

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

Planting and Sowing

Two Pages for the Gardener
By E. T. COOK

From London to Fort MacKay

By MADGE MacBETH

Lady Alicia's Emeralds

Story by ROBERT BARR

Public Opinion and the Navy

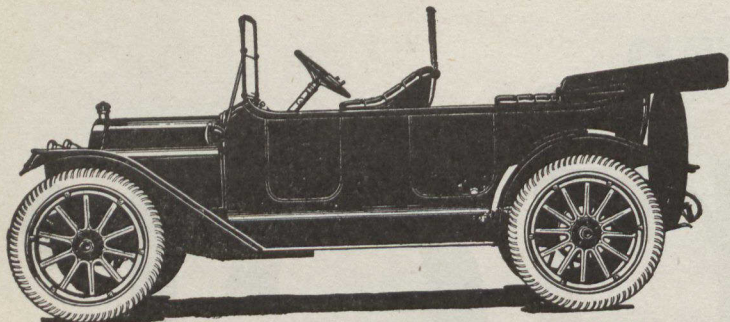
Letters from Correspondents

A Season of Child Plays

By J. E. WEBBER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 17

CONTENTS

The Masters of Parliament By Augustus Bridle.
Review of the Navy Debate.

Public Opinion and the Navy Correspondence.

Sports in Merrie Old England Photographs.

A Season of Child Plays By J. E. Webber.
With Unusual Illustrations.

Lady Alicia's Emeralds By Robert Barr.
An Amateur Detective Story.

London to Fort MacKay By Madge Macbeth.
A Woman's Travel Story.

..... By the Monocle Man.

Planting and Sowing By E. T. Cook.
Two Pages for the Amateur Gardeners.

The Impostor, Story By Harold Bindloss.
Fourth Instalment of New Serial.

Reflections By the Editor.

Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.

Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.



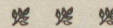
Editor's Talk

WHO'S your candidate? What young lady are you helping to send to college? The "Canadian Courier" is prepared, so the Contest Manager says, to send fifty young ladies to college during 1913-14. This is a fairly generous offer. If you know a young lady in the contest, give her your ballot each week and help her to win. Get your friends to save the ballots for her. If you do not know one of the sixty who have entered, nominate one yourself. It is not too late. The contest has hardly started yet.

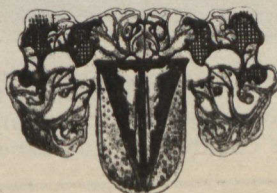
"We are in deadly earnest in this competition," says the Contest Manager. He wants every reader of the "Courier" to help. "Tell them they are in the family, and they must stand by to make this educational offer a huge success." So we have told you again, and we trust that there will be a satisfactory and enthusiastic showing as a result. Full particulars will be found on page four.



Next week we hope to publish the prize article on "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City." The peculiar fact about this prize competition is that it was won by a "town," not a "city." Even the second prize was won by a town—another town, of course. Think of all the manufacturing towns you know and see if you can guess which two have been favoured by the judges.

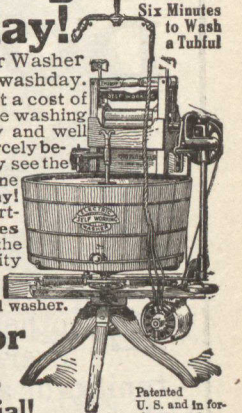


Henceforth our **Woman's Supplement** will be published twice a month, on the first and third weeks. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that hereafter we shall publish two **Woman's Supplements** each month. These supplements have been a great success, so our readers say, and the avalanche of topics and news is quite enough to justify us in doubling the medium. We could publish a woman's supplement every week—but there are some great changes necessary in our mechanical departments before that will be possible.



Makes Things Hum on Washday!

This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by motor power at a cost of 2 cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line hours ahead of the old way! It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in Six Minutes—or even less! Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and better than by hand! It's more like play than work to use this wonderful washer.



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The "Ross" 280 High Velocity sells at \$70.00, and is the best of all sporting weapons, but any "Ross" model can be relied upon for accuracy and range.

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Mapleine

(The Flavor de Luxe)

MAPLEINE CAKE FILLING: Mix together 2 cups white sugar, three-fourths cup milk and one teaspoonful (heaping) butter. Boil for five minutes. Take from fire and stir until thick. Stir in slowly one teaspoonful Mapleine.

Sold by Grocers, 50 cts. for 2 oz. bottle, if not write



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are you as careful about the salt you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder? Poor salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour. In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

58

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

O'Keefe's

Special Extra Mild ALE

Not a headache in a barrelful—and never makes you bilious. It's extra mild and absolutely pure.

25

DO NOT WASTE THIS BALLOT

Some Candidate Working for a Course in College or a Trip to Europe Would be Very Glad to Get it

EVERY reader of the Canadian Courier has read our offer to send a number of young ladies to college, and ten others on a five weeks' trip to Europe, the Canadian Courier paying all expenses in each case. Doubtless every person who has seen the offer heartily commend it, and regard the affair as an exceptional opportunity for a number of splendid young ladies to secure the year in college or the trip. Most will appreciate that the majority of those who win will be young ladies who might not have been able to secure a college course in any other way, and who are delighted with the chance to earn it for themselves.

Each reader of the Canadian Courier can materially assist some excellent candidate in her efforts to win by saving the ballots printed on this page, and in subsequent issues of the Canadian Courier, and forwarding them to some candidate before the expiry dates on the ballots have been reached. The list of candidates printed below will tell you what candidates are working in your district.

By the way, it is not too late for new candidates to enter. The Canadian Courier has increased its offer so that every candidate in the race who sends in a certain number of subscriptions can win. There is an excellent opportunity for candidates in towns and cities where there are none working at the present time. Nominations will be accepted for some weeks yet. Candidates who enter late and have not reached the required mark by the end of May will be given additional time to make up what they lack, so that all may be awarded the college course if desired.

Any reader of the Canadian Courier can perform a splendid act in calling the attention of this offer to some ambitious young lady in their vicinity, and also by giving the ballots to some deserving candidate whom they would like to see win.

Every candidate in the race who sends in the minimum number of new, yearly subscriptions necessary to win in the At-Large class will be awarded either the college course or the trip, or in case some incident prevents them accepting either, the value of the college course or trip in cash. By this plan every candidate in the contest can be a winner, and none need lose. This is the most generous contest feature ever offered. Every candidate will be rewarded with a college course or a trip if their work warrants it.

IF NOT A CANDIDATE, AND IF ELIGIBLE, GET NOMINATED AT ONCE.

Do not hesitate because some candidates have already started. Remember the clause which gives additional time after the contest closes to make up any lack in your standing. This applies to all candidates, those who entered early, as well as those who come in late. The contest is fair to all, and each one will be given like treatment. Every girl in the contest should be able to win in the At-Large District.

The standing by districts follows:

DISTRICT NO. 1.—All cities over 75,000.	
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B. C.	10,150
Miss Edna Courtanche, Toronto	10,050
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	10,000
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	10,000
Miss Eustelia Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	10,000
Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,000
DISTRICT NO. 2.—All cities over 25,000 and below 75,000.	
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N. S.	12,500
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	10,050
Miss Mabelle Carter, London, Ont.	10,000
Miss Edna Evans, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000
Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N. B.	10,000
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N. B.	10,000
Miss Gladys McKim, London, Ont.	10,000
DISTRICT NO. 3.—All cities over 10,000 and below 25,000.	
Miss Agnes Pilon, Brandon, Man.	15,100
Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,000
Miss Phemia Funston, Port Arthur, Ont.	10,000
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,000
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B. C.	10,000
Miss Eva Gardner, Brantford, Ont.	10,000

DISTRICT NO. 4.—All cities and towns under 10,000.	
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N. S.	30,050
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P. E. I.	20,000
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	17,500
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	12,600
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	10,100
Miss Etheline Schleihauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	10,100
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	10,000
Miss Annie L. Clark, Port Sydney, Ont.	10,000
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	10,000
Miss Wilhemina Bailie, Picton, Ont.	10,000
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,000
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	10,000
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,000
Miss Gwen Coles, Woodstock, Ont.	10,000
Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N. B.	10,000
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N. S.	10,000
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N. B.	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Loomer, Kingsport, N. S.	10,000
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N. B.	10,000
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	10,000
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N. S.	10,000
Miss Elsie C. Black, Villagedale, N. S.	10,000
Miss Annie Butler, Enniskillen Station, N. B.	10,000
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	10,000
Miss Jennie E. Logan, Diamond City, Alta.	10,000
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	10,000

Ballot No. 5

This ballot is good for **50** votes in the
CANADIAN COURIER EDUCA-
TIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss
Address

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be
credited in the official standing on or before
April 17, 1913.

Nomination Blank

I Hereby Nominate Miss

Address

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE
CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed Countersigned by

Address Pastor of

Church or Parish

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate
named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination
Blank will be counted for any candidate.

The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XIII.

March 29, 1913

No. 17

Sports of the Day in Merry Old England

Spring is Coming Early Here, but Came Earlier Still in the United Kingdom



English Rugby is not so strenuous as Canadian Rugby, but it is immensely popular. This picture was taken during a recent match—the Hospital Cup Final at Richmond.



Cross County Running is now in Full Bloom. The Five Hundred Competitors Starting in the Southern Counties Cross-Country Championship.

Public Opinion and the Navy

Wrong Premises

Montreal, March 15th, 1913.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—I have read with astonishment the article in your last issue by Mr. George Charleson on the "Historical Aspect of the Naval Contribution."

Mr. Charleson says:

"It is proposed that the Canadian Parliament, which represents us, shall vote sums of money to be spent by the British Government, which is responsible to a Parliament that does not represent us at all. If our Canadian Government does not spend wisely the money voted by the Canadian Parliament for Canadian purposes, Parliament has a means of redress. The Cabinet is responsible to it, and it may, if necessary, go to the length of forcing the Cabinet to resign. But the Canadian Parliament has no conceivable control over the British Cabinet, and will have no possible constitutional means of redress, if the money voted is not spent according to its wishes. To that extent the power of the Canadian Parliament will be restricted under any system of contribution."

This statement is absolutely inaccurate. The resolution moved by Mr. Borden in the House of Commons on the 10th day of December last read as follows:

"Resolved,—That it is expedient in connection with the Bill now before this House intitled An Act to Authorize Measures for Increasing the Effective Naval Forces of the Empire, to provide:

"(a) That from and out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Canada there may be paid and applied a sum not exceeding thirty-five million dollars for the purpose of immediately increasing the effective Naval Forces of the Empire;

"(b) That the said sum shall be used and applied under the direction of the Governor-in-Council in the construction and equipment of battleships or armoured cruisers of the most modern and powerful type;

"(c) That the said ships, when constructed and equipped, shall be placed by the Governor-in-Council at the disposal of His Majesty for the common defence of the Empire; and

"(d) That the said sum shall be paid, used and applied, and the said ships shall be constructed and placed at the disposal of His Majesty, subject to such terms, conditions and arrangements as may be agreed upon between the Governor-in-Council and His Majesty's Government."

It is, therefore, quite plain that the money voted by the Canadian Parliament is not to be spent by the British Government, but by Canada, under the direction of the Governor in Council, in the construction and equipment of battleships, and the ships, when constructed and equipped, are to be placed by the Governor in Council at the disposal of His Majesty for the common defence of the Empire, subject to such terms, conditions and arrangements as may be agreed upon.

The premises upon which Mr. George Charleson founds his arguments being false, his conclusions fall to the ground. It is a pity that a writer who professes to review the historical aspect of this question should not make certain of his facts before he gives public expression to his views. Personally, I cannot see any analogy between the conditions existing in Canada between 1846 and 1850 and the conditions existing to-day. At that time complete autonomy to manage our own affairs had not been granted to Canada by the British Government, but Canada has enjoyed this right since confederation under the British North America Act. It is simply puerile to contend that the Borden resolution constitutes in any way an encroachment upon Canada's autonomy or right to manage her own affairs.

Yours faithfully,

VICTOR E. MITCHELL.

Mr. Charleson's Reply

The above letter was submitted to Mr. Charleson and he replies to it as follows:

"Mr. Mitchell fails to notice that I dealt in my article, not with the grant of \$35,000,000 for the building of three battleships, but with the probable effects of a system of regular contributions. In the very passage he quotes, I speak, not of "a sum," but of "sums of money to be spent by the British Government." Moreover, this interpretation of my words is fully corroborated by the first two paragraphs of the article. I freely admit that Mr. Borden has so worded his resolution that this first contribution will be spent by the Canadian executive, but it is very unlikely that future grants will be so spent, if a system of contribution becomes established. Indeed, we have very good reason to believe that there is a dangerous clique of wealthy men in Canada and aristocrats in England who are bent on

reducing Canada to the position of a province which would have to pay whatever navy tax was decided on by the central authority in England. If Mr. Borden does not sympathize with these men, if he really does not contemplate inaugurating a system of regular contributions, it is high time for him to say so.

"It is true that there are great differences between the conditions of 1846-50 and those of the present, but the very changes that have taken place in our relations with the Mother Country make it certain that we shall resent even more fiercely than our grandfathers any interference with our local affairs, and that such interference will result in the weakening of the ties that bind us to Great Britain. Even Mr. Mitchell will admit, I believe, that the experience of Canada, in the period of 1846-50, in connection with a preference in the English market, has a very direct and convincing lesson for Canadians and Englishmen of to-day.

"GEORGE CHARLESON."

The Contribution Bogey

Montreal, March 17th, 1913.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

SIR,—Much that is foolish has been said and written about the Borden proposal to contribute three Dreadnoughts to the British Government, but of all that I have seen or heard, nothing is perhaps so absolutely foolish as the article written by Mr. George Charleson, in your last issue. He begins by setting up a straw man of his own making that he may have the satisfaction of knocking him down. He raises a bogey that he may have the pleasure of seeing the children frightened. It almost looks as if he had deliberately chosen a wrong path that he might be able to pad out an article with scraps of early colonial history at so much a line.

"Regular contributions, voted by the Canadian Parliament, but spent by the British Government in Britain."

"It is proposed that the Canadian Parliament which represents us shall vote sums of money to be spent by the British Government which is responsible to a Parliament that does not represent us at all."

These are the false premises from which he starts. Who has ever proposed that there should be regular contributions? Mr. Borden's proposal is a gift of three warships, now, for the first time, and, so far as any mortal knows, for the last time. Does that mean regular contributions? Neither in the bill, nor in any of his speeches has the Premier given the slightest hint of regular contributions. Indeed, he has not given any real indication of a permanent policy at all. He probably has no settled opinion on the subject. He wants time to fully study the question before he submits it to the electorate. Where Mr. Charleson is wrong, and where the petty obstructionists at Ottawa (with whom I fear Mr. Charleson must be classed) are wrong, is in trying to read a permanent policy into a free-will gift. True, Mr. Borden speaks of "one flag, one navy, one Empire," but surely that does not mean regular contributions. It may as easily mean a Canadian navy forming a unit of the imperial fleet. Of what use would it be otherwise? A son who has never given a present to the father, who has fostered and helped and cared for him, comes to manhood and a wealthy independence. Out of the goodness of his heart and as a token of gratitude for all that his father has done for him he sends him a gift. Does it follow that he has to keep it up? He is surely just as free to give or to withhold as he was before. Who ever heard of the absurd contention that because a man gives another a present once he must do it twice? Indeed, it is rather the other way. Having made the gift he feels that he has discharged an obligation, and needs give the past no further thought. If the father's care and protection are continued (indeed, have to be continued) it behooves the son (who it must be remembered is able to do so) to assist in his own defence and (if he is not unworthy of the name of son) in his father's defence as well. But there are other sons and it is a delicate as well as a difficult matter to determine what each should do and how he should do it. There must be consultations and pour parlers and much debate before a decision is reached. In the meantime the gift which he has made is sufficient for immediate needs. This is the present situation as between the British and Canadian Governments. The point, however, which I wish to make, is that the son is as free a man after the presentation as he was

before, and a more self-respecting man as well. How any person who has not a perverted vision or a warped judgment can see in a free-will gift any subsequent compulsion is more than I can understand, especially when coupled with the gift is the explicit statement that the future policy has yet to be determined. Besides, the money is not to be "spent by the British Government" as it pleases. It is given for a specific purpose and must be spent for that purpose. The British Government is simply the agent of the Canadian Government in so far as this work is concerned, just because they know better how to do it. In the same way I would trust an agent to expend my money (if I had any) according to general instructions, because he knows how to transact the business a great deal better than I do. Strange, isn't it, that some people are always reading into things what was never intended and trying to twist words and phrases into something they do not mean and never have meant? Stranger it is still that others will go even farther and assume that certain things are so, without having even twisted words and phrases to support the assumption. This, so far as I can see, is what your writer has done. He starts with false premises and of course reaches a false conclusion.

The main part of the article deals with the relations between the Mother Country and Canada, on the legislative side, from the founding of the colony to the present time, wherein he shows how, step by step, we gained practically absolute freedom. It is all very interesting, but "que diable allaits—il faire dans cette galere," unless his object is to show the absurdity of his own position? Does he not see that it is sufficient to recite these facts to show how ridiculous it is for people to talk as if the state of affairs which existed in those earlier days could possibly be re-established. Is it conceivable that the Government which gave us this freedom could ever dream, in these days of democratic power, of taking it away again? The idea is so unthinkable that people look upon those who utter such sentiments as really irresponsible. The mother of Parliaments which gave us what we have in the way of autonomy will never deprive us of one right we possess. Why, if the people of Canada expressed a desire to become independent or to be annexed to the United States, does one suppose for a moment that Great Britain would attempt by force to prevent us? How much more unlikely is it that she would dream of interfering with our liberty in minor matters.

Even if the permanent policy should prove to be one of regular contributions, Britain would be the first to see to it that the money should be expended by an Imperial Council, composed of representatives from the contributing states and responsible to their respective Governments. One thing is certain, there could be no taxation without representation. But this is not a matter that is under discussion. The Government has given no sure intimation of what its permanent policy will be, undoubtedly, as I have already said, because it hasn't got one, and the person who construes a gift into a policy of regular contributions is going far afield to get something wherewith "to tickle the ears of the groundlings."

Yours truly,

J. A. NICHOLSON.

No Roots Struck

PERHAPS the Hon. G. E. Foster will pardon our quoting once again his magnificent plea for a Canadian navy. It is so much superior in tone and quality to anything else that has been said on the subject that our admiration is pardonable. On one occasion he spoke as follows:

"Suppose you contribute this year your sum, and next year your equal sum, and thereafter year after year. After ten or twelve, or twenty or thirty years, you will have paid out an immense amount of money. You will have been protected in the meantime; but in Canada itself there will be no roots struck; there will be no residue left, there will be no preparation of the soil, or beginning of the growth of the product of defence. Yet some time or other, no one can doubt that with resources and with a population constantly increasing we must and will have in this country a naval force of our own for our coast and home defence. "The interest that we take in a contribution spent by another is not the interest that I desire for Canada. I want to see something grafted on the soil of Canada's nationhood, which takes root and grows and develops until it incites the spirit of defence in this country, leads to a participation in the defence, leads to that quick interest in it, its glories, its duties and its accomplished work, which is after all the one great thing that compensates a people for great expenditures either on land or on sea in the way of defence and of the maintenance of the rights of the country."

Lady Alicia's Emeralds

A Decidedly Pleasant Story of an Amateur Detective

By ROBERT BARR

MANY Englishmen, if you speak to them of me, indulge themselves in a detraction which I hope they will not mind my saying is not graced by that delicacy of innuendo with which some of my own countrymen attempt to diminish whatever merit I may possess. Mr. Spenser Hale, of Scotland Yard, whose lack of imagination I have so often endeavoured to amend—alas! without perceptible success—was good enough to say after I had begun these reminiscences, which he read with affected scorn, that I was wise in setting down my successes, because the life of Methuselah himself would not be long enough to chronicle my failures, and the man to whom this was said replied that it was only my artfulness, a word of which these people are very fond; that I intended to use my successes as bait, issue a small pamphlet filled with them, and then record my failures in a thousand volumes, after the plan of a Chinese Encyclopædia, and sell these to the public on the instalment plan.

Ah, well, it is not for me to pass comment on such observations. Every profession has its little jealousies, and why should the coterie of detection be exempt? I hope I may never be led to follow an example so deleterious, and thus be tempted to express my contempt for the stupidity with which the official detective system of England is imbued. I have had my failures, of course. Have I pretended to be otherwise than human? But what has been the cause of these failures? They have arisen through the conservatism of the English. When there is a mystery to be solved, the average Englishman almost invariably places it in the hands of the regular police. When these good people are utterly baffled; when their big boots have crushed out all evidence that the grounds may have had to offer to a discerning mind; when their clumsy hands have obliterated the clues which are everywhere around them, I am at last called in, and if I fail, they say—

"What could you expect: he is a Frenchman?"

This was exactly what happened in the case of Lady Alicia's emeralds. For two months the regular police were not only befogged, but they blatantly sounded the alarm to every thief in Europe. All the pawnbrokers' shops of Great Britain were ransacked, as if the robber of so valuable a collection would be foolish enough to take it to a pawnbroker! Of course, the police say that they thought the thief would dismantle the clustet and sell the gems separately. But the necklace of emeralds possessing, as it did, an historical value which is probably in excess of its intrinsic worth, what more natural than that the holder of it should open negotiations with its rightful owner and thus make more money by quietly restoring it than by its dismemberment and sale piecemeal? But such a fuss was kicked up; such a furor created, that it was no wonder the receiver of the goods lay low and said nothing. In vain were all ports giving access to the Continent watched: in vain were the police of France, Belgium, and Holland warned to look out for this treasure. Two valuable months were lost, and then the Marquis of Blair sent for me. I maintain that the case was hopeless at the moment I took it up.

It may be asked why the Marquis of Blair allowed the regular police to blunder along for two precious months, but anyone who is acquainted with that nobleman will not wonder that he clung so long to a forlorn hope. Very few members of the House of Peers are richer than Lord Blair, and still fewer more penurious. He maintained that as he paid his taxes, he was entitled to protection from theft; that it was the duty of the Government to restore the gems, and if it could not do that, to make compensation for them. This theory is not acceptable in the English Courts, and while Scotland Yard did all it could during those two months, what but failure could have been expected from its limited mental equipment?

When I arrived at the Manor of Blair, as his lordship's very ugly and somewhat modern mansion house is termed, I was instantly admitted to his presence. I had been summoned from London by a letter in his lordship's own hand, on which the postage was not paid. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and our first conference was what might be termed futile. It was taken up entirely with haggling about terms, the Marquis endeavouring to beat down the price of my services to a sum so insignificant that it would barely have paid my expenses from London to Blair and back. Such

bargaining is intensely distasteful to me. When the Marquis found all his offers declined with a politeness which left no opening for anger on his part, he endeavoured to induce me to take up the case on a commission contingent upon my recovery of the gems, and as I declined this for the twentieth time, darkness came on, and the gong rang for dinner.

I dined alone in a *salle a manger* which appeared to be set apart for those calling at the mansion on business, and the meagreness of the fare strengthened my determination to return to London as early as possible next morning. When the repast was finished, the dignified serving-man said gravely to me—

"The Lady Alicia asks if you will be good enough to give her a few moments in the drawing-room, sir."

I followed the man to the drawing-room, and found the young lady seated at the piano, on which she was strumming idly and absent-mindedly, but with a touch, nevertheless, that indicated advanced excellence in the art of music. She was not dressed as one who had just risen from the dining-table, but was somewhat primly and commonly attired, looking more like a cottager's daughter than a member of a great county family. Her head was small, and crowned with a mass of jet-black hair. My first impression, on entering the large, rather dimly lighted room, was unfavourable; but that vanished instantly under the charm of a manner so graceful and vivacious that in a moment I seemed to be standing in a brilliant Parisian *salon* rather than in the sombre drawing-room of an English country house. Every poise of her dainty head, every gesture of those small, perfect hands, every modulated tone of the voice, whether sparkling with laughter, or caressing in confidential speech, reminded me of the *grandes dames* of my own land. It was strange to find this perfect human flower amidst the gloomy ugliness of a great square house built in the time of the Georges; but I remembered now that the Blairs are the English equivalent of the De Bellairs of France, from which family sprang the fascinating Marquise de Bellairs, who adorned the Court of Louis XIV. Here, advancing towards me, was the very reincarnation of the lovely Marquise who gave lustre to this dull world nearly three hundred years ago. Ah! after all, what are the English but a conquered race? I often forget this, and I trust I never remind them of it; but it enables one to forgive them much. A vivid twentieth-century Marquise was Lady Alicia in all except attire. What a dream some of our Parisian dress artists could have made of her! and here she was, immured in this dull English house in the high-necked costume of a labourer's wife!

