

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Public Problems and the Professor

By ROBERT C. READE

Illustrated by Robert Johnston

The Shovel and the Gun

BEING THE OPINIONS OF MR. W. M. McCLEMONT
AND MR. W. SANFORD EVANS

Human Interest at the Fair

ILLUSTRATED

Only a Common Fellow

STORY BY L. M. MONTGOMERY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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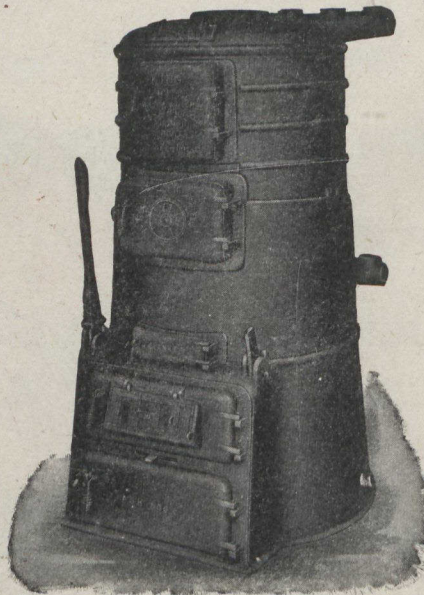
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How it is Done.—Owner—"What'll it cost to repair this car of mine?"
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Garage Proprietor—"Thirty-four dollars and sixty-five cents."—Puck.

If.—If the average man could achieve at fifty or sixty what at eighteen he promised himself to reach before he was twenty-five, you couldn't go out of the house without falling over Croesuses and Shakespeares, Michael Angelos and Beethovens.—Booth Tarkington.

The Only Way.—The Tall Blonde—"A fashion paper says that a new flounced skirt from Paris makes walking difficult and sitting down impossible; what do you think of that?"
The Short Brunette—"Oh, I suppose we'll have to stand it."—London Opinion.

A Question.—"What colour eyes d'ye like best, Billy?"
"Gee! I dunno. What colour are yours supposed to be?"—Life.

Dangerous Pastime.—"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults."
"How did it work?"
"We haven't spoken for nine years."—Chicago Record.

A Dog of Taste.—Fair Ones—"Will your dog bite us?"
Navy—"I shouldn't be surprised, miss. 'E's got an uncommon sweet tooth!"—London Opinion.

The Gnat and the Gnu.
"How absurd," said the gnat to the gnu,
"To spell your queer name as you do!"
"For the matter of that,"
Said the gnu to the gnat,
"That's just how I feel about you."—Oliver Herford, in Century.

Willing to be Heir.—Outside it was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges.
"Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time," she said solemnly. "I had a darling little brother, only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead."

A hush fell upon the schoolroom; then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked:
"Where's his sled?"—Truth Seeker.

Tricked.—For four consecutive nights the hotel proprietor watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water-tap.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.


"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why the boy told me that was the fire-alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."—New York Weekly Telegraph.

Couldn't be Age.—The old sailor was complaining that he was a little deaf in his left ear. "Well," responded his acquaintance, "you're no longer young, you know, and"—"It's not my age," interrupted the old sailor; "sure, me right ear's as old as the left one, and I can hear in that."—The Weekly Scotsman.

Angelic.—Customer—"But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language."

Dealer—" 'E's a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot."—London By-stander.

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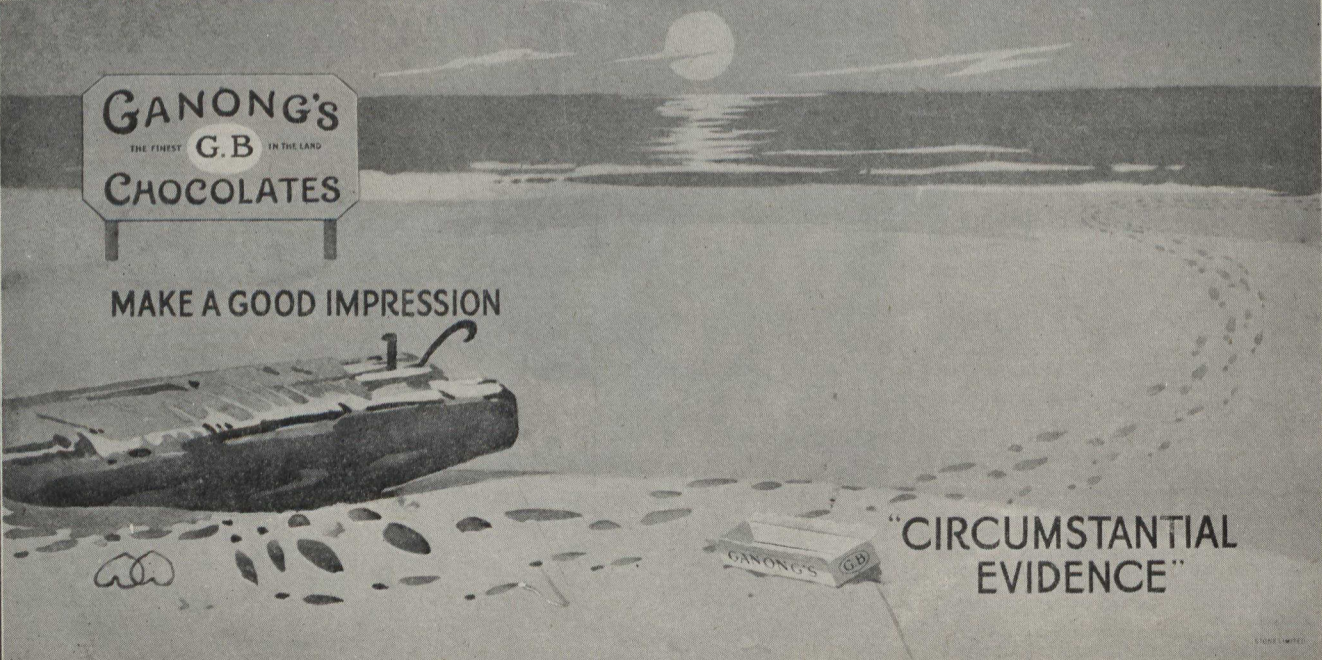
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Vol. XIV.

September 6, 1913

No. 14



"How many lectures will my son have to take before he can earn three dollars a day?"

Public Problems and the Professor

Dealing With Macadam Roads and Academic Minds

By ROBERT C. READE

FOR some reason or other Canadian professors don't take much active interest in public affairs. At least so Mr. Robert C. Reade says in a very vigorous and scintillating article. The writer is himself a university man; for some time lecturer in ancient history and classics at the University of Toronto; and was one of the first Canadian Rhodes scholars sent to Oxford. He states his opinions about Oxford influence in Canadian universities. He admits that we have at least two professors in Canadian politics now, though he says nothing of other academic minds that used to take a strong interest in public affairs, such as the late Principal Grant, of Queen's; Prof. Adam Shortt, now of the Civil Service Commission, and the late Goldwin Smith, whose interest in public affairs was purely intellectual. In slating the Canadian professor Mr. Reade has no intention either of ignoring the remarkable successes achieved by American professors in dealing with public problems, from James Russell Lowell, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, to Professor Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. In fact the vigorous public career of President Wilson seems as an added reason why such an article as "Public Problems and the Professor" should be written in Canada.

MACADAM roads and academic minds may at first sight seem to be incongruously coupled, but taken together they form upper and lower lenses which will bring into clearer focus an important modern problem. The one phrase typifies the highways of business and government; the other the highways—sometimes the byways also—of leisure and thought. The modern problem varying in nomenclature from sociology or municipology to socialism or syndicalism, and so forth, is one of reducing the corpulent complexity of society to the simplicity of a system. Expansion makes reorganization continually necessary.

That marvel of well regulated harmony, the academic mind, if it be not a myth, may reasonably be looked to for order. It is an unharnessed

Niagara which conceivably may supply the power which will provide a solution. The United States have set it turning a presidential turbine. We in Canada are also investigating its possibilities. Municipal muddling, social turmoil, industrial unrest, the cost of living, all the evils of the world of macadam roads fling the ghost of a gigantic interrogation mark into college cloisters where, in calm and disembodied soliloquies the academic mind paces up and down—when it does not sit. Society, in short, in its Missouri vernacular, asks the professor for proof that he is putting macadam into the social system.

This was the real query in Mr. Gordon Waldron's recent criticism of Toronto University. He claimed to be attacking the use of soft Imperial soap stone. He disliked the employment in sturdy Canadian universities of spineless and crumbling Oxford building material. Any one who has seen how the very milk teeth of Time bite crevices into the yielding surface of Oxford's modern structures will agree with him architecturally, if not academically. He would prefer Scotch granite or American cement or even some native perennial brass—anything rather than most un-macadam Oxonian tiling. By this, Mr. Waldron no doubt meant that he would like to see Toronto University produce men who could turn their academic minds to civic improvements, men whose ideal could be discounted in present day social service, men who remembered Plato's practical advice to philosophers to take off their coats and get into municipal politics or perform jury service at Ottawa rather than let the country go to the dogs in the hands of riff-raff and nincompoops.

It may be said to be the political and social ideal of modern democracy that the men who know things should be the men who do things. The fortuitous energy of men who merely "do things" is a hit or miss method of attaining social perfection. There is hardly a city on this continent which does not bear in its slums, its backyards, its foul water fronts, or in ugly blotches on its civic escutcheon the almost ineffaceable traces of a blind rage for "doing" without a plan or an estimate or an

eye for beauty or permanent utility. The men who know things, as a class, have stood aloof, preoccupied with money-making or the pursuit of culture, while demagogues have caused civic bankruptcy or police corruption, while public utilities have been wasted and legislatures turned into mere ante-rooms to corporation lobbies. Even where dishonesty was lacking, inefficiency has proved just as effective a destructive agency. We in Canada may need no Kipling to warn us against the "flanneled fools at the wicket," but we are in need of some words of reproof to the "energetic" men who want to put on the roof before they have dug the cellar.

The natural cure for misdirected energy is, of course, mind; of which universities are understood, perhaps too hastily, to have a monopoly. That being so, the cure for the maladjustments of our social organism should come from universities or some other habitat of mind. The men who know must be also the men who do. There is nothing, however, to prevent a mind from being lazy, and the secret of education is to give it a motive and a stimulus to activity. Our professors should be able to inspire young Canadians with a public spirit and an intelligent and effective will to action in the public interests even without monetary reward. The opportunities of a new country tend to create selfish individualism. It is the function of a university, as a centre of communal culture, to create a sixth sense of corporate responsibility, a social conscience; as a place of intellectual apprenticeship, to impart the knowledge of what precisely it is that the individual ought to do to benefit his social environment, his city, his country.

It would probably be difficult to find any large number of graduates who take up public life, or who embark in philanthropy or intelligent and disinterested social well doing as a direct result of their university course. Some one, no doubt, will refer triumphantly to the settlement work of Toronto University or to the two professors in politics, George Foster and Mackenzie King, or to the present movement toward undergraduate Conservative and Liberal clubs, genuine Ontario clubs minus the mahogany and the mosaic. Such things are germinal influences chance blown into university seed plots. They do not belong chemically to the academic soil. They are not dynamically related to the "academic mind" or to the professors who manipulate its machinery. It is the actual circumstances of municipal or national life with their suggestions and experiments and stimulus which make an alumnus desert the college frat or the president's annual address for a Bureau of Municipal Research, or a Guild of Civic Art.

THE professor is an Archimedes lever which could move the world with a place to stand. Dreamy idealists with no actual point of leverage in practical affairs will never teach that practical social ethics which alone can humanize our agricultural communities and put efficiency into municipal politics and national administration. It may be true of Toronto and other Canadian universities, as Mr. Waldron has pointed out, or probably would be willing to point out if it were suggested to him, that the too extensive replacing of sanguine and visionary Canadians by frigid and practical Oxonians has created amongst our undergraduates an indifference to Canadian problems.

Perhaps the chief function of a university is to preserve. It is a reservoir, not a gushing fountain in a thirsty land. It has as a result the defects of its qualities. It not only preserves, it embalms. It holds the past so long that its waters become brackish. The fault of universities is ultra conservatism, and academic conservatism is nothing more than the creed of Mr. Wordly Wiseman set up in letters of gold on the altars of idealism. The

vice of our professors as regards the problems of modern society is not that they are impractical, but that they are too practical.

The professor holds the keys of all the practical careers. He carefully clips the wings of ideal youth to fit it for the pedestrian and remunerative professions, such as law, medicine, engineering and commercial chemistry. He turns youth as well into equally practical, if less remunerative, pursuits, such as journalism, theology and teaching. Some Canadian universities, such as Toronto, with its courses in commerce and finance, are veritable mortar board incubators of millionaires. Nor are banking and manufacturing alone remembered in the curriculum. The academic mind has taken to using the agricultural college as a pedagogic divining rod for the wealth of natural resources. Mother earth is now as important as mother wit.

In fact, a university degree by no means implies financial ostracism from the monthly salary cheque or the big corporation melon-cutting. The motor cars and travel trips of university graduates give in unmistakable dollars and cents an answer to the query whether an education pays. The practical range of our Canadian universities is indeed so wide as to include even the cooking range in the schools of domestic science. A Toronto professor tells a story of a shrewd parent who, with a trembling freshman at his heels, entered his study and in his most direct over-the-counter manner inquired, "Say, Professor, how many lectures must my son take before he can earn \$3 a day?"

That is exactly the question which Canadian universities have resolutely set themselves to answer, urged on by a public which is bound to have its sons earn \$3 a day no matter at what cost of political roguery and municipal bungling. Parents

would be horrified if universities taught their sons to work for the public good at less than union rates. Yet our university presidents are diplomats enough to invest that \$3 with a halo of idealism. With the uplifted right hand they preach ideals to gaping freshmen; with the left hand slyly averted they point out to impecunious seniors the blazed trail of the elusive dollar. A gullible public notices only the right hand, while thousands of graduates smugly unconscious of civic duty or true social idealism rise up and call the left hand blessed.

THE number of its alumni in parliament or in the civil service or on the bench is no test of a university's sympathy with social forward movements. There is nothing quixotic in conferring degrees on ministers of the crown or on multi-millionaires. A university is more likely to greet affectionately *honoris causa* the cause which has arrived and is standing still in the hoary respectability of inertia than the cause which is yet in the making. A pioneer is never welcomed in convocation. There are no red and blue hoods for the man who has invented a civic garbage incinerator or a system of auditing municipal accounts. The single tax is jeered at in lecture rooms. It will be worshipped as infallible dogma once it is sanctioned by legislation.

The A. M., the academic mind, is exactly like the Father Brown of G. K. Chesterton. It is intensely shrewd underneath a guileless exterior. It created the immense self sacrifices and salaries of the English civil service. It is always willing to devote itself *pro bono publico*—for a consideration. Our graduates in law are quite willing to become corporation counsel at a salary of \$15,000. Our university M.D.'s would consent to eke out scanty

practices with the titbit of a provincial appointment. Even our university professors are practical enough to serve on remunerative government commissions, or, under the stimulus of generous royalties, write books of humour for the toiling masses. Our very university presidents are not averse to climb the ladder of the colonial peerage and serve the Empire by being Knights Baronet. In the light of this it is difficult to accuse universities of being unpractical. Still, a record of office-seeking is not necessarily a record of social service.

In short, the kind of macadam the professor puts into the social system is its rigidity and conservatism. The ideal road material, for the social, evolutionist, is resilient. It has flexibility and allows adaptation to social growth. It permits of the metamorphosis of a Doctor of Law into an alderman. It lets mind, the academic mind, interpenetrate with any kind of agenda. Some professors, of course, would see an insult in the suggestion that they should pave our city streets with brains that can do better spade work in tearing up the pavements of Assyrian palaces. As educationists, however, they should do their quota of civic work by proxy. Their students at least should be inspired with a willingness to trudge the highways of macadam.

Unless the best thought of our country is devoted to national and municipal problems we are going to have poor city pavements and contractors' scandals and the microbes of inefficiency, if not of dishonesty, dancing a dance of death in all the arteries of communal life. The academic mind, if it has a serum, whether an extract of Greek or Conic sections or psycho-physics must produce it. The professor is a citizen and owes the community all the duties of citizenship.

Only a Common Fellow

A Story of Simple Sacrifice for the Sake of Others' Happiness

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

ON my dearie's wedding morning I wakened early and went to her room. Long and long ago she had made me promise that I would be the one to wake her on the morning of her wedding day.

"You were the first to take me in your arms when I came into the world, Aunt Rachel," she had said, "and I want you to be the first to greet me on that wonderful day."

But that was long ago, and now my heart foreboded that there would be no need of wakening her. And there was not. She was lying there awake, very quiet, with her hand under her cheek, and her big, blue eyes fixed on the window, through which a pale, dull light was creeping in—a joyless light it was, and enough to make a body shiver. I felt more like weeping than rejoicing, and my heart took to aching when I saw her there so white and patient, more like a girl who was waiting for a winding sheet than for a bride's veil. But she smiled brave-like when I sat down on her bed and took her hand.

"You look as if you hadn't slept all night, dearie," I said.

"I didn't—not a great deal," she answered me. "But the night didn't seem long; no, it seemed too short. I was thinking of a great many things. What time is it, Aunt Rachel?"

"Five o'clock."

"Then, in six hours more—"

She suddenly sat up in her bed, her great, thick rope of human hair falling over her white shoulders, and flung her arms about me, and burst into tears on my old breast. I petted and soothed her and said not a word; and after a while she stopped crying, but she still sat with her head so that I couldn't see her face.

"We didn't think it would be like this once, did we, Aunt Rachel?" she said, very softly.

"It shouldn't be like this now," I said. I had to say it. I never could bide the thought of that marriage and I couldn't pretend to. It was all her stepmother's doings—right well I knew that. My dearie would never have taken Mark Foster else.

"DON'T let us talk of that," she said, soft and beseeching, the same way she used to speak when she was a baby-child and wanted to coax me into something. "Let us talk about the old days—and him."

"I don't see much use in talking of him when you're going to marry Mark Foster to-day," I said. But she put her hand over my mouth.

"It's for the last time, Aunt Rachel. After to-day I can never talk of him, or even think of him. It's four years since he went away. Do you remember how he looked, Aunt Rachel?"

"I mind well enough, I reckon," I said, kind of curt-like. And I did. Owen Blair hadn't a face a body could forget—that long face of his with its clean colour and its eyes made to look love into a woman's. When I thought of Mark Foster's sallow skin and lank jaws I felt sick-like. Not that Mark was ugly—he was just a common-looking fellow.

"He was so handsome, wasn't he, Aunt Rachel?" my dearie went on, in that patient voice of hers. "So tall and strong and handsome. I wish we hadn't parted in anger. It was so foolish of us to quarrel. But it would have been all right if he had lived to come back. I know it would have been all right. I know he didn't carry any bitterness against me to his death. I thought once, Aunt Rachel, that I would go through life true to him and then over on the other side I'd meet him just as before, all his and his only. But it isn't to be."

