpedo Model, - - \$2600
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The 1913 Russell "30" surpasses in grace and elegance all previous models. Its many improvements both in design and construction enhance its outward beauty, provide greater riding comfort, give smoother running power and add to the simplicity of its control.

You will be charmed with this model—it is so essentially a Canadian's Car. There is about it a combination of dignity and power, plus that "something" which immediately denotes the owner's refinement and good taste. As a town car, it is incomparably luxurious. For hard touring service its strength is immense.

Briefly, the new features are:

1. Absence of all working parts on the body, allowing unbroken graceful lines to sweep the whole length of the car.
2. New self starter: electrically operated. Press a button and your car is ready to go.
3. Electric lighting by current generated in car's own dynamo. Press a button and you "light up."
4. 36 in. wheels and 4 in. tires, a combination to absorb all shock and cause less wear on tires.
5. Demountable rims so that road repairs may be avoided.
6. A spare rim with each car.
7. Motor fresh air pump driven by the car's own power.
8. Electrically lighted speedometer and clock in each car.

Fully \$325 worth of extra equipment and labor has been built into the 1913 Russell "30" as compared with the 1912 model.

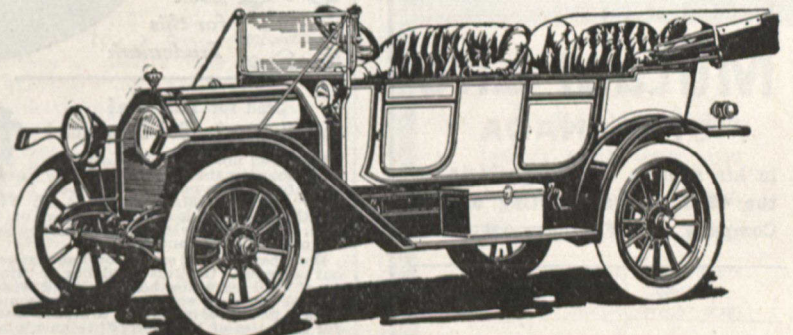
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Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

- SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President.
- ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
- JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

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

- \$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200

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

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

THE STEEL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

PIG IRON BAR IRON BAR STEEL

RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



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

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.



GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J. Trade Mark

Wear Guaranteed Hose Send for Price List

YOU ought to wear hosiery that really WEARS. Write for the price list on HOLEPROOF HOSIERY—six pairs guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or darns for six months.

A MILLION PEOPLE are wearing Holeproof Hose because of the wonderful service and comfort they give. These hose are so made that they wear longer than any other hose and yet they are soft and flexible. They are made in the lightest weights if you want light weights. No hose were ever more comfortable, yet they wear SIX MONTHS. That is guaranteed. Think what it means!

6 Pairs Wear 6 Months Or NEW HOSE FREE!

That's what we do. If they wear out (one pair or all pairs) we give you new hose free. 6,650,000 pairs outlasted the guarantee last year. But we replace every pair that does wear out without any question or quibble.

Here's how we get the "wear" and the softness that have made "Holeproof" famous—

We use a yarn that costs an average of 70c a pound, while common yarn sells for 30c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, 3-ply strands, the softest and strongest yarn that's produced.

We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair is perfection, capable of the guarantee.

Then we have had 39 years of hose making experience. We know how to make hose wear, and how to make them stylish, too.

These are the original guaranteed hose—the whirlwind success—the most popular hose in existence. You ought to try them.



Look for this Trademark

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1908
Carl Fuschell

Send for Trial Box!
Stop Darning! End Discomfort!

Men need not any longer wear socks with holes in them. Children may now always wear neat-looking stockings. **WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING!** Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon with \$1.50, \$2 or \$3 (according to grade wanted) for six pairs of "Holeproof" (women's and children's \$2 and \$3 only). Remit in any convenient way.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada Ltd.
14 Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured? (360)

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
14 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen—I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children.) Weight..... (medium or light?) Size..... Color (check the color on list below.) Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... Province.....

List of Colors
For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.
For Children—Black and tan only—medium weight only.

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 Late Professor Hart

(From the Winnipeg Telegram.)

IN the deaths of Rev. Principal Sparling and Professor Hart this summer, the college community of Winnipeg has lost two of its leading members. The late Dr. Hart, so long associated with the history of Manitoba College, was a pioneer in the work of education in the West. For forty years he has been identified with the college interests of the Presbyterian Church in Manitoba. Although he has been a professor emeritus for some years, he maintained his connection with the university of which he was one of the founders, and remained an active worker in the eldership of his church.

The late Dr. Hart was not a public figure in Winnipeg, but hundreds of men in the public life of the West bear the imprint of his gracious personality. He was a fine type of the gentleman of the old school, urbane in manners, sympathetic in spirit, full of the milk of human kindness. This was all the more wonderful since he was professor of the classics, devoted to a department of learning which is more apt to make a man "fortiter in re" than "suaviter in modo."