"WELCOME, Monsieur Valmont!" she cried in French of almost faultless intonation. "I am so glad you have arrived"; and here she greeted me as if I were an old friend of the family. There was nothing of condescension in her manner, no display of her own affability, while at the same time teaching me my place and the difference in our stations of life. I can stand the rudeness of the nobility, but I detest their condescension. No—Lady Alicia was a true De Bellairs, and in my confusion, bending over her slender hand, I said—

"Madame la Marquise, it is my privilege to extend to you my most respectful salutations."

She laughed at this quietly, with the melting sound of the nightingale.

"Monsieur, you mistake my title. Although my uncle is a marquis, I am but Lady Alicia."

"Your pardon, my lady. For the moment I was back in that scintillating Court which surrounded Louis le Grand."

"How flatteringly you introduce yourself, monsieur! In the gallery upstairs there is a painting of the Marquise de Bellairs, and when I show it to you to-morrow, you will then understand how you have pleased a vain woman by your reference to that beautiful lady. But I must not talk in this frivolous strain, monsieur. There is serious business to be considered; and, I assure you, I looked forward to your coming with the eagerness of sister Anne on the tower of Bluebeard."

I fear my expression, as I bowed to her, must have betrayed my gratification at hearing these words so confidentially uttered from lips so sweet, while the glance of her lovely eyes was even more

eloquent than her words. Instantly I felt ashamed of my chaffering over terms with her uncle; instantly I forgot my resolution to depart on the morrow; instantly I resolved to be of what assistance I could to this dainty lady. Alas, the heart of Valmont is to-day as unprotected against the artillery of inspiring eyes as ever it was in his extreme youth!

"This house," she continued, vivaciously, "has been practically in a state of siege for two months. I could take none of my usual walks in the gardens, on the lawns, or through the park, without some clumsy policeman in uniform crashing his way through the bushes, or some detective in plain clothes accosting and questioning me under the pretence that he was a stranger who had lost his way. The lack of all subtlety in our police is something deplorable. I am sure the real criminal might have passed through their hands a dozen times unmolested, while our poor, innocent servants and the strangers within our gates are made to feel that the stern eye of the Law is upon them night and day."

The face of the young lady was an entrancing picture of animated indignation as she gave utterance to this truism, which her countrymen are so slow to appreciate. I experienced a glow of satisfaction.

"Yes," she went on, "they sent down from London an army of stupid men, who have kept our household in a state of abject terror for eight long weeks, and where are the emeralds?"

AS she suddenly asked this question, with the most Parisian of accents, with a little outward spreading of the hands, a flash of the eye, and a toss of the head, the united effect was something indescribable through the limitations of the language I am compelled to use.

"Well, monsieur, your arrival has put to flight this tiresome brigade—if, indeed, the word 'flight' is not too airy a term to use towards a company so elephantine; and I assure you a sigh of relief has gone up from the whole household, with the exception of my uncle, and I told him at dinner to-night: 'If Monsieur Valmont had been induced to take an interest in the case at the first, the jewels would have been in my possession long before to-night!'"

"Ah, my lady," I protested, "I fear you overrate my poor ability. It is quite true that if I had been called in on the night of the robbery, my chances of success would have been infinitely greater than they are now."

"Monsieur," she cried, clasping her hands over her knees and leaning towards me, hypnotizing me with those starry eyes, "monsieur, I am perfectly confident that before a week is past you will restore the necklace, if such restoration is possible. I have said so from the first. Now, am I right in my conjecture, monsieur, that you come here alone—that you bring with you no train of followers and assistants?"

"That is as you have stated it, my lady."

"I was sure of it. It is to be a contest of trained mentality in opposition to our two months' experience of brute force."

Never before had I felt such ambition to succeed, and a determination not to disappoint took full possession of me. Appreciation is a needed stimulant, and here it was offered to me in its most fascinating form. Ah, Valmont, Valmont, will you never grow old? I am sure that at that moment, if I had been eighty, the same thrill of enthusiasm would have tingled at my fingers' ends. Leave the Manor of Blair in the morning? Not for the Bank of France!

"Has my uncle acquainted you with particulars of the robbery?"

"No, madam, we were talking of other things."

The lady leaned back in her low chair, partially closed her eyes, and breathed a deep sigh.

"I can well imagine the subject of your conversation," she said at last. "The Marquis of Blair was endeavouring to impose usurer's terms upon you, while you, nobly scorning such mercenary considerations, had perhaps resolved to leave us at the earliest opportunity."

"I assure you, my lady, that if any such conclusion had been arrived at on my part, it vanished the moment I was privileged to set foot in this drawing-room."

"It is kind of you to say that, monsieur; but you must not allow your conversation with my uncle to prejudice you against him. He is an old man

now, and of course has his fancies. You would think him mercenary, perhaps, and so he is; but then so, too, am I. Oh, yes, I am, monsieur, frightfully mercenary. To be mercenary, I believe, means to be fond of money. No one is fonder of money than I, except, perhaps, my uncle; but you see, monsieur, we occupy the two extremes. He is fond of money to hoard it; I am fond of money to spend it. I am fond of money for the things it will buy. I should like to scatter *largesse* as did my fair ancestress in France. I should love a manor-house in the country, and a mansion in Mayfair. I could wish to make everyone around me happy, if the expenditure of money would do it."

"That is a form of money love, Lady Alicia, that will find a multitude of admirers."

The girl shook her head and laughed merrily.

"I should so dislike to forfeit your esteem, Monsieur Valmont, and therefore I shall not reveal the depth of my cupidity. You will learn that probably from my uncle, and then you will understand my extreme anxiety for the recovery of these jewels."

"Are they very valuable?"

"Oh, yes; the necklace consists of twenty stones, no one of which weighs less than an ounce. Altogether, I believe, they amount to two thousand four hundred or two thousand five hundred carats, and their intrinsic value is twenty pounds a carat at least. So you see that means nearly fifty thousand pounds; yet even this sum is trivial compared with what it involves. There is something like a million at stake, together with my coveted manor-house in the country, and my equally coveted mansion in Mayfair. All this is within my grasp if I can but recover the emeralds."

THE girl blushed prettily as she noticed how intently I regarded her while she evolved this tantalizing mystery. I thought there was a trace of embarrassment in her laugh when she cried—

"Oh! what will you think of me when you understand the situation? Pray, pray do not judge me harshly. I assure you the position I aim at will be used for the good of others as well as for my own pleasure. If my uncle does not make a confidant of you, I must take my courage in both hands and give you all the particulars; but not to-night. Of course, if one is to unravel such a tangle as that in which we find ourselves, he must be made aware of every particular, must he not?"

"Certainly, my lady."

"Very well, Monsieur Valmont, I shall supply any deficiencies that occur in my uncle's conversation with you. There is one point on which I should like to warn you. Both my uncle and the police have made up their minds that a certain young man is the culprit. The police found various clues which apparently led in his direction, but they were unable to gather enough to justify his arrest. At first, I thought he had nothing whatever to do with the matter, but lately I am not so sure. All I ask of you, until we have another opportunity of consulting together, is to preserve an open mind, and do not let my uncle prejudice you against him."

"What is the name of this young man?"

"He is the Honourable John Haddon."

"The Honourable? Is he a person who would do so dishonourable an action?"

The young lady shook her head.

"I am almost sure he would not, and yet one never can tell. I think at the present moment there are one or two noble lords in prison, but their crimes have not been mere vulgar housebreaking."

"Am I to infer, Lady Alicia, that you are in possession of certain facts not known either to your uncle or the police?"

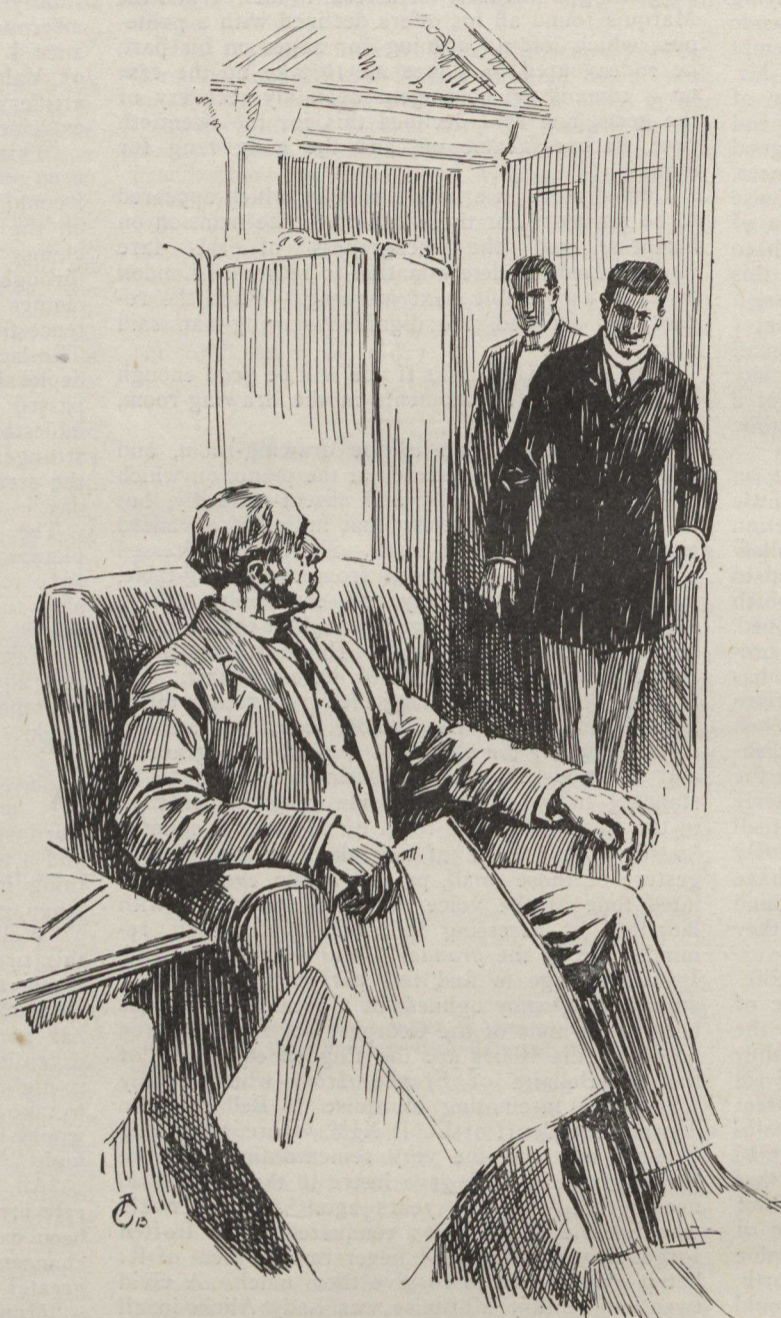
"Yes."

"Pardon me, but do these facts tend to incriminate the young man?"

Again the young lady leaned back in her chair and gazed past me, a wrinkle of perplexity on her fair brow. Then she said, very slowly—

"You will understand, Monsieur Valmont, how loth I am to speak against one who was formerly a friend. If he had been content to remain a friend, I am sure this incident which has caused us all such worry and trouble would never have happened. I do not wish to dwell on what my uncle will tell you was a very unpleasant episode, but the Honourable John Haddon is a poor man, and it is quite out of the question for one brought up as I have

been to marry into poverty. He was very headstrong and reckless about the matter, and involved my uncle in a bitter quarrel while discussing it, much to my chagrin and disappointment. It is as necessary for him to marry wealth as it is for me to make a good match, but he could not be brought to see that. Oh, he is not at all a sensible young man, and all my friendship for him has ceased. Yet I should dislike very much to take any action that



I was admitted to the study of the Marquis of Blair.

would harm him, therefore I have spoken to no one but you about the evidence that is in my hands, and this you must treat as entirely confidential, giving no hint to my uncle, who is already bitter enough against Mr. Haddon."

"Does this evidence convince you that he stole the necklace?"

"No, I do not believe yet that he actually stole it, but I am persuaded that he was accessory after the fact—is that the legal term? Now, Monsieur Valmont, we will say no more to-night. If I talk any longer about this crisis, I shall not sleep, and I wish, with your help, to attack the situation with a very clear mind to-morrow."

WHEN I retired to my room, I found that I, too, could not sleep, although I needed a clear mind to face the problem of to-morrow. It is difficult for me to describe accurately the effect this interview had upon my mind, but, to use a bodily simile, I may say that it seemed as if I had indulged too freely in a subtle champagne which appeared exceedingly excellent at first, but from which the exhilaration had now departed. No man could have been more completely under a spell than I was when Lady Alicia's eyes first spoke to me more than her lips revealed; but although I had challenged her right to the title "mercenary" when she applied it to herself, I could not but confess that her nonchalant recital regarding the friend who desired to be the lover, jarred upon me. I found my sympathy extending itself to that unknown young man, on whom it appeared the shadow of suspicion already rested. I was confident that if he had actually taken the emeralds, it was not at all from motives of cupidity. Indeed, that was

practically shown by the fact that Scotland Yard had been unable to trace the jewels, which at least they might have done if the necklace had been sold, either as a whole or dismembered. Of course, an emerald weighing an ounce is by no means unusual. The Hope emerald, for example, weighs six ounces, and the gem owned by the Duke of Devonshire measures two and a quarter inches through its greatest diameter. Nevertheless, such a constellation as the Blair emeralds was not to be disposed of very easily, and I surmised no attempt had been made either to sell them or to raise money upon them. Now that I had removed myself from the glamour of her presence, I began to suspect that the young lady, after all, although undoubtedly possessing the brilliancy of her jewels, retained also something of their hardness. There had been no expression of sympathy for the discarded friend; it was too evident, recalling what had latterly passed between us, that the young woman's sole desire, and a perfectly natural desire, was to recover her missing treasure. There was something behind all this which I could not comprehend, and I resolved in the morning to question the Marquis of Blair as shrewdly as he cared to allow. Failing him, I should cross-question the niece in a somewhat dryer light than that which had enshrouded me during this interesting evening. I care not who knows it, but I have been befooled more than once by a woman, and I determined that in clear daylight I should resist the hypnotizing influence of those glorious eyes. *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* how easy it is for me to make good resolutions when I am far from temptation!

IT was ten o'clock next morning when I was admitted to the study of the aged bachelor Marquis of Blair. His keen eyes looked through and through me as I seated myself before him.

"Well!" he said, shortly.

"My lord," I began, deliberately, "I know nothing more of the case than was furnished by the accounts I have read in the newspapers. Two months have elapsed since the robbery. Every day that passed made the detection of the criminal more difficult. I do not wish to waste either my time or your money on a forlorn hope. If, therefore, you will be good enough to place me in possession of the facts known to you, I shall tell you at once whether or not I can take up the case."

"Do you wish the name of the criminal?" asked his lordship.

"Do you know his name?" I asked in return.

"Yes, his name is John Haddon."

"Did you give that name to the police?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't they arrest him?"

"Because the evidence against him is so small, and the improbability of his having committed the crime is so great."

"What is the evidence against him?"

His lordship spoke with the dry deliberation of an aged solicitor.

"The robbery was committed on the night of October the 5th. All day there had been a heavy rain, and the grounds were wet. For reasons into which I do not care to go, John Haddon was familiar with this house and with our grounds. He was well known to my servants, and unfortunately popular with them, for he is an open-handed spendthrift. The estate of his elder brother, Lord Steffenham, adjoins my own to the west, and Lord Steffenham's house is three miles from where we sit. On the night of the fifth a ball was given in the mansion of Lord Steffenham, to which, of course, my niece and myself were invited, and which invitation we accepted. I have no quarrel with the elder brother. It was known to John Haddon that my niece intended to wear her necklace of emeralds. The robbery occurred at a time when most crimes of that nature are committed in country houses—namely, while we were at dinner, an hour during which the servants are almost invariably in the lower part of the house. In October the days are getting short. The night was exceptionally dark, for although the rain had ceased, not a star was visible. The thief placed a ladder against the sill of one of the upper windows, opened it, and came in. He must have been perfectly familiar with the house, for there are evidences that he went direct to the boudoir, where the jewel-case had been carelessly left on my niece's dressing-table

(Continued on page 23.)



THE GREEKS

WE have been reminded twice within the year that Canada has attracted to her growing cities of opportunity—which are quite as remarkable in their way as her wheat lands—a large Greek colony. When the Balkan War broke out, we saw with admiring but mildly astonished eyes regiments of young men from our prosaic city stores arise and go deliberately into this welter of death, fighting for a land that they had left—a land on the other side of the world—yet a land that they loved passionately—the Fatherland alike of Pericles, of Agamemnon and of themselves. And now again, when the King of the Hellenes is stricken down while performing for his country exactly the duty which a king should—that is, planting his court in a conquered city, and so making good the Greek title—we find that the blow brings sudden and deep mourning to people who live next-door to us—to fellow-citizens of ours—to these same Greeks in temporary exile who join daily in the traffic and barter of our cities.

NO other people in Eastern Europe is so largely represented in Canada. And this is typical of the Greeks. They are the enterprising, the exploratory, the expansive race of the Eastern Mediterranean. It is seen to be so near their own country; and we in far Canada can now bear abundant testimony that it is so here. Wherever you go in the neighbourhood of Greece you find Greeks, settled and in business, and doing remarkably well. Egypt is populated with Arabs and permeated with French and English, hotel-ed by Germans and financed by half Europe; and yet, in spite of this competition, the Greeks have worked their way into Egypt, captured a fair share of its trade, and many of them have made fortunes there, which they spend in lavishly restoring the ancient glories of Athens. The Aegean is full of islands, some lying very near to the Turkish shores; but they are not peopled by Turks—they are peopled by Greeks. Crete—well to the south—is a Greek island, now happily to be soon restored to its proper political affiliations. Over on the coast of Asia Minor is the city of

Smyrna—the port of that part of Asiatic Turkey. But much of its trade is in Greek hands. When the Greek army marched into Salonika, they entered a Greek city, though over it has flown for centuries the flag of Islam.

PEOPLE had got the foolish and unfair idea from the last Turkish war, when Greece fought without preparation and under hopeless conditions against overwhelming odds, that the modern Greek was not a good soldier. The conduct of this same modern Greek during the War of Independence in his own land, ought to have taught them better. There was a struggle for you, full of desperate heroism and magnificent daring; and much of it took place on the sacred soil which bears aloft the hill of Argos and carries in the bosom of its hills the hoary city of Mycenae. But, despite of this, the impression grew that the Greek could not fight. I fancy that it came somewhat from the pictures of the uniform of Albanian origin, which our illustrated papers printed, and which makes the soldier look very like a ballet-dancer. But now, today, we know that these “ballet-dancing” soldiers can fight like demons, and drive their hereditary enemies before them. We know—what is more revealing—that they have carried, during this war, a large number of strongly entrenched positions literally at the point of the bayonet—as, for instance, at Janina the other day. And the modern soldier who carries the modern fortification with the bayonet, has no need to give other proofs of his courage.

OF course, I personally did not need these proofs. I have felt, ever since I visited Greece, that the Greeks are a great, a very great, people. They are just beginning now to enter into their own. It is only a few years since they emerged from under the pulverizing heel of the Turk. You cannot say that, wherever the Turkish foot treads, nothing in the way of national feeling ever grows again; for the Greeks themselves, and the Bulgars and the Serbs and the Roumanians, have splendidly proven the contrary. But even the most deathless and re-

silient people must be expected to show the wounds and the emaciation of Turkish occupation for some considerable time after their escape from it. Every year during which the Greeks have been free, they have made progress. The re-building of Athens was itself a miracle. Some of the old parts still remain—I mean, the parts which existed under Turkish rule—and, even in their renovated and greatly cleaned-up condition, give you some idea of what enslaved Athens was like. Free Athens—the modern Greek Athens—is one of the most beautiful cities in the world for its size, and is entirely worthy of the splendid achievements of its glorious past, when you remember the short time in which it has had to prove its powers—and the terrible handicap of poverty which it has carried.

THEY had, when I was there, an exhibition of modern Greek art in the Zappeion—a building erected by two patriotic Greek brothers for exhibition purposes. I wish you could have seen it. It was not only that it was exceedingly good; but it was individual. It was neither Paris nor Munich art. It was Athenian. One statue I recall—I could never pass it without emotion. It was simply the bowed form of a slave girl with manacles on her wrists and ankles. On the base was cut the single word—“Krete.” And now Crete is to be set free. Physically, the Greeks have the loveliest land in Europe. Some of the views are incredibly beautiful—you feel like the American who saw the display of fireworks at the old Chicago World's Fair for the first time, and exclaimed—“G—! I don't believe it.” As you stand on some of the high places in Greece and look along precipitous shores and over deep blue arms of the sea, you cannot accept it as reality—you suspect that Alma-Tadema must have been commissioned to prepare this “bit” as a model for one of his wonderful canvases.

THE great obstacle to Greek development so far has been lack of native industries. The Greek had to leave home to make a living. That is why he came to Canada—not because he prefers our monotonous winter fields to the flashing Gulf of Corinth. But now that the whole Greek population will come together again, they will constitute a numerous as well as a talented people; and we may look to see opportunities enough in Hellas to once more keep her sons at home. I hope, however, that our own Greeks will not return. They are an element in our population that we need—we need more art, more Southern fire, more appreciation of the beautiful. But Greece itself will revive, and will become again one of the great nations of the East.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



THE LAST GROUP PICTURE OF THE ROYAL PARTY TAKEN BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND. Reading from left to right (top row)—Capt. H. C. Bullen, A.D.C.; Miss Adams; Major E. Scott Worthington, M.D.; Capt. the Hon. G. Boscawen, A.D.C.; Capt. W. Long, A.D.C.; Miss Pelly; Capt. T. H. Rivers, Bulkeley. (Bottom row)—Mr. A. F. Sladen, Private Secretary; H. R. H. Princess Patricia; H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught; H. R. H. The Duchess of Connaught; Lt.-Col. H. C. Lowther. Copyright Photograph by Pittaway.



The Fairies Teasing the Old Nurse—Scene from "Racketty-Packetty House."



In the Abandoned Dolls' House—Scene From "Racketty-Packetty House."

A Season of Child Plays

By JOHN E. WEBBER

THE lion's share of attention in the mid-season offerings has fallen to the children. Not less than half a dozen new plays, either of children or for children, a revival of "Peter Pan," and a charming little playhouse built exclusively for children's productions, evidence the unprecedented desire to provide theatrical entertainment for the little folk. We have had child plays in other seasons, of course, and considering the phenomenal success of such recent ventures as "Peter Pan" or "The Blue Bird" the wonder is that a thorough cultivation of the juvenile field has been delayed so long. Or can it be that the very excellence of these and other famous forerunners has helped to discourage a too impetuous movement in this direction? Or is the sudden interest but another phase of a noticeable general awakening to the importance of children in our social economy?

But whatever the psychology of the change from neglect, the danger may soon become one of over-cultivation, and too hasty, indiscriminate sowing, bring on an inevitable harvest of mediocrity. Fortunately this danger is not sug-



William Norris as the Wicked Aunt in "A Good Little Devil."



Gwendolyn and the Bear in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

gested in any of the current offerings. Nearly all have qualified as financial and artistic successes to a most encouraging degree. And while none can yet claim the imperishable and apparently inexhaustible charms of, say, "Peter Pan," or would be compared for poetic beauty and philosophic import, to "The Blue Bird," one or two at least will qualify for a lasting place in the juvenile literature of our stage.