"Thanks to your stepma's wheedling and Mark Foster's scheming," said I.

"No, Mark didn't scheme," she said, patiently. "Don't be unjust to Mark, Aunt Rachel. He has been very good and kind."

"HE'S as stupid as a howlet and as stubborn as Solomon's mule," I said, for I would. "He's just a common fellow and yet he thinks he's good enough for my beauty."

"Don't talk about Mark," she pleaded again. "I mean to be a good, faithful wife to him. But I'm my own woman yet—yet—for just a few more sweet hours, and I want to give them to him. The last hours of my maidenhood—they must belong to him."

So she talked of him, me sitting there and holding her, with her lovely hair hanging down over my arm, and my heart aching so for her that it hurt bitter. She didn't feel as bad as I did, because she'd made up her mind what to do and was resigned. She was going to marry Mark Foster, but her heart was down there in South Africa, in that grave nobody knew of, where the Boers buried Owen Blair—if they had buried him at all. And she went over all they had been to each other since they were mites of babies, going to school together and meaning even then to be married when they grew up; and the first words of love he's said to her and what she'd dreamed and hoped for. The

only thing she didn't bring up was the time he thrashed Mark Foster for bringing her apples. She never mentioned Mark's name; it was all Owen—Owen—and how he looked, and what might have been if he hadn't gone off to the Boer war and got shot. And there was me holding her and listening to it all, and her stepma sleeping sound and triumphant in the next room.

When she had talked it all out she lay down on her pillow again. I got up and went downstairs to light the fire. I felt terribly old and tired. My feet seemed to drag and the tears kept coming to my eyes, though I tried to keep them away, for well I knew 'twas a bad omen to be weeping on a wedding day.

BEFORE long, Isabella Clark came down; bright and pleased-looking enough, she was. I'd never liked Isabella, from the day Philippa's father brought her here; and I liked her less than ever this morning. She was one of your sly, deep women, always smiling smooth and scheming underneath it. I'll say it for her, though, that she had been good to Philippa; but it was her doings that my dearie was to marry Mark Foster that day.

"Up betimes, Rachel," she said, smiling and speaking me fair, as she always did, and hating me in her heart, as I well knew. "That is right, for we'll have plenty to do to-day. A wedding makes lots of work."

"Not this sort of a wedding," I said, sour-like. "I don't call it a wedding when two people get married and sneak off as if they were ashamed of it—as well they might be in this case."

"It was Philippa's own wish that all should be very quiet," said Isabella, as smooth as cream. "You know I'd have given her a big wedding if she'd wanted it."

"Oh, it's better quiet," I said. "The fewer to see Philippa marry a man like Mark Foster the better."

"Mark Foster is a good man, Rachel." "No good man would be content to buy a girl as he's bought Philippa," I said, determined to give it in to her.

"He's a common fellow, not fit for my dearie to wipe her feet on. It's well that her mother didn't live to see this day; but this day would never have come if she'd lived."

"I daresay Philippa's mother would have remembered that Mark Foster is very well off quite as readily as worse people," said Isabella, a little spitefully.

"I liked her better when she was spiteful than

when she was smooth. I didn't feel so scared of her then.

The marriage was to be at eleven o'clock, and at nine I went up to help Philippa dress. She was no fussy bride, caring much what she looked like. If Owen had been the bridegroom it would have been different. Nothing would have pleased her then; but now it was only just, "that will do very well, Aunt Rachel," without even glancing at it.

Still, nothing could prevent her from looking lovely when she was dressed. My dearie would have been a beauty in a beggar maid's rags. In her white dress and veil she was as fair as a queen. And she was as good as she was pretty. It was the right sort of goodness, too, with just enough spice of original sin in it to keep it from spoiling by reason of over-sweetness.

Then she sent me out.

"I want to be alone my last hour," she said. "Kiss me, Aunt Rachel—Mother Rachel."

When I'd gone down, crying like the old fool I was, I heard a rap at the door. My first thought was to go out and send Isabella to it, for I supposed

it was Mark Foster come ahead of time, and small stomach I had for seeing him. I fall trembling even yet when I think, "what if I had sent Isabella to that door?"

But go I did and opened it, defiant-like, kind of hoping it was Mark Foster to see the tears on my face. I opened it—and staggered back like I'd got a blow.

"Owen! Lord ha' mercy on us! Owen!" I said, just like that, going cold all over, for it's the truth that I thought it was his spirit come back to forbid that unholy marriage.

BUT he sprang right in and caught my wrinkled old hands in a grasp that was of flesh and blood.

"Aunt Rachel, I'm not too late?" he said, savage-like. "Tell me I'm in time."

I looked up at him, standing over me there, tall and handsome, no change in him except he was so brown and had a little white scar on his forehead; and though I couldn't understand at all, being all bewildered-like, I felt a great, deep thankfulness.

"No, you're not too late," I said.

"Thank God!" said he, under his breath. And then he pulled me into the parlour and shut the door.

"They told me at the station that Philippa was to be married to Mark Foster to-day. I couldn't believe it, but I came to Carmody as fast as horse-flesh could bring me. Aunt Rachel, it can't be true! She can't care for Mark Foster, even if she has forgotten me."

"It's true enough that she is to marry Mark," I said, half-laughing, half-crying, "but she doesn't care for him. Every beat of her heart is for you. It's all her stepma's doings. Mark has got a mortgage on the place and he told Isabella Clark that if Philippa would marry him he'd burn the mortgage, and if she wouldn't he'd foreclose. Philippa is sacrificing herself to save her ma for her dead father's sake. It's all your fault," I cried, getting over my bewilderment. "We thought you were dead. Why didn't you come home when you were alive? Why didn't you write?"

"I did write, after I got out of the hospital—
(Concluded on page 21.)

The Burning of Athabasca Landing

Story of a Hustling Newspaper Scoop

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

SUDDEN, and as devastating as a Texas "Norther" was the fire that, breaking out, it is thought, in the rear of a pool-room or the Grand Union Hotel, upon the main street, almost wiped out the entire business section of the infant city of Athabasca Landing. The loss will amount to over half a million.

Driven from his key by the flames, the operator at the Canadian Northern Railway sent a flash of the disaster to the Edmonton office of the company about four in the morning. The night gang of the *Morning Bulletin* were just leaving when the meagre story came into the office through the friendly assistance of the operator at the Canadian Northern down-town office. The paper was held up and a six-line story, heavy-leaded, was shot onto the street. There seemed nothing else to be done with no response from the C. N. R. office, so with the exception of the Western Associated Press operator on the leased office wire and one lone reporter, doing the "dog watch," the office was deserted.

It was nearing six o'clock when suddenly the reporter remembered the Government's wire line from the Landing. Here was a possibility. The W. A. P. operator in the office had typed the last line of the "morning string" of press and was preparing to go. But with the dawning idea as sprung

by the reporter, the two hurried out of the office and down the street. The main door of the big building, within which lay the precious wires, was locked. After some skirmishings and an unlatched door at the rear of the building the two made their entrance and in another moment the expert W. A. P. man was sending out the call to the Landing.

For hours the man at the other end of the wire had been calling ineffectually at this one wire, the only link between the burning city and civilization. When the W. A. P. cut in the story came through.

In the meantime the early staffs of the afternoon paper had come to life, and while the *Bulletin* reporter waited for the first sheet of press the telephone began to call. It was the desk man of one of the afternoon papers.

"There won't be any stuff through for a couple of hours yet," the *Bulletin* man said to the excited questioning of the voice of the desk man from the rival paper. The operator don't get down till nine."

Then followed a wordy battle on the part of the desk man, who, believing that he was talking to one of the telegraph company, was unsparing in his remarks. And all the while the *Bulletin* man sat and smiled and waited for the sheets of press.

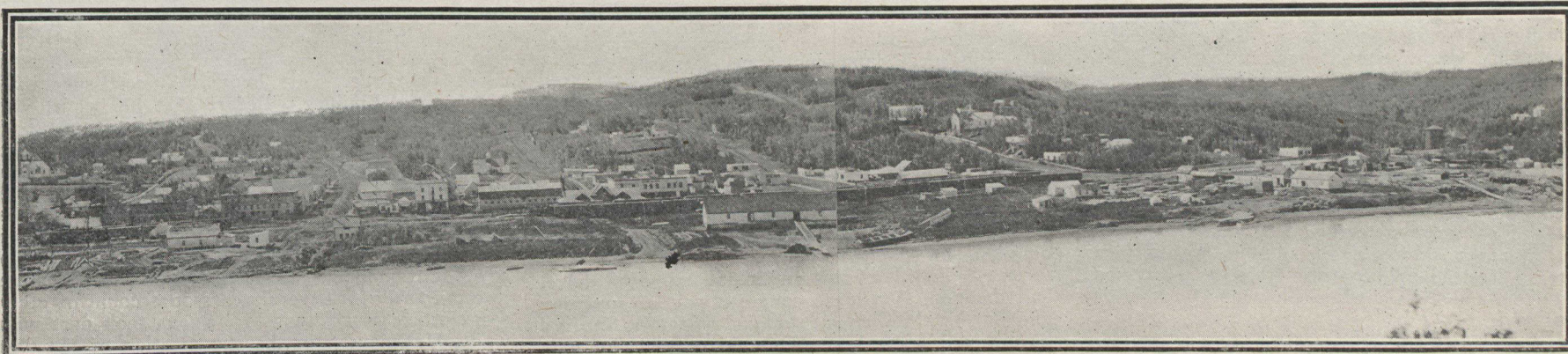
With the first two sheets of press in his hands he hurried to the office, and for the next thirty minutes every energy was directed towards rounding up operators, pressmen and the circulation department.

One of the strangest features of this great fire is the fact that within a month the city's new water-works department, upon which work has been going on for the last eight months, would have been completed, but on the morning of August 5th not even an engine was available.

Starting near to the Grand Union Hotel, the flames swept up Strathcona Street and down Litchfield Avenue. Like all new towns of the north land, the town of Athabasca was largely of gaunt, frame buildings, built fairly close together and giving the flames every opportunity for headway.

The city of Edmonton was not slow to offer aid to the citizens of Athabasca, hundreds of whom were homeless. The early train to the Landing was loaded with mattresses, bedding and provisions, which reached the town early in the afternoon.

The principal losses are: Grand Union and Athabasca Hotels, \$75,000; Revillons' warehouse, stores, etc., within \$20,000; Gagnon block, \$30,000; R. N. W. M. P., \$4,000; Forwarding Company's goods and warehouse, \$50,000; besides these, dozens of small businesses averaging from one to five thousand dollars were all swept away by the fire.



A General View of the Town of Athabasca Landing Before the Fire; the Head of Navigation on the Sub-Arctic Chain of Rivers and Lakes Emptying Into the Mackenzie, 92 Miles North of Edmonton.



This Picture Shows the Telegraph Line That Got the Story Out to Edmonton.

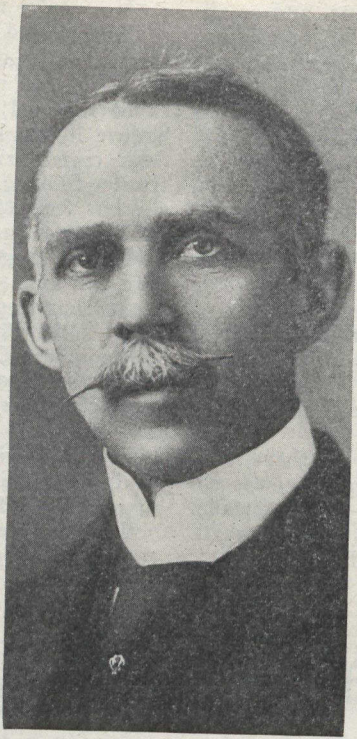


Part of the Ruins of Athabasca Landing, With the Railway Bridge in the Background.



W. SANFORD EVANS

The ex-Mayor of Winnipeg, who spoke at the Congress of Canadian Clubs in Hamilton, Ont., last week. He delivered a eulogy on the shovel, and remarked that a number of young financiers in this country might be more usefully engaged in railway construction.

CHARLES R. McCULLOUGH
Founder, with W. Sanford Evans, of the First Canadian Club.

W. M. McCLEMON

The President of the Association of Canadian Clubs, delivered a remarkable address at the Congress in Hamilton. He condemned militarism in Canada. He described Canada as the keystone of the Empire, eulogized the British connection, and advocated closer international harmony with the United States.

The Shovel and the Gun

Radical Opinions Expressed by the Canadian Clubs

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE regular function of a Canadian Club is to be talked at. Once in a while Canadian Clubs talk. They talked at Hamilton last week in the fifth Congress of Canadian Clubs, presided over by Mr. W. M. McClemon.

Two of the men whose portraits appear on this page, with several more, delivered addresses on various topics of national importance on behalf of the 25,000 members of Canadian Clubs scattered all over Canada, not to mention the Canadian Clubs abroad. The speeches delivered by these two men were of national significance. They could scarcely be otherwise. One of the speakers was the first President of the first Canadian Club. The other was the President of the Association of Canadian Clubs.

Probably the man that listened the hardest and got most out of the speeches was the man who is known as the prime organizer of the Canadian Club movement. C. R. McCullough is the man. His voice has been heard on many platforms. His name has appeared occasionally in print. He has lived most of his life in Hamilton and spent a large share of his life thinking about Canadian problems. Charlie McCullough is an enthusiast with ideas. He is one of the few men in Hamilton who think history a good deal of the time. He believes in ideas. He is not concerned with making money. He has never entered politics. But he has taken more interest in public affairs than a great many politicians and the Canadian Club movement is one proof of it.

ONE peculiar thing about the founder of the Canadian Club movement is he has never been able to define what a Canadian Club really is. There are over a hundred of these clubs in Canada. Only one of them has a club home. The members represent 25,000 of thinking business and professional men. Week after week, in the larger centres, and in many of the smaller towns, these clubs gather at luncheon or at evening dinner to listen to somebody say something about something; it does not always matter what, though it usually does matter who does the thinking. And the Canadian Clubs are the most appreciative organization of listeners in Canada. They seldom argue. They talk in private. They have their ideas. But they have never consolidated their ideas into a propaganda. And not even the founder of the movement is able to define just what this peculiar loose organization without any particular central management amounts to in the affairs of the nation or the Empire.

It is only at a convention such as was held in Hamilton last week that the Canadian Club pulls itself together after a year of listening to the opinions of other people and sets out to express opinions of its own. These opinions are usually of

the kind that ought to help governments and politicians and financiers to run this country. They are the sentiments of patriots. They must be taken not merely as the private opinions of the speakers, but as the more or less defined opinions of the Canadian Club organization which they represent.

President W. M. McClemon delivered the most important address. He is a lawyer who has never made a great deal of noise even in his own city; a quiet, constructive, thoughtful man who is able to listen to other men, but when the opportunity comes along is able to speak out in meeting what he himself thinks on behalf of the Canadian Club movement—and of the country at large.

MR. McCLEMON said a great number of things worth while. His speech had rather the character of a presidential message. It reviewed progress and outlined the trend of movements. It lifted up ideals and condemned partisanship. It glorified the British connection and sought to establish better terms between Canadians and Americans. It was a broad, statesmanlike address unspoiled by sensational claptrap; and it ended with a poem of Mr. McClemon's own making.

But the one thing that Mr. McClemon said more forcibly than any other, and that will be remembered when most of the rest goes into genial oblivion, in his pronouncement concerning militarism. The title of this article, including the shovel and the gun, is a mere concrete way of summing up what Mr. McClemon said and what Mr. Sanford Evans said after him. One deprecated the gun. The other glorified the shovel.

Mr. McClemon believes that Canada should not be mixed up in the wars of an empire. He thinks that England and Germany should unite their forces to preserve the world's peace rather than to plunge it into war.

Here is part of his indictment:

"It must be conceded that Canada must support a sufficiently strong militia to properly maintain law and order in her domain, but, it is to be deplored that Canada at the outset of her splendid national career, who is at enmity with no nation of the world, who has lived in harmony and peace alongside of one of the most powerful nations of the world for one hundred years without her navy or any unnecessary military expenditure and preparation for war should at this stage of her existence be drawn by the politicians of this country into the vortex of European militarism and become burdened in her future years with a huge national debt for military and naval defence, similar to that which lies so heavily on the shoulders of nearly every European nation. Surely it is possible for Canada to avoid

such a result and adopt a loftier national ideal than that of militarism."

Apropos of the Peace Celebration he said:

"I am pleased to see the historic battlefields of Canada, the silent homes of the heroic dead, being gradually made the recreation grounds for the living of the present day and generation.

"If they are to stimulate the military ambition of the youth of Canada, then I think the zeal is misplaced and the cause is wrong. What is the true ideal of Canadian citizenship? Canada is essentially a civilian and not a military country. The true education of Canadian youth should be, in my humble judgment, good citizenship and not good soldiering. But what of the future under the present feverish war scare, the contemplated action of her government and the military policy of His Majesty's Parliamentary Opposition, the almost universal war spirit of her public press and the influence of the school cadet and boy scout movement among nourishing generations? Militarism receiving its impetus in Canada from such conditions may grow and corrupt our civilian ideas."

AS it was part of Mr. McClemon's business to deprecate the gun, Mr. Sanford Evans came along from Winnipeg and glorified the shovel. The ex-Mayor of Winnipeg and president of the Winnipeg Stock Exchange has always been known as a fine public speaker. Nature intended him for an orator. His tribute to the shovel was couched in very concrete terms. He lives in a country where the shovel and the pick have been of more use than the gun, since the Rebellion of 1885. His subject was, "The Stranger Within Our Gates." He said:

"The building of the C. P. R. with shovel and pick was the best university this country ever had. It made for sturdy men. Do you know what Canadians would say to that kind of work now? They would say that it was not white man's work.

"It would, nevertheless, be a good thing for the country if some of the young men who are now playing with the country's finances were now and for the next ten years busy on railroad construction work. The present financial stringency is the best thing that could have happened to Canada."

This is by no means the bulk of his speech: but it is the part that will probably stick best in the memory of those who heard him. He does not disbelieve in war. As a student of history he knows that righteous war has often been a benefit to mankind. Some years ago, indeed, just after the Boer War, he wrote a rather ponderous book called "Canadian Contingents and Imperialism." A number of his friends read the book. It was a tribute to Canadian arms in South Africa. Since that time, however, Mr. Evans has become less enthusiastic about war, though not about the Empire. He is a Conservative in politics. Once in Ontario and once in Manitoba he has been in the field for a seat in the Legislature. He was defeated in both cases. For two years he was a most successful Mayor of Winnipeg. Before that he headed the poll for the Board of Control.