But the late Professor Hart had a gentle spirit, and the students who passed through his hands cherished his memory as that of a courtly and cultured gentleman.

In our busy Western world we are apt to heap our eulogies upon citizens who bulk large in the public eye, men of strenuous life and ceaseless activity. But men of Dr. Hart's type, who pass their lives in the class-room, who live for their ideals and their dreams, are also great servants of the commonweal, for they mould the characters of those who go out from their influence to be the captains of industry and the militant forces in shaping the destiny of a new country.

West Favours Land Tax

AT the annual meeting of the Union of Canadian Municipalities at Windsor recently, the subject of land tax in cities was discussed. Most of the speakers from the West seemed to be in favour of exempting improvements.

"The triumph of our land tax in Edmonton is shown by the fact that in 1906 we had building permits to the value of \$1,563,000, while in 1912, the first year all taxes other than land taxes are taken off, they were \$15,500,000," said Ald. Clarke. "If the previous ratio had been continued it would have required 80,000 population to justify this expenditure, while our population is approximately 53,000."


"The land tax in Vancouver is the principal cause of the growth of the city in recent years," said Ald. Hepburn. "The difficulty of making owners of buildings keep them in sanitary condition has been greatly lessened and the tax on land has also had the effect of causing owners of vacant property to improve it."

"No one will attempt to dispute that the land tax in Victoria has been most beneficial," said Mayor J. L. Beckwith, of the Western city. "The system of taxing builders is simply a system of fining a man for improving his property."

"Cities of Saskatchewan are moving toward the land tax," said Deputy Minister J. N. Baine, "under the new law the limit of assessment is fixed at 6 per cent, and cities have the right to reduce this fifteen per cent. a year. Within two or three years it is believed that the cities will entirely remove the tax on improvements."

Appropriate.—She—"I can't go motor-ing with you to-night; I haven't a thing to wear."
He—"Then, let's go in bathing."—Satire.

What He Lacked.—W. D. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, said of a certain popular novelist:
"There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters. McMasters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood. 'What is your favourite flower, Mr. McMasters?' the girl asked softly. McMasters thought a moment, then cleared his throat and answered: 'Well, I believe I like the whole wheat best.'"



BY APPOINTMENT

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

Greatly enhances the flavour of Soups, Stews and Gravies.

The Original & Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.
Montreal
Canadian Agents

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER"



**Save Your Wife
From Kitchen Drudgery---**

GET HER A



It combines kitchen and pantry all in one, thereby lessening kitchen work by half—allowing more time for other household duties and saving countless unnecessary steps every day.

It will be worth your while to examine a KNECHTEL before deciding on any cabinet for your kitchen. Your dealer has them in stock. Ask him to show you the five Knechtel styles. Or, write for Booklet "E," which describes the KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET in full.

One of the five handsome styles—Beautifully finished in Oak.
The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet has Flour, Sugar and Meal Bins; Spice Jars; Air-tight Canisters; Plate Racks; Pot Cupboard; Sliding Shelves, and many other practical features.

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Limited, Hanover, Ontario.



**You Can Buy an Otis-Fensom
Freight Elevator for as little as
\$70**

Some people seem to think that any kind of an Otis-Fensom freight elevator is a costly affair, running into hundreds of dollars.

This isn't so, by any means.

Very likely the best freight equipment for your purpose would cost very little. Yet the saving it will effect will be proportionately as great as the most expensive equipment would afford you.

We are looking for business men who have warehouses, stores, factories, etc., and who do not know the vital economy of a freight elevator.

We want to send such men a copy of our book---

"Freight Elevators and Their Uses"

Send me your book
Send for your copy to-day. It explains the value of freight elevators in general, and the peculiarly successful features of Otis-Fensom freight elevators in particular.

Name **OTIS-FENSOM ELEVATOR CO., Limited**
Address **Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto**

Drink St. Leon Water

The Water of Health

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

"When Wives Were Scarce"

(Concluded from page 6.)

up their desks, dropped their hands to their sides, and gazed soulfully at the teacher.

"We shall close," she continued, "by singing the little motion song we learned this morning. Stand—up!"

They shambled erect in the aisles. "Now, altogether. Brightly, please."

"My dame has a lame, tame crane, My dame has a crane that is lame, Now go, gentle Jane, get your dame's lame tame crane, Feed it, and come home again."

And, so help me, that bunch of hoodooed, locoed, moss-backed homesteaders, whose average age would be well over thirty, sang it through, waving their arms in imitation of Miss Saunders. I felt I had received full value for my share of taxes.