"Little Women," chronologically first in the child plays of the season, is unique in its appeal. For three generations the book has been a classic for girls. The stage adaptation consequently found a grown-up audience, unlimited as to numbers, waiting with rare emotions to see visualized memory pictures, with colours faded perhaps to the softness of old tapestry, but pictures nevertheless of enduring charm. To these must also be added a new generation, eager and curious to turn so pleasantly the pages of a book—known by hearsay at least—and read for the first time the story of *Meg and Jo* and old *Auntie Marsh*. Fortunately for the play's success, the literary qualities, the wonderful atmosphere and the faithful picture of Old Concord life, which have brought the book such lasting fame, are transferred to the stage with admirable fidelity. The popularity of the play, assured from the outset, shows no sign of abatement.

"Snow White" and "Racketty-Packetty-House," which come next in order, are out and out fairy plays for children. The former is made from Grimm's classic of the nursery, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and follows closely the original story. Snow White is the little girl with skin as white as snow and lips red as blood, whom a wicked step-mother, Queen Brangomar, because she is jealous of her beauty, sends off into the deep woods to be murdered by the royal huntsman. The huntsman could not, of course, bring himself to commit the actual murder, although he pretends to have done it, and Snow White goes to live with the Seven Dwarfs of the title, to make their beds and cook and keep house for them. And what a change her coming makes in their household. Of course the jealous Queen finds out in time that Snow White is not slain as she had ordered, and she comes in



Scene From "Little Women"—Beth, Jo, Meg and Amy.



The Seven Dwarfs in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

disguise to do the deed herself. First she tries the poisoned comb, which fails. Then the poisoned apple, which almost succeeds, and would have but for the faithful dwarfs, who come to her rescue. The bite of apple lodging in her throat, which gives her the appearance of death and deceives the Queen, is later coughed up, and Snow White coming to life marries Prince Florimond, and her troubles are over.

"Racketty-Packetty-House" inaugurated the new Children's Theatre already mentioned. This play-house, we are told—which by the way has the distinction of being the only theatre of its kind in the world—was part of the comprehensive plan which the founders of the National Theatre movement had in contemplation when their sanguine expectations so suddenly collapsed. However, with the co-operation of one or two of the original founders, the present lessees of the New Theatre, now known as the Century, have gone bravely ahead with this part of the project and built a cosy, charming little play-house, with miniature stage and appropriate seating, on the roof of the larger edifice.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," was commissioned to write the opening play, and the result was "Racketty-Packetty-House." This play is not only about children, but its plot turns wholly on things in which children are interested—dolls and dolls' houses.

A certain little girl, named Cynthia, gets a present of a new dolls' house, built in the form of a castle, with real lords and ladies for the dolls who live in it. Thereupon she wants to banish the old dolls and the abandoned dolls' house to the cellar or have them burned up. A good fairy, however, whispers in her ear to shove them into the alcove. This the footmen do with such vim that, in the next act, laid in the racketty-packetty-house, we find Peter Piper, Peg, Meg and the other old-fashioned dolls strewn about the floor. Later the play reveals how that the ragged Peter falls in love with the Lady Patricia, who has been left at the wrong house by mistake. The disdain of her mother, the duchess, that Patricia should have anything to do with so ordinary a playmate as Peter, shows that dolls are not all free from snobbery.

Cynthia is then visited by the Princess, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who takes such a fancy to the old dolls' house that Cynthia makes her a present of it. With the change to Buckingham Palace, Peter becomes a duke and as such quite eligible to marry a princess. The last scene shows the bride and bridegroom coming out of the little toy church and receiving the blessings of the duchess. Master Gabriel plays the role of Peter, Jean Ford, the little daughter of Mr. Hugh Ford, general stage director for Liebler, the princess, and Miss Mona Hungerford, who made such a hit as the precocious child in "Preserving Mr. Panmure," last season, is the good fairy queen *Crosspatch*.

"A Good Little Devil" is a Paris importation, the



The Fairies Restoring the Sight of the Little Blind Heroine in "A Good Little Devil."

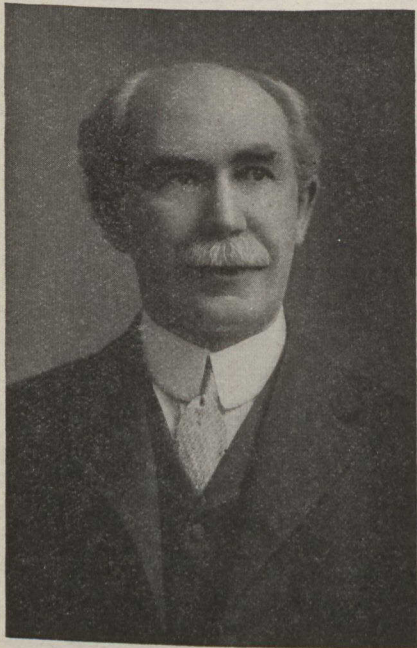
joint work of Madame Rostand and the son of Edmond, the author of "Cyrano" and "Chantecler." Mr. Austin Strong is credited with the authorship of the American version, while Mr. Belasco plays fairy godfather to the production.

The story runs as follows: Once upon a time there lived in the northern part of Scotland a little boy whose aunt made him live in a garret with the rats. She starved him and clad him in rags while all the time hoarding up money sent her by a rich uncle for his bringing up. But the fairies intervened and one night when he was sent to bed supperless they came to his garret bringing little Thoughts-From-Afar, who had seen his mother in heaven, and who brought three kisses for him, one for memory, one for love, and one for courage. Equipped with these and befriended by a wandering poet, the boy who proved always a "good little devil," has many experiences and adventures in the real world. When he has finished his wanderings and come home to the garden of his blind little sweetheart he finds that the fairies have restored her sight. Then everyone gets his deserts, and the

boy marries his sweetheart.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl," by name Gwendolyn. Father absorbed in Wall Street, mother in society; palace on Riverside Drive, a dreary prison; only companions a footman, a nurse, a governess and a small army of servants. Gwendolyn's happiest memory is of a fortnight in the country which in a dreamland fancy, induced by an opiate given by the nurse, she revisits, while the distracted parents and the doctor fight for her life. In the last act the parents, realizing their neglect, and cured at last of their social and money making pre-occupations, are hovering about, making ready to take Gwendolyn off to the country.

The scene of Gwendolyn's escape to the realm of fancy, with the bedroom growing dim and disappearing, and in its place the forest peopled by dream playmates spread with soft earth and the fallen leaves, her elfin dance and joyous shout, "I'm outdoors, I'm outdoors," when she realizes the change, holds a moment or two of unforgettable poignancy and beauty.



The Minister of Public Works is the Coldest Man in Parliament.

Our Parliamentary Masters

Not the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition but "The Man from Manitoba" and the Member for St. John

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HE who can explain the psychology of the flare-up in the House of Commons on Saturday, March 15, may try his hand at predicting what will happen to the Naval Bill this week. The gallery is supposed to be the best place for a judicial outlook. But an able editor in the press gallery was reprimanded by the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms for egging on the Liberals in the stampede. He says that all he did was to clasp his hands at the back of his neck—which may have been a Gaelic way of saying "Sikum!" Conservative members who watched him were probably prejudiced, and no one takes the charge seriously.

And of course there were all sorts of yarns about what this and that member said or did in the sudden din that swirled about the Speaker summoned from bed; all kinds of comment in the press, belligerent cartoons, bigoted editorials and carefully partisan reports. As a matter of fact the whole episode was a demonstration of temporary dementia. Nobody knows exactly all that happened more than the average man in a train wreck is able to give more than what he thinks were his own sensations.

Dr. Clark predicted a "brain-storm" early on Saturday. When it came he was in it. But the member for Red Deer was not demented. Neither was any man drunken with new wine. It was an aggregation of individually

sane men for a few moments gone clean off in the way that a mob goes when there isn't an insane man in the crowd.

The dementia was collective. Individually—was it tactics? Was it consciously precipitated by the threat of Hon. Rogers on Saturday morning that, "we are going to pass this Bill"? The fact that Mr. Blain was in the act of calling Mr. Robidoux to the chair just as the latter was by arrangement preparing to take it; the sudden summoning of the Speaker; the telephoning of Chief Whip Stanfield to hotels and homes and boarding-houses to round up his band; the Speaker's order to the chairman to close the debate; the naming of the member from Red Deer; the swift descent of William Pugsley to the chair; were these all parts of an attempt at emergency closure? Were Dr. Clark and Alphonse Verville singled out by the government days before the outbreak while the House was still suffering from neurotics? Was it merely a match casually dropped into gunpowder? Or was it tactics that more or less failed?

Ask—Robert Rogers. But he may not tell. He is a sphinx.

Was either the brain-storm or the manoeuvre anticipated by the Opposition, and was the eruption met by preconcerted counter tactics?

Ask—William Pugsley. He was the director of all the manoeuvring



William Pugsley is Stronger in Opposition Than He Was as Minister of Public Works.

there was. But he also may not tell. He is a master at concealment under a mask of candour.

Whatever the back-bencher on either side may not know these two men know. What the Premier or the leader of the Opposition knows to-day may have been thought out by the Minister and the ex-Minister of Public Works yesterday. The psychology begins with these two. It ends—well not yet.

And these are strange, dominant men. One is the quietest man in the House, cool-headed, low-voiced "Bob" Rogers, arch-expert in winning elections. The other is the suavest man in Parliament; silken-tongued, affable and uncannily adroit William Pugsley, the supreme master of parliamentary tactics. It is the election expert with his majority against the superb tactician and the minority. Other ministers may have their opinions and other Liberal leaders may contribute their counsels. The battle is between two experts. And most of the House knows it, even when it may not be considered good policy to say so.

Of the two Pugsley is by far the more entertaining. He is as seductively smooth as the stage magician who has "nothing up his sleeve." His smile and his voice are as pleasant as the purr of a fine family cat. But he has claws—though he may not deign to use them, so long as other cats are about. Indeed he may be up a tree when the row is on; or he may be down in the thick of it, unruffled and serene or glowering with indignation superbly staged up to suit the occasion. Dr. Clark, the dignified traditional parliamentarian, may thunder like a captain in a gale. Rodolphe Lemieux may fervently shriek "Privilege!" But William Pugsley is not moved to ebullitions so conscientious and temperamental. He is of himself the master.

Robert Rogers is also master of himself. But he is as different from Pugsley as Mr. Borden is from Sir Wilfrid. He is as cold as the bore of a Mauser; slow as a camel and quick as a cat according to his humour. To him the majority is a machine that must be kept intact and ready to swing passionlessly upon the consolidated minority whenever the time seems opportune. He goes back to 1911 for a base. The majority is an instrument by means of which "we can boss this parliament." Mr. Borden may be left to play the ethical roles. To Hon. W. T. White may be delegated the part of perfect gentleman and highly capable minister. Mr. Doherty is the constitutional jurist to whom the House is always a High Court. Mr. Cochrane probably understands the value of Ontario Imperialism in an election. Col. Sam Hughes, always pleasantly pompous, may be an encyclopaedia of soldiering—in any other kind of war but this. John D. Hazen may be conveniently posted on ice-breakers, when all he contributes to the breaking of this deadlock may be equivalent to what he knows intimately about warships. The P. M. G.—superbly may, he lash himself into fine psychological frenzy when some scandal is afoot; but he is the criminal lawyer who under the black hood of his camera sees only what the lens focuses. T. W. Crothers may be effective in preventing and settling labour strikes, but when Parliament gets into deadlock he is powerless. Mr. Nantel, Dr. Reid, Martin Burrell and George Perley may be eliminated from this parliamentary war and rank only as advisers. George Foster—in the name of Eulas, what is he doing on the high seas to Australia when this battle of the front benches is going on? Day by day his seat next the Premier is regularly vacant. But Robert Rogers seems to have no care. He can direct more easily when Mr. Foster is away; and Foster's strength is not in tactics, but in debate, which in this case is no longer the real weapon of war.

BEHIND all the recent demoralization of Commons, partisanship of the press, the manoeuvring of tacticians in the House and the tiresome droolery of talk that seldom became debate, there is a principle now as definitely fixed as a mathematical law. The casual confabs in the corridors and the regular caucuses in Rooms 16 and 18 are the behind-stage coachings in the play—"Conservative and Liberal in 1913—and Onwards." The official party doctrines of 1878 and of 1896 are all brought up to date, with all necessary discards from the pack. It is not merely Dreadnoughts and \$35,000,000. That is merely the lines of the play. It is—what is Conservatism in 1913 and what is Liberalism? And the object is to find as much cleavage as possible. Whatever stealing of thunder and bases there may have been since Confederation, the purpose now is to draw the lines.

But not merely for the country's good. The play has a present meaning.

Over and over each side asserts its case.

1. The Conservatives told the country in 1911 that they would confer with the Admiralty concerning the navy. They have done it. The Admiralty favour a direct contribution. It is time Canada did

something for Imperial defence. \$35,000,000 for three Dreadnoughts is not taxation without representation. The majority has a mandate from the people to pass the Bill.

2. The Conservatives were elected on a basis of anti-reciprocity when the country was stamped by alarmists. Their platform contained nothing essential concerning the navy. They have no mandate from the people to pass this Bill, which is an act of tyranny upsetting the true doctrine of an empire based upon autonomies.

There are a hundred ways of stating the case. But it all amounts to about the same thing. And the navy is merely the pretext for defining the positions of the parties.

Never before have party lines been so drawn on an Imperial basis; not in 1878, nor 1882 nor 1887 nor 1891; neither in 1896. Never was there an election that so sharply consolidated the rival camps as this campaign in the House and through the press—for the sake of Closure or Election, Compromise or Withdrawal. The Tories say "Mandate." The Grits talk of the new democracy of which they profess to be the progressive exponents. All the sins of inconsistency and opportunism that ever were charged up to the Liberals are repeated and consolidated now. All the accusations of tyranny and reactionism ever levelled against the Conservatives are written now in capital letters.

This you may find more in the corridors than in the House. But in the House there is being fought not merely the struggle over the Naval Bill, but what amounts to a real election campaign, whether the election comes this year or in 1915.

HOWEVER, after the tumult of the 15th the House reassembled on Monday as though there had been no hysteria and no demoralization. It was a balmy April day in mid-March, when the valley of the Ottawa was hazy with the hope of

charges against Secretary of State Coderre, who is in his place looking somewhat flustered and nervous.

In a German sort of voice, deliberate and squeaky, the member for St. Hyacinthe reads at great length the fyle of affidavits alleging personation and blackmail in the Hochelaga election. He is a highly conscientious man who never jokes; and this duty was thrust upon him.

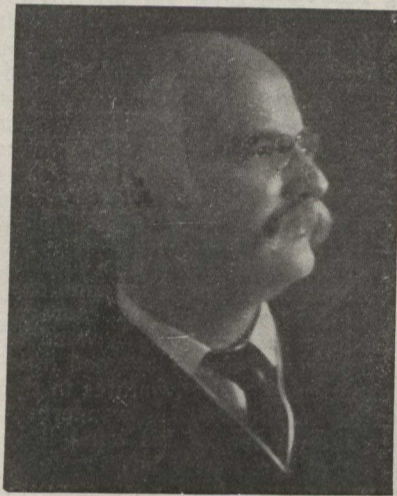
To the left of the P. M. G. the Minister of Justice, profoundly well-groomed, rearranges a huge pack of papers that have come up from Montreal. He knows most of what is in Mr. Gauthier's fyle. He is ready for the Speaker to put the motion.

And when Mr. Doherty rises, the House is indeed a High Court. The Minister of Justice is an Irishman, and the day is the 17th of March. But he is the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Ribaldry never would do when he rearranges his sweeping moustaches and proceeds to unlimber his machine guns on behalf of the Secretary of State—who, according to the rule of the House, has plainly denied the charges and has withdrawn.

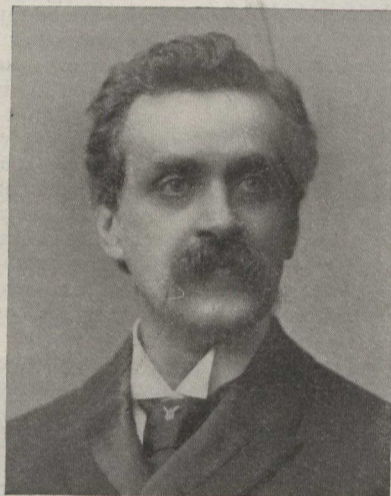
But no stranger in the gallery ever could dream from the plethoric ease with which Mr. Doherty trundles out his legal periods to the Commons jury, into what mazes of argument and verbiage and heavily dignified elaboration he may lead the House before he has half finished. He has the floor; has it with a certainty and a court-house poise that should be enough to settle even the Naval dispute *ex cathedra*. And the House settles back to listen. You fancy the Minister clutching for an invisible gown as he hears the subdued interjections from the other side and with studied politeness answers questions and inserts courtly disclaimers.

The hands of the clock opposite Mr. Doherty inadvertently stop at twenty-one minutes past five. And you do not blame the clock. Mr. Doherty keeps right on—

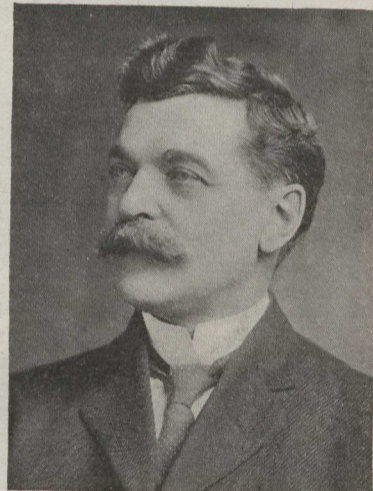
Till suddenly a cold, cantankerous voice snaps



HON. C. J. DOHERTY,
To Whom Parliament is a High Court.



HON. L. P. PELLETIER,
The Criminal Lawyer in the Cabinet.



HON. LOUIS CODERRE,
Secretary of State.

spring, and the House with its mellow lustre from the great beamed panels of glass looked as clean and sweet as a front parlour after house-cleaning. The benches were well filled; first time regularly in many days. The lassitude was gone. A Sabbath of sleep had removed the fog from the members' eyes. Every member was spruced up and alert; pages no longer sprawled like schoolboys over the Speaker's dais. The front benches were nearly all taken. There was a swift rustling of papers. Hansard was expectant. The Speaker was in his place—grim and dour as a small Cromwell. The mace blinked with a comfortable authority. The press gallery was packed. The public galleries were crowded tier above tier. Ladies of fashion beamed down at the Speaker. Rows of men stood behind.

Once more Parliament had recovered its equipoise. No longer need constitutional Mr. Borden chafe at the anarchy. Not now could any member be seen lolling with his hat over his eyes. The Naval Bill and all its dreary rounds of the morning after that never was morning at all, were for the while forgotten. Parliament was not now an arena. It was a High Court.

Suddenly over the Eastertide rustling comes a thumping of desks from the Liberals: Enter—Sir Wilfrid, who, like the late Henry Irving, knows well the value of stage effects. He gets an ovation which he makes no attempt either to acknowledge or to restrain. He has been absent from the House during most of the hysteria. His presence is enough to make certain that the Liberal side will now be exceedingly well-behaved.

The member for St. Hyacinthe rises under the press gallery. He was expected so to do. Monday was the day set; when the Naval Bill should be side-tracked in favour of the motion to investigate the

with official brusquerie from under the gallery.

"It is six o'clock. I leave the chair."

Pages deftly hand up the Speaker's hat. Solemnly the mace is hoisted by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The House rises. The gallery empties.

Well—this is at least Parliament.

Eight o'clock—the Chamber is again packed. Mr. Doherty resumes. Who but himself dreams that he is invited to address the united Irishmen in Montreal at a grand dinner that evening? that Hon. Hughes has offered his private car? that Sir Thos. Shaughnessy has wired a special train to fetch the Minister down?

No, hour by hour and precedent after precedent Mr. Doherty learnedly proves that this is a case not for the Privileges and Elections Committee, but for the courts.

And at about ten o'clock Mr. Doherty has finished. Sir Wilfrid rises. The members from the back benches crowd down to listen. The old chief is still magical. His voice is the memory of great debates, compared to which this is but a caucus talking. What he says is not so profoundly convincing. But the manner of the man in speaking is in itself enough to make those that follow him seem somewhat crude and impromptu.

Mr. Borden rises. Days now he has done little but listen. Now he has a brief. And with the broad, gentlemanly sweep of a big-minded lawyer he defends Mr. Coderre, answering the charges of the leader of the Opposition.

"Emil Bourassa has not been appointed to the public service of this country, and so long as I am connected with the government of Canada he never will be."

It is a good, resounding and high-toned speech; worthy of Mr. Borden at his best. In its able

Some World News Pictures

answer to the Opposition, its review of the arguments submitted by Mr. Doherty and its constitutional references to the character and traditions of the House of Commons, it smacks of a true Parliament.

From the time he sits down until the House rises long past midnight, the genius of real debate continues to preside. The government members are very glad of this break in the monotony of listening. Hours now they have furnished most of the talk. They are eager to do more. They have orators in front benches and up as far as the middle, where sits Arthur Meighen, the pale little vivisector from Portage la Prairie, whose *bete noir* is scowling Carvell and whose debating model is George E. Foster.

From the time when the Coderre case was voted into the courts until the adjournment on Wednesday, the 19th, for Easter, the House was mainly a meeting of a board of directors; committee of supply—when the polite badinages of Graham and Pugsley and McKenzie, from North Sydney, were agreeably answered by Hons. White and Rogers, Cochrane and Hazen. Indeed the sessions became so amicable that there were times when George Graham might have risen and struck up a good Methodist hymn. A few millions were carefully slipped through into the estimates. Members on both sides strolled amiably about the vicinity of the elevators. They packed their grips and went to the stations.

For a few days at the Eastertide—Peace! Members were conferring with their constituents. They went back with a complete set of contradictory mandates. And they are resurrecting the Naval Bill. Then—what?

Quebec Hockey Club

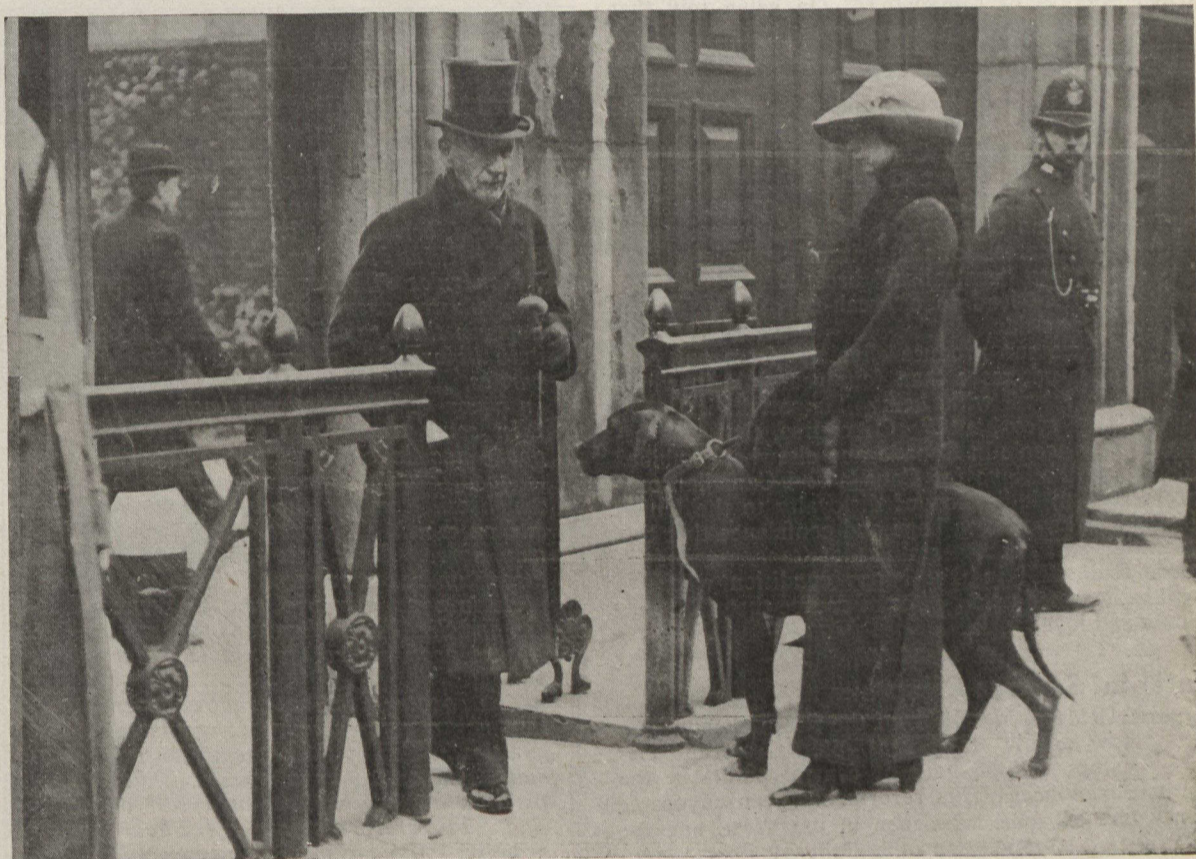
THE Quebec Hockey Club, holders of the Stanley Cup, emblematic of the hockey championship of the world, for two years in succession, also in possession of the O'Brien Cup, which goes to the winners of the National Hockey Association, has been in existence since 1880, and is one of the oldest in Canada.

