

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

For Love of the Game

By FRED JACOB

Three Days of Her Life

SHORT STORY BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Why Does It Cost So Much to Live?

A Problem More Pertinent to Canadians than to Any Other People

By THE FINANCIAL EDITOR

Municipal Golf Courses

By THE MONOCLE MAN

Woman's Supplement



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

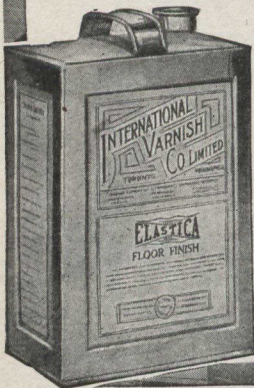


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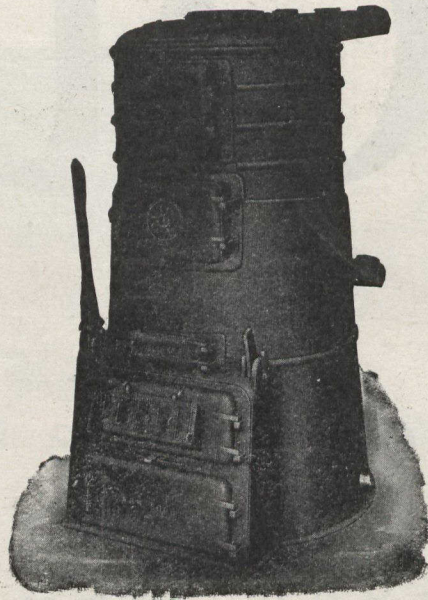
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**The Canadian
Courier**

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 22

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

All the contents features—even down to the brief tit-bits of news. There is an illustrated article by Annie Dunlop Bennet on "The Foreigner and Miss Forman in Regina"; Erin's perennially entertaining comment, including a castigation this time in regard to the term "old woman," as applied to men; "Philistia's" very readable sketch on Mrs. Lillian Beynon Thomas, champion of women on the farms; an appreciation by M. J. T. of the work of Miss Una Saunders in behalf of girls; and much more. Read it!

- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
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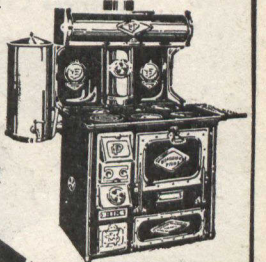
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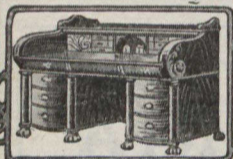
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"Is your mother a suffragette?"
"You bet she ain't. Me father's a prize fighter."—Life.

Neighbourly Help.—Jess—"Miss Schreecher is going abroad to finish her musical education."

Tess—"Where did she get the money?"

Jess—"The neighbours all chipped in."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Truth.—After the summer vacation season the chorus girls were once more gathered together. One said she had spent the time at fashionable Newport, another had toured Norway in an automobile, a third had spent the time studying Shakespeare up in Canada, and another had just "had fittings by Redfern all summer long." "And what did you do, dearie?" they inquired of the girl who had said nothing. "I? Oh, I worked in a manicure shop, too."—The Argonaut.

Strange.—Husband (shaving).—"Bother the razor!" Wife—"What's the matter now? You're dreadfully ill-tempered!" Husband—"The razor is so abominably dull!" Wife—"Dull? Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday and it cut beautifully."—Punch.

Cutting.—"Why is he so bitter at the girl he was only recently engaged to?" "Because when she sent the ring back she labeled the box, 'Glass—with care!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Connoisseur.—A well-known race-horse owner said to a veterinary surgeon:

"How is it you haven't called on me for your account?"

"Oh," said the vet., "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! Then how d'you get on if he don't pay?"

"Why, after a certain time I conclude he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."—Tit-Bits.

Genuine Pity.—Excited Small Boy—"Hey, Mr. Tanks, there's a burglar crawlin' up your front steps, this very minute!"

Mr. Tanks—"Poor devil, the mis-sus'll think it's me."—Sydney Bulletin.

A Real Joy Thrill.—Old Peterby is rich and stingy. In the event of his death his nephew will inherit his property. A friend of the family said to the old gentleman:

"I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," said Peterby; "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."—Boston Transcript.

The Kind We Want.

IN spite of all this proverb cant

I think 'twill be agreed

It is a friend in funds we want,

And not a friend in need.

—New York Sun.

Food for Thought.—A missionary stationed in a land where the natives were cannibals wrote for assistance as follows:

"Our small force of brethren seem to be unable to cope with the distress which prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many of the natives are starving for food. Please send a few more missionaries."

Bi-Plane Song.

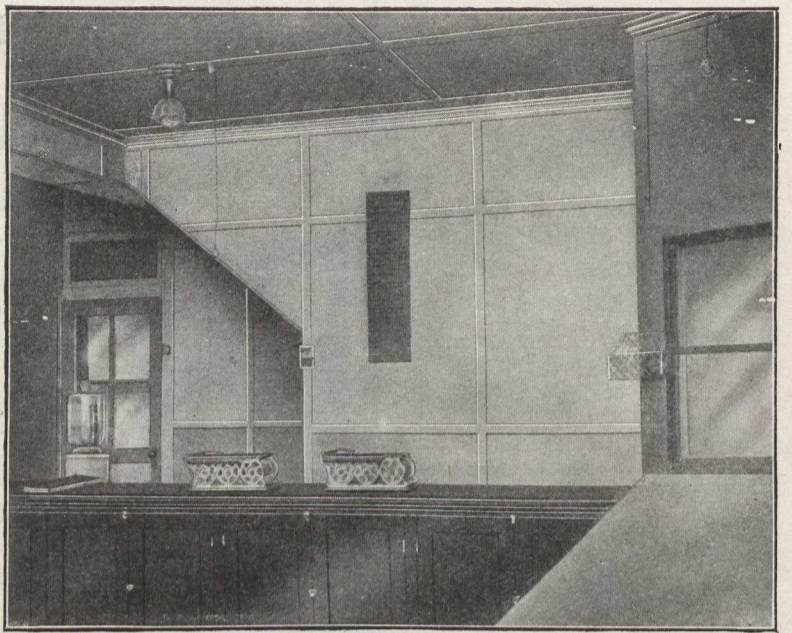
A BI-PLANE falls near city walls,
From snowy clouds. The same old story.

Another shakes across the lakes
And drops its birdman, limp and gory.

Go, bi-plane—go! Beat the world's record, flying!

Go, bi-plane! Answer, birdmen! Trying, trying, dying.

—Fanny Byrne.



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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIV.

November 1, 1913

No. 22

Men of the Day

SIR EDWARD CARSON is vying with Mr. Lloyd George in his claim upon the attention of Great Britain, and of the world. And it is a new Sir Edward that has become famous as a practical politician, magnificent or merely foolish, according to your political opinion. At any rate, he is entitled to have something to say in connection with Irish affairs, for he was born in Ireland, at Portarlington, and was educated at Trinity College, in Dublin. He was made a Queen's Counsel at the Irish Bar in 1889, and in 1892 became Solicitor-General for Ireland, in Mr. Gladstone's last government. Later, in 1906, he was appointed Solicitor-General by Mr. Balfour, and continued in that office until the election of 1906, when the Liberals obtained a majority.

At the Bar, Sir Edward is one of the first men in the United Kingdom. He has great forensic ability. But some of his Tory friends think he might have done better than use it for the defence of the Liberal ministers whom the rank and file of the Tory party and press accused of as many of the crimes in the calendar as they could think of. As to Sir Edward's leadership of the Ulster party, whether his fighting policy be right or wrong, few will question his sincerity. He is just the man to lead the fitful, emotional Irishman, who is proverbially "spoiling for a scrap," and, since both he and the Prime Minister will have none of Lord Loreburn's proposal for a compromise, there will doubtless be trouble in Ulster. Many years ago, Lord Randolph Churchill said, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right," and evidently Sir Edward Carson is going to see to it that Ulster be not allowed, even as late in the day as this, to belie the prophecy of the father of the terrible infant, Winston. Meanwhile, General Carson, and his lieutenants, go on drilling, and speaking, and speaking and drilling, and the loyal men of Ulster are getting more and more admiring of their leader, and more and more anxious for the head of their *bete noir*, John Redmond.

Poet and \$5,000 a Year

APPPOINTING poets and champion riflemen to government posts has for a good while been a beneficent pastime of the Canadian Civil Service. Poets, however, were given government jobs in this country long before riflemen were recognized. At one time several of our Canadian poets had easy government jobs at Ottawa that gave them enough to live on and plenty of time to write poetry. This was not a reward for services rendered, as it might be considered in the case of riflemen, but an opportunity to render services in the future.

Duncan Campbell Scott, who for some years has been known as one of our most sympathetic interpreters of out-door life, and at the same time as an official in the Department of Indian Affairs, has now succeeded Mr. Frank Pedley as Superintendent-General of that Department. He is the first poet in Canada who ever got \$5,000 a year for doing something else besides poetry.

Mr. Scott was born in Ottawa, in 1862, and has spent much of his life there in the Civil Service. He entered in 1880, as a clerk in the Indian Department. Thirteen years later, he was made chief

PLEADING BEFORE HIS LARGEST JURY



Sir Edward Carson Addressing His Men of Ulster. His Expression Duplicates the Defiant Slogan, "We Will Not Have Home Rule for Ireland."

the supervision of municipal loans. There seems to be in Saskatchewan a fairly unanimous feeling in favour of the scheme. The father of the campaign, so far as Saskatchewan is concerned, is Alderman J. S. Woodward, familiarly known throughout the West and to a good many people in the East as "Woody." Mr. Woodward is an Englishman, who didn't find England big enough. He is a big-built, broad-shouldered man of about thirty-five. Much of Prince Albert's development is due to him, and of course in developing the city Alderman Woodward has developed his own business. For he has discovered the magic in the words real estate, and having discovered it, is making good use of it.

His campaign for a local government board for Saskatchewan has spread to the neighbouring province. There seems a good deal to be said for the idea, for the discussion regarding a provincial supervision of securities arises from the desire of Canadian municipalities to borrow cheaply in the London market.

Rev. Robert Laird and Finance

THE Presbyterian Church in Canada is rich in men of organizing ability. The new Secretary of the Board of Finance is the most recent example. The Reverend Robert Laird, of Kingston, is yet one more of the bright young men from Nova Scotia, which is the cradle of so many of Canada's big men. Mr. Laird sustains the tradition for the province, for he is big in every sense of the word. He has ministered at Campbellford, N.B.; Brockville, Ont.; and Vancouver. In 1905 he was appointed to the chair of practical theology in Queen's University, one more notable contribution from the premier maritime province to the educational life of the Dominion. The *Presbyterian* describes him as being "a born organizer, and abundantly endowed with the grace of perseverance."

At the finance board, he will have scope for the exercise of his ability as an organizer. The Presbyterian Church is fortunate in its possession of men of the type of Robert Laird. Incidentally, Mr. Laird is a brother of the manager of the Canadian branch of the National Cash Register Company, another "born organizer."

A New President

THE new President of the Chambre de Commerce in Montreal is Mr. Adelard Fortier, who succeeds Lt.-Col. A. E. Labelle. Mr. Fortier was first

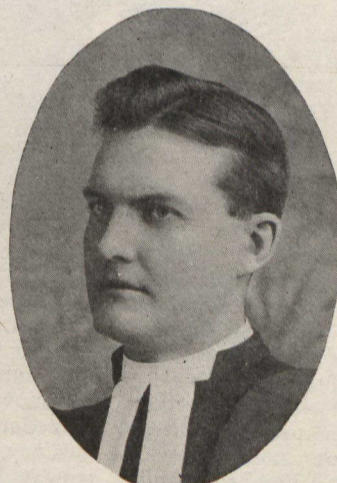
vice-president of this notable body for the past year, and is president of the Montreal Dairy Company, Limited. The new president was soon convinced that his duties are to be no merely official function. A report was presented by the meeting of which he was himself chairman, concerning the epidemic of fires in Montreal, which the committee discovered to be due to three main causes, defective construction, carelessness and incendiarism. An educational campaign is recommended for housekeepers; also that the Chambre de Commerce should interest itself practically in fire-preventive devices in new buildings, and move for the passing of a law calling for a service of fire inspection.



DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT
 Canadian Litterateur, Who is Now
 the Head of the Department
 for Indian Affairs.



ALD. J. S. WOODWARD
 The Father of a Movement for a
 Local Government Board in
 Saskatchewan.



REV. ROBERT LAIRD
 The Newly-appointed Secretary of the
 Board of Finance in the Pres-
 byterian Church.

accountant. In 1909, he was appointed superintendent of Indian Education. His poems and stories have appeared in many Canadian and American journals. He is the author of "New World Lyrics and Ballads," "Labour and the Angel," and other books. The *Toronto Globe* describes him as being "as dainty as Herrick, and with the polish of Mathew Arnold."

"Woody" and Municipal Loans

MUCH is heard just now about the movement in Canada, especially in the West, for the organization of a central provincial authority for

Three Days of Her Life

How One Woman Satisfied the Instincts of Motherhood

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Drawing by A. Lismer

IN the life of Corinna Vanguard there were three days which stood head and shoulders above their fellows. The first one was the day on which she received a proposal of marriage. She was then twenty-four and the proposal came from a young man of whom she knew nothing save that he was a farmer of sterling character, exceedingly shy and silent of disposition, and that, though he lived twenty miles distant, he occasionally drove to their village on a Sunday morning and attended services in their church. Corinna's father, being the pastor in charge, manifested his pleasure in this evidence of favour by inviting the youth to his home. On one of these occasions, to the well-concealed surprise of the family, he remained not only to dinner and supper, but spent Monday and Tuesday with them. On the morning of Wednesday he arose early and, finding Corinna in the kitchen about to put some biscuits in the oven, he asked her if she would marry him. Corinna deposited her pan carefully on the upper grate, closed the oven door, turned and looked the young man in the face, and very distinctly said, "No." Thereupon the youth, without another word and without his breakfast, departed to the barn, where he hitched up his horse and drove away.

"Couldn't you have softened the refusal?" asked her father, when these facts were presented for parental judgment.

"Couldn't he have softened the proposal?" pertinently inquired the girl.

"You are getting on in years, Corinna, nearly quarter of a century."

"Well, I'll be three-quarters of a century before I'll tie myself to a man who can do nothing but eat his meals and sit around and stare at me between them."

"I've heard that he's a good worker and very kind to his parents."

"What's the good of a man who can work and is kind if he can't talk?" demanded this heartless girl. "A husband should be able to make bright and sportive remarks. He should joke about the little ills of life and make his wife feel as gay as a basket of kittens."

"You can't get everything," said Corinna's mother, sagely.

"No," replied the girl; "so it's just as well that I don't want anything."

A TOO independent spirit does not attract admirers, and Corinna was more than forty before a second turning point appeared in her life. By that time her parents were dead and her brothers and sisters (with the exception of the bachelor brother with whom she shared the homestead) married and gone. She and her remaining brother were a prosperous and capable pair, growing old together with a deadly monotony that at unexpected moments struck terror to her soul. One such moment appeared on a summer morning at 5.30 when, standing before her mirror, putting the last hairpin in her hair, she discovered that the entire braided structure at the back of her head wobbled loosely and had to be taken down again and rebuilt more firmly. "This," reflected Corinna, "is what it means to grow old. One's hair gets so thin it can't be put up decently, and the wrinkles get so thick they can't be smoothed out at all."

She came downstairs at quarter of six. Exactly twenty years to the moment since her crude admirer, his face as hot as the stove before which he stood, had blurted out, "Will you marry me?" and she had blighted his hopes with a word she had never yet regretted. Did she regret it now? Well, not exactly. And yet—oh, how queer things turned out in this world! Here was a green gawk of a country boy who had married an empty-headed

little fliberty-gibbet (just to show Corinna that he wasn't pining for her, so Corinna privately assured herself) and begotten three unusually clever and attractive children. Corinna would not have believed such a thing possible if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes. The children were well-bred, handsome and healthy, and were carrying everything before them in school and college. Corinna, who loved to watch flowers grow, had a sudden overwhelming sense of what it must be like to watch a human soul develop and be able to call it her own.



... Corinna, as the little one leaned confidently against her, felt the insistent years slip dream-like from her. . . .

Perhaps I wouldn't have said, No, she reflected, if I had thought of the long, empty years that stretch out after forty.

Her brother Gideon came downstairs and dropped into the chair behind the stove, to put on his shoes, as is the immemorial custom of farmers. "Ugh!" he said. "It's chilly for midsummer, but what can you expect in Canada?" Gideon was one of those Canadians who are forever railing at the climate of their country.

Corinna was slicing bread for toast. "Why don't you move to North Dakota?" she inquired. "That isn't Canada."

"Cory," said her brother, his unwashed face and frowzy head bent above the shoe he was lacing, "you are getting up in years and you shouldn't allow yourself to make snappish remarks like that. It destroys your naturally sweet expression."

Getting up in years! What an odious phrase. But the sting of it lay in the feeling that she had nothing to show for the years she had got up into. The bitter reply that sprang so naturally to her lips was suddenly whelmed by a thought, the vastness and splendour of which made speech temporarily impossible. When Gideon came in with a pail of foaming milk, she said, "Gid, would you mind if I adopted a child?"

"Whose child?"

"Why, nobody's, of course. How could you adopt a child that belonged to anyone?"

"Well, you want to be careful."

"Oh, I'll be careful," cried Corinna. "I always

know what I want, and even better, I know what I don't want.

This, then, was the second memorable day.

She went to the nearest Orphans' Home and was shown into a large room, where a dozen children under five years of age were playing. They had the odd, unattached look of little ones who belong to nobody. She had provided herself with a number of cheap toys—little tin waggons, coloured rubber balls, animals and dolls that squeaked when pinched. They were soon playing boisterously with the new gifts and Corinna had time to inspect them. She had an idea that the one who looked wistfully at her would be the one she would choose, but they were too interested and excited to be wistful. Presently, toward a struggling, laughing knot of small boys, each striving to get the ball that had been tossed among them, a wee girl of two made her way to rescue a picture book. With a sudden movement one of the children thrust out an arm for the ball, and, wholly to his surprise, felled the baby girl to the floor. She sat up rubbing her head but making no outcry, and the next moment, dextrously seizing the block, she retreated with her prize to Corinna's knee. "I dot my block," she observed, triumphantly, as exposing one of its six sides to the lady's gaze she pointed out the picture of a squirrel. "Dat a quioile," she said.

"So it is," replied Corinna, blind to block and squirrel because she could see nothing but the dimpled little hand held up to her. The balmy aura of innocence and inexperience exhaled from the child. She had that happiness in the present moment that only carefree childhood knows the secret of, and Corinna, as the little one leaned confidently against her, felt the insistent years slip dream-like from her, leaving her on the rose-shadowed plain of life's beginning. Never again after she brought the baby home did she question the use of living. The energy that had formerly been deflected into vain arguments over trifles and bickerings with Gideon was now turned into the broad channel of the baby's well-being. At last there was reason

and meaning in existence.

THE third day to be remembered in Corinna's life came with the visit of a middle-aged cousin, who had married early and brought into being ten children, ranging in age from thirty to eight. There were no black sheep among them and there had been no deaths in the family. Marietta Douglas was commonly spoken of as having had a full life, and this characteristic of fullness greatly multiplied her powers of maternal criticism. Of her it might be said that her strength was as the strength of ten because her offspring were of that number. When Corinna slapped the youthful Emmeline for some small misdemeanour Marietta would adopt a reminiscent expression and remark: "I used to spank a good deal with my first five or six, before I learned better"; or, "I got down as far as Benjamin before I was really cured of the scolding habit."

"But what would you do instead?" Corinna naturally inquired. "Oh, I learned to know before they did what they were going to do, and to head them off, if it was something wrong, by directing their attention to something else. A healthy child, my dear Corinna, is a small steam engine in motion. If it is not on the right track it is on the wrong one, and the person to blame is the engineer." Then the gentle Quakeress delivered herself to a sentence which remained with Corinna. She said: "I don't suppose thee knows what it's like to have ten children and to have it on thy mind all the time

to see that they *always* go right."

"Well, no," said Corinna, thoughtfully, "I don't suppose I do."

At once she was devoured with envy of Marietta. Here was a woman serene and self-poised as a calla lily. There was nothing fidgety or impatient or petty in her makeup; her children had educated all that out of her. She had the gift of prophecy; she knew what impulsive and erratic ungrown humanity was going to do before it knew itself. She was ten times as good a mother as Corinna, because her education had been completed by ten children, while Corinna's had been only begun by one.

This, then, was the third and most interesting stage of Corinna's life—the stage in which she perceived that the way to find one's life is to lose it and that she who loses it most absolutely finds it

in most rich abundance. She adopted unloved little ones not lavishly, but with discrimination and at intervals of a few years. She held that her opportunities were greater than those of any married woman, as the latter is obliged to take her children as they come, while Corinna was able to pick and choose. By the time she had acquired half a dozen Corinna was far more beautiful than she had ever been in girlhood, and the snappishness and petulance, the dreary moods and life-weariness that had marked her pre-maternal years had disappeared. The old farm-house that had begun to shelter memories and shadows blossomed again, as every house should, with young hopes, ambitions and enthusiasm. Corinna felt herself moving in the stream of progress. Every day brought fresh interests and new developments. Cousin Marietta no longer patronized her nor spoke as one having

sole authority.

One incident that revealed to Corinna in a flash the life-emptiness from which she had escaped, occurred when she went to visit an old school friend, whom she had not seen for twenty years and who had not heard of her conversion to right living. When the invitation arrived Corinna wrote back, "Certainly I will come if I may bring my baby with me." Permission was given, and as she stepped off the train with her youngest asleep in her arms, her old school-mate exclaimed: "Why, I didn't think you meant a real baby. I thought it was some pet cat or dog." Corinna laughed disdainfully. Then as she thought of her splendid boys and girls at home, there was a world of tenderness in the eyes she turned from the rosy cheek on her shoulder to the face of her friend: "What have I to do with cats and dogs?" she said.

The Last of the Old Guard

The Story of Archdeacon McDonald and His Work in the Canadian Northland

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol."

THE death of Archdeacon McDonald, at Winnipeg, on August 28th, removed the last of a remarkable band of men whose names are closely identified with the great Canadian northland. Hunter, Kirkby, Bompas and McDonald were pioneers in the truest sense of the term. They passed beyond the bounds of civilization, and faced hardships and dangers with that spirit of abandon which has ever characterized the Anglo-Saxon race. Like their predecessors, Hearne, Mackenzie, and Campbell, they led charmed lives in a region and among savage tribes where life was a mere bagatelle. Their mission was not for the purpose of exploration, but for the great adventure of uplifting the natives. Of Hearne, Mackenzie and Campbell the historian will search in vain for any personal influence upon the people of the north with whom they came in contact. But with Hunter, Kirkby, Bompas, and McDonald it is different, and to them much credit is due for the great changes which have taken place among both Indians and Eskimos alike.