"Mark time—march!" she ordered, and one by one they tramped out of the school, straight on over the prairie, leaving their dinner pails behind them. That is, all but Jim. He stopped outside and waited for Miss Saunders. She, with a smile to Jack, who stood like a wooden man, his mouth open, his eyes staring, put on her hat, picked up her coat and started for her boarding place, Jim trailing by her side.

My entrance aroused Jack from his trance.

"By hurricanes!" he gasped. "By hurricanes!" It was his most violent oath, never uttered except under great stress of mind.

"What about it?" said I. "You can't stop them. It's a free country. Of course they're mostly over school age" Jack snorted—"but then it shows a worthy desire on their part. I perceive signs of an intellectual quickening, as the parson would say."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," said Jack, "but right now I'm starting to do it. And I'll begin on Jim Bruce."

But he didn't. When we got to Jim's shack it was empty. His best suit always hung at the head of his bed. The nail was vacant. His overalls lay on the floor. Coming home we met Yonnie Yonson.

"Teacher and Mr. Bruce gone to town," he yelled gleefully.

"It's all over, Jack," I said. "Better wire the third girl." And it was.

That night Jack received the resignation of Mrs. Bruce, late Miss Saunders, and our school was vacant again.

Well, to cut it short, Jack rode to town, and wired Miss Binks, and Saturday she stepped off the stage on schedule time. Jack was right there, and there was a grim look about his jaws that kept the other boys back. But, say, she sure bowled Jack over. She was little and young, not more than twenty; she had fluffy hair under her cute hat, and a face that seemed all smiles and mischief. I groaned, for I knew it was all over with Jack. He shed the five years' homesteading in a minute and went back to the Jack Green who had just left college. And the girl—for all the rest of us counted, we might have been posts in the corral. She had eyes only for Jack. Sunday, she sat beside him at church, and in the hymns her soprano filled the room, while Jack went back to his native bass. The rest of the day Jack spent at Yonson's, where they sang duets in English, Cree and Icelandic. About twelve o'clock that night he woke me up.

"Say," he said, "I wish you'd get the boys together and elect new trustees."

"Ain't you got no shame?" I asked. "Remember what you said about Thompson and Bruce."

"I don't care a hoot," he said, brazenly. "That girl of mine shan't worry her little head over Mike Keviet's snub-nosed kid. And I won't have that bunch of yaps sitting round that schoolhouse either. To-morrow—say, honest, Bill, ain't she all right?"

"Here, shut up!" I yelled. "If you get mushy I'll kill you with a bannock. Go home, and let sane people sleep. I'll tell the boys."

We had another meeting and elected Yon Yonson, Mike Keviet and John Butler, trustees, and the advertisement we sent to the city daily read as follows:

Wanted, male teacher for the Rose-dale school. Duties to commence immediately. P. S.—No ladies need apply.

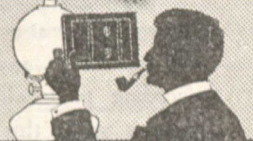
FOR CLEANING
WOOD
(PAINTED & UNPAINTED)
WORK

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

**Old Dutch
Cleanser**



Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can, 10¢



Prints by Gaslight

To get the most satisfactory prints from your Kodak negatives—clear, snappy, vigorous prints—insist on the only paper that is made with sole reference to the requirements of the amateur negative—Velox.

The best finishers of Kodak work use Velox exclusively.

Canadian Kodak Co. Ltd.
OFFICE AND FACTORIES 582-592 KING ST. W.
TORONTO, CANADA.

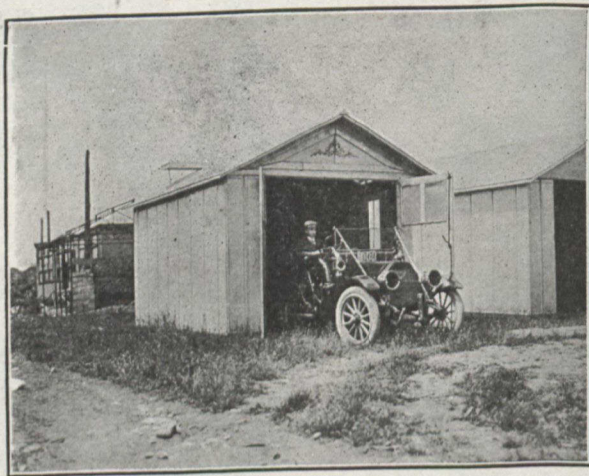
**MURRAY
AND
LANMAN'S
Florida Water**

This fragrant and refreshing toilet perfume, in use for a century, makes the daily bath a luxury and a supreme delight.

Leading Druggists sell it.
Accept no Substitute!

Lanman & Kemp,
New York
and
Cor. St. Antoine
and Chatham Sts.
Montreal.





