

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by F. Horsman Varley.

Woman's Supplement Number

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



**BE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU DRINK!**

It is often risky to drink the water found at your picnic spot. Pump, lake, river and spring water alike are often contaminated. Be on the safe side. Take with you a supply of light, palatable

**STERLING
CHILL-PROOF ALE**

the harmless brew that is a real thirst-quencher.

"STERLING" ALE is safe to drink any time, because it is **PURE ABSOLUTELY**—just selected malt, choice hops and pure sterilized water.

Brewed and bottled in the most sanitary and up-to-date plant in Canada by

**Reinhardt's
of Toronto**
INSPECTION INVITED N17



**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.

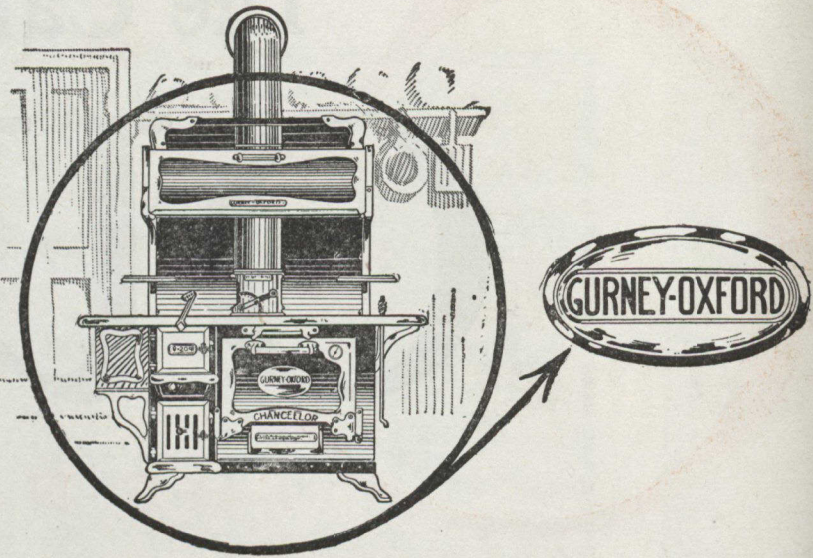
We are looking for business men who have warehouses, stores, factories, etc., and who do not know the vital economy of a freight elevator.

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**



Only Results Count

The one thing above all else that you want to know about the range you buy is this—that it will cook and broil and bake with absolute satisfaction.

Other features of a range, such as convenience, economy and appearance, are, of course also indispensable, but the prime necessity in a range is results in cooking. The Gurney-Oxford gives results—not now and then, but always.

Every Gurney-Oxford is a source of continual satisfaction to its owner. Day after day, year after year, it enables her to produce pastry, bread, roasts that contribute to the pleasure of housekeeping. That is why the Gurney-Oxford finds its strongest support among those who have had actual and intimate experience with it. You too will number your Gurney-Oxford among your best friends.

The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited
TORONTO - CANADA

MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

(5)



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.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

Hotel Victoria

Fifth Ave., 27th St. and BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEO. W. SWEENEY,
President.

ANGUS GORDON,
Manager.

SCOURS
POTS AND PANS

EASILY - QUICKLY - HYGIENICALLY

Old Dutch Cleanser

AVOID CHEMICAL CLEANERS
Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can 10"

DOG DISEASES



Books on and How to Feed

Mailed free on application to

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 West 31st St., New York, U.S.A.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

You can face all sorts of weather with immunity if you are properly clothed.

The basis of all clothing is, of course, the underwear.

The only material that will protect you against the sudden changes from heat to cold or from cold to heat, without harm, is pure clean wool.

All medical men advise woollen material to be worn next the skin. It absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp as does any material which is made from vegetable products.

"CEETEE" PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

is manufactured from only the finest of the finest Australian Merino wool.

This wool is combed and scoured and combed until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand of wool is as clean as it is possible to be made. It is put through process after process on expensive and exclusive machinery, and when finished each garment is in such a state of perfection that it has earned a reputation of being unequalled the world over.

Each garment is full fashioned and made to fit the human form. Every joint is carefully knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers.

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children.

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's high-class ribbed underwear for ladies and children and Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants. 544

Manufactured by

The C. TURNBULL Co.
of Galt, Limited
GALT, ONT.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT.



The Canadian
Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 17

CONTENTS

- If I Were a Westerner By Norman Patterson.
Dealing with town-booming and railway rates.
- Where Royalty and Cowboy Met By Norman S. Rankin.
The Stampede Week in Calgary; Illustrated.
- News Features Photographs.
Including the Duke's Tour of the West.
- The "Co-op" and Its Advantages By Linton Eccles.
- When the Worm Turned, Story .. By Justin H. Digby.
- Men of To-day Word Pictures and Photos.
- Western Feminism By A. M. Ross.
- On the Way to the Peace By Jean Blewett.
- His Little Girl, Serial By L. G. Moberly.
- Money and Magnates By Staff Writers.
- Reflections By the Editor.

Editor's Talk

FOR this week, the chief article is by Norman Patterson. He writes frankly and breezily about the three great questions agitating the West at the present moment—the town-lot boomster, mixed farming and railway rates. This contribution, entitled, "If I Were a Westerner," may stir up trouble, but nevertheless it is worth while.

From time to time it has been our custom to publish letters of congratulation and commendation from our readers. Occasionally we have mustered sufficient courage to publish letters of an opposite character. The former practice is much more to our liking than the latter. For example, the giving publicity to the following communication brings us pleasure rather than distress. Mr. J. T. Ferguson, of Dawson, Yukon, writes thus:

"I like the "Canadian Courier very much. It is so splendidly Canadian without being boastful; the news is good without being trashy; the pictures inside and the drawings on the outside of the front cover are very tasty and finely executed; its politics are very fair and, especially on the navy question, soundly Canadian.

"Wishing the 'Courier' every success in this glorious Dominion, I am yours, very truly."



By Appointment

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

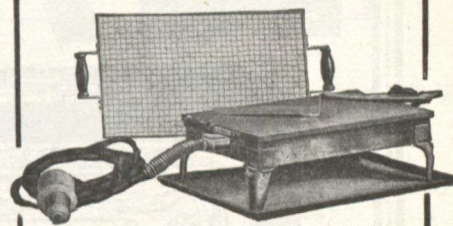
with Cheese.

The Original & Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.
Montreal
Canadian Agents

ELECTRIC TOASTER STOVES

For Autumn



For the most varied service get a

WESTINGHOUSE

Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited

Hamilton, - - Ontario

Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto

Ahearn & Soper,

Ottawa, Montreal, Halifax

By Royal Appointment

MURPHY & ORR

Irish Linen and Lace House,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

TABLE LINEN, IRISH LACE,
CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS,
SHEETING, TOILETS,
PILLOW LINEN, COSIES,
TOWELS, MATS,
DUSTERS, DOYLIES,
GLASS CLOTHS, BAGS,
TEA CLOTHS.

Hand Embroidered Linen Robes and Blouses.

DRESS LINENS
And LINENS of EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Plain and Embroidered.

Only thoroughly Reliable Goods stocked
and supplied at lowest Belfast prices.
WEDDING LINEN OUTFITS a speciality
Price Lists and Samples Post Free



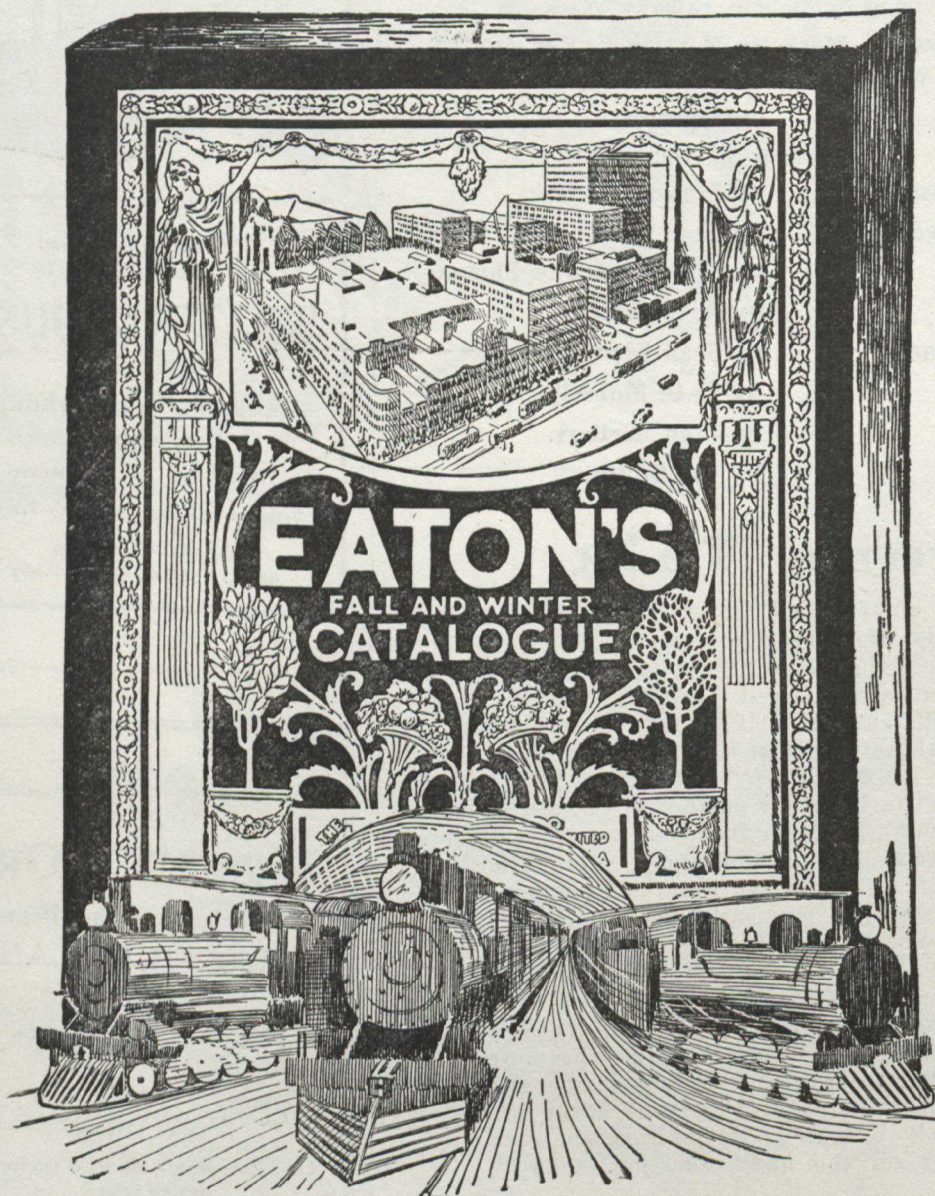
EATON'S

FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE

IS

NOW READY

DON'T MISS YOUR COPY OF THIS BOOK
OF SPLENDID VALUES



HAVE you received our Fall and Winter Catalogue? If not, let us hear from you. From cover to cover is a continuous array of worthy merchandise that is needful in every Canadian home. Look it over carefully; note the superior values it offers and the unusual saving it affords. It is a friend that is worthy of a place in your home. Let it curtail your expenses, for it is a price dictionary in itself, enabling you to criticise and compare the products of the world's markets at the lowest possible prices. The advantages you are able to derive from this book are manifold—it gives you the opportunity of purchasing in the privacy of your home, at your leisure, and in company with your family, the best of **EATON** values, with the assurance that you are permitted to return any article that is not entirely satisfactory and

your money will be refunded in full. Write for this Catalogue to-day—your request on a postcard will bring it.

**WE PROMISE YOU SATISFACTION WITH EVERY EATON
PURCHASE OR REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL**

SEE THE COLOR PAGES

One very attractive feature of our Fall and Winter Catalogue is the number of pages where the goods are displayed in their actual colors. This enables you to do your choosing easily and satisfactorily. If you have never dealt with us, make up a trial order and become familiar with **EATON Values, EATON Service and EATON Prices.**

YOU RUN NO RISK

Every purchaser is protected with every purchase. There are no exceptions whatever to this rule. You can send us your order with perfect confidence and every assurance that you are running absolutely no risk in any way, shape, manner or form. If you are not pleased with your purchase in every respect, we will refund your money in full and pay the transportation charges both ways.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE TO-DAY

WRITE FOR
PRICE LIST of
FALL and WINTER
BULBS

THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

SATISFACTION
OR YOUR MONEY
REFUNDED



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XII.

September 21, 1912

No. 17

A Man to Mark.

THE militia changes of the other day from Ottawa mentioned that Brigadier-General F. L. Lessard had been moved from Ottawa, where he has been Adjutant-General, and placed in command of No. 2 Division, Toronto. A rumour arose that Brigadier-General Lessard would soon become Major-General.

He is a man to watch. Brigadier-General Lessard is next in line for the position of Inspector-General. If he succeeds Inspector-General Cotton, when that officer's term expires, he will create an unique precedent. Brigadier-General Lessard is a French-Canadian, born in Quebec. His race has been prominent in all Canadian activities from the Premiership of Canada down. But no French-Canadian has ever commanded the Canadian army. Brigadier-General Lessard should be logically the first.

Efficiency is the reason of his rapid promotion. He is a man of fifty-two years, thirty-four of which

**MEN
 OF
 T O - D A Y**



CHARLES A. HODGETTS, M.D.
 Canadian Authority on Questions of Public Health.

have been spent in the militia. His military record is far from that of a parade-ground soldier. He wears medals won in the North-west Rebellion and in South Africa. In the constructive duties he has discharged in various ranks, the Brigadier-General has shown that his theory of military life is brisk and businesslike. He is more the practical soldier than the theorist; likes to see things done, and inspires zeal for accomplishment in the minds of his subordinates by the influences of a gingery, snappy personality.

For the Health of the Public.

AN event this week was the second Annual Congress of the Canadian Public Health Association, when prominent members of the medical profession and the laity discussed how to prevent disease in communities. President Charles A. Hodgetts, M.D., of Ottawa, presided.

President Hodgetts is the recognized authority on questions of public health in Canada. His work is the exemplification of a new conception of medicine. Most doctors make their living curing people who have contracted diseases often not through their own fault. Dr. Hodgetts has devoted himself to the problem of eradicating the cause of disease. He has written books, pamphlets and delivered lectures on such subjects as civic water supply and the proper disposal of sewage.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. L. LESSARD
 In Command of No. 2 Division, Toronto.

Before the days of sanitary specialists, cities gave off their poisons, absorbed them again in their food and drink and then wondered why the mortality rate was so high. Such men as Dr. Hodgetts



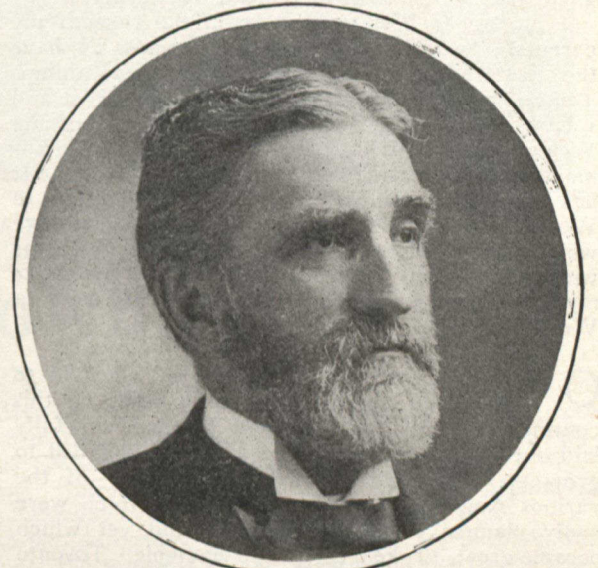
Lieut.-Governor D. C. Cameron, Manitoba, Driving His Favourite Horse, "Fireworks," a Winner of Many Prizes.

teach how the public may become its own doctor. Dr. Hodgetts' official position is as head of the Royal Conservation Commission, Ottawa. He is a member of numerous societies connected with his profession. In the militia, he holds the rank of Major and is attached to the Army Medical Corps.

Preserving the Forests.

THE Canadian Forestry Association has been holding forth in Victoria. All the chief men who are interested in the future of the Canadian tree were on hand to submit plans for its preservation. The Convention was one of the largest and most important which has been held on the Pacific Coast.

It was decided to leave over till February the formal nomination of officers for the next term. At present, Mr. John Hendry, of Vancouver, is President. In all likelihood his successor will be

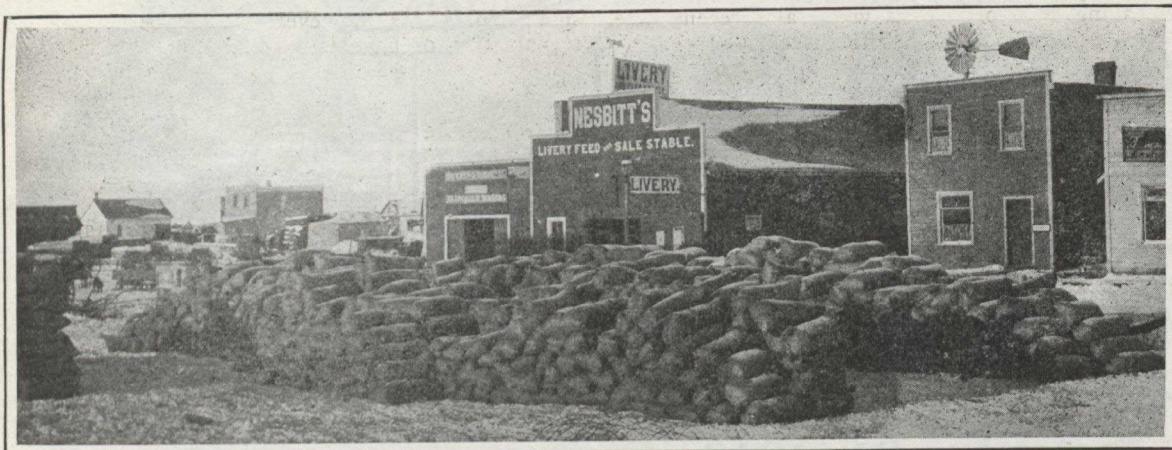


HON. W. A. CHARLTON
 Who Will Probably Be the Next President of the Canadian Forestry Association.

an Ontario man, Hon. W. A. Charlton, who is a practical man of the woods. Mr. Charlton has been in the lumber business most of his life. For years he and his brother, the late Hon. John Charlton, M.P., operated the largest lumber industry in South-western Ontario. Mr. W. A. Charlton now owns large timber interests in Northern Ontario. Besides first hand experience of the conditions affecting private enterprise in the lumber business, Mr. Charlton has had unusual opportunity to look at national resources from the viewpoint of the public. It will be remembered that for a time he was Speaker of the Ontario Legislature and later Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Ross Government.

A Lover of Horses.

HON. D. C. CAMERON, who for a year has been Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, is an enthusiastic horseman. In saying that, it is not meant that Mr. Cameron owns horses just because it is the proper and correct thing for a well conditioned millionaire to affect an interest in horse-flesh. He has a real western love of the horse. He has the money to pay for and maintain thoroughbreds. When his spirited quadrupeds go to distant cities for various shows, if at all possible, Mr. Cameron tries to accompany them. In his personal attention to his horses, he resembles Hon. Adam Beck, of London.



Does the West need more railway facilities? Melfort, Sask., answers with this striking picture, taken there last fall. All the elevators were full, and the grain was stacked up in the railway yards.

If I Were a Westerner

What I Would Do to Preserve Prosperity and Sane Development

By NORMAN PATTERSON

FEW men are able to put themselves into the other fellow's place and fully estimate the results of such action. Nevertheless this is a pastime in which we all indulge. One of the commonest prefaces to an expression of an opinion is "if I were he I would" do so and so. In all probability the speaker is absolutely wrong. If he were the other fellow he would probably do as the other fellow does. Yet even with this idea in my mind I intend to be foolish enough to write an article entitled, "If I Were a Westerner."

I am not a Westerner. As in the case of my parents, I was born in Eastern Canada. I have the Eastern Canada viewpoint on most things. True, I have friends and relations in the West and I have at one time or another visited each of the Western cities. I have been from Nelson to Edmonton as well as from Winnipeg to Victoria. It has been my business to give some attention to Western as well as Eastern problems. Therefore while I may not be a Westerner, I think I am as well fitted as any other Eastern man to hypnotize myself and say what I would do if I were a Westerner.

ONE of the first things I would do would be to read the history of the many cities on this continent which have been well planned, carefully laid out and thoroughly boomed, yet have failed to grow up. I should also read the history of the various American and Canadian cities which were badly planned and never boomed and yet which became great. Take Toronto for example. Toronto is a mere accident. Nobody ever intended that it should be a city, and nobody ever boomed it until it was up to a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It never advertised. It never had a publicity commissioner. It never paid bonuses to manufacturers.

Yet in spite of all these things Toronto is a great city, and it is going on to be greater. It is showing more rapid progress than any other city in Canada with the possible exception of Montreal. In speaking of Montreal, was there ever anything more impossible than Montreal's greatness? And yet it is great, the greatest city in Canada. To my mind it will be the greatest for another fifty years at least.

In short, I believe that some of the Western towns would make more progress if they weren't overboomed. Led by the prodigal and affluent bank managers the price of real estate has been run up to such an extent that everybody wants to sell it. Three-quarters of the people who are buying city land in the Northwest are buying to sell, not to make use of it. Toronto and Montreal were built up by people who bought land for occupation and use.

Of course millionaires are interesting features of the national landscape, but there is no reason why land in Calgary should be selling at double its value just so that this young city should have fifteen or sixteen millionaires, when it is only entitled to one or two. They are making millionaires in Western Canada faster than they are in Eastern Canada. In the East we are fighting to keep the growth down; in the West their one wild, long warwhoop goes through the country every time a new millionaire is born—or created, or whatever you call the process.

It is a dangerous thing to say, but if I were a Westerner I would form a league to drive the

man out of the country who boosted the price of real estate beyond its earning capacity. As for the man who sold town lots outside the limits, I would treat him as they treated the horse-thief in the days when Western Canada's population was smaller and Western Canada's morals of a different type.

AGAIN, if I were a Westerner, I would stop talking about the amount of wheat the country will produce in 1921. It is not really necessary and there is just a possibility that some of these prophecies will go wrong. For example, Saskatchewan has had an exhibit in the Government Building at the Toronto Exhibition and over it a streamer which says:

"By 1921, less than a decade hence, Saskatchewan will be producing 500,000,000 bushels of grain."

Personally I hope this will not be true. I hope that the farmers of Saskatchewan will have more sense than to try to produce so much grain. I hope they will be producing cheese, butter, bacon, eggs, poultry and all the other little things which go to make an attractive menu card when you sit down to dinner. Just now, they are mining wheat in the West, and they are doing to Saskatchewan exactly what the wheat miners did to Dakota and Minnesota.

If I were a Westerner I would advocate mixed farming even if it made me unpopular. I quite understand that unpopularity is a crime in this age. Nevertheless, it is sometimes the only way in which a man can have his name written in the hall of fame. There are some men in the West, acclimated Westerners, who are preaching this doctrine. The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Northern Railway are preaching it hard. But the mad haste to exhaust the soil of the Northwest goes greedily on. The farmer who can produce ten consecutive crops of wheat on the same six-hundred-and-forty-acre field is dubbed a wonder when he ought to be dubbed an ass.