The race for the championship of the National Hockey Association during the season just closed was exceptionally interesting, and up to the last three or four weeks of the schedule only a few games separated the leaders from the team taking up the rear. From then on Quebec won every game to the close of the season and created a record in the big hockey league by winning eleven straight games.

In view of the fact that the Ancient Capital Club was raided by the British Columbia League managers early in the season and suffered the loss of three of the players who helped to bring the Stanley Cup to Quebec last season, the blue and white team was not considered a factor in the league race when the season opened. The players who replaced the deserters "made good," and the team had a successful season from every point of view. They defended the Stanley Cup from the Sydney team, champions of the Maritime Province League later in the season, winning the series by a total score of 20 points to 5.



QUEBEC HOCKEY TEAM WITH O'BRIEN CUP AND STANLEY CUP.
Top Row, reading left to right—D. Beland, trainer; W. Creighton, W. Rooney and Jeff Malone, spares; M. J. Quinn, Manager.
Bottom Row—Tommy Smith, left wing; R. Crawford, utility; Paddy Moran, goal; Joe Malone, captain and centre; Joe Hall, cover-point; Jack Marks, right wing; H. Mummery, point.



Fiftieth Anniversary of Queen Alexandra's Arrival in England. Lord Morley Paying His Respects at Marlborough House.



Col. Seely, English Minister of War, Congratulated by the Spanish Minister of War After a Flight in a Bristol Biplane at Madrid.



Mr. Thos. Richardson, Unionist Candidate, Trying to Get a Noon Crowd to Hear a Speech on the Insurance Act.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Being Canadian

A LADY came to consult the editor of this journal recently and asked what politics the paper had. She added, "You seem to be terribly Canadian." The further conversation made it quite clear that the lady thought it almost *de trop* to be Canadian. She seemed to class a Canadian with single-taxers, socialists, anarchists and other absurd people who are at war with the "things that are." Her only hero apparently is a man who is for Britain first and Canada last. Strangely enough, she was born neither in Canada, the United Kingdom, nor any other part of His Majesty's domains.

Last autumn, some remarks appeared on this page to the effect that it would be unfortunate if we in this country should ever be divided into "Britishers" and "Canadians." Those remarks were based upon a letter received from a subscriber in Sorel, I think it was. He wrote that when our canvasser called upon him he had asked, "Is your paper English or Canadian?" On being told that it was Canadian, he at once consented to have his name put on the list. And the real purpose of his letter was to say that he had not been disappointed.

Now, both these good people are wrong. We believe as firmly in British connection as Mr. Borden and Mr. Winston Churchill. The only difference between our view and theirs is that we believe that Canada can successfully take on nationhood and still remain loyal to the British Sovereign and to the best interests of the Britannic peoples. We are opposed to "centralism" because we believe it will ultimately lead to a break-up of the Empire as it exists to-day.

Indeed, we can produce clippings from our contemporaries not more than four years old in which we are charged with being "imperialistic," and "ultra-loyal sycophants." Of course, that was before a few people in Canada and elsewhere imbibed the notion that love for Canada and Canadian progress was an indication of disloyalty to the Union Jack. We have every hope and confidence that this obsession will soon pass, and that Canada will once more find itself in that happy condition where it will be accepted as a matter of course that all Canadians are loyal.

Internal Storage Elevators

CHAIRMAN MAGILL of the Grain Commission now openly states that internal storage elevators will be built at central points in the prairie provinces. This reform has been advocated for years by some wise men in the West, and the CANADIAN COURIER lent the light of its countenance to the movement on several occasions. Mr. Magill thinks the first three places likely to have them will be Lethbridge, Edmonton and Calgary. Whether he thinks that Alberta needs them more than Saskatchewan is not clear. It may be that he was speaking only of Alberta. The despatch does not state definitely.

The chief argument in favour of internal storage elevators is that these would help to relieve the annual autumn congestion between Winnipeg and Fort William. They would, in some measure, prevent the spout of the grain bin from becoming clogged by over-pressure. The new flour mills now being erected throughout the West help considerably. The building of the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Fort William helps. The increase of storage capacity at Fort William and Port Arthur is helping. Nevertheless, internal storage elevators of large capacity seem absolutely necessary to relieve the railways and to enable the farmer to get a receipt for his graded grain which he may cash at the bank.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Grain Commission will convince the Dominion Government of the necessity for these elevators, and that the money for some of them will be provided before the present session closes.

The Coderre Case

SOME charges have been made against Hon. Mr. Coderre, the new Secretary of State, in connection with his recent election. These were to the effect that he and his friends encouraged personation and rewarded the personators or "repeaters." Affidavits and counter-affidavits were

presented to the House, and on a party majority the charges were voted down.

Now, the notable feature about this is the lack of conscience and fairness in both political parties. The Liberal members and newspaper organs are all agreed that the charges are true; the Conservative members and their newspaper organs are equally convinced that the charges are false. Apparently there is not a single member of Parliament, from Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier down to the most lowly back-bencher, who believes in either virtue or blackguardism in politics. They have no standards, no sense of what is right and proper, no feeling that the truth should prevail no matter whose reputation is injured. And their newspaper organs follow them blindly.

If we keep on at this rate, we shall soon be in the condition the United States was in ten or fifteen years ago, when the politicians openly disregarded virtue and honesty. Instead of the Liberals and Conservatives uniting on behalf of Canadian integ-

The Duty of the Hour

COMPROMISE is the spirit of the age, and some compromises bring evil results in their train. Nevertheless, we are firmly convinced that compromise on the navy question is the duty of the hour.

The Liberals may bring down the opinion of Sir Rufus Isaacs or any other high authority on rules of procedure; the Conservatives may bluster about closure and all the other items in their calendar—but there is only one duty before the leaders of the two political parties. They must settle this naval question on a non-partisan, national basis.

In some ways the Conservative policy is good—and in some ways the Liberal policy is good. What Canada wants is a policy which will combine the best feature of both and on which all parties, classes and sections may agree. This was the advice given by three hundred prominent citizens in the non-partisan naval memorial sent to Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier in November last. It was good advice then; it is better advice now.

The country does not want a general election nor a referendum. It wants the naval question settled by the present House of Commons, and settled unanimously. The present partisan attitude reflects no credit on either side. Therefore, the duty of the hour is compromise. Canada's good name among the Britannic nations is at stake.

rity and honour to blot out wrong-doing, or to do justice to someone who is wrongfully accused, they troop solemnly into the Chamber and cast party votes. Mr. Coderre is neither proved guilty nor cleared of the charges made against him. This is most unfair to Mr. Coderre and lamentable in its effect upon the dignity and righteousness which should adorn the highest legislative tribunal in the Dominion.

Breaking Up the Game

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON may have broken up a great game, one of the greatest financial games ever attempted in the history of the world. Six men or firms, five in Europe and one in America, agreed to force the Chinese Republic to accept a loan of \$300,000,000 or thereabouts, and each firm got his Government to back him up in this demand. The new Chinese Republic did not want the money on the conditions offered, but the six Governments, including Great Britain and the United States, forced it on them. President Taft approved, but President Wilson has countermanded his predecessor's decision. It now remains to be seen what will happen to the whole scheme.

Why force three hundred million on China? Simply for the brokerage. In the first place the bonds would sell at \$5 or \$10 less than par. Then the brokers would charge at least another \$5 per hundred for handling the loan. Then they would probably add another \$2 per hundred for oversight

to see that the interest was paid, appointing officials to live in China for this purpose. Figure it out:

CHINESE LOAN OF \$300,000,000.	
Discount of 5 per cent. on selling . . .	\$15,000,000
(Bonds selling at 95.)	
Brokerage and other expenses at 5 per cent.	15,000,000
Oversight of taxes guaranteed for the interest, say 2 per cent.	6,000,000
Total profit	\$36,000,000

This profit would be divided among the bondholders and brokers, the bondholders being favoured customers of the brokers. Quite a nice little profit to be divided up among six small groups of financiers! And China was helpless to avoid it, because the six Christian Governments united to force the Republic to accept.

Perhaps Woodrow Wilson has stopped the game.

Ladybugs and Others

CALIFORNIA is troubled with a melon bug which threatens to destroy the melon crop. The growers are gathering thirty-six million ladybugs to be distributed through the melon region. These ladybugs eat the melon bug and the hop-vine bug, and thus save the crops.

Canada needs ladybugs. Our political vines are being consumed by "partisan" bugs which threaten to destroy our crop of good laws and useful measures. These bugs have affected the Ottawa plantation and the daily paper ranches. This "partisan" bug must be got rid of in some way or other. If the ladybug will not eat the "partisan" bug, then we must discover an insect that will. It is a worse nuisance than the caterpillar, the potato bug, the potato canker or the San Jose scale. Perhaps we should have a Royal Commission of scientists to discover the best remedy.

Building Ships Abroad

CONSERVATIVE papers are making a great deal of the fact that the Liberals when in office ordered six Government vessels in Europe. The list is as follows: *Minto*, at Dundee in 1899; *Arctic*, at Kiel, Germany in 1901; *Druid*, at Paisley in 1902; *Lady Laurier*, at Paisley in 1902; *Champlain*, at Paisley in 1904; *Montcalm*, at Yoker in 1904; *Earl Grey*, at Barrow in 1909; *Simcoe*, at Wallend in 1909.

The criticism is well taken. These ships should have been built in Canada. The Conservatives should also take the lesson to themselves and order all future Government vessels in this country. There is no reason why they should not be built in order to give Canadian ship-builders experience. They may cost more, but if the extra cost is not excessive, the orders should be placed at home.

The Press and Public Service

FEAR of the newspapers keeps many good men from attempting public service as alderman, controller or member of parliament. This is notably true in Toronto, where it is the custom for each paper to have its favourites and to boom them unceasingly. All others are roundly condemned whenever they proceed to act along lines which the paper does not approve. Further aggravation occurs, because the rivalry of the newspapers for leadership and circulation leads them to oppose the policies and candidates of their rivals.

While this is the general rule, there are Canadian cities where the newspapers get together and work for the common good of the city. For example, all the Montreal newspapers worked together for the reform of the city council and for the election of the citizen's committee's slate three years ago. That was a splendid performance. When St. John, N.B., adopted commission government in April, 1911, I think every paper supported it.

Curiously enough the same situation is arising in England where newspapers are acquiring the habit of blackguarding the public men whom they dislike. Rt. Hon. John Burns discussed this a few days ago and is reported to have spoken as follows:

"The press of the country is imitating the American newspaper, which has so lied against public men, so slandered them, that few decent-minded men are willing to go into public life in America. If the present campaign of calumny continues this country will end in civic neglect and corruption, for it will repel from public life the sensitive, kindly and respectable men who formerly served their fellow-citizens."

It is not creditable to the journalistic profession that such a state of affairs should exist as are manifest in London, according to John Burns, and as exist in Toronto, the leading city intellectually of Canada.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

From London to Fort MacKay

By MADGE MACBETH



A First Attempt at Being a Cow-boy Girl.



A Dutch Lunch on Lake Athabaska.

FROM London—dear old Lunnon—to Fort MacKay, on the Athabasca River, is somewhat of a far cry. From taxis, forty h.p. Napiers, and even the more humble and cosmopolitan, though equally useful, tram to scow and canoe transit is a powerfully long jump. From tea at the Troc, lunch at the Cecil and dinner at the Carleton, to a quick lunch, a dinner fished while you wait or tea boiled under the light of a million stars, to the accompaniment of those eerie noises of wild life so terrifying to the city-bred—these are leaps of no mean order.

"The proof of the pudding, lies in the night-mare," quoth the wag, and the proof of the running high jumps referred to, above, lies in the fact that the woman from London—the woman who enthusiastically undertook a trip to Fort MacKay and even beyond—says in the language of the villain,

"Mar-r-rk me words! I go, but I will retur-r-r-n! Ah-hah!" Fancy a woman who had never left that little island across the sea, that background of a great and fascinating London, being ejected from the train at Edmonton and turning her face toward the uninhabited expanses of Alberta! Fancy how she must have roughed it, and fancy her wanting to repeat the experience! I have a letter from her before me as I write. It says:

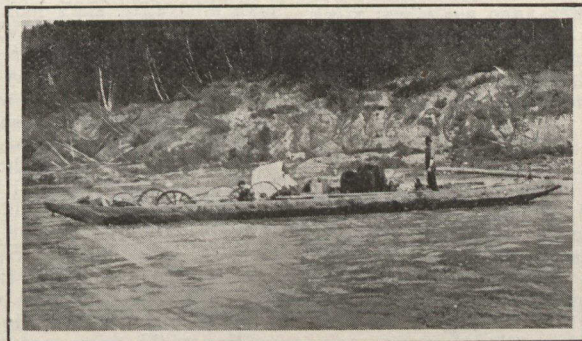
"You ask what impressed me most in your great North Country? I think it was the enormous possibility for development. The magnitude of everything often caused a lump to rise in my throat, and tears to my eyes. Of course you know about the wonderful asphalt beds and the tar springs and the salt deposit out there. They were all new and breathlessly interesting to me, for we do not come across things like those in the streets of London. Really, they seemed limitless! There is quite a stretch of flat land lying around McMurray, and I could not help thinking what an ideal place it would be to live in, when the railroad gets there!

"The scenery was a constant source of pleasure to me; I saw the foliage in all its changes from that of the budding leaves and flowers and ferns in the early summer—which is really spring out there—right through the autumn tints. How can I describe their beauty to you? There was every shade, ranging from palest pink to deep red, and from lemon to darkest brown, and intermingled with this was an ever-varying wave of green. I thought each phase of the landscape the loveliest.

"Of course the distances were, to me, enormous.



Nearing Fort MacKay—It Looks as if the Day Were Monday.



Travelling by Scow From Athabaska Landing to Fort McMurray.

For days we paddled along with only birds, rabbits—hundreds of them—an occasional bear and sometimes a moose to remind us that there were living creatures near. And we travelled 600 miles from a railroad, too!

"The scarcity of white women did not impress me as strongly as you thought it would; I was quite prepared for that. We met just two during all our journey, and, needless to say, they were undaunted Scots. It was very nice to see them, just the same, and they were kindness and hospitality itself. It struck me as a little strange, that the advent of a white woman was not more of an event to either of them, but Miss Gordon, indeed, seems more at home and happier with her Indians."

Miss Gordon is a true pioneer. She has lived in the North-West about fifteen years and would not live anywhere else. She went out there with her brother, who established a trading post, and while Mr. Gordon is nominally the head of it, Miss Gordon is the trader! She is just and kind and abundantly self-reliant. The Indians hold her in the greatest respect, and I doubt not that some of them love her. Now that civilization is stretching out eager hands toward her territory, Miss Gordon contemplates moving camp and going farther into the wilds, a move which, fortunately for her, does not offer any obstacles. She has plenty from which to choose! The letter goes on:

"I can truthfully say that I have never felt so well in all my life; I was able to eat anything, and to keep up with the men all the time. At first, sleeping in the bush was hard, but I got used to it after a few strenuous days at the paddle, and

learned to like it. One of the most peculiar experiences of the trip was that of being trekked by Indians. We went as far as McMurray from Athabasca Landing in a scow with a trader, then on the MacKay and farther points and back to the Landing in our own canoe, a great part of the time drawn, as I told you, by Indians. It was a fine thing to lie lazily back under a cloud-flecked sky, and let some one else do the work. But I grew to be quite useful, and as soon as we landed, quite as a matter of course, I would gather brush for the fire. That is always a woman's work out there.

"The down-trodden, unpicturesque, Red Man is utterly filthy. Perhaps my greatest disappointment lay in that quarter. I had expected to see the sky line in whichever direction I looked, but I had also expected to see those wide expanses sprinkled with tepees in front of which stalwart braves gathered and smoked. A sort of eternal Remington effect, you know, with plenty of beads and feathers. The Indian of the North-West, to-day, would not serve as a very good model, unless one wanted to depict dirt and squalour. I never saw such unkempt-looking beings. And costumes? Why, the Indian wears all the clothes he has—several layers of them, if he is well-off. If one article is too small, he lets it remain open, in careless abandon and displays the one beneath it, a shade dirtier and more greasy. There seems to be an inviolate custom which decrees the men to wear their shirts on the out-side of their trowsers, and the edges of them are not only decorated with frayed hems, but any small article which can be appended. For instance—I threw away a hair-pin, one day. It had grown rough and pulled my hair unmercifully, but as these feminine commodities cost five cents a piece, they are rightly regarded by the Indian as a possession worth while, and mine was pounced upon almost before it touched the earth, bent into a triangular shape and affixed to the edge of one of this man's shirts. On the other side dangled a treasured, rusty safety pin. And a man who owns a common clip to add to his attire, in some peculiar place, is absolutely irresistible!

In the matter of hats they seem to vary according to the generosity and temperament of the people who have passed through the district. A battered Stetson put the crowning touch to one conglomerate costume, a black skull cap, to another, but the funniest was evidently the result of some

(Concluded on page 19.)



Miss Gordon, a Pioneer of the West.



No Doubt of This Being Monday.



BY
HAROLD
BINDLOSS

SYNOPSIS: Rancher Witham was in hard luck in the early days of the Canadian West. Two harvests had been frosted and his banker would take no further risks. Then comes Lance Courthorne, a cattle "rustler" and whiskey smuggler, with an offer of a hundred dollars if Witham will ride Courthorne's black charger down to Montana so as to throw the Police off Courthorne's trail. Witham, facing starvation, accepts.

Witham dons Courthorne's cap and coat and starts on his long ride. A trooper accosts him, but he refuses to stop. In the meantime Trooper Shannon is trapped by Courthorne, who has a grudge against him, and is shot. Trooper Payne takes up the chase and Courthorne, cornered, disappears through the thin ice of the river. Payne thinks it was Witham who went through the ice, and this mistake is the basis of subsequent events.

Maud Barrington, intended as the sole inheritor of Geoffrey Courthorne's property at Silverdale, arrives at the home of her uncle, Col. Barrington, from whom she learns somewhat concerning the career of Lance Courthorne.

IN the meanwhile, late as it was, Colonel Barrington and his chief lieutenant, Gordon Dane, sat in his log-walled smoking-room talking with a man he sold his wheat through in Winnipeg. The room was big and bare. There were a few fine heads of antelope upon the walls, and beneath them an armoury of English-made shot guns and rifles while a row of riding crops, silver-mounted, and some handled with ivory, stood in a corner. All these represented amusement, while two or three treatises on veterinary surgery and agriculture lying amidst English stud-books and racing records, presumably stood for industry. The comparison was significant, and Graham, the Winnipeg wheat-broker, noticed it as he listened patiently to the views of Colonel Barrington, who nevertheless worked hard enough in his own fashion. Unfortunately, it was rather the fashion of the English gentleman than that common on the prairie.

"And now," he said, with a trace of the anxiety he had concealed in his eyes, "I am open to hear what you can do for me."

Graham smiled a little. "It isn't very much, Colonel. I'll take all your wheat off you at three cents down."

Now Barrington did not like the broker's smile. It savoured too much of equality; and, though he had already unbent as far as he was capable of doing, he had no great esteem for men of business. Nor did it please him to be addressed as "Colonel."

"That," he said coldly, "is out of the question. I would not sell at the last market price. Besides, you have hitherto acted as my broker."

Graham nodded. "The market price will be less than what I offered you in a week, and I could scarcely sell your wheat at it to-day. I was going to hold it myself, because I can occasionally get a little more from one or two millers who like that special grade. Usual sorts I'm selling for a fall. Quite sure the deal wouldn't suit you?"

Barrington lighted a fresh cigar, though Graham noticed that he had smoked very little of the one he flung away. This was, of course, a trifle, but it is the trifles that count in the aggregate upon the prairie, as they not infrequently do elsewhere.

"I fancy I told you so," he said. The broker glanced at Dane, who was a big, bronzed man, and, since Barrington could not see him, shook his head deprecatingly.

"You can consider that decided, Graham," he said. "Still, can you as a friendly deed give us any notion of what to do? As you know, farming, especially at Silverdale, costs money, and the banks are demanding an iniquitous interest just now, while we

are carrying over a good deal of wheat."

Graham nodded. He understood why farming was unusually expensive at Silverdale, and was, in recollection of past favours, inclined to be disinterestedly friendly.

"If I were you I would sell right along for forward delivery at a few cents under the market."

"It is a trifle difficult to see how that would help us," said Barrington, with a little gesture of irritation, for it almost seemed that the broker was deriding him.

"No!" said the man from Winnipeg, "on the contrary, it's quite easy. Now I can predict that wheat will touch lower prices still before you have to make delivery, and it isn't very difficult to figure out the profit on selling a thing for a dollar and then buying it, when you have to produce it at ninety cents. Of course, there is a risk of the market going against you, but you could buy at the first rise, and you've your stock to dole out in case anybody cornered you."

"That," said Dane thoughtfully, "appears quite sensible. Of course, it's a speculation, but presumably we couldn't be much worse off than we are. Have you any objections to the scheme, sir?"

Barrington laid down his cigar, and glanced with astonished severity at the speaker. "Unfortunately, I have. We are wheat growers, and not wheat stock jugglers. Our purpose is to farm, and not swindle and lie in the wheat pits for decimal differences. I have a distinct antipathy to anything of the kind."

"But, sir," said Dane, and Barrington stopped with a gesture.

"I would," he said, "as soon turn gambler. Still, while it has always been a tradition at Silverdale that the head of the settlement's lead is to be followed, that need not prevent you putting on the gloves with the wheat-ringing blacklegs in Winnipeg."

Dane blushed a little under his tan, and then smiled as he remembered the one speculative venture his leader had indulged in, for Colonel Barrington was a somewhat hot-tempered and vindictive man. He made a little gesture of depreciation as he glanced at Graham, who straightened himself suddenly in his chair.

"I should not think of doing so in face of your opinion, sir," he said. "There is an end to the thing, Graham!"

The broker's face was a trifle grim. "I gave you good advice out of friendship, Colonel, and there are men with dollars to spare who would value a hint from me," he said. "Still, as it doesn't seem to strike you the right way, I've no use for arguing. Keep your wheat—and pay bank interest if you want any help to carry over."

"Thanks," said Dane quietly. "They charge tolerably high, but I've seen what happens to the man who meddles with the mortgage-broker."

Graham nodded. "Well, as I'm starting out at six o'clock, it's time I was asleep," he said. "Good-night to you, Colonel."

Barrington shook hands with Graham, and then sighed a little when he went out. "I believe the man is honest, and he is a guest of mine, or I should have dressed him down," he said. "I don't like the way things are going, Dane; and the fact is we must find accommodation somewhere, because now I have to pay out so much on my ward's account to that confounded Courthorne, it is necessary to raise more dollars than the banks will give me. Now,

there was a broker fellow wrote me a very civil letter."