His career eminently fits him for thinking freely. In his college days he was recognized as a fine student and a good deal of an orator. He had a strong bent for philosophy and history. One of his earliest college writings was "The Bovine Philosopher," which recorded the ruminations of a cow. It was during his college term, which went on intermittently for several years on account of other more active work, that Mr. Evans took part with C. R. McCullough in the organization of the first Canadian Club. That was in Hamilton, where he spent his boyhood years. He was the first president, chosen because of his platform talents.

Mr. Evans graduated from Columbia College, in New York, with the degree of A.B. In New York he studied with Felix Adler, head of the Ethical Institute. His intention was to pursue that subject into practical life.

In 1898 he went to Toronto and became editorial writer on the *Mail and Empire*. He was later connected with the Canada Cycle and Motor Company. Ten years ago he went to Winnipeg as editor of the *Telegram*, Conservative organ. Not particularly caring for newspaper work as a means of getting on in the world, he left journalism and went into finance. He became a stock broker. He is now head of one of the chief stock-broking firms in Winnipeg, where his taste for public affairs made him once Controller and for two years Mayor. Of late he has been gossiped about as the possible next Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. But he probably has no expectations of putting himself quite so completely on the shelf. He was elected, with Mr. C. R. McCullough, as an honorary president of the Association.

THE greatest annual fair in the world—unless we except the one at Nizhi-Novgorod—has become a place of human interest. Some people think it always was so. But it wasn't. Every one knows that it isn't universally human to spend your time looking at fat cattle and prize hogs or moping about machinery hall. Hogs and machinery are all well enough as far as they go; but they don't get down to the real springs of human emotion. Some folks think that the picture gallery is the place to get divine thrills; others prefer the cats and dogs; some spend half their time listening to the band, and others don't care a continental for anything but the midway. It's all part of the big human show. The bucking mules and the Japanese fireworks and the Premier of Canada and the bandmaster and the chariot races and the burning of Rome are all on a par with the Coney Island "red-hot" stands and the pink lemonade booths. They are all there as parts of an institution to interest as many people as possible in as many ways as possible as long as possible. Piling up a million aggregate of attendance may be a mathematical way of expressing it; but it's the eternal and illimitable variety of the big fair that keeps the hundreds of thousands going year after year. Some critics



The Bucking Mule Was Always Amusing.

Human Interest at the Fair

Casual Scenes at the Canadian National

allege that it's always the same old show; and in many respects it is. But it also has the perennial charm of novelty. The great Fair has only begun to make itself appreciated by the great public. Ten years from now there will be so many new things to be seen that most of the critics won't recognize the old fair except with a spy-glass. It is to be hoped that many of these evolutions will be Canadian in character. There is a vast amount of native material that the great Fair has not even begun to exploit.

There has never been any attempt to display at the Fair the astonishing variety of customs and habits among the primitive peoples. A few years ago there was an exhibition of pioneer utensils and implements from Waterloo county. It disappeared. It may be revived in a pioneers' museum. All along the north shore of Canada there are strange peoples whose costumes and customs and implements of the chase are unknown to the civilized world. These could be shown at the one place where most people go much more profitably than in museums attended by the very few.

Our numerous Indian peoples have never been in a congress at the Fair. We have more interesting material of that kind than any other country in the world for a Canadian National World's Fair.



The Japanese "Fireworks" That Came Down in Fancy Shapes Got Hundreds of Children Scrambling to Capture Them; But Like Many Other Things in Life, When the Prize Was Captured it Went to Pieces.

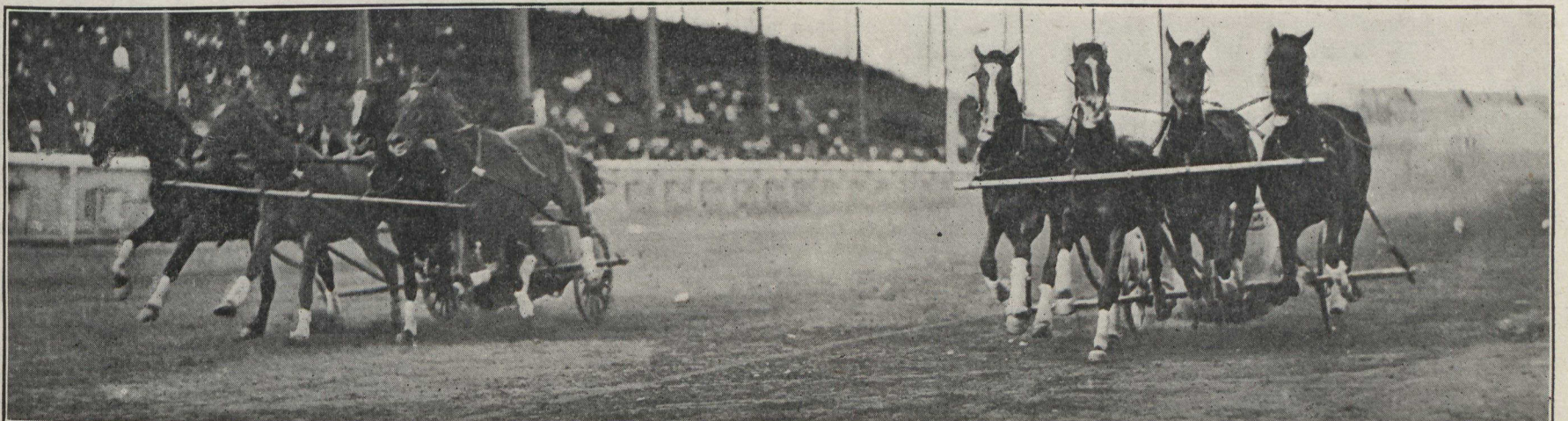


PREMIER BORDEN AND MR. J. G. KENT.

The Premier Interested Thousands of People Who Didn't Hear His Opening Address.



Bandmaster Hassell, of the Irish Guards, is One of the Most Popular Figures at the Exhibition. He is a Very Graceful Conductor and Much Admired Even by People Who Are Not Up in Classical Music.



The Chariot Race Feature in the Grandstand Performance on a Real Hippodrome Gave a Real Circus Feeling to Thousands of People.



BACK FROM HOLIDAYS

IT is a curious feeling that accompanies the annual return from holidays. I frequently think that—just as the old Hebrew law set apart a period during which a newly-married man was not expected to do any work—so we should enact a rule by which each holiday-maker would be allowed at least another week in which to get hold once more of the swift modern machine of production from whose grasp he had so recently been free. It is not—as some have crudely put it—that he needs one holiday to recover from another. He has not dissipated, I am assuming, on his holidays. He has devoted them honestly to rest and recuperation. He comes back with restored nerves and renewed mental vitality and balanced physical power. But he is like a man who should try to catch a rapidly-moving street-car from a perfectly stationary and inert position. That foolhardy man would be promptly jerked off his feet, would feel as if his arm had been wrenched out, and finally would probably be flung to the pavement. Yet, if he had run a few steps with the car before jumping it, nothing would have happened.

WE only realize how strenuous is the life we always lead on the first day of our return from holidays. When we are leading it, rushing along with our fellows in the mad effort to do as much in a day as our forefathers did in three, it seems the natural manner of existence. We have been doing it for years—everybody about us is doing it. It is only by maintaining the pace that we can keep up with our competitors. Then we go away on summer holidays, and, for two or three weeks, do absolutely nothing. We show necessity the door—we turn the clock with its face to the wall—we love to sit and watch the slow hours drag their shining length across the sunny landscape. We either do nothing systematically, or we play vigorously at sports which we can only find time to nibble at or dream of during the busy year. As for the regular business of life, we wholly and defiantly and joyously forget it.

THEN we come back from our holidays and find the same mad world rushing past as madly as it did the day we leaped from this "express train" into oblivion. And, feeling full of new vigour and enthusiasm, we eagerly catch hold again. The effect, of course, is exactly what it would be in the case of the suppositious gentleman whom we imagined to grab frantically at a rapidly passing street-car. We are promptly jerked off our feet. We find our breath gone. This is no way, we ejaculate, for a man of leisure to be running. What's the hurry? Out-of-doors the sun is still shining. We can still sit for a few moments at peace on the grassy slope and watch the all-too-short summer play over the fairest of worlds. Why tear along like lunatics from a hasty breakfast to a juggled luncheon, and then down the dizzy slope of the afternoon to a little-appreciated dinner, only to come to the surface for a gasp of breath before starting off somewhere to spend the evening? We cannot, for the life of us, get into the swing of it. Yet, but a month ago, we were doing the same thing with wearied footsteps and imagining that this was the only way to really live our lives.

A MONTH hence, you will be doing it again. You may weakly fancy that you won't when you see how silly and tired and disappointed and unsatisfied everybody looks who is doing it. But you will. That is modern life. We eat so fast that we cheat the palate of all chance to taste. For the moment, however, you see the folly of it; and you rebel futilely and even furiously against it. But I am not at this time concerned with your temporary revolt. It will not last. What I am trying to say is that you should take the common-sense precaution of running along a little with the rushing street-car before you lay hold of the post and try to swing yourself aboard once more. A little leisure in getting back to work would make the transition from god-like serenity and a dignified calm seem less startling and—shall I say?—degrading. For there is no doubt that the poet was right who pictured the lotus-eaters as "sitting like gods" on the

hill. Production may be a noble thing, but it is the task of slaves. "Gods" produce by commanding others to do the work. We are never so sensible of our innate nobility as when we are magnificently idle; we are never so indifferent to it, if not ignorant of it, as when we are toiling with sweat and painful breath at the wheel. Contemplation is a condition of appreciation.

TO come down to brass tacks, I think that a man should get at least a part of a week at the end of his holidays in which to "take hold." Nothing would suffer seriously; and he would have less the feeling of being driven back to the treadmill at the crack of a whip. I like myself to come home a few days before I am expected, and gradually get up speed before I take a flying leap for the platform of the car of life. This is a method of getting hold gradually which is at the disposal of

Gen. Hertzog, Lawyer, Soldier, Statesman

Character Sketch of the Supposed Firebrand of South Africa

By ARTHUR HAWKES

MANY excellent people, reading of General Hertzog's falling out with his former colleague, the Premier of South Africa, over Imperialism, will think of him as the latest and most complete enemy of the Empire, and will conjure up a wild, unkempt, boorish Boer who would like a chance to pick up a rifle, turn his back upon the King and suffuse the Union Jack with axle-grease. General Hertzog is a highly-cultured, able lawyer, who sees things far ahead in a dry light, who appraises racial passion at its true value, and of whom more will be heard. You need not agree with the opinions of a man before you recognize that his influence deserves respect.

A vivid impression of General Hertzog was left on my mind after many hours' intercourse with him in Bloemfontein. Before the war he was a Supreme Court Judge in the Orange Free State. He was on commando during the whole of the conflict, and became a general on his merits. He was De Wet's interpreter at the meeting with Kitchener which resulted in the peace of Vereeniging, and since the war, which had been over a year when I saw him, he had resumed the practice of law in a bare little office that was more like the beginnings of a western real estate fortune than the abode of a brilliant jurist. War upsets more things than tempers, especially when a capital city is occupied for nearly three years by the invader.

General Hertzog is the product of the veldt, and of Scottish and German universities. A dark, bearded, spectacled man, gentle-spoken, *au fait* with what is going on all over the world, he struck me as the ablest man I met in South Africa—and I saw most of the leaders, including Milner, John Hofmeyr and Botha, who was then in the land and other speculative businesses in Pretoria.

Botha was keen to know what was being said in England about South African affairs, and especially the attitude of the Liberals to the grant of self-government. He was then the most powerful man in the country, because of his military pre-eminence. But he struck me as a politician strikes you—smooth and plausible rather than profound.

Hertzog asked nothing about the attitude of people in England. He discussed African affairs like a statesman. His English accent was as good as Mr. Borden's, and his talk had a more literary quality than political discourse usually displays. Indeed, if you met him in Regina you would not know where to place him, but you certainly would not place him among the traditional Boers.

I have said that he talked like a statesman. He spoke much, at my instigation, about the course of the war, and told me he intended to write the history of it. "It will please neither side," he said; "the truth never does."

Indeed, Hertzog's lack of passion in talking about events that had cost his country its independence, and had compelled him, a Supreme Court Judge, to begin afresh, was characteristic of most, if not all, of the Dutch people I met. They discussed events with a singular air of personal detachment—

all workers—except the young. When you are young, you cannot bear to tear yourself away from the happy holiday-ground where you are so blissfully free until the last day and late in the evening. But, as years advance, home has more attractions, and the summer hotel far, far less. You leave home with reluctance. Holidays are a good deal of nuisance. If you were quite sure that "they" would leave you alone, you might even consider taking your holidays at home. But then you would miss the change; and we all need change. Still, when once on your holidays, the prospect of getting all this troublesome resting-up done, and once more turning your steps toward the familiar comforts of home, looms always before you like a delicious tit-bit at the end of a satisfying meal.

FOR, after all, that is the best of the holidays—the relish with which you come again to the delights of home. How you have missed them!—how much better they are than anything anywhere else!—how terrible it would be to be banished from them to a round of summer hotels! I know some people who will jeeringly assert that this philosophy is inconsistent with a love I have for foreign travel; but it is not. Foreign travel is not holiday-making—it is going to College; and you do not go to College for the dormitories, but for the class-rooms.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

which was one of the things which caused the former editor of the Sydney *Bulletin*, who had come to Africa as a war correspondent and had stayed as a journalist, to say that the Dutch were the strongest people he had ever seen.

Hertzog had been on a raid in Cape Colony for thirteen continuous months. His account of it was not pleasant hearing for an Englishman; but he told it just as you have heard lawyers comment to one another on the progress of a case in court. For instance: "Your fellows never learned to scout well. They improved greatly, and at the end of the war were doing it very well. But at the beginning they seemed to have a genius for running open-eyed into the simplest traps. They would walk right up to a kopje that was full of burghers, and would go into places where it was quite easy to surround them"—he was speaking of small parties whose capture the press did not record.

IT was disagreeable to hear other things—or would have been had the narrator told them like a soldier instead of like a judge impartially summing up. He was jurist, as well as general, a rare and, in his case, a delightful combination. He knew that Tommy Atkins, like his officers, was out of his element on the illimitable veldt. One who has lived in the Canadian prairie country has only to look at South Africa to know that the British soldier would be as much at sea against a foe that was born in the measureless spaces of the south as the cockney is on a ranch in the West. And Hertzog, knowing that, had nothing but kindly excuses for the blunders of his late adversaries.

Of De Wet's encounter with Kitchener in Pretoria, when the fighting was called off, he gave me a charming account, which confirmed what I had heard elsewhere about De Wet's personal in-pretidity. When the truce was first arranged De Wet was in the Free State, and had to go to Kitchener by special train. Before starting he stipulated that all commandos should be free from molestation till the issue of the negotiations was known. The railroad track was not in good shape and the northward trip was slow. On the way De Wet heard that a commando was being harassed. He stopped the train till he received word from Pretoria that Lord Kitchener had sent orders to the nearest British column to keep still. Before the train reached Johannesburg more news of the former sort was received. "Tell Lord Kitchener that, if I hear any more of this, I shall go back and fighting will be resumed all down the line," was De Wet's message.

Hertzog was the interpreter when the meeting with Kitchener took place. De Wet could speak "God Almighty's language" passably enough, but he had no diplomatic English. Hardly had the introductory formalities been completed when De Wet told Hertzog to tell Lord Kitchener that he had broken faith about the interference with the commandos. Hertzog began, judging it well to

(Continued on page 21.)



Some Clever Horsewomen Did "Stunts" at the Winnipeg "Stampede." This is Florence la Due Spinning 75 Feet of Rope. She is Labelled "Champion."



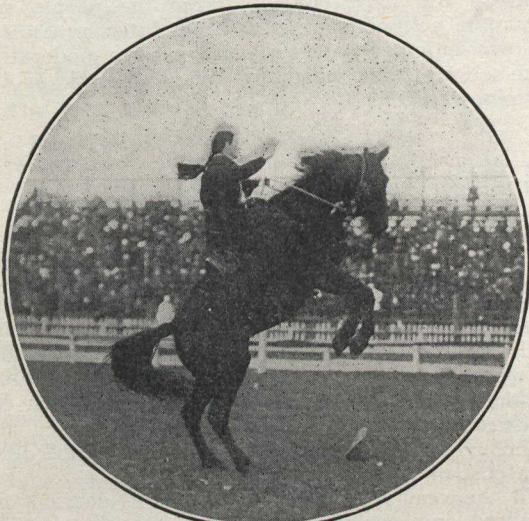
Bulldozing a Steer is a Dangerous Operation to Both Man and Beast. Several Steers Got Broken Legs, and the Indian Camp Was Well Stocked With Fresh Beef.

The Winnipeg Stampede

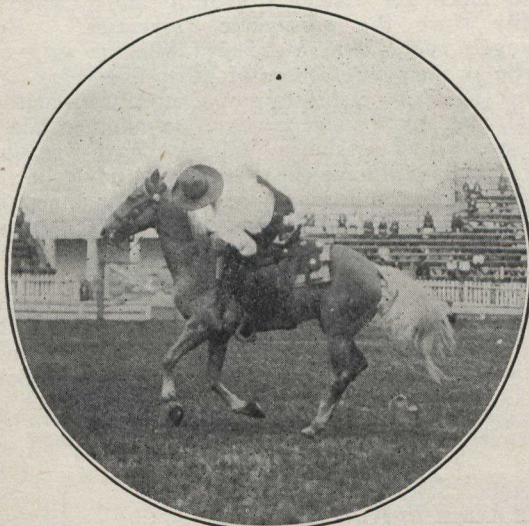
On Which the Public Spent a Million

ONCE in a while a city takes great delight in going back to the origin of things for a sort of fresh start. Winnipeg has been going ahead so fast in the arts of civilization, getting picture galleries and music festivals and moving picture theatres in connection with churches that a good many of the people forget the good old days when the whole of life was a vast human show. The Stampede Carnival held lately in Winnipeg drew thousands of people who didn't seem to know the meaning of tight money, to see exhibitions of the life that used to be on the plains before railways came. The traffic to the Stampede exceeded all expectations.

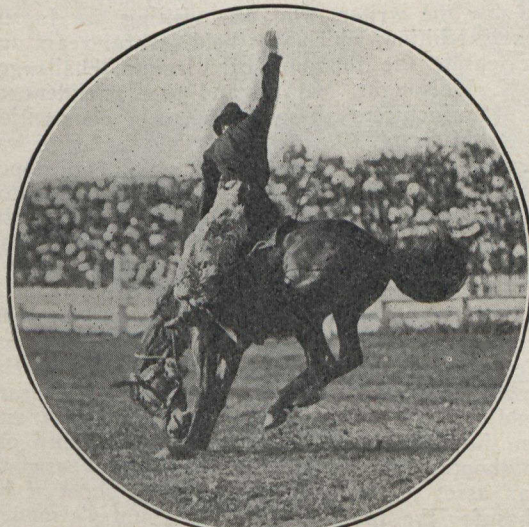
It has been estimated by one expert that not less than a million dollars was spent by the people who saw this exhibition in railway fares, hotel bills and entrance fees. This was a million dollars donated to the cause of having a good time in the name of history.