It will be conceded by those who are competent to judge that McDonald's work was the greatest, and will be the most lasting. Hunter's and Kirkby's sojourn in the north was comparatively short. They were the scouts sent out to view the land. Bompas and McDonald followed in their footsteps, did the rough clearing, sowed the seed, and protected the grain. Bompas was hampered by too large a field. At one time he was Bishop of a diocese of over one million square miles. His work was of a somewhat meteoric nature, and his "care of all the churches" made it impossible for him to abide for any length of time in one locality. With McDonald it was just the opposite. He settled himself down to a definite field and through long years performed a work as thrilling as any story of romance.

It was at a remarkable missionary meeting almost fifty years ago, in St. Andrew's Church, on the famous Red River, when the call came. The building was filled with earnest, excited people, who were listening to the words of a bronzed and rugged traveller. He was telling them about a wonderful trip he had made far away to the north within the Arctic Circle. This man was the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who had just returned from a visit to the far-off Yukon River. As he talked and told of the natives who needed a teacher in that lonely region the people became much interested and determined to send someone to those sheep in the wilderness. But the question was, who would go?

There was living at Red River a young man who had been teaching school for some time. This was Robert McDonald, who became so stirred by Kirkby's words that he at once offered himself for the distant field. So pleased were the people at this ready response that they put their hands into their pockets and contributed enough money to send him forth.

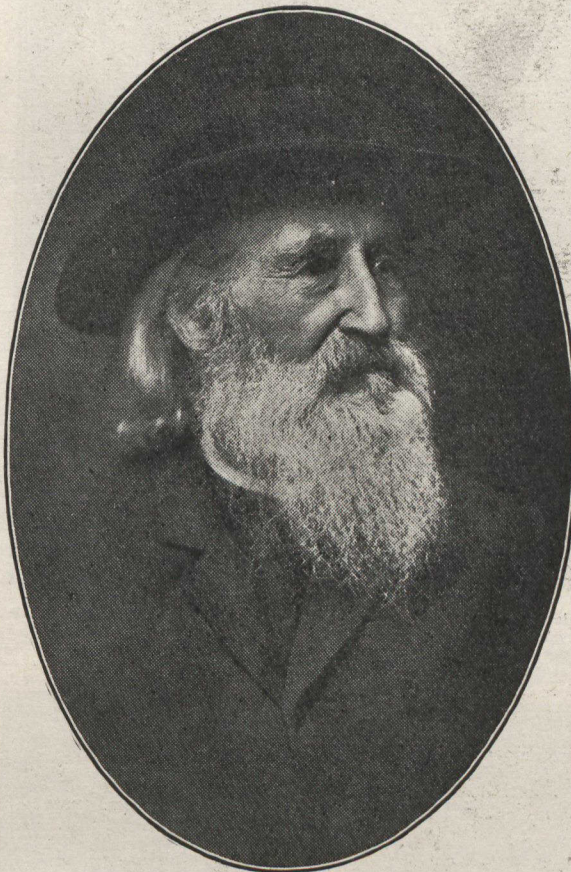
IT was in 1862, after a journey of over three thousand miles, that Robert McDonald, then an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, landed at Fort Yukon. On the bank of the Yukon River, at the mouth of the Porcupine River, the Hudson's Bay Company had an important fur-trading post. It was then a most interesting place, a good description of which was given by the noted traveller, Mr. Frederick Whymper, many years ago.

"After our experience," he wrote, "of the rather dirty Russian forts, it was quite a relief to find newly-plastered walls, glazed windows, capital floors, open fireplaces, and a general appearance of

cleanliness. In addition to the dwellings of the commander and men there were magazines, stores, fur-room, fur-press, ice and meat-well. The fur-room was a sight not to be witnessed every day, thousands of marten skins hanging from the beams, and huge piles of common furs lying around."

His description of the arrival of five hundred natives is most vivid.

"They reached the fort amid a blaze of musketry, and erected their tents, open booths, and lodges. Then each received a present of a small cake of tobacco and a clay pipe, while those out of pro-



A Sturdy Pioneer with a Large Faith.

visions drew rations of moose meat. The leading men of the tribe wore mock uniforms, presented by the company. Old 'Red Leggings,' in particular, was gorgeous in one with immense gilt epaulets, brass buttons and trimmings, and had as many coloured ribbons hanging from his cap as would stock ten recruiting sergeants for life."

Although the Hudson's Bay Company's men at Fort Yukon had done nothing toward the teaching of the Indians, they readily assisted Mr. McDonald in his work. They supplied him with an interpreter in his speaking with the Indians, and allowed him to hold a night school in the fort for the white men who were present. Such progress did the missionary make with the language that on November 18th, 1866, he was able to preach to the Indians in their own tongue for the first time. Then he began to translate hymns, prayers, and some parts of the Bible into the Indian language. These he sent to England to be printed, and waited anxiously for the books to be sent out to him. But, alas, instead of

the long-looked-for treasure he received word that a heavy fire had burned up all the copies of his book, which had been printed, as well as the original manuscript. Notwithstanding this severe blow, Mr. McDonald did not give up, but made more translations, and after several years the Indians had their own Bible, Prayer and Hymn Books.

Bishop Stringer tells us that "Archdeacon McDonald, during the forty years spent in the Arctic region, translated the complete Bible, Prayer-book and Hymn-book, and several other volumes in the language of the northern Indians. He adopted the name 'Tukudh' for his translations, that being the name of a central tribe at La Pierre House, on the Porcupine River. These translations will remain the classics of the eight or ten tribes whose dialects are affiliated and will, I believe, in time, tend to unify the dialects spoken by these tribes."

In order to facilitate his study of the Indian language, Mr. McDonald married a native woman from the camps. From her, no doubt, he received much assistance in the work. To-day all over the northland the Indians have the translations made by this missionary. The books are always carried on the trail, being protected by moose-skin bags. Every night, where the two or three are gathered together, a portion of Scripture is read and a hymn sung by some appointed leader. At the present time there are several faithful Catechists, and a number of Deacons.

IN the midst of Mr. McDonald's translationary work trouble came upon him. He was stricken down with a serious illness, from which it was believed he could not recover, and word was sent to England for someone to take his place. To the surprise of all, however, he was cured by the root of a plant, given to him by an Indian. The English name of the plant is, "It cured his uncle."

When Mr. McDonald had only partially recovered his health a fearful epidemic of scarlet fever swept over the country. It had been brought in by the company's boats, and raged with great fury among the Indians. Not a camp escaped its fierce ravages, and on every hand mournful wailings were heard. It was then that the missionary proved himself a very angel of mercy. No distance was too great, and no trail too rough, to stop him in his efforts to relieve their sufferings. He seemed to be ever on the move, and it was a wonder when he took any rest. From camp to camp he sped, facing furious storms, wading flooded streams, giving medicine, praying by the side of the sick and dying, burying the dead, and at times providing fire-wood for the helpless.

The condition of the lodges was terrible. "There are about forty persons altogether in the camp," he wrote of a certain place, "which consists of three lodges. It was distressing to behold the sick, some of them panting for breath, and moaning. I had an open camp prepared for me, where I passed the night, instead of in one of the lodges, as not only were they all sufficiently full, but I did not expect to be able to get much sleep among the sick, and the smell also arising from them was intolerable."

He was very much grieved to find that during this fiery ordeal some of the Indians fell back to an ancient Indian custom which they had always practised in times of severe distress. Believing that the Great Spirit was angry with them, they tried to appease his wrath by destroying their property, in order to show how little value they placed upon such things compared with life. When the sickness

(Concluded on page 16.)

For Love of the Game

By FRED JACOB

DID anyone ever think of starting an investigation to find what sport means to the man who regards the pages giving the "scores" as the most important in a modern newspaper? The definitions would vary widely, as we may judge from the enthusiasts for different games who can be found among our personal friends. The baseball fan finds sport in the gathering of a team from Texas, Utah or wherever good players may be found, to bear the name of Toronto, Montreal or some other city proudly in a "big league." The tennis enthusiasts will tell you that this is not sport. Even if he could get McLoughlin or Wilding to represent Canada in an international match, he would not do so—he tells us—for he could find no glory in such a victory. The rugby hero knows that he is a great man in the community, and he will risk limb if not life for the thunders of applause from the crowds—that is sport to him. But the bowler scorns a large gallery and asks only for a few congenial friends on the green where they feel themselves to be the cream of good fellows. So we might go on, and where would it lead us? Nowhere except to the rather vague conclusion that a definition of what is sport depends

largely on the angle that a man has taken up from which to view it.

There is one aspect of sport, however, regarding which only two opinions can exist, and it is a side of the matter that will bear a little serious reflection. Are we to play for the love of the game? Opposite to this may be set the idea that sport is the newest business developed by our modern civilization. The atmosphere about us has become permeated with these two views until some people will hardly dare to say whether the games of our nation are clean or not. They smile and accept *Punch's* cynical definition that "an amateur is a man who is not called a professional."

It is only in recent years that professional sport has taken a strong hold upon our country. It may be said to have come here in its most highly developed form with baseball. America has spoken the last word in commercialism, so it appears only logical that their national game should be the best example of how the commercial spirit can take hold of sport. We have made our imitations, for there is now a professional version of both hockey and lacrosse, our national sports, though as yet neither has proved to be a gold mine for anybody. But

perhaps it is well to say at once that no one can condemn the man who plays for a salary, provided he does it openly. If he does nothing else quite so well as he performs in some particular game, why should he not turn his gift to good account? This is all the more true when there are people anxious to part with their money to witness the brand of sport at which he excels. As a pure matter of business, the man risks his beauty in hockey or lacrosse and is paid for it, gives you more for the cash paid to him than the man who sells you a piece of land two miles from the nearest highway and calls it a "choice residential lot."

It is not the professional who stands as a menace to our sport. He may have opened the eyes of the athletes to the possibilities of this field of money-making, and he may have spread abroad the knowledge that a good man has his value, which causes so many amateurs to feel that they should have something to show besides honour at the end of the season—only sweaters and an outfit, of course, but still something. Let us put as much blame as we can upon the man who has enlarged his bank account by selling his athletic prowess, but at least we know where he stands.

The chief danger at the present time to our idea of what it means to play for the love of the game comes from the men who stand in the twilight zone. These men are mostly good enough to be professionals though they still retain what we call their "amateur standing." Sometimes no one suspects them of being anything but what they claim, and in other cases we hear Mr. Know-all, who may be found on the outskirts of every sporting crowd, throwing out all sorts of hints about what he could tell if he wished to cause a sensation.

"There is not an important team playing hockey or rugby to-day in this city, except those connected with schools or colleges, which could not be charged with semi-professionalism," said a prominent club man in Toronto quite recently.

When asked to make good his statement in connection with any club, he could not do so. He was unable to give details of a single case where he possessed damaging information against a player. The most that he was able to offer consisted of a number of instances that "looked bad," such as players who flopped from club to club without any apparent reason. Such accusations against teams are very common, and Mr. Know-all delights in giving the impression that he could put many prominent men into the professional ranks if only he—and here he winks a wise eye.

Let it be said at once that Mr. Know-all is frequently not only making wild guesses, but coming perilously near being libelous. There are a great many more self-respecting fellows in sport in Canada than the people who do not know any of them personally would seem inclined to believe. It is to be regretted that they cannot be safeguarded against the general atmosphere of suspicion created by the talkers and—this is the unfortunate part of it—by some of the players who cling to the amateur title even though they have lost the spirit which should distinguish those who play for the love of the game.

There are several facts which must be faced squarely if we are going to keep a sharp line drawn between the professional and the amateur. In baseball, it is hard to tell where the twilight zone commences, so gradually does the amateur shade into the professional. There was some danger a few years ago that such would be the fate of lacrosse, but during the past year the amateur game has taken a new lease of life. Why? The answer can be given for Ontario—a new league conducted on a strictly amateur basis gave the players a feeling of security, and the men were accordingly enthusiastic enough to go down into their own pockets to enable their teams to stay in the game. Strange as it may seem to those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of amateurism, the result was a healthier tone in the national summer game than it has known since some people thought it was popular enough to become a money earner for any promoter who would take hold of it.

The line of cleavage between amateur and professional hockey has always been carefully maintained, though there are dangerous symptoms. There still remains one more of our peculiarly Canadian games, our rugby. It is nearing the crossing of the ways, for it has been enjoying tremendous popularity for several years. The crowds make money, and where money may be found commercial instincts will surely be aroused.

Even at the risk of being accused of snobbishness, one can credit the college element with being a strong safe-guard against professionalism in rugby. Young men who have the amateur instinct well developed remain on the grid-iron after leaving school, and in most cases they stand above the

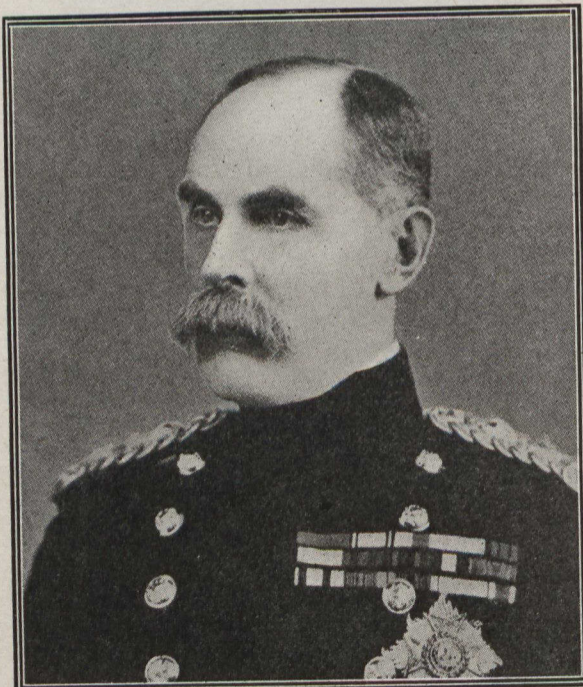
A PROTEST AGAINST FURIOUS MOTOR-DRIVING



The Villagers at Denton Green, Kent, England, Have Adopted This Means of Protesting Against the Reckless Motorist. They Are Also Holding Indignation Meetings and Threaten Reprisals. So in Canada—There is a Dangerous Feeling in Certain Places, Especially Against the Motorist Who Knocks Down a Foot-traveller and Runs Away, as One Motorist Did Near Toronto Last Week.



The Hole in the Side of the Destroyer "Jackal," Made When She Failed to Clear the Bow of the "Thunderer" Off Tay Mouth Recently. The Steel Plates Crumpled Like Paper, But Fortunately No Lives Were Lost.



Persistent Rumour States That Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Will be Canada's Next Governor-General. Besides His Well-known Military Services, He Was Made Governor of Natal in 1900.

suspicion of veiled professionalism. The athletes turned out by the Canadian colleges are, as a rule, a fine type, and they may yet do a great deal towards carrying rugby over the dangerous period of its prosperity.

Another important factor in the preservation of amateurism is "pride of club." So long as there are organizations in rugby, hockey or lacrosse, which possess traditions, one can at least trust their officials to try to keep their honour clean. There is a danger perhaps that competition and the struggle for honours will lead them to go abroad after star players, but the best element will always want to wait for the material that comes to the club of its own accord. Such men are generally good amateurs and good sports, and there are more of them in every game than Mr. Know-all admits.

IN all fairness to Mr. Know-all, let it be said he finds suspicious circumstances on which to base his sneers about semi-professionalism. He points first to some club that seems to have an ulterior motive for its existence. Such clubs turn out teams bearing their names, but there the sporting spirit comes to an end. Money is plentiful in their coffers and they can be generous. "Turn out with us," one player says to a friend, "they want me to stick, so you might as well get an outfit from them." In that way the feeling is created which does not differ greatly from the professional idea, and the money-laden organization which encourages it does injury to other clubs, for it makes some fairly good amateurs become restive under a careful management. The sort of club that does not justify its name and existence is not a phantom of the mind. Toronto contains a rowing organization of which it has been facetiously said that the members are interested in everything except the water. There are those who will assert that it has done the most good to the advancement of the forms of athletics which it has not entered. Another menace to the amateur spirit in our sport is the team that exists merely for the sake

of championships. Little attempt is made to weld such a group of players together by that *esprit de corps* which makes real sport. The management would gladly gather the team from the four winds of heaven, if the four winds of heaven could furnish men of trophy-winning calibre. The chief inducement, on the surface, is the chance offered to a player to leave the team which has trained him and go into all-round fast company. They are well treated, of course; indeed, if they win a championship, their awards—always strictly amateur—are often better than those given by a permanent organization. Under the ideal amateur conditions, the club inspires the most confidence which has trained up the back-bone of its team from the junior ranks, like the famous hockey aggregations, of which the most recent was the original St. Michael's College team, that held the O. H. A. championship, or like the Parkdale rugby players, who were once contenders in the Dominion finals; or like the Brampton lacrosse team, who now holds the premier position in the O. A. L. A. The teams that are built to win championships and which have no real identity are going to put hockey and rugby in a much less honourable position than they occupy, if care is not exercised. To these remarks, they will

retort, "Why, even the colleges go fishing for athletes." Granted that such is the case, we must not shut our eyes to the conditions that are threatening to reduce the number of men who are playing for the love of the game.

It is just as well to admit that a certain number of our amateurs will want to make a good thing out of the sports in which they engage. If the powers that control Canadian athletics give these men wide scope for getting what they are after, they will bring discredit on amateurism sooner or later. The blame cannot all be placed on the officials of the various leagues, for they are not in a position to strike at the root of the evil. They can deal with flagrant breaches of the rules, but nothing more. The fight lies with the rank and file of men interested in athletics who realize what things are calculated to kill the spirit of amateurism. Our opinions of what constitute sport may differ, but we must all agree on the value of preserving a desire to play for the game's sake. An honest survey of recent history will suggest that we have been slipping, and perhaps some reconstruction is going to be necessary before we can feel that all our national games are in the healthiest possible condition once more.

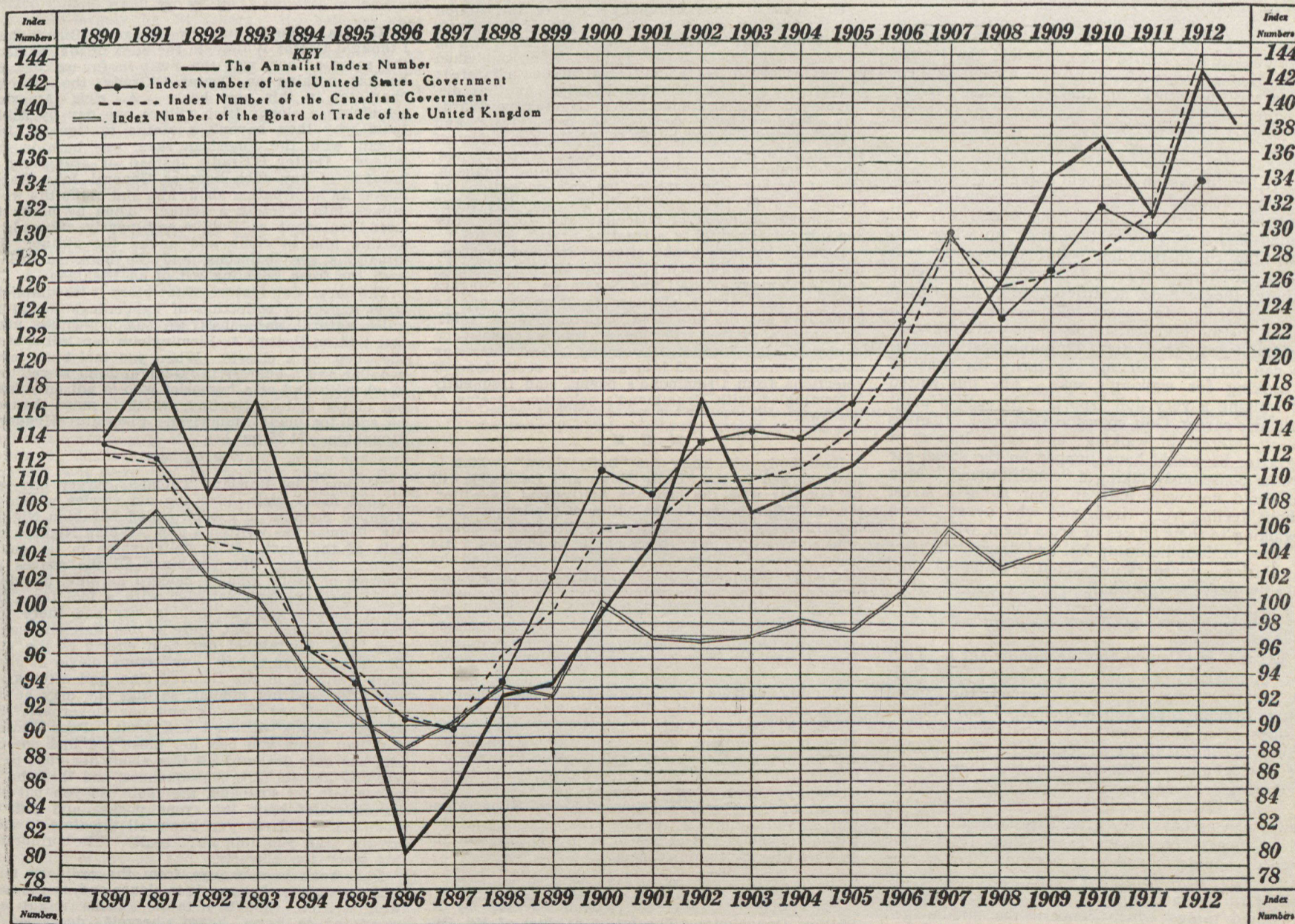
Who Put Up the Cost of Living?

By THE FINANCIAL EDITOR

ON this page there is a diagram which is reprinted from the *New York Times Annalist*. It purports to be a comparative diagrammatic representation of the trend of prices. In it, Canada is shown to have a tariff which is slightly higher than that of the States, and very much higher than that of the United Kingdom. The index number in each case refers to the wholesale price of commodities. So that Canada is actually living at a more costly rate than either Great Britain or

America. There must be some reason for this. In the *CANADIAN COURIER* for April 19th, there appeared an article which dealt with some local causes of the high cost of living. A rehearsal of them is not out of place here. Increasing immigration, and subsequent problems, lack of good roads, the wrong handling of the question of insufficient labour in creating inefficient labour, extravagance, and the need for mixed farming, are
(Concluded on page 20.)