This Garage will save the price of a new car in several years

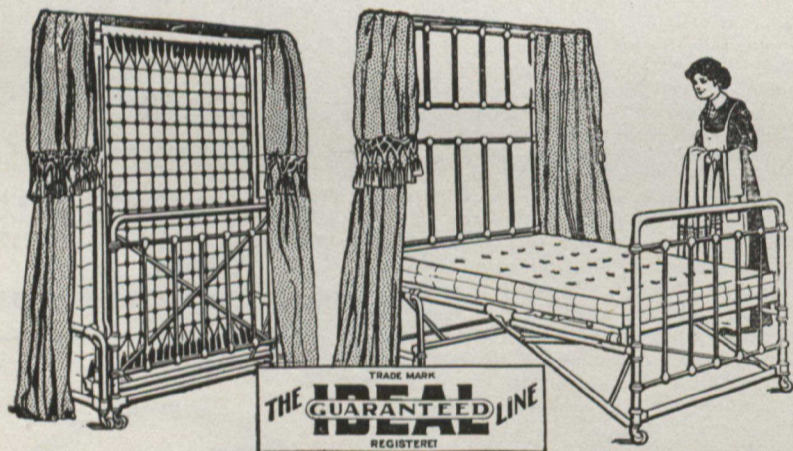
Figure it out.

Keep your car at a public garage and your annual rental will amount to anything from \$84.00 up to \$200.00, according to locality—an average of \$142.00 yearly. In seven years this sum, with interest, amounts to over \$1,000.00. And in the year 1919 one will be able to buy a pretty good car with that amount of cash.

Apart from actual saving, a **Preston Metal Garage** is a convenience and a protection. Looks well on any lawn. Write for booklet entitled "A New Home For Your Car."

Agents wanted in every locality.

The Metal Shingle & Siding Company, Limited
Preston, Ont. Montreal, Que.



It is simply impossible for this space-saving **IDEAL** Folding Bed to close accidentally. It is self-balancing in any position.

Works with springs, not weights, and is so light and perfectly balanced that a child can operate it. All metal—therefore vermin-proof. No parts to work loose, wear out or break. Bedding kept in perfect order, always open to air. Canopy permits artistic draping—open or closed it is a handsome piece of furniture.

Be sure and ask for the **IDEAL** Folding Bed, and see that it bears our trade mark. Ask for name of dealer nearest you.

Write for Free Folder No. F 2

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
12 Jefferson Avenue, Toronto.

People and Places

Adviser to China.

DISTURBANCE in China became so acute recently that the Government decided to call in a Britisher to advise it. He is Dr. George Ernest Morrison, the famous Pekin correspondent of the London Times. Dr. Morrison is a man of wide and somewhat romantic experience. In his residence at Pekin, searching out copy for his paper, he has picked up a knowledge of how to handle the pig-tailed people. They have confidence in him. He knows China and the East



DR. GEORGE E. MORRISON
The Times Correspondent, Who Will Act as Political Counsellor to China.

thoroughly. The guide books say that travel is the greatest university. Dr. Morrison has been giving his college yell there a good part of his life and he ought to be educated. In Who's Who his one recreation is put down as "foreign travel."

The journeys of Dr. Morrison are celebrated. They commenced in 1882, when at twenty years of age he footed it across Australia on foot from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne. In 1897 he made an interesting tour for the Times from Bangkok, in Siam, to Yunnan City in China and round Tonquin.

Dr. Morrison is an Australian by birth, the son of a doctor. He is himself a physician by profession, a graduate of Edinburgh.

Is There a Coal Famine?

ARATHER remarkable condition exists just now in Montreal. Last week the coal dealers in the metropolis made the calm announcement that they had in stock fifty tons of stove coal, while ordinarily at this time of the year 250,000 tons are on hand. With chilly nights coming due, such a statement might well cause a mild sensation. Of course there is an explanation. The trouble is the labour unrest. Recently there was a gigantic coal strike in Great Britain. Coal intended for the Canadian market was shipped across the Atlantic to help out the English situation. Then followed the Pennsylvania strike, throwing dealers in the Dominion away behind in their orders. With a big demand for coal, and no ready supply, naturally prices have aviated. This is a further complication in the matter which may be responsible for furrows in the brow of Mr. Consumer this fall.

In Montreal, loose stove coal is \$7.75 a ton, and all the time going up; loose egg is the same; and chestnut twenty-five cents more.

Trouble With the Douks.

THE Doukhobors seem to have been getting into hot water in British Columbia. The Government claims that they are not complying with the ordinary civic regulations which require the

Fall Suits for Men and Young Men

These Broderick suits have assumed a prominent place in men's dress. The diversified series of styles, the luxury of finish excelled by none, and the beauty of fabrics are always distinguishable. The textures and patterns are the choicest offerings in London and New York, and are tailored to meet the exacting requirements of the Broderick Standard.

Prices

\$22.50 to \$45.00

Write for prices and self-measurement chart.