If I were a Westerner I would say some of these things—and probably be driven out of the country.

AGAIN, if I were a Westerner, I would stop talking so much about freight rates and I would talk much more about transportation facilities. Before I called the present railways "robbers" and "murderers" and such, I would look up the figures in Poor's Railway Manual to see whether the Canadian railways were charging more than the American railways. If any Westerner did this he would get the following results:

The revenue received by each railway for carrying one ton of freight per mile is, according to the standard authorities, as follows:

Northern Pacific Railway9030	cents.
Great Northern Railway8096	"
Chicago and Northwestern9000	"
Union Pacific	1.0030	"
Southern Pacific	1.1750	"
Canadian Pacific8100	"
Canadian Northern8490	"

It will be noticed that there is only one of the five United States roads in this list which is carrying freight at a lower rate than the two Canadian roads. In other words freight rates are higher in the United States than they are in Canada in spite of their larger population and their tremendous

traffic. If I were a Westerner I would know these figures, and knowing them, I would be less likely to talk foolishly.

Taking the passenger rates for a similar comparison the results are as follows:

Northern Pacific	2.276	cents.
Great Northern	2.273	"
Chicago and Northwestern	1.810	"
Union Pacific	2.199	"
Southern Pacific	2.215	"
Canadian Pacific	1.930	"
Canadian Northern	2.428	"

These are the figures showing the net returns per passenger per mile on each of these roads. Only one of the five United States roads shows a lower rate per mile for passenger traffic than the Canadian Pacific. The Canadian Northern rate is high, but this is probably due to the fact that the Canadian Northern in recent years has been more of a pioneer road than the Canadian Pacific.

THE railways are well worth watching. Like the men who grow wheat in the West and the men who sell town lots and choice central property, they like to get a big price for what they sell. Even journalists and special writers have that failing, and it is said that doctors, lawyers and other professional men sometimes demand high fees. Yet a comparison of the rates charged by the Canadian railways with those charged in the United States in approximately similar conditions, shows that our railway managers are not the robbers that some demagogues would have us believe. Rates in this country should be secondary to facilities. What the West needs is more railways and better railways.

If a man has a thousand bushels of wheat rotting at a railway siding because a car is not available the question as to whether he shall pay twelve cents instead of thirteen cents does not interest him greatly. He would probably remark in a loud tone something to the following effect:

"I don't give a continental whether the rate is twelve cents or thirteen cents or fifteen cents per bushel. Make it twenty cents if you like. But for heaven's sake give me a box car into which I can put this wheat, and show me the locomotive that will pull it out of here quick."

There are hundreds of farmers in the newer parts of the Northwest to-day who are spending several valuable hours each week with a rusty pen writing letters to members of parliament, cabinet ministers, and railway presidents, asking them in the name of humanity to rush that new branch line so that the entire crop of that new district will not be wasted. Every year the railways are operating new branch lines in the West before they are ballasted, with considerable risk to the lives of employees and the safety of the rolling stock. The railways do not want to operate these unfinished lines, but the pressure from the public and the governments is so strong that they are forced to do so at considerable loss.

WESTERN Canada is more in need of railways than Eastern Canada. The railways themselves recognize this. Last year the Canadian Pacific Railway spent fifteen million dollars in betterments on its lines alone and over seventy per cent. of this was spent west of Port Arthur. It also spent over seven millions on constructing or acquiring branch lines, of which 100 per cent. were in Western Canada. If I were a Westerner I should be thoroughly satisfied with those percentages. They seem to be reasonable when it is remembered that there are a few more people in Eastern Canada than in Western Canada. If the West cries for more railways its cry will be heard. If it cries for a reduction of rates its cry may also be heard, but the result will be less beneficial.

Don't mistake me, the railway rates in the West will require readjustment. They will be readjusted. A bushel of wheat can be carried to-day from Saskatoon to Port Arthur for thirteen cents. There was a time when it cost that much to carry it half the distance. There have been readjustments in the past and there will be readjustments in the future. More railways and greater railway facilities always mean a reduction of rates. If the West gets more railways now, later it will get cheaper rates.

There is another feature that must be kept in mind. A trenchant campaign at the present time for lower railway rates might stop the era of railway building. To-day there are probably a hundred thousand men employed in railway construction. It is quite true that if the railways discharge this little army we would have plenty of harvest hands. It would give temporary relief to the labour market. It would probably reduce the rate of wages and make a lot of employers happy. But would it be best for the country? Would it be best for Western

Canada? Would it not end the greatest boom period that Canada has ever experienced?

THE average farmer in the Northwest pays less than a hundred dollars in a year on the grain which he ships out and less than a hundred dollars on the goods he brings in. In other words, the average farmer pays less than two hundred dollars a year for the services which the railways give him. He can pay the railways for everything they do for him with two hundred bushels of wheat. Supposing the rates were reduced as much as twenty-five per cent. and this self-same farmer could pay for these services with one hundred and sixty bushels of wheat, would the saving of forty bushels counter-balance all the advantages which he now gains from the rapid extension of railway facilities and from an era of boom prices?

But I am afraid I am taking the farmer too much as a target. The real author of this agitation concerning railway rates is not the farmer, but the merchant. The merchant wants to bring in his goods as cheaply as possible, in order that his profits may be as large as possible. At present the merchants of the Northwest are making twice the rate of profit demanded by similar Eastern merchants.

Speaking to a prominent wholesaler recently he told me that it was very difficult to sell the same lines of goods to Western retailers as to Eastern retailers. In underwear, for example, the Ontario merchant would buy garments at twelve dollars a dozen and sell them at sixteen dollars to eighteen. On the other hand the Western merchant, for similar requirements, wants underwear at nine dollars a dozen, which he can sell for eighteen dollars a dozen. He is paying a high rate of wages to his clerks and exorbitant rent to his landlord and must get a higher rate of profit. Of course, he cannot abuse the clerks nor the landlord. They are fellow-citizens. He therefore takes it out in storming about the railways.

Another element enters here and accentuates the situation. Up to the present time Winnipeg has been the great distributing centre for the West, and railway rates have been so adjusted that Winnipeg could ship in by the car-load and ship out by the case. Now Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Edmonton all want the same privileges. They desire to do the sort of trade which has built up the wholesale district in Winnipeg. Hence their agitation for a readjustment of rates. Part of their claim is no doubt valid and worthy of serious con-

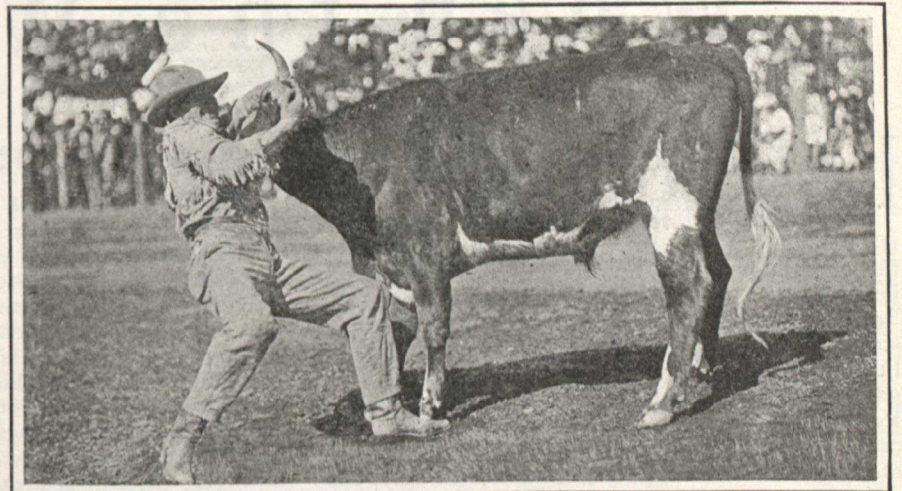
sideration. This, however, would be merely a transferring of benefits from the city of Winnipeg to other growing cities in Western Canada. If the people of the West think this is best for the West they will no doubt be able to secure the necessary changes.

AS an Easterner I am greatly interested in the growth and development of the West. Every Easterner is. The prosperity of the East is bound up with the prosperity of the West. Canada can only succeed as a unified nation. What the West really wants, the East must support. What the East wants, it can only get with the approval of the West.

At no time in the last ten years has the East taken greater interest in the West, nor the West in the East. At no period was there a greater realization of the value of co-operation and the necessity for pulling together. What Westerners want they must have, but I have ventured here to point out that they must be careful to know the facts before they work up that lusty, cowboy warwhoop. All their demands must be backed up by argument, and all their business transactions must be lined up with the commonsense of the nation.



Miss Hazel Walker on "Buttons."



Throwing a Steer in Bull-dogging Contest.

Where Royalty and the Cowboy Met

HIS Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and the Calgary "Stampede" cowboy met the other day and clasped hands. Twenty thousand people struggled to see, while the soft, long-drawn "whoop-ee" that rose to the heavens, came from the bronzed throats of visiting cowgirls and cowboys representing not only the western provinces of this great Dominion, but practically every western state in the Union.

The steady drizzle, that has fallen since morning, dampened neither the spirits of the visitors nor the public, while the thousands of yards of coloured flags and bunting that decorate the line of march, flapped defiantly in the breeze. A great red banner, with letters a foot high, shouted to the Royal visitors from the roof of the C. P. R. building, "Western Canada Welcomes You." To-night, the streets are a blaze of lights and colour—a mass of red, white and blue in all directions. The City Hall, brilliantly outlined against the sky with myriad electric globes, stands prominently forth, while the stateliest buildings and the tiniest cigar and candy stores contribute their welcoming quota of light and colour.

One hundred years ago, when the history which was being portrayed last week in the "Stampede" and "Frontier Day" parade was in the making, life in the Wild West was more picturesque but less comfortable. Voyages were made on horseback, or in uncomfortable, lumbering, prairie schooners, occupying endless days across unblazed trail. There were Indians to combat and avoid; frost, cold, hunger and fatigue to endure, and fear, and danger and discomfort on all sides. But the day of the cowboy is past, and in the no distant future, such a performance as was presented to the Duke of Connaught will be impossible for lack of actors. Agriculture and thriving towns are driving them out, and the West holds no space broad enough for them. True, a stampede still goes on, but it is one of different character—yesterday sporadic, reckless contingents of men and women, to-day steady—a constant stream of desirable immigration; yesterday, the primitive Red River cart; to-day, the luxurious modern palace car. And so, while we glory in the strength and daring of "The Stampede" cowboy, and thrill at his deeds of daring, we cannot but rejoice that in losing him, we are gaining material things of comfort and convenience.

Advertised far and wide, Calgary's "Stampede" has been talked of across the continent. During the last

By NORMAN S. RANKIN



A Sky-scraper.



"Bucked" by Long Tom.
Photographs by Marcell, Calgary.

week in August, the crowds began to arrive, and by Monday, not less than thirty-five thousand visitors were in our midst. Hotels, boarding houses and private residences opened hospitable doors, and were filled to overflowing. Since the beginning of the week our population has practically doubled. And they are welcome.

The parade opened the week's sport. Its purpose was to depict the progress of the West from the days of the aboriginal Indians to the present, and vividly and splendidly did it tell the story. In their proper time and order appeared the redskins, trappers and hunters, Hudson's Bay employees, ranchers, mounted policemen, miners, whisky-runners and smugglers, stage-coach drivers, "bad men," railway builders, pioneers, surveyors and all classes who played their little parts in the growth and development of the West.

With the purple-shirted, high-sombroeroed, white-capped "Old-timers" walked "The Big Four"—Pat Burns, George Lane, A. E. Cross and A. J. McLean—the men who unhesitatingly placed their cash behind the "Stampede" and made it a possibility. These are Alberta's millionaire cattlemen. In broad-brimmed Stetsons, considerably the worse for wear, flannel shirts, and time-worn chaps, they took their places in the parade, dressed exactly in similar garb to that they wore when they came into Alberta years ago.

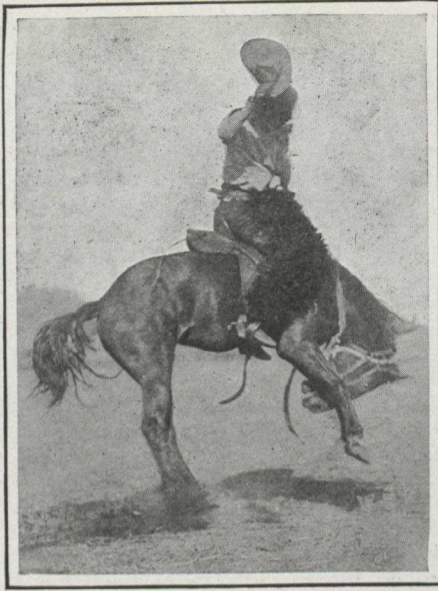
Then the Indians—600 of them—and their fantastic garments glittered in the sunlight, and their multi-coloured beads and dried bones rattled as they filed silently past. Indians in their barbaric primitiveness, proudly bedecked in war paint and feathers; sturdy bucks, garbed in skins cunningly worked in priceless bead designs, sitting stolidly on bony cayuses, and the red man as he is to-day—the Indian from the reserve semi-civilized, dressed in ill-fitting white men's cast-offs—unattractive, unromantic, not over-clean—a disheartening picture of a dying race.

In marked contrast to the stolid Indian, came the picturesque cowboys and cowgirls—up fresh from Cheyenne or Pendleton to wrest honours from their Canadian rivals. In waists, divided skirts, shirts and chaps of every known hue under the sun, they cut such capers as only school-boys or "punchers" would, pushing and jostling each other without end. If the coloured handkerchief comes again into this old cow town to stay, it will not be hard to determine who set the fashion. Swaying past, they gave

place to the brave hero of old—the missionary, behind whom followed, mounted, all that could be gathered together of the original mounted police of 1874. Nine of them there were—grizzled veterans every one, and it may be of interest here to say that, all told, only nineteen are left to answer the roll call of '74. With them came one of the original waggons that rolled into the province in the days before it had become even a province, its great wheels creaking as it lumbered past. Several cow camps which have entirely disappeared were represented, and behind them, the old-time stage coaches, then the ropers and riders, and following, the industrial parade, which tells the story of the development of the West from beginning to end.

That afternoon, and on every afternoon during the week, there was a performance of thrilling interest. Fancy and trick riding by cowboys and cowgirls, steer-roping, relay races and all sorts of exhibitions of plainsmen's skill. The steers are particularly fast, and while each day has broken the records of the previous one, the world's figures of 19 seconds, held by J. Ellison Carroll, of Erick, Okla., has not yet been bettered.

The cowgirls' relay race caused great excitement, which was forgotten in the thrill of broncho busting. It has proved the wildest exhibition of each day, bringing the



"Let 'er buck."

great crowd to its feet to cheer the wonderful work of the participants. While six cowboys have been "piled" in this contest, the girls have come through successfully, and have shown greater skill in handling the horses.

Since the creation of man, the world has worshipped heroes, and civilization has not so inoculated the stock but that it loves things barbaric; when these are blended with the skill necessary to throw a slight rope among a herd of cattle, rope the steer you wish, and bring him ignominiously to the ground; stick on a bucking broncho, when his wits are brought to bear against yours in fair fight, and all without the brutality that characterized man's first attempts at hero worship, we have something that puts to rout the gladiatorial contests, and the tilting of the knights of old.

These cowmen and cowboys were warm-hearted, generous and sympathetic in the old days. They are so still. An incident proves this. Jose Lemar, a well-known cowboy, was recently killed in trying out an outlawed horse. The cowboys got up a special performance which netted \$2,000 for the little widow. Miss Goldie St. Clair, champion woman broncho buster of the world, mounted and rode the vicious outlaw which killed poor Lemar.

The old days are gone, but their glories and their lessons are not forgotten.

When the Worm Turned

And How a Sharper for a Moment Forgot His Cunning

By JUSTIN H. DIGBY

IT looked as though Clarence Regan had promoted his last enterprise, the old-time interest with which men had harkened to his schemes was gone and suspicion had taken its place—if he had a finger in the pie, it was a thing to leave alone! Having lived for the past ten years as the beneficiary of several broad-minded gentlemen, who had rather less of a desire to benefit Regan personally than to add expansively to their already healthy incomes, having known no difficulty in gathering the hundreds where tens would have done, Regan exemplified to a nicety the theory that one can live on nothing per annum—that is, nothing of one's own. Other persons had, unwittingly, supplied his extravagant wants, and from long experience in floating companies he had learned to skim quietly a modicum of froth from the tops of the rolling swells which always accompany a newly-launched project. But these same broad-minded gentlemen having grown weary of a certain unflinching turn in Regan's affairs, withdrew their remaining funds from his control, and he faced the necessity of acquiring real money of his own at once or, ignominiously, going under.

Financially he was down and out!

His cheque book had no vertebrae, a typhoid germ could have covered all the space required by his savings in the Sperryville National Bank, and if steam boats had been selling at two cents a dozen he could not have rented a gang plank!

Dishonesty wasn't the trouble; no promoters are dishonest. Some of them have judgment and some of them have bad judgment—that's the only difference, and for months Regan's judgment had only been "near" good!

There was the City Reservoir site. Didn't he organize a company of Sperryville philanthropists and buy property right—but unfortunately not left—around Beaver Dam, acting upon a hunch that the noble corporation of Sperryville must have those same acres for its own? And didn't the autumn election and the Civic Reform League put a crick in the scheme so that the city bought, instead of the land which was right, that which was left, thereby leaving the promoter and promoted with a wide expanse of real estate which was worth about one-fiftieth of what they paid for it?

Then did the philanthropic citizens of the Beaver Dam Land Company thank Regan and say that the deal was of no consequence—they would try something else? They did not. They called him names which are to be found only in the family Bible and cut him on the street.

And there was the unhappy case of the Excelsior Copper Mine. Did not Regan let his dearest friends into this sure thing with the sole idea of improving their monthly credit? Did he want to sink their odoriferous lucre? Far be it from him! What happened? Didn't the copper—which certainly had been in the mine—peter through some artery in the earth's complicated strata, leaving the veins as dry as a prohibition town on Inspector's Day?

Was Regan responsible? Had the company any right to use Mark Twain's famous words and describe the Excelsior as "a hole in the ground owned by a liar"?

There were Oil Fields, and Peat Bogs and Water

Power Companies and Railway schemes, but all these enterprises, after floating dizzily for a few weeks, staggered and went to the bottom like a piece of rotten, water-logged timber, and Regan's clientele grew thinner and thinner. He found himself at last unable to float a company with gas bags in Sperryville, and he had not the currency—much less the credit, with which to get out.

Regan lived as a promoter should—in the third finest house in the town, and his gardens, both flower and vegetable, were always pointed out to strangers next in sequence to the new jail and the brewery. He walked back and forth on a hot summer afternoon between rows of nodding plants and wondered anxiously what or whom he could do. Had Clarence Regan been a woman he would have likened himself to a bird fluttering against Circumstance; being merely a man he called his friends bad names and sought for new worlds to conquer.

A cloud of dust drew his attention from his prospects for the moment and he looked up to see his boyhood friend, Jim MacLennan, drive slowly by. Then, and only then, did the sun of inspiration and hope break through the promoter's storm-swept sky, and he smiled tentatively as he looked a full blown rose square in the face without seeing it.

"The very man! THE very man!" he muttered over and over again, positively.

He appeared at his perfectly appointed dinner table in so radiant a mood that Hester, his wife, inwardly thanked her ruling star—which happened to be Scorpio—that she had married a man who could so easily make money, and thereby bring so much happiness into his home—for Regan's happiness was always gauged by the amount of money he had made. And this little silent acknowledgment was followed by the determination to buy a new gown, the colour scheme of which would startle the less progressive Sperryvillians. Albeit, because Mrs. Regan was a clever woman, as befits the wife of a promoter, she indulged in these various side trackings of thought the while she smiled intelligently at her husband's remarks, without having heard what he said.

ON the stroke of nine Regan presented himself at MacLennan's rooms. They were cheerless and dingy compared with his own luxurious home, but he remembered the day when they had seemed all that a man desired.

MacLennan looked up sharply; he took no trouble to conceal his surprise. The visitor advanced with that winning cordiality which had been all through life one of his greatest assets and bridged, in a measure, the span of years.

"It seems like old times to be here, Mac," he exclaimed almost wistfully.

The other shook hands limply and waited, standing, for Regan to state his business.

"May a fellow sit down?"

"Pray do," acquiesced the host, tonelessly.

Without appearing to notice any lack of cordiality, the promoter took the nearest chair and looked dreamily around the room for a moment.

"Eleven years have not changed things here,

Mac," he said. "The moths have made no visible inroads upon the old Navajo blanket, over which we used to scrap on cold nights. The Cherry Sisters still simper and smirk out of the frame I won at the Thanksgiving raffle—and then sold to you because I was hard up. And, by the gods, I had nearly forgotten the cabinet of Chinese junk we collected thinking we were connoisseurs of the first water! Nothing broken? Lord, Lord, what days! Will you smoke?" he broke off suddenly, offering MacLennan one of the very choice cigars the philanthropic public had until recently enabled him to buy. MacLennan took the weed mechanically. He knew that his visitor had no business there, he knew that he should, for his own self respect, kick him out. But Mac was a lonely man, he had few friends and no one had ever been to him what Clarence Regan was before—

"I WANT to bring back those days, Mac," said Regan, in his deep, caressing voice. "I want you to see every one of 'em—those days when we 'bach-ed it' together, and when you used to hold out that strong, unwavering hand of yours to drag me from unpleasant depths into which I had a fatal habit of falling, because, Mac—because I've come to you, old boy, when I haven't another soul under God's heaven to help me! I need you, Mac, just as I did in the other days—and I am here to ask you to forget the ugly part of the past and remember only our friendship. Hear me? I am down and out!"

MacLennan reasoned clearly enough even while falling under the spell of Regan's charm; he knew of a surety that years might have passed and they would have gone on as strangers if Clarence had not wanted something of him. But because he was lonely, because he had missed some one to be fond of, and because he knew of no other way to fill up the gap the years had made, he listened.

"What have you done?" he asked, slowly.

"I have done nothing!" Regan assured him, bitterly, although secretly relieved that Mac had not repulsed him. "I've lost my grip on the public for the moment, that's all! I've played fair in every deal I ever tackled—where money was concerned," he added hastily, "but bad luck has pursued me until the men have lost faith in me and I can't interest any one in anything!"

"Which means—" prompted Mac grimly.

"Exactly the same thing that it did in the old days—that I must have money or go under! It has cost me something to come to you, Mac, knowing how you must feel toward me—don't think I have not been desperate these last few weeks, harried, tortured by a suspense in which hope played a bitterly ironical part. I don't owe much, but if I can't get hold of some ready money—I shall soon owe every one, and then my business career will end forever. In my line one must look prosperous, must keep out of debt, even small ones—in order to succeed, and a few thousands would tide me over until some of my deals materialize. Then these financial cowards will regain confidence and all will go on as before. Will you tide me over this rough spot—Jim—for the sake of the old days?"