The Cost of Living Here, in the United States and in Great Britain



This chart from the *New York Times Annalist* shows that the prices of commodities have increased much faster in the United States and Canada than in Great Britain, and that the prices in Canada are increasing even faster than those in the United States. It will also be noted that since the beginning of the present year food prices in the United States have declined faster than in Canada. According to the *Annalist*, food prices in the United States are now 139.4, as compared with 143.2, which was the average in 1912. These declines occurred before the new United States tariff came into effect.



MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSES

NOTICE that you have been giving a good deal of attention of late—and very properly so—to the ancient and royal game of Golf. You have been telling us especially how much they play Golf in the breezy and spacious West, where the holes should all be long and wide and deep. But, in any article on Golf in Canada, we are bound to find pictures of the luxurious club-house, and all the evidences that, with us, Golf is usually an expensive and exclusive sport. What I take my pen in hand for to-day is to ask why it should not be in Canada—as it is in many American and British cities—a poor man's sport as well. There is no reason in the world why a man, whose finances will not permit him to join a club, should not be allowed to get the health and enjoyment which Golf brings—especially to the middle-aged.

IN many American and British cities, they have what are called municipal Golf Courses. That is, they have fine eighteen-hole courses kept in order by the municipalities, and which are absolutely free to any man who chooses to present himself to the "caddy-master" with a bag of clubs and ask permission to play. So popular are they that often the man desiring a game must put up his name in advance, when he is given an hour at which he must drive off the first "tee"; and, if he is not there he loses his game. The official in charge starts off the pairs of players in quick succession behind each other, two minutes between each pair; and, on holidays, there is not a spare place on the course. Now this all means that there must be thousands of men who would like to play Golf, but do not belong to any club. Under our exclusive system, they could not play at all. Under the better system prevailing in the United Kingdom and the United States, they may play frequently on a capitably-kept course, with no expense to themselves save for any balls they may lose.

SURELY this is an excellent thing. I do not so much demand free golf for the young—though it is a fine game for them, and one which they will be glad in after-life that they took up while still susceptible to instruction. But the young will usually get exercise in some form. There are plenty of things they can do, at little expense, which keep them in form. But when middle age comes on, then all the more violent forms of play are removed from the list of possibilities. Only the most imaginative can keep up with any regularity the practice of walking for walking's sake. The dull-witted find walking a very dull "sport." At such a point in a man's career, Golf comes as God-send. It gives him an interest in walking; and keeps him at it long after he would have jumped on the street-car were he consciously taking a "constitutional." Men who could not walk half an hour along a street without feeling very tired, and who never dream of walking to their offices or from them, will trudge for three or four hours up hill and down dale after an illusive, exasperating, contrary-minded and wickedly perverse golf-ball.

ALL this is splendid for the middle-aged. They pump fresh air into their lungs—open their skins to a copious perspiration—send the blood racing through their veins—and wind up with all the joys of a shower-bath; and all without the smallest feeling of doing something for their health. The state of their health never crosses their minds. They are gloriously absorbed in playing an engrossing game, and their spirits are at the pitch they knew when as boys they "ran bases" or plumped a ball on goal. The years have fallen from their rounded shoulders; and they are in their 'teens again. They have forgotten stocks and markets and judicial rulings and microbes and "scoups" and all the stupid things which concern the middle-aged when they are most conscious of their infirmity; and are thinking only of how inspiring a thrill came up the shaft of their club when they got that clean shot off the "tee"—or, perhaps, marveling with in-

dignant astonishment at the perversity with which their "brassie" will "top" to-day.

I WOULD not dare write this way about Golf being a game for the middle-aged if my "nom-de-plume" were not impervious. Some husky Golfer from whose jubilant mind a good "drive" had just driven—with the ball—the date of his birth, might remonstrate with me with his "niblick." But it is true all the same that it is to the middle-aged that Golf brings its most valuable gift. And that is why I should like to see all middle-aged people—women as well as men—enjoying the magnificent franchise of the "links." It is not that Golf really costs so very much. It is only that people who have not played it imagine that it must. It involves belonging to a Club—something with which many worthy people have no experience, and so imagine to be a

New Books and Their Authors

ARNOLD BENNETT is not the only Britisher who dared to tackle the task of writing about America. "America as I Saw It" is a new offering of the Macmillan Company of New York. It is by Mrs. E. Alec-Tweedie, and if it is to be judged by the standard of this author's other works, it will justify the publishers' claim that it is "a witty book by a witty woman." Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has done much in the world of letters. "America as I Saw It" is really a collection of articles which she wrote for the New York "Times." She has some appreciative and some critical things to say about America, and she says them well.

The Musson Book Company's list of fall fiction is as attractive as it is varied. Mr. Hall Caine's new book, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me"; David Grayson's "Friendly Road" (which, when published in the "American Magazine," created such a furore); a love story, "The Coryston Family," by that distinguished Englishwoman, Mrs. Humphrey Ward; Rex Beach's latest work, "The Iron Trail," and "Passionate Friends," by H. G. Wells, are a few of the notable items, so far as fiction is concerned. The complete poetical works of Pauline Johnson, two of Arthur Christopher Benson's collections of essays, and Mr. Bennett's "Plain Man and His Wife" are among their list of miscellaneous works. Musson's list looks mighty attractive.

Perhaps the two books of most interest to Canadians are "The Shanty Man," by W. W. McCuaig, and "A Century of Sail and Steam on the Niagara River." The former of these is described by the publishers as "the new a la Drummond book." Mr. McCuaig, a retired clergyman, was a close companion of the late Mr. Drummond, and on many occasions accompanied him and gave recitations of selections from Drummond's poems, and frequently intermingled with Drummond's selections poems of his own.

Everybody who knew the "Daily News" (which is now merged in the "Daily News and Leader") will be familiar with the brilliant writings of its editor, Mr. A. C. Gardiner. As the editor of the largest English Liberal daily, Gardiner has become a household word with the thinking public in England. His latest work, "Pillars of Society," is published by Nisbet & Company. It is a collection of studies. Among the men and women who figure in the book may be mentioned Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. H. G. Wells, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Lord Fisher, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and many others of equal note.

Another notable work from the same house is "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne, the son of "Phiz," who so brilliantly illustrated Dickens's work. This book contains many hitherto unpublished drawings and letters relating to Hablot Browne and Dickens, and many sidelights on early Victorian times by Edgar Browne, the son of "Phiz." The names of Tennyson, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Ainsworth, and others flit across the pages, and the whole volume is full of the most interesting and absorbing literary reminiscences.

"The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. The latest product of Mr. Oppenheim's fertile brain is a sort of Jack-and-the-Beanstalk yarn brought up to date. An auctioneer's clerk happens upon an ancient Egyptian shrub, the fruit of which is in the form of a small bean. If

great extravagance—and the purchase of a small outfit. Then Golf-balls run to something. So the unknown keeps many a careful-living man and woman away from the game.

OF course, they make a mistake. Golf need cost but little—a mere trifle when its benefits are weighed against it. But this is all the more reason why the municipality should undertake the small expense of keeping up a municipal Golf course for the benefit of every citizen who desires to play. The land can be got well out of the city limits; and so need not cost much. A convenient club-house would not be very expensive, and ought to be pretty nearly self-supporting by the rent of lockers, the buying of refreshments and possibly even meals. The upkeep of the course would be the only steady outlay; and we should save that in the lessened civic expenditure on hospitals. That is not a joke. A gentleman was telling me the other day that the statistical tables, on which the British army and navy offices have for centuries based their grants for pensions to retired officers of both services, have become useless and obsolete since the recent popularity of Golf. Before Golf came in, these officers died off quickly after retirement through sheer inaction. Now they all play Golf and "live forever"—at the expense of their grateful country.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

anyone eats a bean, he immediately "sees the things of Life and Death as they are" and is able to see and say and think and do things only in strict accord with the truth. An auctioneer's clerk is the last person to want to be in this position. But Alfred Burton eats a bean and is changed from a roystering, swaggering, vulgar "nut" to a man whose tastes are only for the good, the beautiful and the true.

The book is a series of incidents, some gay, some more or less grave. It is well written in every sense, and while it is by no means the author's best work, it is still Oppenheim, and that is good enough recommendation. (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild. \$1.25 net.)

"General John Regan," by George A. Birmingham. I thought Doctor Whitty, in the book of that name by the same author, was the limit in fun-making, but he has nothing on Doctor O'Grady, the principal character in this new book. A rich American astonishes a sleepy Irish village one day by asking them why they haven't a statue to General John Regan, who, the American says, was born in that village. Doctor O'Grady, instead of professing ignorance of any such hero as General John Regan, makes up information about him and bluffs the whole village into erecting a statue. Then he bluffs the Lord-Lieutenant at Dublin and nearly succeeds in getting him to come and unveil the statue. The situations are ludicrous, and the book scintillates with the fresh bubbling wit of an Irishman.

The surprising feature of the story is its simplicity. It is merely a collection of happenings which are quite natural and—shall we say it?—quite usual. But told as George A. Birmingham can tell a story, they become a classic. When you feel blue, invest a dollar and a quarter in "General John Regan" and laugh with and at a humorist who is not only funny but clever and captivating, which is more than can be said for many humorists. (Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.25 net.)

"Fatima," by Rowland Thomas. Every boy—and a good many girls—love the old stories which are grouped together in a book called "Arabian Nights." Mr. Thomas has written a new Arabian Night, a new tale of the East. It is delightful in its quaintness. Fatima, who combines all the graces and charms of every kind of modern heroine, marries a fool. But she isn't satisfied with a fool for a husband, so she goes to the big city and there fools many wise men. But there is one that she cannot fool, and the tale of her vain efforts is the story Mr. Thomas has to tell. For Fatima, clever as she is, finds a match in the Beloved One, and after giving her pride and her honour, so that she may be able to boast of her cunning and her cleverness, finds herself tasting of dead sea fruit. Poor Fatima! But just when you pity her most you find out that she has only dreamed all this about her visit to the big city and its dire consequences, and that she has never left her husband, the fool. So you put your handkerchief back into your pocket and puff out your chest and say you knew all the time it was a dream. But you didn't... really. The author tells his story too cleverly.

This book is a change from the ordinary novel, and a welcome change. It is clever and, in the main, well written, though I think Fatima might have wondered to have heard herself described as "gazelly." But perhaps that is the more literal translation! (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild. \$1.25 net.)

A. PAPERKNIFE.

Lloyd George and the Land Question

LLOYD GEORGE and the land question are to the front again. Home Rule takes a rest. The Welsh Chancellor has given expression to his views at Bedford and again at Swindon. He is still determined to solve the question of landless men and manless land in Great Britain. The young Duke of Sutherland is able to go a day's journey in a straight line from his castle and never be off his own land. There are others. And there are millions of Englishmen who have never owned and never will own a plot of land as big as their own boots. The question may not be as old as the hills, but is certainly as old as the House of Lords. Lloyd George sees always something new in this fascinating problem of how not to live up to the Messianic adage, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

The Small Holdings Act has not succeeded. The indifference of the local authorities responsible for the working of the measure killed that reform. Single tax would be very unpopular. Straight confiscation is out of the question. There is no doubt that Englishmen have a remarkable veneration for great landed estates. In spite of economics, or socialistic sentiment, or party politics, the Englishman likes to contemplate the great unoccupied hills of game with the castle on the highest hill and the deers roaming in the valleys. It has been so ever since William the Conqueror compiled the Domesday Book after the Battle of Hastings, and put the accent on the feudal system. In the Guildhall at Exeter there are piously preserved ancient copies of some of the surveys made by the chain gangs of the Conqueror, when the Domesday Book was being compiled. These are shown to tourists as examples of the historic greatness of England. No doubt the British Museum contains other specimens of this kind. And there is a slum three blocks distant from the Guildhall.

But the little Welsh Chancellor is still sticking to his guns. He will now make the President of the Board of Agriculture a Minister of Lands with full cabinet rank and with jurisdiction over both rural and urban lands. He still believes that "God made the country and man made the town," and that it is the statesman's business to get the millions away from the man-made cities on to the God-made land. He has no sympathy with those who think that England may yet become a kind of huge, deserted village when the overseas empires of land are occupied largely by Britishers. He believes that free trade is consistent with putting people on the land. Recent activities of the government look as though he may even anticipate the nationalization of railways which would be almost necessary if a sweeping land reform were to be effected.

Having bitten off a large chunk of the land question, he is resolved to chew it. Home Rule and woman suffrage and syndicalism are to him but minor phases of the one great question, how to cure the people's ills by getting them back on the land.

Waiting at the Pit

CIVILIZATION is yet largely built upon an underground basis. The men who work in subterranean towns and villages, away from sunlight and from native air, to get out to the world above ground coal and precious minerals, number hundreds of thousands and belong to most of the civilized countries of the world. Great Britain has more coal workers according to area than any other country. Wales has by far the greatest coal population according to area in the world. Coal is to Wales what forests once were to Eastern Canada and what wheat and cattle are now to the Argentine. When the coal mines of Wales are closed, Wales as an industrial country will have lost its peculiar place in Great Britain. The British navy is largely dependent upon Welsh coal mines. Welsh coal comes to Canadian ports in the stoke-holes of the mercantile marine by thousands of tons a year.

The population of Wales depends mainly upon the coal mines for the wages of living. The recent disaster in the Universal Mine, near Cardiff, was the worst that has ever befallen South Wales. It came like a blow from the hand of nature, which acts with as strange suddenness below the earth as it does on the waters and the air above. The coal miner has not the protection of his craft that the sailor has. When a gas storm breaks loose in the caves of the earth, whether it takes the form of fire or some mere sudden explosion that shuts off all means of escape, none of the engineering of civilization are available to save man from either burying or burning alive. Wireless is of no avail in the mine. Rescuing steamers cannot go full steam ahead to take off the passengers and the crew. Men must perish in the deep below, by a death whose horrors are only feebly appreciated by those that stand at the mouth of the pit and wait, hoping against hope. The mine disaster in South Wales and the swiftly succeeding mine disaster in Mexico, with the burning of the steamship Volturno, in mid-ocean, together make the latter part of 1913 as tragically momentous as the Titanic catastrophe made the early part of 1912. One picture on this page conveys a quietly but dreadfully vivid impression of what death below means to the lines of women and children above.

Old Country Activities



THE LITTLE WELSH CHANCELLOR AND THE LAND QUESTION.
In His Recent Meeting at Bedford, Mr. Lloyd George Dealt Rather Philosophically with the Land Question, Which Will be at the Root of the Next British General Election. At Swindon Later in the Week He Laid Practical Emphasis on Making the President of the Board of Agriculture a Direct Minister of Lands.



THE ALL-BRITISH ALLIANCE ROYAL WEDDING.
On October 13 Prince Arthur of Connaught Was Married to the Duchess of Fife in the Chapel Royal of St. James' Palace. The Ceremony Was Performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Procession is Here Seen Passing Hyde Park Corner.



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."
On Tuesday, October 14, the Worst Mining Disaster That Ever Happened in South Wales Entombed Several Hundred Miners in the Universal Colliery, Near Cardiff. There is Something Which Words Cannot Convey in This Picture of Waiting Wives and Kiddies.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Are We Corrupt?

A CERTAIN Methodist preacher of some standing in his church is reported to have said that over seventy per cent. of the electorate expect bribes in political contests. If the gentleman made any such assertion, he is telling what is absolutely false. Less than ten per cent. of the voters are purchasable. Of course ten per cent. is quite sufficient to turn over any constituency if the purchasable vote goes all one way. Therefore, ten per cent. is sufficiently high to kill good government and to sustain corruption in high places.

But the worst form of corruption is the purchase of a constituency by the promise of generous public expenditure in that locality. That is the curse of our politics. The people expect it and the politicians do not disappoint them, and the responsibility rests on the people, not on the politicians. So long as the people ask for these assurances, they will get them from the party in power, whether Liberal or Conservative.

Eliminating the Wicked

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that during the forthcoming season, the Miller Bill is to be amended so as to make absolutely certain that no race meet shall last longer than seven days. Minoru Park, Vancouver, had continuous racing this year from June 28th to September 19th, in the belief that the seven-day limit does not apply to meetings where the pari-mutuel system of betting is used. The Minister of Justice has promised to have the point made clear.

May we suggest that he might also abolish betting, pari-mutuel or otherwise, on half-mile tracks, where the management of the course has any interest in the horses or the "bookies." He should also make it a criminal offence for any newspaper to publish the entries or results on such tracks, whether operated in Canada or elsewhere. This would eliminate much of the betting which now decimates the wage envelopes of the Canadian mechanic, barber, bar-tender and policeman.

Non-partisanship

BRITISH despatches continue to show that there are public questions which are considered from a non-political point of view by the public and the publicists. Lord De la Warr, a Conservative peer and large landowner, says that Lloyd George's land scheme is not a party question, but one which should be considered without partisan bias. Apparently Lord De la Warr is willing to see the plan given a fair, unprejudiced trial. Lord Loreburn has suggested that the differences of opinion between Ulster and the rest of Ireland be met by a non-partisan settlement. There is still some hope that an agreement may be reached which will eliminate physical violence when Home Rule is granted.

These examples should encourage those who are working in Canada for a bi-partisan settlement of the naval issue. Neither Australia nor New Zealand has had a party division on the question of naval defense, and Canada's muddle is therefore a disgrace which should be wiped out as speedily as possible.

Municipal Information

ONE of Canada's urgent needs is a national municipal bureau to which any citizen or municipality may write for information. There are several municipal papers published in Canada, but the editorial staff of these are inadequate and ill-equipped. It cannot be expected that the editors should be sufficiently informed to conduct a first-class correspondence school for municipal students. This is the work of experts, and no municipal paper can afford to maintain a staff of experts.

Wisconsin University has such a department for the benefit of the municipalities of that State. Canadian universities have not paid any attention to the subject, being too busy with the study of other live subjects such as the recent archaeological discoveries in Thibet, or new sidelights on the account of the fall of Carthage. Even if they were to be modernized, a provincial university could only serve a province, not the Dominion. Further, it

is questionable if there is a Dr. Van Hise among the university presidents of this country—who believes that "the accumulation of knowledge has far outgrown the assimilation of it by the people."

Canada needs a national bureau which will collect statistics and other municipal information from Halifax to Victoria, from village as well as city. Such a bureau might be attached to the Conservation Commission, although that body has not yet impressed itself on the public as a vital force. Its volumes look well from the outside, but few people know whether they are printed in black or red. The newly formed Political Science Association might undertake it, and associate with itself the economic departments of all the universities. It would be a pleasant surprise to the public, if these

CUSTODIANS OF BRITISH JUSTICE.



On October 21 Sir Rufus Isaacs Was Installed as Lord Chief Justice of England, Succeeding Lord Alverstone. He Swore to Administer the Law "Without Fear or Favour, Affection or Ill-will." His Successor is Sir John Simon (on right), Who is Advanced from Solicitor-General to Attorney-General. This Picture Was Taken a Few Days Before Their Appointment, as They Were on Their Way to Westminster Abbey, in Connection With the Opening of the Michaelmas Sittings of the Law Courts.

gentlemen would undertake so practical and so useful a piece of work. The probability is that the task will fall on private citizens who are not connected with anything more elevating than mere business. Such was the case in the United States and such will probably be the case in Canada.

Mr. Borden at Quebec

PREMIER BORDEN seems to have made a good impression in Quebec. The harbour of that city is to be developed along imperial lines. It is to have a dry dock which will be as useful to the admiralty as to the commercial interests. Attached to this will be a repair plant, which in time may build ships. Mr. Borden is anxious to provide harbours of refuge for the British Atlantic fleet, with equipment for outfitting and repairing. The idea is excellent and is the favourite naval policy of Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk.

Just why Mr. Borden and the others mentioned should be anxious to add to the naval equipment of Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and Vancouver, and yet refuse to allow men to be trained for naval service on the *Niobe* and *Rainbow* is difficult to see. There seems to be a contradiction there which is hard to explain. However, it may all be made clear to the most thick-headed of us when the Premier brings down his permanent naval

policy. In the meantime one may congratulate the Government upon recognizing the international and imperial importance of Canada's great harbours.

Duty on Wheat

APPARENTLY the Government has no present intention of removing the duty on United States wheat and flour. They would no doubt be willing to take off the duty on wheat if it could be done without interfering with the duty on flour. But clause 644 of the U. S. Tariff has linked the two items together and to get in there free the two duties must be removed.

The argument is advanced that, for all practical purposes, no Canadian wheat pays a duty. What is shipped through to Liverpool goes in free. What is shipped to the flour mills of the United States to be ground for export pays only one per cent. of ten cents, or 1-10 of a cent per bushel. The only wheat which is taxed is that destined for consumption in the United States; but the United States being an exporter of wheat and flour would not buy for consumption in any event. Therefore, Canadian wheat is free for all practical purposes.

While this argument is fairly good, there are those who believe that the duty on flour might be removed with advantage to the consumer. They claim that Canadian flour is sold at a lower price in Liverpool than in Winnipeg, Toronto or Montreal. If this is true, the millers should be compelled to change their quotations. If this can be accomplished only by removing the duty, then that last step should be considered. Our protected interests deserve consideration only so long as they play fair. If the millers are not doing this, they should be disciplined.

Australia Speaks Again

A DESPATCH from Sydney, Australia, appeared in the daily papers recently and reports Lord Denman, the governor-general, as saying that a local navy for Australia is a sound and right policy and that the contribution system has gone by for all time. This, of course, does not settle the Canadian navy question, but it is a straw which indicates how the future wind is likely to blow.

More important still, all the speakers emphasized that Australia's naval policy is and must remain non-partisan. Lord Denman, Hon. Joseph Cook, the Premier, and Mr. Fisher, leader of the Opposition, all agreed on this point. Why cannot we have such unanimity here? Are we less patriotic and less intelligent than the Australians? Must we acknowledge that Premier Cook and ex-Premier Fisher are broader gauged than Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier?

Again, in replying to Premier Borden's telegram of congratulation on the completion of the Australian fleet unit, Premier Fisher said he hoped that Britannic friendship would grow "as our navies grow." Premier Fisher seems to have no doubt that Canada will ultimately have a fleet of her own.

Anglicans are Romanists

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Permit me to ask Mr. P. E. Wright by what authority he claims "the Anglican Church the bulwark of true Catholicism against the vain assaults of Romanism." He evidently has only studied his common Prayer Book. If he read a little history his opinions would be very much changed, as then it would be easy to see that the present Church of England (Anglican) is nothing but Romanism, packed so tight that they cannot hold them, with the result that scores of their flock are passing over to the Roman Catholic religion, which is mainly due to the similarity of both.

