

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Radium and Cancer

By THE MONOCLE MAN

Co-Operation in Canada

First of Three Brief, Illuminating Articles

By W. W. SWANSON

The Enigma of Montreal

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Woman's Supplement

A Causerie of Feminine News and Views

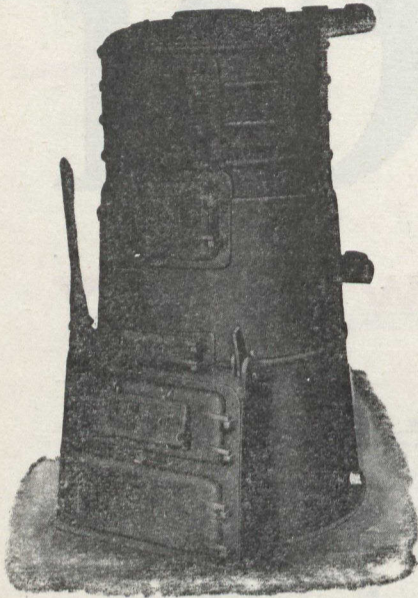


EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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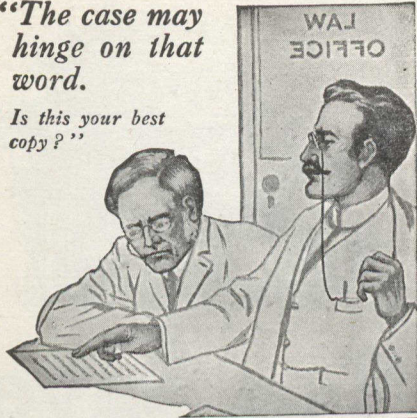
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 10

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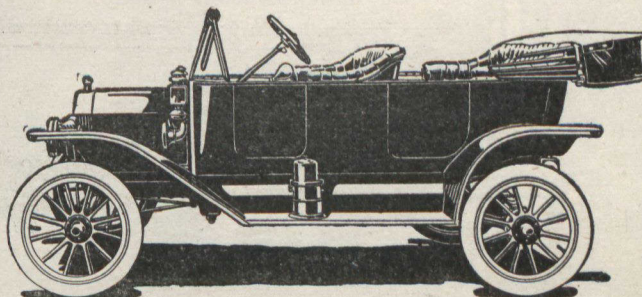
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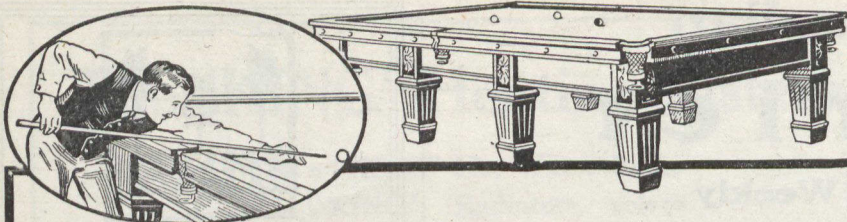


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In Lighter Vein

Of Two Evils.—Algy — "Mother, I may as well tell you the truth. I've married a chorus girl."

Mother—"Oh! Oh! How could you?"

Algy—"I did it to save father. He was desperately in love with her."—Life.

16—"Do you believe in infant damnation, Professor?"

Married Prof.—"Only at night."—Penn. Punch Bowl.

The First Lady—"My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now, which would you have?" The Second—"Well, as far as that goes, any of those French cars are pretty good."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Whopper.—The stage-drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Oh, yes, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."—Everybody's.

He Would Be Known.—Medium — "Your wife is very, very happy on the other side, and wants to know, when you are to join her, how she'll know you among so many."

Singlepay—"Well, I'll stumble up the golden stairs some morning about three."—Life.

Revenge is Sweet.—Maid — "I've come to give notice, ma'am." Mistress—"Indeed?" Maid—"And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way." Mistress—"The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."—New York Globe.

The Way He Should Feel.—"How do you feel this morning?" asked Barnwell, meeting a well-known Kentucky colonel.

"Rotten, sah. How would you expect a gentleman to feel in the mornin', sah?" was the reply.—Everybody's.

He Still Had It.—"Look here, you swindler!" roared the owner of the suburban property to the real estate man. "When you sold me this house, didn't you say that in three months I wouldn't part with it for ten thousand dollars?"

"Certainly," said the real estate dealer calmly; "and you haven't, have you?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Had Their Good Point.—"There's one thing I will say for my first two husbands."

"What's that?"

"They always paid their alimony promptly."—Detroit Free Press.

Hopeless.—A gentleman who had been spending a holiday at a Scottish seaside village noted for its golf-links asked one of the caddies if he got much carrying in the winter time.

"Nae, sir, nae," replied the caddie. "There's nae carrying in the winter time. Ye see, it's this way. If it's no sna' it's frost; if it's no frost, it's sna'; if it's neither sna' nor frost, it's rain; if it's no rain, it's wind; an' if it's a fine day, it's the Sawbath!"—Tit-Bits.

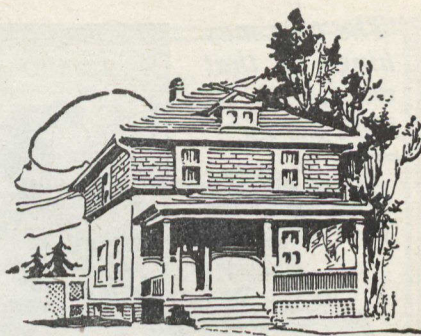
Synonomous.—Bix—"My wife is never happy when I am out of her sight."

Dix—"My wife doesn't trust me, either."—Yonkers Statesman.

Dispelling Gloom.—First Wall Street Broker—"Anything to do to-day?"

Second Wall Street Broker—"Certainly not."

"Come to a funeral with me. It will cheer you up a bit."—Life.



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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XV.

February 7, 1914

No. 10

The Perennial Enigma of Montreal

Involving the Strange Case of Sir Hugh Graham and a Few Others

THIS astute-looking, wrapped-up oldish man in the cutter has evidently had his driver stop the horse on purpose to tell the man with the camera mooching round the top of Mount Royal that he is a very rude fellow for daring to point the camera in that direction. We must never forget that Sir Hugh Graham runs a close second to Sir William Macdonald in Montreal for shying at photographers. Lately Sir Hugh has been much more retiring than usual. He has had reasons. He usually has. Sir Hugh Graham doing anything without some shrewd reason would be remarkable enough. It would be still more marvelous if Sir Hugh should condescend to tell the public what his reasons are for doing some things.

In fact, with all the fuss made over this journalist knight as a newspaper man, it looks as though he lacked the first instincts of a news vendor. When thousands of people and a large number of newspapers are worrying as to whether Sir Hugh owns and controls the *Herald* and the *Telegraph*, along with the *Star* and two big weeklies and a directing interest in one or two French papers, this unconscionable little Scotch-Canadian wraps his cloak of mystery a little tighter, snaps his lips and retires into a dark office in the far corner of a colonnaded rotunda known as the *Star* office.

There he sits and lets them wonder. The public want to know. Let them guess. Let the editors and reporters conjecture. It may be good for them; and it doesn't hurt Sir Hugh. He knows what most newspaper publicity is worth any how. He has had many a reporter sent to worry public men for information they didn't feel like handing out. He has seen the *Star* scooped once in a while because the reporter failed. Now he has a chance to keep all the rival newspapers guessing as to whether he owns the *Herald* and the *Telegraph*—although he says he doesn't; and whether he would like to be the Canadian High Commissioner—when he never even breathed a word that he would; whether he would like a bigger title and to become Lord Somebody or other, since we've lost one of the lords we had and the other is eighty-five.

ON all these topics Sir Hugh is profoundly non-committal. He has, however, repeatedly affirmed that he neither owns nor controls either of the two papers which are being merged in the *Herald-Telegraph* as an evening Liberal paper. And because the public is a queer institution it persists in believing that somehow or other by some manipulation of property rights or some juggling with definitions, Sir Hugh has more than a mere interest in these two papers, the staffs of both of which were discharged and most of them hired over when the same happened in the *Star*.

People will talk. If they didn't newspapers never could be published. Gossip



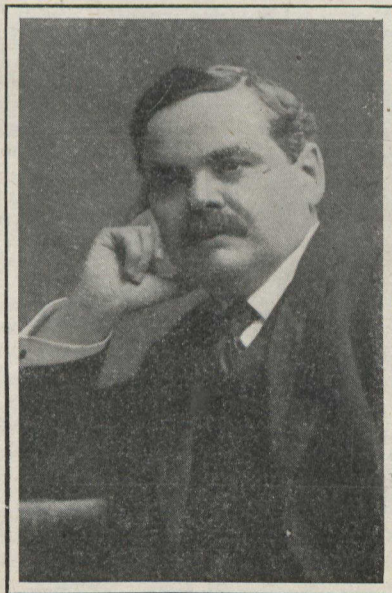
Lord—Beg Pardon! Sir Hugh and Lady Graham Inadvertently Snapshotted Driving on Mount Royal.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

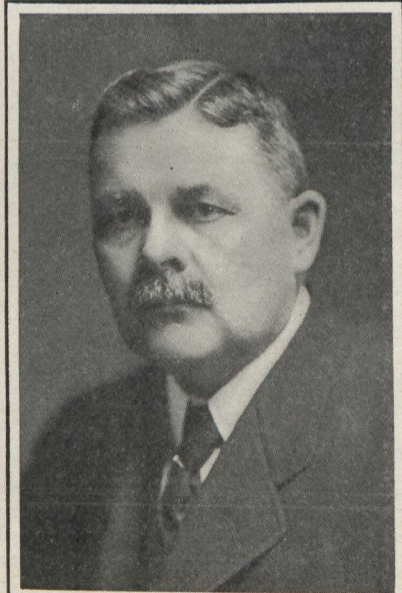
will go the rounds. And there's nothing outside of a parliament so public as a newspaper. Of all Canadian newspapers none is so much a matter of public comment as the *Montreal Star*. It may be none of our inquisitive business just who happens to own the *Herald* or the *Telegraph*, which became the *Herald-Telegraph* on Wednesday of last

week. We may be left in the dark as to who are the financial backers of the *Montreal Daily Mail* and comparatively not care a hang. But we always like to be sure of a few cardinal principles such as gravitation and the price of eggs; and we are greatly confirmed in our faith in civilization by being made absolutely sure on the testimony of Sir Hugh Graham that he actually owns, operates and controls the *Montreal Star*, which he himself built up out of nothing into being the most valuable newspaper property in Canada. We have spoken more than once of the strange career of this paper that came upon the scene just at the time the old *Witness* was having one of its monumental disputes with the Roman Catholic Church; how the little *Star*, whose labels were pasted on the wrappers, and copies sold in the streets by Hugh Graham, editor and proprietor and everything else—got up on the fence and prodded the disputants in the name of the general public. From which day until 1914 the *Montreal Star* has been magnificently armed for crusades on behalf of the public; when at the end of every fray it was more clearly understood than before that Hugh Graham was some distant relation to Sir Galahad, the *Star's* circulation had gone up, the rates of advertising more or less along with it, and the name of the proprietor had become noised abroad as being identified with all sorts of projects that had for their aim the betterment of conditions of one kind or another; not least of all the condition known as the *Montreal Star*; by no means last of all the cause of conditions known as Hugh Graham.

There has always been an obvious psychology about the *Star*. And there never was a time in the history of that paper when Hugh Graham could afford to leave any manner of doubt in anybody's mind as to just who owned and controlled it. Every magnificent manoeuvre enacted by the *Star* was so much another feather in the headpiece and another beam in the halo worn by Hugh Graham. With the *Star* he was able to prove that he was no man of one idea, or of the same idea too long at a time; that he was not merely a Montrealer, but a pan-Canadian; not only a Canadian, but a Britisher; not a British-Canadian in a French-speaking city alone, but an Imperialist with imagination. At the Imperial Conferences who so capable of coming back with a halo and a message as Sir Hugh Graham—when he became Sir? In Ottawa, who so likely to get credit for being a power behind the Conservative party as Sir Hugh? In Montreal, who was plainly at one and the same time so much a champion of public interests and yet so powerful with corporations? He established the *Family Herald and Weekly Star*; afterwards the *Weekly Standard*. He gained a foothold on *La Patrie*, accused by Mr. Bourassa of being the French mouth-



SIR LOMER GOUIN,
 Premier of Quebec, Where Sensations are
 the Order of the Day.



MR. W. P. GUNDY,
 New President, Toronto Board of Trade,
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piece of the *Star*. He yearned for other worlds to conquer. It is quite certain that when Mr. Brierly had the *Herald* on the market Sir Hugh tried to buy it; equally probable that he tried to buy the *Witness*; more than likely that at one time he would have merged the *Herald* and the *Witness* into one morning paper in opposition to the *Gazette* and with a Liberal complexion.

That deal, however, did not come off just as scheduled. D. Lorne McGibbon got the *Herald*; and he got it to keep Sir Hugh Graham from getting it. No one has ever proven that at the same time Sir Hugh got control of the *Witness*, which was changed into the *Telegraph*. But gossips have been saying so; and newspapers are founded upon the art of gossip.

Failure to get the *Herald* did not please Sir Hugh. He is a man of almost colossal ambition; though as he quite humbly says of himself, "I am a plain, simple man. I have been more or less successful with the *Star*. Some of my rivals are perhaps jealous of me."

For some months the *Herald* continued to pillory Sir Hugh Graham and the Tramways interests, with whom he was said to be in alliance. Sir Hugh did not like this. Himself capable of criticizing other men in the *Star*—though his own hand was usually concealed—he was very sensitive to attacks made upon himself. He bided his time, not knowing when it might come. He knew of one Harmsworth who had become Lord Northcliffe through the leverage of powerful newspapers of more than one political stripe. Montreal may have needed a Harmsworth. Some people did not think so. That made no difference. Montreal has probably got a Harmsworth. The street will persist in believing that the Montreal Harmsworth controls, if he doesn't own, the *Herald-Telegraph* merger with the Liberal editor, at the same time that he owns and operates the *Star*, which never will have a Liberal editor. Mr. Fielding also seems to believe this, for he has since resigned the editorship of the new merger.

Meanwhile the *Star* has been boosting Lord Mountstephen as the next Canadian High Commissioner. It was the *Star* also that urged Lord Strathcona to consider accepting the Governor-Generalship of Canada, which he declined to consider. It is definitely known that Lord Mountstephen will not become High Commissioner, for one reason because he is eighty-five. Why, then, should the *Star* advocate this? The street says, Because—

Well, let it go at that. If the street chooses to shrug and say it's a typical Graham manoeuvre, why should Sir Hugh know any more about it? He, simple, plain propagandist for the people, chooses to wrap himself up in mystery. Why should not the public conceal something also? In fact, would it not be a fine comment on things as they might happen to be but probably are not—if the public should conspire to conceal something and Sir Hugh Graham should busy himself night and day to find out what it was?

Just in passing, though, suppose that Sir Hugh did see a chance to buy the *Herald*—that is, for somebody to buy it? Anyhow, somebody did buy it. The Montreal Trust Company are recorded as the actual purchasers. But it was a trust company that dickered for the *Herald* when D. Lorne McGibbon got it. And a trust company has the faculty of acting in trust for almost anybody with money enough to finance a deal.

Prominent in Trade Circles

THE new President of the Toronto Board of Trade for 1914 is Mr. W. P. Gundy, vice-president of last year's board and chairman of the Conference Committee of One Hundred. The choice of president quite naturally fell upon him as being the most efficient man available to carry on the important work which the Board has undertaken to accomplish during the coming year. Mr. Gundy's services in connection with civic matters in the past have proved him capable and keenly appreciative of the responsibilities which fall on the organization of which he is now president, and it is anticipated that his leadership, combined with the support of an able executive, will make for a progressive and successful year.

Mr. Gundy is a Canadian, having been born in St. Catharines in 1858. He is president of the National Club of Toronto, a trustee and member of the executive board of the National Sanitarium Association, a trustee of the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives, president and general manager of Messrs. W. J. Gage and Co., vice-president and general manager of the Kinleith Paper Mills off St. Catharines, and vice-president of the Educational Book Company of Toronto.

Mr. Gundy's year will be important, because of the preparations to be made for the ninth congress of the Imperial Chambers of Commerce, which will be held in Toronto in 1915.

Quebec's Busy Premier

NO other one of the nine provincial premiers is having such a busy time these days as Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec. The *Montreal Daily Mail* has made charges of corruption involving three members of the Legislature, one being a member of the Assembly and two of the Legislative Council. Last week Messrs. Nichols and MacNab, managing director and editor respectively, were called to the bar of each chamber and questioned with regard to their charges. It appears that a fake Private Bill was introduced into the Legislature by a company of individuals which contained several New York detectives. This Bill was known as the Montreal Fair Association Bill. Mr. J. O. Mousseau, member for Soulanges and chairman of the Private Bills Committee, is supposed to have arranged for the passing of the Bill and for the acceptance from the promoters of certain moneys to be distributed amongst a few selected members of the Legislature. All the accused parties deny the charges, but Mr. Mousseau, Hon. Mr. Bedard, and

Hon. Mr. Bergerin have handed in their resignations for the purposes of the investigation.

This episode in Quebec does not seem to have any political significance. For years there have been rumours that private legislation going through the Quebec Legislature could be facilitated by distribution of favours and that certain legislation with regard to the city of Montreal was passed because of the profit which it brought to certain speculators in Montreal lands. Apparently those who are behind these accusations were of the opinion that something should be done to expose these methods, if they existed.

Nothing in the development so far affects the reputation of Sir Lomer Gouin. He is regarded generally as a man who has given exceptional administration to a province where government has not always been of the highest reputation. He has been regarded as a man of unimpeachable probity and it is not likely that this incident will affect him or any member of his cabinet. Sir Lomer is a lawyer, was educated at Laval, and is head of the legal firm of Lemieux, Murphy and Berard, Montreal. He was made a member of the Legion of Honour (France) in 1907, and knighted at the Quebec Tercentenary celebration the following year. He has been a member of the Legislature since 1897.

Our National Anthem Again

Shall Athabasca Sing, God Save the King, or The Maple Leaf?

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

Athabasca, Alta., Dec. 19, 1913.

Editor, the Canadian Courier,
Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I am writing you, as an authority, for advice on a matter which has to do with the assertion of Canada First.

I am a member of a debating society at this place, and at our meeting last night I proposed that we should end our meetings with a verse of the "Maple Leaf." The grounds taken by my opponents, who triumphed, were that it was not recognized as a National song, and also that both its literary sense and composition were exceptionally poor, and that therefore the song ought not to be encouraged.

They maintained that the National Anthem was the only appropriate song for closing a meeting of this sort.