"For the sake of the old days!" There was the

whole story of their friendship and its dissolution in those words; their inseparableness as growing youths, their occupancy of the very room in which they sat; there was the brightness tinged with total irresponsibility which Regan brought into it, and there was the deadly monotony of it when he left. In the panorama which passed before MacLennan's gaze he saw the drab dullness of his life, after he had put Regan out of it, because he had never made another intimate friend.

What did it matter after eleven years that Regan had tricked Hester away from him—he would never have made her a suitable husband, and she was happy with Clarence. Why should he have blamed his chum? Should he flaunt his pride in the face of Providence and let slip an opportunity to re-establish the old familiar footing—perhaps the privilege to spend an evening now and then in the light of Hester's smile by withholding the loan of ten thousand dollars? He had always helped Clarence when no one else would.

Regan's thanks were characteristic; a few well chosen words, accompanied by a look of tender affection, a hint—just a hint—of Hester's escape from the sordidness, the disgrace which so nearly touched her, and he was gone.

Regan went home to enjoy his first sound sleep for weeks, but Mac sat long into the night gloating over his surcease from loneliness and building peopled castles for the future.

At ten o'clock on the following morning they met at the Sperryville National Bank, and after a few moments spent in formalities Regan found himself ten thousand dollars richer and MacLennan poorer by that same amount. As in the old days, Clarence hinted delicately at some security, and as in the old days Mac sniffed the notion away. Lawyer Brandt also sniffed. This landmark of Sperryville who knew the family history of every one in the county from the time when history began, was called, a little later, to the Regan home, where Hester Regan, born Challys, carelessly signed papers and thought about her clothes, serenely oblivious to the fact that she was a partner to a crime.

THAT same night Regan left quietly for the west. Six months later he was bankrupt. A lenient court, instituted for just such deserving cases, discharged him after seeing that he paid a few cents to his tailor, grocer and butcher. This court kindly wiped his real debts from the slate, and no man had a legal claim against Clarence Regan.

His handsome home, it seemed, had been transferred to Hester—as is customary under like conditions—and the rent from it paid her rather extravagant bills while she visited her friends, in turn, pending Clarence's request for her society in the west.

MacLennan grew grimmer and grimmer; he realized that he had now lost both his money and his friend—the dreams of re-established comradeship mocked him as a mirage, in his journey through the Desert of Life. He seldom saw Hester, moving upon a different plane from that brilliant satellite, and she treated him with the same elusive friendliness which had characterized their meetings ever since her marriage. She knew nothing of Jim's claim upon Clarence; no one except little shrivelled Brandt and the bank officials knew.

For a time Mac looked for a letter, but two years passed during which Regan treated the post office officials with the utmost consideration. After that time the lonely bachelor asked for mail merely as a matter of habit.

Then one day the prodigal returned—not the tatterdemalion many townsfolk expected—and a few had hoped—to see, but the prosperous financier of the old days. He had made a second start in life, more successful than even he had looked for, and the booming west had stood by him.

"Regan's made a pile," every one said, and he could have floated companies with sand bags tied round their necks in Sperryville.

He said little or nothing about his affairs, but money talks, and financial conversations were not infrequently reported. Naturally creditors pressed in line, and asked as a favour, the loan of a little money. Regan, as naturally, had none, but just to show that his intentions were of the best, offered to let them in on a choice deal. It was too easy!

MacLennan waited patiently for some sign; finally, he approached his old friend with a straightforward request for money. He reminded Regan rather artistically of "the old days" and frankly admitted having placed himself in greatly reduced circumstances for old time's sake. He appealed to Regan's friendship and then to his honour in urging him to repay the amount, even in small sums, for which he was morally liable.

Regan listened in silence. He did not trouble to

resort to subterfuge and deny his ability to pay; he simply pointed out to MacLennan the fact which his old friend knew too well—that he could not claim one penny of that lost ten thousand, legally. He was sorry about the moral part of it, but if one began to repay every moral obligation, where would one be? Beside, there was Hester! As a sign of his willingness to do everything in his power, however, to reimburse old Mac, Regan was prepared to "let him in on the ground floor of the smoothest proposition in real estate that the west has yet seen."

Jim MacLennan went back to his cheerless rooms. Their toneless assortment of heterogeneous bric-a-brac infuriated him as never before and he dashed a gargoye which represented many months' deprivations in the "old days" into the smoking grate.

"Drunk with success! Money mad! A THIEF!" Those were the words he ground out as he paced his dingy quarters. "It was MY money he used to put him on his feet," he said, aloud. "What he did with it while the court discharged him, is a detail—he had it *somewhere* and invested it properly, out there. But it was MY ten thousand!"

He sat down and bit savagely into an old briar pipe, mechanically noting that it had his initials and Hester's cut on the bowl.

"A cheat—and a THIEF!" he repeated. "Not legally indebted to me for a penny! God," he laughed harshly, "that's funny! He toots around British Columbia in a touring car and I had to sell old Molly because I couldn't feed her!"

Mac's passion of fury spent itself, and at dawn he had bitten the old briar pipe through; it shared the fate of the grimacing gargoyle.

But in the night an idea had been born.

In the days which followed, MacLennan did not avoid Regan, neither did he mention the loan. Whenever he saw Clarence on the corner surrounded by some of the same broad-minded gentlemen who had proven so fickle a few months before, he would swallow his natural inclination to pass them, and stop, listening with increasing wonder to the schemes which the daring promoter promoted. He developed into quite a convivial soul, did MacLennan, and Regan more than any one else was
(Concluded on page 25.)

The "Co-op" and Its Advantages

A Signpost to Cheaper and Better Living

By LINTON ECCLES

A FAMILIAR feature of everyday life that the Old Countryman misses when he comes to Canada is the co-operative store, popularly known in Britain as the "Co-op." In most cities and towns of importance in size, and in many that are not of importance, there are one, two, up to a score or more of stores that are run on co-operative principles. The signboard over them reads "So-and-so Co-operative Society," and if you happened in on one of them near quarter-day you would see posted up a notice reading something like this: "The quarterly dividend is payable on Monday next. Members 2s. 1½d. in the £, non-members 1s. 9d. in the £." The dividend, in the popular mind, is the essence of co-operation.

The careful housekeeper going shopping to a "Co-op" store finds that she can purchase most articles on her weekly list at the average price and quality for the town or neighbourhood; some articles may cost a little more, some a little less, but whatever difference there is only amounts to small pence.

Every purchaser, whether or not a member of the Society, receives over the counter metal checks equivalent to the total of the purchase, and four times a year, on quarter-days, the dividend is either paid out in cash or added to the customer's account, as the customer desires. By leaving his dividends in the Society's hands and adding money contributions from time to time, the purchaser accumulates a sufficient capital to invest in shares in the Society, and at the same time is credited with the larger dividend payable to members.

The secret of the success of the co-operative movement in Britain lies in the fact that it is co-operative. The co-operator's trademark is two clasped hands, signifying good fellowship; and this is the spirit in which the movement was started and has grown to the tremendous proportions that characterize it to-day.

THE dealings of the co-operative societies are far more varied and widespread in their ramifications than those of the biggest and best organized departmental store of North America. The parent body, known as the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and the allied societies, that confine themselves to the manufacturing and wholesale industries, make their own goods in their own factories, do their own printing, packing, sorting, and distributing, and run savings banks, building and loan clubs, libraries, concert halls, and other institutions for mutual self-help. In a word, they are self-supporting and self-dependent. There is scarcely a necessity or a luxury of living that they do not supply as producers to the consumers—their members or customers. As an instance of British co-operative activity, you can find, in Montreal, that the parent body has a warehouse from which to ship Canadian products that are needed by its clients in Britain.

A Britisher would think you were talking commonplace if you told him the co-operative movement has played, and is playing, a large part in the national life; it is commonplace, because everybody in Britain knows it. The "Co-op" store is about as familiar in the industrial centre as the public house or the Methodist Church. Why, just glance over these statistics with me. The figures on my

file, unfortunately, do not go beyond the year 1904, but you may take it as a fact plain as those of the Census, that these co-operative statistics increase as steadily as the population and more steadily than the national trade figures.

In 1904, eight years ago, the number of co-operative societies in Britain was 1,469. Their membership totalled 2,078,178; their sales, £59,311,934 sterling; profits, £9,411,348; share capital, £25,139,504. The number of employees was forty short of seventy thousand; and the value of land, buildings, machinery, stock, property, and investments of these societies was £32,910,246 sterling—about the same amount as the British nation spent in that year on its Navy, representing \$7.70 per head of the whole population. Or, putting it this way, the assets of the British Co-Operative Societies eight years ago were worth nearly \$54,000,000 more than the total value of imports into Canada last year from the United Kingdom.

ANYTHING that touches the wage-earner's pocket, either favourably or unfavourably, has a national bearing, and the spread of co-operation in Britain has done a great deal towards keeping the cost of living within reasonable bounds. Starting as grocers in a small way, the "Co-op's" are now shopkeepers in a large, a very large, way of business. From a roast of beef to a suit of clothes made-to-measure in the latest style, from a piano to a ton of coal, from a motor-car to a ten-roomed house in a residential suburb, and nearly everything in between, you can get what you want, if you wish, without going outside the big and wide co-operative enclosure. If you are drawing a steady wage and wish to invest, say half-a-crown or five shillings a week, in purchasing a lot, or the home with the lot, you can get through the "Co-op" as good terms as the best building society will give.

It seems to the onlooker in Canada who is familiar with conditions in Britain, and who watches with some alarm the ever-increasing cost of living on this side, that Canadians might learn to their profit a great deal by studying and practising co-operation as it is known in the older countries, particularly in England, Scotland, Germany, and Denmark. The people of those lands are among the most practical in the world. They harbour heads of families who have been compelled from the cradle up to keep careful guard over the expenditure of every copper. Stern necessity has been the driving force of their economy, and through co-operation thousands have found salvation from want and the semi-starvation that has its throttling grip upon the mass of what are called the lower classes.

Leaders of industrialism in Britain, as in other European countries, found out long since that co-operation could be made a powerful weapon for good in the hands of the people. Down at the root of the principle was the element of thrift. Give a man even a small proprietorial interest in a concern that is producing or dealing in what the public as a whole need for their comfort and convenience, and that man at once begins to feel surer of himself, begins to believe that he is doing something more than working week in week out for a wage

Picturesque and Notable Events

that disappears just as automatically over the counters of the grocer, the butcher, the tailor and the shoemaker, with no apparent return to himself in the process. Let him see that he is supporting an undertaking run by men in the same rank as himself, and at the same time getting a proportion of his payments back in the shape of interest, and he comes to regard the weekly housekeeping problem from a new standpoint. When he has discovered that—as in the case of any properly run "Co-op" store—he can get what he and his family want at similar prices to those he has been in the habit of paying to private tradesmen, with as much as a ten per cent. repayment made to him in addition, he would call himself a pretty kind of fool if he didn't make a practice of shopping at the "Co-op."

NO co-operationist who knows his facts holds that, in this realm of human frailty, the principle works well to the last detail. It would be a wonderful, nay supernatural, affair if it did. There are good and bad co-operative officials just as there are good and bad in everything else that is subject to human influence. But the broad principle itself and the successful practical application of it to the everyday needs of the industrial classes have been proved, and proved beyond question.

And not thrift alone is the outcome of co-operation. This national and international movement is not merely an experiment in co-partnership store-keeping. It is a great educational factor in the life of the people that have adopted it widely. The co-operative institutes of Britain have almost taken the place of the Mechanics' Institutes and Mutual Improvement Societies that helped so much to lift our fathers from the lower level. The co-operative libraries and educational, technical, and art classes are among the best instructional institutions of the day, and always there is the important consideration to remember, that they are within the reach of almost the poorest pocket.

Therefore, not only because they have achieved notable success along the line of lowering the cost of living to the wage-earner, but because they are an influence for good, making towards thrift, sobriety, industry, and better education, the Co-operative Societies are a feature that ought not to be overlooked in the making of a modern and greater Canada.

Co-operation can be, might be, the biggest, truest, most universal fraternity in the world. Some strong believers in it hold that it is the only practicable socialism, religion, and bond-for-the-better between man and his fellow man. Whatever it might be in the abstract, brought down to immediate, realizable practicality, it should be a distinctive and powerful factor of Canadian, as of all, national life. After all, the principle of self-help is a very simple one, and one that common sense compels should be applied to the everyday existence of the wage-earner, just as obviously as he joins a union, a benefit or insurance society, or feeds and clothes himself so that he may be fitted to fulfil the ordinary duties of living.

Another Non-Partisan

THAT movement for a non-partisan naval policy for Canada is gathering force. In this connection, it is interesting to note that Mr. Arthur Hawkes, editor *The British News of Canada*, is a strong advocate of this policy. On June 8th, before the Winnipeg and Toronto committees were formed, Mr. Hawkes wrote in his paper as follows:

"The time has come for men to declare where they are in relation to a Canadian Navy, and to the Government's attitude to that question. I am for a navy to be built harmoniously with the plans of the British Navy, not to be a mere creature of Whitehall, but to be part of the Imperial Fleet in time of war."

"A willingness to vote a contribution to Downing Street is only an incident in the situation. Unless our talk about Canada being a nation is the quintessence of poppy cock we must improve, not destroy, the Laurier policy; never mind whether it means that sundry legislators will have to change the mind in which they spoke within the last year or two. After all the interests of the nation are a little bigger than the verbal consistency of a few men who were distinguished by the irresponsibility of Opposition. We are up against a national, a Britannic situation that must be met in a national Britannic way.

"Speed ahead and lash the tiller."

Again, on July 20th, Mr. Hawkes reaffirmed his position as in favour of emergency action as well as a permanent naval policy. On the latter point he says:

"Canada, becoming national, must have national furniture, even as the bridegroom's house must be equipped. Bridegroom will also take out his own insurance poli-



The Welsh National Eisteddfod, which is one of the most ancient institutions of Britain, was held at Wrexham on September 3rd. Here is one of the leading scenes, the Arch Druid (Dyfed) speaking.



Sir Richard McBride laying the Corner-Stone of the new \$50,000 school in Chilliwack, B.C. A feature of the event was the massing of the school children of the Valley to see the ceremony.



Mr. Borden's home-coming receptions at Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa were exceptionally successful. This picture was taken at the door of the City Hall, Ottawa, just after the Civic Reception. Photograph by Pittaway.

The Duke's Tour of the West

cies—his defence against destruction. Canada's defence must be, primarily, her own affair; unless, instead of an advance to nationhood, she is willing to sink back into the situation of a dependency, a possession, and so forever disgrace herself. She must have a Navy of her own."

On August 17th, his paper contained a copy of his letter to the *Toronto Globe*, congratulating that journal on its advocacy of a non-partisan policy. In it occurs the following interesting paragraph:

"The first requisite to confidence in Mr. Borden and his colleagues is that we shall be satisfied that in whatsoever they propose they are too big to be influenced by their desire to win or to retain the so-called Nationalist vote in Quebec, or any other sectional vote in any part of Canada. We are at a point where our claim to nationhood within the Empire, and among English-speaking peoples, must be made good by nation-like action, nation-like appeal, nation-like courage to abide by the event. It is Mr. Borden's obvious duty, with all the facts of Imperial defence in his possession, to risk anything and everything of his own and his party's political fortunes upon an Imperially autonomous policy."

Tennis Championships

SOME Ontario tennis championships were decided on the 14th. In the finals for the Ladies' Singles, Miss Moyes defeated Miss Fairbairn 3-6, 7-5, 6-2. In the Men's Singles, Robert Baird defeated Ralph Burns in an excellent match 6-2, 7-5, 6-3.

The Marriage Question

REV. DR. HINCKS, of Toronto, is leading in a campaign against leaving the control of marriages in the hands of the nine provincial authorities. It will lead to "moral uncertainty," as it has done in the United States where there are forty-nine jurisdictions and 75,000 divorces annually.

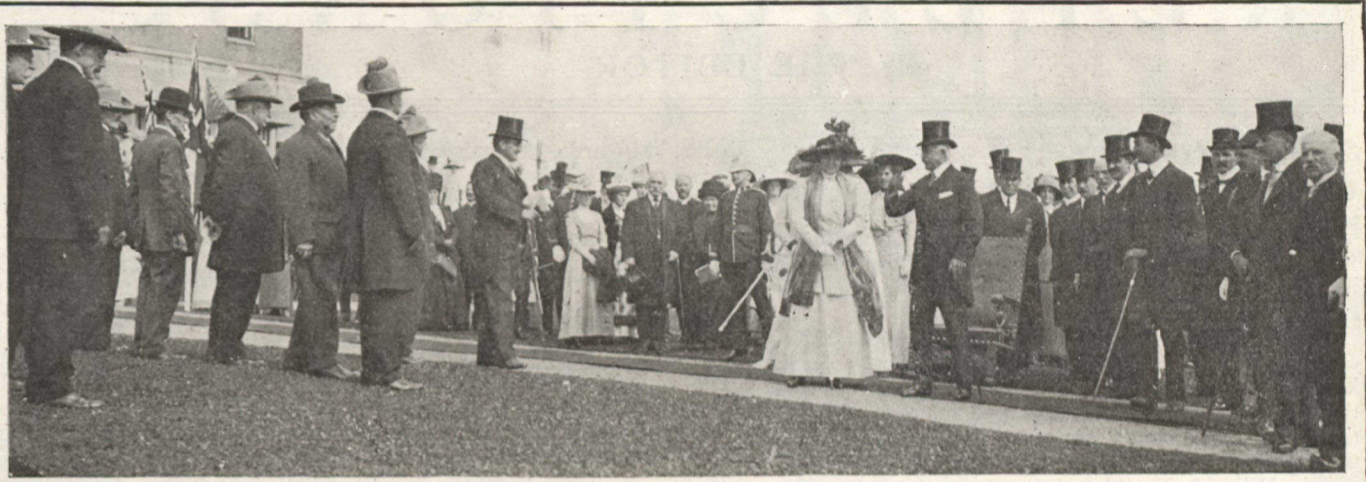
The Dominion Trades Congress last week passed a resolution urging the Dominion and Provincial Governments to institute the necessary legal machinery for the administering of the marriage contract by any Justice of the Peace, Magistrate or other proper officer designated by the Government.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain

LAST Saturday, the Canadian newspapers were disturbed by a despatch saying that the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was dying. On Monday, another despatch stated that he had been out walking on the day that the excitement occurred here. However, it afforded the editors an opportunity of lifting well-seasoned articles from their "morgues" and once more paying tribute to the great statesman. One interesting fact was emphasized. Mr. Chamberlain favoured Bonar Law as head of the Unionist party as against Hon. Walter Long, who is now visiting in this country. With Chamberlain's backing, Law won, and Mr. Long is now keeping clear of the entanglements of the Irish situation which Mr. Law cannot avoid.

No Canadian Flag

THE *Toronto News* is out with an editorial in which it criticizes the use of the red ensign "defaced with an aggregation of arms of Canadian provinces." This red ensign is not authorized for use on land; it is the marine ensign. The proper flag is the Union Jack. All of which indicates that Canada is a flagless country, and is thus behind Australia and New Zealand. These countries use a blue ensign with the Southern Cross in the field.



From Sault Ste. Marie the Duke of Connaught and Party went to Port Arthur. He is here seen inspecting the veterans, the Duchess on his right.



The Duke was in Saskatoon on September 2nd. Here there was a semi-military review. In the picture he is inspecting the Legion of Frontiersmen.



At Hurkett, a new C. P. R. town.



On September 3rd he was at Edmonton, and is here seen receiving an address from the Woman's Canadian Club.



He was at Calgary on September 5th. Inspecting Guard of Honour from 103rd Regiment.



With Governor Bulyea and the Mayor at the City Hall.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Sir Richard to Horse.

SIR RICHARD McBRIDE has come out strongly in favour of the naval policy advocated in these columns for the past three years. He is for a fleet unit on the Pacific, in addition to what is done on the Atlantic and what may be done for emergency purposes.

Sir Richard is, in this matter, the greatest Canadian of them all. He is for a Canadian navy, first, last and always. That Sir Wilfrid Laurier passed the first naval service act and laid the first foundation stone in a naval structure, dismays him not a whit. Sir Richard is even big enough to give credit to Sir Wilfrid for what he attempted to do. Sir Richard is no pigmy politician. He knows the political game, but he knows statesmanship also. Because he knows these things he is big enough to recognize bigness even in opponents.

In an interview which appears in the *Toronto Globe* of September 13th, he states that "British Columbia looks for and believes it has reason to expect from Mr. Borden some well-defined and promptly-executed naval policy which provides for the proper protection of the Pacific Coast of Canada by a competent unit." There is no hesitancy in this statement; no hedging; no half-heartedness. It is a bugle note and the Borden Government must take notice.

The Only Possible Policy.

PUBLIC opinion on the navy question is developing rapidly. Premier Roblin and Premier McBride have come out for a Canadian navy. These are the two strong Conservative provinces in the West. Presumably Saskatchewan and Alberta are in favour of a Canadian navy; this at least is a reasonable inference from their strong support of the policies of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Thus from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast there is only one voice and it speaks for a big Canadian navy. Not a Laurier navy, not a tin-pot navy, but a "more substantial and effective" navy, to use Sir Richard's phrase.

With the West, both Liberal and Conservative, solidly in favour of a Canadian navy, what can Mr. Borden do but adopt the policy which he held in 1909 but lost in 1910 and 1911? What does it matter about Bourassa and Lavergne when seven-eighths of the Canadian people have made up their minds? If Sir Hugh Graham and Hon. Robert Rogers will not yield, let them join Messrs. Lavergne and Bourassa and form a new "rump" party. No one wants them to abandon their honest convictions, and no one will deny them any little pleasure which they may get from falling in a gallant if hopeless struggle.

Surely Mr. Borden can read the signs of the times in this matter. A cash contribution to the British navy will never go in this country unless it is accompanied by a strong national policy which will ultimately provide a fleet unit on each coast. Even then it would have a stern struggle before it gets safely past the national ballot-box. A temporary loan of Dreadnoughts would have an easier time. But no policy can possibly succeed which doesn't provide for permanent national, as well as imperial, defence.

The News of the Pacific.

SIR RICHARD McBRIDE believes that Canada should provide for an Asiatic as well as a European menace. He says: "After the Japanese treaty—what?" This is reasonable. The man who provides his building with safeguards against lightning only and not against all sources of fire-damage would be considered insane. The nation which provides for naval attack only from one quarter must be equally insane. Canada has two coast lines, and the sea-attack may come upon either. Both must be defended.

Sir Richard says: "We have been opening up and developing the Province all along the coast line and we want to insure our work in protecting it. To our mind the Asiatic menace to Western Canada is a much more serious and substantial danger than the German peril to England." And this danger can be met reasonably only by a Canadian fleet unit on the Pacific.

A fleet unit to protect British Columbia means a Canadian navy, with naval colleges, training ships,

docks, shipyards, arsenals and all that goes to make up naval efficiency. It means a broad and comprehensive national naval policy, having regard to Canada's future as well as the naval requirements of the Empire.

A Non-Partisan Settlement.