Mr. Wright describes "Protestantism as a bastard of Romanism." If he knew anything of his history such a statement would not appear in your periodical. Perhaps, for his information, I would state that Protestantism is up against "the act for uniformity of Common Prayer as laid down by the Church of England, as such pains and penalties as enacted in same just shows that the Anglican Church is the Bastard of Romanism.

If Mr. Wright intends to show, through your columns, why he uses such language as contained in your issue of the 25th Oct., I am quite ready to meet him, but he must keep to the point.

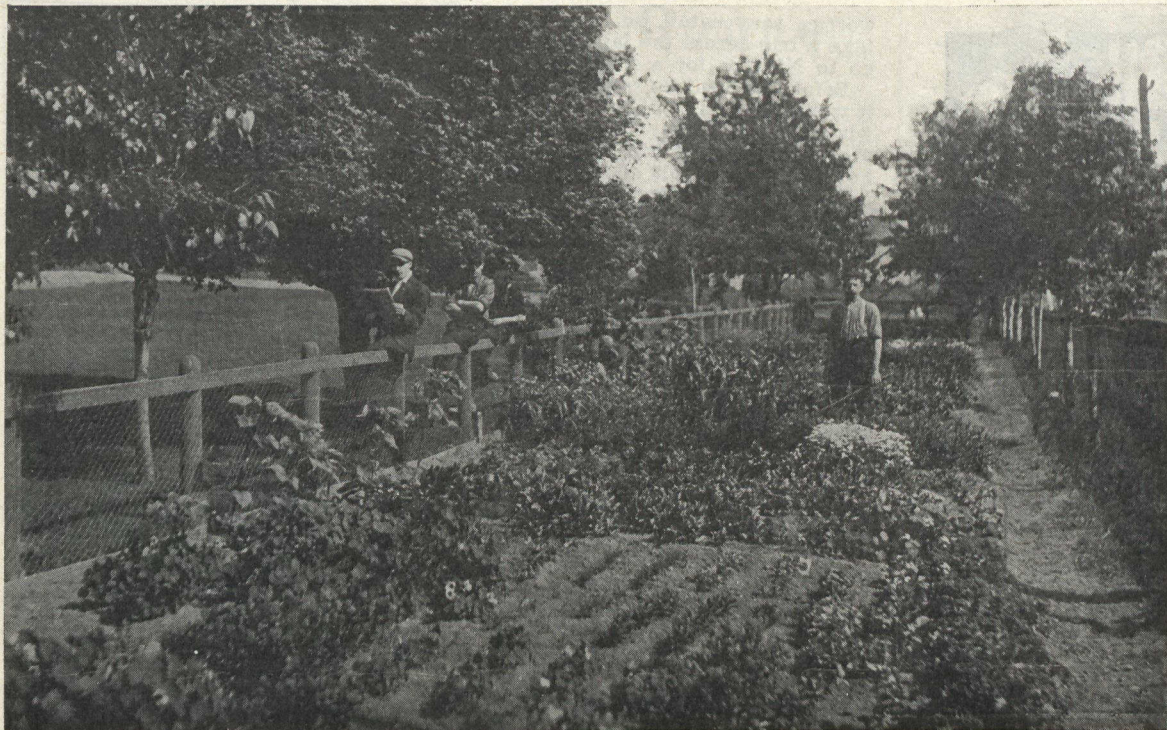
Nay, Sir; stay, Sir,
Worship is not play, Sir;
Wherefore ape the Papacy
In England's Church to-day, Sir.

You have proved as you've roved
How blasphemies will grip, Sir;
Common reverence should have kept
Such sentence from your lip, Sir.

Yours truly,

J. G. HARE.

Toronto, 25th Oct., 1913.



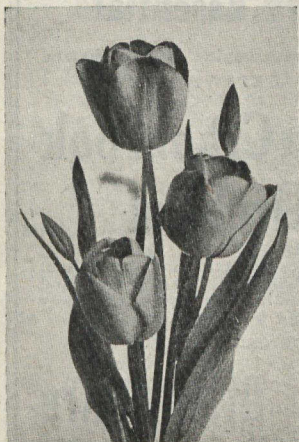
Pupils at Work in the Spring Street Academy Vegetable School Garden, Amherst, N. S., the First Year.

The Bold Tulip

A Beautiful Race of Flowers for Canadian Gardens

By E. T. COOK

ONE of the most sumptuous flowers of spring, flowers that herald in summer days is the Tulip. We are accustomed to the quite early Tulips, the Rubra maxima and others, but it is the "Darwins," the big chalices that open wide to the sun to which attention is directed, and the planting time is at hand. A collection displayed last spring in a Canadian garden created unexpected interest, the wonderful shades of mauve and heliotrope, deep purples that in the evening sun seemed as black as the approaching night, crimsons and scarlets and yellows and minglings of soft and dazzling hues, were revealed, and many suggested not only charming indoor decorations, but shades for personal adornment. One of the greatest dress designers admitted that



Barrs' English Darwin Tulips.

he sought flower land for his inspirations and certainly the Darwin Tulips offer a charming school for this object.

This type of Tulip has many attractions. It is of the greatest service for cutting, owing to a considerable length and strength of stem, this varying, according to the variety, from eighteen inches to two feet, and not only in big formal groups, but in the shadow of the woodland these noble flowers shine with no uncertain floral light. The writer is enthusiastic about these flowers, having seen acres of them in England and Holland, dazzling carpets of beauty with sometimes a sweet scent of bluebell and primrose wafted on the wind. Many of the kinds are very fragrant, though even those who possess a collection are sometimes unaware of it. It is strange that some flowers are not suspected of scent, unless it may be the one known all the world over for this sweet attribute, the Rose, as an outstanding example, but three great families occur at once to mind, all favourites in Canada, the Tulip, Pæony and the German or Flag Iris. A Tulip called Macrospila has the perfume of the Rose itself, and Primrose Beauty recalls to those who have lived in the old country the little, pale wilding of wayside bank and coppice, the Primrose, the firstling of the year.

It is interesting when planting to have a colour scheme in one's thoughts and not thrust all shades against each other, some destroying a harmony that should be one of the planter's objects. The lighter

lilac and heliotrope coloured varieties blend charmingly, for instance, with such yellow kinds as Mrs. Moon, Vitellina, Gesneriana lutea, flava and Golden Spire, and if these are associated in a scattered planting, where a slight shade is thrown from the woodland, the picture is the more beautiful and the flowers remain longer in perfect freshness. One of the advantages of the Darwin Tulip is a long life; it is with us for a month at least, in a cool season even longer, and is less buffeted by wind and rain than those that arrive early, which are roughly classed as "Dutch" forms. Sufficient has been written, therefore, to suggest to those who know not the Darwins that no garden is worthy of the name without a few, and when the gardens are ample, they should fill a large part in their spring decoration, both in the open and the conservatory.

THEIR cultivation is simplicity itself. The bulbs should be planted six inches deep, not less, if soil is heavy, and if it is light, then a depth of another inch will suffice, and eight inches apart. A wet soil is fatal, or one not properly drained. Anything approaching stagnation will mean absolute failure. By heavy is intended good garden ground, with a covering of littersy manure on the surface, but no manure whatever must touch the bulbs themselves. When the leaves are just spearing through the soil, not a moment before, on account of frosts, remove the light littersy layer, and then a glorious display should result.

It is attention to details that brings success, and in this case the details are not troublesome to follow. The writer a few years ago possessed a collection which gave infinite pleasure, and to protect the buds as much as possible from very hot suns and hailstorms a strong, yet light, screen was always put up. A hailstorm, when the buds are developing, leaves an unsightly mark, due to their fleshy texture. Those who exhibit these flowers always give protection for this reason. When the leaves are turning yellow, lift the bulbs carefully and dry them in the sun or on a greenhouse bench, sorting them into sizes. If the collection is named, be careful to put every set of bulbs into its proper bag and store away in a cool place until planting time again comes round.

The names of a few of the most beautiful and least expensive are given, and though there are many quite as exquisite, their price is at present prohibitive to the majority of those who love their gardens, but selections drawn from the named varieties are available. These are, of course, mixed, and therefore it is not possible to get groups of one colour. The choice is as follows: Baronne de la Tonnaye, silvery rose; Beauty, golden yellow and red; Bouton d'or, the colour of the Buttercup; Carminea, crimson carmine; Clara Butt, delicate rose; Dom Pedro, bronze; Dream, rose and heliotrope; Edouard Andre, rosy mauve; Ellen Willmott, primrose; Emanuel Sweets, carmine and blue; Faerie Queen, heliotrope rose; Firefly, orange red; Fulgens, crimson; Gesneriana spathulata, glowing crimson; G. lutea, yellow; Glow, vermilion; Golden Crown, colour suggested by the name; Inglescombe, pink; Lantern, silvery rose; Loveliness, rosy white; Margaret, cream-pink; Phyllis, lilac rose; The Sultan, often called the Black Tulip; Wedding Veil, rosy heliotrope; La Merveille, old

rose and buff; Macrospila, already described; Orange Beauty, Orange Globe, Rosalind, cherry rose and white; Picotee, white with a margin of rose; Rosetta, rose with a few crimson flakes; Snowdon, pure white passing to pink; Strangulata, primrose and rose, and The Fawn, fawn and rose.

An often forgotten attraction of most of these Tulips is the inner base of the flower, which is sometimes electric blue against white and sometimes an inky pool and scarlet, a wonderful colour effect, unexpectedly so when the big petals open wide in the full sun. Tulip flowers close towards evening.

The Daffodil a Neglected or an Almost Unknown Flower in Canada

THE Daffodil, of which poets of all ages have written, the sweetest flower that bends in the spring winds, is almost unknown, save in a few oft-repeated forms in all parts of the Dominion. The Poet's-Narcissus or Pheasant's-eye, white as the snow, and some yellow kinds, are to be seen in the shops of our large cities and weary one with their constant presence. One is conscious of a glorious host that are lovingly cared for and largely grown in Europe and America. A Daffodil Society, an assemblage of earnest men and women, exists in England, and we believe there is a similar institution in the States, but the fairest flower that blows is scarcely recognized in Canada. Some years ago the famous Peter Barr visited Toronto on his memorable journey round the world and was heartily welcomed. He was named the Daffodil king for his devotion to the flower and the many kinds he had introduced through collecting or hybridization, but slight trace exists of his then inspiring words, which were the means of creating an enthusiasm in Australia and New Zealand which grows stronger as the years roll on. Why is this? The writer had the pleasure of planting and flowering, through the kindness of one of Canada's great citizens, a collection of fifty kinds, representing some of the leading groups into which this great family is divided. It would require a large volume to describe the Daffodils in existence, the wildings or species and the great throng of lovely hybrids, but mixed collections may be obtained cheaply for

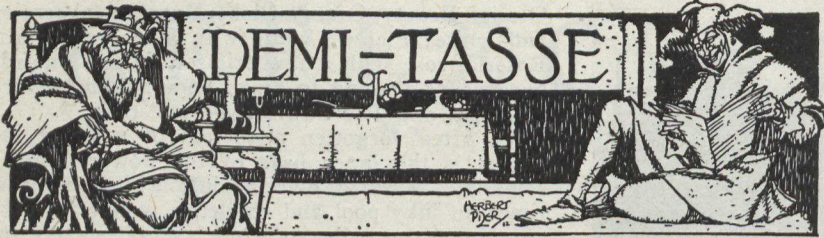


A Splendid Example of the Crimson Rambler Rose. It is Grown Over a Wire Frame Work.

planting in woodland, border, and in pots. Perhaps before planting in woodland it would be well to acquire some experience. It is unwise to dapple mead and copse with Daffodils unless the most careful consideration is given to soil and rodents. Disappointment and failure are fatal in most natures to future endeavours, and a special article is needful for the purpose, but there is one form in which a beginning may be made, and that is in growing the bulbs in bowls and pots.

The writer spent last Christmas in a lonely farmhouse and will ever remember the joy the fresh

(Concluded on page 19.)



Courierettes.

Huerta says he will not resign while he is alive. It will be too late when he is dead.

In England they are ejecting suffragettes from the churches because they pray for their sisters in prison. Don't the latter need the prayers?

Management of a new theatre in Berlin, Ont., chose "Mutt and Jeff" as the opening attraction. The up-lift movement has set in.

Toronto now has an automobile to carry prisoners to the jail. A few more comforts for the offenders and the criminal class will be dangerously large.

In that ritual murder case in Russia it seemed that everybody but the man on trial was suspected of the crime.

Young man who stole 80 pounds of copper wire told Judge Morgan that he wanted to get money to go to college. He just happened to pull the wrong wires.

Fourteen women kept up a continuous woman suffrage talk-fest in New York streets for twenty-four hours. The wonderful part of this item is that fourteen were needed.

Toronto's sham battle was called off on account of rain on Thanksgiving Day. Proof positive that Jupiter Pluvius and Hon. S. H. Blake are quite in accord that sham battling is a bad way to give thanks.

Penniless, the inventor of cold storage has just died in Paris. Frozen out of his own invention, so to speak.

The people that we so often hear described as "pure and simple" are mostly simple.

George Bernard Shaw says that everybody should have a life pension. Carried unanimously.

Two New York girls walked 100 miles in a week to win a bet with their father. We are willing to wager that they would turn up their noses if mother asked them to wash the dishes.

Young Torontonian named Worth was married the other day. Some girl evidently thought him Worth having.

Two French generals almost fought a duel over a button decoration. Ere it was too late they discovered the "but" in button, and didn't pull it off.

Just a Query.—Why are so many things in this world mis-named?

Take the "Hesitation Waltz" for an instance. It's chiefly remarkable for the absence of hesitation on the part of those who dance it.

Past and Present.—"Education is mighty cheap nowadays compared to what it used to be," remarked an old-timer the other day. "It's a crime in these modern days to be ignorant when one can get a training so easily, but it was different in Ontario's early days. Take the case of the Rev. Dr. Dewart, who edited the Christian Guardian for many years. When he was a boy he used to plow the fields of his father's farm with a Latin grammar fastened to the handle of his plow, and when he would come to the turn at the end of the furrow he would get a Latin phrase out of that book and practice it the length of the furrow. He would walk ten miles to get a book. You can't prevent men like that from getting the knowledge they want."

Embarrassing.—The Toronto "News" publishes an article on "The Origin of Gas."

Those intimate, personal recollec-

tions are always more or less interesting and sometimes embarrassing.

A Slight Change.—In New York recently a jury of millionaires sat on the case of Schmidt, the alleged murderer. It used to be that a man was tried by a jury of his "peers," but this seems to have been changed to "money kings."

Marked Down.—"A woman's crown of glory is a fine head of hair," is the declaration of a writer for women.

And many a woman is able to get a crown of that kind at quite reasonable rates.

Terse Truths.—Your first love — yourself.

Some chaps settle down only when they're buried.

We know some men who piously pray not to be led into temptation, and next minute wink at the pretty girl across the aisle.

Always you should hear both sides of a story before passing judgment—and sometimes it is wiser to reserve judgment even then.

They have dumb waiters now, and our cup of joy would be overflowing if we had dumb barbers.

Some folks take things philosophically, and others again just take 'em.

When an old maid describes herself as a bachelor girl, be sure she has her eye on some poor fellow.

We have met women who claimed to be self-made, but we suspect that the dressmaker had something to do with it.

Girls are given in marriage, according to the social column. Probably men are sold.

When a man comes home with a present for his wife, she is apt to suspect that he is trying to hide something. Worst of it is that she may be right.

Another indication of the ascend-



Beggar—"If you please, kind lady, I've lost my right leg—"
Lady (slamming the door)—"Well, it isn't here!"

ing scale in the cost of living is the growth of the holes in the doughnuts.

An optimist is a man who keeps on buying umbrellas.

The Wrong Mr. Smythe.—In the corridors of Toronto's City Hall the aldermen and newspaper men are telling and re-telling one of the most amusing yarns that has come to light in civic circles for some time.

It seems that not long ago Mayor Hocken thought to take a holiday from his pressing problems and the

worries they entail, so he decided to take a trip across the lake. He would go to Niagara for a fresh air outing.

Before he went he remembered that it would be well to have his chauffeur, whose name is Smythe, meet him at the boat and take him home. So, as he passed out of his office, the Mayor remarked to his secretary that he was going across the lake. "Tell Smythe to meet me at the dock to-night. I'll be back on the late boat."

Now it happens that there is more than one Smythe. The secretary thought of the wrong one. He forgot about the chauffeur, and instead, called up Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, editorial writer on the Toronto "World," and informed him that the Mayor desired him to be at the dock that night when His Worship returned from Niagara.

What visions of a big "scoop" must have danced through Mr. Smythe's head? When the late boat from Niagara steamed into Toronto harbor about midnight, the editorial writer was on the dock, accompanied by his employer and editor, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P. But the Mayor looked in vain for his chauffeur.

Cause for Suspicion.—Now that it has been shown that violin playing was a favourite practice in Kingston Penitentiary to cover the noise of the file on the bars, it is just possible that our great violinists may be suspected to have had shady pasts.

A Joke on Mr. Judge.—One of the best known theatrical men in Canada is Mr. H. C. Judge, of Montreal, one of a trio of enterprising managers who are bringing English actors out to tour Canada. His friends are telling a little joke on Mr. Judge, in connection with the recent coming of the well known comedian, Lawrence Brough.

Mr. Judge's partners are Oswald Brooks and Basil Horsfall. They were both away from Montreal on business just before Mr. Brough was due to sail. At the same time Mr. Judge, feeling the need of recreation, decided to go on a fishing trip to Lake Champlain. He left the office in charge of the secretary.

Seated in his boat out on the lake, Mr. Judge was summoned ashore by the frantic gestures of a messenger boy. He was wanted on the long distance telephone. He was informed over the wire by his secretary that a cable had arrived from Mr. Brough. It read: "Arrange substitute. Arrested for love in a railway train. Brough."

It staggered him. The English actor locked up in an English prison? A profitable tour of the Dominion gone smash? He took the first train for Montreal, rushed to his office, and lost no time in getting a sight of that cable. There it was, plainly enough—"Arrange substitute. Arrested for love in a railway train."

Mr. Judge was worried. Finally Mr. Horsfall came along, noted the melancholy air, and queried what it meant. He was shown the terrible cable.

"Oh, that's all right," he remarked cheerily. "That is a reply to my cable from New York, suggesting that Mr. Brough put on alternative curtain-raisers to 'The Lady of Ostend.' It means we are to change the announcements to read that 'Arrested' will be given instead of 'Love in a Railway Train!' Don't you see it?"

And then a smile of sweet peace stole over the face of H. C. Judge.

Appropriate Verse.—The poetical citizen, who always has a couplet to suit the occasion, was indignant at the size of his gas bill. Therefore, when he went to the counter to pay it, he declaimed in feeling tones:

"Honour the Light Brigade!
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered."

Before and After.—Before marriage men pay compliments.
After marriage—they pay bills.

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What Others Are Doing You Can Do

Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream Ranch, near Vernon, yielded a crop from its twenty-acre orchard of twelve-year-old Northern Spy apples that sold for \$15,525.—Western Canada Trade Gazette.

Mr. F. G. Farquier, who has a fruit farm on the Lower Arrow Lake, states that he made a profit of \$1,000 per acre on certain land set out to seven-year-old apple trees.

Mr. J. T. Bealy, a West Kootenay fruit rancher, has sold as much as 500 pounds of cherries from a single tree at 15 cents per pound, \$75 from one tree.

"On about four acres he (Mr. O. J. Wigen, a Kootenay strawberry culturist) has shipped berries to the amount of over \$4,000, and has more to ship yet. His land in strawberries is worth to him at 10 per cent. interest \$5,000 per acre."—Nelson Daily News.

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A Resolute Prima Donna

By JOHN BAIRD

HELEN STANLEY, the beautiful young American soprano who will sing leading roles in the National Grand Opera Company of Canada this season, knows the value of the impromptu.

As the special train bearing the members of the Chicago Grand Opera Company on its western tour was pulling out of Dallas, Texas, last spring, Mary Garden came to her and said:

A SUCCESSFUL PRIMA DONNA.



Helen Stanley, a Leading Soprano with the National Opera Company, Giving Performances from Quebec to Vancouver.

"Miss Stanley, would you like to sing with me in 'Natoma'?"
"I should be very glad," she said briefly.

"Do you know the role of Barbara?"
"I do not."

"Well, the important thing is, can you learn it in three days? We are going to give the opera the second night we are in Los Angeles, and Caroline White, the former incumbent of the role, is away on a concert tour. Can you do it?"

"I can," said Miss Stanley.
Miss Stanley disappeared into her state-room, first sending out word that the social diversions of the trainload of artists held no attraction for her.

At the end of the appointed three days she appeared on the Los Angeles stage and gave a performance of Barbara which the critics of that city without dissenting voice hailed as flawless.

Helen Stanley was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her family name is McGrew. She is the daughter of William Wilson McGrew, a well-to-do business man. Even as a child her voice showed remarkable sweetness and purity.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Philip D. Armour, a wealthy Chicago woman who has played fairy godmother to more than one aspiring young artist, Helen went to Chicago in 1905 and began serious study of the art of singing with Mrs. Johnanna Hess-Burr. Only fifteen years old at the time, it was only a few months before she became the soloist at the University Congregational church. She studied incessantly, perfecting her German, French and Italian, and spending several hours each day on her voice.

The next year she went to New York, where she continued her studies with Isadore Luckstone. She sought and found another church position, that of soloist in St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church. At that time she was the youngest soloist in New York.

Her studies carried her to Paris, where she came under the tuition of Frank King Clark. After six months' work with him she made her operatic debut at Versailles, as Mimi, the heroine of Puccini's opera "La Boheme," an undeniable "hit" in the part. At the end of another six months with her instructor in Paris she

received the appointment as prima donna soprano at the Royal Opera House in Wuerzburg, Germany.

During her two years' engagement with this organization she sang the prima donna roles of "Mme. Butterfly," "Tosca," "Faust," "I. Pagliacci," adding to these the three roles of "The Tales of Hoffmann."

She had long cherished a secret ambition to sing in Chicago, the scene of her earliest success, but up to the summer of 1912 she had no idea how it was to be realized. However, Andreas Dippel was on his annual European still hunt for new talent for the Chicago company. He had visited London, Paris, Milan and Florence. Finally he came to Carlsbad, where she was at the time, heard her sing, and engaged her forthwith.

On the night of Wednesday, December 18, 1912, she appeared as Prince Charming in Massenet's fairy opera "Cendrillon."