Brodericks
LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

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.

Schools and Colleges



Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Head Master, J. Tyson Williams, B.A.
Emmanuel College, Cambridge

This well-known school for boys has been completely renovated and made thoroughly up to-date.

A reorganization of the executive committee has also been made and now comprises the following:

Sir H. Montagu Allan, C.V.O., Chairman
J. K. L. Ross, Vice-Chairman
Prof. J. A. Dale, Arthur G. Abbott
Major George R. Hooper

An efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities, help to make B.C.S. one of the best known and most thorough schools for boys in Canada, preparing them for the R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and Business Life.

For Calendars, Information, etc., apply to the Head Master.

registration of births, marriages and deaths.

So impressed is the Government with this delinquency that it has appointed a commissioner with full powers to investigate the habits and customs of the Douks and determine their value to the Province as settlers.

Educational Progress.

FOUR years ago the University of Alberta commenced operations in a room in one of the public schools of Strathcona. Four professors kept the freshmen in order.

To-day Dr. Fry and his assistants number twenty-four, and there is 300 of an enrollment expected when the college term opens. Education, like other things, moves rapidly in the West.

Historical Revival in Calgary.

BY the time this number of The Courier is off the press the Calgary Stampede will be in full swing. This celebration is expected to be one of the



LOUIS BOTHA
The Well-known Former Boer Leader Has Just Been Made a Colonel in the British Army.

most interesting fetes ever pulled off out West. The idea of the promoters is to present the progress of life on the prairie from early cow-boy days to the present. A corps of riders and ropers have been brought to the city to give a realistic picture of Calgary's picturesque history. \$20,000 has been set aside for prizes for the cow-boys of Canada, the United States and Mexico.

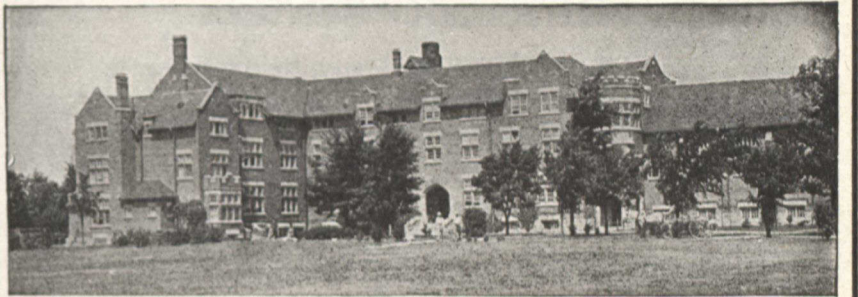
Canada the Target.

"CANADA is now the bull's-eye of the world," drawled an Englishman of prominence when interviewed the other day at Montreal. If the tourist immigration of this summer be taken as an indication, he is not far wrong. Seventy-five members of the British Parliament have "hit" Canada since the parliamentary session closed at Westminster, and fully a dozen lords and dukes. Some of the best known men in the social and political life of Great Britain are in the country just now.

The Oracle.

THAT rising star of the English political world, young Sir Max Aitken, formerly of Montreal and Newcastle, N.B., and now M.P. for Ashton-Under-Lyne, England, is certainly feeling his importance. His words at Winnipeg the other day are those of an oracle. Said Canada's meteoric knight, referring to Mr. Balfour, ex-Premier and nephew of Lord Salisbury: "As for Balfour, we've got rid of him. Why, compared with Law, he is just a doctor with the scissors beside a policeman with a baton."

Schools and Colleges



A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

RIDLEY COLLEGE
St. Catharines, Ont.

Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L.
Principal

Three separate residences, new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House for boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink. Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. The School won University Scholarship in Classics, 1909, and in Classics and Mathematics, 1910.

St. Margaret's College
Toronto



A Residential and Day School for Girls

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

PRESIDENT---Mrs. Geo. Dickson.
PRINCIPAL---Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—Preparation for the Universities with Honours a specialty. MUSIC—Vocal and Instrumental. ART; ELOCUTION; HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE; PHYSICAL EDUCATION carefully directed. Large Lawns, Rink and Swimming Bath. School re-opens September 11th, 1912. Write for Calendar.

Upper Canada College

TORONTO
FOUNDED
1829

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 14th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, etc.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment.

Successes in 1911: Honor Matriculation, 11; Pass, Matriculation, 22; Royal Military College, all passed

Autumn Term Begins on Thursday, Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m.

Boarders Return on the 11th.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Principal.



Western Canada College

Calgary, Alberta

Oldest and Largest Boys' Residential and Day School between Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Preparation for Universities, Royal Military College and Business Life.

EFFICIENT STAFF---SPACIOUS GROUNDS---SPLENDID GYMNASIUM,

Calendar and full information on request.