Now, my contention is that Canada, Western Canada especially, is really a melting pot. Peoples are pouring in here from all parts of the world, and great numbers of them hate monarchy, due to the fact of monarchy as they have known it, and that, therefore, before we can make them true Britishers we must make them true Canadians first. In order to do this, I contend that we must first instil into them our own National ideals.

Will you kindly give me, by letter, your plain and frank expression of opinion in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

ORAN MILLS.

OUR correspondent is in a deeper quandary than he thinks. What is called the National Anthem of Great Britain cannot be considered in an equal degree the National Anthem of Canada. Inasmuch as it is not a case of degree, but of plain fact, it cannot really be the National Anthem of Canada at all. Why? There is but one test. A national hymn or song must express some simple, general aspiration of the whole people in the form of a patriotic sentiment. "God Save the King" does not express such an aspiration for the kind of people pictured by our correspondent. Many of the peoples in Canada come here to forget about kings. They have a vague yearning for what editors and public speakers call democracy. They know nothing about King George, and many of them naturally care less. In time, if Canadians born and bred give them the chance, these hundreds of thousands of foreigners may come to regard King George as a very real person and the Royal Family as a real family. But for the present King George and the Royal Family are about as nebulous to their imagination as the Milky Way is to the naked eye. "God Save the King," as an official popular song with which to open and close concerts and military tattoos, may be the traditional way of expressing ourselves to the monarchy of the Empire. It is not the national way of expressing ourselves with regard to the great country which forms half the landed area of that Empire and contains almost as many conglomerated peoples as London. Nevertheless, it is officially quite correct—nothing more—to use "God Save the King" at concerts and public gatherings of various

sorts, just as it is correct to fly the Union Jack over our public buildings and our mast-heads.

"The Maple Leaf" is much different. Our correspondent is right when he says we should instil into new-Canadians our national ideals. Unfortunately "The Maple Leaf" does not possess any. It was written by Alexander Muir to express the sentiments of Little England, Ireland and Scotland in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces at a time when the great West was practically unknown and when Quebec was as far as possible ignored by our song-writers and English-speaking editors. It exalts the shamrock, thistle and rose. It says nothing about the *fleur-de-lis*, which surely had as much to do with Canada as the shamrock and the thistle, and up till 1759 had more to do with this country than the rose. It raises Cain with the Yankees, whom our forefathers fought at Queens-ton Heights and Lundy's Lane. It says nothing about the hundreds of thousands of Americans who have brought millions of dollars into Canada during the ten years ending with the Centennial of Peace on our borders; nor of the hundreds of millions of American capital invested in Canada owing to a high protective tariff. It makes no allusion to the "melting pot" of many peoples described by our correspondent from Athabasca. It assumes that Canada was and essentially is a transplantation of little Britain whose eternal mission it was to ignore the rest of Europe and to keep out the Americans. And to carry paradox still farther, it asks nationalities all over Canada to unite in extolling the maple leaf, which, over half of Canada at least, and almost everywhere west of Lake Superior, is totally unknown as a product of the forest. There are Manitoba maples, on the prairies, but the leaf pictured on our school scribblers has nothing to do with that, and it can never have anything to do with the national aspirations of the many peoples west of the Great Lakes.

On which account we fear that it would be a very thankless task to attempt to "instil into them our national ideals" by closing meetings with "The Maple Leaf Forever."

On the other hand, during the past ten years there has been a brave attempt in Ontario and even in the West to popularize the French-Canadian song, "O Canada." School children and concert audiences and park-concert crowds have been made familiar with a great melody. More than a hundred people have tried to write either translations of the original French or English versions to fit the time. They have all failed. Because, in its own way, "O Canada," with all its splendid dignity as a piece of music is as provincial to New France as "The Maple Leaf" is to New Britain. There seems to be no possibility of our song-writers making a hybrid of English words and French tune that will make it "get across" to the people of all Canada.

Wherefore we suggest to our correspondent from Athabasca that his debating society choose for its next subject of debate—

"How to Get a Real Canadian National Anthem."

Co-Operation in Canada

Number One—Retail Co-Operation

First of a Series of Three Short Articles

By W. W. SWANSON

Associate Professor, Department of Political and Economic Science, Queen's University

THE revision of the United States tariff once more forces on public attention the problem of the high cost of living—if, indeed, it has ever been permitted to recede into the background. Another twist has been given to the screw; and Canadians will now pay more for butter, cheese, cream, eggs, meats and other food products. Only in the long run is there any hope that prices will fall through the stimulation afforded to production by wider markets. The most favourable factor in the situation is that farming will be made decidedly more profitable; and, as a result, more boys will likely remain on the farm. Anything that will make farming more attractive should be welcomed; for a contented, prosperous farming population will, in the long run, prove Canada's greatest asset.

The high cost of living is considered a trite subject by some persons, who think they see the cause of the whole trouble in the extravagance of the people, and especially in that of the working classes. But such superficial observers need not detain us. That the problem is a vital one is shown by the fact that the United States—the most prosperous nation in the world—is about to undertake an exhaustive investigation of the conditions which confront the people in regard to making both ends meet. And in Canada, despite the highly important political questions of the day, the biggest task that confronts our statesmen is to find a way by which the working classes may be decently fed, housed and clothed. There can be no doubt that the high standard of living to which our people have attained, is in grave peril of being degraded. Such a result would be bad both for employer and employee. It may be merely remarked in passing that the question is not wholly a material one. Aristotle many a long year ago remarked: "In order that a man may live nobly he must first of all have the means to live." A little thinking on that phase of the subject may open the eyes of our religious leaders to the real causes of the lamentable falling off in the attendance of working men at church services. The Canadian worker, in common with the great mass of the people everywhere, has grown somewhat tired of being pointed to a "happy land, far, far away." He wants a happy land right here and now. The leaders of the labour movement merely emphasize what the great Chelsea Sage remarked a generation or two ago: "Your Heaven is Here or Nowhere."

HOWEVER that may be, it is promised that the Dominion Parliament, this session, will grapple with the problem of high cost of living. It is expected that the whole question of co-operation will be thoroughly considered. As a means of reducing the expenses of housekeeping the subject has never received adequate consideration. The popular remedies—curbing the combines, lowering the tariff, standardizing the dollar, and so forth—have been debated ad nauseam; but here lies at hand an effective method of reducing prices, that may be at once put to a practical test. The co-operative idea is at least fertile in suggestions for securing important results through "team work" among neighbours, and in certain industrial groups. I propose, therefore, to place before "Courier" readers the significant facts in the co-operative movement. And first of all we may glance at the results attained by co-operation in the retail trade.

The basic idea in co-operation is found in the attempt to obliterate, in greater or less degree, the line separating employers from employees; and to secure for the latter a share in business profits as well as of the management of the enterprise. In a word, it aims to displace the private capitalistic business with an association composed of many members.

Great Britain affords, in some ways, the best example of success in co-operation, and especially co-operation in the retail trade. The official figures of the British Board of Trade prove the success of these enterprises beyond the shadow of a doubt. Every fair-minded investigator has acknowledged that co-operative shopkeeping has vindicated the soundness of the underlying principles of the movement. Co-operation in the retail trade has held its own against the keenest competition.

We are not so much interested in British co-operative experiments among the well-to-do. Such great co-operative enterprises as the London Army and Navy Stores, the Civil Service Supply Association, and others, do not touch the life of the masses. These stores, it is true, have met with great success, chiefly because of the introduction of the cash system. The traditional relation between the ordinary English tradesman and his well-to-do customers has long been one of servility and high charges on the one side, and delayed and irregular

payments, together with affected indifference to charges, on the other. Long credits, bad debts, high prices and high profits, have been the inevitable result of the system. The co-operators have abolished all this wherever they have opened up business, and have introduced up-to-date methods along with the cash system.

HOWEVER, the working men's societies are of chief interest as bearing upon the Canadian problem. There has been a really phenomenal growth of retail co-operative societies of this class, since the first business was started in 1850. Their success has been due to many factors in the situation. In the first place, the ordinary co-operative retail store makes no attempt to cut prices. Profits are not divided before they are earned. At stated intervals, generally every quarter, the surplus is divided among the members of the association according to the purchases made. By this policy the credit and stability of the business are safeguarded. Many firms have been wrecked by failure to regard the simple facts of depreciation and upkeep of the business. The methods adopted by the co-operative societies, moreover, have proved a great

incentive to saving. The dividends—as the profits are called—are often left with the store at current interest rates.

The capital first subscribed is generally small, a share costing only £1. But accumulated dividends increase the capital in a surprising manner. It is, indeed, in this way that the co-operative retail trade has grown to such enormous dimensions. The stores not only make savings, but act as savings banks as well. Every inducement is offered to attract additional members. Strictly speaking, only members are entitled to a dividend; but non-members are often allowed a half dividend on their purchases. The amounts so credited gradually make up a share. Thus, in this way, societies widen the scope of their work and place it on a thoroughly democratic basis.

How far is the co-operative principle in retail trade applicable to Canadian conditions? The success of the Civil Servants' co-operative store at Ottawa is an answer, in part, to that question. This society carries on its business much along the lines of the English prototype. It has met with abundant success. Yet—notwithstanding the chronic complaint of the Civil Servants—this retail business is conducted by a well-to-do class. What room is there among Canadian working men for associations of this character? It is notorious that the ordinary small retail store is about the most inefficient of economic institutions. There is little evidence of organization, division of labour, or of executive ability among the small retail dealers. Long credits, bad debts, and high prices are common to their business. It appears, therefore, that everywhere throughout Canada there is scope for the co-operative retail store. It cannot replace, but it could well supplement, the large cash retail store. It will teach workmen the value of thrift, economy, and foresight; and, above all, will make for class solidarity and neighbourhood ideals of honesty and justice.

A Loop-the-Loop Dinner Upside Down

THE picture below is not of a cafe where the chairs are being stacked at one a.m. It is a photograph of an "upside down" dinner given on Friday, Jan. 16th, to Messrs. B. C. Hucke and Gustav Hamel, the first British air-men to loop and leap the loop respectively, following the illustrious example of Mons. Pegoud, the French air-somersaultier. The dinner was given at the Royal Automobile Club, which has 10,000 members, the best swimming tank in the world, and is in some respects the most remarkable club in London. The diners began with liqueurs and finished with soup. The invitations were printed upside down so that they had to be read with small mirrors. As it was impossible for men in boiled shirt fronts to squat on the floor and eat from tables upside down, table legs were put on top of the tables. It was a mere oversight that the management did not arrange to have the banquet served on the ceiling instead of on the floor. They might have furnished the guests with air-vacuum pads as nature furnishes flies for that purpose. Soups and other liquids could have been kept in place by compressed air. Evidently the science of eating is still centuries behind the art of flying. It is not recorded that the guests went home

walking on their hands with heels up; neither that the bill was paid with bank-notes printed upside down for the occasion.

It is, however, a matter for great patriotic satisfaction that the guests at this inverted dinner kept their heads in true British fashion and that none of them had to employ such obvious tricks as levitation in order to finish the courses. When Britishers are able to eat as well as to fly upside down, there is no danger of degeneracy in the breed, neither any symptom of going backwards. It is now morally certain that the fashion of eating upside down will become a fad. The fashion is recommended to the authorities at Holloway jail.

The waiters at this dinner were dressed in overalls. The significance of this seems to be that they would thereby be distinguishable from the guests and at the same time would completely reverse the usual order when waiters are better dressed than the people whom they serve. Unfortunately, it was found impossible to put these garments on upside down. Also out of deference to our readers we have refrained from printing the picture upside down, because it might be difficult for everybody to stand on his head in order to look at it.



AN INVERTED DINNER FOR LOOP-THE-LOOP AVIATORS.

At this unique and unconventional banquet, in the Royal Automobile Club, of London, on Friday, Jan. 16th, the guests of honour were the two somersaulting British aviators, Messrs. B. C. Hucke and Gustav Hamel. The photograph shows, standing, left to right: Messrs. J. W. Orde, G. Holt Thomas, Gustav Hamel, Grahame White, B. C. Hucke, Richard J. Gates and J. Valentine.

What Imperialism Really Means

Looking at the Question From the Side of Both the Mother Country and the Overseas Dominions

By HOWARD BOOTH

Sheffield University

THE Royal Colonial Institute offered a prize for the best essay on "The Meaning of British Imperialism." Two essays divided the prize. The closing portion of one essay is reprinted here from "United Empire," the journal of the Institute, because it gives in an intimate way the feeling of the present-day, stay-at-home Englishman, with regard to the Empire as a whole.

TODAY it is asked whether, after all, it is worth while to try to strengthen the bonds between the colonies and the mother country and between the colonies themselves. Separation is not regarded as self-evident, but it is still considered by many as a possible end, especially by those who fear that the growth of a strong Imperial spirit could only come from the sacrifice of the national life of the individual colony. To those colonials who shrink from being dragged in the wake of England in every European squabble, the phrase "Imperial unity" often has an unpleasant ring. To the Englishman who fears that Grenville's policy will be reversed and the mother country taxed for the benefit of the colonies, the phrase is equally ominous. It would be well, therefore, to show briefly of what value the Empire is to the colonies and the colonies to the Empire, and from that the need of Imperial unification. Having shown that a National spirit is not incompatible with an Imperial spirit, we can discuss equally briefly some of the problems confronting each daughter-State, and, finally, return to discover if there are any means of drawing closer the bonds between the different members of the Empire.

In the first place, one may be allowed to make the seemingly obvious remark that but for the Empire there would have been no national colonial life. But this means more than that the colonies have been built up by emigration from the old country. We mean that not only would there have been, for instance, no Canada, but that there would have been no Dominion of Canada, if it had not been for the sentiment of unity which the Imperial spirit supplied. Speaking in Vancouver, in 1908, Lord Milner said: "And so I realize better than ever how bold was the conception of those who first grasped the idea of moulding all Canada from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island into a great confederation. They were great political architects, who leaped the intervening wilderness, as it then was, between Ontario and British Columbia. Of course it was only the common flag, it was only the fact that that flag had been kept flying in British Columbia, here on the shores of the Pacific, which made that union possible in the first instance. Had you and those who came before you not kept that flag flying here, as I believe you will always keep it flying, that great transcontinental State, the creation of which presented such difficulties in any case, would have been a sheer impossibility." And later, in Winnipeg, he pointed out that Nova Scotia was farther from British Columbia than from Great Britain, "and the then unbridged prairies and Rocky Mountains were out and away a greater obstacle to intercourse than the Atlantic Ocean." Yet in spite of that, and in spite of the difference of races, United Canada was an accomplished fact. Incidentally, he showed that this federal movement was capable of extension to a still larger field. In a similar way it was only the acknowledgment of a common citizenship in one Empire that could have made possible the Union of South Africa.

AGAIN, the colonists share in that much-prized possession, British citizenship. They can find a home in any part of the world where their language is spoken, without having to sacrifice their own nationality. They are, too, in a very real sense, joint-heirs with us of a noble history and a priceless literature. In spite of the close relationship between our "American cousins" and ourselves, the people of the United States must always be in some measure shut out from the possession of British art and literature, and still more of British history. Again, it has been said that "the old sentiment of kinship has been revived by partnership in war, and the course of foreign affairs and the rise of other Empires is increasing the sense of mutual dependence." It is doubtful whether the colonists could stand alone against a hostile power, and even if they could forget their history and seek the protection of another State, under what flag could they be assured of security and independence more than under the British flag?

In the other scale, turning to the advantages which the mother country derives from the Empire, many of the points enumerated apply equally well to it. Of nothing are we more envied by foreign nations than the advantage of being able to settle in every part of the world without the loss of our national individuality. The possession of colonies has by no means settled all the industrial problems of Great Britain. We have still the questions of overcrowding, underpaid and sweated labour,

poverty, sickness, and disease. But as an outlet for surplus population, as a granary and storehouse for cheap and abundant food, as new markets and centres of trade, the colonies have certainly lightened the burdens at home. Having some knowledge of the miserable condition of this country in the period of transition after the Industrial Revolution, dare we contemplate what would have been the case if there had been no outlet for this enormous expansion of population? The colonies, too, furnish those at home with many lessons from the political experiments they have made—experiments which have contributed, it has been said, "more to the science of politics than all the armchair philosophers from Aristotle downwards." Single-chamber government, government by two Houses, the composition of the second chamber, federation, women's suffrage—on all these matters the colonies give us useful data.

BOTH colonies, therefore, and mother country, benefit from union in one Empire, and it is safe to assert that it is only with closer union that each unit will be able to work out its own development. This is, as we have seen, an age of great world-states. No statesman wishes to provoke the envy and attack of other powers by offensive measures; but, on the other hand, a number of isolated units might be defenceless before such an attack. Of the individual problems to be solved, we may mention the question in South Africa of the fusion into one nation of formerly hostile people. One thing that may work for their unification forms itself a serious question for the future. It is the existence by the side of the white population of a native population four or five times as large. This common problem to be tackled may make for the union of Boer and Briton, but is itself a serious question. It is not the danger of the future political supremacy of the blacks, but that, since they mainly constitute the working class, manual labour may come to be regarded as degrading by the European population. Australia, too, has a colour question. She is determined to prevent her high rate of wages being lowered by the immigration of Asiatics, for it is impossible for Europeans to live as frugally as Asiatics without moral and physical deterioration. There is the unfortunate complication that in the tropical parts of Australia the Englishman can live, but not continue his race. The suggestion has been made that such tropical regions as North Queensland might be colonized by Southern Spaniards, who could conceivably propagate their species in a mean temperature only 13 degrees higher than that of Malaga.

Sympathy and loyal co-operation on the part of the other members of the Empire are needed to solve these and other questions. How are we to secure this? There is certainly a widespread, if not a universal, desire on the part of the colonists and those at home to draw closer together, provided that national feeling is respected. The dream of Imperial Federation is no longer "the perquisite of a few theorists." It is obvious that the machinery of the British Parliament is inadequate to fulfil the needs of the Empire. Colonists may find a government, on whose action their welfare depends, driven out of office in an hour on some local British question; they may hasten to its debates for days without hearing a single colonial or Indian question discussed; and, on the other hand, the Englishman might complain that the attention of his Government is continually distracted from social and other questions to matters of Empire. The Imperial Conference has done excellent work as an educative instrument, but it cannot influence the British cabinet except by its powers of persuasion. We

cannot expect a general Imperial policy until the heads of the colonies have been given some real executive powers; mere advisory power, which may or may not be followed, and with which the colonies themselves may or may not agree, must leave the sole responsibility for action with the British Parliament, and, with responsibility, the sole direction of the affairs. Such executive power would have to be accompanied by a real share in the financial burdens of the Empire. At the same time, we should not take for our ideal some new, rigid, Imperial constitution. "The vice of the phrase 'Imperial Federation,'" Lord Haldane has said, "is that it ignores and contradicts the hypothesis of the Imperial Constitution. It is not to some new description of common Parliament that we have to look, but to gradual and cautious changes in the way in which the Sovereign takes advice." Some uniformity of development on the part of the colonies will be necessary before Federation is possible, and India and our tropical possessions will always be the greatest difficulty in the way of such a scheme.