Emery Le Grande, World's Champion Rider of Bucking Horses.



Fanny Sperry—a Lady Broncho Buster.

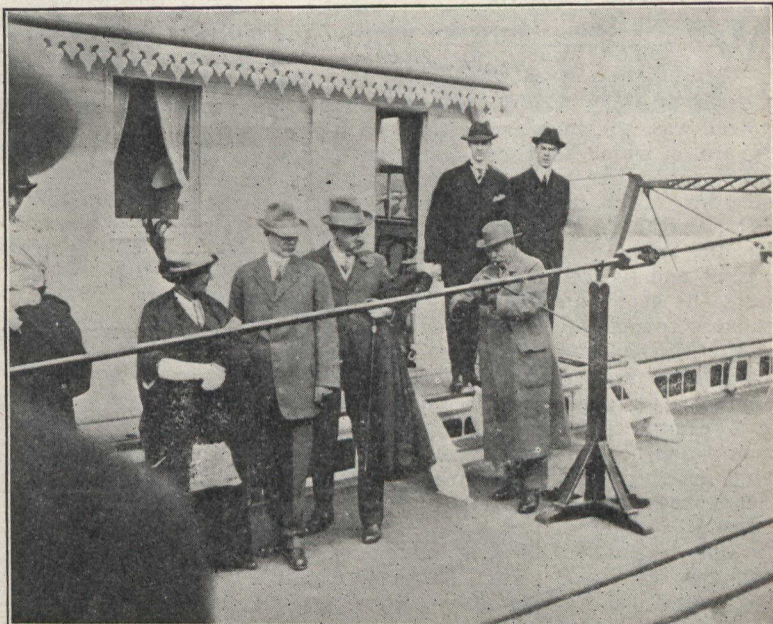


Otto Kline, Champion Fancy Rider, on "Buck."

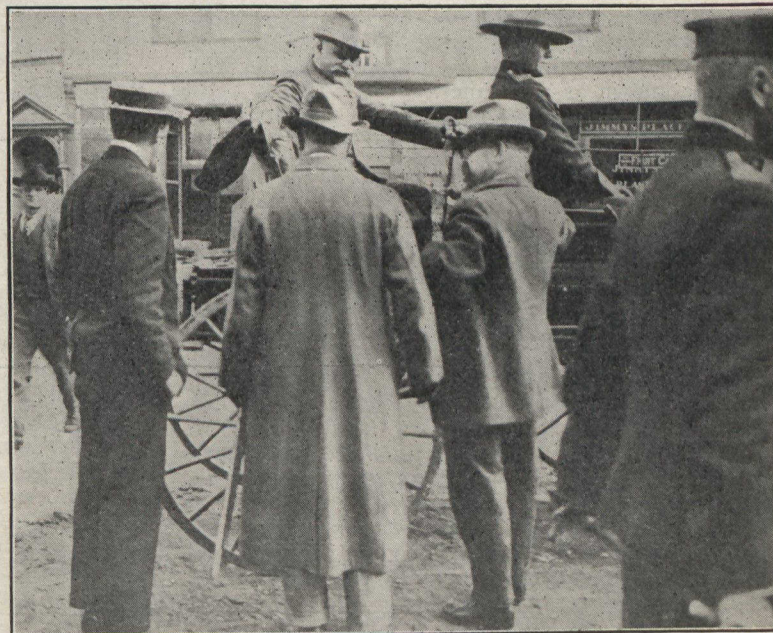
Minister Hazen in the Yukon

THE Minister of Marine has been abroad. Hon. J. D. Hazen evidently believes that Mr. Foster should not be the only Minister that travels about seeing things. A few weeks ago the Minister of Marine went to Victoria to see H.M.S. New Zealand when she paid her memorable visit to the Canadian Pacific port. When he was done with Captain Halsey he took advantage of being already three thousand miles on the way to take a jaunt up to the Yukon via the water route to see what are the conditions of navigation on those northland rivers, that used to be the Eldorado of gold-hunters. He visited Dawson City. The pictures on this page show how the Minister spent part of his time, taken in tow by officials and mounted police, and shown the marvellous possibilities of Dawson City as a seaport. For if Winnipeg takes a notion to talk about becoming a seaport via the Hudson's Bay route, why should not Dawson, which is much nearer the sea and gets most of its population by the sea routes dream of the day when ocean-going vessels will call at Dawson? Of course they never will, and the people of Dawson are not worrying about it. But they were glad to see the Minister of Marine and would have been still gladder to see the whole Cabinet at the same time. A few years ago they welcomed Hon. Frank Oliver. They are ready to give a golden welcome to any Minister who will take the trouble, as Mr. Hazen has done, to have a good holiday by seeing for himself what conditions actually are in a far-off part of the country.

It was only ten years ago that Dawson began to be civilized at all. In 1900 people in Edmonton were still talking about the overland route that killed some gold-hunters, drove most of the rest back and let a few dribble through to the gold camp. That ten years has done relatively more for Dawson than for any other city in Canada. The Yukon metropolis has all the utilities of modern civilization. Gardens and vegetables are among them. No doubt Mr. Hazen was shown some of the beautiful gardens just under the edge of the Arctic circle, and samples of real summer weather.



Left to Right—Miss Hazen, Mrs. Hazen, Commissioner Black, Mr. Hazen and Mr. Maltby.



Mr. Hazen Leaving the Wharf in the R.N.W.M.P. Waggon. The Camera Failed to Get Superintendent Moodie's Face.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Our Travelling Minister

JUST because the CANADIAN COURIER expressed the hope that Hon. George E. Foster would help to straighten out the navy tangle at the next session of parliament, Mr. Foster announces that he will go to England in January. He has arranged with Premier Borden to put off the session until after Christmas, so that he may get the work in his department cleaned up without having to appear in the House. This is generous of Mr. Borden, but is it fair to Canada?

Under our system of ministerial responsibility, a minister is supposed to be in the House to answer questions concerning his department. Therefore Mr. Foster has no right to run away like this. If he can stay out of the House for two sessions, he can stay out indefinitely. If he can remain away, why should any minister be in the House? If no ministers need appear in the House, what becomes of our parliamentary system?

May we plead with the Minister of Trade and Commerce not to shatter the parliamentary traditions so carefully built up by Imperial statesmen. May we also plead with him to come back to the House and let us have again the pleasure of his oratory and the benefit of his advice. May we say to him that those who know his undying devotion to the Canadian navy idea, and his predilection for a non-partisan settlement of this big national issue, will be gravely disappointed if he should pack his "luggage" and again start travelling as soon as the House is called into session.

The Political Roulette

WHEN Dame Fortune spins the Political Roulette wheel, she gives us some queer results. Two years ago, the Honourable Charles Murphy was Secretary of State, and the wheel was stopping every time at the particular square on which he placed his money. He had lost many times, but for several years he was winning steadily. Then came that fatal day, in September, 1911, and he ceased to be a cabinet minister. True, he did better than Mackenzie King and Sydney Fisher and the other members of the unlucky septette—he kept his seat in the House. Nevertheless, sadness reigns where Hon. Mr. Murphy moves.

Mr. Murphy had turned the Printing Bureau upside down, and put men of his own choosing in charge. His triumphant enemies undid all his work and restored to their former positions some of the men whom he had discharged. And now comes the final indignity. The man who ran against him in September, 1911, has been made assistant deputy minister in one of the departments, and is comfortably settled for life. His arch enemy is honoured and enthroned high in the Civil Service, where even Dr. Adam Shortt cannot delay his progress. Joseph U. Vincent, K.C., is occupying a nice position at an initial salary of \$3,300, simply because he fought "Charlie" Murphy in Russell county.

Perhaps Mr. Murphy will take the situation philosophically and live with the hope that some day Dame Fortune will give the wheel another spin which will restore him to a position where he will again be known as a "winner."

The Newmarket Canal

BETS at even money are being made among the cynics of Toronto that the Newmarket Canal will some day be completed by a Conservative Government. It will be remembered that the project was first discussed when Sir William Mulock represented that constituency and actually began when Sir Alan Aylesworth succeeded to the honour of being member for North York. Then came the election which brought about a change of government in 1911, and the Newmarket Canal was halted half way. To-day, it lies an abandoned half-ditch, a joke to the countryside and a disappointment to the flourishing town of Newmarket.

But there will be other elections, and there will be other demands for the spending of public money in North York. There are those who think that some day the Government will send up an engineer who will advise that the work be completed so that motor-boats may run from Newmarket to Orillia. And why not? The Government are going on with

the motor-boat ditch known as the Trent Canal and why not other motor-boat ditches? If Orillia and Peterboro and Trenton are to be favoured by the construction of a comparatively useless waterway, why not Newmarket?

Is there any constituency in this country, from Victoria to Halifax, which does not clap its hands for the Government which spends public money in it? Is there any member of the House of Commons who is not tested by the amount of public money which is spent or mis-spent in the district which elects him? Did any person ever hear of a constituency rejecting a member because he induced a reluctant cabinet to order an unnecessary public work in his riding?

These are the questions asked by the cynics. And truly they are hard to answer.

Justice in Canada

CANADA has had a splendid reputation as a place where criminals got their just due, where criminal trials were speedy and where wealth saved no one from the punishment to which he was entitled. The Thaw case, over which so much piffle has been written by cub reporters, printed by callous news editors and read by a scandal-loving public, threatens to despoil the Dominion of part of that valuable reputation. Thaw has been too long in this country.

Further, the conduct of the people of Sherbrooke during the trial was not worthy of Canadian traditions. It received a deserved rebuke at the hands of the judge, for which His Honour should be highly commended. Further, it should receive the immediate attention of the Minister of Justice so that nothing of the kind will occur again in connection with this or any other case.

This making heroes of distinguished criminals is most dangerous to the public interests. The people of Sherbrooke did it orally, the newspapers have done it verbally, and the great body of the public have done it tacitly. The thinking people who see the dangers of such developments should help to avoid them by freely expressing their disapproval.

Germany and Japan

ONE hesitates to believe that Count Hayashi's influence in Whitehall was so great that he led British statesmen to accept Japan as an ally instead of Germany. The parts of his diary published would indicate that such was the case. Great Britain, in 1901, proposed to form a Germany-Japan-Britain union to maintain international peace. Japan objected to Germany being included and the objection held.

If this is true, and no contradiction has yet been issued by England, then Japan did the British Empire a great wrong and the world a grave injury. A treaty of peace between Britain and Germany would have advanced civilization a quarter of a century. Such a treaty must ultimately be made, but it would have been more valuable in 1904 than in 1914. It would have saved millions of dollars to the tax-payers of both countries.

If Count Hayashi is proved guilty, then every Britisher has reason to curse his memory and to bear a grudge against the country which he represented. It may have been a clever and patriotic Japanese move, but it certainly was not in the interests of international harmony and sobriety.

The Pot and the Kettle

HOW wonderful is our inconsistency when we discuss politics. On nearly all questions, public men and journalists reach a fair measure of reasonableness and intelligence, but in a political discussion these qualities are usually lacking. An example of this may be noted here, for the sake of making this point. The *Saturday Sunset*, of Vancouver, a weekly journal of some pretension, takes Hon. Robert Rogers to task for describing Sir Wilfrid Laurier as "a ruined gamester." For several paragraphs the writer is reasonable and gentlemanly. Then suddenly he breaks loose and says:

"The facts of the case are almost too obvious

to merit discussion, yet here in British Columbia there may be many who pin some faith in the statements of Mr. Rogers. If so, they do not know him, and for their benefit it might be mentioned that the minister of public works is considered to be the most corrupt and unscrupulous politician ever taken into the federal cabinet. His reputation and money were both made in Manitoba, where the name of Rogers is sufficient password to the inner council of the political Second-storey Workers' Association or the Ancient Order of Pickpockets and Cutpurses. Rogers would be a national joke if he were not a national disgrace. He is the Boss Murphy of Manitoba politics, the Fagin of the lesser figures in the political school of knavery."

The CANADIAN COURIER does not believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a ruined gamester nor that Hon. Robert Rogers is corrupt and unscrupulous. Both men have sometimes acted more like politicians than statesmen, but that is the fault of the people with whom they associate rather than their own. Both are living up to the ethics of political life as they find it. Both have as high standards as the average Canadian citizen.

So long as the voters in this country uphold the doctrine that political patronage is the right of the political victor, so long will their parliamentary representatives maintain the present political practices. The move for a higher standard in our political life must emanate from the people, not from the politicians. As for the *Saturday Sunset*, its own language proves that it lacks the moderation and self-restraint which are the hall-mark of the genuine reformer.

Canadian Ability

SOME pessimist said that the Canadian Pacific Railway would not earn enough money to pay for the axle-grease, yet that railway is now being double-tracked across the continent. This year 133 miles of additional second track will be built between Sudbury and Port Arthur; 178 miles between Brandon and Calgary; 18 miles, including a double-track tunnel five miles in length, in the Rockies; and 139 miles between Revelstoke and Vancouver. The total for the year will be 468 miles at a cost of \$24,650,000.

In the year 1912-1913, the C. P. R. carried one hundred and seventy-two million bushels of grain and eight million barrels of flour. The total number of tons carried was 29,000,000 and the passengers 15,000,000.

So much for Canada's growth and Canada's ability since the pessimistic "seventies." Yet, strangely enough, there are men who are as pessimistic as their forefathers of thirty-five years ago. These modern pessimists say Canada can neither build, man nor manage a navy. In another thirty-five years this pessimism will also have vanished and Canada will have one of the finest navies in the world, partly built in Canada, partly manned by Canadians, and wholly managed by Canadians whose loyalty to the British Crown and the best interests of the Empire will be unquestioned. It may be mainly a navy of airships, it may contain neither Bristols nor Dreadnoughts, but it will be such as the times demand and national prudence dictates. Moreover, it will be the pride and glory of Liberals, Conservatives and Independents. It will represent a united Canada.

Age Limit in Rifle Shooting

BY establishing special matches for cadets the various provincial rifle associations and the D. R. A. have made a valuable step forward. One day the writer, who was visiting the Jamestown Exhibition, which was held several years ago to celebrate the founding of Virginia, challenged W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., and past president of the Manufacturers' Association, to a competition at the "Midway" rifle gallery. The challenge was accepted and Mr. McNaught, though handicapped by more than twenty years of life, won the match with somewhere about ten straight bulls-eyes. The young man did not know that "W. K." had been an ardent militiaman in his younger days.

Teach the young man to shoot and when he is old he will not have forgotten. Hence the Rifle Associations might reasonably confine more of their matches to the younger men of the militia. A man who has been a competitor for ten years should be barred from the regular matches and from the Bisley team. There are too many old men shooting whose skill has long since ceased to be an asset to the country. Let him shoot if he wishes for the fun of it, but the country's money should go to the training and encouragement of the younger men.



Courierettes.

Sylvia Pankhurst threw a ruler through a London court house window. She probably wished that it was a real live human ruler.

Returned missionary says Central Africa natives have banned the tango. So to speak, they have blacklisted it.

A six-year-old British boy ate seven frogs and recovered. The frogs didn't.

It really puzzles a mere man nowadays to know whether the smart women are dressed or undressed.

After all, it's just a question whether Harry Thaw or the newspapers which have published so much rubbish about him are the saner.

The railways that some people are from time to time promoting are like the equator—imaginary lines.

A magistrate at the Soo is asked to make good a deficit of \$200 in fines. The fines must be found.

Emperor William has become a teetotaler, and now takes nothing stronger than lemonade. Here is one case in which royalty will not set the fashion in Germany.

Carried Unanimously.—Bob Dibble, the Toronto oarsman, is to get a clerkship in Toronto City Hall so that he can qualify to enter the Diamond Sculls at Henley next year.

Bob is now a mechanic, and according to the code of etiquette which governs amateur rowing in Britain mechanics are not "gentlemen," and only gentlemen may row at Henley.

When you come to consider it, isn't this old world awfully fond of being humbugged?

And in the school readers we still keep Bobby Burns' poem—"A Man's a Man for a' That."

The Latest in Hearses.—Toronto is now boasting that it has motor hearses in use on its streets.

Quite proper. The hearses might find considerable work to do in the wake of other motors.

Oh, You Girls!—Girls of a former day had parents who spent much money on their education.

Girls of the present day have parents who are persuaded to spend the money on their complexions.

The Present Fashion.—It used to be the thing for some men to go out between the acts to get a drink.

There are some men, however, who

are getting into the habit of going in to see the play between drinks.

What's the Use?—The London Standard, in the course of a notice to motorists, forbidding cut-outs, says:

"This circular should be regarded by all as final notice unless they wish to run the risk of prosecution. Innocence will no longer be accepted as an excuse."

After that dictum, we all might as well throw up our hands and plead guilty.

Nearly Correct.—An Australian paper, in describing the great athletic meet reviewed by the German Emperor, declared that:

"Thirty thousand athletes passed before the Kaiser, crying 'Hell!'"

Just a slight mistake in the German, but it may have been what the thirty thousand meant.

The Point of Difference.—Some people are very musical—as far as conversation goes—but when they sing or play there is room for debate.

Now—and Then.—Not so long ago the descriptive writers used to refer to "mobile" faces.

Now it is more like "automobile" faces.

You Have to Pay for Style.—One of the mechanical staff of a leading Canadian publication decided recently to have his hair cut in pompadour style. When the barber got through he handed him a dollar and only got sixty-five cents change back.

"How's this? Why did you charge me ten cents extra?"

"Mine friend," said the barber, "that is our price for such a stylish hair cut. You have to pay for style, you know."

Everybody Saw Them.—This is the plain tale of an unfortunate phrase that a preacher used in an endeavour to clothe his thoughts in flowery language.

It was in the time that the Rev. L. W. Hill, one of the best known Methodist ministers in Ontario, was pastor of Parliament Street Church, Toronto. Incidentally that historic church has been the religious cradle of many noted Torontonians, including Mayor Hocken and Mr. R. J. Fleming.

One Sunday Rev. Mr. Hill was invited to preach in another church. He accepted, and the pastors exchanged pulpits. The preacher with

whom he exchanged was noted for his eloquent and flowery word-pictures. He revelled in ornate language. He was happiest when using hyperbole.

Now, Rev. L. W. Hill has a large family. They are mostly grown up now, but at the time of this tale they were youngsters, and regularly every Sunday they marched to church, arrayed, figuratively speaking, in purple and fine linen. They sat in a row in one of the front pews—a bright, fresh-faced, neatly-dressed lot of children.

They were seated in that front pew, as usual, that bright Sunday morning when the visiting clergyman came to preach in Parliament Street Church.