Dane, who was a thoughtful man, ventured to lay his hand upon his leader's arm. "Keep yourself and Miss Barrington out of those fellows' clutches, at any cost," he said.

Barrington shook off his hand and looked at him sternly. "Are you not a trifle young to adopt that tone?" he asked.

Dane nodded. "No doubt I am, but I've seen a little of mortgage jobbing. You must try to overlook it. I did not mean to offend."

He went out, and, while Colonel Barrington sat down before a sheaf of accounts, sprang into a waiting sleigh. "It's no use; we've got to go through," he said to the lad who shook the reins, "Graham made a very sensible suggestion, but our respected leader came down on him, as he did on me. You see, one simply can't talk to the Colonel; and it's unfortunate Miss Barrington didn't marry that man in Montreal."

"I don't know," said the lad. "Of course, there are not many girls like Maud Barrington, but is it necessary she should go outside Silverdale?"

Dane laughed. "None of us would be old enough for Miss Barrington when we were fifty. The trouble is, that we spend half our time in play, and I've a notion it's a man, and not a gentleman dilettante, she's looking for."

"Isn't that a curious way of putting it?" asked his companion.

Dane nodded. "It may be the right one. Woman is as she was made, and I've had more than a suspicion lately that a little less refinement would not come amiss at Silverdale. Anyway, I hope she'll find him, for it's a man with grit and energy, who could put a little desirable pressure on the Colonel occasionally, we're all wanting. Of course, I'm backing my leader, though it's going to cost me a good deal, but it's time he had somebody to help him."

"He would never accept assistance," said the lad thoughtfully. "That is, unless the man who offered it was, or became by marriage, one of the dynasty."

"Of course," said Dane. "That's why I'm inclined to take a fatherly interest in Miss Barrington's affairs. It's a misfortune we've heard nothing very reassuring about Courthorne."

CHAPTER VII. Witham's Decision.

Farmer Witham crossed the frontier without molestation and spent one night in a little wooden town, where several people he did not speak to apparently recognized him. Then he pushed on southwards, and passed a week in the especially desolate settlement he had been directed to. A few dilapidated frame houses rose out of the white wilderness beside the broad, beaten trail, and, for here the prairie rolled south in long rises like the wakes of a frozen sea, a low wooden building on the crest of one cut the skyline a league away. It served as outpost for a squadron of United States cavalry, and the troopers daily maligned the Government which had sent them into that desolation on police duty.

There was nothing else visible but a few dusky groves of willows and dazzling snow. The ramshackle wooden hotel was rather more than usually badly kept and uncomfortable, and Witham, who had managed to conciliate his host, felt relieved one afternoon when the latter flung down the cards disgustedly.

"I guess I've had enough," he said.

(Continued on page 27.)

TO MECHANICS

THE CANADIAN COURIER is offering a prize of \$25 in cash for the best fifteen-hundred-word article on "The Ambition of the Canadian Mechanic." This article must be written by a mechanic. What we want to know is what the mechanic desires to make of himself, of the body to which he belongs, and of the country in which he is a citizen. We want the cleverest mechanic in Canada to tell the people what he and his fellow-mechanics are aiming at politically, socially, and economically.

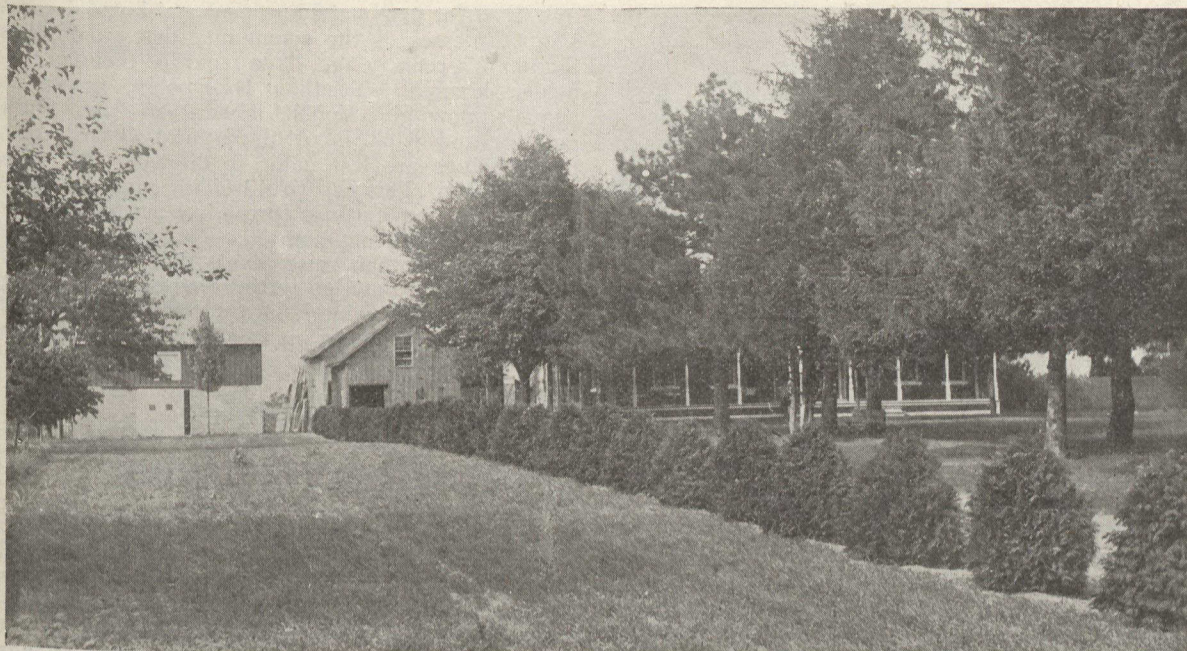
The mechanic is not heard from enough in the general discussion of public affairs. Too much of the talking is done by journalists, financiers and manufacturers. Even the farmer has his say more abundantly than the mechanic. We believe the readers of the CANADIAN COURIER will appreciate hearing from the mechanic.

This competition will not be decided upon literary style, but upon the merits of the ideas and arguments advanced. The number of words mentioned is only an indication of the length we prefer. A two thousand word article will get the prize if it is more meritorious than the shorter articles. But brevity and conciseness are qualities not to be ignored. This competition closes June 1st.

FOR CHILDREN

Next week we shall announce a prize contest for children—one which will involve the finding of a bird's nest and telling the story of it—the names of the birds, a description of them, the number and colour of the eggs, the date of hatching, the date of the flying of the young birds, and so on. We want the young readers of the CANADIAN COURIER to write us the family story of some pair of birds, not from books, but from personal observation. Full particulars will be found in next week's issue.

The
Canadian Courier
TORONTO



A Lesson in Good Planting. A Hedge of Spruce Which Should be Planted in Spring. A Residence at Leamington, Ont.

The Planting and Sowing Season of the Year

Embracing Fruits, Trees, Shrubs and Seeds

By E. T. COOK

WELCOME springtime has returned once more and the farmer and gardener are, or should be, working every available hour. Warm suns and the scent of the freshly-turned earth quicken one's desires for a life of air and sunshine. We rejoice in the peeping out of the first flower, the opening buds on tree and shrub and the twittering of dusky little sparrows. And it is with intense satisfaction we watch the fast-developing interest in horticulture, both for profit and pleasure, which necessitates a life spent largely away from the hustle of great cities. The following are a few practical and timely hints:

ROSES—HOW AND WHAT TO PLANT.

THE complete and almost unexpected success of the recently-established Rose Society of Ontario is a revelation. It shows unmistakably that the Rose is the flower that holds most closely the affections of the multitude from the highest to the lowest. One grower of the flower in Ontario remarked, at a recent meeting, that Roses can be grown as well in Ontario as in almost any province of the Dominion. I write this for general encouragement, and it is confidently believed that the first Rose show of a society devoted entirely to the one flower will demonstrate forcibly that in time the annual show of the society will be one of the brightest events of the year. I have absolute confidence in my prediction mentioned in the *COURIER* a few months ago that Toronto will be in the near future a city of Roses—not only the Queen City of Canada, but the *Rose City*, too.

It is necessary to restrict my notes as much as possible, but will briefly point out that there is little difficulty in producing exquisite flowers, and now is the season to order the kinds desired and to plant, that is, at the first favourable opportunity. When reasonable care is taken there is little difficulty in producing excellent results. Always select an open spot away from trees and shrubs and sheltered from the north and east winds, which are more harmful to the tender growths in spring than even frost. By shelter is not intended "coddling" or unnatural treatment, which is as great an evil almost as full exposure to every wind that blows. The soil must be strong, a good, heavy loam, thoroughly well drained, and when this is not natural to the garden, it must be made as suitable as possible by incorporating loam and manure judiciously. There is too often a belief that an abundance of rank manure is essential to success. This is a huge mistake. A soil, especially if heavy and then saturated with rank manure does not promote healthy growth. Malformed flowers are generally the outcome of this "cultivation," and fresh manure is not required at all at planting-time, unless it is put down *below the roots and not touching them*, so that as they spread and develop they reach the nutriment provided. My experience is that it is far better to use a little bonemeal when planting, and to apply manure in the form of a mulch early in summer, when hot weather has come or is coming. Before the mulch stir up the surface

of the soil with an instrument called the "hoe," for the purpose of admitting air and moisture to the roots. This operation is more important than many suppose. It is impossible to expect healthy growth when the roots are deprived of air.

What to Plant. This, of course, depends upon the size of the garden, but perhaps the beginner should first start with those glorious ramblers that saturate everything they cling to with bewitching beauty. An excellent choice to begin with would be Crimson Rambler, the always welcome Dorothy Perkins, Helene, Gloire de Dijon, Hiawatha, Lady Gay, Penzance Briers, and Tausendschoen. Of *Hybrid Perpetuals* choose Abel Carriere, Alfred Colomb, Anne de Diesbach, Charles Lefebvre, Coquettes des Blanches, the absolutely white Frau Karl Druschi, General Jacqueminot, Louis Van Houtte, Mrs. John Laing, Ulrich Brunner and Victor Verdier. A beautiful class is composed of the *Teas and Hybrid Teas*, and first favourite is the rose of the latter class called Madame Abel Chantey; it is perfect in all ways, and then a selection that should not disappoint the beginner would be: Emperor Augusta Victoria, Etoile de France, Gruss au Teplitz, Richmond, Madame Caroline Testout, Madame Bravy and Maman Cochet. The *Japanese Roscs*, or *Rosa rugosa*, make beautiful and protective hedges through their dense spiny and powerful growth.

PLANTING TREES AND SHRUBS.

ALL trees and shrubs may be planted now, and this is the only season for planting the fir tribe. Selections have been given on previous occasions, but I should like to refer especially to the *Wistaria*, which is one of the flower glories of

Japan. The oldest and finest plant outside of its native country is near Windsor Castle, England. The trails of tenderest lilac flowers appear in thousands before the leaves. It is impossible to tell from any illustration not coloured the beauty of a veteran plant smothered over with blossom. Those who have travelled in Japan in *Wistaria* time compare it to the festival of the peaches in the Niagara fruit belt.

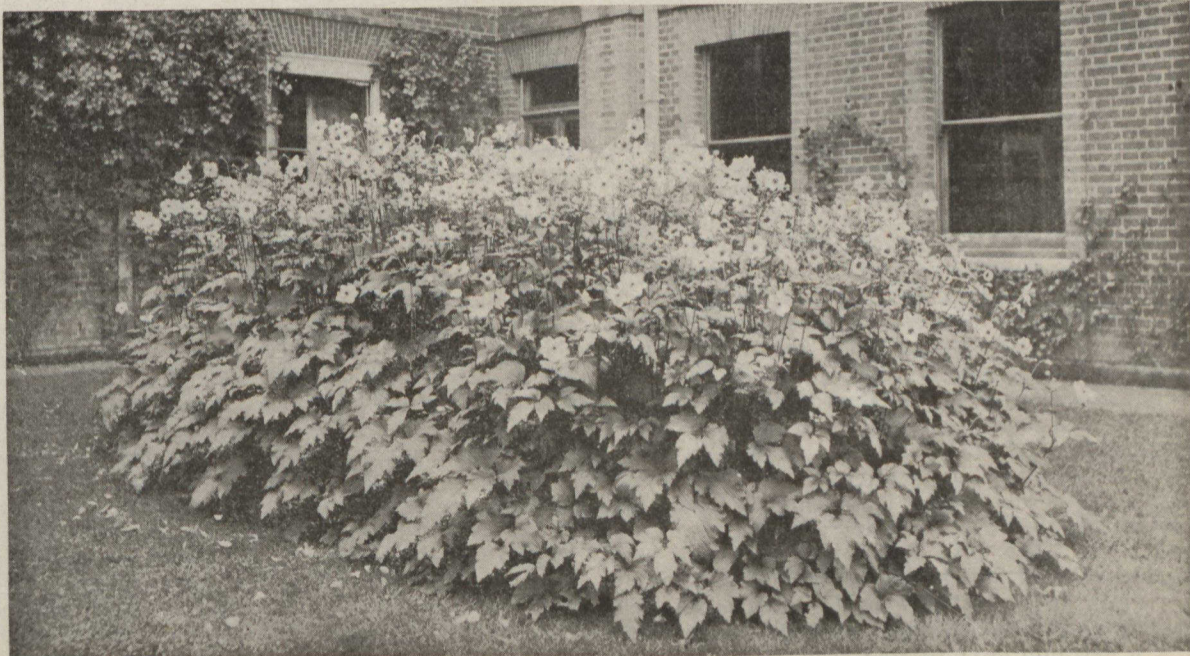
Annual flowers of which the *Convolvulus*, *Nasturtium*, and *Morning Glory* are familiar types brighten the garden in the summer months, and the excellent article by Mr. George Baldwin in the *COURIER* of March 1 last is one of the most valuable contributions to the cultivation of vegetables it has been my privilege to read. *Be thorough* is the watchword in all outdoor work. Without it, failure is a certainty.

Spring is the Only Safe Season for Planting Firs

NEVER plant or transplant Firs in the fall is sound advice, and it may be written with absolute truth that failure always comes from attempting the work at any other season than the spring. The illustration of the *Arbor Vitæ* hedge leading to farm buildings is an excellent representation of the fitness of these warm-coloured ever-green trees or shrubs, whichever one is pleased to call them, for not only making a distinct and beautiful line, but shutting out unsightly objects. The finest kind for this purpose is the American *Arbor Vitæ* called *Occidentalis*. But when ordering from the nurseryman always ask for plants that have been *transplanted several times*, and those about eighteen inches high are the most likely to succeed. It does not object to moderately severe pruning, but is no defence against cattle. Another beautiful Fir is *Pyramidalis*, which has been well described as the gem of the whole family, and of other classes the *Balsam* or *American Silver Fir*, the *Irish Juniper* (*Juniperus hibernica*), a delightful little tree or shrub, *Norway spruce* (*Abies excelsa*), *White spruce* (*Alba*), and the *Pines* are the most famous. The *Austrian* or *Black Pine* (*Austriaca*) is the kind for this country. There is a wonderful depth of colour in its long, stiff leaves, and its growth is rapid. Of the *Scotch Pine* (*Sylvestris*), one can only write that it lives where only toughly obstinate things can live. Out of the rock, where there seems not enough earth to feed a violet, it lifts its sombre head undaunted; scorched by the sun, torn by the blast, peering into unfathomable abysses, yet utterly fearless, and yielding so little that the elements must pluck it up by the roots before they can destroy it. Only lightning can break it. No one who has canoed on our Canadian lakes and seen those frequent rocky slits, each with its solitary pine, can have ignored that here is something strangely significant in the sight of that splendid spire rising out of the heart of loneliness—something thrills and thrills deeply. So much for the Firs and Pines.

Beautifying Vacant Plots in Victoria

IT was mentioned in the *COURIER* that much had been accomplished in Minneapolis in beautifying vacant plots, and the same is the intention in Toronto. Victoria is now determined to make their city a city of flowers, especially in Carnival week, in August of this year. A Garden Club is to be

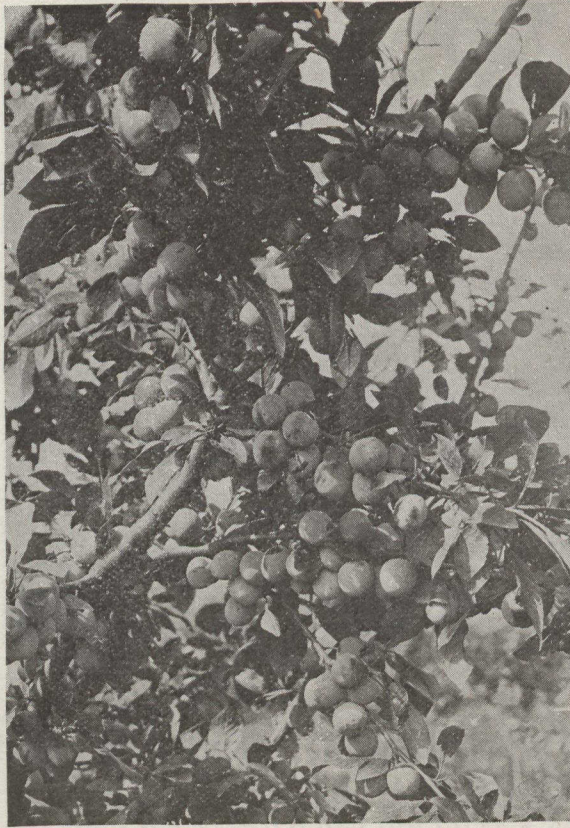


An Autumn Flower—The White Windflower. This Should be Planted in the Early Spring.

formed, not so much to consider home gardens as the vacant plots. There should be few difficulties in Victoria for the obvious reason that it has its setting. This question of the embellishment of fast-growing cities is of the greatest importance and should be undertaken before congestion is permitted to occur. It is not so much the vacant plots, but the spacing out of squares or small parks, where the centre of the city will be, that should receive first consideration. Beautify vacant plots by all means, but where streets and avenues are to run see to it that open spaces are provided.

Transplanting Large Trees

ONE of the wisest of recent decisions was that of purchasing a tree-moving machine to save old trees or those in the way of improvements from destruction. This is a most praiseworthy move, as it takes many years to build up, so to say, a beautiful maple for instance, but it is soon felled. This practice is largely carried out in Europe, and when dollars are plentiful, beautiful estates are made out of arid wastes. The desert is made to smile, and one instance occurs to mind, the famous estate and gardens of the Earl of Harrington, Elvaston Castle, near Derby, England, where the most perfect specimens of Topiary work are in existence, that is firs cut into certain shapes, the favourite likeness being that of a pheasant. The removal of large, long-established trees is a work requiring much skill, and only trained men should be employed. We wish the Park Commissioner success in his interesting and important undertaking.



Damsons in Mr. E. D. Smith's Fruit Grounds at Winona.

General Garden Topics

By H. F. EAST

ONE feels at this time of the year, with the bright sun rays pouring down upon the garden, trying to awaken things from their winter solitude, that it is time to look ahead. As to what one should first decide, as there are so many things to think of to the amateur gardener. In the first place one has to make a selection of flowers and vegetables, and when the seedsman has sent on his catalogue for the lady or gentleman to decide, it is by no means an easy task (especially if the catalogue is of a gorgeous nature and illustrated), for one feels that everything is nice. There is the amount of room to study, and often to economize. I mean in selecting flowers that would give a continuous display of bloom through the summer, at a small expense, and it is regarding that class I wish to give the readers of the CANADIAN COURIER some practical advice. This present month one must select annuals and hardy annuals, for starting in hotbeds, and disappointments often occur on the price of purchasing seed (the old saying is, better to grow little and good), and it is far more satisfactory not to study quantity, but quality, for a small garden.

Where the reader has a frame, and could make a hotbed for the raising of early flower seeds, every chance should be made use of to get the seeds in, and at this point I should like to mention a few of them. Lobelia is a noted edging plant, and varieties such as Lobelia Dark Compact, Lobelia Light Compact, Lobelia White Lady, and the spreading or trailing Lobelia Paxtoniana, can be sown at once, also Pyrethrum Aureum (Golden Feather), Salvia Splendens (Pride of Zurich). Antirrhinum, commonly called Snapdragon, are a useful plant, both for effect and for cutting for indoor decoration. Asters are a useful flower, and their blooms are looked forward to by most lovers of floriculture. Polyanthus, Pansies, Dianthus, Verbena, Zinnias, etc., etc., together with the beautiful Schizanthus Wisetoniensis, and Retusus Hybrids. The former makes a beautiful greenhouse and decorative plant, and can be used for making a display in hanging baskets, while the latter, by being well pinched back, will make a nice bushy plant, varying from deep salmon to the palest flesh pink. The reader, I will presume, has his hotbed readily prepared. To commence operations he or she either sows on the hotbed, covered with a surface of fine sifted soil, or secondly, gets together a few shallow trays, or wooden boxes, then placing some rough matter at the bottom, covers with fine soil and presses it regular and firm, after soaking the soil with water and allowing it to drain and settle. The next course will be to fall back on my subject, and sow the small seeds, and I always make a practice to add a little silver sand to these small seeds, and stir it all up together. Use a flat, thin piece of stick, and by so doing one can spread these seeds evenly over the surface of the

soil. I do not believe in covering small seeds. But press them in slightly in the moistened soil, and if by purchasing from a noted firm, and insisting on getting pedigree seeds, one is sure of a very quick germination. By watering the soil in the first place, before sowing seed, it gives the seeds ample time to germinate, and before a second watering is applied, they are in an advanced state, and not likely to damp. In dealing with choice seedlings of the greenhouse specialties, viz., Cyclamen, Gloxinias, Begonias, Cinerarias, I shall deal with these subjects together with other indoor flowers, as their nature is of a delicate class and require special temperatures of a later date. Hotbeds can be used for sowing of early vegetables, Radishes, the Olive, and Turnip, and long forcing varieties, also for Cabbage or Head Lettuce. Salads, mustard and cress will soon turn in after being sown and appreciated by most of us. Celery is a vegetable that one must get in soon, also Cauliflowers, etc. I should also like to say a word on

SWEET PEAS,

which is a flower loved by all garden lovers, and to regret they often have to take a bad place in the garden, in being sown against some wall or boundary fence to hide the ugly place allotted to them. Of late years, now that the Spencer types are introduced, with the beautiful waved and enriched colours, the reader can see that it pays in the end to study these lovely flowers, and to give them room where they can get a proper circulation of air, and can have plenty of rich soil for their roots. The writer, during last year, paid a visit to a very large place out of Toronto. They had never had good Sweet Peas, but with the confidence of a gardener who took great pains in the preparation of the soil splendid results were obtained. There is a most useful combination which can be obtained from most seed stores, called Seed Raisers. They are made of cardboard, about four inches deep and one and one-quarter inches square, especially adapted for Sweet Peas. A little soil is placed in these cardboard seed raisers and the seed sown and allowed to germinate and grow. When the open ground is ready to receive the plants, all the reader has to do is to place the box in the ground, and it gradually decays, and the Sweet Peas grow very fast, as there is no check on the roots when transplanting. I will give a good selection of names of Spencer varieties shortly, and deal more fully on useful flowers when it is time to sow outdoors. Whether the modern demand for flowers has created the supply, or the supply has found an appreciative public, I need not stay to discuss. The fact remains that the last three or four decades have witnessed an extended use of flowers, altogether disproportioned to the increased population and the growing wealth of the nation. Flowers are

now used for personal adornment and home decoration by classes of the community that would, less than half a century ago, have regarded them as forbidden luxuries. Seedling Hollyhocks, grown as annuals, now give double flowers of the finest quality; and what is of the utmost consequence, the seedlings are less liable to disease. So with the Verbena. This beautiful bedding plant has been propagated from cuttings forced in heat, so that now we have a Verbena disease. But from suitable seed the reader can raise plants that will produce the resplendent flowers, and instead of propagating a stock kept over winter, alas, to become mildewed and diseased, we sow a pinch of seed now and soon have a stock of healthy, vigorous plants for bedding out.