AGAIN, and finally, Sir Richard McBride's utterances indicate that the solution of this great national problem is a non-partisan naval policy. To this end, a large number of leading public men are working. The memorial on this subject published recently in this paper and elsewhere has been signed by hundreds of prominent citizens on both sides of politics. Such a settlement is in the air. The intense partisans on both sides are decrying it. To them it seems sacrilege to have such an interesting dispute taken out of the political realm. The men who profit and live by party fights are opposing a non-partisan settlement. But the tide runs against them. The interests of Canada are greater than the interests of either political party or the future prospects of any set of campaign managers.

The people are greater than the politicians, the party press and the paid camp followers. The people intend to have this question, involving so much of the nation's welfare and so much of the nation's honour, settled in a manner which will leave both unimpaired.

Irish Home Rule.

A FEW months ago it looked very much as if Home Rule for Ireland was in sight. The outlook to-day is not quite so assuring for the supporters of this measure. Last week the Liberal party in England received two severe checks. The Unionist victory in Midlothian territory proved afresh that the Liberals and the Labour party are getting farther apart, thus indicating a possible return of the Unionists to power. It may be that no alliance between the Unionists and the Labourites will result. Indeed, this is not necessary. All that the Unionists require for their success is a lack of co-operation between the Liberals and Labourites.

The second check came with the declaration of the Rt. Honourable Winston Churchill in a speech at Dundee, when he proposed a new form of local government for the United Kingdom. This speech is taken to indicate the possibility that Home Rule may mean autonomy for two sections of Ireland and for various sections of the United Kingdom. Mr. Churchill's suggestion seems somewhat impracticable, but the Unionists welcome it merely as an indication of a hesitancy on the part of the present administration to force the Bill which is now before the British Parliament. Whether the Liberals remain in power or whether the Unionists return to the treasury benches it begins to look as if Irish Home Rule would long remain in its historic position as one of the great, undecided questions helping to make party government a necessity in Great Britain.

A Pernicious Doctrine.

CERTAIN members of the Dominion Government are apparently trying to establish the principle that any civil servant may be removed from office if the Member representing the constituency so decides. This would be a fatal doctrine. It would throw the whole outside service into chaos. It is not a principle recognized by Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, and cannot therefore be said to be a principle recognized by the Conservative party of Canada. Not being a Conservative principle it can only be classed as a temporary practice which has been introduced into the Borden administration clandestinely and without the full knowledge of all the members of that administration.

In dealing with the case of Mr. William Ireland, formerly collector of customs at Parry Sound, the Honourable J. D. Reid has apparently followed this principle. The member for the constituency asked for Mr. Ireland's removal and the Minister decided that the Member's request was sufficient to justify the removal of the officer. I must confess that Mr. Reid's action comes as a sort of surprise as

many of us had the feeling that Mr. Reid would be a high-minded administrator.

The strange part of the whole situation is that those who think as Mr. Reid does are trying to justify their action in the Ireland case and in similar cases by saying that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden have both approved this principle. I am in a position to state that this is not true so far as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is concerned and it is hardly likely that Mr. Borden is in favour of it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's position is clear. The position which he took in 1896 was, first, that there would be no removal from office except for cause; second, that offensive partisanship would be a cause; third, that every charge would be investigated; and fourth, that when a charge was made by the sitting Member stating, under his signature, facts which he knew of his own personal knowledge, that would be sufficient evidence.

It will be noted that this is an entirely different position to that taken in the Ireland case. The Member for Parry Sound has not made a written report that Mr. Ireland was, to his personal knowledge, guilty of offensive partisanship; therefore Mr. Ireland was entitled to an investigation before dismissal. Indeed, even if the Member had made such a statement Mr. Ireland was entitled to an investigation because he demanded it.

This case promises to be a celebrated one, and unless the Government is prepared for a long fight it would be well advised to grant an immediate investigation. The *Stratford Herald*, a leading Conservative paper, says: "Honourable Dr. Reid will surely see that an inquiry by an impartial man is but common fairness in this case. He should grant it and should re-instate Mr. Ireland if he can prove his innocence as he says he can."

White Girls in Chinese Cafes.

THE Dominion Trades Congress, which met at Guelph last week, has passed a strong resolution asking for legislation making it a criminal offence for Orientals to employ white girls in any capacity. This is due largely to the influence of the West, where the general public is apprehensive over the growing practice. The Chinamen have captured the restaurant business in the West and white women who work in them must work side by side with Chinamen. With the Saskatchewan Government and the Dominion Trades Congress condemning it something should be done.

As was pointed out on this page several weeks ago, the Chinese situation is an impossible one. Either the Chinamen must be allowed to bring in their wives or they must be prevented from entering the country. There is no other solution. Governments and reformers may temporise with it, but in the end they must face the issue squarely.

Saskatchewan Affairs.

THERE is talk of Hon. Mr. Haultain, leader of the Saskatchewan Opposition, being made a judge, as Chief Justice Wetmore is retiring. At the same time the government is being enlarged and in a short while no doubt Hon. J. A. Calder will succeed Hon. Walter Scott as Premier. Mr. Scott's poor health prevents him taking an active part in administration.

The work in the last two years has fallen largely on Mr. Calder. He has been Provincial Treasurer, Minister of Education, and Minister of Railways and Telegraphs. With the object of lightening Mr. Calder's work two new ministers have been taken into the cabinet.

Hon. George Bell is temporarily Provincial Treasurer. He is a man of good sense and sound judgment, a safe man and a progressive citizen. He has taken a keen interest in public affairs for years and has been in the Legislature since 1908.

Hon. George Langley is a typical Hyde Park orator, and got his facility for dealing with public questions in that same hard London school. In the last two elections he has been greatly in demand as a public speaker. He was on the government's elevator commission and is now one of the three managing directors of the co-operative company which resulted from that investigation. He is therefore eminently fitted to handle the department of municipal affairs over which he has been placed.

Thus the government is being strengthened and the opposition weakened. It would look as if the Conservative party would have to reorganize in that province. The local opposition is weak in numbers, and there is only one Conservative member in the contingent which Saskatchewan sends to Ottawa. Something must be done quickly or there will be as one-sided a situation there as there is in British Columbia, with the parties reversed.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Superfluous Woman.

NO one needs to be told that there is a superfluous feminine population in Great Britain. It has made itself heard in shrill and unmistakable accents during the last decade, and the clamour may break out afresh at any moment. Fiction, art, politics and society are full of this feminine unrest, which is making a ferment, distressing to lovers of the peaceful life. What is the matter? One explanatory circumstance is revealed by statistics. Figures, we are informed, do not lie, and are frequently a revelation of causes of far-reaching movements. According to the latest figures, there are 1,200,000 "surplus" women in Wales and England—that is, women for whom there can be no provision in the domestic sphere as wives and mothers. Such a disparity in numbers means that many women, unable to turn their energies to the management of a household and the bringing up of children, are exercising themselves in a variety of agitations which are more or less harmful to the commonwealth. Of course, there will be found many self-supporting women who are leading useful and independent lives. But there are all too many who have no definite work or aim and are consequently easily attracted to every passing "cause."

The lot of the British spinster of gentle birth has been one of narrowness and gloom, owing largely to the foolish prejudice against a business or professional career for woman. This prejudice has been disregarded by so many women, during the last few years, that the state of affairs, so far as the educated woman is concerned, is much better than it was in the "sixties." A woman doctor is no longer regarded as a freak, a business woman is no longer a "person" who has descended hopelessly in the social scale.

But, making every allowance for the new opportunities opened to the British women who wish to support themselves, the ranks of womanhood are extremely over-crowded, and there is a vast army of "the unemployed" in all classes which is a constant menace to social order. In France there is always a religious "vocation" for the woman who does not marry and who desires humanitarian and secluded occupation; but in Great Britain, even when religious movements are supplied with feminine workers, there remain many with empty hands and hearts, for whom the world seems to afford no place. But in this instance, Britain's extremity is Canada's opportunity.

The Forlorn Man.

TURNING to the statistics of our own country, we find that in our four Western provinces there is a superfluity of 300,000 in the masculine population. The recent Home Reunion movement, having for its object the bringing out of the wives and children of British men immigrants who are already working in Canada has been supported chiefly by men. It was women's work, and the patriotic societies of Canadian women might well have interested themselves in such an undertaking.

Someone objects that it would be too much like establishing a matrimonial bureau to urge that some of the surplus feminine population of Great Britain be induced to come to our West. No woman should be urged to come to Canada from the British Isles unless she is prepared and equipped to support herself. Canada should not be represented as a paradise for the loafer—man or woman. It is a land of golden opportunities for those who have

health and energy, and it is a country of rejuvenating power to those who are eager for fresh fields for social and industrial experiments. Of course, it is to be expected that, if hundreds of thousands of British women go out to our West, most of them will marry. But, leaving aside the matter of establishing homes of Anglo-Saxon traditions in our Western provinces, that territory is in dire need of just such help as many of these unemployed English women could give. Think of the domestic service so sadly required throughout the whole country and then consider the absurdity of talking about "superfluous" women, when there is not a city of Canada where housewives are not worried over the question of servants. It is the most pernicious rubbish to say that some women are "forced" into most sordid lives because, forsooth, there is no decent employment to be secured. From Halifax to

Vancouver there are respectable and comfortable homes awaiting girls who are capable workers, and there is no danger of domestic service being overcrowded for many years.

Thus, if the prospect of becoming a bride in Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba or British Columbia does not attract the maidens of Kent or Middlesex, perhaps the prospect of good wages and opportunities for better may prove more powerful. The best and most practical patriotism is that which builds up our own country with the finest citizens to be procured, and the women of our patriotic organizations cannot be more sensibly employed than in sending wives to lonely bachelors and in securing domestic aid for the over-worked housewives of our Dominion.

The Educated Immigrant.

IT has been said by many modern observers of social conditions in a new country that the scientific study of domestic work and of child training will result in a better class of women being attracted to such employment, thus raising the social status of the nurse and the cook. To mention this, is to start afresh the vexed question of "the lady help" versus the domestic servant. There have been so many changes in social life and customs that this century may see the disappearance of Mary Ann, although present indications hardly point to her extinction.

There are many English gentlewomen, whose incomes are too small to admit of their living "well" in London who would find settlement

in Western Canada opening new fields for activity. Such a desirable settler went to Alberta, bought a small farm property and has made her house a delightful copy of "the place at home," with its chintz-covered furniture and bits of old china. She has turned her musical talent to account and is the highly-valued organist of the little church in the nearest town. Her home is a charming scene of hospitality and she has brought into the new country the old-world softness of speech and manner, without the slightest assumption that she is enlightening the inferior natives. She is not always deploring the crudity and brusqueness of a young nation, but frankly declares that she is much happier on her "ranch" than she was in the old home, where she was regarded with polite tolerance as a dependent and where she employed her spare moments in embroidering altar cloths and in district visiting.

In this broad Dominion, there is room and work for all who will come. Let us think and talk less of our rights and more of our opportunities. If these discontented British women can only reach Alberta the sunshine will transmute their petulance into enthusiasm and Canada will be the richer by thousands of happy homes.

JEAN GRAHAM.



Mrs. Hazen, Wife of the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. The Hazens Reside in St. John, but Mrs. Hazen and the Misses Hazen are Likely to be, this Season, Among the Foremost Hostesses at Ottawa.

Western Feminism

By A. M. ROSS

SITUATED on the outskirts of Western civilization and on the rim where Occident and rapidly re-awakening Orient meet, one might not unnaturally look to British Columbia for an exemplification of the last word in the matter of modern progress. And perhaps some such thought was in the minds of her legislators when they framed the constitution of the new university which it is hoped will next year adorn the extreme western end of the peninsula on which the city of Vancouver stands. At least nowhere in the English-speaking world is there an educational institution founded on such broad lines, or one which takes so fully into account modern tendencies. Here for the first time the great feminist movement is given full recognition by all sex disabilities being removed, and girls being placed on absolutely the same footing as boys. In the university of British Columbia there is no course which a girl may not take, no distinction made between her and her brother.

Nay more, in order that educated women may have an opportunity of expressing an opinion as to the proper training of those of their own sex, women have been allowed to sit as members of the senate and board of governors.

The first senate of the University of British Columbia, which was elected last week and is composed of fifteen members, includes two women, one from Victoria and one from Vancouver. The Vancouver representative is Mrs. Evelyn F. Farris, B.A., M.A., of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. She is a daughter of Professor E. M. Keirstead, LL.D., of McMaster University, and wife of John Wallace de Beque Farris, B.A., LL.D., one of the rising young barristers of Vancouver.

Mrs. Farris is a young woman of unusual charm and sweetness. Just casually meeting her and noting her bright, eager, almost girlish face and her quiet, unassuming manner, one would never guess what a string of formidable academic degrees she is privileged to wear at the end of her name. She is before all else a womanly woman, and just as unlike the popular conception of a blue stocking as the veriest society butterfly.

One might not unnaturally expect a woman bred in the high-browed atmosphere she was, to be something of a reformer, an ardent suffragette, a foremost club woman and a great many other things—one who would try to regenerate the world but would not on any account look after her own family. That is just what Mrs. Farris is not. She is a living exemplification of how higher education will not spoil a woman. Her first and deepest interest is her home, and she spends so much time on the care and education of her four pretty children that she cannot be said to be a leading society woman.

Neither is she a club woman. The only club with which she is connected is the University Women's Club, of Vancouver, which she was instrumental in organizing and of which she was the first President, holding office for three years until she stepped down to give someone else a chance. She was a member of the committee appointed to draft amendments to the laws of British Columbia in so far as they relate to women and children; and she was also one of the committee that went to Victoria for the purpose of persuading the powers that be to allow women barristers to practise in that province, and who succeeded so admirably that legislation to that effect was passed a few months ago.

In short, Mrs. Farris is a charming little woman, who, in spite of the generous share of common sense with which she is endowed, is quiet, winsome and likeable (*sensible* people are often so uninteresting). She can make a rattling good speech or cook a rattling good dinner as the occasion may demand, and there isn't a doubt that her ideas on the question of the most suitable education of the modern girl will be worth hearing.

THE other woman senator is Mrs. Madge Robertson Watt, B.A., M.A., daughter of Mr. Henry Robertson, K.C., of Collingwood, Ont., and wife of Dr. A. T. Watt, William's Head, Vancouver

Island, superintendent of the Coast quarantines of British Columbia.

Mrs. Watt is a woman of splendid ability and wide sympathies. After graduating from Toronto University, where she took her B.A. degree in 1889, and her M.A. the following year, she devoted herself to journalistic work.

In 1903 she married Dr. A. T. Watt, and has since made her home on the Pacific Coast.

She is intensely public spirited, and takes the deepest interest in all questions of modern progress, but particularly those relating to the advancement



Mrs. Evelyn F. Farris, Newly-Elected with Mrs. Madge Robertson Watt to the Senate of British Columbia University.

of women.

For some time she has been secretary of the Advisory Board of Women's Institutes of the Province of British Columbia, and has, at the request of the government, lectured to the Women's Institutes.

As it is proposed to pay particular attention to agriculture as a profession for both men and women, when framing the curriculum of the new university, Mrs. Watt is regarded as especially well suited for the position to which she has just been elected.

Polish Sketches

I. On Charms and Magic.

THE baby began to cry after Marinka had brought her back from her afternoon outing and later seemed languid and fretful. "I'm afraid she's going to be sick," I said, as her small body sank wearily

PUZZLE PICTURE--FIND THE LADY.



Brave to Assume the Costume but Timid to Essay the Bridge, is the Woman Seen Here Crossing that Ultra-Rustic Sort Which Confronts, Often, the Rocky Mountaineer.

into my arms and she said she wanted to "do byby."

Marinka stopped dishwashing for a moment and regarded her earnestly. "Perhaps someone look at her to-day," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked, blankly.

"I mean p'r'aps person look at her bad in passing

by, p'r'aps make her seek. Oh, yes, honest, dat's often happen in my contree. You mustn't laugh, for I tell you true.

"In my contree is lots of wise women in all villages, and Polish people always talk mit them when baby seek or cry. Everyone know dere is people who make bad look and wise women make charm against dem eef you pay for dat. Eef your baby cry so hard you find out you must not lend no one nodings after sunset, no matter how much dey want to borrow little tea or milk. Eef your cow don't give milk dat's because someone who hate you put cheeken near your door. Once dere was woman dat seek all time and wise woman told her dat her neighbour come in her house while she out and take little bit of nine different tings and burn ashes and t'row dem on doorstep."

"Did she get better when she found that out?" I asked, as Marinka paused for breath. "Me, I don't know," she answered. "I not know dat woman, but I know story is true. Dere are no doctors dat is var' good in my contree, so lots people go to wise woman or wise man. Sometimes dey tell you awful foolish. My uncle had so bad toothache once and wise man tell him, vat you tink?—" Marinka burst out laughing in the midst of her tale—"to run barefoot for t'ree hour on ice!"

By this time she was holding her sides with mirth. "Well, what happened?" I said.

"Oh, he so foolish, he do it!" she cried, between gasps, "and he die!"

"But why do you laugh?" I said, aghast.

"Because he so foolish do crazee ting like dat—my mutter don't believe nuttin' now, but long ago she use to go to wise woman because she so poor and want rich osban'. And my fader come and he rich and she servant on his father's farm, and he lof her and want marry mit her and so he do. And yet now she laugh at charm. My fader tell me once dat he lof awful pretty dark girl and want marry mit her, but he *can't do it!* Seem like someone push heem away every time he go to see her. It was awful sad story, dat poor girl. Once when she tanz at vedding some woman get mad mit her and take branch of green flower-plant she wear on dress, like all people at vedding. And dat woman take it in bush long way and trample it in mud. After dat no one can marry mit dat girl and she get seek, so seek and t'in, and no one can help. And after while girl die. And woman get seek and want die, but *she can't die!* For t'ree mont' she try awful hard, but it's no good. Den priest come and she tell him about flower and she say, 'Take me to place mit carriage and den I can die.' And she find flower just as she say and den she die easy. Honest, I know dat woman.

"Here in Vinnipeg is woman who can't have children and get awful t'in. Her 'osban' go to wise woman and give her \$300 in \$100 bills. She take one bill and burn it while he watch, den she say it's all right. And his wife have lots of babies and she so well.

"My fellow go to see fortune teller last night and he feel awful bad and when he see me he cry so hard. She tell heem he have plenty money but he would get mooch more if two womans don't hate him. He give her twenty dollar and fortune teller say lots of t'ings. She don't say mooch for one dollar, but I t'ink I give dat and go find eef I marry mit heem or anodder fellow. I don't want to know more dan dat. She tell my fellow dat two woman have taken two hairs of his head and put dem in handkerchief or in 'meert' (magic flower) pot. She can't tell which, but she find out if he gif her more money. And dey take dem to put in place where dead people are. He cry so hard and he say, 'I ain't done noding dat woman's do dis! I ain't steal or keel nobody! Why do dey hate me like dat?' He t'ink one woman is my aunt—she don't like heem mooch.

"I know one girl once she take man's handkerchief to church and let priest sprinkle mit holy water. Den she make man she don't like wipe his face mit handkerchief and she burn it. And he get awful seek right away.

"Eef baby is frightened by dog dat bite her or scratch her you can see all dat happen eef you melt beeg yellow candle (like in church) and put grease in cold water in basin and put basin on child's head. Sure, you see every t'ing what dog did, honest!"

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.

The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Day, so a-yellow with dust of gold;
Dusk—Ah, the anguishing snares that enfold
All quivering sun-feathered butterflies!
In the net of the dark—day dies.

THERE are certain things a writer writes which are not made merchandise of. Which sounds like a platitude—thinking of blue printed slips. I do not refer to that painful “dee-tee-um of little blue devils,” however, nor yet to the lawful rejections which are its cause. I refer to tenderlings of the thought preserved in a private way, though unbesprent by the critical “salt of the earth.” Spume, perhaps, but caught from out that crystal Fountain of Sense which, quaffed, makes a goose-quill appear a paradise feather.

The purpose of which is merely to state that the quatrain up at the top was written last September and is just let into the light because the magical month is again upon us. The Lady was hardly watching the road the hour when she wrote it, but rather the golden weather beyond, till the fowler, Dark, crept up and its gasp to be just a little prolonged was smothered. The Lady wears rue for sundowns in September.

But the highway is the merrier for the closing up of the season. Folk are trooping home again from the various summering places. Cities call. The jargon is all one “Vale” to wildernesses.

Moose Tracks.

SPEAKING of wilds, the same are somewhat chary of being on visiting terms with the many. They let you alone, severely, a la Mahomet's mountain, unless you go the two half-ways to meet them—except in the case of “the Wolf,” on the mat, in these days. But a wild young moose did recently call at the door of one, Mrs. Allaby, of Southfield, N.B., who is advertising the creature at a fancy price.

By the way, Miss Ethel Roosevelt has been visiting Canada as Lady Laurier's guest at Ottawa. The reader is requested to supply the connection, herself; also to inform us if that toy, the Teddy Bear, is likely to have a supplanter in the Nursery.

Sport and a Water Lily.

THE phrase, “I am not gamesome,” was the croak of an old-time Roman; the reverse is the vaunt of Canadians, now, both sexes. And summer sports for women are finding their present wind-up in a long succession of varied and brilliant events. Down in the east, at the trial of conclusions between the maritime provincial golf associations, the mede fell to New Brunswick over Nova Scotia—the champion lady, Miss Thompson, of St. John. In the extreme west, Vancouver, at the enthusiastic regatta, the British Columbia swimming trophy was won by Victoria's Miss Griffin, who holds also the national championship for one hundred yards.

Touching aquatic prowess: that young, ambitious and amphibious Englishwoman, Miss Lily Smith, has declared her intention of swimming the English Channel. The American, Miss Rose Pitonoff, is soon to attempt it, too. Flowers, both Lily and Rose, of the watery profession, the Rose will have to blossom some, unless it expects to blush; for her rival is the likeliest water Lily going.

But should there not be a limit to feminine sport? I watched professional acrobats at the National Exhibition. Magnificent strength, surely; admirable

skill, belike. And perhaps, after all, it was only the wind from the lake that chilled as I thought, “Those swaying forms are women!”

Canada's Buttresses.

IT does give us pause, moreover, in appraising our women's sports, that the year's output of butter in this country has been weighed in the balance and is, alas! found wanting. The official report of Mr. J. A. Ruddick, commissioner of dairies and cold storage, at Ottawa, reveals a yearly importation of

women. The Duchess of Sutherland and her daughter have hastened out to Alberta to assist the farmer Duke with his husbanding plans. Miss Binnie-Clark has given up lectures and writing for the zest of garnering grain at Fort Qu'Appelle. Which are only examples to prove an emphatic trend.

“Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying
Hush, and heed not for all things pass—”

And whilst they whisper, that most ancient of scythe-swingers, Death, has gathered into his spacious barns that ripe shock, General Booth—has made fatherless Eva Booth, who has long been “Little Mother” to hundreds who have felt her ministry in New York.

About the Clubs.

WOMEN'S Clubs' activities again are under way. At Victoria, the Alexandra Club has held, already, its first delightful “guest day” of the season. Mrs. Damon, of London, England, addressed the large assembly, principally on the subject of naval defence, and Mrs. Croft, the president, who was shortly leaving for Europe, was presented with a handsome jewel on behalf of the club.

The Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa has just issued its annual report. The organization appears to be in a gratifying condition as regards its work, its attendance and also its funds. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught is patroness of the body; Lady Laurier, Hon. President, and Mrs. George Foster, Hon.

Vice-President.

The Canadian Guild of Organists, foregathered at Toronto lately, had a quite harmonious time—to the bird's eye. Specially enjoyed was the entertainment of Dr. and Mrs. Ham, provided at their residence, Jarvis Street. The host of that evening is president of the league.

Cupid at it Again.

AND, this time, with his eyes open beyond the slightest doubt. For the smitten ones are Gallantry and Beauty, both young. Gallantry in the person of Mr. Douglas Lorne Cameron, and Beauty in the form of Miss Mary Georgina Nanton, lately united in wedlock at Winnipeg. The bride is the daughter of a famous financier; the groom, the son of the ruler of Manitoba. Romney, possibly, might have reproduced the beauty of the wedding entourage; certainly, it was such as bankrupts language. The bridesmaids were: Miss Margaret Nanton, Miss Phyllis Rose, of England, and Miss Marjorie Coombes and Miss Marion Meredith, Toronto. Best man was Mr. George Culver. The pair will pass a somewhat extended honeymoon in Europe, and, returning, will live on Dromore Ave., Winnipeg.

Two New “Native” Books.

BOTH native to Halifax, which speaks well for that city, are “Marcus Holbeach's Daughter,” Miss Alice Jones' latest romance, and the new “Wandering Judy,” by Miss Marshall Saunders. Miss Jones, alias “Alix John,” is a Nova Scotian, still, though living in England, and Miss Saunders, known to old and young as the writer of “Beautiful Joe,” long has made her home in the sea-port city. The books are, alike, Canadian in flavour and, for both, publishers prophesy great demand.

The “Good-Bye” at Euston Station, London



Probably the Easter Lilies Mrs. Borden is Holding Were a Subtly Implied Hope for the Renewal of Intercourse on the Part of the Hearty Anglo-Canadian Donors. Madame Pelletier's Bouquet is a like Expression.

thousands of pounds of butter, principally from New Zealand and the United States. It appears to a mere dilettante that we have let our butter slide,

Wigwam Delight at Rideau Ferry



“Canvas Being Nicer Than Plaster, Why is School?” is the Query at Present of Most of the Camp-Fire Girls.

that our walls are agape, that our buttresses are lacking!

Sickles and a Scythe.

PERHAPS, though, it is only because they are putting their hands to the plough, that the churn-handle feels the neglect of our busy country-

On the Way to the Peace

Athabasca Landing, August 18th.

By JEAN BLEWETT

THE lure of lonesome places is a net which nature casts into her sea of silence for the catching of such fish as come nosing after the unusual. Sometimes it happens that she "makes a haul" worth while. For instance, this week, away up here where nothing breaks the silence but the wash of the Lesser Slave, and the air is so clear that our camp-fire smoke can be seen half way to the Peace River, we come face to face with two of the famous people of this continent, Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," and old Colin Fraser, who, like Lochinvar, comes out of the west, but whose occupation, unlike that young gallant's, is no riddle, for at post, and station, by portage, trek, and trail, highway, byway and wilderness camp-fire he is known as "the fur king of the north." Also he looks the part.

CHARLES MAJOR is flatly a disappointment. He does not "fit in"; and he looks wearied to death of things in general, and of Hudson Bay blankets in particular. He wants civilization, and wants it right away.

"A shower-bath, an electric fan, and a down mattress for mine," he remarks with emotion.

By the way he applies the mosquito lotion, by his indifference to bacon, brown bread, etc., as well as by his air of weariness, you realize that he has had enough and to spare of roughing it. He makes no bones of telling you as much. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world," he says, "but now I cannot get back to good old Indiana a minute too soon."

The truth is the eminent writer put off his hunting trip to this big new land too long. But why hunting trip? you say. Because this man is just as much the hunter as Colin Fraser, only, instead of pelts, he hunts "flavour," "atmosphere," call it

what you will, something that his public desires, and which has a value commercial as well as literary. Like the foxes and others of Fraser's park, it can only be found in the wilds. He should have come up here before fame, fortune, and the passing years had taken his youth, elasticity, and what the half-breed guide calls "de devil-may-careness." You think of the daring deeds, the dash, the bravado of "When Knighthood was in Flower" and sigh under your breath. It is good to grow great, but if we could only keep young while doing it! Still, come to think of it, why be prodigal of pity, seeing that so many of us can do neither?

MR. MAJOR had for company an author of boys' books, Mr. Saylor, of Chicago, who, with a net of beads and gaudy trifles had gone fishing for legends among the Indians; also a couple of mere millionaires hunting dear knows what—perhaps the "snaps for investors" we hear of on every hand. Who knows?

"The elementary life up here calls for sturdy bodies," began Mr. Major, as he finished dinner; "it is too full of hardship for a man of my make-up. I had heard a lot of 'no man's land,' and asked to get into the heart of it, so I came. A few weeks of it and here I am, glad to be on my way home. If I were a lad I'd stay until I became used to it, but I'm not a lad, and the comforts and luxuries of life loom larger than they used to do."

LIFE in the open has a nice, large sound, but sleeping on the ground, eating rough fare, battling with flies and mosquitoes discount things. We came as far as Athabasca Landing on a construction train. From there we took the steamer, "Northern Call," for Lesser Slave River. This was pleasant enough, but came a 16-mile portage across

the roughest of trails to Sota River before we got the steamer for Grouard, "the place that is to be."

The portage between Grouard and the Peace Valley was a thing I'll not forget in a hurry. We made it in a farm wagon. And such a wagon. Seemingly it had but one spring, and that in the wrong place, for if by any chance it gave a feeble jump or two it threw us off our balance. The first day it was bad, the second worse, the third and last a nightmare. Rest houses were not in evidence. We slept on the more or less moist earth rolled in our blankets. Now I know that men seasoned to this sort of thing think nothing of being "earth on an earthy bed," but we weren't seasoned, and we did mind—though, mark you, we'd go through it again willingly rather than forego our trip or be without the knowledge gained by passing through the Peace River Pass.

From Peace River Landing we went by boat to Hudson's Hope. It took us two weeks going and two weeks returning. This is a tremendous country, and some of it has the making of splendid homesteads. Ah, yes, it is a great country, and one day the timber of it will be worth its weight in gold. But it is a little too primitive as yet. I for one will not again hear the call of the wild until such time as travelling has been made easier. Edmonton is a city one might well like to linger in at any time, and more especially when the outbound trail leads to loneliness and great spaces. Oh, yes, I know the camp-fire has a certain glamour about it, but just now I could find it in my heart to parody the "graceless grace" before meat and say:

"Camp-fires hot, and camp-fires cold,
Trails that lead to ways untold,
Portages both long and rough—
We thank Thee, Lord, we've had enough!"

"He come back some more tam, yes," is the guide's comment. "He say, 'enough, enough,' but, like Injun say w'en he get drunk, a leetle too mooch is jus' enough, yes. He come back nex' year, I t'ink." Maybe you will, Mr. Major. When you rest from your labours and your works (royalties on your new book) do follow you, you will perhaps forget the discomforts and remember only the grandeur of the North Land.

COLIN FRASER did not come sighing, but singing, lusty of voice, supple of body, endurance stamped on every feature. He had a party of his own people with him, and he was at home. Once a year he comes from Fort Chipewyan to Edmonton, over 600 miles, to sell his furs and catch a glimpse of civilization. This time it took him 26 days to reach Athabasca Landing with his scows loaded with the year's fur catch. The catch is especially valuable, as it includes many silver and black foxes, and ermine, besides wolverine, marten, mink, beaver, wolf and bear. The fur king of the North grows just as weary of Edmonton with its first-class hotels as the author of "When Knighthood was in Flower" grew of the wilderness world. Who is it says every man can smile at a toothache but the one who has it? Just so, and contemplating these two great men and their discomforts with characteristic carelessness we are glad they both got caught in the net of silence and that we had the privilege of watching them "break away."

MISS S. MACNAUGHTON, a writer from "Thistledom"—which is Scotland—and best known for her Scotch story, "The Fortune of Christina McNab," has just completed her eleventh book, entitled, "Snow on the Desert," and is now in this merry Dominion, a-holidaying.

Canada may, pardonably, feel flattered at being selected, for Miss Macnaughton is a certainly much-travelled person. Her touring has included, at various times, India, Argentina and many of the less often visited countries in Europe. She spent some time, as volunteer nurse, in South Africa, during the late Boer war. Québec is the versatile authoress' present headquarters.

Among the famous books from this contemporary pen are: "A Lame Dog's Diary," "The Gift," and "The Four Chimneys." The latest title, "Snow On the Desert," was inspired by lines from Omar—Fitzgerald's translation:

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon,
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Girl Guides at the National Exhibition



That There is More in the Designation, "Girl Guides," than a Mere Bit of Pleasing Alliteration, is Written in the Healthy, Hearty, Happy Countenances of the Above-Pictured Visiting Group from Moose Jaw.



First Aid to the Injured is Known to "The Female of the Species" as well as to Those Bandaging-Mad Boy Scouts—Witness the Sign on the Bags of this Toronto Band.

The Matinee Girl

By MARGARET BELL

Wanted—A Successor.

THE only team of co-stars appearing in Shakespeare to-day are to quit the stage in two years. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, for over twenty years associated with all that is best in the drama, now think it is time to consider their own comforts. Hotels, trains, dressing rooms, one night stands have been their home long enough.

"We're going to settle down and be real home folk," Miss Marlowe said recently. "I'm tired of being stared at in elevators and shops, as someone not quite human. I want to oversee the pickling and preserving in my own kitchen, and order the roast for dinner. We are going to travel"—Mr. Sothern is her husband—"but not as actors travel, hurrying from one city to the next. We are going to study the customs of each country. We are going right around the world, after first a year's rest in dear old England."

And it is gratifying to think that both great exponents of the greatest dramatist belong to the British Empire.

"Get-rich-quick Wallingford," held the boards. It had been whispered to me by someone who knew, that the young leading lady, Alice Caire Elliott, very much resembled a local favourite. It remained for me to see for myself, when I called on her, that evening before the performance.

I called. My tap tap was answered by someone who caused an involuntary, "Am I standing before Billie Burke, or some wandering ghost of hers?"

The young lady addressed was quite blase about the resemblance. She had heard of it so often. Still, she considered it an implied compliment. I could see that by the way she peeped into the mirror, as soon as she saw me comfortably seated on the backless chair.

"Yes, I am very much like Miss Burke. Not only my hair, but my features as well. Very often people speak to me on the street, calling me Miss Burke." She fingered a little ornament, to stick into the auburn fluffiness, later in the evening. She could not help seeing how gracefully she sewed the band



Alice Claire Elliott, Called "The Other Billie Burke."

Both are essentially English in their tastes.

And now, all the artistic loving people who throng the theatres perhaps three times a season, are wondering whom they will choose to succeed their favourites. Conditions are becoming such, as our tastes advance, that all obsolete Shakespearianisms are being discarded for more modern forms of amusement, like "The Waltz Kiss," and "The Merry Widow." There are still a few old-fashioned enough in their ideas, however, to enjoy a performance of "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." It looks as if this few would have to band together and choose one from their own midst, to enact such roles. By the modern method of stage preparation, the chosen one would have plenty of time to study all the rudiments of stageology, in the two years still left.

For certainly, with the commercial point of view obliterating all artistic perception, such as it seems to be down in the Broadway offices, it looks as if Sothern and Marlowe will mark the last perfect enactment of Shakespeare in America.

A Second Billie.

THE new season has begun. It is quite true that the country is theatre mad, if one may judge from the crowds on opening night. Isn't it strange, how we crave the mimic? In Toronto, that amusing comedy,

of brilliants on it. Anyhow, why should she not see it?

It was Exhibition week in Toronto, which means very little hotel accommodation.

"Where are you sleeping, this week?" I asked. "On a table, piano, or in a bath tub?"

"By consenting to stay at a less desirable hotel, I have been allowed the luxury of a bed. Tell me, is your Princess Patricia so very beautiful? She is here now, isn't she?"

I assured her that no report had been exaggerated. Whereupon, she stuck an errant curl coquettishly above her ear.

"But she hasn't beautiful auburn hair," I hastened to add. And the brown eyes shone brighter than ever, and the mouth formed itself into a satisfied smile. She was so sweet and feminine! And between ourselves, I consider her a hundred times prettier than Billie Burke.

Watch Out For These.

LAST season revealed a few anticipations in the way of hidden talent. Ina Claire was selected for the part of "Prudence" in "The Quaker Girl," only after three or four well-known actresses had been tried out, and found wanting. She made good.

Much the same was the case of Gertrude Bryan, who made success for "Little Boy Blue."

Laurette Taylor has been gaining

Do you know what it means
to be able to order shoes from "The Largest Retail Shoe Concern in the world?" ¶ Do you know you can be insured absolutely perfect fit in Shoes of the Latest Styles—shoes that the discriminating Men and Women of Fashion in New York have put a permanent stamp of approval upon?

CAMMEYER announces that its Fall and Winter Catalogue of Distinctive Shoe Styles is Ready. The finest style book ever issued, 80 pages, with tan shoes in colors.

Through a Mail-Order Service that is absolutely dependable and efficient, CAMMEYER serves thousands of satisfied customers with Boots and Shoes that are unsurpassed in the essential Qualities of Fit, Finish, Style and Workmanship.

Catalogue sent postpaid on request. Address Dept. 40 New York City.

CAMMEYER
NEW YORK

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

First aid to the cook

The handy packet of Edwards' desiccated



Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP
5c. per packet.

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

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

T205

S.H.P.

"Getting Ready for the Fall With Diamond Dyes"

"Last spring my sister and I tried your dyes for the first time. We had such success that we decided that we would have regular Diamond Dye days this fall, so for three days this week we have been getting ready for the fall with Diamond Dyes.



Made over from a white serge dyed tan

"My eldest daughter was graduated last June, so she will go out a good deal this winter. We made her two party dresses—one a new Baby Blue charmeuse and the other a gray crepe de Chine that I dyed from a soiled pink of last year. Then I got a —pattern and we made her such a stylish tan serge suit. I had the serge in a white gown for three years.

"We made baby Helen six new frocks from—patterns. All of them we made from our different clothes that we ripped up and re-colored.

"Then we dyed all of our library curtains a deep, warm red, and the effect is so pretty. Thank you for the advice on dyeing feathers. They came out like new, and I realize now all I needed was the Diamond Dye Direction Book."

Mrs. Frederick Leland.

You can make new gowns by making new colors—you can brighten up and renew your wardrobe with Diamond Dyes.

You can transform the colors of draperies, curtains, rugs, and carpets.

Diamond Dyes are the magic workers of the home.

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% to 80% 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.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

Valuable Books and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal

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



Made over from a white voile dyed pink

The Canadian Women's Press Club

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, whose new book, "Open Trails," is having a great success, is at present visiting Ontario. In Hamilton she was entertained at a reception by Miss Nisbit, of the Hamilton Herald, one of the most interested members of the C.W.P.C. Addresses were given at this informal reception by representatives of the city of Hamilton, Daughters



MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, who is at present on a visit to the East.

of Empire, the Women's Canadian Club, and by Mrs. Carr, representing the Hamilton members of the C.W.P.C. A lunch was given for Mrs. Murphy by the officers of the C.W.P.C. in Toronto, with the president and vice-president of the Toronto branch. The Toronto branch is giving a tea for Mrs. Murphy at its September meeting.

MRS. COLEMAN (Kit) and Miss Nisbit were the only ladies invited by the corporation of Hamilton to join the city's guests when the party of Bristol representatives visiting Canada were entertained in Hamilton. Mrs. Coleman writes for Bristol papers, and Mr. Risely, of Bristol, in proposing the toast to the ladies, paid a tribute to her work, adding that women journalists had done much for Bristol. He coupled the names of Mrs. Coleman and Miss Nisbit with the toast.

WORD has recently been received by the C.W.P.C. from Miss Durham, president of the Vancouver branch. Miss Durham wrote from Milan, where she describes herself as listening to lays of ancient Rome sung by guides and cab drivers.

THE complete poems of Miss Pauline Johnson, announced for last autumn, are promised again for this season. The volume is being issued jointly by her publishers, the Musson Book Company, of Toronto, and the committee in Vancouver who published Miss Johnson's book of Indian legends last year. It is learned with much regret that Miss Johnson is lying very ill in a hospital in Vancouver.

MRS. FITZGIBBON (Lally Bernard), whose London letters have been read by many Canadians, is at present in Toronto. Mrs. FitzGibbon is likely to return to reside permanently in Vancouver.

MISS E. CORA HIND, commercial editor of the Manitoba Free Press, contributes an admirably clear account of the problem of grain elevators in the Canadian West to the current number of Industrial Canada.

MISS LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL, whose article on the Thames, called "The River," is published in the September Canadian Magazine, is at present at Niagara writing an account of fruit growing and farming in the Niagara country for English papers.

MISS CURRIE LOVE, of Calgary, is at present contributing to the Toronto Daily Star a series of articles on

Western Canadian cities. Miss Love has also had published in the National Irrigation Journal, of Chicago, an article on Canada and the Panama Canal, besides articles in the Canada Monthly, Canada, and the United Empire Magazine.

MRS. FORSYTHE GRANT, of the Toronto Globe, has been spending the last few months in Great Britain.

MRS. LIPSETT-SKINNER, who has been lecturing in Great Britain for the Dominion Government on opportunities for women emigrating to Canada, sailed for Canada by the Empress of Britain on August 9. Since then she has been visiting Calgary, and was entertained at luncheon by the Calgary branch of the C.W.P.C. Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner wrote a syndicate letter for several Canadian newspapers on her old country experiences.

MISS BINNIE-CLARK has written for the Empire Magazine a most interesting account of Mrs. Sherk's work as a teacher of patriotism and government while she still taught in the public schools of Fort William and before she became a journalist. The article is called "The Civil Law of the Empire: How it is Taught in Canada," and contains many interesting anecdotes taken down from Mrs. Sherk's lips. Of Mrs. Sherk's method of teaching patriotism Miss Binnie-Clark writes: "Emerson defines genius as intellect constructive. I think your idea nothing less than a spark of genius."

MRS. COTES' most recent novel, "The Consort," published by Stanley Paul, has been well reviewed in The Times, The Spectator, and other English publications. Punch's reviewer says that he has always liked Mrs. Cotes' work, but doesn't think this is quite the same Sara Jeannette Duncan that used to charm him with the fresh simplicity and unexpected humour of her art. The story is about a woman of extraordinary financial and political influence, the daughter of a famous banking house who is fabulously wealthy. Her husband finds it necessary to disagree with her politically and otherwise in order to remember that he has a personality of his own. Mrs. Cotes is an honorary member of the club.



MRS. CLUTTON (FLORENCE LEDIARD). A snapshot taken on shipboard during her trip through Lake Winnipeg en route to Norway House.

MISS WATHEN, a member of the Toronto branch, whose work has been in connection with the publications of the Methodist Church, was married in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the 7th of August, to the Rev. Wesley Fox, of Avening, Ont.

The
Quality
OF THE
WARMED AIR
FROM THE
Good Cheer
CIRCLE WATERPAN
WARM AIR FURNACE
DIFFERS FROM THAT OF ALL OTHER HEATING SYSTEMS
WHY?
BECAUSE, LIKE NATURE'S PURE AIR,
IT IS PROPERLY HUMIDIFIED.
— FURNACE CATALOGUE MAILED ON REQUEST —
The James Stewart Manufacturing Company Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.
ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE No 4

His Little Girl

By L. G. MOBERLY

CHAPTER XIII.

"TO a man of the world like myself, the mystery is, why you ever engaged yourself to that boy. Compared to you, Giles Tredman is a boy. Can you deny it?"

"I am not trying to deny it. Still, the fact remains that I am engaged to him, and intend to marry him in five weeks from now."

"It is so certain as that!" Hermann Muller stooped forward in the big arm-chair he occupied, and his hand as though inadvertently, touched Grace's hand that lay in her lap. She coloured vividly, and drew her hand away, but her tone was less assured, as she answered—

"Yes, as certain as that. I am arranging about my trousseau now."

"Ah! your trousseau?" The man's dark eyes ran over with an insistent, appraising stare. "I have always been considered a good judge of ladies' gowns. Perhaps I could offer you some suggestions."

They were seated in Mrs. Cardew's drawing-room on this June afternoon, Grace leaning back upon the couch in what she knew to be her most fascinating pose, and wearing a frock of some pale blue gauzy material which clung about her figure in graceful diaphanous folds, its colour enhancing the brightness of her eyes, and emphasizing the delicate loveliness of her complexion. Muller sat near her, his dark head thrown back against a crimson cushion, his eyes drinking in the superb beauty of the woman, a little smile hovering over his lips, a smile that held in it something of mocking triumph, something of amused cynicism. This man did not know the world, and above all, the world of women, for nothing. With a woman of Grace's type, he could calculate to a nicety just how far he could carry easy familiarity into an insolence that bordered on brutality, just how much flattery was needed before the bird fluttered into the snare.

"I am usually considered an adept about gowns myself," Grace answered, with her rather hard laugh, but from under her eyelashes shot a glance at her companion that somewhat belied her laugh. "You can't say I am not becomingly gowned now," and she drew herself upright, and looked full at him.

"You are superb," he replied lazily, his eyes again appraising her, from the crown of her bright hair to the tips of her dainty shoes, "as I am trying to point out to you, far too superb to throw yourself away on a soldier and county squire. Why did you agree to do it?"

He suddenly dropped his masterful, somewhat brutal tone, and bent towards her again, this time putting his hand firmly over hers, and keeping it there.

"That is my affair," she said, but her voice was not quite under control, and her eyes no longer met his with their daring challenge.

"You are not going to pretend to me that you care for him?" Muller's voice dropped into caressing accents, his hand pressed the hand that lay beneath it, "you won't try to make me believe you are in love with that boy."

WHETHER because of the pressure of his hand, or because of the sudden tenderness in his voice, Grace could herself scarcely have told, but something impelled her to look straight into his face, and a slow smile crept round her mouth, as she met his significant glance.

"I—don't think I believe in being in love," she said, "hearts are doubtful blessings."

"But about a title and a big place in the country there can be no doubt whatever? No, I agree with you," and Muller, having uttered his insolent remark, leant back in his chair again, and eyed her flushed face with a smile more mocking than before.

"You are not the kind of woman to be satisfied with the worshipful adoration of a boy," Muller went on, before she could speak, "you need a man who is your master, as well as your slave."

"Do I?" she exclaimed fiercely, rising to her feet, and looking down at him with exactly the gesture of indignant

pride which he had meant to draw forth, "do I?" A man who is my master, indeed? I should like to find the man who could master me."

"You would not have a very prolonged search," Muller dragged himself up from his chair with a well-feigned semblance of indifference, verging on boredom, "I want you, and I mean to have what I want, and the sooner you put an end to the farce of your engagement to Sir Giles, the better."

In a lightning flash memory brought back to her the chivalrous courtliness of Giles' wooing, but something in the utter brutality of the big, dark man who towered over her, made an appeal to the ingrained coarseness that underlay her delicate beauty. And though she drew away from Muller, and laughed scornfully, a thrill ran along her pulses.