Meanwhile, we may work with that end in view. We might, for instance, recruit our Indian Administration from all parts of the Empire, just as already there are Canadian professors in English universities. A general military policy might be secured by the officering and training of colonial troops on similar lines to the British, and by British officers spending a period of service in colonial regiments, and vice versa. There is, too, the more complicated question of colonial preference. We have only touched on this because it is still a controversial matter. Mr. J. L. Garvin and Mr. St. Loe Strachey write mutually destructive articles in one book on this question of preference. While on the one hand, the dream is alluring of a self-contained Empire bound together by chains of commerce and developing its tremendous resources by common endeavour, on the other hand it is asserted that such a Zollverein would be opposed to all our hopes for the future of the world, by dividing the world between three or four exclusive systems—if, indeed, it did not directly provoke foreign attack. Still, it must be admitted that the colonies themselves are, generally speaking, in favour of some such preferential system of trade.

The British Empire has had a very real meaning in the past. It has given peace to India and enabled the most contemplative race of the world to continue their religious development in quietness. In the colonies it has helped millions of Europeans to live "the good life." Its future should be full of hope. Yet, lest we face the future in a spirit of boasting and careless of the dangers that lie in the way, it would be well to listen in the end to the grave words of Professor Pollard. After pointing out that Empires in the past have civilized themselves out of existence in the competition with races which bred with primitive vigour, he says: "There are such races to-day; the slumbering East has wakened, and the tide which flowed for four centuries from West to East is on the turn. . . . Asiatics, relieved by the 'Pax Britannica' from mutual destruction, are eating the whites out of the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans and threatening South Africa, Australia, and the western shores of America. No armaments and no treaties of arbitration can ward off their economic competition; and it is not certain that their myriads, armed with Western morality and methods of warfare, will always be content to refrain from turning against Europe the means of expansion which Europe has used with so much success against them. The British Empire will need all the wisdom it can command, if it is to hold its own in the parliament of reason or the arbitrament of war." May we, remembering this warning, and in no spirit of vain-glory, accept our task.

The Little Grave in Labrador

A Weird Coincidence in the Life of Strathcona

By JAMES L. HUGHES

LORD STRATHCONA was a dramatic storyteller. I had the pleasure of hearing him relate incidents and experiences in his life in Labrador for three short hours, as he walked back and forth in the drawing-room at Knebworth, the castle of Bulwer Lytton, one Sunday afternoon, when he was eighty-seven years old. He seemed to see the people and the places he was describing as clearly as if they were present, although the events he was recalling for our entertainment had occurred nearly sixty years before.

One of his stories was connected with Mr. Fields, of the great publishing house of Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. Mr. Fields came to the Labrador coast in his yacht every summer, with a party of his

friends, and usually spent a few days in the harbour of the post, where Donald A. Smith was stationed. One Sunday, Mr. Fields and his party came ashore to spend the afternoon with Mr. Smith, who proposed that a walk should be taken into the woods. A pathway had been cut through the forest for miles by the Indians, partly for their own convenience, but mainly as an expression of gratitude to Mr. Smith for his kindness and especially for his success in enabling them to overcome scurvy, which had been the scourge of both whites and Indians before the young clerk from Forres came to the district.

It was a glorious afternoon in June. The air was filled with perfume from many flowers that covered the open places on each side of the path, and from

Famous Resorts in Ottawa

the blooming trees. The vistas that succeeded each other with increasing beauty at each new turn in the winding path called forth exclamations of increasing appreciation from Mr. Fields and his party. They frankly admitted that never before had they seen such an enchanting, wild wood, with so many bewitchments of rocks, and glens, and glades, trees and flowers, and glimpses of the deep, blue sea.

ABOUT two miles from the village Mr. Smith led the party from the main path into a narrow glen, between two rocky hills. In the centre of the glen a small space had been cleared, and in this space was a single grave, the last resting-place of a little girl. At the head of the grave was a board on which was painted her name and age, and below the sentence, "It was easy to be good, when she was here."

The trees in the glen were nearly all white birches, with a few hawthorns in bloom; the rising rocks on each side had some clinging vines and ambitious birches growing from hollows in their sides, and their crests were crowned with hemlock, spruce, balsam and pine.

After seeing the grave, and reading the memorial sentence, the party stood silent for a long time looking at the trees on hill crest and glen, and at the beds of violets, and wake robins, and ferns around them, and at the gleaming waters of the bay shining under the trees, till one of them, an elderly gentleman from Boston, turned to his son and said: "James, this is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen, and I wish you to promise that, whenever I may die, you will bring my body here to rest near the little girl."

His son reverently promised to carry out his father's wishes, and all the others joined him in hoping that his father might live many years, and come often to see the enrapturing beauty of the glen.

A little after midnight the same Sunday night Mr. Smith was aroused by a messenger from Mr. Fields, who told him that Mr. Fields wished him to come at once to the yacht, as his friend was ill, and evidently required immediate attention. He dressed as quickly as possible, and taking his box of medicines with him, accompanied the messenger to the yacht.

Mr. Fields was pacing the deck. "I am glad you have come," he said. "I am afraid my friend is very ill. He seems to be suffering great pain."

Lord Strathcona went to the cabin where the sick man lay. He soon returned to the deck. Mr. Fields said:

"Is he suffering much now?"

"No!" replied Lord Strathcona. "He will not suffer any more; he is dead."

They reverently bore him next day along the winding, many-vistaed path, and laid him in the place he had chosen to rest beside the grave of the little girl.

From the Speaker's Gallery

By AN INDEPENDENT COON SKIN

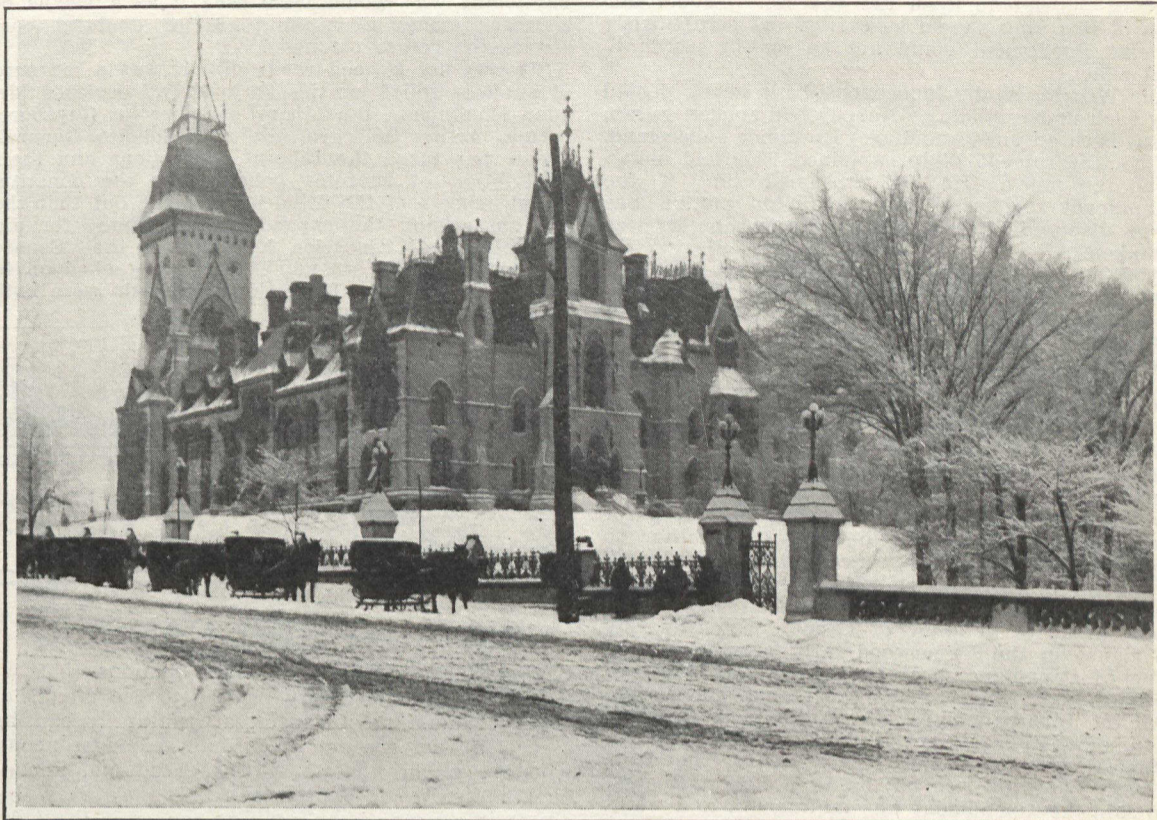
LOOKING down from the Speaker's Gallery upon the representative heads of the nation, little of that intense political ferocity which characterized the parties in the Canadian House of Commons last year, is observable. After two weeks of a debate described by the Hon. Robert Rogers, of Manitoba, as "simple, harmless, childish twaddle," the free wheat amendment was voted down by a government majority of 44, and the House got promptly down to the estimates. Last session the navy stood in the way, blocking all progress, and whenever possible the Opposition introduced a scandal, or a time-killing subject of contention in turn to block the navy and thus make blockading doubly effective.

This session there are no ships upon the waters. Free wheat waves gently in the breeze—just out of reach on the other side of the barb-wire fence. The Liberals talked for a week upon points raised by the address from the Throne—or by the home address of the particular representative who chanced to be on his feet. The subjects at hand seemed exhausted when the vote was finally called. Then suddenly there came revival of interest. The Opposition suddenly showed a flash of the fire which made things so warm in Ottawa last session. It was the one live, dramatic incident of the session, so far. For a moment it looked like war, a declaration of the old irreconcilable spirit of obstruction.

SIR Wilfrid's amendment to the address regretting that no action was foreshadowed in the address to relieve the admittedly depressed financial situation, was put to the vote. This course had been arranged by the whips. The amendment on division was defeated by a straight party majority of 44.

"The question is now upon the original motion," chanted the Speaker.

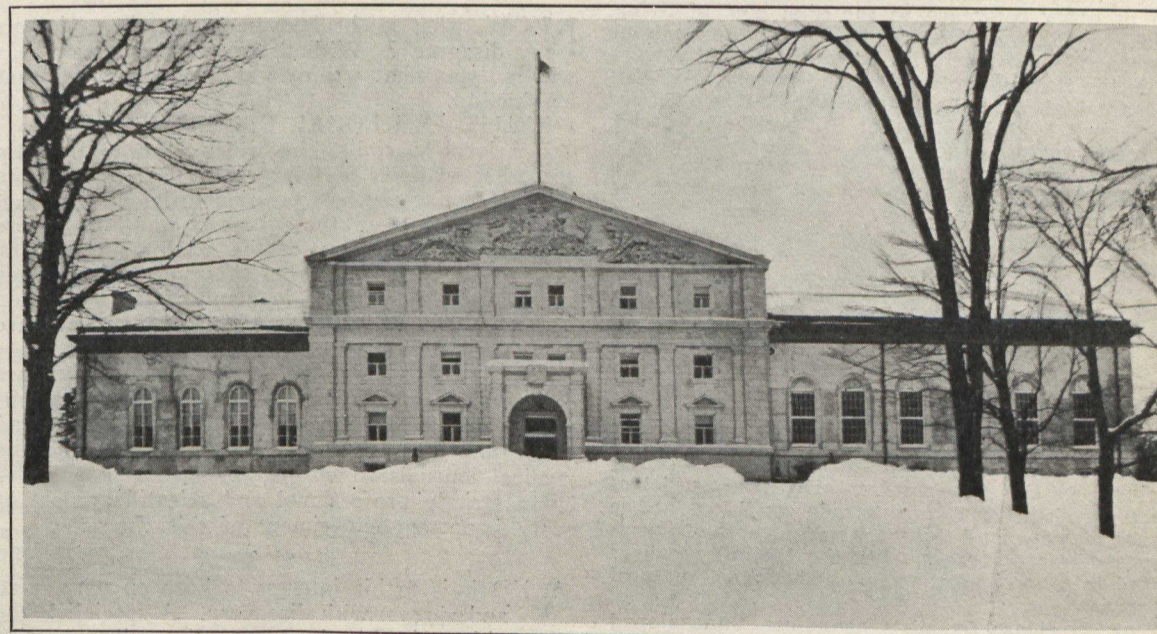
To the surprise and delight of the galleries, up sprang Dr. Neely, of Humboldt, Saskatchewan, the storm centre of the eventful and historic scene in the Canadian House of Commons on March 15, 1913. Dr. Neely moved the adjournment of the debate, snatching the expected division upon the main



The famous East Block of the Parliament Buildings containing the Governor-General's office and some of the Ministerial offices.



The Rideau Club, opposite the Ottawa Parliament Buildings is a rendezvous of millionaires, members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers.



A forty-room extension has been made to our famous Rideau Hall. The extension cost a quarter of a million. The carving on the gable is 68 feet wide, 14 feet high, and took fifty stone carvers several weeks to complete.

motion out of the Speaker's mouth, so to speak.

Hon. George E. Foster, grave, concerned, mild, suave, firm all in one, protested. The Whips had agreed to bringing on the vote at this time and concluding the debate upon the address. Understandings of this kind should be carried out scrupulously or else Parliament could not go on—or words to that effect.

Sir Wilfrid, in the innocence of his heart, denied any such understanding. Nobody had spoken to him about such an understanding. He didn't understand.

The Government Whip explained. He had understood too much. He had presumed that if the amendment reached a vote, the main motion was to be disposed of, too. However, perhaps he was mistaken.

And so rather than, as he said, "butt his head against a stone wall," Hon. George E. consented. He would like to know when the debate might be expected to conclude, that was all. Sir Wilfrid, however, refused to bind himself.

THUS with dramatic values duly considered, Dr. Neely prepared for the introduction of the Free Wheat amendment, which came next day after the necessary speech. Dr. Neely showed that Canada, after supplying the British market 90 million bushels of wheat, and keeping 60 million for home consumption, was at the end of her tether, so far as the markets were concerned. A surplus of 50 millions or so remained. He therefore advocated the removal of the duty on American wheat and wheat products to allow of Canada benefitting by the clause in the Underwood tariff permitting free entry of Canadian wheat to the United States to those countries which make the mutual concession.

All the Liberal members from the West spoke in favour of this amendment, as did Mr. W. F. Maclean, of South York, Independent Conservative. The Government's position was put by Hon. Robert Rogers, who said the amendment was tantamount to a want-of-confidence motion, and out of place in a debate upon the Address. Mr. Rainville, of Chambly Vercheres, Conservative, argued that the money of the East had gone into the opening up of the West, into the building of elevators and railroads, and that the East had the right to expect some cohesion and harmony between the two great sections of the Dominion. If the road for Western Canadian wheat was opened to the south, it would mean that the Canadian ports, Canadian ships, Canadian railways, and the Canadian East would lose the business.

The amendment, like the other, was voted down by a Government majority of 45, W. F. Maclean voting with the Opposition.

Then the House got to work, taking up in committee of supply the non-contentious items in the estimates, beginning with the salaries of civil servants in the inside service, at the head of which list stands the Governor-General with the sum of \$48,666.66, which combination of figures is the translation of pounds sterling in which the Governor-General's salary is expressed when he is within hearing.

THE principal business of speakers upon both sides during the first week's debate upon the harmless Address from the Throne, has been to endeavour to fix the responsibility in the mind of the public for the defeat of certain legislation last year. One side of the House wishes to impress that the Senate did it, aided, abetted and instigated by a wicked Opposition in the House of Commons. The other side makes itself distinctly plain in its expression of horror at the fell work of the Government in dropping the said bills rather than submit to Senate amendments. The legislation defeated with most regret, apparently, upon both sides of the House, was the Highways Act. The Government reproachfully cast that defeat back upon the Opposition at every reference to the high cost of living, which, by the way, has become once more an issue between the parties. The defeat of the Highways Bill is the Government answer to the complaint that eggs are high, and that cheese used to be sold for less than it is to-day. If that Bill had been passed, the roads would ere now been so improved throughout this Dominion that the farmer would have been delighted to roll into town and sell his stuff at the old bed rock prices that mother used to pay, figuring that the amount saved in wear and tear upon his rolling stock and upon his nervous system more than compensated for the reduction at the market. Life on the farm would by now have been made so attractive, the Government speakers imply, that by now there would have set in a marked rush from the cities back to the land and the disproportion of producers to consumers would have been overcome.

The country's boundless natural resources were pointed to with considerable natural pride by the Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, and other speakers on the Government side, as sufficient reason for cheering up about trade conditions at the present moment, and the inconvenient cost of everything at the restaurants. But the Liberal speakers refused to take comfort from our boundless natural resources.

"What good are Canada's boundless, undeveloped natural resources to a man in search of a job, or a woman looking for a free soup kitchen or a place in a bread line?" asked the Liberals.

And further, said the Liberals, the Highways Bill

was not intended as a measure for good roads at all. It was intended for patronage purposes, and if unamended, might have been subject at some future time to danger from an unscrupulous generation of politicians who would have used it as a means of spending money upon the roads of doubtful constituencies before elections.

"It was not a good roads bill, it was a measure of out-door relief for the Tory party," declared Mr. John H. Sinclair, the Liberal member for Guysboro.

Hon. Arthur Meighen, the new Solicitor-General, rather punctured the Liberal contentions and their assumption of supreme concern for the constitutional aspects of the case, by pointing out that the bill authorizing the expenditure of money for aid to agricultural education had passed the Senate without any such amendment as was tacked on to the Highways Bill. Education and roads were both

within the jurisdiction of the province, the principle was exactly the same in both cases. And further money from the Dominion Treasury was a Federal responsibility which could not be shifted to the provinces without the retention of a degree of control by the Dominion to insure that it be spent according to the purpose intended. That is the way the Hon. Arthur has of puncturing the Liberal case.

Redistribution is the largest item on the Government programme, as far as has yet come to light. Last time the seats in the Canadian Parliament were readjusted, it was done without party contention, practically a joint committee presenting their report to the House, which adopted it with little amendment. This time the Maritime Provinces may be expected to resist the reduction of their representation in the radical way that seems necessary.