It would seem that Miss Garden's confidence in the ability of the young artist to learn a role at short notice was created about this time, for about a month thereafter Miss Stanley learned and sang the extremely difficult music apportioned to Malicella, in Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," in a week's time. Later in the year she appeared in "Kuhreigen," which opera, however, enjoyed only a moderate popularity.

After the company had finished its western tour and returned to Chicago there was a sudden shifting in its administration. Andreas Dippel resigned as general manager, and Clefante Campanini, formerly the general musical director, was chosen to succeed him. In the midst of the confusion and readjustment resulting from this unexpected change, Max Rabinoff, the impresario of the National Grand Opera Company of Canada, came to Chicago, consulted a few critics, listened to Miss Stanley sing, and before anyone knew what had happened, went away with a contract which bore her name.

Her engagement, which begins in November and will extend into April, will carry her into all the leading cities of Canada and a great part of the Western United States as well. By a peculiar coincidence, practically all her United States visits will be made about two weeks in advance of the Chicago Grand Opera Company on its second western tour. Her roles will be the leading parts in "Louise," "Thais," "Herodiade," "Mme. Butter-

A MATINEE IDOL.



Mr. Cyril Maude, Who Left for a Little While His Worshippers at The Playhouse in London, to Conquer Canada, Which He is Not Finding Very Difficult.

fly," "La Boheme," "Faust," and possibly "Kuhreigen," together with several others drawn from her former roles.

Wherever she has gone Miss Stanley has created a furore. Canadians will have an opportunity of hearing her rendering of roles already consummately rendered, and of passing judgment thereon.

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The Last of the Old Guard

(Concluded from page 7.)

was at its height among the Kutchin-Kutchin Indians, they broke several of their guns, and also many of their beads, which were used by them as a standard of wealth. There were some, however, who remained firm to what the missionary had taught them. One of these, Jutsugvetye, called "the doctor," because he was once a great medicine man, and had a powerful influence among his people. When bowed down with sickness he was urged by some to return to his conjuring in order to drive away the disease. This he refused to do, saying that he wished to follow the teaching of the minister to the last. Another old man told Mr. McDonald in the midst of his sufferings "that he held on to God's word just as a fish on a bait attached to a hook."

The longer Mr. McDonald was in the country the more did he see the need to be ever upon the move visiting isolated bands of Indians hundreds of miles away. From Easter, 1867, to Easter, 1868, he travelled two thousand miles on snow-shoes, and four thousand miles by canoe and boat. Only a volume could do justice to his many experiences on these trips. In this brief sketch only a few incidents can be mentioned.

One of his journeys was down the Yukon River toward its mouth. He was accompanied by "Red Leggings," of the Black River Indians, and Shan-yate, chief of the Kutchin-Kutchin. For several days they moved down the river. "The scenery," so Mr. McDonald wrote, "was interesting and beautiful—hills from 200 to 600 feet in height, running along both sides of the river. These, sloping gradually back, are covered with spruce, poplar, and birch from the summit to the water's edge. Rocks, dipping at the river's brink, and rising perpendicular, or jutting out from the sides of the hills, combine to render the whole most picturesque and charming."

The first difficulty they encountered was the loss of their canoe. One morning when they awoke it was nowhere to be found. In the night a strong breeze had sprung up, stirred the smouldering fire, which crept along until it reached the frail craft, and "consumed it entirely before anyone was aware of it." Fortunately they were able to obtain another, which was "but a makeshift," and in this they continued on their way.

At length they reached the mouth of the Tanana River, where it flows into the Yukon, and here they found two hundred Indians, who had gathered at this place for fur-trading purposes. These for a time proved quite hostile. "They have been warned by some medicine men among them," wrote Mr. McDonald, "not to shake hands with me, for that if they did so their death would be occasioned by it." But notwithstanding the hostility the missionary sang a hymn, and gave a short address to which all listened attentively. He succeeded in talking to the medicine men, and his companions spoke to the rest of the Indians, and told them what changes had taken place at Fort Yukon since Mr. McDonald's arrival among them.

During the stay here a great feast was held by the Indians, followed by dancing and conjuring. Learning what was going on, Mr. McDonald went boldly into their midst and asked them to desist. Instead of getting angry they at once obeyed. When he was ready to depart they showed the friendliest feelings, pressing around to bid him farewell, even after he had embarked in the canoe.

It was the same wherever he went. Hostile at first and ready to slay him, the natives afterwards became friendly and listened to his message. An incident recorded by Archdeacon Stuck, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, shows the influence of Mr. McDonald's work. The Archdeacon was travelling one winter a few years ago in Alaska, and came upon an isolated band of Indians far into the interior. He was surprised to find that they could read, had books in their own language, and

conducted regular religious services. They were praying for Queen Victoria, and when the Archdeacon struck out the words, and substituted the President of the United States, it made no difference to the natives. They had been told years before to pray for the Queen, and they determined to obey McDonald, who had given them the books, and had done so much for their welfare.

On one of these journeys Mr. McDonald discovered gold on one of the creeks, which he scraped up with a spoon. The find was reported in the London Times, and attracted little attention. But when the great Klondyke strike took place The Times referred to Mr. McDonald's find years before, and claimed that he was the real discoverer of gold in the Yukon.

Thus for forty years Mr. McDonald carried on his work in the far north-land, moving in later years to the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, at Fort McPherson, on Peel River, where, in 1876, he was appointed Archdeacon of the Mackenzie River Diocese. At last, owing to failing health, he was forced to retire to Winnipeg, where he spent the remaining years of his life. Here he was on familiar ground, for at Fort Douglas he had been born on November 7th, 1829. Here he had attended St. John's College, and from this same institution years later he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

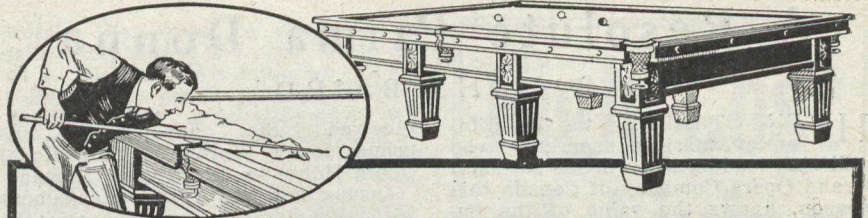
But during Archdeacon McDonald's forced retirement he was not idle. His beloved Indians of the north were ever in his mind, and for them he worked long and faithfully in preparing a Lexicon of the Tukudh language, which work, it is understood, was completed before his death.

So lived and toiled this earnest pioneer of the Regions Beyond. The influence of his life is far-reaching. It has been an inspiration to many who have become discouraged, and it has been the means of changing the lives of thousands of Indians from cruel barbarism to nobler and higher things. "Perhaps the greatest work achieved by this missionary," said the Vancouver Daily Province a few years ago, "and undoubtedly the most tangible feature of his labour is his translation of the whole of the Bible and Prayer Book into the language of the northern Mackenzie and Yukon River basins. When it is considered that this language is one of the hardest to master (in fact, some people can never master it) the magnitude of his work will be appreciated."

All Honour to Benson

ONE, William Shakespeare, who used to live at a place called Stratford-on-Avon, chiefly famous as the town in which Marie Corelli now lives, is coming into his own in America. In addition to Sothorn and Marlowe, Robert Mantell and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Margaret Anglin and Mr. F. R. Benson are with us, presenting interpretations of Shakespeare's plays. And even John Drew tried it, though finding that "Much Ado About Nothing" earned little better in the way of criticism than "much ado about nothing," he abandoned it.

The most notable presentation of Shakespearean drama is that of Mr. F. R. Benson and his Stratford players, who were in Toronto this week. Benson is a man who has only just become appreciated. He is the most faithful interpreter Shakespeare has had. Everybody on the English stage who is anybody so far as Shakespeare presentations are concerned, have played with him. Many of these were trained by him. Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mrs. F. R. Benson, Ellen O'Malley and many others have had Benson as master and fellow-player. If he had specialized in one or two roles as Mr. Sothorn has done, or Sir Herbert Tree or Mr. Bouchier, he would have become more famous. But he did first what a very few have done since—he popularized Shakespeare. All honour to him.



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Supervise New Issues

THE question of enhancing the security of municipal offerings in the mind of the British investor is becoming more and more pertinent. For, while it is the truth to say that to Canadians who know fundamental conditions and appreciate to the very fullest extent the remarkable promise of Canada and the consequent value of Canadian securities, these securities are at once a safe and valuable investment, the expressed suspicions of Mr. Horne Payne are finding echo from time to time in the words of other investors in the United Kingdom. Alongside this, of course, lies the fact that so far as new issues are concerned, Canada continues to have the lion's share of the capital which London supplies to the colonies. The figures in last week's Courier are proof of this. Nevertheless it seems reasonable to concede that when the British investor looks askance at some Canadian offerings, he cannot be blamed, unless on the score of ignorance. Very few Britishers who come to this country and view for themselves all that it holds for the man who takes the tide at the flood, ever think twice before they put their money into some Canadian venture. That refers, of course, to gilt-edged securities. But it must be remembered that the majority of people in the Old Country with money to invest have not seen Canada, and that fact, coupled with the scares which some malevolent meddlers are responsible for from time to time, creates any suspicion that exists.

Canada, then, acknowledging the evil, must try to remedy it by offsetting it. One of the most feasible plans is a supervision of Canadian offerings. This idea is rapidly gaining favour, particularly in the West. Saskatchewan and Alberta are heartily in its favour. And the West has been and is the target for any shots which the suspicious and the mischief-making fire. Canada—for its own preservation—should supervise its municipal issues.

There are two ways in which this may be done. One is a Provincial Local Government Board, and the other is a Federal Government Board. On the face of it, the first would appear to be entirely adequate. But is it? If you told the average English investor that the municipal debentures which are for sale were offered only after they had been approved by the Province in which the municipality is located, he would have no higher opinion of the offering than if you had not told him that. The reason for this is simple. The average Englishman does not understand what a Province is. In England, the phrase "the provinces" simply means the part of England outside London, and has no reference whatever to any legislative control, as the term the Province of Ontario, for example, would have here. What he would understand, therefore, by the phrase "supervision of the Province," is in some cases entirely an erroneous understanding, and in more cases simply nothing at all.

But if he were told that the offering was made under the supervision of the Government, it would go up in his estimation at once. The Englishman has a distinct reverence for officialdom. He loves red tape. He reverences and stands in awe of legislative control, either small or great. So that it would appear wise, from Canada's point of view, to supervise new issues by creating a Federal Board of Control. Whether the different Provinces would relish the idea is uncertain, with the odds on the side of them not doing.

The Financial Editor would welcome correspondence on this question.

An Encouraging Sign

THE bank statement for September is more encouraging than any of its predecessors for some months past. Note circulation showed an increase of over five million, and of over a million in Dominion notes. Usually, this increase of circulation is the feature of the October statement, but the crop movement being early this year, its effect in this regard is correspondingly early.

The prominent feature of the statement, however, is the large increase in demand deposits, amounting to well over twenty-three million dollars more than the August figure. Savings deposits, too, show an increase. Current loans are eight million dollars more than the last month's return, and call loans are nearly three million dollars ahead.

This statement has come at the right time, for quite a number of people were beginning to feel blue—financially. But the increased volume of business transacted (sponsored by the crop movement) and the activity of the fall trade have aided trade to recoup a good deal. The bank statement is in every way satisfactory, and its encouraging influence will doubtless be manifested.

Brazilian

FOR some time now, the exchanges of Canada have registered a decline in Brazilian Traction, and no one seems to know for certain the reason why. It is partially accounted for by financial difficulties in Brazil, but only partially. On many hands, disappointment is expressed over the failure of the company to increase the dividend rate. It is safe to say that such a move was expected by many this year, although it was possibly a little premature to expect an increase until it was estimated what the showing would be on the combined capital of the companies amalgamated. Moreover, it has to be remembered that the company contemplates extensive improvements, and that therefore capital requirements will continue large for some time to come.

Of course Brazilian is a leading and popular stock, and therefore the slump in it affects other securities. Some statement by the company, setting forth the pros and cons of the case for increased dividend, would help some.

On and Off the Exchange

Regarding the Market

LARGELY owing to the fact of the reappearance of international problems, the more confident and resilient feeling which a few weeks ago was the feature of the exchanges, seems to have given way, at any rate for a time, to a period of hesitancy and in some places despondency. Naturally, the situation in Mexico is somewhat alarming, and the latest bone Uncle Sam seems to want to pick is with Great Britain, on account of the Mexican trouble. There is, of course, a certain amount of money available, but this has mostly been for short periods. Moreover, while the banks are hopeful about the ultimate outcome of the crop financing, the good results expected appear to have been deferred, and the improvement which was forecasted for October seems likely to hold off yet a little while.

Still the tide will turn. In some cases it has turned already. The period of money tightness has been the hardest since 1908, and indeed in some phases it has eclipsed that in its worrying propensities. It is therefore the more annoying that just when the sky clears a cloud looms up and persists in occupying most of the horizon. However, there is nothing to be scared of. The Courier's advice of some months ago is just as pertinent to-day. "Yes, hang on. Don't

The Chief Consideration

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let the bank manager scare you. Grip the saddle with both knees, and sit tight. Don't be stampeded!"

A Splendid Year's Work

LAST week, the Toronto Housing Company held their annual meeting, and the report presented by Mr. G. Frank Beer revealed a most encouraging year. The company has already entered upon work within the city limits involving an outlay of \$550,000, some of which has already been laid out in providing homes for the people at a modest rental. The style of house is described to be that of a self-contained cottage flat, with a heating plant and hot water facilities, and so on. Reference was also made to a suburban property of 200 acres which it is proposed to develop as a garden suburb at a cost of a million dollars, when transportation facilities are secured and the necessary financing is accomplished. Mr. Beer went on to say that if \$50,000 were subscribed, the company could go into the business of building houses for sale as well as for rent. Mr. Beer says the company is seized of the necessity of conducting its business on business principles, and states that the rentals payable in advance under the company's system are estimated to cover cost of upkeep, taxes, insurance, interest on bonds, interest on shareholders' capital, and a sinking fund to retire all the bonds in forty years.

The work of the Toronto Housing Company is commendable. It is a laudable attempt to solve the problem of housing the people well and cheaply. Its first year has been a deserved success.

A Fair Year

THE mediocre year of Spanish River seems to have been duplicated in Lake Superior Paper Company, with which it is now amalgamated. According to the annual statement of the latter, net earnings for the year ending June 30th were \$184,378, from which bond interest and interest on bank advances were deducted, leaving a surplus of \$4,767. The production of paper for the year was 34,213 tons. According to the directors, all the output for the present year has been disposed of at fair prices.

Trust Company's Good Position

FOR the year ended August 31st, the report of the British Canadian Trust Company shows a year of good business and a hopeful outlook for the future. The balance at the credit of revenue account, after allowing for all reservations, was \$108,360. The directors recommended a final dividend on the ordinary shares at six per cent., less tax (making 5½ per cent. for the year), and propose to transfer to reserve fund \$25,000, and to contingent fund \$17,500.

The investments of the company show an increase for the year of \$427,500, and now amount to a total of roughly \$2,500,000. Of this amount, \$1,860,000 is in mortgage loans in western provinces, and the rest in American and Canadian industrials and railroad bonds.

An Increase Over 1912

THE BANK OF COMMERCE has declared a bonus of one per cent. in addition to the usual quarterly dividend. This is the second extra distribution for the twelve months which will end in November, and it brings the total distribution of profits for the year to 12 per cent., against 11 per cent. last year. It will be remembered that it was this bank that innovated the declaration of bonus with the quarterly dividend—they announced their first in connection with the last quarter of their year—and the Bank of Montreal, last April, followed suit. The Montreal declaration too has just been made.

The continuance of this step, at such a time as the present, would appear to indicate the confidence these banks have in conditions and prospects, and at the same time reveals the fact of a good half year, which is practically completed.

An Increase in Net Profits

MOLSONS BANK submitted to the shareholders a statement for the year which shows that, despite adverse influences, the business of the bank has been well maintained and increased. Net profits, after the usual deductions for expenses of administration, provision for bad debts, and so forth, amounted to \$694,356, or \$9,577 more than the previous year. Profits were equal to 17.36 per cent. on the paid up capital, as against a percentage of 17.10 last year. The sum of \$100,000 has been reserved for depreciation of bonds and securities owned by the bank. That is a special appropriation, as is also the item of \$52,000, an additional rebate on current loans, a reflection of the slowness of collections during the year.

Total assets at the end of the year are slightly below what they were a year ago, the figures being: 1912, \$52,958,504, and 1913, \$50,384,268.

Go Ahead Regina

REGINA offers one more evidence of its go-ahead propensities. A company has been organized to assist industries who decide to locate in the city. The organization comprises many of the leading business men of Regina who will not only assist financially, but also will do what they can towards assisting industries who wish to locate in the city by doing what they can towards securing favourable sites.

The organization is known as the Saskatchewan Industrial Development Company, Limited. Mr. A. T. Hunter has given his time to the management of the affairs of the concern, and several industries have profited. By securing subscribers for stock, free sites, etc., it is made easy for industries to locate, and by reason of the support of the industrial company, the firms so locating are assured of the support of the citizens at large.

Sit Tight

WHEN you hear a dreadful rumour
Of a scandal or a war,
Just preserve your sense of humour—
That is what you've got it for.
Just smile and let 'em blurt on.
Grin while they rave and shout,
Sit still and keep your shirt on
Till the last edition's out!

—Chicago News.

Bouquets for C.P.R.

THE London papers are well pleased with the C. P. R.'s position and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's speech thereon at the recent annual meeting. In addition to the financial papers, several of the dailies express their approbation. Says the "Daily Telegraph":

"Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's speech should prove reassuring to shareholders. The remarkable growth of the undertaking scarcely needs mentioning. The absence of detailed information about the steamers and other sources of revenue has always been legitimate subject of criticism. The president's remarks are therefore specially welcome."

Small Investments

It is a fallacy to suppose that one must wait until he has thousands to invest. The income on a wisely invested \$100 can be just as safe and more lucrative than if uninvested.

We would like to send you our suggestions for for the investment of your idle funds.

F. H. Deacon & Co.

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

Travellers' Cheques

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

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

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

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

Accumulated Savings

THE absolute safety of both principal and interest is guaranteed when accumulated savings amounting to \$500 or more are placed with this Company for investment. Interest at the rate of four and a half per cent. is paid on such sums left for a period of from 3 to 5 years.

National Trust Company Limited

18-22 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

The Daffodil

(Concluded from page 13.)

flowers of the daffodils brought to the household. They were not varieties, simply a few cheap kinds developed before coming to the light in a cellar in which apples were stored. Leaf and bud were watched as they grew to full development and some hyacinths filled the rooms with a fragrance in strange contrast to the snowdrifts piled up without. Fibre, shell and charcoal mixture are advised, but these are not always obtainable miles away from anything approaching a town, but this mixture is sold by the large stores. Where unobtainable use ordinary soil, that is, soil from underneath the grass removed for the purpose. Anything wet or heavy is useless, and in the bottom of each pot put a few bits of "crock," that is pot, then a little of the roughest of the soil. On this place the bulbs, four if the pot is five inches across, and fill up with the preparation until the top of the bulb is just covered. Press down moderately firmly, and give one gentle watering, then put the bowls or pots in a fairly dark place, airy, and cool. They must not be taken to a stuffy cupboard. Give water occasionally, not too much, and when they are rooted, with greater frequency. When some top growth has been formed remove the receptacles to a sunny window; give light, air, avoid draughts and gas.

This then forms, it is to be hoped, a beginning for a real love of the Daffodil, and once some knowledge has been gained of its many lovely forms it may be introduced to the garden where the collection already referred to bloomed gloriously, and will do so even more so next spring. Plant the bulbs at once.

Neglected Woodlands

SOMETIMES, and not infrequently, an estate is well cared for except for the woods and ravines. This may seem an exaggeration, but we have been looking over several of late and were astonished that a greater regard for tree life does not exist. We are not writing now of estates that show utter neglect, but those that have been long under control within a reasonable distance of cities. Surely it is as important and praiseworthy to study the woodland as any other portion of the domain, and the careful removal of trees too crowded means of course that those remaining develop to their fullest and most splendid proportions. As this and the winter are the seasons for work of this description the hint may be taken by those who have never perhaps regarded the far distant features of the estate, the woods. It is the pleasure of the writer to overhaul an expanse of timber which is sorely in need of restoration and elimination and the nurturing of noble young trees that are threatened with complete disfigurement or extinction unless ugly overshadowing, decaying timber is removed. Of course, the axe must be used with a judgment born of good taste and the trained eye. The man who hacks away for the sake of so doing is no friend of owner or tree, but much useless wood is there, sometimes blocking out views of extreme beauty when opened out. Away to the west, some thirty or forty miles from Toronto, a scene of rare charm was disclosed by the removal of a clustering of wretched firs which were taken away because of their condition. It was not known a picture of such beauty would be unfolded. Apart from the life of the trees and the scenes that may be revealed by their removal, there is the pure, healthy enjoyment of the work. But the whole thing must be carried out with the greatest care and forethought.

The First Annual Live Stock, Horticultural and Dairy Show

WE have just received the prize list of the first exhibition which is to take place in Exhibition Park, Toronto, from November 17th to 22nd next. The President is Mr. R. J. Fleming, and the Manager and Secretary, Mr. A. P. Westervelt, 502 Tem-

ple Building, Toronto. The horticultural section is well represented and it is to be hoped that the flowers and fruits will be well staged and judged with some idea of what constitutes a praiseworthy exhibit. Painful recollections of the fiasco at the National Canadian Exhibition have not disappeared, and those responsible for shows in which horticulture has some part have something to learn. They fail to grasp that this industry, if one cares to call it so, is progressing and exhibitors are a set of men in deadly earnest who are revolting against worn out procedures and ignorant judgments. Chrysanthemums and carnations are the principal flowers in the prize list. We hope this first venture will be crowned with success.

The Poison Ivy

WE read in a daily newspaper recently that a determined effort is to be made to destroy the Poison Ivy, *Rhus Toxicodendron* by name, which if not hurtful to all, inflicts considerable injury to some, and therefore should have no place on the estate. It is strange the effect touching the foliage of plants with poisonous qualities has on some skins, the writer having handled this venomous Ivy, also the almost as poisonous Japanese Primrose (*Primula Sieboldi*) with impunity without harmful results. The *Rhus* is generally confounded with the innocent Virginian creeper (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*), both having somewhat similar leaves which turn to gorgeous crimson tints in the fall. It is unfortunately too late now to begin wholesale slaughter of the Poison Ivy, but next year when the leaves unfold, the writer intends to root out every vestige of it on an estate in which he is interested.