(To be continued.)

Planting Hardy Flowers

THE season has come round again for planting hardy flowers and filling up vacant spaces in the borders. Some kinds succeed exceptionally well under conditions in which one would think success was impossible. But every plant deserves the greatest care; it is a living thing, and treated aright gives a full reward. Windflowers are trusty friends—a sheet anchor in autumn when the groups have become established. Anemone japonica, or the Japanese windflower, has a tinge of rose in its flowers, and those of Alba are pure white. The Columbines (Aquilegias), the tall Bellflower (Campanula persicifolia), Dusty Miller (Centaurea), Coreopsis grandiflora (Tickweed), Delphinium or Larkspurs, in their varying shades of blue, Foxgloves, Gaillardias, Sunflowers, the snowy white Achillea, the Pearl, the graceful daisy-like Heliopsis, Alum Root (Heuchera sanguinea), Hollyhocks, Irises, especially the German race, Paeonies, Phloxes, especially Coquelicot, salmon red and the pure white Amazon, the Coneflower (Rudbeckia), Shaata daisy and Red-hot Poker plant or Tritoma. All these may be obtained at the nurseries.

The English Bulldog

AMONG the many breeds of dogs it is difficult of course to say which is the most popular, as there is a fashion in dogs. At one time the snappy little "Pom" is the darling of fashion, at another the sky-terrier, but the English bulldog, of which Max, shown in the illustration, is a splendid example, retains a firm and constant place in the dog lover's heart. There is something typical of British strength and determination in his great broad head and shoulders and "doggedness." He is a fighter, but only when seriously provoked, and then it is a battle to the death, hence its name bulldog, the dog used in the sport of bull baiting, at one time fashionable in England, and now, of course, abolished with many kindred displays of inhuman abandonment. It is mentioned in no less a work than the Encyclopedia Britannica that intelligence of breed is not so marked in this race as in other dogs, though it shows a sullen fondness for its master. Nothing of the kind. Max is the constant companion of his master. It would bode ill for anyone to touch him, and also to regard the bulldog as ferocious is another mistake. He is an "ugly beauty" if I may so say, and has a sweeter temper than the majority of dogs. No one need feel alarmed when his great head looms up round a corner, but in battle royals there is much bloodshed. Max never leaves go. I remember a first prize bulldog in a scuffle with a member of his race. It was necessary to hit their thick heads with a paving stone to separate the two. Both survived the stunning, but unfortunately the pride of many a show died later from pneumonia. Though possessed of immense strength the English bulldog has a delicate chest, and requires care during the winter months.

E. T. C.



A Typical English Bulldog.

From London to Fort MacKay
(Concluded from page 15.)

humourist's appreciation of the fact that an Indian will not throw away anything he can wear. This hat was a common bowler, all of which had been cut away except the crown, and not too much of that remained. Affixed to this were three streamers, made of an old tie, and sewed in place as only a man sews. The Indian wore this caricature with perfect seriousness and composure, and no one seemed to think it especially funny but myself.

"It was a wild night when we got back to the Landing, pitch black and bitterly cold. We had hoped to make it before sundown, but were unsuccessful, and we all succumbed to a kind of fierce excitement as we slipped through the dark water and shivered. Suddenly, rounding a bend in the river, Athabasca's feeble lights showed against the blackness of the sky. With one accord we rose in our places, to our peril, and shouted for joy. Never could the lights of New York look as bright to me as did those of Athabasca Landing. It was queer to sleep in a room and in a bed, to sit at a table to eat, and to walk between rows of houses. I had not been in 'civilization' a week before I would have been ready to go out into the bush again, and I am now looking forward to the summer, when this last year's experience will be repeated. Will you not come?"

I read the letter aloud to a mutual friend, who asked at its close:

"Would you consider it?"

"I?" I exclaimed. "Would I consider going West into the bush and leading the simple life for a whole summer?"

"Well, why not?"

Possibly I looked foolish—even I look foolish sometimes.

"Because—because—I'm afraid I might like it!" And I ended the discussion.

Recent Events

ACCORDING to Mrs. A. T. Watt, via an interviewer, in the organization of Women's Institutes, British Columbia is much more advanced and certainly better equipped than any other province of the Dominion.

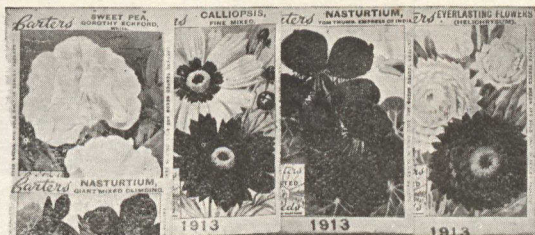
Mrs. Watt has just returned to Victoria, B.C., after a three months' tour through the prairie provinces and eastern Canada. She declares that the work of the British Columbia Women's Institutes astonished women in eastern Canada considerably; that the fact of women giving an agricultural exhibition, carrying all the arrangements through, and coming out four hundred dollars to the good, as was done last year in Colwood, Metchosin and Kaslo, seemed to them (to us) a matter of wonder.

That astonishment, as a matter of fact, was a part of our social equipment. Mere politesse.

UNDER the auspices of the Methodist Church of Canada, and with the assistance of the Alberta Provincial Government, a large industrial school for girls, to cost when completed in the neighbourhood of one hundred thousand dollars, will be established shortly in the vicinity of Medicine Hat. The Government has promised thirty-three thousand dollars, and a per capita grant may be given.

TWO police-women—Mrs. J. C. Henry and Mrs. Lorence Campbell—have been regularly sworn in and detailed for duty in Ottawa. The Police Commissioners made the appointments at the request of the local Council of Women. The work of the appointees will differ very little from their duties previously in connection with the Women's Hostel and the Travellers' Aid Society, meeting all trains and looking after girls and women around the railway stations. Their efforts will now have the backing of the law.

A new edition for 1913 of the little tabloid statistical encyclopaedia of the Dominion, "5,000 Facts About Canada," has been issued. It is compiled by Frank Yeigh, who has brought within brief compass a valuable collection of Canadian data. A miniature coloured map of Canada is a new feature.



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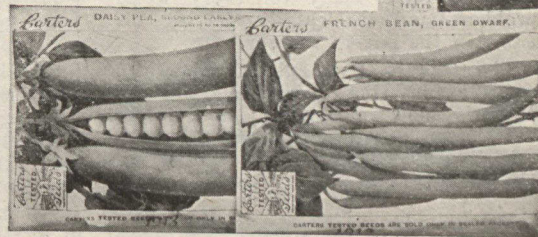
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| Calliopsis, Fine Mixed. | Pyrethrum, (Golden Feather). | Kale, Dwarf Green Curled. |
| Canary Creeper. | Stock, Double Ten-week, Finest mixed. | Lettuce, All the Year Round (Flat). |
| Candytuft, Mixed. | Sunflower, Fine Dwarf Single. | Melon, Water, Heavyweight. |
| Carnation, Fine Mixed. | Sunflower, Tall Double. | Mustard, Fine White. |
| Chrysanthemum Annual, Mixed. | Sweet Pea, Dorothy Eckford. | Onion, Danver's Yellow Globe. |
| Clarkia, Finest Mixed. | Sweet Pea, King Edward VII. | Onion, Spring. |
| Convolvulus Major, Climbing mixed. | Sweet Pea, Large Flowering Mixed. | Onion, White Queen. |
| Convolvulus Minor, Dwarf mixed. | Sweet Scabious, Fine Mixed. | Parsley, Finest Double Curled. |
| Cornflower, Blue. | Sweet William, Mixed. | Parsnip, Selected Hollow Crown. |
| Dianthus, Large Flowered Mixed. | Virginian Stock, Finest Mixed. | Peas, Earliest of All. |
| Eschscholtzia, Finest Mixed. | Verbena, Finest Mixed. | Peas, English Wonder. |
| Everlasting Flowers. | Wallflower, Finest Mixed. | Peas, Daisy. |
| Gaillardia, Choice Mixed. | Zinnia, Double Mixed. | Pepper, Long Red Cayenne. |
| Godetia, Finest Mixed. | | Pepper, Ruby King. |
| Linum, Scarlet. | VEGETABLES. | Radish, French Breakfast. |
| Lobelia, Dwarf Dark Blue. | Beans, Broad, Improved Windsor. | Radish, Selected Long Scarlet. |
| Lupines, Annual Mixed. | Beans, Dwarf Stringless. | Savoy, Drumhead. |
| Mignonette, Large Flowering. | Beans, Dwarf Wax. | Spinach, Round or Summer. |
| Morning Glory, Mixed. | Beet, Crimson Globe. | Swede, Rutabaga, (Prizewinner) |
| Nasturtium, Dwarf Mixed. | Broccoli, Early Penzance. | Sweet Corn, Early Mammoth. |
| Nasturtium, Giant Mixed Climbing. | Brussels Sprouts, Selected. | Tomato, Early Red, (For Indoors). |
| Nigella, (Love in a Mist.) | Cabbage, Early Drumhead. | Turnip, American Red Top Globe. |
| Night Scented Stock. | Cabbage, Red Pickling. | Turnip, Purple Top Strapleaf. |
| Pansy, Choice Mixed. | Carrot, Early Market. | Veg. Marrow, Long Green Trailing. |
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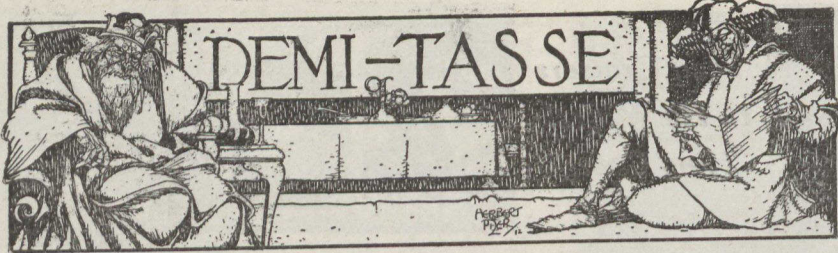
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AND HOW TO KEEP IT"

By S. ROLAND HALL
NORMAN RICHARDSON, TORONTO
12 E. Wellington St.

Should your copy of the Canadian Courier not reach you on Friday, advise the Circulation Manager.



Courieresettes.

A KING Street lot sold in Toronto the other day at the rate of \$15,000 per foot. "Dirt cheap" is not the word for that.

Pearly says he will make no more polar trips. The world awaits a similar assurance from Dr. Cook.

Churches and poolrooms were closed in Earlton, Northern Ontario, because of a smallpox epidemic. In some towns it would hardly be necessary to close the churches.

Jim Flynn, the prize-fighting fireman, refuses to be a baseball umpire. He knows when he is in a safe profession.

Britain is to spend over \$1,000,000 in army aviation experiments. Another extra in the "high" cost of living account.

Jim Jeffries is to make another effort to "come back." Time for the Humane Society to step in.

The Canada Forward Club has endorsed woman suffrage. The question may now be regarded as settled.

Ad. Wolgast, the fighter, says he will quit the ring for good if he is beaten in his next fight. It takes a good man to know when he is licked.

Dean Walton, of Montreal, says divorces in Canada are held at a cost prohibitive to the poor. Why not have a couple of bargain days in divorces at Ottawa during the session?

After all, isn't it the spirit of adventure innate in the breast of man which impels him to marry?

George Bernard Shaw comes along with a suggestion that Britain, France and Germany form a triple alliance. We can always depend on G. B. S. having a solution ready for every world problem, and incidentally getting his name in the papers thereby.

The Guards Band played American ragtime for King George at the Lord Mayor's show in London. Col. George T. Denison will now look up "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

The Boy Won the Nickel.—The quick wit of a Hamilton school boy cost his teacher five cents the other day.

She noted that one of the lad's hands was dirty, and called him to the front.

"Show me your hands, Johnnie," she said. "I think you forgot to wash them."

Johnnie knew that both hands were dirty, but one was more so than the other. So he held out the least dirty hand, and put the other behind his back to hide it.

The teacher exclaimed in horror at the sight of the offending and outstretched hand.

"If you can show me another hand in this room dirtier than that I will give you five cents," she challenged.

Instantly the boy whipped his other and blacker hand from behind his back, and won the nickel.

Tough on Toronto.—"Toronto is governed by a mayor, four controllers and twenty aldermen."—Toronto Telegram.

Thus modestly does The Telegram admit its retirement from competition in municipal management.

It adds that Toronto has one of the largest organs in the world—the one in the Metropolitan Church. The Globe and The News will feel cut by the fact that they are not mentioned.

But here is the gem of this collection of facts and fancies about Toronto:

"The City Hall has a floor space of 5.40 acres, is valued at \$2,500,000, has a clock with a diameter of 20 feet, and is 300 feet from the sidewalk."

How tired Torontonians must be, climbing up 300 feet?

The Open Season.

HOW doth the busy baseball fan His tongue begin to wag To prove how his team, "on the dope," Can't help but "cop that rag."

The Labour Leader.

HE was a labour leader and Spoke strongly for the eight-hour day,

But still was quite content to let His wife slave sixteen—without pay.

Timely Topics.—Jinks—"My wife can't think of anything these spring days but garbage."

Jenks—"Lucky. My wife can't think of anything but garb."

Tim Murphy's Story.—Tim Murphy, the genial Irish comedian now featured in "The Top o' the Mornin'," was

swapping Irish stories with a party of friends in a Canadian city the other day, and he ran away with the honours by telling of two Irishmen who has passed away—one to the pearly gates and the other to Hades. Pat, in Heaven, was lonesome for Mike, and secured St. Peter's permission to telephone to Mike. This was their conversation:

"Is that you, Mike?"

"It is that."

"Do they be keepin' you busy down there?"

"Not so much."

"What are ye doin'?"

"Shovelin' coal two hours ivery day. Is ye busy yerself, Pat?"

"Indade we are—workin' twinty hours a day scrubbin' down the golden steps."

"Faith, why do ye work such long hours?"

"Sure, we're so short of help up here."

Explained.—"Why is it that we never see any pictures of angels wearing whiskers?"

"Because everybody has such a close shave getting through the pearly gates."

A Conundrum.—Burglar—"Where's your coin?"

Brown (dead broke)—"Give it up."

Notice Them?—One of the earliest signs of spring—"Keep off the grass."

He Did His Best.—There is a certain family in town, the members of which have a passion for keeping pets of various kinds. One day, to the great joy of the household, an uncle in Florida sent them a chameleon, as an addition to the menagerie. The strange little creature, with his ability to assume the colour of any object he was placed on, proved a great success, and the family derived much pleasure from testing him out on every different colour they could think of.

One day a friend was calling at the house, and the chameleon was eagerly trotted out and put through his paces. He turned red, yellow, green, etc., with apparent ease as he was transferred from one colour to the next, and the friend was greatly impressed.

Some time after, the man called again, and not seeing the chameleon about, enquired after it.

"Oh, dear," said his hostess. "Haven't you heard? The poor little chameleon is dead."

"Shocking," replied the visitor. "What on earth happened to him?"

"Well, you see," was the reply, "father always overdoes things, and one day he put the poor little fellow on a Scotch plaid."

Summed Up.—A little girl who lived in a hotel, and had observed something of the ways of the world, invited a school friend to have lunch with her. The little friend was greatly impressed with the grandeur of the large dining room, and sat timidly on the edge of her chair eyeing the composure and assurance of her hostess with amazed admiration.

Presently the waiter came and presented the menu to the first one who, without looking up, ordered consomme.

The other leaned across the table and whispered, "What is consomme, Ethel?"

"Consomme," replied her hostess, "is soup—with nothing in it."

The Explanation.—Debutante (at garden party)—"Why do Scotch pipers always walk up and down when they play?"

Cynic—"Because it makes them harder to hit."

When a Fire is a Fire.—The fire chief of a little town had just rolled into bed when the phone rang. This is one side of the conversation:

"Hello. What? Fire? Well, but it's awfully late. I've just got into bed. Can't you get the neighbours to help put it out? I wouldn't mind so much on my own account, but I'd hate to wake the horse up. Perhaps it will rain before morning. Eh! Say, what place is on fire, anyhow? What! All right, we'll be right over!"

"Come on, boys, the brewery is burning down!"



"Vy is it, Heinrich, ven I just now gif your dog a sausage dot he did not vag his tail?"

"Gif him time! Ven he feel bleasid mit someding to-day, he will not vag his tail till next week."

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(Translated from the French by Harry Hutcheson Boyd.)

This volume by this eminent specialist of Berne makes a valuable addition to the flood of light which Prof. Dubois has already shed upon the subject of self-control, and especially upon want of it as contributing to the production of nervous disorders as set forth in his "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body."

CONTENTS.

Introduction—The Conquest of Happiness—Thought—The Act—Conscience—Education—Moral Clear-Sightedness—Egoism and Altruism—Meditation—Tolerance—Indulgence—Humility—Moderation—Patience—Courage—Chastity—Sincerity—Kindness—Idealism.

"This is a philosophical and direct discussion as to what self-control may accomplish, and how it may be secured. He shows the influence of conscience, and how education develops conscience. He makes plain the necessity of moral clear-sightedness, and expounds the difference between mere egoism and so-called altruism. The book is certainly stimulating and helpful."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

An Investment Period

WHEN stock market prices are low, the very best kind of buying goes on. The people with money in the savings banks take it out and invest it in high-class stocks and bonds. When prices are high, they sell these stocks and bonds, put their money back in the savings bank, and await another opportunity to get "bargains."

With good bonds selling from 5 to 10 points below last year's prices and good stocks selling from 10 to 50 points below last year's high, the man with a savings account is very busy. This is his opportunity. The savings accounts in the chartered banks instead of increasing a million or two in February, actually decreased four and a half millions. A great deal of this went into stocks and bonds at bargain prices, where instead of getting three per cent. from the bank, a man can get a return of five or six per cent. without risk. Without risk, because he buys only gilt-edged securities. He eschews cheap common stocks, mining stocks and all those on which the dividend is a doubtful quantity.

Demand deposits also decreased nearly five million during February, showing that the manufacturers and business men are finding it difficult to keep a balance in the bank. The total deposits have decreased thirty-two millions since January 1st. Call loans outside of Canada increased two millions and are seven millions higher than a year ago, showing that the banks are keeping plenty of reserves in New York. They have now ninety million dollars there. That they are not hampering Canadian business more than is necessary in so doing, is shown by the current loans which increased seven millions during February, and now stand seventeen millions higher than a year ago.

Money continues scarce in Europe and the Bank of England rate remains at five per cent. There are no prospects of immediate relief in that direction.

Bank clearings show smaller increases than were in evidence a year ago. For the week ending March 20th, Ottawa showed a decrease of two millions, as compared with the same week a year ago; Toronto barely held its own; Winnipeg for the first time this year showed a decrease; while Montreal alone shows a large gain, amounting to nearly six millions.

The Cotton Crop of 1912

COTTONS should be relatively cheaper during 1913. The United States cotton crop for 1912 was the second largest ever grown, amounting to 14,295,500 bales of 500 pounds each. In 1911, the record was made with 16,250,276 bales.

The Meat Shortage

BOTH Canada and the United States will shortly be looking to Australia, New Zealand and Argentine for meat supplies. Canada is already importing some meat as well as other food products. The United States exports of cattle on the hoof in 1912 were only one-sixth what they were eight years ago. The consumption of meat is running ahead of the supply, simply because our urban population is increasing faster than our rural population, a state of affairs which must continue for some years to come.

On and Off the Exchange

Recent Comment on an Insurance Report

IN a recent issue the short review on the Equity Fire Insurance Company's report for 1912, appearing in these columns, was somewhat misleading. The amount covering fire losses adjustment expenses for the year should have been correctly stated as \$134,506. This brings the total expenditure of the company in this respect, up to date, to \$1,325,000. Again, the uncalled capital should have been included with the assets. Therefore the assets are really \$635,979, an increase of \$209,462.

Marked Progress of Canadian General Electric

THE annual report of the General Electric shows a progress during 1912 which is remarkable. It was generally supposed that the statement would be pretty good, but that net profits for the year should show an increase of half a million—which is 56 per cent. over those for 1911—was surprising.

The financial statement, which appeared in last week's COURIER, shows profits for 1912 of \$2,011,719. From this amount there has been written off an unusually liberal sum for depreciation, viz., \$456,358, and a sum of \$158,878 as interest on borrowed capital, leaving the net profits at \$1,396,483. This amount is equal to 69.82 per cent. on preferred stock, and 15.70 per cent. on common. For the year 1911, the net profits were equal to 13.63 per cent. on the common stock, while for 1910 they were but 9 per cent. A comparison of these percentages indicates a very rosy future.

After paying dividends a surplus of \$706,611 is left, which, added to the equivalent sum for 1911, makes a total of \$1,382,390. Of this amount \$700,000 has been transferred to reserve, which now totals \$2,369,531.

In his report to the shareholders, Mr. Frederic Nicholls points out that the estimated value of the real estate, held by the company, as indicated in the annual report, really falls short of the actual market value. And moreover, the inventory, which includes materials for all orders and contracts on hand, has been taken at cost price, or market price—according to which was the lower—and no estimated profit thereon has been taken into account.

Orders for new business are reported very large, so that in every way the shareholders have an exceedingly bright outlook.

The Latest Bank Merger

THE merger of the International Bank into the Home Bank of Canada was ratified at a meeting of the shareholders held on the 19th, which was presided over by Sir Rodolphe Forget. From the discussion, it appeared that

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the loss of \$200,000, sustained by the International Bank, was in connection with the Paris interests of the company. Not a cent was lost in Canada, except inasmuch as certain of the assets of the old institution will be of no use to the new, i.e., the plate, bank notes and other equipment, amounting approximately to \$20,000.

It was decided that the owners of shares who had paid more than ten per cent. on their subscription should be paid the excess over this amount, in full. After this is done, the proceeds of the sale to the Home Bank will be distributed pro rata.

Bank of B.N.A. Annual Meeting

AT the annual meeting of the Bank of British North America, held in London, Mr. C. W. Tomkinson, chairman of the Court of Directors, announced the devotion of \$200,000 to paying a dividend of \$10 a share; \$150,000 to reserve; \$75,000 to bank premises, and \$35,000 to bonus to staff.

The chairman spoke optimistically of the future. He pointed out that the ever-increasing immigration in Canada necessitated ample supplies of fresh capital, and that next year's immigration seemed likely to total more than 400,000. Canadians have been very large borrowers on the London market during the last few years, and, as long as the capital obtained is wisely and economically spent this is quite a healthy sign. Mr. Tomkinson sounded the right note, however, when he said that "the appetite of the English investing public was not unlimited, and there were now signs of indigestion." Several causes combine to account for the failure of English investors to come forward and relieve the underwriters. The trade boom in England tends to keep money dear, and the requirements of foreign governments will also have to be met in the London market. It behooves those who undertake new issues, therefore, not to under-rate the difficulties they may meet, and the high rates they may be required to pay.

F. N. Burt Company's Good Year

THE annual report of the F. N. Burt Co. shows an encouraging progress during 1912, which is signified by increased profits. For the year 1912, net profits of \$189,430 are reported, as against \$178,441 for 1911. This is an increase of \$10,989, or 16.2 per cent.

After allowing for appropriations, a balance of \$137,874 was carried forward. This is slightly in excess of the amount carried forward from 1911.



S. J. MOORE.

The President, Mr. S. J. Moore, said that the \$545,000, new preference stock, offered to shareholders, was all allotted, and payments of \$253,322 were made up to December 31st. Mr. Moore stated that the outlook for the current year is exceedingly good, and that with the larger and better facilities which the company now has, profits should exceed those of 1912 by at least \$50,000. As some indication that this forecast is not unduly bright, the figures for January and February show that shipments have exceeded the output for the corresponding months of 1912 by upwards of 16 per cent.

Sawyer-Massey's Year

THE third annual financial statement of the Sawyer-Massey Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, shows net profits for year ended November 20th, 1912, of \$242,860, as compared with \$229,506 in 1911. Thus there is a small increase in net profits, amounting to \$13,355; but against this there is a charge of \$33,850, created by a bond issue of \$750,000 in the second quarter of the year. The balance available for common stock, after meeting the regular, preferred dividend, was accordingly \$20,495 less than in 1911.