DR. A. O. MacRAE, Principal.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Autumn Term commences Sept. 11, 1912. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

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Drawing and Story Writing



Don't think you can't learn to draw. No matter how little talent you may seem to have now, we can teach you. We know this because we have proved it by long and successful experience.

Our art staff is the strongest combination of art talent in America, and comprises some of Canada's best-known artists.

Don't think that you can't learn story-writing. Write to-day for our free booklet and let us prove that you CAN.

The Shaw Correspondence Schools train you for better positions and better earnings, in your own home, in your spare time. Write to-day for full particulars.

SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
399 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

Act Now



Your Daughter may acquire a safe and liberal education at

Alma (Ladies) College

A study of environment is as necessary on your part as the nature of the training to be acquired. Select and practised faculty. Situation and climate ideal. Superior health record. Varied courses. Fees moderate. Fall Semester begins Sept. 9th.

Robert I. Warner, M.A., D.D.
St. Thomas, Ont.

The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



A Host of Different Centers

You like the spice of variety, therefore you'll enjoy Moir's Chocolates, with their hundred or more different centers.

Toothsome nuts, dainty jellies, luscious fruits, form some of the centers, while others are of unique creamy confections. All are hidden in that wonderfully thick coating of smooth, rich chocolate that's being talked about so much today.

Enjoy a new treat. Try Moir's Chocolates.

**MOIRS,
Limited,**

**Halifax,
Canada.**

33



Chocolates

His Little Girl

(Continued from page 8.)

what she called herself," the words were in themselves an ugly sneer, "yes, find out everything about her, everything," his eyes gleamed maliciously, "it is possible she had a child, there was a child in the carriage when—ah! well, never mind about that—find out everything, you are clever enough to do it all. Trace the woman; trace the child if there was a child; and above all, trace the jewel, and put it into my hands."

CHAPTER XI.

"I DON'T believe there could be a more beautiful house in all the world."

"Don't you, Sylvia? Well! I am inclined to endorse your opinion; and I can't pretend to be sorry it is mine. A fit setting for the woman who is coming here as its queen," Giles added under his breath, as he laid a hand on Sylvia's shoulder and looked out of the window across the wide landscape bathed in the sunshine of May.

"Do you mean Miss Cardew when you say its queen?" the child questioned, lifting grave eyes to his face, "will she be the queen of this lovely house?"

"Yes, dear, I meant that," a dusky colour mounted into Giles' bronzed cheeks, "you see, Miss Cardew is going to be my wife, and my wife will be the queen of my home, and of everything I have. Don't you agree with me, little woman, that there could not be a lovelier queen?"

"I think Miss Cardew's got a very lovely face," Sylvia answered slowly, "but I am afraid she might find it rather dull and quiet here. She doesn't like country things much; and won't she miss all the people and the lots and lots of parties?"

Giles laughed, and his hand rested for a moment on the child's dark hair.

"Women are so wonderful," he said, a note of triumph in his voice, "so wonderful that when a woman loves a man, she is ready to give up the kind of life she likes best herself, and live the man's life instead."

"I shouldn't think Miss Cardew was like that," came the prompt reply, spoken with childish impetuosity, and Giles looked down at her, surprised incredulity on his face.

"Ah! but she is like that," he answered slowly, "she has a soul as beautiful as her beautiful face. You mustn't think otherwise, little girl. Not that I am going to ask her to sacrifice all her social life for me. When we settle down we shall be part of the year in town, I would not condemn her too much to the country. She must not be buried here. And when she is here, the house will always be full of people if she likes it."

"I think she will like it," Sylvia said shrewdly, her eyes fixed on Giles' face, over which a shadow of wistfulness had suddenly crept.

"Then she shall have it," he replied briskly, thrusting away the dreams he had dreamt of a home in which he and Grace would revel in each other's society, with no tiresome guests to entertain and amuse. "When we come back from India," he went on, his hand touching the child's dusky hair, "we shall find you grown up and ready to help us look after the house and all the people who stay in it. You will be the queen's right hand, won't you?"

"I should like to be your right hand best," Sylvia said quickly, her eyes meeting his with a look of loving adoration, "you see, I'm not sure that Miss Cardew will want me to do things for her. I don't believe she's very fond of little girls."

"She will like this little girl," Giles answered promptly, putting his arm round the child, and drawing her close to him, "you belong to me, and Grace and I will be one, so you will belong to her as well. And we shall find our little girl ready for us here when we come home."

"I wish you hadn't got to go to India," Sylvia said, her soft hands clinging to his, "I wish you were going to be here always, you and me, just as we are now. I don't like when things change."