The preacher soon fell into his usual line—flowery praise of the beauties of nature. His sermon breathed optimism. He saw nothing but beauty in the big world that God has made. He was going ahead smoothly with his praise of nature, when he made an effort to get the congregation to see the beauties of nature—in the mind's eye. He would carry their vision with his. Ecstatically he exclaimed:

"See all the little hills, in verdure gay!"

Whereat, to his surprise, the little Hills in the front pew turned and looked at one another and the congregation could not restrain a little laughter.

Figuratively Speaking.—Some men fall in love with a woman's trim figure.

And some women go into ecstasies over the figure of a man.

In the latter case the figure is invariably in a bank book.

Toronto's Opportunity.—Toronto is to have five weeks of grand opera during the coming season. Great chance for the people of the Queen City to make up for lost sleep.

An Open Question.—A woman of unbalanced mind in an Ontario public institution made a quilt composed of 13,664 pieces.

It is just a question whether the people who kept her at such a task are better balanced than the plodding toiler.

The Stickler.—Wait until school opens and teacher asks her class to quote from memory some poem—or the name of some poem—written by Britain's new Poet Laureate.

The rest will be silence.

He is Misnamed.—Manuel, ex-king of Portugal, is to be married, and his wedding cards refer to him as a king.

Manuel is on the wrong card. He's no king. He's the joker.

A Nice Question.—The question arises—why did Harry K. Thaw hire so many lawyers to talk for him when his coin seems to have been so eloquently moving?

The Stage Outclassed.—Nowadays if one desires to see women modestly attired it is advisable to turn to the stage. The ballet is left far in the rear by the smart set on the fashionable streets.

The other day we heard the manager of a burlesque theatre observe that he feared he would have to close his house because of the too strong competition of the streets and the bathing beaches.

Doubtful.—Dr. G., a handsome young dentist, has been the recipient of many a longing glance from the unmarried fair sex, but to date has remained free from visible ties. He was treating a young lady's teeth the other day—and by the way this young woman has a sneaking regard for the doctor—when he happened to remark that the acid he was using was very powerful, and it would be an awful thing if he would accidentally drop any on her cheek.

"Well, Doctor," she said archly, "if you disfigure me I shall expect you to marry me."

The doctor looked glum for a moment, then said shortly: "Well, I won't."

Now just what did he mean?



Young Man: "I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make a suitable wife?"
Lawyer: "No, I don't think she would. Five dollars, please!"

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Optimism Is Justified

DURING the eight or nine months just passed the Courier took its place in the small band who refused to believe that Canada was going to the dogs. The band was small. The pessimists were in the majority, and the optimists had hard work to make their voice heard. But if it was a still, small voice, it had the merit of reasoning. When the clouds looked black, it refused to utter a half truth. It told of the occasional shafts of sunshine which gave promise of good to come. All along it had cause to. The latest figures from London, in connection with new capital issues, provide still further cause. During the seven months ended July, £173,000,000 was raised by London for new issues. Last year, for the corresponding period, the amount was only £150,000,000. The year before, it was £131,000,000. From the beginning of August last year to the end of July this year, about £230,000,000 was subscribed by Lombard Street for British and foreign flotations. Their name was legion, and so was their nature. There was money for governments, for railways, for municipalities; to say nothing of the thousand and one industrial and miscellaneous ventures which were financed. Of these last there were many; and on the whole their financing was very successful.

The outstanding and significant feature about the figures in connection with these new capital issues is that during the last two or three months the amount of securities in the hands of the London underwriters has rapidly decreased. It looks as if these unsubscribed issues would, by the end of September, become a negligible quantity, if they are not wiped out altogether; for the holiday season is at hand, and even financiers are spending their time on the beach or on the moors, enjoying their bath or bagging their grouse, instead of sitting in a palatial office (a financier's office is always palatial) hatching plans to become Croesuses in a night. The holiday season means, among other things, a holiday from news of new issues.

If we assume, then, and we think with safety we may assume, that these unsubscribed issues will be wiped out at the end of next month, they leave the way clear for new issues during the last quarter of the year. The indications are that that period will be very productive, and successfully so, of new ventures, for money conditions are going to be easier. Everything points to it. Therefore, the year of 1913 will have a good finish and will not only disappoint the pessimist in being as good as last year, but it will encourage and delight the optimist who, all along, had prophesied that it will be better.

To come a little nearer home, it is somewhat difficult to estimate what Canada's share of these new issues has been; but local financial authorities declare it is easily first in British favour. The British Colonies, taken altogether, have had about 315 million dollars from Lombard Street during the seven months of 1913 just concluded. This is a colossal amount, all the more so when it is compared with the amount of new issues for British home purposes, and all foreign countries generally, the amounts for which are respectively £31,277,000 and £75,376,000. Of these foreign countries, the United States, the Argentine and Brazil are particularly demanding.

Of the three hundred million dollars supplied to the colonies, Canada has received the larger and indeed the lion's share, with Australia second. Not long ago a large issue went through, and by the same cable came the news that a South African issue was unsuccessful. Yet it was just as attractive, so far as could be judged, as the Canadian venture.

Let our pessimists chew upon this. It is a good deal more wholesome cud than their own. It will do them much more good, too!

Step Over the Line

THE recent sale of Toronto bonds in the United States emphasizes once more the growing importance to Canada of the next door market it has found over the line. No one appreciates more fully than Uncle Sam the fact of opportunity-full Canada. No one better realizes its promise and its wonderful potentialities. The United States had a remarkable development, just as notable and just as rapid as that which this country is experiencing. But though America is not standing still, it shows signs of having reached the point of maturity. Its own area has become rapidly populated, and consequently the price of land is no longer low. Naturally, Uncle Sam, being a wide-awake individual, looked around for pastures new, and found them in Canada. He built branch factories in Canada, and he purchased farm lands in Canada. He came over—thousands of him—to live. He is still coming; the only difference being that we number him now in tens of thousands.

The latest phase of this interest and confidence in things Canadian on the part of Uncle Sam, is the purchase by American financial houses of all classes of gilt-edged securities. Municipal debentures, school debentures, waterworks debentures, and local improvement debentures of many of our towns and cities are finding increasingly ready sale over the border. In most cases the buyers have behind them clients eager to absorb such securities.

All this is good for Canada. The American has the reputation of being, as he himself puts it, "cute." Therefore, his estimation of Canada which, be it noted, is expressed in a practical way, is at once noteworthy and trustworthy.

Quebec Decreases Debt

HON. MR. MACKENZIE, the Provincial Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, recently presented his report for the year. The ordinary receipts were \$8,382,737, and the ordinary and extraordinary expenditures were \$7,953,984. There is thus a surplus on the right side of \$428,752. During the fiscal year there was redeemed the balance of the 1882 loan, amounting to \$2,305,580. On account of the ten million dollars which was authorized to be borrowed that it might be spent on improvement of roads, a loan of four hundred thousand pounds sterling has been secured. The funded and refunded debt has been reduced by \$699,783.

The Treasurer's report, in view of the stringency, which is felt even in Government departments, is most gratifying.

Central Gold Reserve Organized

REFERENCE was made in these columns last week to the Central Gold Reserves, provision for which is made in the newly-passed Bank Act. The Act says that such reserves shall be under the direction of a Board of Trustees, three named by the Bankers' Association and a fourth appointed by the Minister of Finance.

Last week, the Bankers' Association met in the Bank of Toronto, at Toronto, and practically completed the organization of a central gold reserve. The chartered banks will thus be able to take advantage of the new provisions of the Act in meeting the currency requirements of the approaching crop-

Suggestions

We shall be pleased to send you suggestions for the investment of your idle money. We can be of assistance to you in warning against inadvisable investments and directing your attention to safe ones.

On request we will advise you as to what we consider the most attractive securities.

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Reserve Fund and Undivided
Profits 6,820,189

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Quarterly Bond List
SEPTEMBER

Containing complete information regarding the following issues and a selected list of odd amount municipals:

GOVERNMENT BONDS AND MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES

Security	Income Yield
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO	over 4 %
CITY OF HAMILTON, ONT	5 %
CITY OF VICTORIA, B.C	5 %
TOWN OF OWEN SOUND, ONT.....	5 3/8%
CITY OF FORT WILLIAM, ONT.	5 1/2%
CITY OF BRANDON, MAN.....	5 1/2%
CITY OF ST. BONIFACE, MAN.....	5 1/2%
CITY OF LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.....	5 5/8%
CITY OF BERLIN, ONT	5 5/8%
TOWN OF DUNNVILLE, ONT.....	5 5/8%
CITY OF KAMLOOPS B.C	6 %
CITY OF REVELSTOKE B.C.....	6 %
TOWN OF MACLEOD, ALTA.....	6 %
MUNICIPALITY OF COLDSTREAM, B.C.....	6 %
TOWN OF CASTOR, ALTA.....	6 1/2%

CORPORATION AND INDUSTRIAL ISSUES

Security	Income Yield
TORONTO & YORK RADIAL RAILWAY COMPANY (First Mortgage 5's Guaranteed by Toronto Railway Company) ..	5 3/8%
ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF ONTARIO LIMITED (First Mortgage 5's)	At Market
DOMINION STEEL CORPORATION, LIMITED (5% Debenture)	6 %
P BURNS & COMPANY LIMITED (Packers, Ranchers and Provisioners, Calgary, Alta.) (First Mortgage 6's due 1st April, 1924)	5 6/9%
(First and Refunding Mortgage 6's due 1st January, 1931)	6 %
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED (First Mortgage 6's due 1st March, 1928)	5 3/4%
(First and Refunding Mortgage 6's due 1st September, 1931)	6 %
WILLIAM DAVIES COMPANY, LIMITED (First Mortgage 6's)	5 7/8%
SAWYER-MASSEY COMPANY LIMITED (First Mortgage 6 s)	6 %
DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS COMPANY, LIMITED (First Mortgage 6's)	6 %
GORDON, IRONSIDE & FARES COMPANY, LIMITED (Wholesale Packers, Ranchers and Provisioners Winnipeg) (First Mortgage 6's)	6 %
J. H. ASHDOWN HARDWARE COMPANY, LIMITED (First Mortgage 5's)	6 %
THE HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY LIMITED (First Mortgage 6's)	6 %

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL
AND CORPORATION BONDS**

Keeping Ahead of Competition

THE merchant or general storekeeper who tries to do business with only one floor is working under a serious disadvantage. His wide-awake competitor has him beaten at the start.

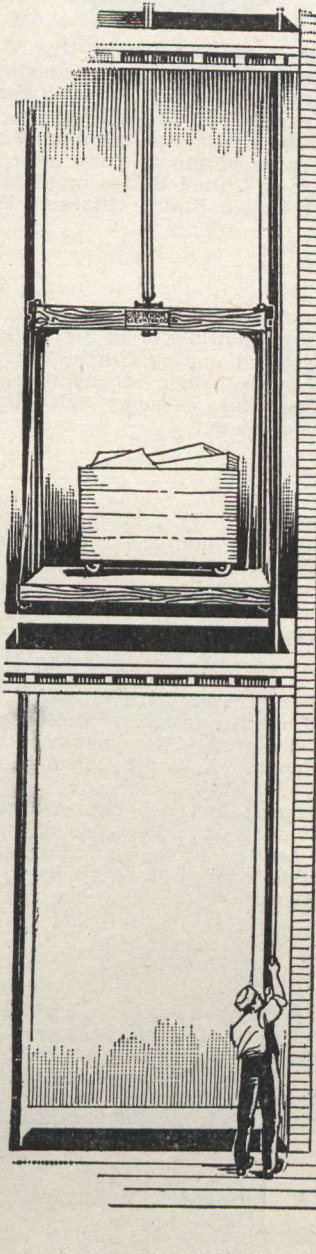
When selling space is at a premium—and the smaller the store the more valuable the space becomes—it is absolutely necessary to make every square inch count.

Wouldn't you give a good deal to put that big, useless attic of yours on the ground floor, where it could be used as a storeroom for stock?

Well, why don't you? It can be done by installing an Otis-Fensom Freight Elevator.

And in this "electric age" there is no reason why you should not take advantage of the very low cost of power to install an electric elevator. A Freight Elevator is not only a wonderful convenience to the retailer, but it actually pays for itself many times over in the economies it effects.

To those who cannot use an Electric or Belt Driven Elevator, we can supply a Hand Power Elevator for as little as \$70.00.



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Don't put it off until another time—simply fill in this coupon and mail now, while the thought is fresh in your mind.

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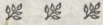
moving season. The three institutions appointed trustees by the chartered banks are the Bank of Montreal, the Bank of Commerce, and the Royal Bank—the three largest banks in Canada. The Royal Trust Company, of Montreal, was some time ago named as trustee by Hon. Mr. White. All that remains now is for Hon. Mr. White to approve the three trustees named by the Bankers' Association. Then the four institutions will act as joint trustees of the reserves and exercise supervision over the circulation issued by leave of the provisions in the new Bank Act.

It was also decided that the Royal Trust Co. shall be the depository of the bullion to be turned over to it by the banks, which may then issue against it, dollar for dollar, bank notes in excess of their present authorized circulation.

On and Off the Exchange

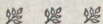
Still They Come

THE immigration figures for the first quarter of the fiscal year, that is for April, May and June, show that the influx of new citizens to Canada not only keeps up, but is increasing literally by leaps and bounds. For this period, the number of immigrants is 210,206, as compared with 175,346 for the corresponding period in 1912. According to J. Obed Smith, the number of new arrivals from Britain alone for the first six months of the calendar year was 86,000. Meanwhile, W. J. White, superintendent of United States immigration agencies, reports a heavier influx than ever of United States citizens. Many of them are of German extraction.



The Best in North America

ST. BONIFACE, which is just across the river from Winnipeg, has some new stock-yards. These were opened on the 14th of last month by Sir Rodmond Roblin, who declared them to be the best-appointed on the North American continent. The new yards can deal with 450 cars of stock at one time, and there is provision on the ground for three or four times as many. Eventually, they will be able to take care of 25,000 cattle per diem.

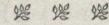


The July Bank Statement

THE July bank statement was the first issued under the new Bank Act and was one week late. Current loans showed an increase of two and a quarter millions over June. This is satisfactory when compared with the decline in deposits, which amounted to six million dollars. This decline in deposits is explained in Montreal by the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway withdrew a large sum of money to retire some bonds in London, England. These bonds were not due until July 1, 1915, but are being retired with a premium of two per cent.

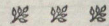
Call and short loans in Canada and elsewhere showed a slight decrease, indicating that during July the Canadian banks did nothing to relieve the necessity of the stock market either here or in the United States. They contented themselves with taking care of those of their customers who are engaged in trade and commerce.

Compared with July, 1912, call loans in Canada showed a decrease of two and a half million, and call loans in the United States a decrease of twenty-eight and a half million. Thus the Canadian banks had thirty million dollars less on call loan on the first of August, 1913, than on the first of August, 1912. During the same period current loans in Canada increased approximately fifty million.



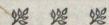
A Useful Booklet

WE have received from Messrs. A. E. Ames & Co., of Toronto, a booklet, with the title "Investors' Reference." This handy little brochure is what it claims to be—a concise resume of the latest available information about prominent companies whose securities are dealt with in Canada. It deals with all sorts of companies, including bond, broking and insurance houses, and all of the leading industrial concerns. It is the sort of book the business man needs to have on his desk.



Near Record Syndicate

CANADIANS will remember the huge syndicate that was formed in 1901, for the purpose of underwriting a security sale for the United States Steel Trust. This syndicate comprised one thousand members. Secondly only to it is that being formed at present to underwrite such part of the \$88,000,000 Southern Pacific stock being sold by the Union Pacific, which is not taken by the shareholders of the latter company. It will have six hundred members. Rumour has it that Kuhn, Loeb and Co. will head the list.



Next Week's Annual

THE Quebec Railway, Light and Power Company holds its yearly meeting this week.

Enquiries

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Would you kindly give me some information with regard to the National Grain Stooker Co., Ltd., of Winnipeg. Would you advise investing in them? Red Deer. V. S.

(Not unless you are on the inside. There is a demand for stokers in the West, but so far no one has evolved a really useful machine. There are some good people behind this venture, but you had better—with Mr. Asquith—"Wait and see."—Financial Editor.)

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I have saved \$1,000. How can I invest it to lose it quickest? Halifax, N.S. BANTAM.

(Four options: (1) Lend it on a note to your richest friend; (2) Buy an assortment of Cobalt and Porcupine stocks; (3) Buy shares in a silver fox farm; (4) Start a newspaper. All these methods are guaranteed by their inventors.—Financial Editor.)

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—How will the trouble in Mexico affect Mexican stocks, such as Mexican Railway and Mexican L. & P. Toronto. INVESTOR.

(Undoubtedly Mexican investments are bound to be affected. Mexico Tramways sold as high as 146 in 1909 and 136½ in 1912. There are few sales of this in Canada. Mexico Light and Power touched 90 in January, 1909, and 93 in 1912. Last week it was 65—a decided drop. Monterey Railway, another Mexican proposition with headquarters in Canada, lists its preference stock in Toronto but not its common. This stock is at a low price and is seldom quoted. No one is recommending Mexicans now.—Financial Editor.)

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ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

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These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

1913-1914

Just Issued—

"INVESTORS' REFERENCE"

This is a booklet explaining the purchase and sale of securities, giving the latest available information, such as: Capital, Earnings, Dividends, tables showing the range of prices from 1908-1913, etc., of 180 prominent companies whose securities are mostly listed, and dealt in, on the stock exchanges in Canada.

We shall be glad to send a copy on request.

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

"The Drift of Pinions"—An Appreciation

"Hours of Dew and Dream"

It was a poet, himself, I believe, who defined poetry as a record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds. Like most definitions, it has known dissent and discussion; but I am reminded of it now, after reading the songs contained in "The Drift of Pinions," the first published volume of Marjorie Pickthall's poems. They have seemed to me the fulfilment of "hours of dew and dream," a phrase which the author herself uses in her wistful evensong, "Deus Misereatur." They have the wild, sweet freshness of youth, ere the dew has dried from the flowers in the meadow, and they have, also, the vision of the one on whom has been bestowed the poet's supreme dower of creative imagination.

In these poems is no spirit of fever and fret. Those fiercer emotions which wither life and "waste its little hour" are far from the spirit of the writer of "Armored" and "A Saxon Epitaph." Beauty, peace and a subtle fragrance of chastened joy breathe from every page. The title, "The Drift of Pinions," has been wisely chosen, for the flutter and song of birds, from the "lifting, shimmering flight of the swallow," to the "very doves that dream beside the pool" in the Gardens of Shushan, make these songs a delight of still, small voices, lifting us far above . . . "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call Earth." The writer takes no thought for the "issues of the day," nor for "burning questions." She sings of the loveliness which is immortal, of the peace which passeth understanding, of the things which are unseen and eternal. Her love of all things fair and radiant is voiced in the closing lines of "The Immortal":

"Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
With clover-horns and delicate, faint flowers,
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place
And hear new stars come singing from God's Land."