Will High Prices Continue?

PRICES in Great Britain as in America showed a considerable increase in 1912. Indeed, the statisticians tell us that the average price of food, clothing and chief articles of commerce were higher in 1912 than in any previous year. Our own Department of Labour reports that wholesale prices in February stood at 135.4, as compared with 134.7 in February, 1912. In brief, prices in February, 1912, were 34.7 points higher than the average of prices between 1890 and 1900. In February, 1913, they were slightly higher.

The declines last month were in foddors, fresh vegetables, dairy products, sugar, copper, lead, coke and linseed oil. Advances were recorded in animals and meats, hides, leathers, boots and shoes, metals, textiles, fuels and lighting. It will thus be seen that what we eat is somewhat cheaper than it was a year ago, with the exception of meat. What we wear is higher. Rentals show an upward tendency.

Looking forward, there is little prospect of immediate relief. It takes \$1.35 to purchase as much food and clothing now as \$1.00 would purchase between 1890-1900. Therefore the wage-earner and the man on salary must get \$135 for every \$100 he got in the former period, to be able to live as well. And there is every reason to believe that in Canada this necessity must continue for some time. The rapid influx of new citizens is making great demands upon our supply of food and clothing.

Real Estate in the West

THE town-lot craze in the West has run its course. The subdivider is folding his tents and stealing away. Outside property in most western towns and cities may now be bought at prices about equal to three years ago. Inside property is holding its own; it is only the way-out stuff that has gone to smash.

Annual Meeting Next Week

THE first annual meeting of the Hollinger Gold Mines, Limited, is called for Monday, March 31st. The annual report will be presented, and directors elected.

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WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 210, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Lady Alicia's Emeralds

(Continued from page 7.)

when she came down to dinner. It had been taken from the strong-room about an hour before. The box was locked, but of course that made no difference. The thief wrenched the lid off, breaking the lock, stole the necklace, and escaped by the way he came."

"Did he leave the window open and the ladder in place?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't that strike you as very extraordinary?"

"No. I do not assert that he is a professional burglar, who would take all the precautions against the discovery that might have been expected from one of the craft. Indeed, the man's carelessness in going straight across the country to his brother's house, and leaving footsteps in the soft earth, easily traceable almost to the very boundary fence, shows he is incapable of any serious thought."

"Is John Haddon rich?"

"He hasn't a penny."

"Did you go to the ball that night?"

"Yes, I had promised to go."

"Did John Haddon appear there?"

"Yes, but he appeared late. He should have been there at the opening, and his brother was greatly annoyed. When he did come, he acted in a wild and reckless manner, which gave the guests an impression that he had been drinking. Both my niece and myself were disgusted with his actions."

"Do you think your niece suspects him?"

"She certainly did not at first, and was indignant when I told her, coming home from the ball, that her jewels were undoubtedly in Steffenham House, even though they were not round her neck; but latterly I think her opinion has changed."

"To go back a moment. Did any of your servants see him prowling about the place?"

"They all say they didn't, but I myself saw him, just before dusk, coming across the fields towards this house; and next morning we found the same footprints both going and coming. It seems to me the circumstantial evidence is rather strong."

"It's a pity no one but yourself saw him. What more evidence are the authorities waiting for?"

"They are waiting until he attempts to dispose of the jewels."

"You think, then, he has not done so up to date?"

"I think he will never do so."

"Then why did he steal them?"

"To prevent the marriage of my niece with Jonas Carter, of Sheffield, to whom she is betrothed. They were to be married early in the New Year."

"My lord, you amaze me. If Mr. Carter and Lady Alicia are engaged, why should the theft of the jewels interfere with the ceremony?"

"Mr. Jonas Carter is a most estimable man, who, however, does not move in our sphere of life. He is connected with the steel or cutlery industry, and is a man of great wealth, rising upwards of a million, with a large estate in Derbyshire, and a house fronting Hyde Park in London. He is a very strict business man, and both my niece and myself agree that he is also an eligible man. I myself am rather strict in matters of business, and I must admit that Mr. Carter showed a very generous spirit in arranging the preliminaries of the engagement with me. When Alicia's father died, he had run through all the money he himself possessed or could borrow from his friends. Although a man of noble birth, I never liked him. He was married to my only sister. The Blair emeralds, as perhaps you are aware, descend through the female line. They had, therefore, come to my niece from her mother. My poor sister had long been disillusioned before death released her from the titled scamp she had married, and she very wisely placed the emeralds in my custody, to be held in trust for her daughter. They constitute my niece's only fortune, and would produce, if offered in London to-day, probably seventy-five or a hundred thousand pounds, although actually they are not worth so much. Mr. Jonas Carter very amiably consented to receive my niece with a dowry of only fifty thousand pounds, and that money I offered to ad-

vance if I were allowed to retain the jewels as security. This was arranged between Mr. Carter and myself."

"But surely Mr. Carter does not refuse to carry out his engagement because the jewels have been stolen?"

"He does. Why should he not?"

"Then surely you will advance the fifty thousand necessary?"

"I will not. Why should I?"

"Well it seems to me," said I, with a slight laugh, "the young man has very definitely checkmated both of you."

"He has, until I have laid him by the heels, which I am determined to do, if he were the brother of twenty Lord Steffenhams."

"Please answer one more question. Are you determined to put the young man in prison, or would you be content with the return of the emeralds intact?"

"Of course, I should prefer to put him in prison and get the emeralds too; but if there's no choice in the matter, I must content myself with the necklace."

"Very well, my lord; I will undertake the case."

This conference had detained us in the study till after eleven, and then, as it was a clear, crisp December morning, I went out through the gardens into the park, that I might walk along the well-kept private road and meditate upon my course of action—or, rather, think over what had been said, because I could not map my route until I had heard the secret which Lady Alicia promised to impart. As at present instructed, it seemed to me that it was the best way to go direct to the young man, show him as effectively as I could the danger in which he stood, and, if possible, persuade him to deliver up the necklace to me. As I strolled along under the grand old leafless trees, I suddenly heard my name called impulsively two or three times, and, turning round, saw the Lady Alicia running towards me. Her cheeks were bright with Nature's rouge, and her eyes sparkled more dazzlingly than any emerald that ever tempted man to wickedness.

"Oh, Monsieur Valmont, I have been waiting for you, and you escaped me. Have you seen my uncle?"

"Yes, I have been with him since ten o'clock."

"Well?"

"Your ladyship, that is exactly the word with which he greeted me."

"Ah, you see an additional likeness between my uncle and myself this morning, then? Has he told you about Mr. Carter?"

"Yes."

"Then you understand how important it is that I should regain possession of my property?"

"Yes," I said with a sigh, "the house near Hyde Park, and the great estate in Derbyshire."

She clapped her hands with glee, eyes and feet dancing in unison, as she walked along gaily beside me, in a sort of skip-pety-hop, skippety-hop sideways, keeping pace with my more stately step, as if she were a little girl of six instead of a young woman of twenty.

"Not only that!" she cried, "but one million pounds to spend! Oh, Monsieur Valmont, you know Paris, and yet you do not seem to comprehend what that plethora of money means!"

"Well, madam, I have seen Paris, and I have seen a good deal of the world, but I am not so sure you will have the million to spend."

"What?" she cried, stopping short, that little wrinkle which betokened temper appearing on her brow, "do you think we won't get the emeralds, then?"

"Oh, I am sure we will get the emeralds. I, Valmont, pledge you my word. But if Mr. Jonas Carter, before marriage, calls a halt upon the ceremony until your uncle places fifty thousand pounds upon the table, I confess I am very pessimistic about your obtaining control of the million afterwards."

All her vivacity instantaneously returned.

"Pooh!" she cried, dancing round in front of me, and standing there directly in my path, so that I came to a halt. "Pooh!" she repeated, snapping her fingers, with an inimitable gesture of that lovely hand. "Monsieur Valmont, I am disappointed in you. You are not nearly so nice as you were last even-

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ing. It is very uncomplimentary in you to intimate that when once I am married to Mr. Carter I shall not wheedle from him all the money I want. Do not rest your eyes on the ground; look at me and answer!"

I looked up at her and could not forbear laughing. The witchery of the wood was in the girl—yes, and a perceptible trace of the Gallic devil flickered in those enchanting eyes of hers. I could not help myself.

"Ah, Madame la Marquise de Bellairs, how jauntily you would scatter despair in that susceptible Court of Louis!"

"Ah, Monsieur Eugene de Valmont," she cried, mimicking my tones, and imitating my manner with an exactitude that amazed me, "you are now my dear De Valmont of last night. I dreamed of you, I assure you I did, and now to find you in the morning, oh, so changed!" and she clasped her little hands and dropped her head, and her voice sank into a cadence of melancholy which seemed so genuine that the mocking ripple of a laugh immediately following was almost a shock to me. Where had this creature of the dull English countryside learnt all such frou-frou of gesture and tone?

"Have you ever seen Sarah Bernhardt?" I asked.

Now, the average Englishwoman would have inquired the genesis of so inconsequent a question, but Lady Alicia followed the trend of my thought, and answered at once as if my query had been quite expected—

"Mais non, monsieur. Sarah the Divine! Ah, she comes with my million a year and the house of Hyde Park. No, the only inhabitant of my real world whom I have yet seen is Monsieur Valmont, and he, alas! I find so changeable. But now adieu, frivolity; we must be serious," and she walked sedately by my side.

"Do you know where you are going, monsieur? You are going to church. Oh, do not look frightened—not to a service. I am decorating the church with holly, and you shall help me and get thorns in your poor fingers."

The private road, which up to this time had passed through a forest, now reached a secluded glade in which stood a very small but exquisite church, evidently centuries older than the mansion we had left. Beyond it were grey stone ruins which Lady Alicia pointed out to me as remnants of the original chateau that had been built in the reign of the second Henry. The church, it was thought, formed the private chapel to this castle, and it had been kept in repair by the various lords of the manor.

"Now hearken to the power of the poor, and learn how they may flout the proud marquis!" cried Lady Alicia gleefully. "The poorest man in England may walk along this private road on Sunday to the church, and the proud marquis is powerless to prevent him. Of course, if the poor man prolongs his walk, then he is in danger from the law of trespass. On week-days, however, this is the most secluded spot on the estate, and I regret to say that my lordly uncle does not trouble it even on Sundays. I fear we are a degenerate race, Monsieur Valmont, for doubtless a fighting and deeply religious ancestor of mine built this church; and to think that when the useful masons cemented these stones together, Madame la Marquise de Bellairs or Lady Alicia were alike unthought of, and though three hundred years divide them, seem, as one might say, contemporaries! Oh, Monsieur Valmont, what is the use of worrying about emeralds or anything else? As I look at this beautiful old church, even the house of Hyde Park appears as naught," and to my amazement, the eyes that Lady Alicia turned upon me were wet.

The front door was unlocked, and we walked into the church in silence. Around the pillars holly and ivy were twined. Great armfuls of the shrub were flung here and there along the wall in heaps, and a step-ladder stood in one of the aisles, showing that the decoration of the edifice was not yet complete. A subdued melancholy had settled down on my erstwhile vivacious companion, the inevitable reaction so characteristic of the artistic temperament—augmented, doubtless, by the solemnity of the place, around whose walls in brass and marble were sculptured memorials of her ancient race.

"You promised," I said at last, "to

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company

A meeting of the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited, was held February 22 at Montreal.

Among the members of the Board present were: Robert E. Harris, K.C., Halifax, President; Hon. Robert Jaffray, Hon. Jas. S. Pitts, George S. Campbell, James Walter Allison, W. D. Ross, Frank Stanfield, Lorn C. Webster, Robert E. Chambers, James C. McGregor and Thos. Cantley, general manager.

Reports submitted by the General Manager showed that the volume of business transacted during the year 1912 was greater than that of any previous year, notwithstanding the very low prices prevailing for steel products during the first three-quarters of the year, coupled with some other unsatisfactory conditions. The profits for the year were \$1,000,609.93.

The Profits and Loss Account and abstract of accounts and Directors' report appear below.

The prospects for the year 1913 are understood to be very promising.

The Directors of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited, submit herewith their twelfth annual report and statement of assets and liabilities, with abstract of Profit and Loss for the year ended December 31, 1912.

In our report for the year 1911 attention was called to the fact that the dumping of American iron and steel products had seriously affected the price of iron and steel in Canada, and as a result our profits for that year were largely reduced. We regret to state that during the first three-quarters of the year 1912 the same conditions prevailed, and it was not till late in the year that the demand in the United States for iron and steel gave the American Manufacturers a market at home for their products, and until then very low prices prevailed in Canada—and the profits of the Company from this source were even more seriously interfered with than in 1911.

The profits for the year were \$1,000,609.93, as compared with \$1,019,392.51 for 1911. The balance to the credit of the Profit and Loss Account on December 31, 1911, was \$508,544.81, which, with the profits of the year, make a total of \$1,509,154.74 which has been dealt with as appears by the Financial Statement.

The Sinking Fund payment for the year, \$26,105, was used in retiring the bonds of the Company, the sum of \$92,196 was added to the Reserve Funds and the sum of \$61,009.85 expended for improvement and betterments to plant was written off.

The sum of \$10,032.20 was added to the insurance reserve. After providing for the above transfers and payment of interest on bonds and debenture stock, dividends and other charges are shown by the accounts, the sum of \$452,600.21 remains to the credit of Profit and Loss Account.

During the year the Wobun Steamship Company, the whole of the stock which was owned by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited, disposed of the Steamer Wobun. This vessel originally cost \$95,000.00, and against this various sums, aggregating \$50,000 have been from time to time transferred from profits to provide for depreciation. The proceeds of the sale were more than sufficient to pay the difference.

The amount expended during the year on Capital Account was \$1,279,569.00, which amount (less the sum of \$98,241.81, the original cost of the steamship Wobun, and some small

sales) has been added to the Property and Mines Account.

Owing to the depressed state of the iron and steel trade in the United States and the coal strike in Great Britain, low prices for iron ore prevailed during the early part of the year, and the directors, therefore, decided that it would be more profitable to carry over a portion of the output. This ore, together with our full output for 1913, has since been sold at an advanced price.

The capacity and efficiency of the plant and work of the Company have been considerably increased by the expenditure during the past few years.

With the increased revenue, which we expect to receive from the larger sale of ore, the higher prices being received for our other products, and with the earnings from new plant installed during the past few years, much of which is only now becoming productive, your directors are of the opinion that the year 1913 will give a considerable increase in earnings over any previous year.

Your directors have under consideration the opening of a new colliery at Sydney Mines and other improvements, and additions to plant and equipment at Wabana, to provide for larger outputs of coal and ore.

The funds necessary to meet the contemplated capital expenditure will be raised by a further issue of debenture stock.

During the past summer the Eastern Car Company was organized, being a subsidiary company for the manufacture of steel railway cars. The authorized capital of the Car Company is:

Preferred stock	\$1,000,000
Common stock	1,000,000
Six per cent. Bonds	1,000,000
Of which was issued preferred stock	750,000
Common stock	800,000
Bonds	1,000,000

The bonds are guaranteed by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited, which holds all the issued common stock.

The plant of the Car Company is situated on a plot of 68 acres adjoining the mills and plant of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, at New Glasgow, having on one side the tracks of the Intercolonial Railway and on the other the tidal waters of Pictou Harbour. It is expected that the plant will be in operation by August next. The Car Company will be a large user of the finished products of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company. The great increase in railway development in Canada will, it is expected, for many years call for a large amount of rolling stock, and the car company should, therefore, prove highly successful and be an additional source of revenue to your company.

Dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. on the preferred and 6 per cent. on the common shares of the company for the year have been paid quarterly. The regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. on preferred and 1½ per cent. on common shares has been declared for the first quarter of 1913, payable April 15th to shareholders of record of March 31st, 1913.

All of which is respectfully submitted.
(Signed) ROBERT E. HARRIS,
President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

DR.	
1912—Dec. 31st, Interest paid to Bonds and to Bank, etc.	\$ 352,311.08
Interest paid on debenture stock	60,000.00
Dividend on Preferred Shares	82,400.00
Dividend on Ordinary Shares	360,000.00
Directors' remuneration	12,500.00
Transferred to Reserve Funds for Depreciation, Renewals, etc.	\$92,196.00
Sinking Fund	26,105.00
Improvements and Betterments to Plant written off	\$ 118,301.00
Transferred to Insurance Funds	61,009.85
Balance carried forward	10,032.20
	<u>\$1,509,154.74</u>

CR.	
1911—Dec. 31st. By Balance	\$ 508,544.81
1912—Dec. 31st. By Profits for Year ended Dec. 31st, 1912	1,000,609.93
	<u>\$1,509,154.74</u>
1912—Dec. 31st. By Balance	\$ 452,600.61

We have examined the vouchers and audited the books of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited, for the year ended December 31st, 1912, and certify that the annexed Balance Sheet contains a true and correct statement of their affairs at that date.

I HEYWOOD MCGREGOR,
F. H. OXLEY, F.C.A.,
Auditors.

ASSETS.	
PROPERTY AND MINES:—	
Cost of properties owned and operated by the Company	\$15,670,613.58
CURRENT ASSETS:—	
Inventories (raw and manufactured materials and stores)	\$1,714,184.46
Ledger Accounts and Bills Receivable	907,484.57
Cash in Bank	328,594.11
	<u>\$2,950,263.14</u>
	<u>\$18,620,876.72</u>
LIABILITIES.	
CAPITAL STOCK:—	
Preferred	\$1,030,000.00
Ordinary	6,000,000.00
	<u>\$7,030,000.00</u>
BONDS:—	
Total issue	\$6,000,000.00
Bonds Redeemed	53,190.60
	<u>\$5,946,809.31</u>
Sinking Fund	53,556.04
Debenture Stock	1,000,000.00
CURRENT LIABILITIES:—	
Bills Payable	\$490,000.00
Pay Rolls and Accounts not yet due	534,019.56
Funds at credit of Eastern Car Co.	971,598.80
Bond Coupons due Jan. 1, 1913	148,670.23
Bond Coupons not presented	1,528.98
Debenture stock interest, payment Jan. 1, 1913	30,000.00
Quarterly Dividend, Preferred Shares, payable Jan. 5, 1913	20,600.00
Quarterly Dividend on Ordinary Shares, payable Jan. 15, 1913	90,000.00
	<u>\$2,286,417.57</u>
General Reserve	750,000.00
SPECIAL RESERVE ACCOUNTS:—	
Reserve for General Depreciation and for unusual expenses and renewals	\$1,029,270.24
Insurance Funds	72,222.95
Surplus Profit and Loss	452,600.61
	<u>\$18,620,876.72</u>

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GERMAN
LAGER

Brewed and Bottled in
Bremen, Germany

BECK'S LAGER

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so-called German Lagers.

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astic, Energetic Field-workers.

E. MARSHALL, D. FASKEN,
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Wafers ?**

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ache promptly, yet do not contain
any of the dangerous drugs common
in headache tablets. Ask your
Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED. 129

tell me how you came to suspect—"

"Not here, not here," she whispered;
then rising from the pew in which she
had seated herself, she said:

"Let us go; I am in no mood for
working this morning. I shall finish the
decoration in the afternoon."

We came out into the cool and bril-
liant sunlight again, and as we turned
homeward, her spirits immediately be-
gan to rise.

"I am anxious to know," I persisted,
"why you came to suspect a man whom
at first you believed innocent."

"I am not sure but I believe him inno-
cent now, although I am forced to the
conclusion that he knows where the
treasure is."

"What forces you to that conclusion,
my lady?"

"A letter I received from himself, in
which he makes a proposal so extraor-
dinary that I am almost disinclined to
accede to it, even though it leads to
the discovery of my necklace. However,
I am determined to leave no means un-
tried if I receive the support of my
friend Monsieur Valmont."

"My lady," said I with a bow, "it is
but yours to command, mine to obey.
What were the contents of the letter?"

"Read it," she replied, taking the
folded sheet from her pocket and hand-
ing it to me.

She had been quite right in charac-
terizing the note as an extraordinary
epistle. The Honourable John Haddon
had the temerity to propose that she
should go through a form of marriage
with him at the old church we had just
left. If she did that, he said, it would
console him for the mad love he felt
for her. The ceremony would have no
binding force upon her whatever, and
she might bring whom she pleased to
perform it. If she had no one whom she
could trust, he would, invite an old col-
lege chum, and bring him to the church
next morning at half-past seven o'clock.
Even if an ordained clergyman performed
the ceremony, it would not be legal un-
less it took place between the hours of
eight in the morning and three in the
afternoon. If she consented to this, the
emeralds were hers once more.

"That is the proposal of a madman,"
said I, as I handed back the letter.

"Well," she replied with a nonchalant
shrug of her shoulders, "he has always
said he was madly in love with me, and
I quite believe it. Poor young man, if
this mummery were to console him for
the rest of his life, why should I not
indulge him in it?"

"Lady Alicia, surely you would not
countenance the profaning of that lovely
old edifice with a mock ceremonial? No
man in his senses would suggest such
a thing!"

Once more her eyes were twinkling
with merriment.

"But the Honourable John Haddon, as
I have told you, is not in his senses."

"Then why should you indulge him?"

"Why? How can you ask such a ques-
tion? Because of the emeralds. It is
only a mad lark, after all, and no one
shall know of it. Oh, Monsieur Val-
mont," she cried pleadingly, clasping her
hands, and yet it seemed to me with an
undercurrent of laughter in her beseech-
ing tones, "will you not enact for us
the part of clergyman? I am sure if
your face were as serious as it is at this
moment, the robes of a priest would
become you."

"Lady Alicia, you are incorrigible. I
am somewhat of a man of the world,
yet I should not dare to counterfeit the
sacred office, and I hope you but jest.
In fact, I am sure you do, my lady."

She turned away from me with a
very pretty pout.

"Monsieur Valmont, your knighthood
is, after all, but surface deep. 'Tis not
mine to command, and yours to obey,
as you said a moment since. Certainly
I did but jest. John shall bring his own
bogus clergyman with him."

"Are you going to meet him to-mor-
row?"

"Of course I am. I have promised. I
must recover my necklace."

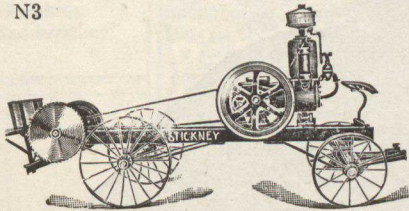
"You seem to have great confidence
that he will produce it."

"If he fails to do so, then I have Mon-
sieur Valmont as my trump card. But,
monsieur, although you quite rightly
refuse to comply with my first request,
you will surely not reject my second.
Will you meet me to-morrow at the head
of the avenue, promptly at a quarter
past seven, and escort me to the church?"

For a moment the negative trembled

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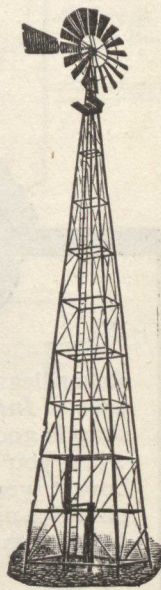


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Statistics show
that the corn belt
is moving North
about 20 miles a
year. This is due
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Engine & Pump Co. have encircled the Earth with
their goods in the past ten years. This is made pos-
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tugal.
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gians.
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Ten cents a cake at all dealers, or we will mail free a sample cake to any lady upon request. Try one cake today.

John Taylor & Co.
Limited
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The creamy insides and centres of nuts, fruits and jellies have just the *Right Flavor*—the rich, thick chocolate coating has just the *Right Taste*.

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on my tongue's end, but she turned those enchanting eyes upon me, and I was undone.

"Yes," I answered. She seized both my hands, like a little girl overjoyed at a promised excursion. "Oh, Monsieur Valmont, you are a darling! I feel as if I'd known you all my life. I am sure you will never regret having humoured me"—then added a moment later, "if we get the emeralds."