E. T. C.

Beauty in the Wood

TEN acres is but a small area for a bit of woodland, and yet it can be made apparently much larger by well-considered treatment. As the years pass and the different portions answer to careful guidance, I am myself surprised to see the number and wonderful variety of the pictures of sylvan beauty that it displays throughout the year. I did not specially aim at variety but, guided by the natural conditions of each region, tried to think out how best they might be fostered and perhaps a little bettered. The only way in which variety of aspect was deliberately chosen was in the way of thinning out natural growths. It was a wood of seedling trees that had come up naturally after the old wood of Scotch fir had been cut down, and it seemed well to clear away all but one, or in some

cases two trees in the second region. Even in this the intention was to secure simplicity rather than variety, so that in moving about the ground there should be one thing at a time to see and enjoy. . . . Of course one has to remember that there are many minds to which this need of an artist's treatment of garden and woodland does not appeal, just as there are some who do not care for music or for poetry, or who see no difference between the sculpture of the old Greeks and that of any modern artist who is not of the first rank, or to whom architectural refinement is as an unknown language. And in the case of the more artificial enjoyment of flowers one has sympathy too. For a love of flowers of any kind, however shallow, is a sentiment that makes for human sympathy and kindness, and is in itself uplifting, as everything must be that is a source of reverence and admiration. . . . Sense of beauty is the gift of God, for which those who have received it in good measure can never be thankful enough. The better a human mind is trained to the perception of beauty the more opportunities will it find of exercising this precious gift and the more directly will it be brought to bear upon even the simplest matters of everyday life and always to their bettering.—Gertrude Jekyll, in "Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden."

Toronto to Winnipeg

ANOTHER advance has been made in the transportation between Eastern and Western Canada. In 1908, the Canadian Pacific Railway opened its new direct line between Toronto and Winnipeg via Sudbury. A through train every day between the two cities was the feature, reducing the time to 36 hours for the journey. This was considered a triumph.

Now the triumph has resulted in increased traffic, demanding increased accommodation. Hence, on Monday last, another train was added, making two trains each way every day. This employs an equipment of ten trains of ten cars, with eight locomotives travelling practically every hour of the day. A ten car train of standard sleepers, with diner and baggage car is valued at \$135,000. The ten trains thus represent \$1,350,000 of capital, without locomotives, to carry passengers from Toronto to Winnipeg and Winnipeg to Toronto. To earn the interest on this, as well as on the cost of the road, the upkeep, the wages and other incidentals, means a tremendous traffic between these two large centers. By next year, it is expected, all these trains will be equipped with steel cars.



THE TIPPERARY TOUCH.

"Did ye get a good price for the cob?"
"Well, no, I didn't get as much as I was expecting—but ach! I didn't expect I would."
—The Bystander.

Two Special NUMBERS

BOOK NUMBER

The annual Book Number of the Canadian Courier will be issued on November 29th. A writer in the Sunday World last week states that popular opinion among Britishers is that Canadians are not a book-reading people. At the same time a large number of books are produced in Canada by Canadian writers for Canadian readers.

The Book Number will not confine itself to Canadian books. It will be a comprehensive review of the books of the year, done by people who have special qualifications for knowing why a good book is a good book, what makes a bad book, and why a best seller is not necessarily the best book of the year.

Canadians probably read as much as any other people. We believe that the book-reading age has not gone by, but is probably yet to come. Only by an impartial review of what has been already done in this country, and a comparison of our own writers with the best writers of other countries, can we get any clear conception of what is likely to happen in the future. The cover for this issue has been specially designed by an expert.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

We have had a series of good Christmas Numbers. We believe that in the main our Christmas Numbers have been more representative of Canadian talent than those of any other publication. Not only in stories and articles, but in the pictorial art and in illustration.

The Christmas Number of 1913 will be worthy of a high place in the series. One of the best features in the issue will be a group of

FOUR SHORT STORIES

These are by writers already well known to readers of The Courier. We have tried these writers and have found them able to deliver the kind of thing that people like to read. We can think of no better place to set forth their best short works in conjunction than the Christmas Number. Christmas is a time of fiction and of pictures. The stories are:

- "The Hunger Chance," by Samuel Alexander White.
- "His Last Angel," by Mabel Burkholder.
- "The Changed Letters," by H. A. Cody.

"An Original Christmas Gift," by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

These will all be handsomely illustrated by Canadian artists. They are all the work of Canadian writers. They will be highly popular with Canadian readers. And they will all gain in interest from being published together in the same volume.

There will be a beautiful Christmas cover done by a man who sits up nights thinking about such things. Special Christmas features in pictures and articles will be incorporated into this volume which, when completed, will represent the spirit of Christmas as well as we have ever done this in the Canadian Courier. The date of this number will be December 6th which puts you into the Christmas feeling almost three weeks before Christmas and will be an effective aid to Christmas shopping.

THE CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto.

Who Put Up the Cost of Living?

(Concluded from page 9.)

causes which are more or less local, and which might be more or less properly dealt with. If they were properly dealt with, it seems feasible to suppose that the index figure of the Canadian government would be at a lower level. Thus a partial remedy for the bugbear of the inordinately high cost of living lies right to the hand of the man-on-the-street, and collectively, he might do much to render this bugbear less inconvenient and less dangerous.

There is another cause which is affecting the world-wide upward trend of prices, and that is the factor of the middle man. Now, this article does not propose to discuss the ethics of the middle man's being. Whether he should be, or must be eliminated, in order for prices to slump, is neither here nor there so far as an enquiry into the why and the wherefore of the high tariff is concerned. He is, and being, is a compelling force in lifting up and keeping up the high cost of living. Supposing a farmer has a load of apples to sell. What does he do? He may (or he may not) go to a commission agent and sell his load to him. The commission agent sells to the wholesale dealer, and he sells to the retailer, and he sells to the housewife. Four distinct sales (and four distinct profits) from producer to consumer.

And here we come upon one of the reasons why living is not only high in this country, but why it is higher than in the States. There is a much greater margin in most of the food stuffs in Canada between the producer and the consumer than there is in America. For instance, the price paid the American farmer for his beef and hogs is higher than that paid the Canadian farmer for his. But the eventual cost of meat to the Canadian consumer is higher than the eventual cost of meat to the American consumer. Why? Simply because in Canada we have the middle men, waiting to jump in, take their profit, and put up the price in order to do so. The same thing occurs in other food stuffs. Cheese, made in Canada, costs more to the housewife who buys it over the counter here than the same Canadian cheese costs to the English housewife, who buys it over the counter several thousand miles away. Who is to blame? Mr. Middleman once more.

Possibly the pre-eminent reason for the increased cost of Canadian living over American living is the poorness of our system of marketing. The West has hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of commodities each year which never leave the West, and which never reach the consumer, who needs them, and who, because they don't reach him, is paying absurdly high prices for what is allowed to reach him. Here, of course, we come up against the tremendous problem of offsetting the fact of our immaturity and youth as a country. Transportation problems are ours, both as regards railroads and ocean freight arrangements. Both are inadequate, and both must continue to be inadequate, since neither railroad companies nor steamship companies are in business for their health, but to make money. If they can't see the chance of making money, they are not content to help every farmer who may have a bundle of grain laying around that wants marketing. Nevertheless, the lack of complete and comprehensive facilities for marketing is distinctly and undoubtedly putting up the price of living. Some people would have you believe that Mr. Western Farmer is solely responsible for the excessive prices we pay to eat and drink and live. But though Mr. Western Farmer may be, and is, guilty on the count of foolish, money-mad farming, he is not alone responsible for the high tariff. The fact that Canada is a new and undeveloped country, while it is a blessing, is also an obstacle. It cuts both ways.

Is there a remedy for this? It looks as if the only remedy is the fact of Canada's ultimate maturity. But what a pity that many of us won't be here to benefit by such a remedy!

“Notice the natural taste of **REAL** mint leaves in *the clean—pure—healthful*



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

“Notice the ‘springiness’ of the gum! It’s made from **REAL** sap of Mexican fruit trees. There’s nothing so pure, so delicious. My teeth are always bright, my breath sweet, my appetite and digestion good. Be **sure** it’s

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

and avoid imitations.”



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co. TORONTO

Made in Canada
Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd.
7 Scott St., Toronto, Ont.

Look for the spear

Chew it after every meal

Give regular help to teeth, breath, digestion, appetite.

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stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.



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Lamps constructed to burn kerosene are an achievement surpassing all other known methods of artificial lighting. Cost of operating 1-90 per hour.

Our gasoline lamps can be lit with an ordinary match like city gas. For complete illustrated catalog and agency, address

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Back Numbers Canadian Courier

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Canadian Courier
12 E. Wellington Street
TORONTO

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

A Misused Expression

WHENEVER a man wishes to express profound contempt for a foolish legislator, he refers to him as an "old woman," thereby suggesting his utter clumsiness and inability to cope with practical problems. In the name of all sensible old ladies (and most of them have far more common-sense than all our Members of Parliament put together) it is time to protest against this use of such terms. Of course, we must admit that there are old women who are far from pleasant, shrewish and shrivelled persons who have no sympathy with younger humanity and who are quite convinced that the Earth is spinning rapidly towards the "bow-wows." I am of the belief that such old women are an insignificant minority and should be kept by themselves in a Home for the Unhappy.

There is, however, a noble army of unselfish and delightful old women, who are the very wisest people in the world, and who are basely maligned when we refer to a useless and purblind man as "nothing but an old woman." Poets and artists have known better. Solomon, although he was extensively acquainted with the poorer sort of women, and though he asserted that he was unable to find a thoroughly reliable feminine friend, nevertheless personified Wisdom as a woman. Was there a god of Wisdom among the deities of the ancient cities? His name has not come down to us, if such there were; but we have not yet forgotten the noble myths of Minerva, whom the Greeks called Athena. Whistler, the most whimsical and unconventional artist of the last half of the nineteenth century, when he came to depict an old woman, gave us that wonderfully true and tender study of his own mother, to whom the brilliant and original genius was probably "only Jimmy." Whether in good or evil, the feminine remains the artist's symbol, in Furies or in Graces, until we come to Mephistopheles himself, who, we are willing to admit, is essentially masculine. The most cunning invention, the most wonderful singer, or the most far-seeing statesman knows, in his heart, that his grandmother is a lady of surprising wisdom and he is not above heeding her world-old counsel. Call the stupid man a "mere boy" if you will, but do not make the mistake of honouring him with the title "old woman."

The English Immigrant

FROM time to time, there appear in our journals letters from Englishmen who protest against the unfair and hostile attitude of many Canadian employers towards the English immigrant. Some of these letters are querulous and evidently written after only a very short experience of Canadian life. Others are dignified and manly, deserving serious consideration.

There are English immigrants who are the very salt of the Empire, whom we are only too glad to welcome—workmen skilled and tried, women who are equal to the day's work, and capable of appreciating the intervals of play. Such newcomers will inevitably meet, at first, with many surprises and shocks of readjustment, but will eventually find themselves very much at home in the new land. On the other hand, there are English immigrants who take it for granted that everything in Canada is theirs "without money and without price," and who proceed in the most irritating fashion to compare all Canadian customs and practices with those of "home," very much to the disadvantage of their new habitation. This brand of immigrant has been met so frequently in the last five years that Canadians have become super-sensitive on the subject of English criticism and are likely to be on the defensive at the very moment of introduction.

It needs tactfulness and patience on both sides to make adoption of the new country a success. The efficient Englishman who has learned the lesson of the great public schools, "to keep his pores open and his mouth shut," is not likely to come to grief. But the complaining, superior, idle creature, whether he be a loafer from the slums or a "remittance man" of aristocratic birth, is sure to find us a hard and unsympathetic people, averse to picking up and carrying a grown-up man who ought to be able to support himself. Of course, it is a pity when the worthy immigrant is made to suffer for the offences

of the worthless; but merit is always eventually recognized (though we may impiously doubt it at times), and the English immigrant who exercises ordinary caution and prudence is likely to become not merely tolerant of Canada, but even so enthusiastic as to declare this country "not half bad."

The Thoughtful Giver

WE have heard a great deal about financial stringency, during the last two months, but an indication of the Dominion's prosperity is the large number of September weddings this year. In fact, the first month of autumn vied with the matrimonial month of June, itself, as a bridal season. Ever so many bonny brides are now holding their first "post-nuptial" (that is an appalling adjective) receptions, wearing the wedding gown of ivory satin charmeuse, with Carrickmacross lace on the bodice,



MISS UNA SAUNDERS

Secretary of the Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A., Who Recently Addressed a Drawing-room Meeting at Government House, Toronto, on the Subject, "The Need of Vision in Relation to Girls." Miss Saunders is Announced to be One of the Speakers at the Forthcoming Convention in Winnipeg.

and carrying a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley which a fond husband has recklessly ordered. As one surveys with admiration the dainty appointments of the new household, one cannot help noticing the lack of a sense of the fitness of things shown by some of the gift-bestowing friends.

"I really wish that relatives would remember that young people who are going to live in a small flat do not require huge pieces of furniture," said a little bride, plaintively, as she regarded a large oak rocking chair, upholstered in chocolate-coloured leather which her husband's aunt had sent.

"I wanted everything to be wicker in our living-room," she continued, "and what I'm going to do with that awkward chair I really don't know."

"I suppose Aunt Caroline meant well," said the bridegroom, regarding the condemned article with gloomy regret.

"Why don't you exchange it for something," I suggested, cheerfully, "it ought to be worth an electric lamp or a vacuum cleaner, or ever so many guest towels."

The bride looked at me with a depth of scorn, felt only by the very young housekeeper for the uninitiated.

"We have all those things," she assured me, "and, besides, we daren't exchange it. Aunt Caroline is coming to visit us next month, and she'll be sure to look for that chair."

"And you're going to be ever so sweet to her, because you have an eye on her old china," said the husband. His wife answered this sordid suggestion with becoming disdain, but after the young husband departed in quest of cigarettes and an evening paper she confided to me: "She certainly has the most

beautiful old china I ever saw—a whole cabinet of it—and solid silver spoons. I don't see why she shouldn't leave those things to Ted. He's her favourite nephew."

So the chocolate-coloured rocking-chair reposes peacefully in the living-room, smiled at by a frivolous little wicker "curate" in the corner.

ERIN.

In the Cause of Girls

ASSORTED audiences in Toronto have been listening latterly with cocked ears to the brilliant addresses by Miss Una Saunders, secretary of the Dominion Council of the Young Women's Christian Association.

I have heard the word "stodgy" applied to news about work of such organizations as this, the National Council of Women, and others. And the pity is that these noble bodies have suffered by mistake, on more than one occasion, by women bores in the rôle of public speakers. "Tedious," however, is far from being expressive of the character of the addresses of Miss Saunders. Men of affairs acclaimed her when she addressed them at McConkey's on the subject, "Our National Work and Its Possibilities." And the women foregathered at Government House at a special drawing-room meeting forgot the artful inspection of clothes expected on such occasions and bent receptive ears to hear the speaker.

Miss Saunders' subject on the latter occasion was "Girls in Canada and Their Needs," and as she dwelt upon the need of vision, not only on the part of the workers and supporters, but also on the part of the girls to be assisted, there were many pairs of responsive eyes in the company of hearers which seemed, just then, to be seeing a little farther. "We are never tired," as Emerson says, "as long as we see far enough." And, surely, the prospect is a most encouraging one when the look back over the past year discloses an almost fabulous tale of successes.

A few selected facts must suffice to hint the immense advance in the cause of girls.

The organization's membership to date is eighteen thousand six hundred. These girls are scattered in branches in twenty-seven cities and thirty-nine college associations.

In the one year since last September in which there has been a Y. W. C. A. secretary at Quebec, two thousand, nine hundred cards of introduction have been given out to the hosts of incoming girls. Of those met forty per cent. have come as result into some sort of contact with the various local plants throughout the country.

As relates to boarding-house work for the year, twenty-two thousand approximately have passed through the hostels, these as either transients or permanent boarders. At least a double staff of workers, according to Miss Saunders, is needed to cope with the present urgent demands.

By training, Miss Saunders is superbly qualified to lead the big campaign in behalf of girls. She came out from her native England two years ago to assume the headship. Previously, for eight years, she was a member of the World's Committee of the body. She has also been travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement in both Great Britain and the United States. She was one of the workers who helped to found the Women's University Settlement for missionary work among educated classes in Bombay.

Hearing her speak one is amply convinced that a large-hearted, broad-minded, experienced expert on "Girls" is she, who will doubtless be dominating presence at the forthcoming convention in Winnipeg.

To Chrysanthemums

Late comers! Ye, when autumn's wealth is past;
When pale October strips the yellowing leaves;
When on our garden lawns and dripping eaves
The rain-soaked foliage of the elm is cast;
When 'neath grey skies the wild Atlantic blast
Searches the flower-bed for each bloom that cleaves

To blackening tendrils; when November weaves
Fret-work of frost, and winter frowns at last;
Ye in the year's decay and death of hope
Dawn with your hues auroral, hues of rose,
Saffron and ivory, amber, amethyst;
More delicate, more dear, more true than those
Gay blossoms which the July sunbeams kissed,
Purer of scent than honeyed heliotrope.



A TORONTO BRIDE OF THE MONTH AND HER ATTENDANTS.

Miss Muriel Bicknell, Whose Picturesque Wedding, the Other Principal in Which Was Mr. Morton Moore Keachie, Also of Toronto, Took Place in St. Paul's Church on October 15. The Maid of Honour Was Miss Nan Gooch; the Bridesmaids, Miss Birdie Kapelle and Miss Kathleen Bicknell; Flower Girl, Miss Marjorie Galbraith; and the Little Girl Train-bearers, the Misses Marie and Anna Bicknell.

The Foreigner and Miss Forman in Regina

By ANNIE DUNLOP BENNETT

"SURSUM CORDA" seems to be the woman's slogan the world over and the women of Regina are not behind their sisters in the great "up-lift." One of the many societies in that progressive city is the Women's Temperance Union. How to assimilate the foreigner, how to make him feel at home, and how to mould him gradually into a good citizen, is one problem which the society has undertaken.



Miss Forman.

Fully understanding that the first step to take in the laudable work would be to teach the aliens our language, the organizers formed classes for that purpose. The general attitude all along has been one of indifference, if not antagonism, towards the foreign element within our borders. Undoubtedly, the majority of foreigners are illiterate and otherwise lacking; nevertheless, in the land they left they were able to converse freely of the things of their daily life. What they saw and heard they were at least able to communicate to one another in their own tongue. And as immigrants their greatest need is to be able to do the same in the tongue of the land of their adoption.

Assuming that the freedom of intercourse enjoyed by these people at home was the product much less of teaching from books than of familiarity bred of common usage, the aim in Canada is to give the hampered stranger a living knowledge of words by a similar system. A living knowledge is the knowledge a foreigner must have to "get along," and in acquiring the same he invariably finds it as needful to know our words as to know our money.

Such a system is clearly defined in a work called "English for Coming Canadians," by Peter Roberts, Ph.D., and this method was the one used by Miss Forman, of Stratford, Ontario, who conducted a most successful class and who also did much excellent work among foreigners in their homes in Regina, last spring.

Miss Forman was admirably fitted for her work, her personality being magnetic, her zeal ardent and her teaching patient and effective. She achieved really wonderful results making, incidentally, a friend for life and her own grateful admirer of each pupil.

The work was divided into three classes. Two evenings of the week were devoted to teaching those who could not speak English. Adults attended—in the main, girls who worked in hotels and restaurants. These classes were commenced as soon as duties in

connection with the evening meal had been discharged. The repeated actions of daily life supplied the lesson matter regularly. For instance, one evening's subject was the serving of breakfast. The table with all its accessories was there. The teacher walked into the room, saying as she did so the words, "I walk into the room." This was repeated until familiarized by each member of the class. And so with "I take my chair" and "I unfold my table-napkin," along with other examples too many to mention. A chart was afterwards placed on the wall, upon which all these phrases were printed, and by the end of the evening not only was each member of the class familiar with the phrases, but each one of the twenty then present could pronounce quite distinctly any single word pointed out by the teacher.

In a higher class the membership consisted of those who were able to speak a little English. These were taught chiefly reading and spelling. Pupils of a grade still more advanced were timidly beginning the exploration of the regions of geography, history and arithmetic. Employers admitted it a wonderful work. The girls had before had no source of light on English usage except the admittedly dubious ones of the five-cent entertainment and dance-hall.

Two other evenings of the week were devoted to social gatherings. Girls brought their sewing to these and received what practical help they needed with it, the while they were entertained with songs of a patriotic nature, in which they joined as the same became familiar. Calisthenics and games ensued, such simple and readily learned diversions as "musical chairs" and "three deep." All guests who attended these evenings were over fourteen years of age and most were found to be very responsive, thoroughly entering into the pleasure provided.

A THIRD class, all children, went by the name of "The Kitchen Garden Class." They were all little girls, and house-keeping, according to Canadian standards, was attractively taught them. They learned how to wash dishes, to set table, to wait on table, to wash clothes, dust, sweep and so forth.

Washing was made a rather

fascinating business by the employment of doll's-size appurtenances: wash-tubs, wash-boards, soiled linen bags and the rest. The children were also taught to sort clothes properly—all being done to the singing of songs indicative of the progress of each action.

These last-named classes were held after school two days of the week—everything being so arranged as not to interfere with regular duties, at school or elsewhere. Children of nearly thirty nationalities attended: Germans, Poles, Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, Austrians, Servians, Finns, Roumanians, Ruthenians, Hungarians, Jews, and sundry others. The class was strictly non-sectarian, so that religious prejudice had no scope.

An exhibition in the City Hall one evening after the term closed succeeded in enlisting the general public interest. It was recognized that Miss Forman is to thank for the excellent foundation of the superstructure which will ultimately stand as the West's triumphant Canadianization of the handicapped, cloying stranger within the gates.

All Saints'

T O-DAY is All Saints' and it came to my remembrance by way of my sister who goes each day to church. Not that my sister is an infant Brocklehurst, who made the historic choice of a Psalm before a ginger-nut (for which pious manifestation he got two ginger-nuts), but that she resorts to the church to play the organ.

This particular day the church was empty except for its genius, the janitor, the genius's little boy, and dozens of jars of fruit in the lobby which had struck a housewife's eye like Eldorado. "Struck" is merely figurative and subjunctive.

It evolved that the fruit was tribute paid yearly by a number of women of the church to "a sister" whose husband, a paralytic, had been stricken for years. The brave woman's shift meantime has been the exacting one of keeping boarders. The fruit which appeared perennially at the church, the givers keeping nameless in the background, was calculated to relieve her work in anticipation of coming needs this winter.