S. H. H.



RADIUM AND CANCER

THE contradictory medical opinions that we are getting every day as to the effects of radium upon cancer, are naturally causing a vast amount of disquiet amongst people who are either victims of this dread and unconquered disease or apprehend that they may be. There is a general feeling that cancer is the most dismaying—though not the most destructive—enemy to human life now at large. Tuberculosis may kill more people; but we have a cure for tuberculosis. When a human being finds this disease settled upon him, he knows what to do. He can make a fight. The majority of people who are infected are able to cure themselves if they can and will take the right way about it. But when cancer, like a hideous devil-fish, fastens its deadly tentacles upon the quivering form of any poor man or woman, despair comes along as an ally. It is true that surgery can do and does do very much. But, in spite of these splendid triumphs, the lay mind is horribly depressed by the fact that we do not know what cancer is, how we get it, why we get it, or what to do with it—except to cut it out.

SO the reports that the mere application of radium causes a malignant cancer to shrivel up and disappear, have stirred the hopes of millions. That seems to be a proper way of fighting the monster. Here is a remedy which destroys it right in its native "habitat." Where the knife dare not cut, radium—we are told—can seek out the spreading fungus and smother it to death. But, just as hope rises, we get another paper, and find that eminent authorities declare that the announced "cures" are by no means certain—that cancer can be temporarily affected but not cured—that the reported cases from certain hospitals have not occurred at all—and that prolonged experiments with radium have produced no results which can be relied upon as proof even of permanent benefit.

NOW, what is the layman to do when "doctors disagree"? Without any further preamble, I will tell you what I think. It is my judgment that he should

TRUST HIS LOCAL SPECIALIST.

His local specialist—by which I mean the best specialist available in a large city near him—is the man in by far the best position to know the exact truth regarding all these reports and the precise value of the testimony of the conflicting doctors. He probably knows some of these doctors. He has almost certainly worked in many of the mentioned hospitals. He understands which of these men are in a position to know most intimately what goes on in these hospitals—and which of these men are only optimistic outsiders. He knows what previous experiments have been made along these lines, and what they have shown. He has at his hand the medical journals which contain—not a "popular"—but a strictly professional and scientific report of every important experiment of this character.

AND it is to his interest to keep an open mind and abreast with discovery. A specialist who allows himself to be beaten to a really curative treatment by any other man in his locality, runs a grave risk of losing his pre-eminence. It is worse than it is for a newspaper man to be "scooped." On

the other hand, a specialist who should rashly experiment with local patients will lose his reputation in another way. In two words, the local specialist does his work in the spotlight of local interest, and it is marvellous how quickly a falling off in skill or a lagging behind in knowledge or a reckless disregard of the safety of his patients in his search after new light gets to be known, first among the profession and then among the people. The silly theory, which some ill-informed folk favour, that all medical men "hang together" and cover up each other's mistakes, is pure nonsense. There are quite proper and wise regulations of professional etiquette which forbid certain classes of vulgar criticism between members of the medical fraternity; but you go to your family physician and ask him to recommend a specialist along any particular line and you will get from him a perfectly honest and informed opinion as to which is the best man.

THE difficulty which confronts a layman when he tries to decide what to do in view of certain encouraging newspaper reports of marvellous cures in foreign or distant hospitals, is that he has no back-ground of scientific knowledge in his mind by which to test the probable or even the possible. This difficulty takes another form when having the money to spend—he goes to these distant miracle-workers. Without reliable professional advice, how is he to tell a "quack" from a sincere experimenter? A very little knowledge of medical terms enables a glib charlatan to quite overwhelm an lay victim with a display of erudition and scientific attainment. It is quite as easy for your charlatan—or your mistaken enthusiast—to quote dozens of cases in which the official medical profession was unduly skeptical at the first announcement of some cure which is now accepted and employed by all. Thus the layman cannot trust to his own common-sense in the case. His common-sense is *ultra vires*. He must have medical knowledge to which to trust, and that he must find in another man's head.

WHOSE head? Whose better than his own physician whose reputation depends upon his right treatment of his local clients? Even if the new remedy is quite as good as is claimed, it must be in an experimental stage so long as it is not acknowledged by practically the whole medical profession. Any man who goes to a distant physician to submit to the new treatment by him, while it is in this stage, is consciously being experimented upon. Only desperate cases will take this risk as a rule; and even these cases can commonly get a local physician to undertake the experiment at home if they will pay as much as will enable them to get it abroad. The advantage of being experimented on at home is that the experimenters naturally are more concerned as to what happens the subject of their experiment.

OF course, lots of people go abroad for treatment for all sorts of ailments. You see mention of it every few days in the papers. But they almost always go on the advice of their local physicians, who recommend from their own knowledge of the foreign physicians or sanatoria or hospitals to which they go.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Under Shrewd Suspicion

The Moral Psychology of a Black Fox, a Young Man and a Baby

By ADDISON HOLDEN

Illustration by F. Hans Johnston

AFTER ten years of rather aimless and altogether fruitless wandering, during which time he earned a precarious living at occupations ranging from handling a Mormon scraper to keeping books, Norman Walker, at the age of twenty-six, suddenly dropped into the niche that Nature had evidently shaped him for. The real estate game suited him like aquatics suit a duck. Unsuspected talents, long buried by the dismal grind of uncongenial occupation, blossomed into an aptitude for selling lots that enabled him to head the list of salesmen on the company's blackboard, where their percentages were chalked up like those of the ball teams in the National league.

A vivid imagination, genial personality, a gift of gab, perhaps not always hampered by a Puritanical and narrow-minded adherence to the facts; all these, with, maybe, a generous measure of luck thrown in, brought him success and more money in commissions than he had thought possible a year before.

Recently, Norman had married the sweetest little girl that ever made success worth struggling for. Two payments had been made on their pretty little home in the suburbs and the future looked rosy. Norman had found himself.

At least, he might be pardoned for thinking so, as he alighted from a street car one summer evening and made his way home ward along a street that boasted no sidewalk as yet. It was one of those new residential neighbourhoods that spring up over night, as if were, in the capital city of Alberta, where handsome new residences, flanked by unlovely mounds of new earth and building debris, tub elbows with weather-beaten log houses of the pioneer period, and apologetic shacks try to hide their low-browed fronts behind friendly trees. This street was a peculiar one in other ways. Along the west side were buildings; but looking toward the east, one saw a dense bush and nothing more.

Norman was sauntering along, enjoying the cool, evening air, when a piteous little "meow" attracted his attention. Glancing toward the bush, he perceived a coal-black kitten making friendly overtures. Evidently the poor little thing had fallen on evil days. It was thin, unkempt and hungry-looking—some one's pet strayed away.

Poor little tramp," comforted Norman, who could not bear to see any dumb creature in distress, "come, kitty, kitty; come here, little fellow."

Puss purred, arched its back, rubbed itself coquettishly against a tree, Norman walked over and picked it up.

Poor little dickens," he murmured, "you're just what Florence has been looking for."

Kitty snuggled inside his coat showing only its cute little black head.

At the next corner a snarly dog approached and barked savagely. Instantly the soft little ball of fuzziness became a bundle of steel springs. A hissing and spitting, a tensing of little muscles, a dynamic explosion of energy, and puss was off, like a shaft of light from a reflector. Norman never saw it again.

Norman made no mention of the incident to his wife. Why should he? She would be sorry he had lost it, and he was not the man to inflict needless regret on his bride of six months. Soon he forgot it himself, anticipation of a rare treat at the theatre, where a world-famous star was playing, driving all such foolish little incidents from his mind.

THAT night he slept the sleep of contentment and worldly well-being, and, next morning, he went to work with a clear eye, a smiling countenance, and an untroubled conscience.

That evening the papers printed a sensational story about a little black baby fox. An insignificant subject? No; for black foxes are as valuable as they are rare. Grown to full size, this one's pelt would fetch a sum well above a thousand dollars, and alive it was worth still more, for fox farming has passed the experimental stage.

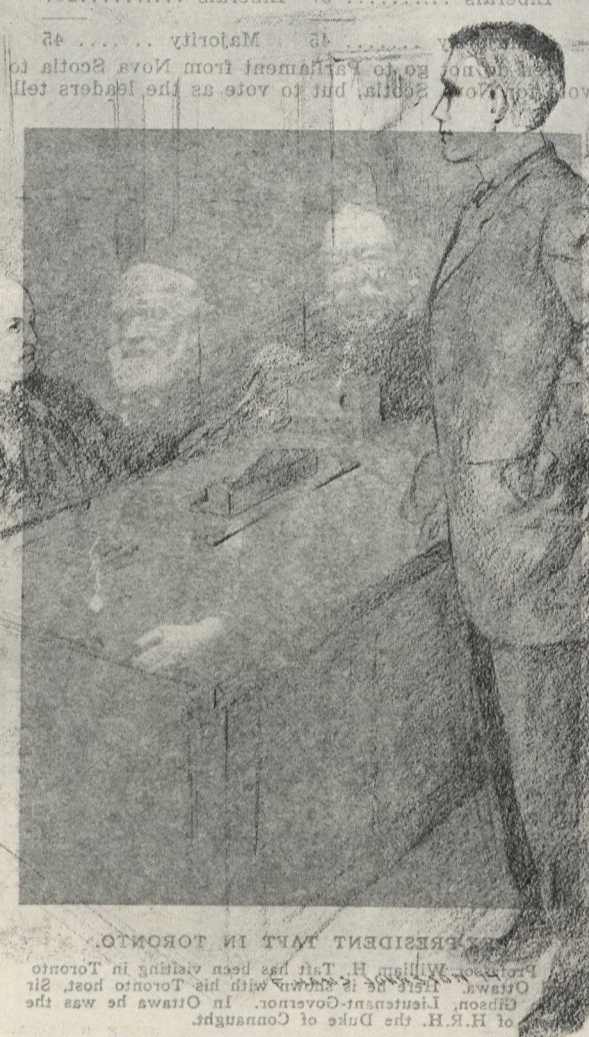
Far up in Northern Alberta this little furry fortune had been dug out of its den by an Indian.

A trapper paid two hundred dollars for it, and took a chance on transporting his find, alive and uninjured, hundreds of miles through the wilderness, to Edmonton. Success, in the shape of two thousand dollars, crowned his efforts. The last purchaser had refused three thousand dollars for the little black treasure—and that night it was stolen—stolen from a residence in the West End, where Norman Walker lived.

"I'd hate to be hit like that," thought Norman, as he glanced at his pretty wife who was engrossed in joyous labour on some queer little garments.

Next morning, just as Norman was going out to show a possible purchaser some view lots, a policeman entered the office and laid an authoritative

As it was... Conservatives... Liberals... Majority... And might be...



President Tapt in Toronto... I want another chance, do I get it? Do you think the West will...

Young man, the Chief wants to see you right away.

Wondering, Norman accompanied the officer to the police station. The Chief of Police, a grim, stern-faced embodiment of law and order, sat at his desk, toying ominously with a handcuff that he used as a paperweight.

"Young man," he said, "if you know what's good for you, tell the truth. Where's that fox you stole?" Norman looked from the Chief to the officer, searching their countenances for traces of concealed merriment.

"I guess the joke's on me," he replied. "What's the answer?"

"Joke? I'll show you if it's a joke. Tell me where that fox is in one minute or I'll give you a chance to refresh your memory."

He consulted a heavy gold watch. In German importance of prime importance. "My God, Chief, you don't think I had anything to do with the stolen fox, do you?" Realization of his serious position came with recollection of the newspaper article. He never saw any fox, picked up a little black kitten night before last.

Kitten, your grandmother. Two people saw you pick up the fox. For the last time, will you tell me where it is?"

"Tell you? Ain't I telling you I never saw—'Lock him up, officer!'"

Norman was led away to a cold, damp cell.

That evening the papers printed in detail the developments in the stolen fox mystery. The whole city talked about it. Norman's picture was published. No doubt the thief had been caught, the papers said. The evidence of two eye-witnesses was conclusive. Still, the prisoner could not be made to divulge the whereabouts of the fox.

A TWO HUNDRED-DOLLAR reward for its safe return brought out a score of amateur detectives, as well as the regulars.

At nine o'clock the next morning the missing fox was found in the owner's barn, safe and sound. At nine-thirty Norman was released, the charge against him having been withdrawn.

Norman blinked in the hot sunlight, so different from the murky gloom of the cell.

"O well, it might have been worse," he thought. "All's well that ends well."

He phoned his wife; then walked over to the real estate office. The boys greeted him smilingly. Somehow, they did not seem to take his mishap seriously.

"How's the fox business?" grinned the book-keeper.

"Oh, you little black kitten!" joked another.

Norman explained his mishap from beginning to end. His audience listened respectfully, but he felt rather than saw, that he had not made the desired impression. He began to feel strangely uneasy. He looked up the salesmen's record on the blackboard. He had dropped to second place, one sale ahead of the third man. Of course he had lost yesterday's prospective sale.

A stranger, interested in a factory site, dropped in that afternoon and was turned over to Norman.

"O yes, the foxy boy," he said, smiling. "On their way to look at some lots, Norman went into the details of his adventure with the kitten and the police, but, as before, a vague feeling that he was not being lied to oppressed him. The stranger sympathized with him; knew what it was to be misunderstood himself. No, none of the sites were quite suitable."

That afternoon Norman took several prospects out in the company's motor-car to their subdivision.

They kept asking him about the fox, and he was kept busy explaining. He noticed that one of them smiled. "Don't you believe me?" he asked.

Well, since you mention it, replied the man, "I can't say that I do. Two people saw you pick up the fox. The morning after the cops nabbed you it was found in the owner's barn. The barn had been thoroughly searched the day before. Looks like a pal returned it to get you out of the mess."

Norman made no sales that day, nor the next, nor the next. He could not get anybody interested in real estate. His prospects insisted on discussing the strange disappearance and subsequent finding of the little black fox. He told the story over and over again, till he was heartily sick of it. When he did get talking real estate, his heretofore convincing arguments failed to get across. When it came to putting their signature on the contract, possible buyers hesitated, considered for a while, then guessed they would consult their wives or partners or somebody else before closing.

NORMAN commenced to gather little wrinkles around his eyes. From heading the list on the company's blackboard, he dropped to third place, to fourth, to fifth, finally, to last, and a poor last at that. At the end of the month the boss called him into his private office.

"We're sorry to see you go, Walker," he said. "I don't know whether you stole the fox or not, and don't care a hoot so long as you deliver the goods; but you ain't been making good, and we can't have no dead ones around here."

Norman's weekly income from previous sales had dwindled sadly; but now he earned nothing at all.

(Concluded on page 10)

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Mr. Fielding as Editor

SOME one has said of some prominent man who held high office that nothing more notable marked his tenure of office than his manner of leaving it. Something of this kind may be said of the resignation of Hon. W. S. Fielding as editor of the Montreal Telegraph. When the Telegraph was sold to the new proprietors of the Herald, and the two papers were combined under the name of the Montreal Herald and Daily Telegraph, Mr. Fielding, as president of the Telegraph Company was asked to sign certain agreements the contents of which were not disclosed to him. He refused to be a dummy director, and hence his resignation. He also declined to become president of the amalgamated Herald-Telegraph presumably because he was not officially informed of the name of the man who would direct its policy—the capitalist behind the scenes.

In short, Hon. W. S. Fielding has refused to edit the amalgamated Liberal evening paper of Montreal because he believes that Sir Hugh Graham owns it, and that his political ideas and those of Sir Hugh are not in agreement. Thus ends another fiasco in connection with the kaleidoscopic changes in Montreal journalism, and the attempt of Sir Hugh to dominate the political opinions, Liberal and Conservative, French and English, in that city.

Journalists all over Canada will greatly regret these events. The idea that any capitalist, however able, can hire a number of prominent writers and use them as political puppets, is one which all good journalists resent. If Sir Hugh persists in his attempt to control the editorial utterances of the Herald-Telegraph, La Patrie, and La Presse, in addition to those of his own paper, The Star, he will either drag the good name of journalism in the mud or make an ignominious failure. The Northcliffe idea cannot flourish in the fresh atmosphere of the North American continent.

Bribery in Quebec

WHEN one member of the Quebec Assembly and two members of the Quebec Legislative Council resign because they are charged with corruption, the country must be shocked. The gentlemen concerned have not been proved guilty, but a charge made at the bar of each house was sufficient to call for resignations. Such is the rule and practice under British institutions.

Canada has been remarkably free from "graft" charges. Indeed, we have prided ourselves that "graft" was a United States word and a United States practice. Not that we believed we were entirely free from the evils of patronage and log rolling, but that we had confidence that the leading men in our legislatures and parliament were free from all cruder forms of bribery and debauchery. Therefore the charges made by the Montreal Mail against the three members concerned has brought sorrow, not rejoicing, into our midst.

Without impugning the motives of Messrs. Nicholls and Macnab of the Mail, both of whom are life-long and reputable journalists, one must regret that the proof of corruption which they claim to have obtained was secured only through a fake bill, a fake company, and a deliberate attempt to trap men in high places. If this proof had been secured in regard to a legitimate transaction there had been no such doubt in any man's mind. Nevertheless, if the charges are proven, there can be no palliation of the crime committed by the three gentlemen named. If they erred they must be punished. Society must be protected, and our legislative bodies must be and wholesome, even to the point of making a man for a single indiscretion in a long career of public service.

Any man who undertakes to represent a constituency either in municipal, provincial or federal affairs, must be on his guard against the solicitations of friend and foe. He should have as high a sense of honour as the judge upon the bench—and this is the highest demanded of men under the British system.

Foolish Talk on Redistribution

MUCH talk is heard about redistribution and the evils that will follow in its wake. The Maritime Provinces, or at least the newspapers and politicians thereof, weep because they will lose some members. The whole of Eastern Canada is warned that its growth will be retarded because the Western Provinces are to have more members. Hereafter we in the East will be dominated by the West, and they will make us live lives we do not want to live. All this and other ridiculous talk floats in the air.

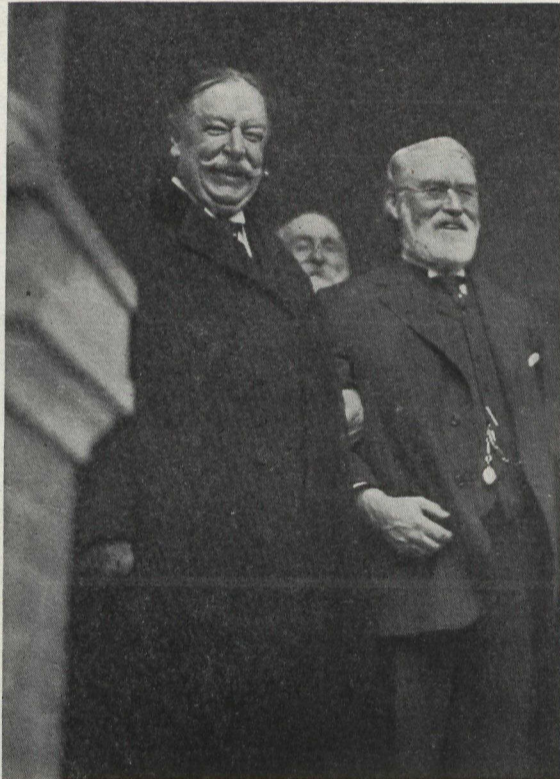
Supposing the West does get fifteen more members, and the East loses a few, will it make the slightest difference? Let us see. On Thursday of last week there was a division in the House on Free

Wheat. There was a subject if there ever was one on which the West might reasonably be expected to try to dominate the East, to cast its vote when it would help the West. Was there a single Western member who voted for the West as against the East? Was there a single Western member who threatened to turn the East on its back if it didn't listen to Western demands? Not one, my friend, not one.