This passionate love of beauty, in flowers and bird and sky, is as strong as the poet's tenderness towards all the humbler creatures, for she could understand the gentle soul of St. Francis of Assisi and the plea of him who wrote:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

The Poet's High Calling

It seems rather curious that most of these poems should have been written in one of the busiest cities of a new country—until we remind ourselves that genius is a law unto itself and, in spite of all that the scientists have said, can make a world of its own, quite removed from the daily environment. Miss Pickthall was born in England, but came to Canada when she was a little child. She is, in spite of almost a lifelong residence in Canada, still an English girl in voice and manner, while all her early literary associations were with the fairy lore and romantic tales of the Mother Country. The myths of classic literature and the stateliness of Hebrew Scripture have had a profound influence on a singularly sensitive and imaginative nature. Thus we have "The Little Sister of the Prophet," with its Biblical sub-title, "If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer . . ." which tells in language of naive simplicity of the

bewilderment and pain of the woman that cannot understand the inspired one, who so long has been merely a familiar household figure.

"I have left a basket of dates

In the cool, dark room that is under the vine,
Some curds set out in two little crimson plates

And a flask of the amber wine,
And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of savoury herbs, and spice, and the delicate
wheaten

Flour, that is best,

And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest."



MRS. CLARK MURRAY, OF MONTREAL,
Founder of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, and Also
Founder of the South African Memorial Association.

There is an essentially lovable and feminine touch in this picture of the puzzled girl, whose love is vainly trying to follow the flight of a seer's inspiration. Nor is this sympathy with the Oriental household a mere exotic bloom of poetic fancy. The problem is as old as humanity, as common in London as in the Judea of old—and woman still attempts to solve it by the cunning manufacture of wheaten cakes.

"The Bridegroom of Cana" is one of the most exquisite marriage lyrics ever written, associating the human love with the Divine service, in a song of surprising sweetness. In "Mons Angelorum," the most remarkable poem in the volume, we are given a glimpse of heroic figures—the ancient Leader of Israel, the soldier who is to succeed him, and a shadowy group of ministering spirits, lingering for the last high rites of that mystic burial in the Land of Moab. It is a mighty theme, but in simple and majestic melody, the treatment is adequate to the great spectacle.

"A Mother in Egypt" is the tragedy of the death of the first-born, a requiem of the tenderest regret, and is thoroughly Eastern in its acceptance of the

mysterious doom, fallen swiftly upon the son of hut and palace, alike.

The Charm of Colour

In technique, this poetry is as satisfying as musical harmony. The apology which is usually made for a first volume—that it exhibits the quite comprehensible crudity and unevenness of a young writer—is not needed here. On the contrary, there is the wonderful felicity of phrase, the soft radiance of the polished "jewels five words long" which mark the true poet, the consistent craftsman.

Years ago, in the Southern States, I picked up a magazine to read a prize story and wondered who the writer, Marjorie Pickthall, might be, for the story was of Canada and its sense of colour—mountain colour, too—was strikingly vivid and discriminating. This quality characterizes all her work, whether it be the "sardius sunk in gold" of a Canadian September, the flash of Sicilian brightness as "across the plunging reef reels the last red sail," or the fresh tint of the springtide when "green shall all my curtains be, and green shall be my pillow."

These brilliant dyes in summer and autumn are of Canada's own colouring, and everyone of us may fancy that she recognizes "Dream River."

"Wind-silvered willows hedge the stream,
And all within is hushed and cool.
The water, in an endless dream,
Goes sliding down from pool to pool.

"And every pool a sapphire is,
From shadowy deep to sunlit edge,
Ribbed around with irises
And cleft with emerald spears of sedge."

In this use of colour, too, the writer is truly feminine, perceiving those most delicate changes of tint, those minute details of shadow and gleam which complete the picture—and colour there is, even in the nocturnal sketch:

"Gone are our day's red roses
So lovely and lost and few,
But the first star uncloses
A silver bud in the blue."

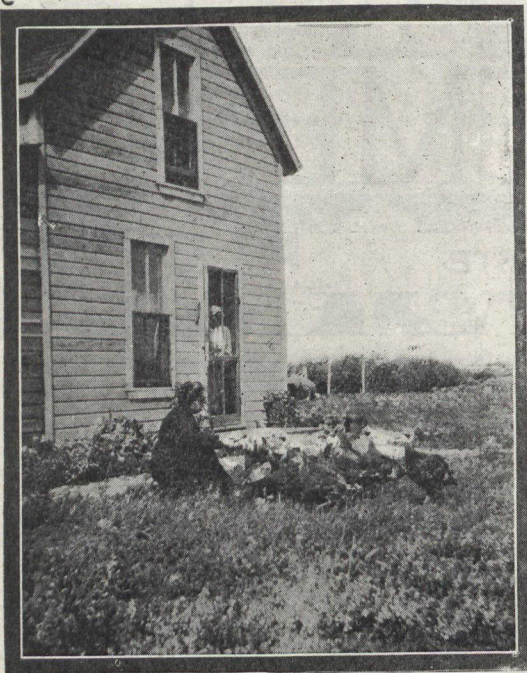
"Through the Ivory Gate"

We make no extravagant claims for this volume of verse. It does not lend itself to the obvious advertising methods of the day, which use "epoch-making" and "phenomenal" on the slightest provocation. There is nothing sensational, nothing perfervid in the poems which make this lyric rosary. The writer shows throughout the delicate restraint, the ultimate reticence, so lamentably lacking in many of our modern literary productions. One feels that she is her own severest critic and that both intellect and emotion have gone to the perfecting of these melodies. The criticism of much of the poetry written by women in the past, that it was marred by over-sensibility and sickliness of sentiment, was frequently made with justice. Such a charge cannot be brought here, for, while the poetic feeling for beauty and grace is always strong and even passionate, it is held in restraint by the calming influence of taste and judgment.

Above all other qualities, these poems possess a spiritual significance. The loveliness of Nature, as pictured here, is not such as to inspire a mere sensuous admiration, but an abiding sense of the Presence beyond the sunset and the stars. Yet, there is not a word of didactic teaching.

More than once, during the last year, one has marvelled at the pernicious rubbish which certain women writers have sent forth as literature—an appeal to all that is base and sordid in humanity, a degradation of all things high and holy. In these poems, there is a crystal purity of spirit, which, united with a glow of imaginative power, has given us a volume of rarest quality.

J. G.



THE SWEET PEA HEDGES,
Beyond the house, and one of the seed-time
menaces in the foreground—th' unspeak-
able Turk!



DAHLIAS AND ASTERS,
In a prodigal profusion, which later means much business
at the market.



DINNERS DINING.
Poultry rivals flower-growing in Mrs. Drum-
brill's interest. The cat one must
admit unprofitable.

A Hobby Turned to Account

*A Country Woman's Enterprise in the Culture and
Sale of Flowers*

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

of mixed bouquets and give them to the girls who work behind the counters in the large stores. The flower-starved workers nearly go wild over their dewy beauty.

One of Mrs. Drumbrill's masterpieces is a huge mound in the yard, covered with heavy green vines. Countless are the pedestrians who stop to admire. Nearer approach proves the mound to be a disused and at one time unsightly wood-pile, while the vines turn out to be pumpkins. But the effect is gorgeous,

anything like a wide-enough horizon, and just here one is permitted to quote a poem in *Harper's*, by Mildred Howells, which shows how the individual touch may permanently be put in a woman's garden:

This Is Her Garden.

This is her garden; in it day by day
She lived and worked, with patient, tender care
Marshaling her flowers in orderly array
Till beauty clad the earth that once was bare.
This fringed, spice-freighted pink she planted here;
Blue burning larkspur, and the honeyed phlox,

And these proud ranks that high above
them rear
Their satin spires, the stately holly-
locks.

Here once again they fill with brilliant
bloom

Long summer days, while through the
summer nights

They penetrate the warm, moth-
haunted gloom

With fragrant promise of unseen
delights.

Again her garden blooms, its fountains
spill

Their wonted laughter over marble
brims

As in those other summer-times, but
still

A sense of emptiness its beauty dims.
The pansies as I pass lift wistful eyes,
Each lily shakes a disappointed head,
And all the rustling garden, longing,
sighs

For one who will not walk there,
being dead.

Yet surely here, if to this world return
Spirits released, might come her
gentle shade

To comfort those who with the flowers
still yearn

For her lost presence in the heaven
she made.

But no, not even here, her soul set free
From mortal care would love to
earth recall,

For in this very garden, it may be,
She buried sorrows undivined by all
Who knew her air serene and tranquil
grace.

Unsummoned let her rest, while
empty stands

Save of her memory this garden space;
A prayer of beauty wrought with loving hands.

Gardens of living women, of course, are nicer than haunted gardens—especially when they mean a pocketful of profits a la Drumbrill.

More Babies and Better Ones

A FEATURE of the Canadian National Exhibition which seems to be growing in favour with the public is the Baby Show. Last year three hundred and sixty entries were made, while this year on the closing of the lists the addition showed that over five hundred "bundles of joy" competed.

MRS. SELENA DRUMBRILL, of Charleswood, Man., seems to prove once more the truth of the old saying that flowers will not grow to perfection except for those who love them. She is one of the people who seemingly cannot exist without the presence of flowers. She says that even as a little child in England she stole the flowers in the parks, not realizing in the least that she was stealing, but just doing the natural thing for a poor flower-starved youngster to do. Even now that she has attained to the perfection of producing blue-ribbon asters, and dahlias, and sweet peas, she still maintains that she raises them primarily for the sheer love of floriculture, and that the monetary consideration is quite secondary.

In course of time the little English flower-lover, after divers wanderings, came to Winnipeg, and that city was the gainer by her presence, for she has beautified a spot on its borders which has delighted hundreds of weary eyes and given fresh hope to scores of fainting hearts.

Not long after her arrival in the suburbs of Winnipeg, Mrs. Drumbrill discovered that she was raising sweet peas equally as fine as those shown at the exhibition, so when the fall flower show came off she entered some of her choicest varieties and was fortunate enough to get a first prize. This led to the idea of selling her flowers instead of giving them away, as heretofore, and that very year saw fifteen dollars' worth of flowers turned into money and expended for choice seeds for next year's planting. Meanwhile Mrs. Drumbrill's husband, who is also a market-gardener, had bought ten acres of land at Charleswood, one of Winnipeg's pretty suburbs, and this gave the flower-lover a chance to try her experiment in real earnest the following spring.

The finding of a market for her perishable wares was not easy at first, but knowing that her productions were prize winners and could not be surpassed by any florist in the city, she persevered, and last season sold over a hundred dollars' worth of cut flowers. She sells principally to Eaton's store, and gets three cents for a bunch of ten stems, which they in turn sell for five cents a bunch. This year her garden is very flourishing and the output will be larger.

THERE is no doubt that Mrs. Drumbrill could double and treble her profits if the charitable and humanitarian side of her "profession" did not appeal to her so strongly. She makes true missionaries of her flowers, sending them freely on errands of mercy everywhere. She belongs to the Home Economics of Manitoba, and gives to the women of that society flowers to sell, they in turn handing their profits over to the cemetery fund. But her very greatest pleasure is to take a basket

whether flaming with blossoms or with fruit.

"I pass that on to other women," Mrs. Drumbrill says, "as a proof of what can be done with objectionable spots which have long been eyesores to the members of the family."

Mrs. Drumbrill's work and conversation are one consistent and continual plea that all women have a few flowers of their own. "Especially the farmers' wives, as they are lonely and need something to take them out of themselves. No person can realize what flowers mean to the tired woman when everything seems to go wrong." The garden affords that scope for expression which every woman longs for; which the mind must have if it is to see to



A GARDENING PEERESS.

Lady Wolseley, daughter of the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, who conducted a horticultural school for young ladies at Glynde, in Essex, England.

Women of Winnipeg Who Do Things

DR. MARY E. CRAWFORD

DR. MARY E. CRAWFORD, whose pamphlet on "The Legal Status of Woman in Manitoba" is now in press, is one of the outstanding personalities among the citizens of Winnipeg. By reference to "Who's Who in Canada" the following catalogue of facts with regard to Dr. Crawford discloses itself: That she was born in Sutherland, near Liverpool, in 1876, of Scotch parents, her father being a master mariner. Her mother, a woman of broad culture, on the death of her husband came, in 1889, to Ottawa, where she acted as principal of the Ottawa Ladies' College until the time of her death, a few years later. In Ottawa the education of Dr. Craw-



DR. MARY E. CRAWFORD, OF WINNIPEG.

ford, under the personal supervision of her mother, went forward until her graduation as a teacher of kindergarten in 1894. Shortly afterwards, however, she went to Toronto to study medicine at the Ontario Medical College for Women, and in 1900 graduated from Trinity University as a full-fledged M. D. For the following twelve months she acted as house surgeon in the Philadelphia Hospital for Women and Children, later coming to Winnipeg to take up the practice of her profession. From these bare statements you may gather a vague impression that Dr. Mary Crawford has led a busy life, and you may wonder, as I have often done, why the compiler so ambiguously remarks that she was brought up a Presbyterian, and is now a Christian; but you can acquire no really adequate idea of the purposes or power of the individual thus described. For this one must go to other sources, and these may be tapped only through first hand knowledge of the lady herself and of her public and private life.

In her official capacity as associate inspector of the public school children of Winnipeg, of whom there are some 18,000 or more, Dr. Crawford is remarkable for both efficiency and thoroughness. Since their appointment, in 1909, the system of medical inspection elaborated by Dr. Allum and herself, after careful investigation by one or other of methods used in Europe and America, is regarded as one of the best on this continent, and each year sees improvement in the perfecting of detail work as well as extensions of the field of operation. With not alone the necessity of examining each pupil twice a year, but with the attendance at Winnipeg public schools increasing yearly by leaps and bounds, the position of medical inspector is no sine-cure, but the work is at all times thor-

oughly well done, though in the case of both officials a general practice is kept up as well.

In 1912 Dr. Crawford filled the position of President of the University Woman's Club, and it was during her regime that Mrs. Pankhurst spoke to an immense Winnipeg audience, under the auspices of that organization. This office has now fallen to Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, but for 1913-14 Dr. Crawford is chief executive head of the Political League of Manitoba, an association of men and women which is growing so rapidly in both power and numbers that the demands on the time as well as thought of its leaders is insistent and continuous. It is in connection with her work in this society that Dr. Crawford has compiled, with the collaboration of A. E. Johnston, Esq., a lawyer of Winnipeg, her pamphlet on "The Legal Status of Woman in Manitoba," the need of such information as is therein contained having seemed to her so absolutely imperative for public enlightenment. As treasurer, member of the board, and medical examiner of gymnasium candidates for the Y. W. C. A. of Winnipeg, Dr. Crawford finds still other avenues for exacting labor, and when one adds to all her other activities the constant demand from many quarters for her services as a public exponent of her convictions on suffrage or medical science, one realizes that none but so strong brained, able bodied, thoroughly well trained and willing an individual as herself might ever hope to fill so great a role.

Then, too, as a private citizen this progressive woman of the west is not less remarkable than as a public character. In fact, on closer acquaintance with her numerous accomplishments, one suspects that Dr. Mary must have been first an infant phenomenon and then a youthful prodigy in order to have developed into such a mature amazement. A born musician and well instructed, she is a delightfully temperamental pianiste, no mean performer on the violin, and is the possessor of a well trained, pleasant voice with which to sing the Scottish or German folk songs, of which she is so fond.

Photography, too, is one of her hobbies, and as an active and enthusiastic member of the Canadian Alpine Club Dr. Crawford has excellent opportunities—of which she makes good use—of snap-shooting some lonely bits of the finest mountain scenery of the world. A student, a voracious reader, and with several continental tours to her credit, Dr. Crawford can and does pursue her love of literature in sev-



A None-too-flattering Snapshot of Mrs. R. L. Borden (left), and Mrs. Geo. H. Perley (right), at the Laying of the Corner-stone of Toronto's Three Million Dollar Technical School. Hon. Mr. Perley is in the Centre, and Premier Borden's Elbow Intrudes on the Right.

eral European languages, being especially proficient as a German scholar, part of her early education having been gained in the country of the Kaiser. Endowed with an unusually tenacious memory, Dr. Crawford has an immense store of general knowledge with which to confound the unwise, but too confident, disputant, her accurate acquaintance with Biblical and church history having doubtless survived from the pre-Christian early Presbyterian era, mentioned by the astute Morgan. With all this, one would naturally suppose that our friend Dr. Mary must be the very bluest of bas Bluestockings. Not so, however, for perhaps the most remarkable accomplishment of this remarkable lady is her genuine love and sympathy for, not only all human kind, but all animal kind—in a word—her large humanity. Gifted with a deep sense of humour—the one essential which to any of us may give a true sense of proportion—Dr. Crawford has a keen insight into the workings of the human mind, and this, added to her very accurate understanding of the human body and a great respect for the human soul, make of her a woman of clear vision, fine faith and noble achievement.

Perhaps to her Scottish ancestry, and the great traditions of her deeply loved Scotland, may be given the credit for the logic, the justness, the uprightness and deep mentality which are the distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Crawford, as of so many of that race, but in Winnipeg we who love both herself and our city like to think that the bigness, the breeziness and the busy-ness of this western world have contributed not a little to the rounding of as complete a personality, as useful a life and as inspiring a practical idealism as have come within the knowledge of the scribe.

PHILISTIA.

News In Brief

THE Association of Canadian Clubs, which held its fifth annual conference in Hamilton recently, included the following names in its election of officers for the ensuing year: Lady Drummond, of Montreal, Vice-President, and Mrs. Atherton Smith, of Quebec, Provincial Vice-President. The lady delegates to the conference were entertained at a garden party at the residence of Mrs. John Crerar, and on the day terminating the conference a special train carried all the members to Niagara Falls, where they were the guests of the local men's and women's clubs of the city.

TO the regret of her many friends in Edmonton, Miss Katherine Hughes is leaving shortly for London,

There is a Dress Problem Moral Here for All Women

Mrs. R. C. Diter says:

"If you want your husband to compliment you on the freshness of your dress and wonder how you have so many changes, just use Diamond Dyes.



Light blue crepe de chine dyed green.

"I laughingly tell my friends that Diamond Dyes help me hold conquest over my home by retaining all those little niceties of new and dainty costumes so essential to all women.

"It is so simple to take the 'tired look' from any gown you like.

"The enclosed photograph illustrates this.

"I had an old light blue crepe de chine gown that I didn't want to part with, so I simply took a piece of old material I had—made a panner effect—gave a touch here and there and dyed it green.

"No greater satisfaction than the words from my husband, 'Dot, you're a wonder.'"

Diamond Dyes

in the home go a long way toward solving the dress problem.

Out of the Ordinary but True

Mrs. T. L. Reuse writes: "I feel that mine is such an unusual case that you should know about it.