"Poor little girl, none of us are very fond of changes, and you have had to learn so young how many changes and



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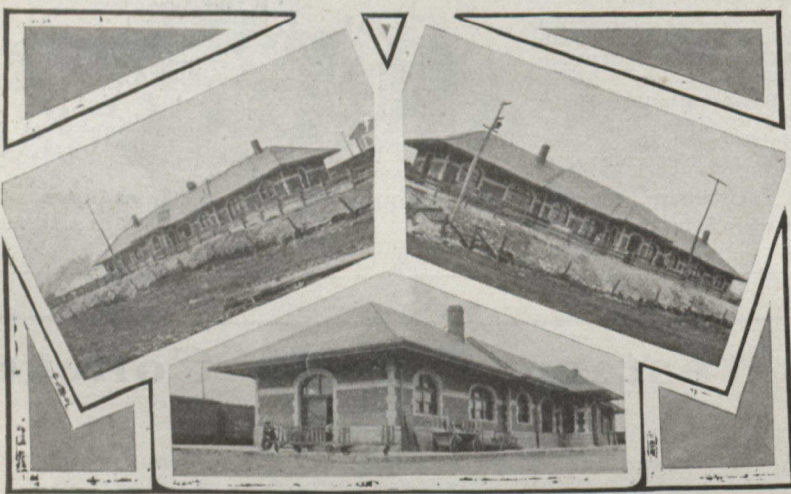
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chances there are in this mortal life. Never mind, Sylvia, some day we will settle down into this beautiful home of mine, and you can't think how happy we shall all be."

"I can think how happy I should be if you were always with me," she answered with childlike simplicity, "it's when I remember about your going away that something inside me hurts. I can't bear the way it hurts sometimes." Her eyes darkened with swift pain, and Giles patted her shoulder caressingly, his voice taking on a caressing tone. "You mustn't think too much about hurting, only think all the time that I shan't be very long away, and that you must use every minute of the time to learn to be everything a grown-up young lady has got to be."

"The sort of grown-up young lady you would like?" she asked.

"Yes, just the sort I should like," he answered, "I shall expect something very splendid. And now let us go all round the garden and see how everything is looking. Grace may be coming down one day this week."

But Grace did not go down that week, nor the next, nor the next—and by and by Sylvia said sagely to Miss Stansdale:

"I don't believe Miss Cardew wants to come and see this lovely place. She is always too busy every time monsieur asks her."

"Have you always called Sir Giles, monsieur?" Helen Stansdale said, with a smile, "and why do you call him that?"

"Because, you see, I began it when first we met," Sylvia, curled up in the broad window seat of the schoolroom, looked across at her governess and smiled, "Mummy and I had lived a lot in France, and you say monsieur to every gentleman there. I think it pretty to say it. So when Sir Giles came, I said monsieur to him, and then, afterwards, when we got to England, I just still called him that, and I like it. It means, sir, you see, and Sir Giles is a knight, isn't he? I read the other day about somebody who was, 'a very perfit, gentil knight.' Monsieur is like that, isn't he?"

"Indeed, I think he is," little Miss Stansdale answered quickly. "I never knew anybody so thoughtful and considerate, and yet he is quite a young man. I should like to see the lady he is going to marry. To be his wife she ought to be almost perfect."

Miss Helen's gentle soul bubbled over with enthusiasm, and that highest sentiment which is far removed from sickly sentiment, and her small charge understood her.

"I think monsieur ought to have the best queen in the world," she said. "he thinks there isn't any queen like Miss Cardew. But she doesn't care about making him happy all the time, she lets him do everything for her. I wish she would come here, because it hurts him when she doesn't come. And when things hurt him, they hurt me," the child added quaintly. Helen Stansdale looked tenderly at the small white face and deep eyes. During the few weeks she had been at Manderby Court, she had learnt to love the little girl who was in some ways so old-fashioned and knowledgable, in others such an absolute child. Life in Sir Giles' household was a real rest and refreshment to the gentle little lady who had found existence in her brother's suburban villa almost insupportable, and her brother himself a very sharp thorn in the flesh. That Robert had, as he himself put it, "washed his hands of her," she regretted, because in her gentleness of soul, she would have regretted anything that militated against peace: but it was an undoubted relief to be out of the sphere of Robert's blustering voice and Robert's overbearing masterfulness. And her own conscience upheld her in the course she had taken. She was sure it had been right to come away and earn money for herself, instead of being dependent on Robert's bounty, a bounty grudgingly and grumblingly bestowed.

In Giles Tredman's house she found congenial surroundings, and he himself treated the little lady with a chivalrous courtesy and respect, such as her brother would have considered quite superfluous to bestow upon a woman. She sometimes wondered whether the life at Manderby would be quite so peaceful and desirable when the master of the



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house brought a wife to reign there by his side, but she had a thread of philosophy in her composition, and consoled herself with the reflection that as Sir Giles proposed to take his wife to India, it would be some time before they finally settled down in their English home. And meanwhile, she and Sylvia would enjoy the loveliness to their hearts' content, and with only each other for company. Miss Stansdale's one regret in leaving her brother's house had been the thought that she was leaving her sister Marion alone with Robert. But Marion's last letter had removed that feeling of compunction, for it had overflowed with expressions of admiration for the German lady, who by Robert's wish, had come as a paying guest.