Here is what really happened. Every Conservative member from the Yukon to Sydney walked into the chamber and voted as Premier Borden and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Cochrane told them. All the Liberal members did the same thing, only they listened to the voice of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and voted the opposite way. If there had been a hundred more members from the West, what difference would it have made? Fifty of them would have been Conservative and fifty would have been Liberals, and the vote would have been the same. Thus:

As it was.	And might be.
Conservatives102	Conservatives152
Liberals 57	Liberals107
Majority 45	Majority 45

Men do not go to Parliament from Nova Scotia to vote for Nova Scotia, but to vote as the leaders tell



EX-PRESIDENT TAFT IN TORONTO.

Professor William H. Taft has been visiting in Toronto and Ottawa. Here he is shown with his Toronto host, Sir John Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor. In Ottawa he was the guest of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

them. So with the members from Saskatchewan and Alberta—they are well broken bronchos, and know the meaning of bit and spur.

Do you think the West will ever produce the independent members that the East has failed to produce? If not, then why worry about redistribution?

Capital for the Farmer

ALL the financial machinery of the country is working overtime to try to supply governments, municipalities, railways and manufacturers with plenty of capital. If the gentlemen who command these factors in our social welfare cannot get all the money they need, the sympathy of the whole community goes out to them. The newspapers publish columns and columns of explanations and regrets. But somehow or other, no one ever worries about the farmer and his supply of capital. We all agree he is the backbone of the country, but no set of bankers holds hurried meetings when the farmer needs money to carry on his enterprises.

The question of capital for the farmer is however of prime importance. In Germany, they have the Landschaften, or Land Mortgage Credit Associations, which co-operate to give capital to the needy farmer at a low rate. The Governments of Australia and New Zealand have provided state loans to farmers for years. In Quebec we have the Caisse Populaires, of which there are 141 in that Province, and which supply small sums to farmers on personal security. The average rate of interest works out at about 6½ per cent. Saskatchewan has had a

royal commission working on the subject, and co-operative credit associations are proposed.

Any one interested in this subject will find much information in a small brochure by H. Michell, which is Bulletin No. 10, in a series published by the historical and economics departments of Queen's University.

The Follies of Wealth

CANADA is remarkably free from the larger follies of wealth, although we have our share of the smaller follies. The effect of wealth on ignorant and arrogant individuals is about the same in our climate as in any other. But among the people of great wealth, there is a fairly sensible attitude towards life, its ideals and its responsibilities.

A recent article in a Toronto Sunday paper, presumably written by a woman, gives the impression that many Canadian women would give their all to be able to say that they have been presented at court. The article describes this ceremony as "the highest pinnacle of feminine ambition." Surely this is all wrong. The Canadian woman who receives such an honour justly because of her social position or that of her husband, may reasonably be pleased, but the woman who would sacrifice her self-respect for such an event would be a fool.

There are people in this country, as in all others, who are known as "climbers." They are to be found hanging on the outer rings of semi-royalty at Ottawa and trying to squeeze through to the inner rings. They try all sorts of devices to gain a social prominence to which their brains and breeding does not entitle them. But after all they are a small minority. Most Canadians of standing and wealth, men and women, are devoid of these insensate and inordinate ambitions. They take such honours as come to them with due dignity and reserve. They neither seek nor flee from prominence and distinction.

On the whole, too, the rich people of Canada use their wealth modestly and moderately. As a nation we are remarkably free from sycophancy, servility, ostentation, vulgar display, or an undue regard for social prestige. The member of parliament who recently introduced a bill to abolish titles has maligned us as a nation. There has been no undue regard for titles among our people and those who have them wear them modestly.

The Office and the Man

SHOULD the man seek the office or the office seek the man? is an old question, but it was raised in a humorous way by Sir John Willison at the Toronto Canadian Club banquet to Mr. Taft, and replied to by Mr. Taft in an equally salient manner. Sir John, in his admirable after-dinner speech, said he had just returned from Ottawa, and that he had not sought the vacant senatorship for Toronto, nor the soon-to-be-vacant position as Lieutenant-Governor, nor yet the honour of being Canadian High Commissioner in London. He said it had occurred to him when on Parliament Hill that it was strange that none of the positions had been mentioned.

"It is said that the office should seek the man," Sir John remarked pleasantly. "Yet I was there, and the offices were there, and it did occur to me that it was strange that none of them sought me. I came back to Toronto without any one of the three."

This sally pleased the audience mightily, because it is known that Sir John might have been a senator several times had he desired the honour.

When Mr. Taft was speaking later in the evening, he told a good Kentucky story which was apropos, he said, of Sir John's disappointment about the offices that were not seeking him. Zeke Carter was a Republican who lived in the mountain district, and in spite of the fact that for forty years the Republican cause had been a losing one in that State, Zeke remained faithful to his political allegiance. At last, on one famous occasion, the State had actually elected a Republican ticket and Zeke rejoiced. He felt that now was the time to present his claim for recognition. So he mounted his old mare, and rode down to Frankfort. He put up at the Capitol Hotel and proceeded to consult with the leading Republicans-elect. After a week of consultation, his little pile of ready money showed signs of vanishing, and Zeke left the Capitol Hotel for a boarding house. After another week of weary waiting and unsatisfactory interviews, he left the boarding house and began to sleep in the parks or wherever he could find a place to rest and to eat on the "free lunch" route. Finally he gave it up. He took out his old mare, got into the saddle, and started on his return journey a sadder and a wiser man. As he was going down the street, some of his friends shouted to him: "Where are you going, Zeke?"

Zeke pulled up his mare and answered: "I am going back home. I have heard a good deal about the office seeking the man, and if any of you fellows hear of such a happening, and there is no man in sight, just tell them that Zeke Carter has gone down the Virginia turnpike on his old bay mare, and that Zeke is goin' damn slow."

There are a number of high-minded citizens who are like old Zeke. They wonder just why they are overlooked when offices and honours are handed out. But hope springs eternal, and many of them, like Zeke, are going down the turnpike, and going at a speed which would not prevent them being overtaken by any hustling messenger.

Inside Stories

By NORMAN PATTERSON

WHY Sir James Whitney got worse in New York and better when he got back to Toronto is one of the "inside" stories. Of course every one denies the truth of an "inside" story and this one is no exception. In New York, Sir James was under the care of a great specialist. All specialists who live in New York are "great."

Sir James had an idea he wanted to get home. In his quieter moments he expressed this desire. On the last Sunday there he advised the nurse to bring him his trousers and shoes as he must go over to the station to get the train home. The following day, he was put on a stretcher and quietly taken over to his private car. On Tuesday morning he reached Toronto and was taken at once to the Private Patients Ward of the new General Hospital.

Then came the change. It is said that the New York specialist was treating him for a weak heart—a breakdown of the muscles of an organ on which Sir James had put many years of extreme exertion. Dr. Clarke, the superintendent of the hospital, began to study the case and he was soon convinced that it was the brain, not the heart, that was in bad condition. He talked it over with Dr. Pyne and Dr. McPhedran, and advised a change in the treatment. His advice prevailed and from that day Sir James began to get well. Now it looks as if his stern, unbounding countenance would once more be seen on the streets of Toronto and he may be spared some years to his friends and family.

THERE is another side story which concerns a financier. Mr. Garnet P. Grant made some success in Montreal in various flotations. He came to Toronto and founded the Dominion Bond Company. In this he was associated with the financial backers of Dominion Cannery, Limited, a fairly strong group of capitalists. Then things began to move rapidly. The Dominion Bond Company bought the north-west corner of King and Yonge Streets, one of the best corners in the city, at \$850,000. They also bought a site on King St., near Bay, on which they proposed to have a new McConkey hotel. They went into a deal for Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company and floated the A. Macdonald Company, a big wholesale grocery business in the West. In a short time, Grant found himself with two million dollars—on paper.

Then came the tight money period of 1913. The McConkey deal fell down and the real estate purchased for the hotel became a temporary white elephant. There were some payments to make on Macdonald and it was hard to arrange them. The stock market went bad, Dominion Cannery fell, Macdonald fell, Toronto Paper fell, and Spanish River simply tumbled down. The battle was intense and Grant got little sympathy on the street. His rise had been too meteoric to suit the more ancient financial group. They shrugged their shoulders and said, "Let him take his medicine."

He took it all right. He never squealed either. His two millions faded away, and he let it fade. He never tried to get out from under. Everything he had went into the pot, to save what he could for his associates.

And now the worst is over and Garnet P. Grant is still out of the bankruptcy court. Indeed, the easing money market came soon enough to prevent a total wreck and Grant will pull through. He will have lost most of the masts of the ship and all the sails, but the deck is still under his feet. He has paid a big price for his lesson, but through it all has shown wonderful resource and courage. His real estate may yet bring him in a fair profit, and the restored optimism of the investing public may once more make him a power.

It was a narrow squeak for Grant, but his friends believe he will be able to rebuild a new business out of the old.

ANOTHER inside story of which there are several versions is now being passed around among journalistic and political circles in Montreal. How did it happen that D. Lorne McGibbon, who bought the Montreal "Herald" eight months ago, recently sold it to Sir Hugh Graham and his associates? It is said that the people whom the "Herald" were attacking made a counter-attack upon the McGibbon companies, including Ames-Holden. By hammering the stocks in which he was interested, and spreading rumours about his losses on the "Herald," they were making it difficult for him to finance. If this is the true version, how does it come that Sir Hugh Graham paid McGibbon all that he had originally invested in the "Herald," plus the losses incurred during the last eight months? Did Sir Hugh get impatient and pay a higher price for the paper than it was necessary for him to do, had he waited a little longer? Or, did McGibbon trap the Graham crowd in some way so that they were forced to pay him a big price for the "Herald"? These are questions which are being answered in various ways.

"We Won't Have Home Rule!"



HOME RULE DEMONSTRATION, ULSTER HALL, BELFAST.

Sir Edward Carson aroused tremendous excitement at this meeting by his declaration that he was ready to give the word of command. The other speakers were the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P., the Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., President of the Ulster Unionist Council. The Duke of Portland, the Lord Mayor of Belfast and the Lord Primate of Ireland were also present. Whether the man in the street is yet really perturbed, however, is another question. Carson thinks he is. Asquith begs to differ. And so the game goes on, and the result is just as hard to prophesy as it was in Mr. Gladstone's time.

The Launching of a Canadian Ship



CANADIAN CRUISER "MARGARET."

On January 14th, at Southampton, H. M. C. Customs Cruiser "Margaret" was launched from Messrs. Thornycrofts' yard. Contrary to usual custom, the vessel took the water almost ready for her trial trips. This vessel is another evidence of a "non-Canadian" shipbuilding policy.



STRATHCONA'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

The launching lever was handled by Mrs. J. B. Kitson, Lord Strathcona's granddaughter, who is here shown with her husband and Sir John Thornycroft. Miss Frances Howard married Lieut. Kitson, R.N., at St. Mark's Church, London, last June.

"A Mott Monologue"

Passing Impression of the General Secretary of the World's Christian Student Federation

By JOHN MELVILLE

THE General Secretary of the World's Christian Student Federation is the kind of man who can be estimated in about as many ways as there are opinions about the kind of work he is doing in the world. John R. Mott addressed 2,000 students and their friends in the Convocation Hall of the University of Toronto, on Sunday, Jan. 25th. The President of the University, once a Presbyterian preacher, occupied the chair. Principal Hutton, probably the most eminent authority on Graeco-Roman civilization in America, had a seat on the platform and distributed a few hymn-books to those seated near the choir under the grand organ. The organ made as much noise as an automobile engine at high speed. The people sang their loudest assemblies ever held outside the Salvation Army.

But the most concentrated and expressive noise in that meeting of refined enthusiasm was the speaker, John R. Mott. He has been engaged on world campaigns for several years, and since he became General Secretary of the W. C. S. F. has made official visits to all heathen countries where Christian or other universities have been established. Mott is well known to many thousands of students and professors in America. He appears to be the only living man who has a perpetual passport to all seats of learning where it may be necessary to get men to "investigate Christ."

And the story of John R. Mott, as told by himself in a forty-minute address at Convocation Hall, was the most complete exposition of Who-I-Am since the life of Benvenuto Cellini. Mott, however, was never merely boastful and probably dealt in no exaggerations. He is a master of direct, concise English, embellished with a singular variety of American pronunciation exemplified by his frequent use of the noun and adjective "matoor stoo-dents." He has a tremendous gift of compressing into a few lines the bewildering details of great journeys in strange lands. He avoids all attempts at the distractions of local colour and concentrates upon the moral message which those journeys contained.

AS you listen to this tall, sombre and serious man conducting a Cook's tour over the Orient and the land of the Slav, you are conscious of many curious analogies. When he tersely tells you how he clandestinely met a few students in Russia a few years ago and started a movement that led to a more or less regenerated Russia, you are reminded of the laconic self summary of Caesar, "Veni, vici, vixi." Mr. Mott went. He never re-

fused to go; and he always had plenty of transportation furnished by the W. C. S. F. He saw. He has the vision of an experienced traveller whom no Siberian timetable or Oriental ox-cart route ever could bewilder. He had with him always an expert interpreter, so that the people whom Mr. Mott saw might hear concerning the "investigation of Christ" in foreign universities. Therefore he conquered. He makes no allusion to any defeat. What at first seemed like an impasse became a via media through the moral magic of the message of which Mr. Mott was the embodiment. When he came to one of these deadlocks he says of himself, "I said to God—". The difficulty was soon over. John R. Mott does not hold conferences merely to be amiable. He did not journey from the toe of Hindustan to the topmost tip of Russia or Europe and Manchuria and Japan in order to dispense conventionalities. He out-distanced Paul because Paul had to travel by sail-boat and on foot. He visited universities instead of churches. If he did not find "Benvenuto" when he arrived, he left it for his next visit. Courts and capitals, colleges and parliaments and palaces were always open to him—or he knew the reason why. He had but one concrete message with many presentations and in many languages—"Investigate Christ." This formula was always sufficient. Once somewhere in far-flung Mongolia—or was it in Korea or Japan?—he was approached by a crowd of students who wanted to know why they should be baptized.

"Wait!" said Mr. Mott, glancing at his timetable. "My schedule is full. I can't see you unless I get up in the middle of the night. But listen! The Chinese students are giving us a banquet to-night. Between the courses I'll slip out at the back door and explain this: You meet me."

And it was so. It was a conquering story. It would have been a big, uplifting story—if told by anybody who was able to suppress himself; in which case it perhaps never could have been told at all. The crowds hung upon Mr. Mott. Always the assembly room or the tabernacle was too small. Once, as he said, explaining something to the learned collegians or statesmen of the realm, "virtue went out of him."

And by actual count the number of times Mr. Mott used the first personal pronoun, singular number, in either the nominative, possessive or objective case—averaged ten times a minute. Which in a forty-minute discussion meant 400 I's or their equivalents. Yet the story of a "new world" in religious awakening seemed impossible without it.

Among the New Books

The "Times," in London, recently gave a short resume of the literature of the year in its Literary Supplement. It started off by lamenting that the public no longer cares for the best in literature, and said that publishers may be forgiven if they choose to give a people as good a literature as they deserve. The twelve most popular novels of the year, judging by their sales, would probably be:

- "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Hall Caine.
- "The Amateur Gentleman." Jeffrey Farnol.
- "The Mating of Lydia." Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
- "The Devil's Garden." W. B. Maxwell.
- "The Broken Halo." Florence L. Barclay.
- "Stella Maris." W. J. Locke.
- "Eldorado." Baroness Orczy.
- "The Regent." Arnold Bennett.
- "The Passionate Friends." H. G. Wells.
- "The Judgment House." Sir Gilbert Parker.
- "The Way of Ambition." Robert Hichens.
- "Fortitude." Hugh Walpole.

The list furnishes food for thought. Hall Caine's novel is, of course, a best seller, because it is lurid, and the lurid in novels is fashionable. But a reassuring sign is that Mrs. Humphrey Ward still holds her own place among writers, and all that she writes is pure and high and enervating reading.

When George Meredith died, England lost the last of her great men of letters who formed the class in which was Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne and the like. Not that there are no men of letters today. There are. But somehow, Meredith took his place even while he was yet with us, among those who made the last century famous by its literature. He was always of that coterie. He was never of the twentieth century. Though to many, Meredith was but a name, there is a cult who worship at his shrine. It is in the endeavour to widen such a circle that M. Constantin Protiades has given us "George Meredith: His Life Genius and Teaching" (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn). Both the book and its English translation, by Arthur Price, are monumental works. Their essential first quality is humanness. The book opens with an interview with Meredith at his home at Box Hill, in 1908. Though the man of letters

was deaf and partly paralyzed, his grasp of affairs and his perception were as firm and as keen as in his younger days.

The personality of this master mind is shown throughout the book. To all lovers of Meredith it will come as a revelation and as a stimulus to even more devotion. If I had ever met M. Protiades, and had dared to make a suggestion, it would have been that Sir James Barrie's beautiful tribute, embodied in his allegory "The Day as They Say of His Funeral" might have been included as a preface. It would have thrown an additional glow upon M. Protiades' splendid picture.

From cover to cover, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," Sir Herbert Tree's republished speeches are brilliant, and witty, and will repay much careful study. To begin with, the idea is good. The main body of each section was the work of a younger Herbert Tree, and his observations on looking over his former views are those of a more mature and a more settled and a more judicial mind. The opinions which Sir Herbert expresses will find many sympathizers. He talks on all sorts of things, from "What is a Gentleman?" to "Hamlet from an Actor's Prompt-Book." Always his philosophy is sound, if a little unconventional. But perhaps that is why it is sound. Each chapter abounds in epigrams—and in epigrams which means something. "And what is a gentleman? A gentleman is one who does not care whether he is one or not." "One of the most interesting hallucinations to which the human species of both sexes is prone is the conviction that anyone can act, and anyone can write a play." And so on. But there is so much worth quoting, that if we make a beginning we may not make an end. The thing to do is to buy the book. It is a treasurehouse, full of literary riches. (Toronto: Cassell & Co. \$1.75 net.)