"My husband is a young lawyer, and like all young lawyers has lots more brains than money. When he told me that one of the members of the firm was going to drop in to dinner one night I was panic stricken. I had one day's grace and not a thing to wear.

"Diamond Dyes solved the problem. I had a light gray poplin and by a little remodeling and dyeing it terra cotta it turned out a striking gown, as the accompanying photograph shows.

"As we all sat down to dinner the next night and I saw the look of pride on my husband's face, I realized so well that in a ten-cent package of Diamond Dyes there is much happiness."

Gray poplin dyed terra cotta.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

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 usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes sell at 10c Per Package. Valuable Book and Samples Free.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

The Ideal, Non-Greasy Toilet Preparation

It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, pimples, freckles and other blemishes of the complexion.

It improves and beautifies the complexion as it renders the skin like the softness of velvet, clear and pearly white.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of its having been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century.

A trial will convince you why it has been popular for so many years.

Price, 50c. and \$1.50 per Bottle.

At Druggists and Department Stores, or direct on receipt of price.

Gouraud's Oriental Velvet Sponge should always be used when applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream. It is perfectly smooth and velvety, and will give you the most satisfactory results. Sent in a dust-proof box on receipt of 50c.

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NEW YORK CITY

Send 10c. in stamps for a booklet of Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves, a little book of perfumed powder leaves to carry in the purse.

England, where she has received an appointment as assistant to the Agent-General for Alberta. Miss Hughes has for some years been connected with Government work in the Parliament Buildings in Edmonton, and held the office of historian to the C.W.P.C. from 1910 to 1913.

MRS. CHARLES MacPHERSON, of Winnipeg, is being warmly welcomed by her many St. John friends. She has made a visit to St. John with the intention of keeping house for her sister, Mrs. W. W. White, who, with her husband, Dr. White, left last week to spend some time in Edinburgh, Scotland.

CANADA is to look forward to another visit from Mrs. Pankhurst. This announcement was made by the lady herself during an interview with a press correspondent in Trouville, France, the other day. Mrs. Pankhurst declared her intention of visiting the United States and Canada during the coming winter and lecturing in the various cities. Speaking of her personal experience in "strikes," Mrs. Pankhurst declares that the suffering endured on "hunger strike" is nothing compared to the agony of self-imposed thirst.

THAT a splendid year's work has been done by both supervisors and pupils of the Allison Memorial Playground of St. John, N.B., was clearly shown at the closing exercises, which took place on August 22nd. The programme took the form of folk games, dances and musical numbers, the reading of the year's report by Mrs. W. C. Mathews, supervisor of the grounds, and a display of the basket-weaving and linen work accomplished by the little ones and placed on sale in the pavilion of the playground. Mr. W. C. Allison, the donor of the grounds, paid a visit during the afternoon, and Miss Mabel Peters, president of the Playgrounds Association, was also present.

Uniting East and West.

CONSIDERABLE interest surrounded the marriage in the early part of August of Mr. Reginald William Henry King, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Vancouver, and Miss Phyllis Irene Mason, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Edward Mason, of Hamilton. The wedding took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver, and afterwards a reception was held at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. W. Ambery. Mr. and Mrs. King will reside in Portland, Oregon, as Mr. King has been made manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in that city.

What the Limelight Reveals.

EVERYONE is taking a keen interest in the preparations for the royal wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife, and now that October 15th grows so near many are the stories we read, exaggerated and otherwise, of the movements of the betrothed pair. The bride-to-be, as is usually the case, is subjected to the more piercing rays of the spotlight, and recently her every movement has been chronicled and comment made upon it in the offensive manner of the press. Just now they are remarking on the fact that she has preferred to return to her home, Mar Lodge, Braemar, instead of remaining in London to look after her "trousseau." This, one might naturally think, is Her Highness' own affair, but the English papers seem to think differently.

The extent of her income, too, has been a matter of some speculation, but now dispatches state authoritatively that this has been very much overrated, and that on her marriage to Prince Arthur she will have an income of \$50,000 a year. This, of course, will be supplemented by an allowance from her mother, the Princess Royal, on whose death she will come into \$350,000 a year, while her younger sister will receive \$175,000.

It can't be pleasant to have one's personal affairs put under a microscope by busy reporters, but this is the price which the aristocracy must pay to democracy.

For Mother
the Others
and
Me



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is equally delightful for adult use as it is to His Majesty the Baby, for whom it was first specially made. Made from imported Coconut and Olive Oils, it is ideal for the toilet and bath, rendering the complexion soft and beautiful.

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Oldest and Largest Perfumers and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada. 121



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is a labor saver because everything a woman uses for cooking is at hand; it cuts out the hundred and one needless journeys across the kitchen and enables you to sit down and do your work quickly and tidily.

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Only a Common Fellow

(Concluded from page 7.)

several times," he said, "and never a word in answer, Aunt Rachel. What was I to think when Philippa wouldn't answer my letters?"

"She never got one," I cried. "She wept her sweet eyes out over you. Somebody must have got those letters."

And I knew then, and I know now, though never a shadow of proof have I, that Isabella Clark had got them—and kept them. That woman would stick at nothing.

"Well, we'll sift that matter some other time," said Owen impatiently. "There are other things to think of now. I must see Philippa."

"I'll manage it for you," I said; but just as I spoke the door opened and Isabella and Mark came in. Never shall I forget the look on Isabella's face. I almost felt sorry for her. She turned sickly yellow and her eyes went wild; they were looking at the downfall of all her schemes and hopes. I didn't look at Mark Foster at first, and when I did there wasn't anything to see. His face was just as sallow and wooden as ever; he did look so undersized and common beside Owen. Nobody'd ever have picked him out for a bridegroom.

Owen spoke first. "I want to see Philippa," he said, as if it was but yesterday that he had gone away.

All Isabella's smoothness and policy had dropped away from her and the real woman stood there, plotting and unscrupulous, as I'd always known her.

"You can't see her," she said desperate-like. She doesn't want to see you. You went and left her and never wrote, and she knew you weren't worth fretting over, and she has learned to care for a better man."

"I did write, and I think you know that better than most folks," said Owen, trying hard to speak quiet. "As for the rest, I'm not going to discuss it with you. When I hear from Philippa's own lips that she cares for another man I'll believe it, and not before."

"You'll never hear it from her lips," said I.

Isabella gave me a venomous look.

"You'll not see Philippa until she is a better man's wife," she said stubbornly, "and I order you to leave my house, Owen Blair."

"No." It was Mark Foster who spoke. He hadn't said a word, but he came forward now, and stood before Owen. Such a difference as there was between them! But he looked Owen right in the face, quiet-like, and Owen glared back in fury. "Will it satisfy you, Owen, if Philippa comes down here and chooses between us?"

"Yes, it will," said Owen.

Mark Foster turned to me. "Go and bring her down," said he.

Isabella, judging Philippa by herself, gave a little moan of despair; and Owen, blinded by love and hope, thought his cause was won. But I knew my dearie too well to be glad, and Mark Foster did, too, and I hated him for it.

I went up to my dearie's room, all pale and shaking. When I went in she came to meet me, like a girl going to meet death.

"Is—it—time?" she said, with her hands locked tight together.

I said not a word, hoping that the unlooked for sight of Owen would break down her resolution. I just held out my hand to her and led her downstairs. She clung to me and her hands were as cold as snow. When I opened the parlour door I stood back and pushed her in before me.

She just cried, "Owen!" and shook so that I put my arms about her to steady her. Owen made a step towards her, his face and eyes all aflame with his love and longing, but Mark barred his way.

"Wait till she has made her choice," he said; and then he turned to Philippa. I couldn't see my dearie's face, but I could see Mark's, and there wasn't a spark of feeling in it. Behind it was Isabella's, all pinched and gray.

"Philippa," said Mark, "Owen Blair

has come back. He says he has never forgotten you, and that he wrote to you several times. I have told him that you have promised to marry me, but I leave you freedom of choice. Which of us will you marry, Philippa?"

My dearie stood straight up, and the trembling left her. She stepped back and I could see her face, white as the dead, but calm and resolved.

"I have promised to marry you, Mark, and I will keep my word," she said.

The colour came back to Isabella Clark's face, but Mark's did not change.

"Philippa," cried Owen, and the pain in his voice made my old heart ache bitterer than ever, "have you ceased to love me?"

My dearie would have been more than human if she would have resisted the pleading in his tone. She said no word, but just looked at him for a moment. We all saw the look; her whole soul, full of love for Owen, showed out in it. Then she turned and stood by Mark.

Owen said never a word. He went as white as death and started for the door. But again Mark Foster put himself in the way.

"Wait," he said. "She has made her choice, as I knew she would; but I have yet to make mine. And I choose to marry no woman whose love belongs to another living man. Philippa, I thought Owen Blair was dead, and I believed that when you were my wife I could win your love. But I love you too well to make you miserable. Go to the man you love—you are free!"

"And what is to become of me?" wailed Isabella.

"Oh, you? I had forgotten about you," said Mark, kind of weary-like. He took a paper from his pocket and dropped it in the grate. "There is the mortgage. That is all you care about, I think. Good morning."

He went out. He was only a common fellow, but, somehow, just then he looked every inch the gentleman. I would have gone after him and said something, but—the look on his face—no, it was no time for my foolish old words!

Philippa was crying, with her head on Owen's shoulder. Isabella Clark waited to see the mortgage burned up, and then she came to me in the hall, all smooth and smiling again.

"Really, it's all very romantic, isn't it? I suppose it's better as it is, all things considered. Mark behaved splendidly, didn't he? Not many men would have done as he did."

For once in my life I agreed with Isabella. But I felt like having a good cry over it all—and I had it. I was glad for my dearie's sake and Owen's, but Mark Foster had paid the price of their joy and I knew it had beggared him of happiness for life.

General Hertzog

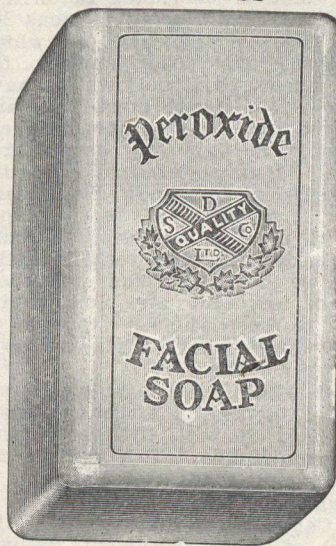
(Continued from page 10.)

wrap the remark in innocuous phrases. De Wet interrupted, with the order to tell Lord Kitchener what he himself had said. Hertzog tried again, but still toning down. This time De Wet was angry, and peremptorily ordered Hertzog to repeat his exact language, which the more diplomatic judge did. Kitchener turned the awkward corner with a good-humoured laugh, and there was never any further suspicion that faith was not being kept to the strictest letter.

I know nothing of the dispute that has put Hertzog into hostility to his former leader. Hertzog is a South Africa First man. You cannot expect him to feel about Britain precisely as Sir John Willison does. He is for South Africa ruling South Africa. The advantages of the British connection are obvious enough, and he does not want to lose them. He dreads the appearance of a minority interest at London council boards.

Unless I am mistaken, he is well aware of the difference between the

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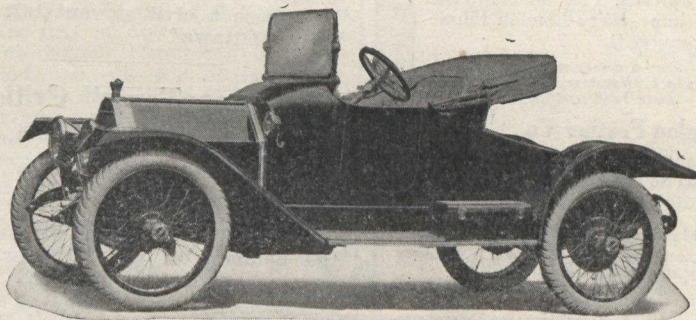
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genius that is embedded in British institutions and the ebullitions of supercilious complacency for which we English have been famous for many generations, and which have caused us to afford more free and unalloyed amusement to the onlookers of the world than any other three nations. It may be deucedly English to say it, don't you know, but I really believe it is true that we can afford to laugh more at ourselves than any other people in the world can, because we have so many excellent qualities left that are no laughing matter to those who have to come up against them—what? They envy even when they smile.

South Africa First must be as good Imperial doctrine in Africa as Canada First is in Canada. Whereof permit this reminiscence, which sheds a certain light upon the under-currents of African politics.

In Capetown I interviewed a high official of the Government Railway, whom, as from everybody I met, I sought guidance in sizing up conditions. Two things he said remain as warnings against hasty generalizations whenever troubles as between the races are reported in brief cables from Africa.

"We shall never have peace in this country—real, lasting, permeative peace," he added, sententiously, "so long as the Dutch are allowed to print a daily paper with the title, 'Ons Land'—'Our Land.' Why should they regard it as their land any more than it is our land?"

It didn't strike me that there was anything repulsively exclusive or anti-British about the name; but the wisdom of not raising a discussion about it was shown when he said, a little later:

"I have been in this country twenty-two years. A year from next September I shall be entitled to superannuation; and you can be sure that I shan't stay in this counfounded country twenty-four hours after my pension is due."

Suppose a civil servant talked like that at Ottawa?

"Irkesome Taxes" Criticized

Montreal, Aug. 28th, 1913.

Editor The Canadian Courier,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I take pleasure in perusing the columns of the "Courier." Its articles are, as a rule, well written, and the logic is good, but I am now wondering how it happened that you printed such milk and water stuff as the latter part of the article entitled "Irkesome Taxes under Free Trade," page 6, issue of Aug. 16th. The first two columns are all right, as they simply give information of how Britain gets her revenue under her so-called "System of Free Trade," but any schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that the present Free Trade policy of Britain does not by any means harmonize with the conception of Free Trade that Cobden and Bright had in mind. They knew that any system of Free Trade would prove abortive so long as the natural resources of a country are owned by four or five per cent. of its inhabitants. It is a pity that you allow the columns of your paper to be desecrated by permitting the name of one of England's greatest men to be slandered by an unknown writer, who writes like a schoolboy that had just tackled the rudiments of economics. Perchance he may be one of those noisy Imperialists or Ultra-Loyalists, who do not hesitate to wilfully misrepresent facts in order to perpetuate the legalized bunco game called "A Protective Tariff for Nursing Industries." If not in this class, I would strongly recommend that he get in touch with the great masters of economics, such as John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, Herbert Spencer, Henry George, and other great teachers. After a little reading and thinking, he will be able to write something that will at least have the semblance of truth and common sense.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

JOHN ANDERSON.

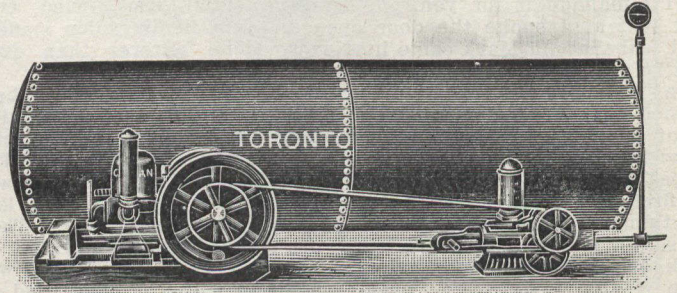
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THE RIVER OF STARS

By EDGAR WALLACE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"HOW are things going with you, sir?" he rattled on in a monotonous tone, without pause or emphasis. "Been pretty bad round this way. No work, it's cruel hard the work's scarce. Never seen so much poverty in me life; blest if I know what will happen to this country unless something's done."

The scarcity of work was a favourite topic with Coals; it was a pet belief of his that he was the victim of an economic condition which laid him on the shelf to rust and accumulate dust. If you asked Coals how it was with him he would reply instantaneously, "Out of work," and there would be a hint of gloom and resentment in his tone which would convince you that here was a man who, but for the perversity of the times, might be an active soldier in the army of commerce.

"Some say it's the Government," droned Coals, "some say it's Germany, but something ought to be done about it, that's what I say . . . tramping about from early morn to jewy eve, as the good Book sez . . ."

Whitey cut him short. They had been walking all this time in the direction of the Old Kent Road. The street was empty, for it was close on half-past twelve, and the reluctant clients of the public-houses were beginning to form in groups about the closing doors.

"Coals," said Whitey, "I've a job for you."

Coals shot a suspicious glance at him.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. White, sir," he said breathlessly, "an' I'd be glad to take it if my leg was better; but what with the wet weather an' hardships and trouble I've been in . . ."

"It's a job that will suit you," said Whitey, "not much risk and a hundred pounds."

"Oh," said Coals thoughtfully, "not a laggin' job?"

"That's your business," Whitey was brusque to the point of rudeness. "You've done lagging for less."

"That's true," admitted the man. Whitey searched his pocket and found a sovereign.

"In the course of the next day or two," he said, "I shall send for you—you can read, can't you?"

"Yes, sir, thank God," said Coals, heartily for him, "I've had my schooling and good use I've made of it; I've always been a well-behaved man inside, and never lost a mark."

"Indeed," said Whitey, without enthusiasm. He did not like to hear men talk with such pride of their prison reputations.

They parted at the Kent Road end of the street, and Whitey went to the Embankment by a convenient tramway car. He went to his hotel, but only to get an overcoat, for the night was chilly. In a few minutes he was back on the Embankment, going eastward. He hoped to learn something from the Borough.

Near the end of the thoroughfare wherein Peter resided was a coffee stall. The folks of Red Cow Court were of irregular habits; rising at such hours as would please them and seeking sleep as and when required. Meals in Red Cow Court were so many movable feasts, but there was one habit which gave to the Courtiers a semblance of regularity. Near the end of the court was a coffee stall which took up a position at twelve midnight and removed itself at seven a.m. At this stall the more affluent and the more Bohemian residents

might be found in the neighborhood of one o'clock. Whitey—he possessed a remarkable knowledge of the metropolis, acquired often under stress of circumstance—came to the stall hopefully, and was not disappointed.

With his coat buttoned up to his chin he ordered a modest cup of coffee and took his place in the circle of people that stood at a respectful distance from the brazier of glowing coals. He listened in silence to the gossip of the Court, it was fairly innocent gossip, for though there were many in the circle who were acquainted with the inside of His Majesty's prisons, the talk was not of "business."

Crime was an accident among the poorer type of criminal; such people never achieved the dignity of being concerned in carefully-planned coups. Their wrong-doing synchronizes with opportunity, and opportunity that offers a minimum of immediate risk.

So the talk was of how So-and-So ought to take something for that cold of his, and how it would pay this or that person to keep a civil tongue in her head.

"Old Jim's got a job."

"Go on."

"Wonderful, ain't it—he's got a job . . ."

"See the fire engine to-night?"

"No—where?"

"Up the High Street, two."

"Where they going?"

"New Cut—somewhere."

"What time?"

"About—what time is it, Charley?"