No wonder at all one thought of All Saints'—"the bravely dumb who did their deed and scorned to blot it with a name." Indeed, the entire poem of Lowell's from which these words are taken



HOW TO WAIT ON TABLE.

A Very Practical Sort of Lesson for Pupils Whose Sisters Serve in Eating-houses.



WASHING IN MINIATURE.

Doll's-size Appurtenances Being Used by the Teachers of Immigrant Children in the Inculcation of Western Housewifely Ideas.

may here in deference to the day be quoted appropriately:

One feast of holy days the crest
I, though no churchman, love to keep—
All Saints', the unknown good who rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb who did their deed
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain, heroic breed
Who loved Heaven's Silence more than Fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street

And stairs to sin and famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet.
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light—
The rainbow gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

Mrs. Lillian Beynon Thomas

Far-Known by Speech and by Pen as the Advocate of the Woman on the Farm

By "PHILISTIA"

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS is a very quiet person. So quiet indeed that only those who come into immediate contact with her are aware of the force behind her unassuming, still exterior, or of the effectiveness of her methods of work in Manitoba.

I say Manitoba because, while Mrs.



LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS
Recognized Throughout Manitoba as Champion of the Women on the Farms.

Thomas takes an acute interest in the affairs of womenkind in Winnipeg, her real mission has always lain with the women of the countryside rather than with urban dwellers. She is a "truly rural" expert in the sense that she has had excellent opportunities in her own life for the study of problems of the country and has made uncommonly good use of the same. Born in York county, Ontario, Lillian Beynon's earliest years were spent on a farm. In 1889 her parents moved westward and took up land near Hartney, Manitoba, so that until 1890, or thereabouts, when the youthful Lillian was sent to Winnipeg to attend high school and college her life lay entirely in rural communities. From these early experiences of agricultural life and conditions Lillian, being of a ruminating, observant turn of mind, absorbed an immense store of well digested impressions which, later, were to prove of great value in her work as journalist, organizer and feminist.

For some years after her graduation in 1905 Miss Beynon taught in the public schools or collegiates of Manitoba. Here, in teaching the young prairie idea how to shoot straight and aim high, she developed that patience which is one of her most notable characteristics, besides a faculty of self-expression, later to grow into a fine power for public-speaking.

In 1906 Miss Beynon joined the staff of the Manitoba "Free Press" and "Prairie Farmer." She took to herself at that time the pen name "Lillian Laurie," an alias which sticks to her to this day. Within a very short period Miss Beynon fell heir to the position of women's editor on the daily

"Press," a position formerly occupied by "Mary Markwell"—Kate Simpson Hayes—who had left to take up immigration work in Britain.

In her capacity as editor of a woman's page on a paper going into a very large number of homes throughout the West, Miss Beynon now found practical use for all the varied knowledge she had gained from her close association with the women of the countryside, and reactively, her own interest in their problems became intensified.

Particularly did she now determine on an agitation aimed to enlighten and interest the women of the city organizations in the handicaps and hardships of many farm women.

Life for the home makers on prairie farms is not exactly what anyone can call, even to-day, one delirious dream of ease, but it is better now than it was seven years ago, for population was sparser and more scattered then, and the poor women on the often isolated farms endured a nightmarish existence, compounded of loneliness and drudgery.

Then, women all over Manitoba labour under a number of disabilities unknown in old Ontario. For instance, there is no dower law in the Prairie Province. Real estate speculation is an indispensable pursuit with the men of the West and in Manitoba; they positively refuse to be hampered in their transactions by having to secure the signature of their wives before selling property. Also, when Miss Beynon began her work, the laws bearing on legal separation between man and wife and custody of children were most unjust to women in both Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Again, there was and is, the fact that there are no homesteads for women in Western Canada, unless such women care to qualify by killing off any inconvenient husbands they happen to own. Widows with children are the only eligibles for homesteads, and to Miss Beynon, as to many other people, this seemed, and seems, very far from fair. Finally there was the crying need—another need still howling lustily, by the way, in too many

quarters—for rural nurses, or hospitals, or both.

On all these counts Miss Beynon set herself to do public warfare with the idea of rousing other women to a like indignation and, if possible, to some sort of remedial action. The agitation for homesteads for women was taken up with a will by Mrs. Francis Graham, and continues to simmer in a very encouraging way round the devoted head of the Minister of the Interior. The efforts to secure rural nursing, a decenter inheritance law, and a generally squarer deal for the woman on the farm have all borne



FRUIT PICKERS AT LORNE PARK.
A Group of Girls from the Summer Hostel Operated by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Toronto, as an Experiment in Agriculture for Women.

fruit, though in no single instance—save perhaps in the enactment of a better law of separation and custodial care of children in Saskatchewan—have the objects striven for been quite attained.

HOWEVER, Canadian Clubs, Women's Councils, W.C.T.U.'s, Press Clubs and other women's organizations have all become interested and, in due season, one may reasonably suppose that the disabilities under which the women of Manitoba and Saskatchewan labour will be removed.

Meantime, however, after years of patient effort at bringing indirect influence to bear both by press work and through lectures delivered to the Home Economics Societies—organized by her at the behest of the Agricultural Department of Saskatchewan University—Miss Beynon came to the conclusion that the longest way round was not in this instance the shortest way home, so she became an advocate for votes for women as a definite means to a definite end. One of the founders of the Political Equality League of Manitoba, she was its first president, successfully launching it



MISS KATHERINE HUGHES

Assistant to Mr. J. A. Reid, Agent-General for Alberta, in His London Office. Miss Hughes is a Niece of the Late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax. A Book, "Father Lacombe," of Which She is Author, is a Well-known Work.

Every Woman Can Afford Stylish, Charming Clothes

Mrs. N. T. Lorling writes:



White silk dyed blue.

"All women can find, as I have, that the true expression of dress happiness is made possible by DIAMOND DYES.

"DIAMOND DYES solves the problem for me for most all occasions.

"I enclose a photograph of a much soiled white silk dress which I completely brought up to the latest style by a few touches here and there, and dyeing it blue with DIAMOND DYES.

"This is just one of the many stylish dresses which I have made with the famous little package of DIAMOND DYES."

Diamond Dyes

Mrs. N. S. Worthing writes:

"DIAMOND DYES make it possible for our family to afford dresses of the latest modes for all occasions with very little trouble.

"I keep my wardrobe large and varied by dyeing soiled or out-of-date dresses, old dress materials and laces with DIAMOND DYES.

"I enclose a photograph of a dress my daughter made. It was an old mauve soft cloth dress out-of-date and much worn. By making it over in the latest style and dyeing it a deep green with DIAMOND DYES, it made a beautiful stylish street dress, much admired."

Mauve cloth dyed green.



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 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.

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The WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Limited
200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

on a career which gives every promise of being very effective, and she is yet one of the strongest sinews in its Advisory Board.

Two years ago Miss Beynon married A. Vernon Thomas, one of the editorial staff of the "Free Press." Since that time she has edited only the woman's page on the weekly paper, but in addition has taken up with most encouraging success the writing of short stories for the American magazines. She also continues to speak throughout the Province in response to continuous calls for talks on suffrage or other questions of live interest to women; she is on committees in the Women's Council and University Club, and there is a well-defined rumour that she is to be the next executive head of another important organization of women.

"Out of the Dark"

THIS remarkable volume by Helen Keller is available now in Canada (publishers, McClelland and Goodchild), at a time when how to deal with the blind is one of the problems engaging educators. "Our Duties to the Blind," "What the Blind Can Do," "Preventable Blindness," "The Conservation of Eyesight," "The Training of a Child," "What to Do for the Blind," "The Plain Truth," "The Unemployed Blind," are chapters all of invaluable wisdom, being written by the deaf-blind woman who has greatly triumphed.

There have been afflicted persons of genius—conspicuously Byron—who have railed against fate, or their parents, for their misfortunes. Beautiful by contrast is the attitude of Miss Keller, whose volume is dedicated simply "To My Mother."

In addition to the chapters devoted to blindness, the author discourses with a wide scholarship and in a most delightfully readable manner on other themes: "Woman and Her Position in Modern Society," "The Higher Education of Women," "Our Present-day Economic and Social Condition," and others.

That one, out of whose vision has been shut the conventional view of men and means and matters, should speak thus clearly of these things as



MISS HELEN KELLER

Whose Book is Reviewed Herewith, Though Blind and Deaf, is a College Woman, and Will Lecture Next April in Winnipeg Under the Auspices of the University Women's Club.

they really are, appeals strongly to even the casual student of the volume as illumination most worthy—"out of the dark."

Housing Company "At Home"

SPRUCE Street, Toronto, was probably always Spruce Street, but only now has it found a valid reason. And the other day an exclusive public, including the "Canadian Courier's" agent, was invited to investigate that reason—the spruce, new, little quadrangle of houses over which, as a visitor forcibly put it, Mr. Beer and his colleagues of the Toronto Housing Company certainly must have been "sweating drops of blood."

The day was a horribly drizzly one—but what is a "rainy day" henceforth on Spruce Street? Nobody noticed the weather, once in, for were

there not ladies to serve you tea, and was there not Mr. Beer himself to apologize for the weather and show you over the new place, proud as a bridegroom? Answer: There were. Also there were numbers of friends to confuse you over the figures and to become like oneself dazed to see it demonstrated that a man on a salary of, say, twelve dollars a week, need



CANADIANS DOWN SOUTH. And, Just to Anticipate any Misconception, the Mounts Belong to Colorado Springs.

not hand over more of it than twelve dollars monthly to pay his landlord and keep his self-respect.

As a result, it seems, of private initiative and government co-operation money has been got cheap and invested—sixty thousand dollars in the cottage flats on Spruce Street, and a half-million being now laid out similarly on Bain avenue (pronounce it "blessing" in future), and the enterprise is in no wise philanthropic. If I've got it right, in forty years the property will be paid for—BY THE RENT.

OF course we put umbrellas up and picked our way about to explore the houses. There were three types of houses at Spruce Street—A, B and C. "A," which appealed to me quite the most, was designed, or looked so, for brides and grooms, or for people who, when they saw "A," wished they were. A sunny, big living-room, one bedroom, a bath-room, a kitchenette with gas-stove, sink and laundry-tub (the installation of which last increased the amount of rent by five cents monthly), oh, yes, not to forget the pretty verandah in front—were there complete for (fancy it, sisters!) the modest, natural rent of twelve dollars a month. The said rent includes hot water and heating.

A couple who had taken one of these "A's" had just been married—an arrangement which had reduced them from the income jointly of twenty-five dollars a week to the man's salary alone, which was fifteen dollars. The wife has been earning ten in a down-town office. Needless to say, this couple is type and that to such these houses are a godsend.

There were sixteen houses exactly like "A"; sixteen like "B," with the difference of an extra bedroom, and six of style "C," which are six-roomed houses. All of these houses could have been rented three times over by people who came about them before they were done.

The Housing Company's attitude toward tenants will be paternal. Fancy having a landlord like a father! By the requisition of one month's extra rent per year, a fund for general upkeep of the place will naturally be provided and will be refunded when not required for repairs. No family consisting of more than three members will be permitted to live in style "A" houses—in the others accordingly—as the cubic contents of air have been reckoned to need. Vines will be planted for the beautification of the places. And the area will shortly be equipped as a playground for children.

One had much more to think about than the rain which was polishing up a score of waiting motors and, leaving, each guest had that pleasant glow which comes when a person has been permitted to look from an author's side upon his book. The ladies to be thanked for the social pleasantness were lady members of the board of directors of the Toronto Housing Company, among whom it may be interesting to know are Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Strathy, Miss Currie, and Dr. Helen MacMurchy.

The Women's Canadian Club of Montreal elected, at its recent annual meeting, Mrs. Huntly Drummond as president.

"VIYELLA"

FLANNEL "REG'D"

The Queen of English Flannels for Fall 1913

"VIYELLA" can be obtained at all leading retail stores.

Stripes! Plaids! and Plain Colours!

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DOES NOT SHRINK

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For FROCKS, KNICKERBOCKERS, NIGHT DRESSES, DAY SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, etc.

(Regd.)

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HOW ABOUT YOUR WIFE?

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Recent Events

A DELIGHTFUL banquet was recently tendered Dr. A. S. Vogt by the Alumni Association at the Conservatory, Toronto, some two hundred guests being entertained. Those seated at the directors' table were: Dr. and Mrs. Vogt, Mr. Hardy, president of the association; Mrs. Hardy, President and Mrs. Falconer, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Somers, Mrs. Parks, Mr. Welsman, Miss Curlett, Mrs. Dickson, Mr. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Candee, Dr. J. A. Macdonald. The speakers of the evening were: Miss Maud Gordon, who spoke to the toast, "The Alumni Association"; Dr. Albert Ham, who spoke to the toast of "The Faculty"; Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, "The School of Expression"; Dr. J. A. Macdonald, "The Board of Governors," and President Falconer, "The University of Toronto."

PUNCH, in its usual endeavour to be witty, at times an overworked and sad endeavour, had this to remark in relation to the Fife-Connaught nuptials:

"The Poet Laureate is said to be writing a poem on the recent royal wedding. The fact that 'Fife' rhymes so easily with 'wife' renders the task more simple than usual."

Poor Punch! is all one can say, except, also, Poor Poet Laureate!

ROSES plucked this month in the garden of Mr. John T. Moore, Toronto, Honorary President of the Rose Society of Ontario, and brought by the courtesy of the grower to the office of the "Canadian Courier," are responsible for the verses in their praise which are herewith given. Roses of a greater voluptuousness are scarcely to be imagined.

TO ROSES IN NOVEMBER.

By M. J. T.

Beauteous ones, why tarry ye,
Though scatheless yet of wind,
Though frosts be loth to harry ye
And autumn winds be kind?

Oh, beauteous ones, why not away
When every bird is flown?
Or lacked ye wings, or willed ye stay
To meet the wrack alone?

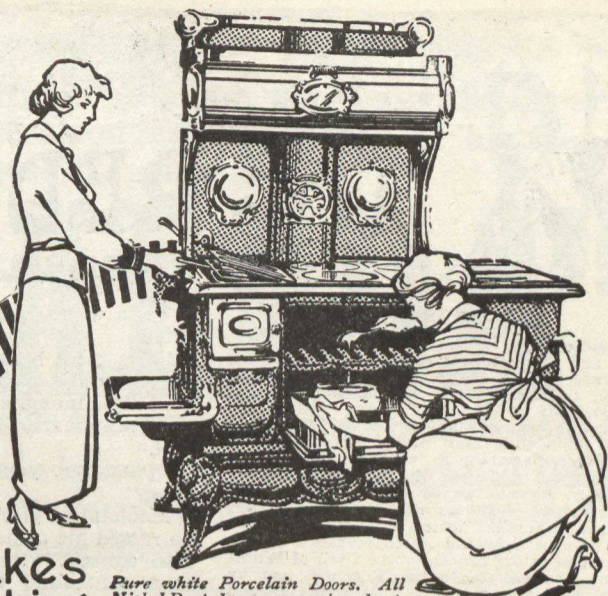
The wet hath dewed each scented cheek
As when the year was young—
Or, be these beaded tears that speak
Of bodings ye among?

Most beauteous ones, a step of stealth
Approacheth whiles ye wait
Bestow those petals, hide that wealth
Before it be too late.

THE marriage of Miss Mildred Farnish to Mr. Seymour Baker was solemnized at the bride's home, at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, this week. Miss Mildred Lambe, of Ottawa, acted as bridesmaid.

ONE of the most brilliant and unusual affairs ever held in Edmonton, was the "at home" recently given by the Speaker of the Alberta Legislature and Mrs. Fisher in place of the usual annual dinner given to the members of Parliament by this host. The list of guests bidden to this function included a full representation of church and state; the justices of Alberta and their wives, officers of regiments, cabinet ministers, members of parliament and university professors. And an excellent opportunity was given of inspecting the newly completed Parliament buildings.

THE practical results that have been obtained by the women of Washington since their enfranchisement was the subject dealt with by Mrs. M. B. Harker, a prominent suffragist of Seattle, before the members of the Pioneer Political Equality League at the home of Mrs. Mackenzie, Vancouver, B.C. The Eight-Hour Day Act was one of the many laws passed at the first session after their enfranchisement. The minimum wage bill was also the fruit of their efforts, and others were the mothers' pension and "lazy husbands" acts.



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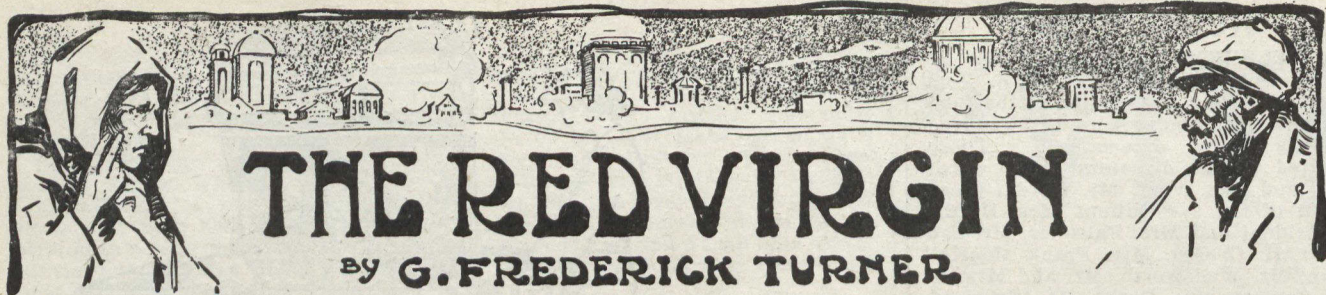
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THE RED VIRGIN

By G. FREDERICK TURNER

DIGEST.

Weidenbruck is the capital city of Grimland and the residence of Karl XXII., who is ill unto death. Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, the finest monarchist in the realm, is wasting his time with "women and wine." When the young king comes to the throne, Fritz joins with Max Stein, General Meyer, and Herr Saunders to maintain the succession. About this time Mrs. Perowne and her daughter, Phoebe, arrive in Weidenbruck and meet Fritz, who describes himself as Herr Lugner. Saunders intercepts a letter to the Ex-Queen of Grimland which reveals a plot. The plot is the conception of Cyril of Wolfsnaden, who aspires to the Regency, and by probably violent methods. Stein, Meyer and Saunders plan to circumvent this by working to have Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, promoted to the Regency. Fritz consents to the plot. Under the leadership of the Freiherr of Kraag, the "blue blood" declare in favour of Cyril as Regent, despite deputations from the people urging them to proclaim Fritz. Saunders buys the support of the mayor. Fritz secretes himself in a barrel in the Council Chamber and hears the choice of the Council fall on the Regent. He also was secreted in another barrel.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

A GAIN the tingling flame of heat flickered through Fritz's limbs, only this time its passing left him icy cold.

"I have given you my answer," he replied. "It is an answer which conveys little information, but explains much. I said I was a gentleman."

A look of absolute amazement crept into the Arch-duke's eyes. He was face to face with a man of honour—an almost unique experience.

"A thousand devils!" he growled. "I can see that. You have the brow of an aristocrat, and the obstinacy also, it appears. That, I suppose, is why I have spared you so long. But you are playing with fire, my handsome fellow, and my patience is not notoriously great. Who are you, and who sent you here?"

Fritz was conscious of fighting a hopeless battle. He had no objection to flight as an alternative to surrendering his principles, but flight was clearly impossible. To duck his head beneath the rim of the tub was to take shelter behind a penetrable shell of wood, and to offer a certain inducement to the Arch-duke to riddle him with bullets. He debated the policy of giving the required information, nearly acquiesced in it, and then a sudden storm of disgust and rage at his incipient disloyalty mastered him. "I will not tell you who I am, or who sent me," he said between his teeth.

The Arch-duke's jaw fell in a gasp of absolute bewilderment. Here was a man, handsome, well-born, in the springtime of life, ready to die for a principle! The thing was absurd, preposterous, unbelievable. He was so amazed that he forgot to be angry. He felt that he ought to slay, but with all his truculence he was something of a sportsman, and a man who has something of a sportsman in him has one corner of his heart that is not altogether vile.

Then he spoke, suavely, and in measured tones.

"You are the most extraordinary man I have ever met," he said. "I would rather not kill you, not because I have any admiration for folly, but because you are a freak, and it is a pity to destroy rarities. But you must play the game. I have a trump card in my right hand, and you must lose the trick. No one will blame you for yielding to the inevitable."

But the white fire was dancing in Fritz's brain, the singing flame that burns up all sense of fear, and makes a man a madman or a hero.

"You have had my answer," he said. "I definitely refuse you your information, and you will get no more illuminating response from my dead body."

The Arch-duke called anger to his aid to help him destroy this comely fanatic, but amazement possessed him altogether, leaving no room for wrath.

Then a fresh suspicion crossed his mind.

"You must be armed," he said, voicing the only explanation of what was well-nigh inexplicable.

"I am unarmed," was the cold retort.

"Then put your hands above your head."

Mechanically Fritz obeyed, and as he raised his arms his right hand came into contact with the electric switch that controlled the central candelabrum. The impact sent a wave of hope and excitement singing through his being. He had a fighting chance! The horror of utter helplessness was dispersed; the nightmare of impotence was lifted from him like an evil burden; and his brain cleared as the moral problem became merged in the possibility of physical action. And because his nerves were drawn and tightened, because his young vigorous life had been brought very near the terror of great darkness, his action was extraordinarily rapid. A mere turn of the wrist, a flick of the fingers, and the room was in total darkness.

How he leaped from the confinement of his barrel he knew not, nor did he ever remember crossing the narrow space that divided him from his grim foe. He knew only that the strength of a giant was in his arms, that he seized the Arch-duke's barrel with its human burden as though it were an empty shell of lightest pith; that he rolled it over on its side, banged it against the yielding door of the hatchway, and sent the hereditary Prince of Wolfsnaden-Oberstein hurtling down the inclined plane to the snow-carpeted desolation of Herr Neumann's bottling-yard.

CHAPTER XI.

Appearances.

WONDERING vaguely what would be the result of his rotary journey on the unfortunate Arch-duke, Fritz dashed from the Council Chamber by the same door through which the Rathsherren had taken their departure. Now that the tension was removed a great reaction took possession of him. He was light-headed, intoxicated almost, with the joy and relief and the singing gladness of life preserved. Indeed, for all intents and purposes he was a man partially drunk. There was a crowded exaltation of the brain, leaving the body and limbs drained of vitality; the nerves, which had stood by him so bravely in the face of deathly peril, were limp and unresilient like bands of perished rubber. He blundered hurriedly down an ill-lit corridor, joying in his escape, but also, it must be confessed, with a palpable sense of dread that the Arch-duke might recover himself and pursue him. Fritz was no coward, and he had done many brave things; but nothing he had ever done had quite tested him like that nightmare episode in the Council Chamber. A brave man does not mind risks; to certain types of bravery the risks scarcely appear, but no man to whom life means anything enjoys facing the absolute certainty of destruction. And Fritz, that evening had faced what he believed certain death, had made the deliberate choice between life and honour, and he had chosen well. Some fate had rescued him when all seemed over, and it is no slur on his physical bravery to admit that with the transport and rapture of relief was mingled an irrational and hysterical dread of pursuit. And if the possibility of such pursuit was too unreal to conquer his exaltation, he yet quickened his footsteps at the mere thought of the infuriated Cyril searching for him with a loaded revolver through the misty corridors of the labyrinthian Strafeburg.