"The wedding day is fixed, the trousseau ordered, you are talking nonsense," she said.

"You can ante-date your wedding, your trousseau will do as well for one bridegroom as for another," he answered quickly. "Go on buying it, I have no objection to that. Fool Sir Giles to the top of your bent. The more you fool him the better pleased I shall be,"—a savage note made itself audible in his voice—"I owe him a grudge. If I can pay part of it through you, so much the better."

"What is the grudge?"

"Never mind just now. All you need remember is that I want Giles Tredman to taste a handful of dust and ashes: if yours is the hand that gives them, so much the better."

"But—" she began, when he interrupted her sharply.

"LISTEN to me," he said, seizing her hands in a grasp that hurt, and compelling her to meet his gaze, "I know you through and through. I am not a chivalrous ass like your prospective bridegroom. I have no delusions about women of your type. There are good women in the world, yes! I am ready to admit it, but you don't happen to be one of them. But you do happen to suit me, and though I am not going to fall down at your feet and tell you you are an angel, I can give you the sort of life you will like."

"But—" she began again, trying to wrench her hands from his, only to be gripped yet more firmly in his iron grasp, whilst he went on speaking as though her voice had not reached his ears.

"You are marrying this Tredman because he is rich, because you want to be my lady, because you think you will get a pleasant rise in the social scale. If you do as I wish, you will be a million times richer than you dream, and you will be able to call yourself—princess! Will that appeal to your ambition?"

"I don't understand," she said, "you are Herr Muller, how—"

"It suits me to pass here as Herr Muller. My own name and title are something quite different. My wife will call herself princess; I am rich now, and if everything works itself out as I mean that it shall, my wealth will be increased by—well, by a very large amount. And"—he paused, his hands loosed her hands, and laid themselves heavily on her shoulders, "and you are the woman I want for my wife."

"You take too much for granted," she said indignantly, trying in vain to draw away from his clasp. "I am bound to another man. How dare you—"

"How dare I?" he laughed, a low, masterful laugh. "How dare I do this—and this?" He stooped and kissed her passionately. "How dare I? Because I am your master, my fair lady, and you know it, and—you like it." And before she could utter a syllable of protest he had seized her in his arms and was kissing her with a violence that half frightened her, half thrilled her. She was powerless in the grip of his brute strength, and when presently he let her go, she was panting and breathless. But his face was alight with triumph.

"You and I together will have the world at our feet," he said, "we will settle Tredman's part of the business

(Continued on page 27.)

MAGIC

BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE
HIGH STANDARD OF
GILLETT'S GOODS.



The **Prophy-lactic** Tooth Brush
A clean tooth never decays—the Prophy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean

St. John Realty

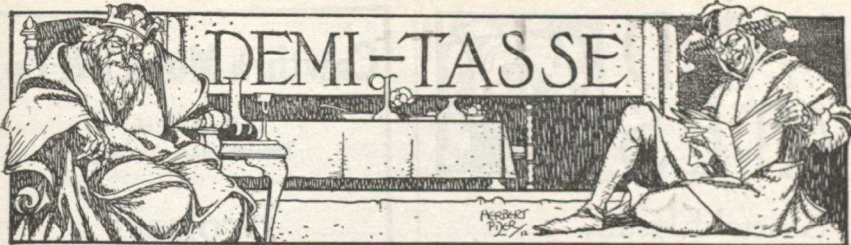
Real Estate in St. John is the best and surest investment in Canada to-day. We own and control, close in, Factory and Warehouse Sites, with Trackage; Residential Sub-divisions. If interested communicate with

Lauriston Company, Limited
17 Pugsley Bldg., St. John, N.B.
James Straton, President



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back. "HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms" do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes. Bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime. Write for illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited
158c BAY ST.
Toronto, - Canada.



Courierettes.

NOW that it is feeling pretty strong the moose may decide to make trouble for the stock market bulls and bears.

A Boston woman swam the Thames for sixteen miles, and an Amsterdam girl has finished a walk of fifteen thousand miles. Who said "weaker sex"?

Toronto has appointed an official water taster, to detect bad tastes in the water supply. The days of martyrdom are not yet over.

It has been said that drinking butter-milk prolongs life, and now German scientists say the same result may be had by eating eggshells. "Of two evils—"

Teddy Roosevelt says he wouldn't be a king for anything. He could be persuaded to become a President for \$50,000 per year, however.

Keir Hardie would prevent war by organizing a general strike, which would keep armies at home. He will need to hurry or the suffragettes will "beat him to it."

Tips for Reporters.—A big Canadian daily paper has a city editor who occasionally dashes off a few rules and regulations for the guidance of his staff on the use of pure English.

He had a long list of hints posted up recently, and one of them suggested that a "fight" was never an "argument," though some scribes used that word.

A witty editorial writer came along and wrote below: "A fight is never an argument except when it's between two professional prize fighters."

In the same office there is a reporter who is said to be always eager to break into any conversation going on.

One of the city editor's tips was to let up on the use of the words "crashed into."

Whereupon a wag came to the front with this:

"Use 'buted into' instead. For instance, it is incorrect to say that Mr. — 'crashed' into the conversation."

Competition With Cupid.—The editor of a matrimonial paper recently visited Canada and advertised that he could arrange society marriages.

However, at last reports, Cupid was still in business at the old stand, doing the bulk of the "arranging."

Books You Mustn't Miss.—Not how to discover something good to read, but how to choose among the many worthy books offering will be the puzzle of gentle reader during the next few months.

The following reviews of a few of the forthcoming literary feasts will indicate the high standard that has been attained:

"Love Letters of a Mud Turtle."—Of all the books of its kind this is undoubtedly the best. In simple, appealing language the author, Violet Muggins, has sketched, in a long preface to the book, the awakening and development of the divine passion in a creature whose affairs of the heart have long waited for the proper pen to do them justice. Miss Muggins has proved that, far from being the passionless creature that many of us have considered him, the mud turtle has a nature highly sensitive to feelings of love and its terrible complement—jealousy. "Pancake," the turtle whose love letters this clever authoress has so carefully collected and ably edited, was a greatly misunderstood

soul. Appearing to be merely a cynical sulker, "Pancake," in long periods of silence and having shrunk within himself, was brooding over the alternating periods of soaring happiness and killing anxiety that followed upon his having been pierced by Cupid's arrow. With wonderful skill, Miss Muggins penetrated "Pancake's" hard shell and has laid bare his heart with its load of love. The book throws a fascinating light on a phase of turtle life that comes as a revelation to enthralled readers.

Profusely illustrated. Price \$1.50.

"Half Hours in Bargain Rushes."—While an intensely practical work, this latest production of Mrs. Gladys Price-Tagg is so charmingly written that it will appeal not only to bargain-hunters but to all who value good literature. The book traces the origin of bargain days and bargain sales, and gives practical hints on how to tell a bargain and how to plan and carry out a campaign that will land the coveted article, no matter how many people are after it. Several chapters are devoted to the proper method of tackling in a crowd, getting the eye of the salesgirl, and preventing others from snatching for themselves any bit of merchandise that one has picked out. The writer draws greatly upon her own experiences for the material in her book, a fact which



"So you're the new chauffeur? What are your qualifications?"
"My last employer was a millionaire with six daughters, and I didn't elope with one of them!"

makes it more interesting and adds greatly to its value for the reader.

Superbly printed, double-wired, unbreakable cover. Price \$1.99.

"Fishing in Restaurant Pickle Jars."—A long-felt want is abundantly supplied in the delightful brochure under the foregoing title by Mr. Alfred Gourmand. Couched in choice language, this little work is wonderfully helpful to all patrons of restaurants. The difficulties of getting at the pickles are described in detail, and complete advice is given on how to overcome them. Mr. Gourmand rightly ridicules the notion of some people that the only way to get at restaurant pickles in some instances is to break the bottle. He shows how to pursue, tackle and land the most obstinate onion and the choice bit of cauliflower that insists on hiding beneath other pickles, and is—to those who have not read this helpful little book—so hard to lure through the neck of the bottle.

In red pepper covers, the text profusely illustrated from drawings by the author. Price \$20 per dozen.

"How to Know the Four-flushers."—Those whose good fortune it will be to obtain this splendid volume from the

pen of Walford Beaton will agree with us that it is by far the most valuable of the many "How to Know" books. Mr. Beaton was peculiarly fitted to write this vastly entertaining and immensely helpful work. He has divided it into three parts: (1) The Haunts of the Four-flusher; (2) How He Operates; (3) How to Beat Him at His Own Game. The book is especially suitable for presentation purposes.

Bound in imitation morocco and half-calf. Price four dollars.

Hard-Hearted.

SO merciless is Wilkins Smith
He oft turns down the light,
And goes to dreamless sleep but keeps
His window up all night;

The coward often strikes a match,
Cuts cards without ado;
He stretches curtains brutally
And beats the carpet, too.

The Saddest Words.

For the Lover: I'll be a sister to you.
For the Baseball Fan: Left on bases.
For the Debtor: To account rendered.
For the Horse-race Bettor: Also ran.
For the Writer: The editor regrets.
For the Fat Man: Elevator not running.

The New Woman's Motto.—What man has done, woman can do.

Another Secret of Success.—"There's always room at the top" but you need to "get in on the ground floor."

He Called It Right.—The man in the Information Office is supposed to know most everything, but it remained for the young fellow in charge of the information tent at the Canadian National Exhibition to become a weather prophet on short notice.

The Exhibition had the heavy handicap of wet weather on about nine days out of the twelve, and one bright morning during the second week a woman walked into the tent.

"Is it going to rain today, please?" she inquired.

The young man supposed to know all things peeped out. It was a bright, sunshiny morning.

"Yes, it will rain," he said.

It rained three hours later.

The Explanation.—English papers tell of a woman at Highgate who never spoke to a man in her life. She was probably tongue-tied.

A Great Want.—Canada's ad. in the press of the Empire:

"Wanted—A naval policy."

Almost Extinct.—At this late date in "high cost of living" times a certain man says that it is cheaper to live married than single. That kind of wife is rare nowadays.

Not a Popular Invention.—Now they have invented an automatic card-shuffling and dealing device. Why spoil the game?

The Faithful Clock.—Back from his summer holidays, a certain man tells of the following experience:

"I stayed one night at the home of a friend. I woke, at what was probably about an hour before sunrise, wondering just what time it was and wishing that my watch wasn't temporarily out of commission.

"A few seconds later the hall clock struck.

"I fell to thinking how good it was of that old timepiece to keep on working throughout the night. Being in a house in which I didn't feel free to wander down to the hall, even if I had felt energetic enough to get out of bed, I appreciated such faithfulness. I couldn't go down to the clock but, in a sense, it came up to me. I thought several pleasant things about the faithful time-marker—at least I would have if it hadn't been the half-hour that it struck."



Danny Deever

"What are the bugles blowing for?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out,"
The Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreading what I 'ave to watch,"
The Colour-Sergeant said,
"For they're 'angin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square,
They're 'angin' 'im to-day;
They're takin' of 'is buttons orf an' cut 'is stripes away,
And they're 'angin' Danny Deever in the mornin'."

DAVID BISPHAM, the great baritone, will sing "Danny Deever," the song by Rudyard Kipling, which he has made world-famous, by special request in his recital in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, October 3rd.

Go to your Talking Machine Dealer and ask to hear David Bispham sing this and other splendid songs. They are beautifully reproduced on Columbia Records.

Look for this Trade Mark  on all your records.

Columbia Phonograph Co., General

Canadian Headquarters:
TORONTO - CANADA

Municipal Debentures

Write us for full
particulars of High
Grade Issues, at
attractive prices.

**Wood, Gundy
& Co.**
6 King St. W., Toronto

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,
Chief Toronto Agents.

**PELLATT
&
PELLATT**

Members
Toronto
Stock
Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H.
GOADBY & CO., Members New York
Stock Exchange.

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE
per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00
Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.

Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

**DOMINION
SECURITIES
CORPORATION
LIMITED, HAS
MARKETS FOR
ALL STANDARD
CANADIAN BONDS
AND DEBENTURES**

OFFICES

**TORONTO
MONTREAL-LONDON, ENG**

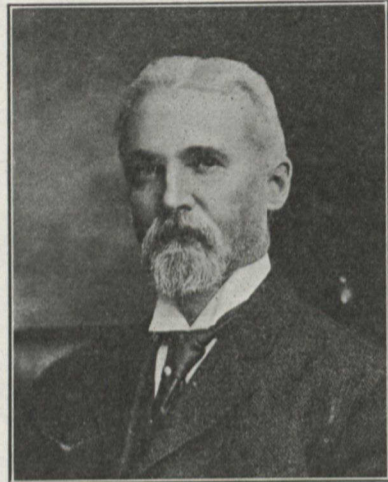


MONEY AND MAGNATES



A Change in Canadian General Electric.

THE death of Mr. H. P. Dwight, the veteran of the telegraph, this summer, occasioned a vacancy in the vice-presidency of the Canadian General Electric Company. That office has at last been filled by the appointment of Mr. Wilmot D. Matthews, of Toronto.



MR. W. D. MATTHEWS, TORONTO
New Vice-President of Canadian Gen-
eral Electric.

Mr. Matthews has long been a director of the company; he was one of the first members of the board. The new vice-president is one of the best known financiers in Canada. He holds office in eighteen of our leading industries. His interests include banks, insurance, railways, power companies, and mines; concerns such as: The Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he is a director; the Dominion Bank, vice-president; Confederation Life Association, vice-president; Toronto Railway Company, director; and the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, president.

Relieve Railway Congestion.

THE Dominion Railway Commission reports that 20,000 additional cars, 400 more locomotives, new terminals, and warehouses have been added to the equipment of the railways this summer at a cost of four millions to prevent a repetition in the autumn of the congestion which occurred last spring. That great increase in transportation facilities was much needed. It remains to be seen how near the increased equipment will come to meeting the needs of Canada's rapidly increasing business.

Western Wildcatting.

A WINNIPEG real estate broker writes the following letter of criticism to the CANADIAN COURIER regarding Western land-selling methods:

I note what you say in regard to Captain J. Roy Saunders, correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, and his threatened exposure of the methods of Canadian get-rich-quick concerns.

That the methods pursued by some of the Western real estate dealers are dishonest cannot be denied, and that these same men have swindled thousands of people in Eastern Canada, England and the United States is also true, and that they are still catching suckers is another truth, and that they are aided by the newspapers of the West is also true, and some of the Eastern papers are just as guilty of helping to swindle the public as the Western papers are is also true.

The great majority of the Canadian papers are in the business for the money that can be made out of it is another fact. Some few months ago an advertising solicitor for one of the daily papers in the city of Winnipeg called on me and asked me to advertise in his paper. I expressed my opinion on the merits of some real estate that I saw advertised in all the Winnipeg papers. I told him that this property was advertised as city lots, and that they had no value except as farm lands. "Well," he said, "the paper that I represent will accept any advertisement that the advertiser can pay for regardless of the merits of the property offered for sale, and the public must look out for themselves." That was just simply declaring that the management of the paper was willing to become a partner of a swindling scheme if they got a part of the gains. It is this dishonesty of the press that makes Canada such a choice field for all kinds of fakes and swindling schemes. There are many people that take it for granted when they see a proposition advertised in a large daily paper that it must be all right or this paper would not allow it to be advertised in its columns; and this misplaced confidence in the press has caused many persons to invest their money in wild cat schemes.

Another fact about real estate: It is not necessary for the owner of good property offered for sale at its right value to go away from home to sell it. Good property can always be sold to people who know what it is. But on the other hand there are thousands upon thousands of acres of farm lands subdivided in Western Canada and placed on the market as town and city lots that will never be used for anything but farm lands or market gardens.

When you see a real estate agent equipped with a blue print, and some circulars giving a glowing description of some city property that is located several hundred miles away, you can make up your mind that there is no demand for that property at home or he would stay there and sell it. It is a safe plan to always take a look at city or town property before you buy it, and not to buy lots as an investment. Prices are so badly inflated that the future growth of these western towns and cities are discounted for several years to come, and there is a prospect that there will be a reaction in values.

Speculation has boosted the prices up above what the legitimate value is. Several months ago I had a talk with a Winnipeg real estate man and he expressed his opinion that along Portage Ave. west of Deer Lodge was the place to invest. I enquired what the prices were out there and he informed me that it was selling for \$65 and \$70 per front foot, and that it was sure to go much higher in price. Well, I went out to have a look at this choice property and found that it was practically out in the country, and I could see no reason why it should be \$5 per foot. There was nothing there to boost prices and I could see nothing that was liable to happen in the future to make that property so valuable. So I made my way back to the city and I went in and asked this real estate dealer how he made out that this property was worth so much, and that I would be very much obliged to him if he would

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers
And
Bankers**

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of
leading Canadian securities
mailed on application. Facts
and figures compiled by
experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De Provence

Eastern Car Company

6% First Mortgage Bonds

Guaranteed uncondition-
ally by the Nova Scotia
Steel & Coal Company.

Price: 102 and interest

Murray, Mather & Co.

Investment Bonds
85 Bay St., Toronto

The Steel Co. of Canada Ltd.

PIG IRON BAR IRON
BAR STEEL

RAILWAY TRACK
EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws,
Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO
MONTREAL WINNIPEG

explain what he based his values on. He replied that it was a speculative value, and that speculation would put this property still higher. Now here was property that was not used for any purpose, just laid there undeveloped, and a frenzy of speculation had forced the prices up into the air. One man would buy, add to the price and sell to some one else, and he in turn would add to the price and sell again, until prices had soared up to a figure beyond all common sense and reason and still there are men that will buy it.

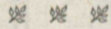
J. F. AASVED.

On and Off the Exchange.

A Revival in Cobalt.

TWO phrases in a special despatch from Cobalt to the *Toronto Globe* are very suggestive. The first is as follows: "Each week sees the announcement that some new company with its name on the geological map as the only guarantee that it ever existed is opening up on a small and tentative scale." In other words, we are to have a number of new "prospects" which are to be called mines and are to be sold to the unsuspecting public for the benefit of some new or needy promoters.

The second phrase runs thus: "Strangers are once again to be seen around Cobalt streets inquiring for mines that never existed save in the imagination of the promoters and the folk they sold stock to in the Eastern States." Surely it would be to the advantage of the Ontario Government and the legitimate mining companies in the Cobalt region to devise some means to keep the wildcatter out of the market. The legitimate mine cannot interest the public so long as the fake mine exists. It is up to the Ontario Government and to the mining people themselves to eliminate the fake mine. So far they have been inclined to sit down, fold their hands and say, "We can do nothing." This is a puerile attitude to take. It is very sad to see a lot of strong men take the stand that wildcatting in mines cannot be prevented, until these people who are interested and those in authority intervene with the needed legislation and regulation, the wildcatter will probably continue to prey upon the innocent public. Just so long as this continues so long will the reputation of the Government and mining men generally remain at a low ebb in the minds of the public investors. Every person knows that there is gold and silver in the Cobalt district, but all of us who have small bank accounts are also equally aware that the dangers of investing in Cobalt stocks or other mining stock is so large that only a fool would think of putting his money into a mining stock unless it was controlled absolutely by some person whom he was sure was thoroughly reliable. Investments of this character are only about one in ten, or one in twenty at the present time. The consequence is that the mining stock market is dead and will remain dead until the Government finds some method of eliminating the wildcatter and safeguarding the investments of those who put their money into Ontario mining ventures. It is quite evident that up to the present time one dollar has been lost by the investor for every dollar of profit that has come out of the mines. When the account is balanced the public are no farther ahead than if they had never invested a dollar. The only people who have made any profit are the Ontario Government and a few daring and unscrupulous promoters who have put their stock upon the market, inflated the price beyond reason, and got out. There are a number of respectable men in Toronto and Montreal driving automobiles and building fine houses who have robbed the public by this method. They took good care to sell out at the top of the market when values were fictitious. They took no chances, except the one that the public would find them out before they had quite realized on all their holdings.

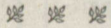


Not an Investment.

SOME recent advertisements have explained in plausible language the safety of certain oil stocks as an investment. This is not a criticism of those particular stocks, which may or may not prove good, but what experienced business man considers oil stocks a safe investment or yet an investment at all before a well is producing?

The development of oil fields is important in our economic system, and fortunes have been made therefrom. But it is a game for the man with money to spare, not for the man with a small savings account. Drilling for oil is a pure speculation till the well is proved, then the purchase of stock in a good company is difficult. No one knows what is 3,000 feet underground till he finds it, and many prospective oil wells that appear to have struck "pay rock" turn out to be "dusters." From the writer's four years' experience in oil fields it is very mild to say that ten companies lose for every one that wins.

If you can spare capital for this kind of speculation, you have no doubt learned the lesson from experience, and can judge for yourself, but if you cannot afford to lose your money, leave oil stocks alone.



No Excitement.

THE big racket which was expected to take place at the meeting of the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power Company did not materialize. The Paris interests contented themselves with leaving the board.

Few were the explanations made of the cause of the row and the points in dispute. Sir Rodolphe stated that the trouble was caused by a foreign faction who were not backed up by the other European interests.

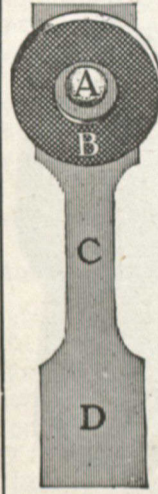
The Street felt some disappointment that no light was thrown on the supposed connection of the company with the Quebec and Saguenay Railway. It was charged by some before the meeting that the Power Company had guaranteed the Railway's bonds to the extent of three millions, assuming an interest obligation of \$150,000, which it was thought, owing to the poor showing of the railway people, might have to come out of the treasury of the Power Company.

The loss of the city lighting contract, a sore point with some of the uninformed foreign shareholders, was explained. The Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power Company was getting \$38,000 for its lighting services. The Dorchester Company undertook the contract at \$46 a lamp for the 520 lamps. This would net them \$23,920. The Forget company simply would not do for \$23,920 for what they had been receiving \$38,000.

A feature of the meeting was the statement of Sir Rodolphe that he would soon resign the presidency, which he thought ought to go to a Quebec resident closely in touch with the company's operations.

No More Paring on 50,000,000 Corns

Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.



He made a wax—the B & B wax—which forms the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster has since then removed fifty million corns.

It is applied in a jiffy, and the corn

pain ends at once. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. You feel nothing at all.

People who pare corns get just a few days' relief. To get it they run the constant risk of infection.

The millions who use Blue-jay never suffer or wait. They get rid of the corn in two days.

Get Blue-jay and prove it, as they did.

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

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (154)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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.

Travellers' Cheques

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.

Electric Home Comforts

In the Dining Room—the TOASTER

In My Lady's Room—the CURLING IRON

In the Nursery—the HEATING PAD

In the Laundry—the IRON

All over the HOUSE the best LIGHT

And for Cleanliness the VACUUM CLEANER.

Call Adelaide 404 for a trial proposition.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

Murray-Kay, Limited



Handsome Furs for Little Folks, \$1.75 to \$55.00

From Murray-Kay's New Catalogue No. 9 H

The above illustration is reproduced on a small scale from Page 13 of our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, No. 9 H, a copy of which will be mailed to you at once on request.