"I dunno. Just when old Mr. Musk was going."

"S'he's gone."

"Went in a four-wheeler—gave Tom a bob for carrying his birds."

"Goo'law! Old Musk gone . . . in a cab . . . I bet he's an old miser."

"I bet he is too . . . very close . . . he's not gone away for good."

"Where's he gone?"

Whitey, sipping his coffee, edged nearer the speaker.

"Gone to a place in Kent—Maidstone . . . where the hopping is."

(Oh, indiscreet Peter! bursting with importance!)

"No, it ain't Maidstone—it's a place called Were."

"Well, that's Maidstone—anyway Maidstone's the station."

Whitey finished his coffee and went home to bed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Whitey's Way.

AMBER found the road from Maidstone to Rochester a most pleasant way. There are those who in the early spring might have complained that it erred on the side of monotony, that tiresome winding, climbing and dipping road; although bleak with the gaunt Kentish rag rising untidily to a modest eminence on the one hand, and the valley of the Medway showing dimly through a white haze on the other.

Yet Amber found the walk invigorating and desirable, and neither grey skies above, nor the keen gusty wind that drove from the sea to one's very marrow, chilled or depressed him.

"We might have driven out," said the girl who was with him—her presence explained his oblivion to all else. "I'm so afraid that the weather—"

"Produces complications in the poor African traveller," said he, and laughed. "Peter gave me a long lecture on the same subject. It appears that a hero of his was subject to brain fever as a result of a sudden change of climate—though that can't be true, for heroes are not affected by the weather."

"I like your Peter," she said, after a pause.

"He's a rum bird," confessed Amber.

"Father likes him, too," she went on, and sighed. "Do you think father will ever be well again?"

Amber was a long time framing a reply, so long that she stopped.

"I wish you would tell me," she said quietly.

"I want to tell you," he said. "I was trying to put my inmost private thoughts into words. Yes," he considered again. "Yes, I believe he will get better."

"He is not—" She did not finish the sentence.

"No, he is not—mad, as madness is understood. He has an obsession—he is so full of one happening that everything has stood still since then."

"He has lost his memory—and yet he remembers me and the River of Stars."

They walked on in silence, both too much engaged in their own thoughts for conversation.

The problem of Sutton the explorer was one which had occupied no small amount of their waking thoughts. The house Cynthia had taken stood back from the road. It had originally been a farmhouse, but a succession of leisured tenants had converted it into a comfortable little mansion, and with its four acres of wooded grounds it made an admirable retreat.

Frank Sutton was sitting before a crackling wood fire, a book on his knees. He looked up with a smile as they entered.

His experience had made a man of him—the fact had never struck Amber so forcibly as it did at that moment. His face was tanned and thin, he had lost the boyish roundness of cheek, and lost, too, the air of impatience which had distinguished him when Amber had first met him.

"What news?" he asked.

Amber stretched his hands to the blazing fire.

"To-morrow the Colonial Office will ask Lambaire to locate his mine," he said. "I fear my Lambaire will experience a difficulty."

"I think he will," said the other drily. "How long will he be given?"

"A week, and if no explanation is made at the end of that time the Colonial Office will issue a statement casting doubt upon Lambaire's bona fides."

"An unusual course," said Sutton.

"An unusual situation, my intrepid explorer," rejoined Amber.

Sutton grinned.

"Don't rot me," he pleaded. "I feel I'm rather a pup."

Amber looked at him with a kindly eye.

"We all pass through the furniture-gnawing stage," he said. "Really, I think you're a rather wonderful kid."

The boy colored, for there was a note of sincerity in the other's voice.

"Where is your father?" Amber asked suddenly.

"In the grounds with your friend; really, it was an inspiration to send our friend—what is his name—Musk?"

"Peter—you must call him Peter," said Amber. He rose and walked to the French window that opened on to the lawn.

"Peter interests the governor no end," Sutton went on. "He's a perfect library of romance."

"Let us go out and meet them," said Amber.

They walked towards the little walled garden where the explorer found his recreation, and came upon the two unexpectedly.

Peter with a stick was illustrating a story he was telling, and the bent man with the straggling beard and the seamed face stood by, nodding his head gravely at the other.

"Sir Claude," Peter was saying, "was holding the bridge here, so to speak, and Sir Reginald was crossin' the moat there; the men-at-arms was a hurlin' down stones from the battle-

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ments, and Lady Gwendoline, sword in hand, defended the White Tower. At that minute, when the heroic youth was a urgin' his valiant archers forward, there arose a loud cry 'St. George and England!'—you understand me, Mr. Sutton? There was no idea that the King's army was so close."

"Perfectly," said the explorer, "perfectly, Mr.—er—perfectly. I remember a similar experience when we were attacking the Mashangonibis in '88—I—I think I remember."

He passed his hand over his eyes wearily.

"Father," said Frank gently, "here is our friend Captain Grey."

The explorer turned sharply. "Captain Grey?" he half queried, and held out his hand.

Some fugitive memory of Amber flickered across his mind.

"Captain Grey; I'm afraid my son shot at you!"

"It is of no account, sir," said Amber.

The only association the sick man had with Amber was that other dramatic meeting, and though they met almost daily, the elder Sutton had no comment to offer than that.

Day by day, whether he greeted him in the morning at breakfast, or took leave of him at night, the explorer's distressed, "I am afraid my son shot at you," was the beginning and the end of all conversation.

They walked slowly back to the house, Amber and Peter bringing up the rear.

"He's more sensible, Mr. Amber," said Peter. "He seems to have improved durin' the last two days."

"How long has he had the benefit of your society, my Peter?" asked the other.

"Two days," replied the unconscious Mr. Musk.

Amber had an opportunity of studying the old man as they sat at tea—the meals at White House were of a democratic character.

Old he was not as years went, but the forest had whitened his hair and made deep seams in his face. Amber judged him to be of the same age as Lambaire.

He spoke only when he was addressed. For the greater part of the time he sat with his head sunk on his breast deep in thought, his fingers idly tapping his knee.

On one subject his mind was clear, and that was the subject which none cared to discuss with him—the River of Stars.

In the midst of a general conversation he would begin talking quickly, with none of the hesitation which marked his ordinary speech, and it would be about diamonds.

Amber was giving an account of his visit to London when the old man interrupted him. At first his voice was little above a whisper, but it grew in strength as he proceeded.

"... there were a number of garnets on the ground," he said softly, as though speaking to himself. "There were also other indications of the existence of a diamond pipe... the character of the earth is similar to that found in Kimberley and near the Vaal River... blue ground, indubitable blue ground... naturally it was surprising to find these indications at a place so far remote from the spot wherein our inquiries had led us to believe the mine would be located."

They were silent when he paused. By and bye he went on again.

"The rumours of a mine and such specimens as I had seen led me to suppose that the pipe itself led to the north-westward of the great forest, that it should be at the very threshold of the country rather than at the furthest border illustrates the uncertainty of exploration... uncertainty? that is hardly the word, I think..."

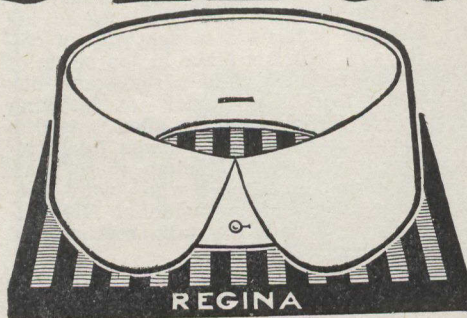
He covered his eyes with his hand. Though they waited he said no more. It was a usual ending to these narratives of his; some one word had failed him and he would hesitate, seeking feebly the exact sentence to convey a shade of meaning, and then relapse into silence.

The conversation became general again, and soon after Mr. Sutton went to his room.

"He's better," said Amber heartily, as the door closed upon the bent figure. "We get nearer and nearer to

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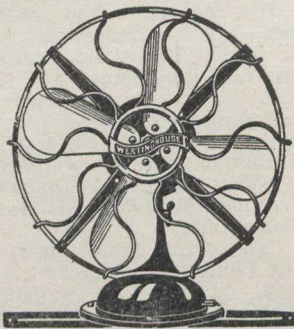
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am not immensely wealthy myself." She waited for him to go on. "You see?" he suggested after a while.

She laughed outright. "I see all there is to be seen, namely, that father will be very rich, and you will not be as rich. What else do you wish me to see?"

He wished her to see more than he cared for the moment to describe, but she was blandly obstinate and most unhelpful.

"I hate being conventional," he said, "more I hate being heroic. I feel that any of Peter's heroes might have taken the line I take—and it is humiliating. But I—I want to marry you, dear, and you have of a sudden become horribly rich."

She laughed again, a clear whole-hearted laugh of girlish enjoyment.

"Come and sit by me," she commanded; "closer . . ."

"Do you ever go to bed, my dear?" asked Frank Sutton from the doorway. "It is past eleven o'clock, and Peter and I are bored with one another."

He walked across the room and jabbed the fire. "And you've let the fire go out, you wretched people."

Cynthia rose guiltily. "I'm afraid," she faltered, "Captain Grey—we—"

"I'm afraid you have," agreed her brother, as with a smile he kissed her. "Say good-night to Amber: father is asleep."

They heard the rustle of her skirts as she went through the hall to the stairs.

"Talking with Peter?" questioned Amber. "I thought you were working more industriously in your library."

Sutton was poking the fire vigorously.

"Finished that an hour ago; how long do you think you people have been gassing?"

Amber discreetly hazarded no opinion.

"I found Peter tremendously interesting," Sutton said with a laugh. "The little room we have given him looks like nothing so much as a newsagent's—one of those newsagents that specialize in the pernicious literature beloved of youth."

"Ware hasty judgment," said Amber gravely, "these pernicious—"

There was a hasty step in the hall, the door opened and Cynthia came in a little white of face.

Amber took a quick step forward.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Father is not in his room," she said breathlessly. "I went in to say good night—he has not been to bed—"

The three looked at each other.

"He is in the garden, I expect," said Frank unasily. "He has gone out before, though I've begged him not to."

He went out into the hall and took an electric hand lamp that stood on the hall-stand. Amber drew the curtains and opening the French window stepped out.

The girl threw a shawl round her shoulders and followed.

"There's another lamp in the study, Amber," said Sutton; and Amber with a nod strode through the room and down the passage that led to the library.

He found the lamp, turned out the light, and rejoined the others.

A thin fog overhung the countryside and shrouded the grounds, but it was not so thick that it offered any obstacle to their search.

The circuit of the grounds took them very little time. There was no sign of the explorer.

At the furthest corner of the little estate was a wicket gate which opened to a narrow lane leading from the main road to the Nighill Road, and toward this the search party made. As they drew near Amber smothered an oath. The wicket was wide open.

In the circle of light the lamps threw upon the water-stained door a fluttering white paper attracted their attention.

It was a half-sheet of note-paper fastened by a drawing-pin, and Amber raised his lamp and read—

"They have took him to the quarry on the Rag. Follow quickly. Turn to the right as you get out of the gate and follow the road up the hill. Go

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Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF,
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(f) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any person or company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on, or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of the company; (g) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire, any patents, licenses, concessions and the like, conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited right to use, or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of, or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired; (h) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing of profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable calculated directly or indirectly to enhance of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of, or otherwise assist any such person or company, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-issue, with or without guarantee, or otherwise deal with the same; (i) To take, or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly to benefit the company; (j) To enter into any arrangements with any authorities, municipal, local or otherwise, that may seem conducive to the company's objects, or any of them, and to obtain from any such authority any rights, privileges and concessions which the company may think it desirable to obtain, and to carry out, exercise and comply with any such arrangements, rights, privileges and concessions; (k) To establish and support or aid in the establishment and support of associations, institutions, funds, trusts and conveniences calculated to benefit employees or ex-employees of the company (or its predecessors in business) or the dependants or connections of such persons, and to grant pensions and allowances, and to make payments towards insurance, and to subscribe or guarantee money for charitable or benevolent objects, or for any exhibition or for any public, general or useful object; (l) To promote any company or companies for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and liabilities of the company, or for any other purpose which may seem directly or indirectly calculated to benefit the company; (m) To purchase, take on lease or in exchange, hire or otherwise acquire, any privileges which the company may think necessary or convenient for the purposes of its business, and in particular any machinery, plant, stock-in-trade; (n) To construct, improve, maintain, work, manage, carry out or control any roads, ways, railway branches or sidings, on lands owned or controlled by the company, bridges, reservoirs, watercourses, wharves, manufactories, warehouses, electric works, shops, stores and other works and conveniences which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to advance the company's interests, and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise assist or take part in the construction, improvement, maintenance, working, management, carrying out or control thereof; (o) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company, and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons; (p) To draw, make, accept, endorse, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants and other negotiable or transferable instruments; (q) To sell or dispose of the undertaking of the company or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company; (r) To adopt such means of making known the products of the company as may seem expedient, and in particular by advertising in the press, by circulars, by purchase and exhibition of works of art or interest, by publication of books and periodicals and by granting prizes, rewards and donations; (s) To sell, improve, manage, develop, exchange, lease, dispose of, turn to account or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company; (t) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors, trustees or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others; (u) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "The Real Estate Corporation of Canada, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars, divided into 400 shares of one hundred dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 6th day of August, 1913.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under Secretary of State.

quickly and you can save everything. "A FRIEND."

"Wait a moment."

Amber held the other's arm as he made for the lane.

"Don't delay for God's sake, Amber!" cried Sutton fretfully; "we may be in time."

"Wait," commanded Amber sharply. He flashed his lamp on the ground. The soil was of clay and soft. There were footmarks—of how many people he could not tell. He stepped out into the road. The ground was soft here with patches of grass. Whoever had passed through the wicket had by good fortune or intention missed the soft patches of clay, for there was no recent footprint.

"Come along!" Sutton was hurrying up the road and Amber and the girl followed.

"Have you got a gun?" asked Amber.

For answer Sutton slipped a Smith Weison from his pocket.

"Did you expect this?" asked the girl by his side.

"Something like it," was the quiet answer. "Until we had settled this business I insisted that we should all be armed—I know Whitey."

Sutton fell back until he was abreast of them.

"I can see no sign of footmarks," he said, "and I'm worried about that message."

"There is one set of footprints," said Amber shortly.

His light had been searching the road all the time. "As to the message I am more puzzled than worried. Hullo, what is that?"

In the middle of the road lay a black object and Sutton ran forward and picked it up.

"It is a hat," he said. "By Heaven, Amber, it is my father's!"

"Oh," said Amber shortly and stopped dead.

They stood for the space of a few seconds.

"I'm going back," said Amber suddenly.

They stared at him.

"But—" said the bewildered girl, "but—you are not going to give up the search?"

"Trust me, please," he said gently. "Sutton, go ahead; there are some labourer's cottages a little way along. Knock them up and get assistance. There is a chance that you are on the right track—there is a bigger chance that I am. Any way it will be less dangerous for Cynthia to follow you than to return with me."

With no other word he turned and went running back the way he came with the long loping stride of a cross-country runner.

They stood watching him till he vanished in the gloom.

"I don't understand it," muttered Frank. The girl said nothing; she was bewildered, dumbfounded. Mechanically she fell in by her brother's side. He was still clutching the hat.

They had a quarter of a mile to go before they reached the cottages, but they had not traversed half that distance before in turning a sharp bend of the lane they were confronted by a dark figure that stood in the centre of the road.

Frank had his revolver out in an instant and flashed his lamp ahead.

The girl, who had started back with a heart that beat more quickly, gave a sigh of relief, for the man in the road was a policeman, and there was something very comforting in his stolid, unromantic figure.

"No, sir," said the constable, "no-body has passed here."

"A quarter of an hour ago?" suggested Frank.

"Not during the last three hours," said the policeman. "I thought I heard footsteps down the lane the best part of an hour since, but no-body has passed."

He had been detailed for special duty, to detect poachers, and he had not, he said, moved from the spot since seven o'clock—it was then eleven.

Briefly Frank explained the situation.

"Well," said the man slowly, "they couldn't have brought him this way—and it is the only road to the quarry. Sounds to me like a blind. If you'll wait whilst I get my bicycle, which is

behind the hedge, I'll walk back with you."

On the way back Frank gave him such particulars as he thought necessary.

"It's a blind," said the man positively. "Why should they take the trouble to tell you which way they went? You don't suppose, sir, that you had a friend in the gang?"

Frank was silent. He understood now Amber's sudden resolve to return.

The road was down-hill and in ten minutes they were in sight of the house.

"I expect Peter—" began Frank. Crack!—Crack!

Two pistol shots rang out in the silent night.

Crack—crack—crack!

There was a rapid exchange of shots and the policeman swung himself on to the cycle.

"Take this!"

Frank thrust his revolver into the constable's hand.

At the full speed the policeman went spinning down the hill and the two followed at a run.

No other shots broke the stillness and they arrived out of breath at the wicket gate to find Amber and the constable engaged in a hurried consultation.

"It's all right."

Amber's voice was cheery.

"What of father?" gasped the girl.

"He's in the house," said Amber. "I found him gagged and bound in the gardener's hut at the other end of the garden."

He took the girl's trembling arm and led her toward the house.

"He went out for a little walk in the grounds," he explained, "and they pounced on him. No, they didn't hurt him. There were three of the rascals."

"Where are they?" asked Frank.

"Gone—there was a motor-car waiting for them at the end of the lane. The policeman has gone after them in the hope that they have a breakdown."

He led the way to the sitting-room.

"Peter is with your father. Sit down, you want a little wine, I think"—her face was very white—"I'll tell you all about it. I didn't quite swallow that friendly notice on the wicket. I grew more suspicious when I failed to see any footmarks on the road to support the abduction theory. Then of a sudden it occurred to me that the whole thing was a scheme to get us out of the house whilst they had time to remove your father."

"When I got back to the wicket I made another hurried search of the garden and happened upon the tool-house by luck. The first thing I saw was your father lying on a heap of wood trussed and gagged. I had hardly released him when I heard a voice outside. Three men were crossing the lawn toward the wicket. It was too dark to see who they were, but I ran out and called upon them to stop."

"We heard firing," said the girl.

Amber smiled grimly.

"That was their answer," he said; "I followed them to the road. They fired at me again, and I replied. I rather fancy I hit one."

"You are not hurt?" she asked anxiously.

"My lady," said Amber gaily, "I am unscathed."

"But I don't understand it," persisted Frank. "What did the beggars want to take the governor for?"

Amber shook his head.

"That is beyond me—" He stopped suddenly. "Let us take a look at the library," he said, and led them to the room.

"Hullo, I thought I turned this light out!"

The light was blazing away, the gas flaring in the draught made by the open door.

Well might it flare, for the window was open. So, too, was the door of the safe hanging wretchedly on one hinge.

Amber said nothing—only he whistled.

"So that was why they lured us from the house," he said softly. "This is Whitey's work, and jolly clever work too."

(To be continued)

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