Each triumph which Jack London scores is eclipsed by the one that comes after. "John Barleycorn" was a wonderful book, but "The Valley of the Moon" (Toronto: Macmillan. \$1.35 net) is, in some ways, still more amazing. At any rate it is more mature and it has more of the strange poetry in-

prose which Mr. London has made peculiarly his own. "The Valley of the Moon" is first a delightful love story. It concerns a pugilist—he is the hero—and a delightful woman called Saxon, Billy's wife. The locale is California; no one can quite equal Jack London in his descriptions of this wonderful country. The character delineation is superlatively well done. Jack London has only one peer in this regard, and that is Arnold Bennett. But their methods are entirely different.

The author does not forget to ride his favourite hobby horse for a little. He is more or less socialistic in everything he writes, and his picture of a worker's home in San Francisco during a strike is a powerful appeal in the interests of true democracy. "The Valley of the Moon" is the best of a long line of living books by Jack London. When that has been said there remains nothing else.

A good many people are convinced that there is nothing new under the sun—so far as detective stories are concerned. Conan Doyle, Maurice Leblanc, Arthur B. Reeve, and Gilbert Chesterton have all created attractive personalities whose vocation or hobby was detective work. But "November Joe," Heskett Pritchard's creation, is as original in his methods as any of his predecessors. He plays with the things of Nature. He reads a handful of earth. He divines the secret of the broken bough. He remarks the phenomena of the forest. He unravels the mysteries of the wild. For "November Joe" is none of your polished city gentlemen who lifts the lapel of his coat and shows his secret service badge. He lives in the out-of-doors—in the Canadian West. Mr. Pritchard has caught the spirit of the prairies and writes in it. And in doing so, he has given us a book which is way ahead of any of his sensational, ingenious, society novels. (Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.35 net.)

A book which should be on every business man's desk is "Business Organization and Combination" by Lewis H. Haney. It is a valuable addition to Macmillan's list of works on economic questions. It is a study of the trust problems of the United States. The aim of Mr. Haney seems to be more a recital of the facts than a treatise on how to modify them for the general good. Perhaps the most useful part of the book is that which gives—without any frills—the facts about business organization. A definition of phrases used in the financial world is a valuable aid to the business man, and here they are set out concisely but fully. There is an exceedingly interesting chapter on "Marketing and the Stock Exchange."

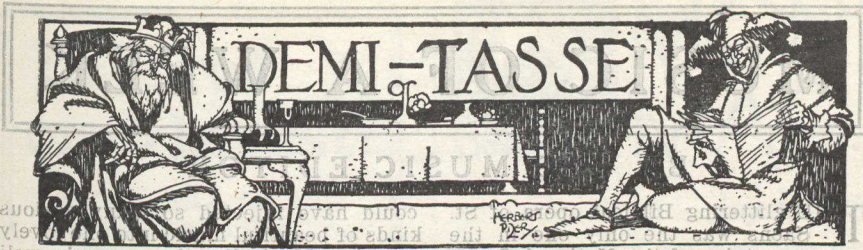
Andrew Soutar became popular long ago with boys, through his stories and talks on athletics in "Chums." He made his own public among adults by his clever magazine stories, and latterly his books. One of the best of these is "Magpie House," handled in Canada by Cassell and Co. This is a tale of the south of England, and centres round a family, the sons of which are as opposite as the poles. There is not an infinite deal of plot. The story is more or less a collection of incidents, but it provides a canvas in which Soutar paints some charming portraits. His study of Verity, who is blind, is particularly attractive. Altogether "Magpie House" is a good yarn of its kind.

I was affected—who was not?—by the unfolding of the splendid tragedy of Captain Scott and his gallant co-explorers, when I read it in the newspapers. But the grief I felt then was on account of my hero-worship. The pain I experienced when I read the two volumes, "Scott's Last Expedition," was a good deal more acute, and my grief was a good deal more poignant, because the pages in these two volumes brought Scott and his men so near to me that I felt as if I had known them personally. This book is a living, vitalized presentation of such heroism as we rarely see or hear of, and such devoted patriotism as it is our rare fortune to know.

The first volume comprises the journals of Captain Scott. The second gives us the journeys of those who were with him. Each is the complement of the other. The second no less than the first reflects the loyalty, the daring, the heroism and the undaunted courage of men in circumstances where the absence of any or all of those qualities might have been most condoned. The marvel to me as I got to know the men that risked so much was how Captain Scott had managed to gather around him so many comrades built on the same magnificent plan as himself. It must have been the bright light of superb manliness which shone so clearly in Scott himself that attracted to him men of similar characteristics.

These two volumes make me humbly proud of my citizenship of an Empire which produced a Scott, and a Wilson, and an Oates, and a Bowers, and an Evans. They stand out giants among their fellows, giants by reason of their touching a greater height than most of us can ever hope to attain. Long, long ago Shakespeare's Antony said of Brutus, "This was a man!" It was the superlatively suitable eulogy. And with one accord the many-throated multitude will cry of every member of the Scott Expedition, "This was a man!" (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild, 2 vols. \$10.00 net.)

A. PAPERKNIFE.



Courierettes.

WHISKEY has been smuggled into Alberta, filled into a hollow horse-collar. Is that what topers call a "horse's neck"?

They are now at work on a "Woman's Dictionary." Chances are that it will have a lot more words than most such works.

If those women who won't speak to each other would also refuse to speak about each other we'd all be happy.

The man who brags that he is self-made should be reminded that he ought to have spent a little more time on the job.

A London man the other day paid \$5,000 for a flea. It seems a high price, when we come to consider the poor demand and the excessive supply.

So far no efficiency expert has suggested a safe scheme to utilize the energy lost in earthquakes.

On the farm they kill off that big fat hog first. It's different in politics and street cars.

A French diplomat was killed by his cook. No, dear, not that way. He used a revolver.

For years the Tories have been denouncing the Senate. Now the Borden Government is to appoint nine new Senators, probably on the principle that the country can't have too much of a bad thing.

Speaking of the Senate, it is noteworthy that most of its members are well up in years. Who was the philosopher who said that the good die young?

A man may be left-handed and yet do things right.

A robber looted a Michigan Central train, with the aid of two porters. We would like to know why the porters needed to bring a robber on the scene.

Lord Ashbourne declares that the use of English deforms the mouth. What a fine text for the bilingual advocates!

Quebec has passed a law to limit the use of the auto horn. Every man may not blow his own horn as he likes now—unless it is detached from his machine.

Sir Oliver Lodge dreams of the time when man can control the weather. So far, man has his troubles predicting what it will be.

Just a Guess.—When William Campbell, the Montreal negro, was asked what he wanted for breakfast on the morning of his execution, he demanded eggs. We suspect that his idea of revenge was to bankrupt the country.

Press vs. People.—When Mylius, libeller of the King, recently lectured in Toronto, he could get but fifty people to listen to him. But some of the Toronto papers made up for this by giving him half a column of space.

The New Styles.—New spring hats for women are expected to be "full of peculiarities and eccentricities" to quote one millinery expert.

No doubt they will—when the dear little girls get their dear little heads inside them.

Avoiding a Clash.—Britain's National Gas Exhibition has now been over some little time. It was held early in order to avoid a clash in dates with the session of Parliament.

Obituary Note.—Daily papers tell of a composer of grand operas who died

in an attic. He even chose an operatic place to die.

There is Yet Room For Work.—Britain reports that somebody has cultivated the odorless onion. Very good. Now let him pay some attention to automobiles.

The Difference.—"What is the rule in regard to the wearing of furs?" "People appear in them in winter and moths appear in them in the summer."

Hard on the Public.—Followers of John Alexander Dowie who quarrel are hereafter to be required to wash each other's feet in public.

The washing is a good idea, but why punish the public in this way?

That Ramesses Statue.—A wealthy cigarette maker in New York offers to give \$5,000 to erect a statue to Ramesses, one of the ancient kings of Egypt.

It is not nice to look a gift horse in the mouth, but somehow this suggests a cigarette advertisement.

What's the Use?—A daily paper devotes two columns to quoting the

More Truth Than Poetry. On the highway to success Many travel day and night, And we sadly must admit Very few keep to the right.

yells of the various Toronto colleges. It is quite the most convincing proof yet offered of the absolute failure of higher education.

Cupid's Conquest.—A Brantford man, aged 78, has married a Milton woman, aged 72.

It is never too late to mend—or marry. Dan Cupid is evidently no respecter of ages.

A New Target.—The National Rifle Association has decided to open Bisley rifle ranges on Sundays.

Bisley will now become a fair target for the bullets of the Lord's Day Alliance.

That Trunk Road.—They have been talking for years of paving a trunk road for motoring and other traffic between Toronto and Hamilton. It is intended to be concrete, but the money is yet to be raised.

So far it is a concrete case of a road built with good intentions.

It's Hard to be a Soldier.—Pity the poor soldier. He is having a hard time of it nowadays.

German Kaiser orders his army to wear moustaches. He forbids them to take the arms of their lady friends.

Austrian Emperor forbids his officers to dance the tango and orders them not to associate with women who wear slit skirts.

There isn't much fun in being a military man.

Distance Counts.—It is only a couple of weeks ago that the American press made a lot of fuss over the action of a German officer in cutting a shoemaker with his sabre.

The other day Uncle Sam's cavalry rode into a parade of Colorado women and cut them down with their swords. Little is said about it so far.

So much depends on distance you know. Much.

The Blind Goddess.—Out in Vancouver a court has awarded a man \$1 for the loss of his wife in a steamship disaster. It awarded a woman \$6,000 for the

loss of her husband in the same accident.

Seems as if a government inspector should take a peep at the scales of justice that are in use in the west.

Col. Denison on Slang.—Col. G. T. Denison, Toronto's veteran police magistrate, is partial to almost everything English. He is an ardent Imperialist, and some people would even class him as a militarist. He visits Great Britain frequently and keeps in close touch with the march of events in the Old Land.



But there is one thing that Col. Denison has no use for—even in its British form. That thing is slang. His antipathy to it was well illustrated in Police Court the other day when an English witness was on the stand. This man made a statement in which he used the well-known phrase, "Two bits," which is slang for a quarter of a dollar.

"I never heard of that coin," said the Colonel in icy tones. "Will you be good enough to translate it into English?"

Weather Note.—One touch of zero makes the coal men grin.

Not Exactly.—Chief Justice Meredith says that trial by jury is not exactly perfection. The convicted man is sure of it. But juries might make a somewhat similar remark in regard to judges and still respect the truth.

The Point of View.—Some well-meaning people are advocating the abolition of the prison uniform for convicts and of the compulsory haircut.

There are other folks, who, from their point of view, consider it highly desirable to go even further—abolish the prisons.

Good For the Swiss.—Switzerland will hereafter tax certain musical instruments. Fine idea. We would like to be able to fix the amount of the tax on the piano next door and the trombone across the street.

New Year Aftermath.—Mayor Mitchell, of New York, was sworn in on New Year's day—the day that many other men were swearing off.

It must have been hard for defeated office-seekers on New Year's night to receive many wishes for "a happy New Year."

President Wilson is said to have gone to bed at 9 o'clock on New Year's eve, but few of his countrymen followed his example.

"Never again" is easy to say, but it takes backbone to live it.

"Start the New Year right" used to be the axiom, but in the big cities it now seems to be "Start the New Year riot."

Paris is said to have celebrated New Year's eve in New York style. That, being interpreted, simply means noise and wet goods.

There is always room on the water wagon on Jan. 2.

The easiest resolution to keep is the one that you'll make no resolutions.

The Interesting Point.—Britain's new poet laureate has sent his first poem to the King. The despatches do not tell us the interesting part of the item—did the King read it and, if he did, what is to be the poet's punishment?

Mary.—And That Lamb. MARY had a little lamb— Let's all be glad she had; For if she hadn't, rhymesters all Must needs be very sad.

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MUSIC OF A WEEK

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THE glittering Biblical opera of St. Saens was the only one in the repertoire of the National Opera Company seen by the writer of this during the out-of-Montreal tour last week. And in spite of some unfavorable reports about the ensemble of the company and a bad impression of the management, it must be confessed that the opera was exceedingly well put on.

Samson is a peculiar theme for an opera; just as it was for Handel's Oratorio and Milton's poem, "Samson Agonistes." There never was anything in that personality of very great human interest. Samson was a Hebrew Sandow of large dimensions, supposed to be a sort of moral leader against the Philistines. His love affair with Dalilah proved his downfall. Because he was ensnared by a daughter of the enemy who didn't love him, he was captured, blinded, humiliated, and afterwards avenged by pulling down the temple at Dagon.

Sunday school teachers have wrestled with this story in the attempt to make it a religious message. Handel found it much better material for an oratorio. St. Saens, modern and pre-modern Frenchman, found it a still better theme for an opera. Yet it's pretty thin stuff even for that, because there's so confoundedly little for any one to do except Samson and Dalilah. All they do is make love and talk about their people; and Samson as a lover is one of the poorest examples of the enamoured hero ever put on the stage.

As a book this opera sadly fails to come up to the standard of passionate operas. Great operas have been made out of love duels and have succeeded. "Tristan" and "Louise" are two samples. But they are both intense, dramatic love affairs, worked up by climactic music. Samson and Dalilah is a mediocre love affair, illustrated by beautiful, agreeable music, which is a potpourri of many styles from Haydn to Strauss. Nobody but St. Saens

could have injected so many various kinds of beautiful music into one lovely mosaic. Musically, the opera is well worth while.

Of the principals, four of whom were exceedingly good, Slezak, the giant Hungarian and Gerville-Reasche, the Parisian mezzo-contralto, are the two stars of mention. Slezak, as Samson, was right in character. He looked the part. He had just about dramatic action enough to suit the kind of man Samson evidently was: a bewildered, dazy sort of leviathan who knew how to carry gates and pull down temples and tear lions' jaws apart, but was a "boob" at love-making and a very poor strategist. The voice of Slezak suited the part as well as his physique. There is no particular lyric quality in his voice, which is of the German tenor variety, somewhat thick and foggy, of tremendous calibre, and capable of big outbursts of tone almost devoid of passion. Yet he was always in keeping with the character which had its limitations. Slezak is too big to be eligible for many parts. He must always have an heroic role, and he is too big for some heroes. If he had about a hundred pounds less physique and twice as much ginger he would be a bigger artist. He should be a great Wagnerian tenor, though not suitable to the part of Lohengrin, which was the only Wagner opera given in the Toronto season.

Gerville-Reasche carried most of the bright lustre of the performance. She is an artist unencumbered with too much voice, with a fine art perception, loads of temperament and considerable power of restraint. She kept the risky role of Dalilah well within the bounds of discretion. Earlier in the week she did the role of Carmen, which scarcely suited her so well because of the mezzo-contralto character of her voice.

The orchestra sustained its reputation of previous years under Jacchia with the Montreal Opera Company, and did really well.

The T. S. O. and Carreno

TERESA CARRENO played with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra a few days ago. It was her first appearance in Canada, and it is to be hoped not her last. Carreno is a wonderful woman. She is remarkable, not merely as a pianist, but as a rare personality. In fact she plays, not like a woman who has been sacrificed to the piano, but one who, playing a piano all her life, has come to master it, to know it, to love it and to get from it an expression of art that comes as easy as breathing.

Carreno is about sixty years old, a grandmother and a Venezuelan. She plays the piano with almost artless ease, yet with consummate strength. She played for her big number with the orchestra the Macdowell Concerto in D Minor. This magnificent work has never been heard in Canada before. Welsman, the conductor of the orchestra, had never seen it. He conducted it from the original Macdowell manuscript, which is the property of Carreno, for whom the concerto was composed and to whom it was dedicated. This was a mark of esteem from a great composer to a great pianist who had once been his teacher. Few pianists play this work, which is a matter of regret, for it is as big as any piano concerto heard here for years, except the Tchaikowski played by Hofmann on his last visit. Orchestrally the work has the breadth of a symphony. It has splendid themes, a great variety of tone colour, superb climaxes, a prodigality of rhythmical effects and a satisfying ensemble that never tires the listener. Much of the remarkable effect of this concerto on the audience was due to Macdowell—naturally; much to Carreno—just as naturally; but, believe me, if the orchestra had not been what is technically called "Johnnie-on-the-spot"

every beat, there would have been very little credit to anybody. Carreno played it with the superb mastery of one who was in love with the work and to whom it contained a big, joyful message. The orchestra, who had never played it before, fell into her mood with a sympathy born of much experience in that sort of thing. As we have before remarked, the T. S. O. does much of its finest work playing the other side of a big concerto or song cycle. Their handling of the Macdowell concerto was as big as anything they ever did.

The Madame's other numbers added little lustre to her concerto achievement. The Schubert Impromptu were played with fine poetic feeling. The Marche Militaire, however, though superbly played, was something of a fiasco, because it attempts too much.

The orchestra gave the Overture Solennelle of Tchaikowsky a fine, fiery interpretation. They also played the Coriolanus overture with admirable tone, quality and poetic restraint; and the Gluck-Mottl dance suite, well it's all very well when the "premiere danseuse" is on the stage, but it's middling thin as mere programme music. It proved, however, to be an agreeable and well-played trifle on a rather exacting but altogether interesting programme; and Welsman as a maker of good programmes is unexcelled by any conductor in these parts.

Inside Information.—"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?" "Appendicitis, my son," answered the deep-thinking father, "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Joy in Lombard Street

THE event of last week was the reduction of the Bank of England rate from four and a half to three per cent. This is the second reduction in the Bank's rate in a month, and is the result of the world-wide ease in the monetary situation, and of the strong position of the Bank's reserve. Last week was the occasion, the first since the opening of the year, of a distinct and continuous turn for the better in financial affairs.

The year opened under more or less unfavourable circumstances. The "Daily News," a leading London paper, gave its readers opinions of various financial authorities on the prospects for the year. About two out of the eight or nine quoted spoke optimistically. The rest frankly recorded it as their forecast that instead of getting better, things would get worse. If an optimist dared to make his voice heard, it was subdued by the rank and file into an exceedingly still, small voice, until in most cases it trembled away into silence.