"Ah," said I, "if we get the emeralds." We were now within sight of the house, so she pointed out our rendezvous for the morning, and with that I bade her "Good-bye."

It was shortly after seven o'clock next day when I reached the rendezvous. The Lady Alicia was somewhat long in putting in an appearance, but when she arrived, her face was aglow with girlish delight at the solemn prank she was about to play.

"You have not changed your mind?" I said, after the morning's greetings.

"Oh, no, Monsieur Valmont," she replied, with a bright laugh; "I am determined to get those emeralds again."

"We must hurry, Lady Alicia, or we shall be too late."

"There is plenty of time," she remarked calmly, and she proved to be right, because when we came in sight of the church, the clock pointed to the hour of half-past seven.

"Now," she said, "I shall wait here until you steal up to the church and look in through one of the windows that do not contain stained glass. I would not for the world arrive before Mr. Haddon and his friend are there."

I did as requested, and saw two young men standing together in the centre aisle, one in the full robes of a clergyman, the other in his ordinary dress, whom I took to be the Honourable John Haddon. His profile was towards me, and I must admit that there was very little of the madman in his calm countenance. It was a well-cut face, clean shaven, and strikingly manly. In one of the pews was seated a woman, who I learned afterwards was Lady Alicia's maid, who had been instructed to come and go from the house by the footpath, while we had taken the longer road. I returned and escorted Lady Alicia to the church, and there was introduced to Mr. Haddon and his friend, the made-up divine. The ceremony was at once performed, and, man of the world as I professed to be, this enacting of private theatricals in a church grated upon me. When the maid and I were asked to sign the book as witnesses, I said:

"Surely that is carrying realism a little too far?"

Mr. Haddon smiled and replied very suavely:

"I am amazed to hear a Frenchman objecting to realism going to its full length; and, speaking for myself, I should be delighted to see the autograph of the renowned Eugene Valmont," and with that he proffered me the pen, whereupon I scrawled my signature. The maid had already signed and had disappeared. The reputed clergyman bowed us out of the church, standing in the porch to see us walk up the avenue.

"Ed," cried John Haddon, "I'll be back within half an hour, and we'll attend to the clock. You won't mind waiting?"

"Not in the least, dear boy. God bless you both!" and the tremor in his voice seemed to me carrying realism still one step further.

The Lady Alicia hurried us on with downcast head until we were within the gloom of the forest, and then, ignoring me, she turned suddenly to the young man and placed her two hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she cried. He kissed her twice on the lips.

"Jack, Monsieur Valmont insists on the emeralds."

The young man laughed. Her ladyship stood fronting him, with her back towards me. Tenderly the young man unfastened something at the throat of that high-necked dress of hers, then there was a snap, and he drew out an amazing, dazzling, shimmering sheen of green, that seemed to turn the whole bleak December landscape verdant as with a touch of spring. The girl hid her rosy face against his, and over her shoulder with a smile he handed me the celebrated Blair emeralds.

"There is the treasure, Monsieur Valmont," he cried, "on condition that you do not molest the culprit."

"Or the accessory after the fact," mur-

"That's it. Letters and copies both clear"



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Capital Authorized \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up \$11,560,000
Reserve Funds \$13,000,000
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Common Sense Roach and Bed Bug Exterminator sold under the same guarantee.

25c., 50c., and \$1.00, at all dealers.

If not at your dealer's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly, you will find

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12mo, cloth, 240 pages. \$1.00 post-paid. NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St. - Toronto.

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"Any bright woman can be as successful as I have been in making pretty clothes, if she will select models that suit her, get the patterns, and use Diamond Dyes according to the directions. This new spring dress of mine I made over, from a pink crepe de chine which I dyed dark green, and selected the model from the Fashion Book."

Laura M. Tiffany.

"I am glad to send you a photograph of my latest Diamond Dyes Dress. I made this over from some pale yellow messaline material which I had in a dress last spring. I dyed it brown. Isn't it stylish?"

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You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not hesitate to dye your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. They are as easy to use as soap.

Diamond Dyes

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes to-day. It will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor any fabric.

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 come in Blue envelopes, Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come 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.

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

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This Book is Full of Dress Secrets, How to do Almost Magical Things About the Home, etc., etc.

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WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., LIMITED,
200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

mured Lady Alicia in smothered tones, with a hand clasping her high-necked dress at the throat.

"We trust to your invention, monsieur, to deliver that necklace to my uncle with a detective story that will thrill him to his very heart."

We heard the clock strike eight, and then a second later the chime for quarter-past, and another second after the chime for half-past.

"Ah!" cried Haddon, "Ed has attended to the clock himself. What a good fellow he is!"

I looked at my watch: it was twenty-five minutes to nine.

"Was the ceremony genuine, then?" I asked.

"Ah, monsieur," said the young man, patting his wife affectionately on the shoulder, "nothing on earth is more genuine than that ceremony was."

And the volatile Lady Alicia clung closer to him than ever!

The Impostor

(Continued from page 18.)

"Playing for stakes of this kind isn't good enough for you!"

Witham laughed a little to hide his resentment, as he said, "I don't quite understand."

"Pshaw!" said the American with a contemptuous gesture. "Three times out of four I've spoiled your hand, and if I didn't know that black horse I'd take you for some blamed Canadian rancher. You didn't handle the pictures that way when you stripped the boys to the hide at Regent, Mr. Courthorne?"

"Regent?" said Witham.

The hotel keeper laughed. "Oh yes," he said. "I wouldn't go back there too soon, anyway. The boys seem quite contented, and I don't figure they would be very nice to you. Well, now, I've no use for fooling with a man who's too proud to take my dollars, and I've a pair of horses just stuffed with wickedness in the stable. There's not much you don't know about a beast, anyway, and you can take them out a league or two if you feel like it."

Witham, who had grown very tired of his host, was glad of any distraction, especially as he surmised that while the man had never seen Courthorne, he knew rather more than he did himself about his doings. Accordingly, he got into the sleigh that was brought out by and by, and enjoyed the struggle with the half-tamed team which stood with ears laid back, prepared for conflict. Oats had been very plentiful, and prices low that season. Witham, who knew at least as much about a horse as Lance Courthorne, however, bent them to his will and the team were trotting quietly through the shadow of a big birch bluff a league from town, when he heard a faint clip-clop coming down the trail behind him. It led straight beneath the leafless branches, and was beaten smooth and firm; while Witham, who had noticed already that whenever he strayed any distance from the hotel there was a mounted cavalryman somewhere in the vicinity, shook the reins.

The team swung into faster stride, the cold wind whistled past him, and the snow whirled up from beneath the runners; but while he listened the rhythmic drumming behind him also quickened a little. Then a faintly musical jingle of steel accompanied the beat of hoofs, and Witham glanced about him with a little laugh of annoyance. The dusk was creeping across the prairie, and a pale star or two growing into brilliancy in the cloudless sweep of indigo.

"It's getting a trifle tiresome. I'll find out what the fellow wants," he said.

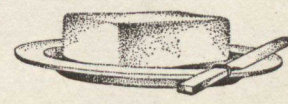
Wheeling the team, he drove back the way he came, and, when a dusky object materialized out of the shadows beneath the birches, swung the horses right across the trail. The snow lay deep on either side of it just there, with a sharp crust upon its surface, which rendered it inadvisable to take a horse round the sleigh. The mounted man accordingly drew bridle, and the jingle and rattle betokened his profession, though it was already too dark to see him clearly.

"Hallo!" he said. "Been buying this trail up, stranger?"

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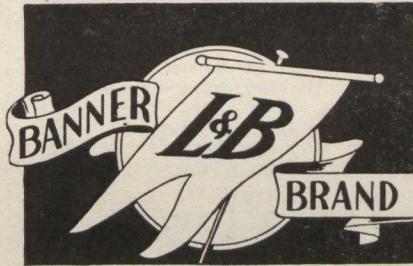
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"No," said Witham quietly, though he still held his team across the way. "Still, I've got the same right as any other citizen to walk or drive along it without anybody prowling after me, and just now I want to know if there is a reason I should be favoured with your company."

The trooper laughed a little. "I guess there is. It's down in the orders that whoever's on patrol near the settlement should keep his eye on you. You see, if you lit out of here we would want to know just where you were going to."

"I am," said Witham, "a Canadian citizen, and I came out here for quietness."

"Well," said the other, "you're an American, too. Anyway, when you were in a tight place down in Regent there, you told the boys so. Now, no sensible man would boast of being a Britisher unless it was helping him to play out his hand."

Witham kept his temper. "I want a straight answer. Can you tell me what you and the boys are trailing me for?"

"No," said the trooper. "Still, I guess our commander could. If you don't know of any reason, you might ask him."

Witham tightened his grip on the reins. "I'll ride back with you to the outpost now."

The trooper shook his bridle, and trotted behind the sleigh, while, as it swung up and down over the billowy rises of the prairie, Witham became sensible of a curious expectancy. The bare, hopeless life he had led seemed to have slipped behind him, and though he suspected that there was no great difference between his escort and a prisoner's guard, the old love of excitement he once fancied he had outgrown for ever awoke again within him. Anything that was different from the past would be a relief, and the man who had for eight long years of strenuous toil practiced the grimmest self-denial wondered with a quickening of all his faculties what the future, that could not be more colourless, might have in store for him.

It was dark, and very cold, when they reached the wooden building, but Witham's step was lighter, and his spirits more buoyant than they had been for some months when, handing the sleigh over to an orderly, he walked into the guard-room, where bronzed men in uniform glanced at him curiously. Then he was shown into a bare, log-walled hall, where a young man in blue uniform with a weather-darkened face was writing at a table.

"I've been partly expecting a visit," he said. "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Courthorne."

Witham laughed with a very good imitation of the outlaw's recklessness, and wondered the while because it cost him no effort. He who had, throughout the last two adverse seasons, seldom smiled at all, and then but grimly, experienced the same delight in an adventure that he had done when he came out to Canada.

"I don't know that I can return the compliment just yet," he said. "I have one or two things to ask you."

The young soldier smiled good humouredly, as he flung a cigar case on the table. "Oh, sit down and shake those furs off," he said. "I'm not a worrying policeman, and we're white men, anyway. If you'd been twelve months in this forsaken place you'd know what I'm feeling. Take a smoke, and start in with your questions when you feel like it."

Witham lighted a cigar, flung himself down in a hide chair, and stretched out his feet towards the stove. "In the first place, I want to know why your boys are shadowing me. You see, you couldn't arrest me unless our folks in the Dominion had got their papers through."

The officer nodded. "No. We couldn't lay hands on you, and we only had orders to see where you went to when you left this place, so the folks there could corral you if they got the papers. That's about the size of it at present, but, as I've sent a trooper over to Regent, I'll know more to-morrow."

Witham laughed. "It may appear a little astonishing, but I haven't the faintest notion why the police in Canada should worry about me. Is there any reason you shouldn't tell me?"

The officer looked at him thought-

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fully. "Bluff? I'm quite smart at it myself," he said.

"No," and Witham shook his head. "It's a straight question. I want to know."

"Well," said the other, "it couldn't do much harm if I told you. You were running whiskey a little while ago, and, though the folks didn't seem to suspect it, you had a farmer or a rancher for a partner—it appears he has mixed up things for you."

"Witham?" and the farmer turned to roll the cigar which did not need it between his fingers.

"That's the man," said his companion. "Well, though I guess it's no news to you, the police came down upon your friends at a river-crossing, and farmer Witham put a bullet into a young trooper, Shannon, I fancy."

Witham sat upright, and the blood that surged to his forehead sank from it suddenly, and left his face grey with anger.

"Good Lord!" he said hoarsely. "He killed him?"

"Yes, sir," said the officer. "Killing's not quite the word, because one shot would have been enough to free him of the lad, and the rancher fired twice into him. They figured, from the way the trooper was lying and the footprints, that he meant to finish him."

The farmer's face was very grim as he said, "They were sure it was Witham?"

"Yes," and the soldier watched him curiously. "Anyway, they were sure of his horse, and it was Witham's rifle. Another trooper nearly got him, and he left it behind him. It wasn't killing, for the trooper don't seem to have had a show at all, and I'm glad to see it makes you kind of sick. Only that one of the troopers allows he was trailing of you at a time which shows you had no hand in the thing, you wouldn't be sitting there smoking that cigar."

It was almost a minute before Witham could trust his voice. Then he said slowly, "And what do they want me for?"

"I guess they don't quite know whether they do or not," said the officer. "They crawl slow in Canada. In the meanwhile they wanted to know where you were, so they could take out papers if anything turned up against you."

"And Witham?" said the farmer.

"Got away with a trooper close behind him. The rest of them had headed him off from the prairie, and he took to the river. Went through the ice and drowned himself, though as there was a blizzard nobody quite saw the end of him, and in case there was any doubt they've got a warrant out. Farmer Witham's dead, and if he isn't he soon will be, for the troopers have got their net right across the prairie, and the Canadians don't fool time away as we do when it comes to hanging anybody. The tale seems to have worried you."

Witham sat rigidly still and silent for almost a minute. Then he rose up with a curious little shake of his shoulders.

"And farmer Witham's dead. Well, he had a hard life. I knew him rather well," he said. "Thank you for the story. On my word this is the first time I've heard it, and now it's time I was going."

The officer laughed a little. "Sit right down. Now, there's something about you that makes me like you, and as I can't talk to the boys, I'll give you the best supper we can raise in the whole forsaken country, and you can camp here until to-morrow. It's an arrangement that will meet the views of everybody, because I'll know whether the Canadians want you or not in the morning."

Witham did not know what prompted him to agree, but it all seemed part of a purpose that impelled him against his reasoning will, and he sat still beside the stove while his host went out to give orders respecting supper and the return of the sleigh. He was also glad to be alone for a while, for now and then a fit of anger shook him as he saw how he had been duped by Courthorne. He had heard Shannon's story, and, remembering it, could fancy that Courthorne had planned the trooper's destruction with a devilish cunning that recognized by what means the blame could be laid upon a guiltless man. Witham's face became mottled with grey again as he realized that if he revealed his identity he had nothing but his word to offer in proof of his innocence.



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Still, it was anger and not fear that stirred him, for nobody could arrest a man who was dead, and there was no reason that would render it undesirable for him to remain so. His farm would, when sold, realize the money borrowed upon it, and the holder of the mortgage had received a profitable interest already. Had the unforeseen not happened. Witham would have held out to the end of the struggle, but now he had no regret that this was out of the question. Fate had been too strong for him as farmer Witham, but it might deal more kindly with him as the outlaw Courthorne. He could also make a quick decision, and when the officer returned to say that supper was ready, he rose with a smile.

They sat down to a meal that was barbaric in its simplicity and abundance, for men live and eat in Homeric fashion in the North-West, while when the green tea was finished and the officer pushed the whisky across, his guest laughed as he filled his glass.

"Here's better fortune to farmer Witham!" he said.

The officer stared at him. "No, sir," he said. "If the old folks taught me aright, Witham's in—"

A curious smile flickered in the farmer's eyes. "No," he said slowly. "He was tolerably near it once or twice when he was alive, and, because of what he went through then, there may be something better in store for him."

His companion appeared astonished, but said nothing further until he brought out the cards. They played for an hour beside the snapping stove, and then, when Witham flung a trump away, the officer groaned.

"I guess," he said disgustedly, "you're not well to-night, or something is worrying you."

Witham looked up with a little twinkle in his eyes. "I don't know that there's very much wrong with me."

"Then," said the officer decisively, "if the boys down at Regent know enough to remember what trumps are, you're not Lance Courthorne. Now after what I'd heard of you, I'd have put up fifty dollars for the pleasure of watching your game—and it's not worth ten cents when I've seen it."

Witham laughed. "Sit down and talk," he said. "One isn't always in his usual form, and there are folks who get famous too easily."

They talked until nearly midnight, sitting close to the stove, while a doleful wind that moaned without drove the dust of snow pattering against the windows, and the shadows grew darker in the corners of the great log-walled room each time the icy draughts set the lamp flickering. Then the officer, rising, expressed the feelings of his guest as he said, "It's a forsaken country, and I'm thankful one can sleep and forget it."

He had, however, an honourable calling, and a welcome from friend and kinsman awaiting him when he went East again, to revel in the life of the cities, but the man who followed him silently to the sleeping-room had nothing but a half-instinctive assurance that the future could not well be harder or more lonely than the past had been. Still, farmer Witham was a man of courage with a quiet belief in himself, and in ten minutes he was fast asleep.

When he came down to breakfast his host was already seated with a bundle of letters before him, and one addressed to Courthorne lay unopened by Witham's plate. The officer nodded when he saw him.

"The trooper has come in with the mail, and your friends in Canada are not going to worry you," he said. "Now, if you feel like staying here a few days, it would be a favour to me."

Witham had in the meanwhile opened the envelope. He knew that when once the decision was made there could only be peril in half-measures, and his eyes grew thoughtful as he read. The letter had been written by a Winnipeg lawyer from a little town not very far away, and requested Courthorne to meet and confer with him respecting certain suggestions made by a Colonel Barrington. Witham decided to take the risk.

"I'm sorry, but I have got to go into Annerly at once," he said.

"Then," said the officer, "I'll drive you. I've some stores to get down there."

They started after breakfast, but it was dusk next day when they reached

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the little town, and Witham walked quietly into a private room of the wooden hotel, where a middle-aged man with a shrewd face sat waiting him. The big nickelled lamp flickered in the draughts that found their way in, and Witham was glad of it, though he was outwardly very collected. The stubborn patience and self-control with which he had faced the loss of his wheat crops and frozen stock stood him in good stead now. He fancied the lawyer seemed a trifle astonished at his appearance, and sat down wondering whether he had previously spoken to Courthorne, until the question was answered for him.

"Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, I have acted as Colonel Barrington's legal adviser ever since he settled at Silverdale, and am, therefore, well posted as to his affairs, which are, of course, connected with those of your own family," said the lawyer. "We can accordingly talk with greater freedom, and I hope without the acerbity which in your recent communications somewhat annoyed the Colonel!"

"Well," said Courthorne, who had never heard of Colonel Barrington, "I am ready to listen."

The lawyer drummed on the table. "It might be best to come to the point at once," he said. "Colonel Barrington does not deem it convenient that you should settle at Silverdale, and would be prepared to offer you a reasonable sum to relinquish your claim."

"My claim?" said Witham, who remembered having heard of the Silverdale Colony, which lay several hundred miles away.

"Of course," said the lawyer. "The legacy lately left you by Roger Courthorne. I have brought you a schedule of the wheat in store, and amounts due to you on various sales made. You will also find the acreage, stock, and implements detailed at a well-known appraiser's valuation, which you could, of course, confirm, and Colonel Barrington would hand you a cheque for half the total now. He, however, asks four years to pay the balance, which would carry bank interest in the meanwhile, in."

Witham, who was glad of the excuse, spent at least ten minutes studying the paper, and realized that it referred to a large and well-appointed farm, though it occurred to him that the crop was a good deal smaller than it should have been. He noticed this, as it were, instinctively, for his brain was otherwise very busy.

"Colonel Barrington seems somewhat anxious to get rid of me," he said. "You see, this land is mine by right."

"Yes," said the lawyer. "Colonel Barrington does not dispute it, though I am of opinion that he might have done so under one clause of the will. I do not think we need discuss his motives."

Witham moistened his lips with his tongue, and his lips quivered a little. He had hitherto been an honest man, and now it was impossible for him to take the money. It, however, appeared equally impossible to reveal his identity and escape the halter, and he felt that the dead man had wronged him horribly. He was entitled at least to safety by way of compensation, for by passing as Courthorne he would avoid recognition as Witham.

"Still, I do not know how I have offended Colonel Barrington," he said.

"I would sooner," said the lawyer, "not go into that. It is, I fancy, fifteen years since Colonel Barrington saw you, but he desired me to find means of tracing your Canadian record, and did not seem pleased with it. Nor, at the risk of offending you, could I deem him unduly prejudiced."

"In fact," said Witham dryly, "this man who has not seen me for fifteen years is desirous of withholding what is mine from me at almost any cost."

The lawyer nodded. "There is nothing to be gained by endeavouring to controvert it. Colonel Barrington is also, as you know, a somewhat determined gentleman."

Witham laughed, for he was essentially a stubborn man, and felt little kindness towards any one connected with Courthorne, as the Colonel evidently was.

"I fancy I am not entirely unlike him in that respect," he said. "What you have told me makes me the more determined to follow my own inclination.

Is there any one else at Silverdale prejudiced against me?"

The lawyer fell into the trap. "Miss Barrington, of course, takes her brother's view, and her niece would scarcely go counter to them. She must have been a very young girl when she last saw you, but from what I know of her character I should expect her to support the Colonel."

"Well," said Witham. "I want to think over the thing. We will talk again tomorrow. You would require me to establish my identity, anyway?"

"The fact that a famous inquiry agent has traced your movements down to a week or two ago, and told me where to find you, will render that simple," said the lawyer dryly.

Witham sat up late that night turning over the papers the lawyer left him, and thinking hard. It was evident that in the meanwhile he must pass as Courthorne, but as the thought of taking the money revolted him, the next step led to the occupation of the dead man's property. The assumption of it would apparently do nobody a wrong, while he felt that Courthorne had taken so much from him that the farm at Silverdale would be a very small reparation. It was not, he saw, a great inheritance, but one that in the right hands could be made profitable, and Witham, who had fought a plucky fight with obsolete and worthless implements and indifferent teams, felt that he could do a great deal with what was, as it were, thrust upon him at Silverdale. It was not avarice that tempted him, though he knew he was tempted now, but a longing to find a fair outlet for his energies, and show what, once given the chance that most men had, he could do. He had stunted himself and toiled almost as a beast of burden, but now he could use his brains in place of wringing the last effort out of overtaxed muscle. He had also during the long struggle lost, to some extent, his clearness of vision, and only saw himself as a lonely man fighting for his own hand with fate against him. Now, when prosperity was offered him, it seemed but folly to stand aside when he could stretch out a strong hand and take it.

During the last hour he sat almost motionless, the issue hung in the balance, and he laid himself down still undecided. Still, he had lived long in primitive fashion in close touch with the soil, and sank, as most men would have done, into restful sleep. The sun hung red above the rim of the prairie when he awakened, and going down to breakfast found the lawyer waiting for him.

"You can tell Colonel Barrington I'm coming to Silverdale," he said.

The lawyer looked at him curiously. "Would there be any use in asking you to consider?"

Witham laughed. "No," he said. "Now, I rather like the way you talked to me, and if it wouldn't be disloyalty to the Colonel, I should be pleased if you would undertake to put me in due possession of my property."

He said nothing further and the lawyer sat down to write Colonel Barrington.

"Mr. Courthorne proves obdurate," he said. "He is, however, by no means the type of man I expected to find, and I venture to surmise that you will eventually discover him to be a less undesirable addition to Silverdale than you are at present inclined to fancy."

(To be continued.)

Silenced.—"I see the women are going to wear medieval costumes in that suffragette parade," remarked Mr. Wombat pleasantly. "What are you going to wear, my dear?"

"My medieval hat," said Mrs. Wombat, significantly.

And there were no further remarks. —Kansas City Journal.

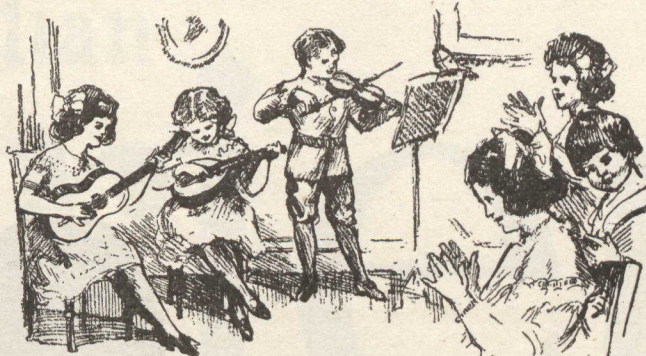
Sensational.—"He has written a new play."

"Original?"

"Yes. The heroine is a married woman."

"Oh, I know. And falls in love with another man."

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