In this catalogue the new styles for Autumn and Winter in Women's Suits, Dresses, Coats, Furs, Waists, Lingerie Corsets, etc., are fully illustrated by fine half-tone engravings. There are hundreds of new illustrations also of Hosiery, Neckwear, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Veilings, Fancy Linens, Boots and Shoes, Umbrellas, etc., and of Clothing and Furnishings for Men, Boys and Children, all prepared especially for this catalogue. Lowest cash prices, made possible by our splendid manufacturing facilities and our buying service in the European markets, are quoted and particulars are given of our **free delivery system** by which everything illustrated in this catalogue, with the exception of furniture and house furnishings, will be delivered **freight or express charges prepaid** to any station in Canada.

Write for this catalogue to-day before the edition is exhausted.

Murray-Kay, Limited

17 to 31 King St. E. TORONTO

J. W. FLAVELLE, *President*. Z. A. LASH, K.C., } *Vice-Presidents*.
W. E. RUNDLE, *General Manager*. E. R. WOOD, }

SAVINGS can be conserved and increased to advantage by entrusting funds amounting to \$500.00 and upwards to this Company for investment. Interest is paid at the rate of 4½%, while both principal and interest are guaranteed.

National Trust Company Limited

TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

Authors and Their Work

(Toronto Globe.)

PURELY Canadian books do not loom very large in the autumn announcements of Canadian publishers. One of the most acceptable will be a collected edition of Pauline Johnson's poems, to be brought out by Musson. "Corporal Cameron," Ralph Connor's new novel, to bear the imprint of the Westminster Co., will be awaited with interest. It deals with the Mounted Police. Another Mounted Police story will be "The Long Patrol," by H. A. Cody, announced by Briggs, while on the same topic will be "The Law Bringers," by G. B. Lancaster, by Copp, Clark Co. Briggs will publish Nellie L. McClung's volume of short stories, to be entitled, "The Black Creek Stopping House." Hon. James Young has revised his volume of reminiscences and written a new one, making a two-volume work called "Public Men and Public Life in Canada." Alice Jones, daughter of the former Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, is the author of "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter," to be published by McLeod & Allen. Hulbert Footner has written a descriptive book entitled "New Rivers of the North," to be issued by Musson. Copp, Clark Co. also announce a book of travel of the far Canadian west, "The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands," by Charles Sheldon, and a novel, "The Woman Hater," by J. A. H. Cameron, of Nova Scotia.

Apart from Canadian books, there will be plenty of good reading this fall. Among Macmillan's list are: "Songs Out of Books," by Rudyard Kipling; "South America," by Right Hon. James Bryce; "Socialism From the Christian Standpoint," by Father Vaughan; "The Business of Being a Woman," by Ida Tarbell; "A Hundred Years of Peace," by Henry Cabot Lodge. In Musson's list we observe, "Lost World," by Conan Doyle, and "The Lady Married," by Frances Little, author of "The Lady of the Decoration." Cassell & Co. announce "The Virgin Fortress," by Max Pemberton, and "The Four Gates," by Amy LeFeuvre. Copp, Clark & Co. will bring out a new E. V. Lucas novel, "London Lavender," and "The Unknown Quantity," by Henry Van Dyke. Edith Wharton's new novel, "The Rees," and H. G. Wells' "The Marriage," are among McLeod & Allen's announcements.

Lyon's Seventh Championship

FOR the seventh time Mr. George S. Lyon, the veteran player of the Lambton Golf Club, Toronto, has won the Canadian amateur championship. On Friday of last week at Montreal he defeated Mr. Alex. Hutchison, of the Royal Montreal Golf Club, by 6 up and 5 to play.

Mr. Lyon played a safe game throughout the day. He threw away no chances, and, as throughout the games for the championship match play had been required, he didn't scruple to take more strokes than were absolutely necessary to make a hole rather than risk anything when the position of his opponent made such a course wise.

Mr. Hutchison, as with most of the other opponents of Mr. Lyon during this meeting, played a good long game. His drives were excellent, and his playing through the green had nothing wrong with it, but on the green he came to grief. His putting did not bear comparison with that of the Lambton man.

As they went the rounds both morning and afternoon both players chaffed each other continually, taking their successes and failures with equal good humour. At the thirtieth green, for instance, Lyon's second stroke struck the flagstaff, and the ball dropped beside the hole, while Hutchison's was at the edge of the green. At this fortunate circumstance which gave him the hole for less than par Lyon remarked: "You're away, Alex. It's no use. The gods are with me."

It was constantly remarked that Mr. Lyon's game was of such an order that it could not have been beaten anywhere. His success on the green is not clearly shown by the score as he was not aiming at excellence in medal play.

Lyon has already played twice in England, reaching the fourth round in 1905 at Prestwick and the fifth round in 1908 at Sandwich. He is 54 years old, but he has only been playing golf since 1896. He won his first championship in 1898. The champion is a great cricketer as well, and his score of 238 still stands as the Canadian record in that game.

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



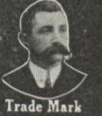
Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Kings Play Billiards

on Burroughes & Watts' Tables. They are the choice of the crowned heads of Europe, of Princes, Dukes and Lords, of millionaires, of exclusive clubs, and of professional champions. Burroughes & Watts' 8' and 8' 6" Tables

Tables

are the World's best. Their patented "Steel Vacuum" Cushion cannot be duplicated. Write for further particulars. All sizes and prices. Both British and American styles. Largest makers in British Empire.

Burroughes & Watts Limited

By Royal Warrant to H. M. The King
34 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

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

Local Office - Waterloo, Ont.

"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careful use of words and you will soon be careful in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly, you will find "A Desk-Book of Errors in English" a very serviceable little book. "Right to the Point." 12mo, cloth, 240 pages. \$1.00 post-paid. NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St. - Toronto.

When the Worm Turned

(Continued from page 9.)

puzzled by his newly acquired bon camaraderie; he even went so far as to ask about the chances for the small investor. When he was not with Regan he was frequently seen going into, or coming out of, Lawyer Brandt's office, but as every one else who had nothing in particular to do, dropped in there, little was thought of the circumstance.

The summer passed. Regan and Hester moved back into their home, better to superintend the packing, prior to removing west, and at the same time to benefit by the produce of the very fine garden, for Regan's hobby had led him to the point where he raised only the best of everything. So popular had the promoter become once more that gardening was adopted as a fashionable pastime all through the town, and visitors to the Regan place were the order of the day. Visitors soon turned themselves into purchasers, and everything which was not required for the table was disposed of, at suitably high figures. Green grocers stretched their elastic consciences and advertised in a slack week "Regan celery, cabbages, peas, etc."

MacLennan sauntered past the garden one morning, early. Instead of the gardener, Regan himself hovered over the well ordered beds. Seeing the other, he stooped down and raised a splendid head of cabbage for inspection.

"Isn't that a beauty, Mac?" he called.

"Fine specimen, I suppose," answered MacLennan carelessly, and without stopping.

"Hold on!" cried Regan, nettled. "Look at this one—it's even better!"

Mac opened the gate and picked his way nearer to the enthusiast. Between them, they then found the "finest head of cabbage on the continent," according to Regan.

"Are these the ones you sell?" asked Mac.

"Yes. Going into the grocery business?"

"No, but I would like to have those."

"Yours they are, then, for fifteen cents, per! I am making a special reduction, sir, because you are doing your shopping early," said Regan in a flip-pantly professional manner.

MacLennan felt through his pockets carefully.

"I believe I've come off without any money," he said tentatively, and when the offer of the cabbages as a present was not forthcoming, he ventured, gravely:

"You might let me have those, Clar, as part payment of that ten thousand. Perhaps, in time, I could take it all out in vegetables."

The idea tickled the promoter as no joke had done for years. He whooped aloud and all but slapped his companion's shoulder separate from his body.

"It's a go," he gasped.

MacLennan produced a note book—it was one, by the way, he had bought from Regan in the "old days"—and scribbled something on a leaf of it. Then he passed it and the pencil to Regan, to sign.

The slip read:

Aug. 23rd, 19 .

From Clarence Regan,

To James MacLennan,

3 cabbages at \$.15 per head. . . . \$.45
in part payment of \$10,000.00.

(Signed),

Hardly able to hold the pencil for laughing, Regan signed his name; Mac solemnly thanked him, pocketed the book and, taking the cabbages under his arm, walked slowly away. Not until the sound of Regan's shouting had grown faint did his features relax, and did he permit himself to smile. By the time he reached Lawyer Brandt's office, however, his smile had so broadened that it seemed to include the whole universe in its compass.

The little man, who was an early riser, looked up sharply as MacLennan laid the three cabbages on the table.

"What have you got there?" he demanded.

"Part payment of ten thousand dollars," answered Mac calmly.

"Anything in writing?" asked the other excitedly.

Mac showed him the slip.

Lawyer Brandt laughed a legal, mirthless chuckle. "Good!" he wheezed. "Now let us get immediately to work so as to put this thing through and deliver

The "PANDORA" Range Solves Cooking and Baking Problems--More Reasons Why

The superiority of the "PANDORA" Oven to that of any other range you can buy has been convincingly proven in a former advertisement. The swelling tide of orders from our agents testifies to that, yet there are many more features—some of them exclusively McClary's—which add to the excellence of the "PANDORA" range.

Illustration No. 1 shows the semi-steel linings of the "PANDORA" Fire-box. These linings are manufactured by a

special process. As you see there are five pieces—a front-piece, two ends and two at the back—and fitted into Fire-box without bolts or cement. The surfaces of these linings are smooth—they have great fire-resisting power and are already famous for durability and simplicity.

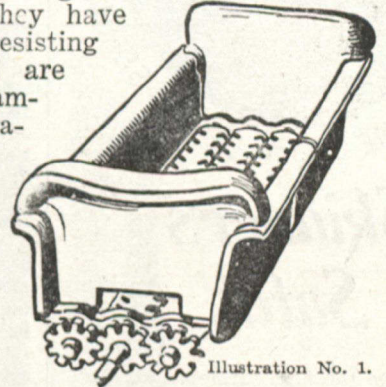


Illustration No. 1.

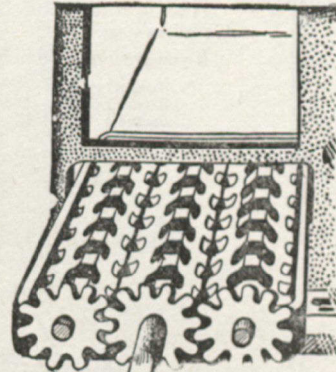


Illustration No. 2.

Illustration No. 2 shows the grates used in "PANDORA" range and the ease with which they are removed—being made with three bars they are heavier and stronger than the two-bar grate—the teeth are shorter—crush clinkers easier and are less liable to break. Anybody can remove the "PANDORA" semi-steel grates—the operation is simplicity itself. A boy can take out coal grates and insert wood by simply sliding them in and out on their independent grate frame.

The baking power of an Oven depends largely on Fire-box—it must be built in exact proportion to oven. The Fire-box of the "PANDORA" is deep and wide but not out of proportion—there is a wide front pot-holes without forcing fire—another apparent reason for our fuel economy claim.

LONDON
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N. B.

McClary's

104 MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
CALGARY

"Love's Labor Lost"

Shakespeare Series A23

GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

perrier

"The Champagne of Table Waters"

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.

Full particulars by applying to

Joseph H. Smith, General Agent
61 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.
SPECIAL AGENTS WANTED.

1848

1912



LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE

Skinner's Satin

36 inches wide

was the first satin in the world to be guaranteed as to wearing quality. It was the first satin to have its name woven in the selvage as a mark of identity.

There are now imitators of both of these features — imitators who seek to profit by the high standard of Skinner's Satin and the goodwill built up by our 64 years of honest manufacture.

Insist on the genuine Skinner's Satin. Look for the name in the selvage. Don't be satisfied merely with seeing a red selvage, for unscrupulous manufacturers are imitating our red selvage and weaving fancy names there.

Be on your guard and insist that the selvage contain the words "Skinner's Satin," for

Skinner's Satin is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not, send the garment to any of our stores and we will reline it free of expense.

If your dealer does not have Skinner's Satin, send us his name and we will forward to you samples of the newest shades.

William Skinner & Sons

Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St.

NEW YORK CITY

New York Philadelphia

Chicago Boston

Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Satin is sold by all First-Class Dry-Goods Stores and is used by all manufacturers of First-Class Cloaks, Furs and Men's Clothing.

This label is furnished, when desired, to makers of ready-made garments for the protection of their customers:



The Satin Lining in this garment is **Skinner's Satin** AND IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR TWO SEASONS

MANUFACTURED BY

William Skinner & Sons.

unto MacLennan the things which are his."

"Hold on a minute!" cried the other, smiling. "I have not had my breakfast. Come around to the restaurant and share my frugal meal!"

When the waiter came to take their order, Mac handed him three cabbages in turn.

"We will have these hash-browned, French fried, and Saratoga-chipped," he said serenely. "I intend, my man, to frequent this excellent caravanserie during the rest of my days, and my friend, here, has a standing invitation to patronize you, also. But I adjure you, at every meal serve cabbage—cabbage, that noble and succulent vegetable so necessary to the maintenance of man, in some form or another! I have on hand a contract," he went on, ignoring the anxious face of the waiter—"I have on hand a small contract to consume ten thousand dollars worth, and this is the first installment!"

Regan answered the summons to Brandt's office casually. He wondered if the cautious old barrister, who had dandled him upon his knee, had any money to invest. The idea was amusing, and brought a smile to his face as he entered the dingy, low-ceilinged room.

"Clarence," began Lawyer Brandt, in a tone which caused the smile to vanish, "I think it is about time to remind you that you owe Jim MacLennan, here, nearly ten thousand dollars. When had you thought of paying it?"

Regan smiled his old winning smile at MacLennan. Was that it?

"I have thrashed all that out with Jim," he said at length. "He understands the situation. I not only haven't the money, but—er—you both know—that is—of course it is an accepted fact that I don't owe any debts. Legally, they have all been wiped off!"

"Well they haven't, then, you scoundrel and hound—you traitor to an old friendship!" thundered the lawyer in a passion of fury. "You owe ten thousand dollars minus forty-five cents, to be exact! By not making Jim a present of your d-d old cabbages, as any other man with a streak of decency in him would have done, by signing this slip of paper which you took for his I. O. U. you have made yourself legally responsible for the whole of that debt!"

Regan's face went grey as he looked from one to the other. "It isn't so," he stammered. "It was only a joke."

Lawyer Brandt laughed again his mirthless little chuckle. "It was indeed a joke," he retorted, "one which only a fool or a scamp, who was too clever, would have seen! I repeat, that by giving a written proof of the existence of a debt, you have now made yourself liable for it, and no court can save you. Are you willing to settle the matter quietly, or shall I give it all the unpleasant publicity it deserves?"

Regan searched Mac's face for some ray of hope. On his lips were framed the words—"For old times' sake," but he reconsidered and did not utter them. At last he rose.

"No need for publicity," he muttered. "I will get the money somehow—I will pay!"

Ominous.—Knicker—"The moose is distinctly American."

Bocker—"So was the buffalo."—New York Sun.

Appreciation.—Vivian Burnett, who is understood to have been the inspiration of his mother's story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," had a Harvard education, and then tried his hand at journalism (according to the New York Evening Post).

A distinguished railroad president came to Denver one day and the editors had reason to suspect that a big story was concealed about him, if it could only be got. The knot of reporters tried in vain, however, to see the big man.

Burnett, thinking that the distinction of his mother's name might avail, wrote on one of his own engraved cards the legend, "son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett." The card came back with a polite refusal.

A reporter named Bill Smart looked on scornfully. He tore a jagged piece off the corner of a sheet of copy-paper and wrote on it: "Bill Smart, son of old Mrs. Smart."

The railroad president was so much pleased at this piece of wit that Bill Smart got the interview.—The Argonaut.



"THE IDEAL CAR"

One car may be fast; another car may be a good hill climber—yet another may be silent and of good appearance.

The Ideal Car is the one in which all of these qualities are combined.

Such a car is the 1913 Russell "30."

As compared with the 1912 Model, it has \$325 worth of new and high grade equipment, including Electric Self-Starter, Electric Lighting, Demountable Rims, Spare Rims, Motor Fresh Air Pump and Electrically Lighted Speedometer Clock.

And it is made in Canada by Canadians for Canadians, and is, essentially, a Canadian's car.

If you are interested in it, write to West Toronto for some explanatory literature.

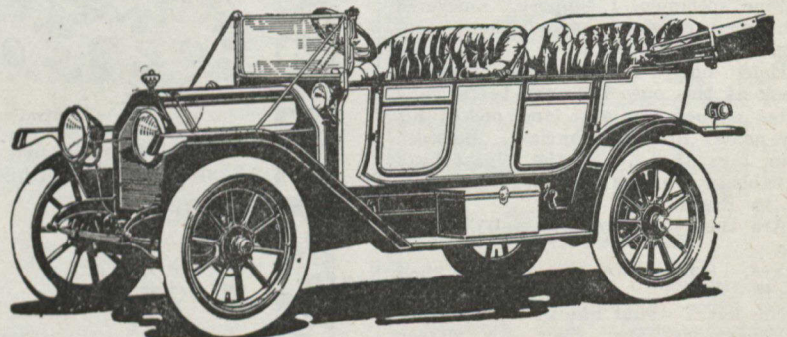
Russell "30" Model "E" 1913 Touring Model	\$2,500
Russell "30" Model "E" 1913 Torpedo Model	\$2,600
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Torpedo Roadster Model	\$2,550

We are also makers of the Famous Russell Knight Car.

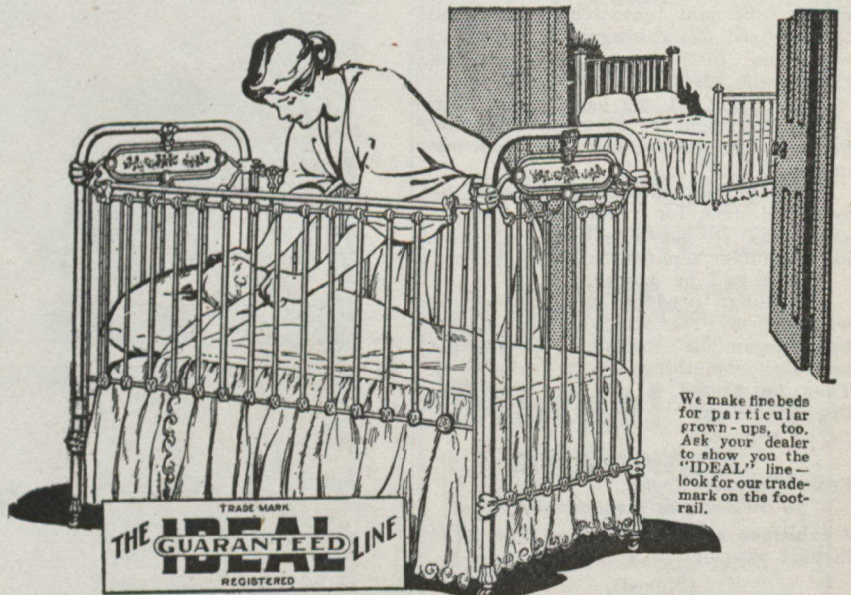
RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED

West Toronto

Branches: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



1913 Russell "30" Touring Model, \$2,500.



We make fine beds for particular grown-ups, too. Ask your dealer to show you the "IDEAL" line—look for our trademark on the foot-rail.

Wouldn't you like to put your baby to bed in a beautiful, safe and comfortable crib like this?

It is an "IDEAL" nest for "the best baby in the world." You can lower the sides to make it a convenient annex to mother's bed, when desired. Ends and sides are high enough to prevent baby climbing out. Spindles are so close together that baby's head cannot get between them. No dangerous sharp corners or rough edges often found on cribs less carefully made. Decorated panels on the ends lend an inviting touch of color. Few cribs are so altogether attractive.

This is only one of many "IDEAL" designs. Be sure and ask your dealer to show you "IDEAL" Cribs. Our trademark on the foot-rail identifies them.

Write our nearest Office for Free Booklet No. C 2

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED

12 Jefferson Avenue, Toronto.

32

His Little Girl

(Continued from page 20.)

with the least possible worry to ourselves and with the greatest possible humiliation to him," he laughed cynically. "You have only got to do as I tell you. I will manage the rest. Now kiss me again, and I must go."

For a moment—a long, long moment—Grace looked defiantly into his eyes, her head held high. Then suddenly, as if at the call of something more imperious, stronger than any force she had ever known, she flung her arms about his neck with the abandonment of the untrained animal, and pressed her lips to his.

"I shall do what I like with her now," he reflected, as he walked slowly homeward, "she will hold her tongue about everything until I tell her to speak: she will be a lamb in my hands. And she is precisely the woman I want from every conceivable point of view. And the chance of getting even with Tredman adds savour to the whole affair. If only Rosa doesn't bungle things, I may be able to make him pay in more ways than one. And if only I knew for certain that the other—is dead."

A telegram lay awaiting him on his bureau, and as he read on the pink paper the words, signed Rosa Muller, he smiled sardonically.

"Fortune is in a good mood just now," he said, "she heaps her favours on me with a lavish hand. This Tredman will have to pay heavily for all he has done."

CHAPTER XIV.

GILES TREDMAN sat writing in the library, his table littered with papers having reference to the estate, and to the business connected with his approaching marriage. A draft of his marriage settlement lay at his elbow, and he smiled as his eyes rested upon it. It was so good, so very good to think that in a few short weeks his beautiful Grace would have become his till death should part them. Many times during the course of his writing he lifted his head and allowed his eyes to wander round the library, let his thoughts wander, too, in blissful dreams of all the future held for him. He saw visions of Grace in every room of his dearly-loved home, saw her receiving guests in the stately drawing-room, sitting at the head of his table in the dining-room, helping him here in the library, interesting herself in all the details of the estate, sharing his every thought and wish and ambition. Round the woman he loved he had built up all his ideals of womanhood, and to him Grace was the embodiment of everything that was most lovable and lovely in womanhood. He was sure that behind her beautiful face lay a correspondingly beautiful soul, and all her apparent coldness he regarded as exquisite reticence and modesty. In his eyes she came as near to perfection as it was possible for human being to reach, and the bare idea that there could be a flaw in his idol would have seemed to him almost sacrilegious. Even her cool reception of little Sylvia had not shaken his belief in the woman he loved. She was unused to children, he told himself, it was perhaps only natural that she should be a little jealous of someone who seemed to be usurping part of his affections; jealousy, after all, might and often did belong to a great love. Thus he excused her, but never, for a single instant, would he have allowed that any shadow marred the loveliness of her soul, as he had created its image in his heart. It was with a sigh that he presently thrust away his day dreams, and drew a batch of papers towards him, determining to concentrate his whole mind on business for the rest of the afternoon, and not allow himself to think of Grace again until he strolled round the garden with Sylvia after tea. That he and Sylvia should visit the greenhouses, inspect the vegetables, and watch the roses break into flower, had now become a daily custom, and the child's quaint questions and dainty fancies not only amused and interested her guardian, they also seemed to endear her to him more and more every day. "She is such a loving little soul, and her thoughts are as pretty and as sweet as her dear little face," the re-

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.

**FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON**

**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.
2, Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured? (360)

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.

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day. **DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT** removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives **INSTANT RELIEF** and a **FINAL CURE** of all bunion pain. Shields plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right** is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from **The J. Scholl Mfg. Co., 214 King St. E., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.**



-And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa!

Shopping is only half done if you forget the Maple Buds. Children must have sweets. Their little natures crave for dainty sweet things. Bad for them? Not Cowan's Maple Buds. Pure milk, pure sugar, pure chocolate. What could be more nourishing and wholesome? What else could made them such favorites with intelligent mothers? Make the children happy. Give them sweets you know are good. Put Maple Buds on your shopping list.

**THEY'RE NOT MAPLE BUDS
UNLESS THEY'RE**

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS


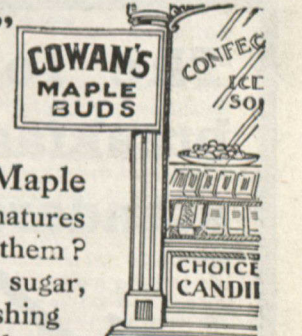
Name and design registered

**The COWAN CO., Limited
TORONTO,
Ontario**

Pure Milk Chocolate

202

Look for the Name

The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek



Is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

To restore the complexion, roughened and tanned by summer outings, to that soft, velvety clearness so envied in the social season, use

NA-DRU-CO Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.

NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream



is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form.

For the skin irritation which follows too much exposure to sun, wind, salt water or dust, it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co
Trade Mark when you buy.

National Drug and Chemical Co.
of Canada, Limited. 188

The food you eat for
breakfast determines the
standard of the day's work

Kellogg's

Toasted Corn Flakes

is a real joy food and makes work a joy.

A good, wholesome sensible food—it gives lots of vim and vigor without taxing the digestion. Look for the name Kellogg's on the package. Sold everywhere at 10 cents.

71

lection passed through his mind as he resolved to concentrate himself on the business in hand, and at that very moment the door of the library was hurriedly opened, and Miss Helen entered the room. She looked pale and flurried, there was a startled expression in her eyes, and she glanced round the big room with quick, nervous gestures.

"Is Sylvia with you?" she said, making no apology for her hasty entrance, "have you seen Sylvia lately?"

"Seen Sylvia? Why, no," Giles looked at the little lady in surprise, "why do you come to ask me about Sylvia?"

"Because I can't find her anywhere." Miss Helen was breathless and panting with excitement. "We generally sit in the garden at this time of day because it is nice and cool down by the stream. I read to her and she works. She went out there soon after lunch and took her needlework and her dolls, and I was to join her later when I had finished my letters. But—she is not there—oh! Sir Giles, she is not there!" Miss Helen's excitement bewildered her employer.

"But why are you so upset about it?" he asked kindly. "She is probably playing about somewhere else in the garden. After all, there was no law restricting her to the one place, was there?"

"No, no, of course not, but oh! Sir Giles, I haven't made you understand. I would not have come to trouble you, if it had only been that I could not find Sylvia just in that one place, in the summer house by the stream. But we can't find her anywhere." Miss Helen's voice grew tremulous, her frightened eyes, dim with tears, suddenly gave Giles a sense of foreboding. He pushed back his chair and rose, exclaiming—

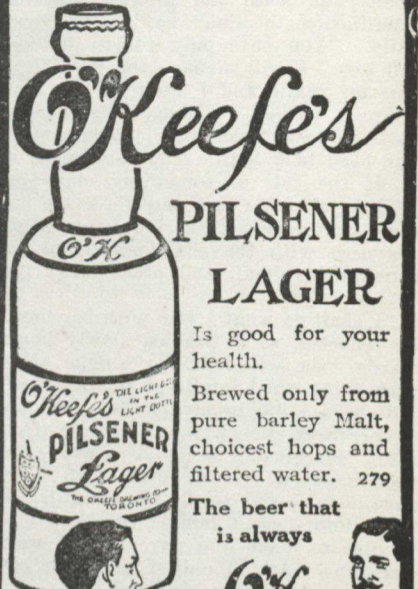
"What do you mean, Miss Stansdale? Sylvia must be somewhere in the house or garden; and even if she had gone into the park or lane there is no harm in that. She is perfectly safe."

"I said that to myself at first, but now I am frightened. I don't know why, but I am frightened." Giles began by laughing her fears to scorn with kindly amusement, declaring that she must have been reading penny novellettes, and imbibing sensational melodrama. But when he himself had searched house and garden, from end to end, when the servants and stable hands, despatched in all directions, came back with no tidings of the missing child, his own face grew very grave and anxious. He and Miss Helen had gone first to the place where she and her charge had planned to spend the afternoon, a summer house on the edge of a stream which ran between the garden and park. It was an ideal spot for a summer's day, the soft ripple of the water, the gentle rustling of the trees that hung above it, made contrasts of coolness and freshness to the heat that shimmered over the meadows, where red sorrel and ox-eye daisies grew amongst the flowering grasses. Forget-me-nots dipped blue heads into the clear water; yellow irises stood in stately clumps against the bank; and the fragrance of meadow sweet hung upon the warm air. In garden and meadow birds were chirping and twittering, but in the summer house there was a silence which struck a chill to the hearts of the man and woman, who stood silently looking round it. Upon the table in the centre lay the book which Miss Helen had been intending to read to Sylvia; seated stiffly on the seat with limply hanging arms and legs was a row of dolls, all Sylvia's cherished darlings, who shared with her her pleasures and griefs. Beside them lay one of Sylvia's gloves, and Miss Helen picked it up with a little sob.

"You see, the dear child remembered to bring her gloves. I told her to be sure not to forget them, because she wanted to do some gardening after tea. We planned to have tea out here; it is such a treat for Sylvia, she feels it is like a kind of picnic, and now she is not here to enjoy it." Miss Helen's voice broke in a sob, and sitting down beside the forlorn row of dolls, she began to cry in a pathetic, helpless way that went to Giles' heart.

"Come, come, Miss Stansdale," he said, laying a hand on her shoulder, "don't give way like this. After all, Sylvia has probably strayed off into the woods and forgotten the time. There

Here's to your
good health



**O'Keefe's
PILSENER
LAGER**

Is good for your health.

Brewed only from pure barley Malt, choicest hops and filtered water. 279

The beer that is always



Have
a
Case
Sent
Home

It provides for an ever ready beverage for meals, lunches, etc., or for mere refreshment.

COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

is the best for the home on account of its purity and extra healthfulness.

Family trade supplied by any dealer.



GOOD RELIABLE GUNS

at Wholesale Prices. Send for free 200-page Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Sporting Goods.

T. W. BOYD & SON, 27 Notre Dame St. West, MONTREAL.

must be some quite simple explanation of her disappearance. Children are not kidnapped by gipsies nowadays, and all the people round know Sylvia quite well."

"Yes, and they adore her," sobbed Miss Helen, wiping her eyes with a crumpled wet handkerchief, and looking round the empty summer house with a shiver; "everybody loves the dear child. She has such sweet ways. She is so full of sympathy and love for the whole world. Poor old Granny Partridge in the almshouses said to me only yesterday—

"He'll be a lucky man who wins that little lady when she's old enough to be wooed and won."

In spite of his anxiety Giles laughed a little.

"Early days, isn't it, to be thinking of our little Sylvia getting wooed and married and a'—but, if she goes on as she has begun, Granny Partridge is right. One of these days she will make a sweet wife for some lucky fellow, and I shall have to give the little girl away."

"But where is she now?" Miss Helen said, springing to her feet. "I dare say you think it is silly of me to make such a fuss, but I have a kind of feeling that she hasn't just strayed into the woods. Besides which, why should she stray away? She has never done such a thing before. It frightens me that she has gone away like this. It really frightens me." Again Sir Giles used his best endeavours to comfort and calm the distressed little woman; but when afternoon drifted into evening, and evening sank into night, and still no trace of Sylvia could be discovered, his own anxiety grew intense. The child had vanished with a completeness that was both startling and alarming. If the earth beside the summer house had opened and swallowed her up, she could not have disappeared in a more disconcerting way; and enquiries in every direction failed to elicit the slightest atom of information about her. One of the gardeners had seen her walking towards the summer house, her dolls in her arms; a stable boy had noticed her picking some roses in the garden a little later than the hour when the gardener remembered seeing her. But from the moment when the boy had seen her amongst the roses, she and her bunch of gathered blossoms had vanished, leaving no sign. All night long parties of villagers were scouring the park, the lanes, the common, the woods for miles around, but when the various parties returned to the Court the next morning, they could only tell a haggard and weary-looking Sir Giles that their efforts had been quite fruitless. Sylvia was lost, and there did not appear to be the smallest clue by which she could be found. Giles himself had been to Birdbrook, and had even interviewed the station-master of the little station, with a forlorn idea that the child might have been carried off and taken away by train. But both station-master and porter solemnly declared that no one in the least resembling Sylvia had travelled by train either on the previous afternoon, or during the night; and a very distracted Sir Giles and Miss Helen faced one another across the breakfast table.

"What can have happened to her?" Giles asked his companion for the thousandth time. "And what can have become of her?" Miss Helen echoed.

If anybody had done her any harm, what reason was there for harming her? To the two who loved her it appeared so meaningless, so bewildering, so impossible of explanation, that the day which followed was like one long nightmare. Miss Helen was half beside herself with grief and suspense; Sir Giles went about with a face so white and worn, and with a look of such set misery in his eyes, that he seemed to have aged by ten years.

"The suspense is so unbearable," he said to Miss Helen more than once in the course of that interminable day, "if one only knew the child had come to no harm, if one only knew she was safe somewhere, it would be less hard to bear. As things are, it is almost intolerable. And it is all so incomprehensible, one sees no light upon it."

But next morning's post threw a light upon it, though, as Giles remarked, it was a light that did not clear up the obscurity at all, but only made the dark-



BEETHAM'S La-rola

is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use, allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind, and Hard Water. It not only

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

The daily use of "LA-ROLA" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON - - - **CHELTENHAM, ENG.**




BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.

The Most Exquisite New Ideas in Watch Cases



Take your choice of these superb new style watches sent without a cent down—on approval (Payable at \$2.50 a Month)



The Movement—In connection with our sweeping fighting on trust methods we have selected our finest highest grade watch for a special offer direct to the people. **Material:** The best that money can buy. **Workmen:** World renowned experts in their line.

The Jewels: 19 finest grade selected genuine imported rubies and sapphires, absolutely flawless. (It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency.)

Factory Fitted and factory tested. Fitted right at the factory into the case made for that watch—and re-timed after fitting. No looseness or wearing of the parts. No rattle or jar.

Adjustment! Adjusted to temperature, isochronism and positions. The most rigid tests.

Since the \$1,000 Challenge

was made to the giant factories four years ago, why have they not answered? Why have not these factories produced a watch equal to the Burlington? And this challenge did not ask our competitors to produce a watch better than the Burlington. NO. If they should produce a watch equal to the Burlington we should be the losers. Our \$1,000 still lies in the bank for competitors to cover.

No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of ladies' or gentlemen's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

Burlington Watch Co. 289 Carlton St., Dept. 7806 WINNIPEG, CANADA

A Bomb! for the Watch Trust

The Burlington Offer—Our startling direct offer is overwhelming the watch trust. The superb Burlington Special at the anti-trust rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay—is paralyzing competition. Such a smashing and overwhelming offer has never before been heard of in the entire history of the watch industry. Just think of it! You may secure one of these superb time-pieces—a watch of the very latest model, the popular new thin design, adjusted to the second—19 jewels—the most perfect product of the most expert watch manufacturers in the world, at the rock-bottom price, direct from us—the identical price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay. And you may pay this rock-bottom price at the rate of \$2.50 a month. Yes—only \$2.50 a month and all the time you are carrying this most superb time-piece. No wonder competition is paralyzed. No wonder everyone says that this is the greatest watch offer of the age.

The Fight on the Trust Is Explained In This Great Watch Book

Get this wonderful new watch book. It is free and prepaid. No obligations whatever. It will tell you about our gigantic fight against the trust and trust methods. It will tell you of quiet agreements which the giant factories have with dealers which enable them to uphold prices. That is the reason why we say that the great watch factories are a trust. It is because they have contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere which enable them to control trade and to uphold prices. It is not an illegal trust; but its methods are unfair to us—unfair to the public who must pay the price. We want you to get this watch book at once. Find out the inside facts of the watch industry. This book will also tell you about the superb Burlington Special and how it is manufactured for quality, not quantity. Just put your name and address on the coupon and send it to us today. We will send you the book prepaid—no obligations on you whatever. Do not delay. Better write now.



**FREE
WATCH BOOK
COUPON**

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
289 Carlton Street
Dept. 7806, Winnipeg, Canada

Please send me absolutely free and prepaid one of your new watch books explaining about your anti-trust fight, and giving the inside facts about the watch industry. Also give full particulars of how I may obtain a fully adjusted 19-jewel gold strata genuine Burlington Special, on approval, at the rock-bottom price, on terms of \$2.50 a month. No obligations on me.

Name.....
Address.....

They Look Good After Rain or Shine

The test of Golf Coats and other outdoor garments is their ability to withstand sunshine and rain without fading, shrinking or losing shape.

Jaeger Pure Wool Golf Coats

have the excellent quality of looking almost as well at the end of the season as at the beginning. They show their material and method of making in the way in which they stand the wear and tear of strenuous outdoor life.

In great variety of artistic effects.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM

32 King St. West, Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg
And from Jaeger Agents throughout the Dominion.



ness darker. By the first post he received a letter, bearing the West Central postmark, and typewritten. It was brief, and very much to the point.

"Sylvia will be sent back to you, if the jewel—called by her the wonder jewel—is given back to its rightful owner. It was stolen by Sylvia's mother. If you are willing to restore it, insert an advertisement to that effect on the front page of the Morning Post, heading it 'Sylvia.'"

The effusion was shown by Giles to the local police and also to a detective from Scotland Yard, whose aid he had sought; and both authorities strongly urged him to temporize, to insert an advertisement and await the result. To the Scotland Yard official, an intelligent individual named Stokes, Giles told the whole story of the first meeting with Sylvia and her mother, and of the ivory box and its precious contents which Mrs. Burnett had given him on her death bed. "She insisted most strongly that the jewel was the child's property," he wound up by saying, "and I have always supposed that she must have alluded to Sylvia's father when she implored me to keep the little girl out of some man's hands. I gathered that this man, whoever he was, was someone to be feared and avoided, and that both the child and the jewel were to be kept from him at all costs. It is obvious that someone traced Sylvia here, and now means to blackmail me. If I only knew the child was not in any danger or difficulty."

"Whoever wrote you that letter isn't going to let you know anything about the little lady," Stokes said shrewdly. "He will want to keep you on tenterhooks as much as ever he can, till he sees what chance he's got of having that jewel."

"Which he certainly won't get, whoever he may be," Giles said sternly, "the jewel is Sylvia's, practically her whole inheritance. I have no intention of parting with it."

"The next thing the writer of the letter will do will be to threaten the child's life," the detective answered. "Unscrupulous people, such as this one must be, stick at nothing. And if, by any chance, he has got his knife into you for any reason, he means to do his utmost to hurt you, come what may."

"I have no notion why anybody should, as you say, have his knife into me," Giles answered in puzzled tones. "As far as I know, I have not an enemy in the world. I adopted the little girl we have lost, because she seemed to be entirely alone, thrown on her own resources. I had no means of tracing any relations or friends; she did not appear to possess any. And who, or what, the writer of this letter can be, I cannot imagine."

"What about the little lady's father?" asked the detective. "Was her mother a widow when you met her? Or was there a husband somewhere in the background?"

Giles shook his head. "I don't know, I never knew," he answered. "The poor mother died without really telling me anything about herself or the child, and I could find nothing amongst her things to give any clue to her identity. The whole thing is mysterious, and the way in which somebody has suddenly discovered that I have charge of Sylvia and her jewel is not the least mysterious part of the whole affair."

Acting on the advice given him, Giles inserted the following advertisement in the Morning Post:

"Sylvia.—Willing to negotiate about the wonder jewel. Give further details.—Giles." And the day after the insertion appeared, another typewritten letter reached him by post.

"Dear Sir," it ran,—"The wonder jewel to which you refer, is my property, stolen from me by the lady known to you as Sylvia Burnett's mother. I have no desire or intention of meeting you face to face. I should therefore be glad if you would post the jewel to me by registered packet. Please address it to Mr. Smith, c/o Mr. J. Cox, Stationer, 155, Redman Street, Chelsea, S.W. Unless the jewel is in the gentleman's hands by Monday next at latest, Sylvia will be sent to join her mother. You are dealing with an unscrupulous and desperate man."

(To be continued.)

The Extreme of Quality in Broderick's Clothes for Men.

Quality is a much-garbled word, loosely and indiscriminately used. Yet in all its checkered career, quality has never been more congenially employed than in its application to Broderick's Clothes.

We use the word in its broadest sense, for with us quality in clothes comprehends a multitude of virtues—fabrics that have the quality of exclusiveness, tailoring that has the quality of distinctiveness, and style that has the quality of being individual.

\$22.50 to \$45.00

Send for samples and self-measurement chart

Brodericks
LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA



"Famous for Flavor"

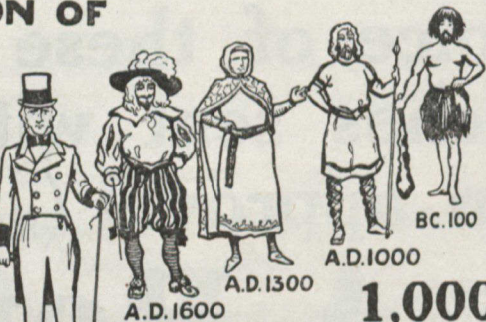
WHITE LABEL ALE

Still retains the delicious flavor that has kept it ahead for over a quarter century.

Get it at hotels and dealers.

Dominion Brewery Company, Limited, Toronto

THE EVOLUTION OF DRESS



1,000 YEARS AGO!

A.D. 1800 Men wore clothing of some sort, but never before in the history of the world has man been able to clothe himself so smartly and economically as he can to-day through us.

\$20 Suit or Overcoat to Measure
(Carriage and Duty Paid) for **\$8.60.** (Valued by thousands of Client at \$20).

There is a distinctive style and finish about a "Curzon" Suit or Overcoat which the "ready to wear" or low-priced made-to-measure garments now sold in Canada lack. There is no resemblance between them. Indeed the "Curzon" cut and finish is hardly equalled, even in garments sold by the best Custom Tailors, whose charges are always exclusive, if not altogether prohibitive. There is just that ease and comfort about our garments which give the wearer a "well-at-ease" appearance.

Then there is the cloth to remember: **Nothing but real British Materials every time.**

A.D. 1912

One Silver and Four Gold Medal Awards.

Merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid.

We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods and we will refund the money.

EITHER NEW YORK OR LONDON STYLES.

Address for Patterns:

CURZON BROS., Clougher Syndicate (Dept. 137,
449 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

CURZON BROS.
Go to Curzon

The World's Measure Tailors

60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

West End Depot: 133 & 135 Oxford St., London, England.

Please mention this paper.

Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, P.Q.

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

Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business have been educated at Bishop's College School.

All B.C.S. candidates for matriculation into the Royal Military College, Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and Business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

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

The Merchants Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.
Vice-President, K. W. Blackwell.
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 5,458,878
Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911) 63,494,580
Assets 81,928,961

184 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.

The Royal Line

To Europe



Montreal to Bristol
"The Royal Line"

Say experienced Travellers. First, Second, Third, no matter how you go, you enjoy to the full the homelike comforts, splendid accommodation and superior service of the R.M.S. Royal George, R.M.S. Royal Edward. Both are equipped with the latest devices for comfort and convenience.

SAILINGS

From Montreal	Steamer	From Bristol
Wednesday		Wednesday
Sept. 18	Royal George	Oct. 2
Oct. 2	Royal Edward	Oct. 16
Oct. 16	Royal George	Oct. 30
Oct. 30	Royal Edward	Nov. 13

and fortnightly thereafter.

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




Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, \$1000
 F.O.B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; center control; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/2 in. bore and 5 1/2 in. stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-in. wheelbase; 32 x 3 1/2 in. tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. Touring Car, \$1000.

Standard 20 H.P. Runabout, \$850
 F.O.B. Windsor, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world---4 cylinders, 20 H.P., sliding gears. Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, \$950.

\$850 Hupmobile \$1000

The man, the machine and the material--- this new plant gets the best out of each.

The same machinery that is used in the fine new Hupmobile plant is also used in those plants producing cars of the highest prices. The skilled mechanics engaged in the construction of the Hupmobile are paid the same high rate prevailing in plants producing the costliest cars. The splendid shop organization has been developed to the same high state of efficiency and held practically intact from the inception of the company---under the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson, the same man who has been responsible for the success of every previous model. The materials which enter into every essential Hupmobile operation are precisely as fine---precisely the same, in fact---as those used in cars of the largest and most expensive build. Differences in size and differences in excess luxury, of course---differences in engineering ideals, in scrupulous workmanship, in trustworthy materials---emphatically no. We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company
 Desk A, Windsor, Ontario



"Highlands of Ontario," Canada

Including Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, Algonquin National Park, Temagami, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes

Spend Your Summer Holidays at One of These Delightful Spots Reached in Palatial Trains over the **Grand Trunk Railway System**

Finest summer playgrounds in America. Good hotel accommodations. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out-of-the-ordinary resorts. All this recreation paradise only one night away from the leading cities of the United States. Address

A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto.
 J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.
 W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.
 G. T. BELL, Ass't. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal.
 H. G. ELLIOT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal



CANADIAN PACIFIC

GREAT LAKES SERVICE--Five Sailings Weekly

From PORT McNICOLL to
S. STE. MARIE - PORT ARTHUR - FORT WILLIAM

Making close connections for all points west.

STEAMBOAT EXPRESS

Leaves Toronto 12.45 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, making direct connection with steamers at Port McNicoll.

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



"Laurentic" and "Megantic"

Largest and Finest Steamers From Canada

Orchestras Carried

WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool.

For all information apply to nearest Railway or Steamship Agent or to Company's Offices at MONTREAL--TORONTO--WINNIPEG.

Attractively illustrated booklet free by request.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

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

OCEAN LIMITED

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

Good Teeth---Good Health Good Spirits

You want all three. To get them---and keep them---care for your teeth with

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK



With good teeth you are able to chew your food. This gives you good digestion, which is the foundation of good health---and of good spirits.

Ribbon Dental Cream makes brushing your teeth a pleasure.

Because it has a delicious flavour, with none of the medicine taste of many dentifrices.

Because it cleans thoroughly without any harmful grit to scratch your teeth and cut your gums.

Because it is antiseptic and leaves the mouth cool and wholesome.

Use Ribbon Dental Cream faithfully and the next time you visit the dentist he will find less to do.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. C., Coristine Bldg., MONTREAL

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—Lasting, Luxurious, Refined.

W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.



Buy a tube to-day, or if you wish a generous trial tube send us 4c in stamps.