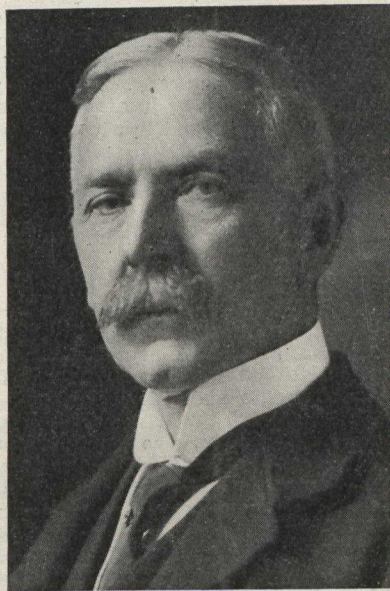
One optimist there was who refused to be quashed. It was Sir George Paish, of the "Statist." He prophesied—and kept on prophesying—that money would be easier. At this early stage, he is abundantly justified. There is much joy in Lombard Street. The brokers know that if the Bank can afford to reduce its rate, the investor will again get busy. It is an axiom that any investor who follows the Bank's discount changes must have a fairly certain prospect of profits, because the Bank is the world's central monetary authority, and because money regulates business conditions. The Bank reduced its rate on January 22nd to four and a half per cent. From that time, investment began to improve. Within a week new interest in gilt edged securities was apparent. Mexicans and Balkan loans were snapped up. The "Banker's Magazine" says it is some time since so dramatic a recovery was made. A new issue by the Bengal and Nagpur Railway, for \$10,000,000 four per cents., was only open two hours and a half, and was over-subscribed. The Philadelphia Railway Company's \$2,000,000 preferred six per cents., and a Chilean municipal loan were seized with avidity by the investor, the lists for the latter remaining open but half an hour. Nor did these new issues depress Consols.

Doubtless, the wave of investment is due in part to the releasing of the January dividends, which meant a considerable sum of money thrown into the market. Whatever the cause the effect was and is a busier market in London than has been known for months. Once more the broker is jubilant. Once more he can afford to tear down the crepe, and once more he can afford the money to have his silk hat blocked and shined. A month ago, when the writer was in London, he heard the most eloquent tirade against conditions generally that could be crowded into a few minutes of time. Now—all has changed. The advance in security values is world wide. The reduction in the Bank's rate was followed by the reduction in the Paris and other rates. There has been more public participation in securities during the last week than there has been for months. And it looks as though it would continue.

So, Sir George Paish was right.

A Good Year and an Appreciation

THERE seems to be lots of money in insurance. The reports of those insurance companies which have had their annual meetings up to now have been consistently satisfactory, and in one or two cases conspicuously successful. Among the older established companies is the Confederation



COL. W. C. MACDONALD,
Managing Director of Confederation Life.

Life Association. For them the year has been a good one. The total insurance on the books is \$69,094,281. At the close of the preceding year it was \$63,764,311. The net income from premiums shows a substantial increase, the figures in this regard being: 1912, \$2,379,246; 1913, \$2,734,127. Interest and rent income appreciated, too, and stands at \$943,500, which is \$72,232 in excess of 1912. New insurance to the extent of \$12,992,535, representing 5,701 approved applications, was written.

An appointment is announced which is at once an honour and a stroke of good business for the company. This is the appointment to the position of managing director of Col. W. C. Macdonald. Col. Macdonald has been connected with the company for twenty-seven years in the capacity of actuary and secretary. He is a charter member of the Actuarial Society of America, having been president for two years. He has been especially interested in military matters for many years, having joined the Q. O. R. many years ago, and serving with them through the Northwest Rebellion of '85. Since 1891 he has been associated with the Highlanders in Toronto, and some time ago succeeded to the command of the

regiment as Lieutenant-Colonel. He is as popular in military circles as he is among business men.

The Week in Canadian Markets

REFLECTING the sharp advance of listed securities in London, consequent upon the lowered rate of the bank, the daily sheets of the Montreal and Toronto Exchanges showed a good volume of business all through. Canada Cement, notwithstanding the encouraging statement issued to discount the bear feeling stood at the end of the week at 30. It recovered on Wednesday from 28 to 29½. Brazilian has been active all the week, and there has been some profit-taking. It rose a point daily to 91%, settling at the week-end to 90½. No less than 4,135 out of 6,536 total shares dealt in on Toronto 'change on Thursday last were in Brazilian. Prices of Macdonald have improved. On Friday they sold down to 15%, but rallied to 18% on Saturday. Perhaps the announcement of new names on the board had something to do with it. Winnipeg Railway closed the week at 204½, a net gain of four points. A rumour on 'change says that there is to be a new issue of \$1,000,000, and that substan-

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NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 28th of February, 1914, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd of March, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 28th of February 1914 both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES MASON
 General Manager.

Toronto, January 14th, 1914.

tial rights would be given. So far, nothing definite is doing, although it seems fairly certain that there is to be motor bus competition in Winnipeg. Barcelona again proved a trump card. The week showed an appreciation in this stock from 26 3/4 to 30 1/4. It is said that much of the selling in Brazilian was responsible for this, or the theory that Brazilian had run its course. The bulls bellowed very loudly their denial. Mackay common gained two points during the week, and opened the new week at 8 3/4. This would appear to be a good buy. New York seems to have suddenly developed a liking for it.

Bank stocks are still a feature, and the trend towards more trading is still marked. Commerce took another jump, and touched 218 on Saturday, a gain for the week of six points. Standard bettered this by one, reaching 219. Montreal appreciated from 237 to 243, and Royal from 223 to 226. The excellent showing of the banks justifies much of the bull feeling.

Certainly things are looking up in the home markets. His Majesty the Bull who graciously patronized the opening of the new Exchange in Toronto is behaving very well. It looks as though he has come to stay—the price of beef notwithstanding!

A New Bank Manager

THEY are very pleased at Hamilton about the appointment of Mr. J. Percy Bell to the general management of the Bank of Hamilton. Mr. Bell is forty-two years of age, and ever since he matriculated, he has been with the bank which has now thus honoured him. He has held the position of manager at the bank's branches in Georgetown, Berlin and Brantford, and five years ago he came to Hamilton as manager of the main office. Two years later, he became Mr. Turnbull's assistant, and when his name was recommended for the position of general manager, none other was mentioned.



He is recognized by the business men of Hamilton as the right man in the right place. His thoroughness and excellent judgment, his affability and clear-sightedness stamp him as a man of affairs, and the bank is to be no less congratulated on its choice than is Mr. Bell on his appointment.

The Best Year Yet

IT is small wonder that the banks of this country can afford to put down for new buildings and then put them up on the most valuable corners of our cities. They all appear to have come through the financial stringency with colours flying, and one evidence of this is the demand for bank stocks which we remarked in these columns last week. The annual statement of the Dominion Bank is the best yet. Net profits showed an increase of practically fifty thousand dollars, and were \$950,402. In addition, the bank received \$81,000, and brought forward from the previous year a balance of \$688,000, making a total of \$2,449,000 available for distribution.

Dividend disbursements and bonuses took \$765,000, while \$811,000 went to the Reserve Fund. After various other charges were accounted for, a sum of \$647,000 remained to be carried forward. The paid-up capital is increased to \$5,811,000, the reserve account \$6,811,000, and the total assets \$80,506,000.

All of which appears to entirely justify that splendid new building on the corner of King and Yonge Streets.

A Move in Union Life Case

FOLLOWING up the liquidator's official investigation of the affairs of the Union Life Assurance Company, of Toronto, now defunct, the Attorney-General of Ontario took action last week and warrants were issued against four men for conspiracy. Mr. Harry Symons, K.C., was arrested in Toronto, Mr. F. G. Hughes was located in Edmonton and offered to return, Dr. George E. Millichamp was found in a Guelph sanitarium, and Mr. H. Pollman Evans is in France. Mr. Evans will no doubt return to face the charges against him. Whether these gentlemen will be able to clear themselves remains to be seen, but the issuing of the warrants relieves the onus which lay upon the administrators of justice to see that the disastrous failure of the Union Life and allied companies is fully explained.

Substantial Profits

MR. J. W. FLAVELLE, the President, and Mr. W. E. Rundle, the General Manager, have every reason for gratification in the annual report of the National Trust Company, of Toronto. After all expenses had been paid the net profits showed an increase of \$9,181 over last year, and totalled \$252,023. Added to this is \$14,765 brought forward from profit and loss account. The total, \$266,788, was divided among dividends, amounting to ten per cent., and reserved funds \$100,000, leaving \$16,788.41 to be carried forward on profit and loss account. The reserve fund now stands at \$1,500,000.

Good Business

A CLASS of institution that is quietly making money fast is the loan company. It is pleasing to note that the older corporations continue to do well. The record of the operations of the Canada Landed and National Investment Company, of Toronto, is excellent. Net profits jumped from \$169,569 to \$190,302 during the past twelve months, an even greater increase than the 1912 report showed over 1911. The paid-up capital is now \$1,205,000, and the reserve fund \$1,000,000. During last year \$80,000 was transferred to reserves. Dividends at the rate of nine per cent. totalled \$108,949, leaving \$8,007 to be carried forward.

Loan Company's Year

THE London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, of Toronto, reports another good year. The gross revenue appreciated from \$341,251 to \$367,801 during the twelve months just closed. During the year \$80,000 was transferred to rest account. A sum of \$17,828 was carried forward to the credit of revenue account. The net profits, after debenture interest and other charges had been accounted for, were \$185,806, a great improvement on last year.

Such a successful year is due, of course, to the splendid way in which borrowers look care of their engagements, and to the excellent administration of the company. Total assets are now \$5,054,000.

Under Shrewd Suspicion

(Concluded from page 11.)

all. The third payment on his house was due. He dare not pay it as he would have practically no cash left. He sold his equity at a loss and moved to a cheap apartment-house over a laundry.

He sought employment with other firms and was given a chance by two of them; but failed to make good. His old persuasion, his magnetism, was gone. Brooding on the terrible injustice he was suffering under, his arguments were flat and unconvincing. A cheap firm of wildcatters, hired him to stand on the sidewalk in front of their office and try to entice ignorant foreigners into buying lots in a subdivision three miles from a Northern Alberta village. He could not stomach the work and quit at the end of the week.

An advertisement for a bookkeeper in a woodyard attracted his attention. He called at the office.

"Why, you're the fellow that stole the fox, ain't you? No, I don't think you'll fill the bill."

No reputable firm would employ Norman at any price. His efforts to find work grew weaker and weaker as his clothes grew more shabby and his hair more shaggy and shaggy. He was going to brace up and make good despite his sinister handicap—some day. Meanwhile, he guessed he was entitled to a little vacation, and the fellows around the barrooms were a pretty jolly crowd. What if his wife did nag? Just like a woman—never satisfied unless a man works like a slave to buy things she could very easily get along without.

One day Norman became a father. Two days later he presented himself at the office of his former employers. A snappy business suit, that had taxed his resources, loudly proclaimed self-confidence. Up-to-the-minute shoes and glaringly defiant neckwear matched the steely glint in his eyes and the pugnacious thrust of his chin.

"Mr. Samuels," Norman addressed his former boss, "I didn't steal that damned fox, and you know it. I let 'em suspect me till I half believed it was a fox I picked up, but, by God, I won't stand for it any longer! I want another chance: Do I get it?"

He got it. A month later Norman Walker again topped the list of successful salesmen.

Fed Up

ENGLAND is tired of ragtime. While America and Canada are grinding out new rags to the tune of three or four a week, and eight pianos out of every ten give out sympathy till the small hours of the morning, the old country has begun to show pretty definitely that it wants real music again, even on the variety stage, and that the day of snapping-fingers and shrugging-shoulders bald-dash is rapidly passing away.

It is strange that though England got the craze later than this continent, it should tire of it first. But England has stood a long time for much that is beautiful in music. Even the songs of the music-hall singer have been of the ballad type, and their simplicity has made them popular. Why America still adheres to the amusement of asking some fictitious Juliet "Won't You be My Baby Bumble-bee?" and imploring her to believe "You Made Me Love You" is a mystery. But it isn't particularly a mystery to be proud of.

No Escape.—Two Irishmen on a sultry night, immediately after their arrival in India, took refuge underneath the bedclothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping for breath, ventured to peep beyond the blankets, and by chance espied a firefly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a kick, he said: "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crayers looking for us wid a lantern!"—The Argonaut.

THE DOMINION BANK

Proceedings of the Forty-Third Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

THE FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE DOMINION BANK was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, 28th January, 1914.

Among those present were noticed: G. N. Reynolds, H. G. Horton, Hon. J. J. Foy, M.L.A.; James Watt, A. Foulds, W. C. Harvey, A. M. Nanton, Winnipeg; E. Burns, R. Wilkinson, James Matthews; Chas. B. Powell, C. Walker, Sir E. B. Osler, M.P.; H. W. Hutchinson, Winnipeg; D'Arcy Martin, K.C., Hamilton; F. E. Dingle, A. R. MacDonald, Epsom; H. R. Playter, F. Boehmer, Chas. E. Lee, J. J. Cook, E. Roch, J. Harwood, J. Gordon Jones, F. L. M. Grasett, M.B.; F. H. Gooch, F. S. Wilson, J. D. Warde, C. P. Wooler, A. E. Gibson, R. B. Morley, W. McAdie, Oshawa; Dr. Chas O'Reilly, Thos. F. Nivin, J. E. Finkle, P. Schoeler, James Scott, W. J. Waugh, Hamilton; A. McPherson, Longford; Judge McIntyre, Whitby; H. Morris, H. W. A. Foster, W. G. Cassels, F. C. Snider, W. S. Kerman, S. C. Halligan, Wm. Ince, H. J. Bethune, W. Mulock, Jr.; (Rev. T. W. Paterson, Capt. D. F. Jessopp, Percy Leadlay, S. Jeffrey, Port Perry; G. E. Gross, J. K. Niven, E. T. Fisher, Ashburn; A. B. Fisher, Ashburn; M. S. Bogert, Montreal; F. L. Patton, Winnipeg; R. J. Christie, F. C. Taylor, Lindsay; F. L. Fowke, Oshawa; J. C. Eaton, L. H. Baldwin, W. R. Brock, R. M. Gray, R. Mulholland, A. R. Boswell, K.C.; J. T. Small, K.C.; S. W. Smith, Whitby; William Ross, E. W. Langley, J. G. Ramsey, E. C. Burton, G. McDonald, J. Carruthers, E. W. Hamber, Vancouver; F. J. Harris, Hamilton; W. D. Matthews, H. B. Hodgins, Dr. A. J. Harrington, C. S. Wilcox, Hamilton; Richard Brown, W. C. Crowther, W. Cecil Lee, Stephen Noxon, F. F. Miller, Napanee; W. E. Carswell, H. Crewe, James Wood, W. T. Kernahan, J. H. Paterson, F. D. Brown, H. Gordon Mackenzie, Alfred Haywood, N. F. Davidson, A. A. Atkinson.

It was moved by Mr. E. W. Hamber, seconded by Mr. R. J. Christie, that Sir Edmund B. Osler, M.P., do take the chair, and that Mr. C. A. Bogert do act as Secretary.

Messrs. A. R. Boswell, K.C., and W. Gibson Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:—', 'The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ended 31st December, 1913:—', 'Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1913:—', 'Net profits for the year, after deducting all charges and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts', 'Premium received on new Capital Stock', 'Making a total of', 'Which has been disposed of as follows: Dividends (quarterly) at twelve per cent. per annum', 'Bonus, two per cent.'

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'Total distribution to Shareholders of fourteen per cent. for the year', 'Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund', 'Transferred to Reserve Fund—Premium on New Stock', 'Transferred to Investment Accounts', 'Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward', 'RESERVE FUND.', 'Balance at credit of account, 31st December, 1913', 'Transferred from Profit and Loss Account'.

E. B. OSLER, President. C. A. BOGERT, Gen. Manager.

The year 1913 was one of general financial and commercial depression throughout the world, which conditions became more accentuated during the closing months of that period. Your Directors, therefore, deemed it advisable to enforce a policy of conservatism without interfering with the requirements of legitimate borrowers.

The funds of the Bank were fully and profitably employed throughout the twelve months under review, resulting in a further increase in the net earnings, the disposition of which is dealt with in detail in the accompanying Report. A bonus of 2 per cent. was again distributed, in addition to the regular dividend of 12 per cent.

Following the announcement made in the last Annual Report, an issue of \$1,000,000 of new Capital Stock was made to Shareholders of record of the 15th of February, 1913. The whole of this issue was taken up, and although the final payments thereon are not due until June, 1914—\$811,344 of the amount had been paid up on the 31st of December last. The total paid-up Capital of the Bank was on that date \$5,811,344.

To meet the requirements of Section 56, Subsection 6, of the new Bank Act, you are now asked to elect auditors to serve until the next Annual General Meeting, and two written nominations have already been received in this connection.

You are also requested to sanction the passing of new By-laws, necessitated by changes in the Bank Act and the advisability of having them more fully meet present circumstances.

Branches were opened in 1913, as follows: New Westminster, B.C.; Fairview, Vancouver, B.C.

Fernwood, Victoria, B.C. Medicine Hat, Alta. Arlington Street, Winnipeg, Man. Walkerville, Ontario. Danforth Avenue, Toronto, and Eglinton Avenue, Toronto.

The offices at North Vancouver, B.C., and Guernsey, Sask., were closed, as existing conditions did not warrant their continuance.

Very satisfactory progress is being made in the erection of the new Head Office building at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, and it is confidently expected that the premises will be ready for occupation before the end of this year.

The customary thorough inspections of the Head Office and Branches have been made, including the verification by your Directors of the Balance Sheet now presented.

All of the Assets of the Bank have been carefully scrutinized by the Directors and Officials, and its Investment Securities are carried on the Books at conservative values. E. B. OSLER, President.

Toronto, 28th January, 1914.

The Report was adopted.

In conformity with Section 56, Subsection 6, of the new Bank Act, Messrs. Geoffrey T. Clarkson and Robert J. Dilworth were appointed Auditors for the current year.

New By-laws were submitted and passed by the Shareholders.

The thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the year, and to the General Manager and other officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Carruthers, R. J. Christie, J. C. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K.C., M.L.A.; W. D. Matthews, A. M. Nanton, E. W. Hamber, H. W. Hutchinson, and Sir Edmund B. Osler, M.P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Sir Edmund B. Osler, M.P., was elected President, and Mr. W. D. Matthews, Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'Capital Stock paid in', 'Reserve Fund', 'Balance of Profits carried forward', 'Dividend No. 12, payable 2nd January, 1914', 'Bonus, Two per cent., payable 2nd January, 1914', 'Former Dividends unclaimed', 'Total Liabilities to the Shareholders', 'Notes in Circulation', 'Deposits not bearing interest', 'Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date'.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'Balances due to other Banks in Canada', 'Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries', 'Bills Payable', 'Acceptances under Letters of Credit', 'Liabilities not included in the foregoing', 'Total Liabilities to the Public'.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'Gold and Silver Coin', 'Dominion Government Notes', 'Deposit in Central Gold Reserves', 'Notes of other Banks', 'Cheques on other Banks', 'Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada', 'Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value', 'Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign, and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value', 'Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value', 'Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days)', 'Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks', 'Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days)', 'Loans elsewhere than in Canada'.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)', 'Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)', 'Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contract', 'Real Estate, other than Bank Premises', 'Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)', 'Bank Premises, at not more than cost less amounts written off', 'Deposit with Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund', 'Mortgages on Real Estate sold', 'Total Assets'.