And so, light of head and heavy of limb, childish joy mingling with childish dread, he sped breathlessly and blunderingly on, upstairs and downstairs, along passages that led to other passages, and along passages that led to nowhere; in and out of ghostly, dismantled rooms, trying locked doors, opening musty cupboards, utterly lost, perspiring freely yet still maintaining his delirious joy in his spared life and his laughable terror of an unseen pursuer. Finally he came to a dark, steep stairway, and descending its gloomy depths he found himself in a stone-flagged passage which was entirely devoid of light. Stumbling helplessly in the dark, his extended fingers touched a door-handle. He turned it, the door yielded to his pressure, and he found himself in a brilliantly illuminated gallery. The sudden transmission from utter darkness to intense light bewildered his senses, and he stood blinking in the beams of the arc lamps like an owl in strong sunshine. When objects began to present themselves normally to his sight he perceived that he was in a gallery of a public museum which contained innumerable pictures, some fine suits of armour, and what was more important, a number of presumably law-abiding citizens.

Standing thus, taking his bearings, a voice came to his ears, a vaguely familiar voice, though one which for the moment escaped identification.

"It is so kind of you, Mrs. Saunders," the voice said, "to tell us all the inner history of the political situation. It makes our visit to Grimland so much more interesting when one is permitted to see beneath the surface of things."

Fritz saw what he wondered he had not seen before—three ladies seated on a bench close to him, with their backs towards him. One was Mrs. Perowne, who had just spoken, and the other two were Mrs. Saunders and Miss Perowne. His entrance had been unnoticed, and some influence chained him, listening, to the spot.

"Grimland's politics are painfully interesting to me," Mrs. Saunders replied, "because my husband takes an active part in them. He was devoted to the late King, and it is dangerous work being unselfishly attached to anyone in this country."

"And to think that even at this moment, and somewhere in this building," Mrs. Perowne went on, "the Council of the Rathsherren may be making their momentous choice of a Regent."

Mrs. Saunders consulted a tiny watch. "They will have made their choice by now," she returned. "I expect my husband will shortly be in possession of their decision."

"But I thought the decision was not to be announced for a week," objected Mrs. Perowne, "and that the Rathsherren were the most secretive of people."

MR. SAUNDERS laughed softly. "Someone is spying on this Council," she said.

Miss Perowne showed a sudden interest at these words. She had been terribly bored with the pictures and the armour, and hitherto not particularly enlivened by Mrs. Saunders' political disquisition. The human touch however, roused her.

"Spying," she ejaculated. "That is a dangerous game, isn't it?"

"Very," affirmed Mrs. Saunders. "But our spy is the bravest man in Grimland."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Perowne. "Needless to say," said Mrs. Saunders, "all I am saying and have said is an absolute secret."

She got a hurried reassurance from both her companions and lowering her



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Dr. Esenwein

voice to a whisper said, "Our spy is Fritz of Friedrichsheim."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Perowne.

"The best shot and best swordsman in Grimland," answered Phoebe Perowne.

Mrs. Saunders looked at the girl in deep surprise.

"And how do you know that?" she asked. "What else do you know of him?"

"I know nothing else—but I should like to."

"Fritz of Friedrichsheim," said Mrs. Saunders, "is a young nobleman of about five-and-twenty. I have called him the bravest man in Grimland, and you have told us, what is true, that he is a superb swordsman and shot. For the rest, he is rich, brilliant, and extraordinarily handsome. Beyond these gifts he has the more precious endowment of fearless loyalty to the reigning house."

"A veritable Sir Galahad!" exclaimed Mrs. Perowne.

Again Mrs. Saunders laughed.

"As far as my memory goes," she said, "Sir Galahad was a pure and ascetic knight. Fritz of Friedrichsheim is hardly that."

"Isn't he respectable?" asked the now intensely interested Phoebe.

"Respectable is a very English word, my dear Miss Perowne. We have no exact equivalent for it here, and if we had it would never be used. Fritz has youth and health and wealth, and when a Grimlander has these he spends them royally. But with all his faults he is lovable. He is the idol of the populace."

"I see," said Mrs. Perowne; "not a saint, but an idol—with feet of clay."

"O! perhaps there is something of a saint in him," said Mrs. Saunders.

"Great virility manifests itself in violently opposite ways. For the moment, so seriously does he take the present crisis, he has sworn off all his dissipations. For instance, he has vowed that not a drop of wine shall pass his lips till the young Karl is firmly on the throne."

"Bravo!" cried Phoebe Perowne enthusiastically. "I love a man like that. Perhaps the reformation will be permanent. After all, there is nothing more loathsome than intoxication. When I'm a member of Parliament I shall bring in a bill classifying whisky with 'dangerous poisons' and champagne with 'undesirable aliens.'"

MRS. SAUNDERS rose to take her departure.

"I am so glad to have met you," she said. "It is always a pleasure to meet English people in Grimland. It is also a great pleasure"—with a glance at Phoebe—"to hear English ideals applied to Grimlanders."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Perowne. "O! before you go perhaps you will add to your kindness by telling me the way to the Boticellis."

"If you will accompany me on my way out I will point out the room which contains them. Are not you coming, Miss Perowne?"

"Thanks, I am rather tired. I will wait here for mother. Your conversation about the handsome spy has interested me. I am afraid Boticelli might prove an anti-climax."

Hardly had her mother and Mrs. Saunders left when Phoebe Perowne, happening to look behind her, beheld Fritz standing in the entrance of the doorway.

"Herr Lugner!" she ejaculated, rising and advancing towards him. She stopped abruptly. The pupils of his eyes, not yet accustomed to the light, were enormously dilated. He had no covering on his head, and his hair was tousled and disordered. Streams of perspiration had congealed with the dust of unswept corridors and formed disreputable and dirty lines on his flushed face. Moreover, he smelled strongly of the beer-barrel from which he had so recently emerged.

"What's the matter?" he asked, noting her abrupt halt.

"That is the question I was about to ask you," she countered frigidly.

The retort brought to his consciousness the extreme dishevelment of his appearance. He was fated, it seemed, to be set in contemptuous circumstances before this exceedingly beautiful young woman. Her pose was

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- 1/2 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
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- 1/2 cup cold water.
- 1/2 cup sugar.
- 1 pint boiling water.
- 2 cups celery, cut in small pieces.
- 1 teaspoonful salt.
- 3/4 can sweet red peppers, finely cut.

Juice of 1 lemon.
1/2 cup mild vinegar.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentos. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Try this Lemon Sponge or Snow Pudding



- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
- 1 cup of sugar.
- Whites of 2 eggs.
- 3/4 pint boiling water.
- 3/4 pint cold water.

Rind and juice of two lemons.
Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with a thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar.

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eloquent of indignation: an air of reproach informed her rigid attitude; reproach glowed solemnly in her wonderful eyes.

"I do not think you are very well," she said icily.

"It is no wonder if I appear strange," he said. "Something has made me not myself—"

"It is not difficult to surmise what that something is," she retorted, and Fritz winced like a man in pain.

He felt her contempt like a whip and a spur. It lashed and goaded him. Yes, he was intoxicated; drunk with relief from past danger, drunk with the contemplation of great beauty made greater by the scorn which curved her lips and flushed her perfect cheeks. Her aspect, in his present condition of excited mind and flagging body, almost maddened him. He longed to disabuse her of her perfectly natural error.

"You misunderstand me," he said. "No wine has passed my lips since—"

"Since when?"

He hesitated.

"Since Fritz of Friedrichsheim made his vow of abstinence," he said.

His manner was impressive for a drunken man, but the whiff of beer was strong in Phoebe's nostrils.

"I believe you," she said icily. "Wine is a gentleman's drink. Your resolution should have embraced a humbler intoxicant."

Fritz's breast heaved. He longed to disclose himself, to say who he was, what he had done; to explain that his present disorder, his excitement, even the damning odour of the beer-cask, were the hall-marks of honour, not dissipation. Then an enforced calm mastered him, steadied his nerves, and cleared his brain. He had proclaimed to Saunders the folly of falling in love at the present juncture, and the peril of this girl falling in love with him. What danger was there of this proud, sensitive young woman falling in love with Herr Lugner, the coward, the idler, and the drunkard? His point was won; he had without effort or plan made himself loathsome in her eyes. For the second time that day two bitter alternatives presented themselves for his choice; and for the second time he took the bitterer one.

"You are right," he said with dignity. "It is not fit that you should speak with me."

He turned and opened the door through which he had entered the gallery.

In his present mood he would have faced the infuriated Arch-duke Cyril without a tremor; but he could not face the sudden look of sadness, the glint of pure, womanly pity, of pleading almost, that had ousted the blaze of indignation and contempt from the eyes of Phoebe Perowne.

CHAPTER XII.

The Regent-Elect.

In her humble, almost shabby apartment in the ranngasse, Charlotte, ex-Queen of Grimland, was trying to wile away the dull hours that intervene between tea-time and dinner. Had she known where or when she was to dine she would have spent the time adorning herself for the evening meal, for she had plenty of beautiful gowns with her, though her rooms were both dingy and unfashionably situated. But ex-queens, theoretically in exile, have to put up with a good many things besides cheap furniture and irregular meals.

She was expecting a visitor—someone who could be very useful to her, and to whom she could be useful in turn.

As she drew back the curtain and gazed impatiently into the street there was a hungry look in her eyes, the look that comes to fallen greatness when it is alone.

The late King's relict had only two vices—an inordinate love of admiration, and an inordinate desire to be a ruling force. Unfortunately against this modest catalogue of failings one could set no corresponding virtues. Her love of admiration had led her into indiscretions such as are not permitted to royal consorts, and her desire to rule had forced her into alliance with people of unscrupulous

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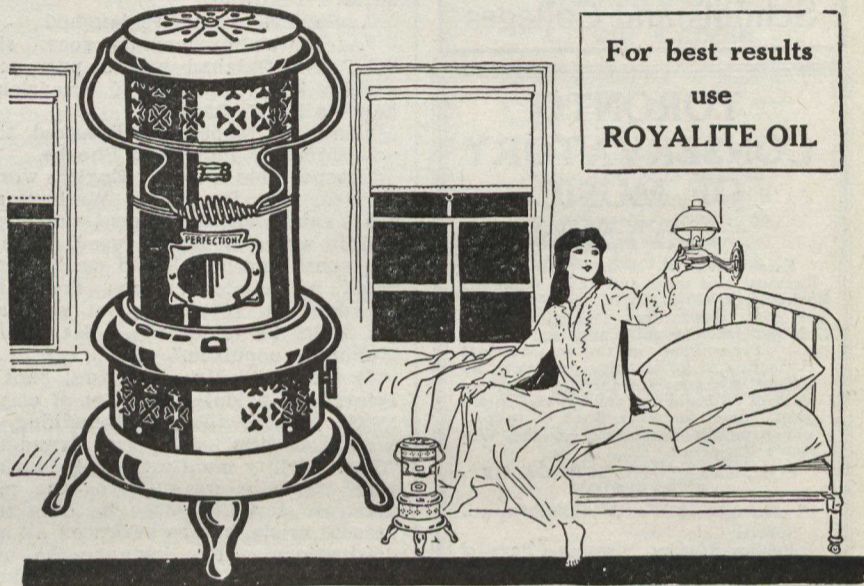
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character. Without any deep feeling she had the gift of surface emotion, and the actress's power of employing that gift artistically and effectively. She understood the science of garbing an excellent figure to its utmost advantage, and intuitively adopted the right colour scheme that goes best with a brilliant chestnut coiffure. In a word, she had all the feminine superficiality without the unexpected deeps that usually lie concealed even in the most frivolous woman's soul; but her beauty, her birth, and, above all, her art, made her a definite factor of importance in the existing political situation.

Releasing the faded blind, she turned with a sigh and a tightening of the lips to the comfortless chamber which served her for a sitting-room; then seating herself in an arm-chair that had once been crimson, and was now a sickly terra-cotta, she picked up a big photograph-album that reposed on a small table of japanned bamboo-work. It was a fine album of green Morocco leather with a royal coat of arms stamped in gold upon it, a relic of bygone grandeur which accompanied her on all her travels. The first page was occupied by the presentment of her late husband, King Karl XXII. of Grimland, taken in the prime of his manhood. The features awoke no chord of tenderness in her bosom, no regrets for the brief period when Karl had wooed her with the devotion of an ardent, thoughtless boy for a lovely, thoughtless woman. But the photograph had some words of sentimental import written on it, and for that tribute to her charms, if for no other reason, the thing held a place in her pictorial shrine.

Next came a photograph of Saunders, breathing an atmosphere of self-satisfaction which would have been irritating in its complacency had not the keen, cool eyes and the masterful chin proclaimed reasons enough for the good opinion the Englishman possessed of himself. There were no words written on this photograph. The ex-Queen wished there were, but the picture had been purchased from an ordinary stationer's, and was not even signed. Saunders was a Northerner, a pulseless Englishman whose political movements were uninfluenced by the magnet of femininity, which counts for so much on the banks of the Niederkessel. Next there was a likeness of Fritz, looking ridiculously like a beautiful girl, with an audacious superscription "to his devoted Charlotte." There were plenty of others, culminating in a fierce vignette of the Archduke Cyril. It was at this she was gazing when there came a knock at the door.

Her eyes lit up expectantly.

"Herein," she cooed.

The old woman who attended on her appeared in the doorway.

"A visitor to see Your Majesty."

"Show him in," she responded, without inquiring as to the visitor's sex.

She was right; the eagerly awaited one had arrived. Cyril of Wolfsnaden entered her humble apartment.

Now that his entire person, and not his head alone, could be seen, the Arch-duke appeared as a man of medium height, slightly bow-legged, and very broad of shoulder—so broad, that it was wonderful how he could have squeezed himself into a beer-cask. His habitually fierce countenance wore an air of palpable dejection, but brightened momentarily as he approached the ex-Queen.

Bending low over her hand and touching it with his lips, he murmured the endearing epithet, "Schatz." Charlotte smiled with obvious pleasure.

"I have supported your cause with the Rathsherren," she said. "I felt confident of success, but your face is gloomy, and tells of failure."

"I am Regent-elect, nevertheless."

"Then why this air of depression?"

"Blood of a dog! Charlotte, I was rolled in my beer-barrel down an inclined plane at the rate of sixty miles an hour."

"You are hurt?" she demanded, with a swift glance of anxiety.

Cyril laughed scornfully.

"Hurt! No, I am not hurt. I was born and bred among the mountains of Wolfsnaden. I spent my youth ski-

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that a bridegroom wears when he sees his bride coming up the aisle to the altar steps. But I have never seen a craver smile or a cooler demeanour than Fritz wore when I called him a coward before a room full of the foremost citizens of Weidenbruck. To refuse a challenge under such conditions was not cowardice; it was consummate heroism."

The Arch-duke uttered a big oath. "By the horns of Satan!" he cried, "I have powerful enemies. Meyer the Jew! If one could look through those slits of his half-closed eyes, what a maze of plot and counterplot could be seen seething in his Semitic brain!" "Meyer is a Jew, and Grimlander's do not love Jews," said the ex-Queen encouragingly. "His influence can never be paramount. Also he is an old man, and must soon be superannuated."

"SAUNDERS, the late King's favourite," said Cyril, unheeding her, "a strong, self-satisfied, complacent pig of an Englishman. A man of iron will, careful, shrewd, taking no unnecessary risks till the time comes for risking all, and then plunging into the contest with all the fire and recklessness of a madman."

"He is a foreigner," said Charlotte, "and therefore can never lead any national faction against you."

"And Fritz of Friedrichsheim," Cyril concluded, "a man who does not know fear!"

"Strong opposition should call forth strong action," said the ex-Queen. "Fritz must die!"

Cyril laughed bitterly. "You carry his photograph in your album," he said, "and a tender inscription adorns it, so it seems."

"Fritz is nothing to me now," said Charlotte. "He passed me in the street to-day without a glance of interest or understanding. He is dead to me, therefore his life is no longer any concern of mine."

Cyril laughed contemptuously. Then he turned to Major von Lacherberg. "You hear what Her Majesty says, Lacherberg? Fritz must die."

The Major was silent a moment, then he answered: "I am Your Highness's executioner. I can kill, but I must have precise instructions as to how the killing is to be performed."

"Curse it, man!" cried Cyril wrathfully. "Is it not enough to say to a soldier, 'Kill'? You wear a sword, and no one understands its use better than yourself."

"It takes two to make a duel, Highness. If a man refuses to fight—"

"He must take the consequences," interrupted the ex-Queen. "If he will not defend himself, let him die defenceless."

"Look here, Lacherberg," went on Cyril thoughtfully, "you know the slums and stews of Weidenbruck as well as any man. You know the purlieus of the Goose Market and the Ghetto, and the sort of fellows who live in the worm-eaten houses of the Morast. They are socialists, red-republicans, anarchists, and criminals of the most desperate kind. They would kill their own fathers or brothers for a dozen kronen; they would kill an aristocrat like the Baron of Friedrichsheim for the price of a vermuth. Move among them; ply them with drink; bribe them with gold; tell them what you want, and I guarantee that within three days Fritz's body will be found floating in the Niederkessel with the throat slashed from ear to ear."

The dragoon nodded thoughtfully. "A dirty business, Highness," he said dispassionately.

"Von Lacherberg is becoming tender-hearted," laughed Cyril bitterly. "Fritz must be a delicate piece of flesh if my old fighting dog hesitates to put his teeth into him."

"I did not say I hesitated, Highness: I said it was a dirty piece of work."

"I see, I see," said Cyril, taking the soldier by the arm with rough good-humour. "You want to be paid, eh, old friend? You have the misfortune to be a poor gentleman, whose only capital is his sword, and who therefore demands a high rate of interest if he is to make life tolerable. You are right. I am a generous master. The day you bring me news of Fritz's

decease I will write you a cheque for—"

The Major raised a stiff arm. "You call me a poor gentleman," he said. "You are mistaken. It is true I am poor, but I am not a gentleman. But I was one once, and because I was once I will take no money for what you bid me do. You command and I obey; that is the natural relation between a prince and his man-at-arms. But I take no blood money; that would make not a dirty piece of work but a foul and filthy crime."

Lacherberg's eyes looked straight in front of him without the slightest expression. His hand went up in a wooden salute. He turned on his heel in military fashion, and was gone.

Cyril laughed a little nervously. "I have never known Lacherberg so scrupulous," he said. "Assuredly Fritz of Friedrichsheim carries some mysterious charm about him if he can turn that debauched old swashbuckler into a human being with a conscience."

Charlotte approached the Arch-duke, took his hand and gazed up into his face.

"Courage, my good friend," she said. "For fifteen years you have lived a life of retirement, of pleasure and insignificance. Your enemies said you were a mere voluptuary, wedded to wine, indolence, and ignoble delights. Your friends said you were waiting, biding your time, seeking your opportunity. The time has come, the hour has struck, the old King is dead. You have emerged from your retirement; you have made clear your willingness to play your part in the State. The omens are favourable, the first step is won; you have been elected with scarcely any opposition to the great position of Regency. The battle is over; you have but to hold your own, and the game is yours."

Cyril looked shrewdly at the beautiful eyes which gazed up into his own. "Do you suppose that the Regency will content me?" he asked in slow, deliberate tones.

"What do you mean?" "I mean that I did not give up the delights of Wolfsnaden, the liberties of a private gentleman—which I assure you I value highly—in order to govern Grimland for the twelve months of young Karl's minority."

"But Karl, my boy Karl—" "You boy Karl, whom, by the way, you have not spoken to for about ten years, is delicate—"

"He has a splendid constitution," interrupted Charlotte. "He is delicate—politically. It takes a strong man, not an inexperienced lad, to rule a country like Grimland. It would not be fair, it would not be humane, to let him essay such a task."

"Cyril! What do you mean?" "I mean, my little Charlotte, that the future King of Grimland stands before you."

THE ex-Queen released Cyril's hand, and gazed at him with bewilderment. "But my boy," she murmured.

"Is delicate."

"He is not delicate. He will live—" "He will live at Wolfsnaden," interrupted Cyril. "Weidenbruck is too damp for him. In my castle, under my fatherly eye, breathing the glorious air of my mountains and pine forests, he will live healthily, pleasurably if he is so inclined, and in peace. For his sake I will run the risks and perform the labours of kingship."

"But, Cyril, this is a revelation." "It is to you, my dear, but not to my enemies. Do you suppose I should fear opposition to my claim to the Regency if I intended to play the Regent? No, it is because I am aiming high that I foresee trouble. Meyer, Saunders, and Fritz are not enemies to my Regency, but loyalists to the House of Karl."

"And am not I a loyalist to the House of Karl?"

Cyril took her strongly in his arms and kissed her.

"You are loyal to Cyril of Wolfsnaden," he said.

She returned the kiss, and clung to him.

"I am loyal to Cyril of Wolfsnaden," she repeated in a low voice.

(To be continued.)

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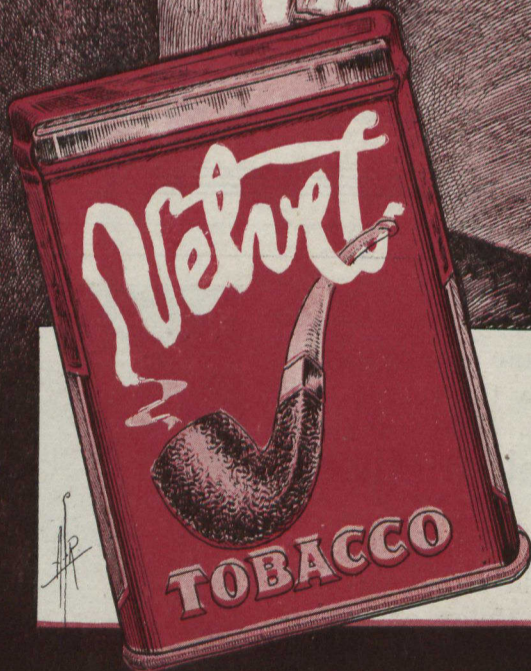


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