"Miss Muller is quite charming," so ran the letter which lay in Helen's lap whilst Sylvia talked to her, "she is very good looking—I think I might call her handsome, and she is so kind and interested in everything and everybody. She makes a delightful companion, and never lets me feel dull for a moment. How I wish you and your dear little charge could come over in the motor one afternoon and see her, that is, if Sir Giles would not object."

(To be continued.)

Recreation for the Pioneer

MR. EDWARD GURNEY, the well-known Toronto manufacturer, recently contributed the following letter to The Christian Guardian, making some suggestions as to improving social conditions in Western Canada:

Dear Sir,—During a recent visit to the West, I had an opportunity of hearing the question of isolation discussed suggestively by a member of the Laymen's Association of the Manitoba Conference. Subsequently the social condition of the West was kept prominent during my visits to other towns and cities of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. I found that the people I met were unanimously in favor of Church Union and that without exception as to denomination. This led me to some constructive thought, assuming Union as a basic proposition. What is needed is some social outlook for the women and young people, especially the women. One man whose wife was in an asylum remarked that he could not understand why, "as she had never been out of the kitchen for years."

Now I suggest that the country of Manitoba and Saskatchewan be divided into social districts corresponding in area with the conferences, that the abandoned churches not needed for church purposes be used as social clubs or meeting places, that as rapidly as possible libraries be established therein, that a regular systematic provision be made for old-fashioned tea meetings, the most welcome social gatherings that we have known in the history of our church, that equal attention be given to musical, literary and other valuable and wholesome entertainment, among which I would suggest selected moving picture shows. Some of these entertainments would be provided by local talent, perhaps at a later date all might be so provided, but immediately we should have to employ entertainers and this would involve somewhat large expenditures. As to this, I would say that we could depend on the man in the street to be as free a subscriber as any of us; he would understand this while he might be a little obscure as to spiritual appeals. Now as to the benefits.

1st. The women and children would have something to look forward to.

2nd. The men would have a centre of social interest far more wholesome than the tavern or grocery.

3rd. We should add vastly to the power of the church as a centre of moral influence.

If undertaken it should be done by authority of the United Church. It should be entered upon after grave consideration as a department of church work, and should be controlled by the regular officers of the church.

I have been requested by many people in the West to suggest this outline of a plan to you and your readers.



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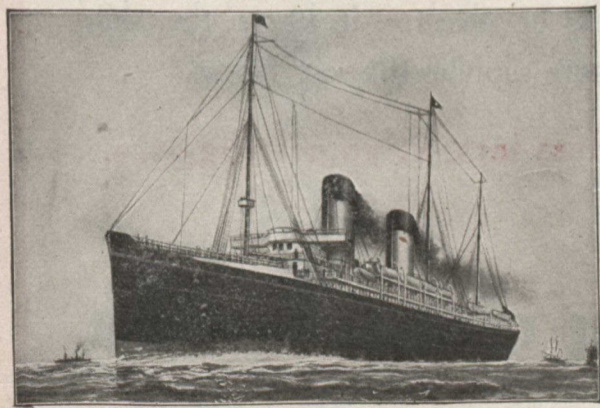
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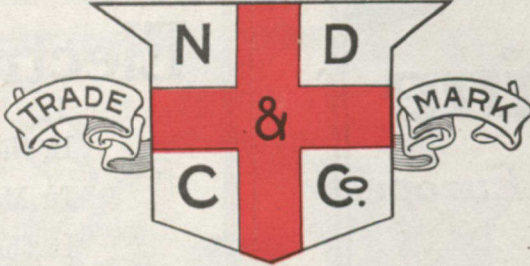
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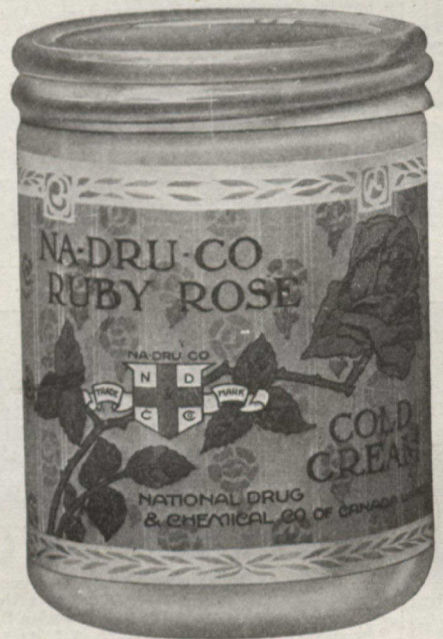
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