Toronto, 31st December, 1913.



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BRER FROG HOPS OUT OF HIS POND.

It was a fine Spring morning, and Brer Frog hopped out of the pond to see how things were going on land. There was a whirl of wings, and poor Froggy felt his left leg grow numb. Mr. Crow had seized it, and was carrying him to a nest at the top of a high elm tree.

When Brer Frog saw the tree he began to croak with joy.

"What's the matter?" says the Crow. "Do you like being eaten up, Brer Frog?" says he.

"Not exactly," says Brer Frog, "but it makes me chuckle when I think of the price you will have to pay for breakfasting off me here. My uncle

he peeped over into the well that he spied his prey.

"Sorry to disappoint you, dear Mr. Crow," said Brer Frog, "but I have tumbled into this well, and I can't get out."

Whereupon his head disappeared under the water, and it was some minutes before Mr. Crow got over his astonishment.—Children's Magazine.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S ERRING DOG.

A LITTLE dirty dog, of no account, he looked, and the London street arabs worried him; the kind-hearted passer-by in Kingsway who sought to befriend him expected nothing for his pains. But the dog, freed from his persecutors, looked grateful and intelligent.

Accompanying his finder to Scotland, the terrier turned out to be one of the new-popular Sealyham breed, quickly learned the trick of retrieving, and would have nothing to do with any one save his rescuer.

Meanwhile the police had been told of the find, and soon after the dog's temporary master learned that the dog had been given to H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught by his fiance, the Duchess of Fife, shortly after the engagement, and that his return would be welcomed.

So back he went, to the regret of his rescuer, who had come to know and like the terrier. He had escaped from his Royal owner's control, and had had a bad time of it wandering round London before he chanced to make his way to Kingsway—and to a friend.

I SAW A SHIP.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing in the sky,
And past the clouds of silver white
It went a-racing by.

Its wings were made of purple silk,
As shimmery as could be,
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.

There were chocolates in the cabin
And apples in the hold;
And round the big propeller spun
Just like a wheel of gold.



AT THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

Master Douglas Macbeth, One of Our "Juniors," and a Prize-winner in a Recent Competition, as the Jack of Hearts, and His Brother Charles as a Courtier, Costumes Worn at the Children's Ball in Ottawa Last Month.

lives in this elm, and he is stronger and bigger than you, and if you eat me he will tear you to bits."

Mr. Crow was startled, and he flew away with his victim to an oak tree. But here Brer Frog laughed louder than before.

"What is the matter now?" says Mr. Crow.

"Only that my father lives in this oak," says Brer Frog, says he, "and he is quite as strong as my uncle; he will eat you up, black feathers and all."

Mr. Crow was now thoroughly alarmed at the powerful relations Brer Frog possessed. He looked carefully round for some quiet, lonely spot where he could be sure of breakfasting without being interrupted. Seeing a well in the distance, he picked up Brer Frog in his bill and flew towards it.

"I suppose I must die, Mr. Crow," says Brer Frog, as the Crow came to the wellside, "but don't do it cruelly. I can see your beak is blunt. Just sharpen it on the stone, so that you can kill me quickly."

Mr. Crow, he let go of Brer Frog's leg, and began to sharpen his beak on the stones at the top of the well. Brer Frog gave a leap for life, and went plo! into the water at the bottom of the well.

"I am ready now, Brer Frog," said Mr. Crow kindly, looking around for his breakfast. And it was not until

The four-and-twenty sailors
Were doves of milky white;
The captain was a downy goose,
With feathers clean and bright.

And when the airship came about,
Upon the sea of blue,
The four-and-twenty little doves
Began to coo and coo.

—New York Tribune.

LETTERS FROM PRIZEWINNERS.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor of Juniors:

I want to thank the "Courier" for the beautiful little camera I won. It was a great surprise to me when I heard that I had won it, for I wrote my story very quickly and didn't think it was of much value. However, I was more than pleased when I learned of my success, and I want to thank you for the lovely prize.

Yours sincerely,

VELMA A. WELCH.

Pickering, Ont.

Dear Editor of Juniors:

Just a line to thank you for the book I received as third prize for the story I wrote. It is a very nice, interesting book, I think, and hope I may do better next time.

Wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year,

I remain,
IRENE MURKAR.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Much Ado About Women

IN the January number of that always excellent magazine, "The Atlantic Monthly," Mr. Edward S. Martin has several pages to say under the above heading. The latter suggests, of course, a play upon the title of one of Shakespeare's comedies, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Martin does not mean to imply that "Nothing" and "women" are equal to one another.

Mr. Martin, after careful observation of the Suffragists and the Feminists, declares that the latter are anxious to go much farther than the vote-seeking ladies, and are really desirous of bringing to pass a "universal rebellion of all the women." This sounds like a promise of some genuine excitement, but we honestly doubt the ability of Feminists or any other organization to cause such an alarming upheaval as a universal rebellion of the daughters of Eve.

In the first place, we should have a sad time arranging what we are to rebel about, and when we are to rebel and what we are to wear on Rebellion Day. Then, there is considerable confusion as to the power against which we are to rebel. Some say it is law, some say it is convention, others declare it is the tyrant, man. As for law, any woman may break it—but she may have to go to an uninteresting jail by way of consequence. As to convention, woman has flouted it again and again—and found that convention is more than skin deep and is a serious inconvenience when in an outraged condition. As to tyrant, man, he is a myth, and every daughter of Eve who is worth her powder puff is aware of it. There have been individual masculine tyrants, but the average Adam is usually meek enough to devour the apple when he is told—even if he is mean enough to blame his indigestion on the too-beguiling lady in the Eden case.

What the Feminists Want

IF it is education the Feminists desire, they are in a fair way to realize their fondest hopes, as most European countries are throwing open their most distinguished institutions of learning to women students, while the United States has long been noted as the happy hunting-ground of the earnest maiden in search of logarithms and in communion with the Higher Calculus. It takes Europe a long while, perhaps, to understand that there is a general demand among women for university privileges, but when woman impresses her desires upon the authorities the latter eventually hand the lady a degree almost as gracefully as they would bestow a basket of roses.

In the higher spheres of competition, it can hardly be said that woman is at a disadvantage. In art, music and literature, she has, in the world of today, golden opportunities, whose shining invitation she accepts more eagerly than ever before. In fact, in both opera and histrionic art, woman appears to reap the greater rewards. There are few actors who have attained to such popular favour and found their art such a paying pursuit as have Miss Ellen Terry or Miss Maude Adams, while Nordica, Melba and Tetrassini have out-distanced most of their masculine associates, unless we except Caruso.

The modern world, indeed, seems ready to recognize and crown ability of any kind, and to make no cavil over a feminine possessor of scientific or artistic genius. Look at the genuine enthusiasm which greeted the discovery of radium by Professor and Madame Curie, and the steady encouragement which the latter has received, since the death of her husband, in the prosecution of scientific research. There are small-minded men, just as there are "catty" women, ready to say what is mean and malicious, but they are in the minority, and most of us, men and women, are quite willing and even glad

that honour shall be given where it is due.

It may even be questioned whether the women of most thorough scholarship are, as the English say, very "keen" on this movement. The "things that are more excellent" are not those about which there is loud public clamour.

The Comradship of the Sexes

AS for the foolish talk which has lately been heard regarding sex-antagonism (whatever that sentiment may be), it is hardly likely to disturb the domestic course of the ordinary household. The mutual service of the sexes goes too far back in every normal life to be forgotten lightly. The man whose fond mother took him to school



A RINK WHERE ROYALTY DISPORTS.

A view of the first of the winter's series of Government House skating-parties held at Ottawa. The Princess Patricia is not distinguishable, although she was on the actual occasion in her attractive costume, toque of black fur, skirt of black velvet, and cheerful orange-coloured sporting-jacket. Our picture shows the skating pavilion and curling rink, marked by the letter X.

that first day with pride in his chubby strength, and an aching regret that he had to lose his curls, will smile at the Feminist declarations of the inherent hostility between the sexes. The woman who recalls the daily indulgence and protection of the dearest Dad who ever was wheedled out of pennies by a small girl, will wonder if any of these shrieking sisters can recall the days when a father was believed to be a champion defender against all manner of evil, including ghosts and wicked fairies.

The work of the world is accomplished by men and women who are too big of brain and of heart to have any time for considering either sex or sect antagonism. In hours of stress or danger, especially, we see the splendid loyalty of men and women to those who have been their lifelong comrades. The last century held many notable examples of an alliance of hearts and minds which showed how little ground there is for a declaration of "universal rebellion." In our own country and in recent days, we find men of unusual achievement always eager that the women whose care and devotion have contributed to the public man's success should have recognition of her part in his career. Those who have been nearest friends of Ontario's Premier know how constant and unobtrusively helpful has been the sympathy of his wife. The late Lady Strathcona was, for a long married life, her

husband's chosen comrade in his many plans for philanthropic and imperial enterprise. "Antagonism" is an illusion, which the broad sunlight of everyday life and work will banish.

Prices and Housewives

THE high cost of living is being discussed everywhere in these days, and we are feeling a bit depressed by the soaring price of such delicacies as Hamburg steak and the strictest of new-laid eggs. It would take an aeronaut to follow the prices of many of those dishes which we should like to have within our reach.

Mrs. Julian Heath, in an address recently delivered before the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa, frankly declared that women are largely to blame for the high prices, because they are too timid or too indolent to investigate conditions and find out whether they are receiving proper value for their expenditure. The telephone is a wonderful convenience and "we simply couldn't get along without it." But it has meant a great change in the personal supervision of the household supplies by the woman buyer. The wise matron arises early and hies her to the market, where poultry and vegetables are to be obtained at lower prices than at the smart shop in the suburbs. Also, she sees the roast or the chops before they are sent home and she knows whereof she buys. But there is no royal road to adjusting prices to household wants.

ERIN.

Sweet Peas: Size or Scent?

By MRS. ALLEN BAINES

THESE milder days seem redolent with the sweet fragrance of the coming spring. There will be colder breezes again, we know, but the days are longer, and the Hyacinths and Daffodils are beginning to gladden our houses, and our hearts turn towards that season especially dear to us women, partly because it brings in its train those tender shades and non-aggressive perfumes which we love. This truly and rightly feminine delight in dainty things, which reveals itself even in such matters as spring hats and "confections" of costume, is also a characteristic in a woman's choice of flowers. Is it not so?

Take, for instance, our great and abiding affection for Sweet Peas.

May and June are the months of delicate colour in the garden and the flower-beds, there are pictures wherein tender blue and shades of pink, lavender and soft yellow unite in harmonious blending. Now (always excepting the Rose, whose queenly rank forbids comparison), what flower among all these June visitants can vie with the Sweet

Pea? Even in winter, our affection shows itself in choice of soaps and perfumes that bear its name.

With the advent of seed catalogues, our longing for our favourite increases, and eagerly we scan the pages devoted to "Lavatera odorata." This "florist's name" used to be expressive of its chief attraction. Now, alas! it is often most disappointing in this matter, and the reason is not far to seek. It is sharing the penalties of "modernity" and the fate of all over cultivated and intricately hybridized flowers.

In itself, by its very construction, the Sweet Pea resists cross-fertilization. No bee or other insect can enter that tightly-closed "keel" in which the stamens lie, until the flower opens, after fertilizing itself in the bud state.

Man, however, in the person of a Mr. Eckford, overcame these difficulties in the year 1870. His name is still connected with the flower of his love, but others have followed him in the work, and the result of their experiments is with us to-day in the wonderful "waved" and "large flowered" kinds of every exquisite hue, and many flowered "standards" or stems.

We are glad of their size and their beauty, but must remember that, buy them where we will, we shall never find in them the fragrance of the "old-fashioned Sweet Pea." It is a mystery, but an acknowledged fact among gardeners, that the more

nerve of the bookman, evidently, for he says: "Now we are willing to admit that Mr. Gallichan has studied this matter conscientiously and according to his dim and feeble lights. Our complaint is that he has not submitted his theories to the test of experience. The very fact of his fluency is proof of his ignorance. Silence on his part would have been an evidence of a wisdom that his loquacity denies. For the only way in which a woman can be "managed" is by a mute and implicit obedience, and this is quite well-known to every married man. The case is somewhat analagous to that of the Irish soldier whose "prisoner" refused either to accompany him or to be left behind.

above, in suggesting the "mullishness" of women! The wound, however, is salved by the opinion (for which one had recourse to a woman writer) that "wise athletics have done wonders for the girls and women of to-day, and if they are larger in the waist and feet, less gentle and low-voiced than the girls of a former time, and not given to domestic cares, I regard them as stronger, truer, deeper, broader, than the generality of their grandmothers—the products of their age, the inevitable result of a clearer-headed, freer-hearted mode of living and of regarding life."

Not so much amiss one surmises when you turn from the muddled, though well-meaning men and a woman "shows" you.

Mrs. R. F. McWilliams

A Woman Whose Sense of Citizenship Has Made Her a Well-known Figure in Western Life

By "PHILISTIA"

MRS. R. F. McWILLIAMS, the new President of the University Women's Club of Winnipeg, is what is known as a "live wire." She is not an old-timer in Winnipeg. In fact she is afflicted with a modest feeling that her identification with the city is neither complete enough, nor old enough to make her eligible for treatment as a citizen of the West. But in spirit she is so thoroughly of the West, Western, that Winnipeg feels she is its very own.

good literature, and still harbours for Miss Lawler a lively sense of gratitude.

From the Harbord Collegiate the subject of our pen study passed into Toronto University, which she entered as the first woman student in the Political Science Course. Here, under the inspiring guidance of Professors Mavor and Wrong she acquired still further merit as a serious



MRS. R. F. McWILLIAMS

The New President of the University Women's Club of Winnipeg, and Office-holder in Several Other Organizations of Women in That City. Mrs. McWilliams is a student and graduated as a trained worker, ready for a real task, with honours. Throughout her course, she was connected with "Varsity," the college paper, and in the year of her graduation was one of the editors of the Year Book. As President of the Glee Club she learned to handle people and developed some of that executive ability, always so strong a feature of her nature.

Teaching as a profession, did not attract the graduate, so she turned her mind to a journalistic career. "Go West, young woman," seems to have appealed to her as very sensible advice, so she hid herself to Minneapolis, where she worked for a year as woman's editor on the "Journal," during the absence in Europe of the incumbent of that office. This was her first acquaintance with the West, and she found that it suited her. In 1900, however, having secured a permanent position on the Detroit "Journal," she took up residence in that city, where she continued to do press work for three and a half years. Her marriage with Mr. R. F. McWilliams, a practising lawyer in Peterborough, took place in 1903, and for the next seven years their happy life lines lay in that pretty, peaceful little Ontario town.

But neither perpetual prettiness nor quiet peacefulness has ever appealed to either the subject of our sketch or to her equally actively disposed husband, and not even when Mr. McWilliams was Mayor of Peterborough did his wife find an entirely satisfying outlet for her immense store of public-spirited energy. The West seems to have called to the pair insistently; for in 1910 they left their



POPULAR IN THE CAPITAL
Is Mrs. Chambers, other Piquant Wife of Major E. J. Chambers, Who is Also Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

comfortable, established home in Peterborough and bared forth to take up a new career in Winnipeg.

Since coming West Mrs. McWilliams has been an occasional contributor to the "Free Press" and other journals. She has been on the Board of the Free Dispensary for several years; she is a vice-president of the Free Kindergarten, and was one of the founders of the Social Science Club, an association of some thirty women who meet to study economic problems. Then as secretary of the Women's Canadian Club, a position which she has efficiently filled for the last two years, Mrs. McWilliams has done a perfectly immense amount of good work. The club of University women, which now numbers some eighty-four members, projected, under her as president, an ambitious programme for this season. The services of Professor Moulton, of Chicago, and of Helen Keller, were secured for two lectures; a series of organ recitals was arranged in various parts of the city, and a special social service committee is studying conditions affecting working women in Winnipeg.

From which it will be readily deduced that as a shining example, not of the superiority of the university women, necessarily, but of the fine practical uses such women may make, if they will, of the specialized training which they have received, Mrs. McWilliams is valuable in Winnipeg as she would be anywhere else. We of the West are glad that her husband and herself came to our frown, and that they are likely to be Winnipeggers for good—theirs and our own.

Recent Events

HON. MRS. ROBERT MARGARET CHARLOTTE SMITH HOWARD, wife of Dr. Robert Jared Bliss Howard, and eldest child and heir of the late Lord Strathcona, Canadian High Commissioner, has assumed the title of Lady Strathcona. (She, no doubt, needed further designation.)

A marriage of much interest to Canadians, which is announced to take place shortly, is that of Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor, only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor, to Captain Denzil Cope, of Bramshill Park, Hants, eldest son of Sir Anthony Cope, Bart., Hanwell, Oxfordshire. Another event in connection with this lady, who accompanied her parents to Montreal this season, was the publica-

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- Salads
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- Candies

Serve this New Ivory Jelly
Soften one envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1-2 cup of cold milk five minutes; scald 3 cups of milk and dissolve in it 3-4 cup sugar and softened gelatine; strain, and when cool add a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into a mold. Serve with currant or other jelly, with cream and sugar, or a boiled custard. When desired candied fruits or nuts may be added. The dish may be flavored to suit the taste.

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AGREED WITH BABY

This Mother Found The Right Food For Her Baby Girl.

Mrs. Arthur Prince of Meaford, Ont., writes, on Sept. 12th, 1911: "Some time ago, you were good enough to send me a sample of Neave's Food. Baby liked it so well and it agreed with her, so I am using it right along and think it is excellent."

"I have a friend with a very delicate baby. She cannot nurse it and has tried six different foods, but it does not thrive at all—is always sick and troubled with indigestion. I strongly recommended your food. Will you please send her a sample?"

Mrs. Prince wrote again on Sept. 27th, 1911: My friend's baby has grown wonderfully. I can scarcely credit it. Her next baby, which she expects in five months, will be fed on Neave's Food right from the start—she thinks it is so good."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14C Front Street East, Toronto, who is the Agent for Canada. Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. air tight tins by all Druggists in Canada. Mfrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

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



MISS GERTRUDE LAWLER
The "Born Teacher" of Literature, Harbord Collegiate, Toronto. All of Whose Pupils, Like Mrs. McWilliams, Subject of the Present Sketch, "Remember."

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"



BIG and little folks soothe the weariness from the work or play of the day, and invite healthful, restful slumber, when the bedtime bath is with Fairy Soap.

FAIRY SOAP

is so clean, sweet and pure—and cleansing withal—that when you once try it you never will be without it for toilet and bath for the whole family. The oval cake fits the hand and floats where you can reach it. It wears down to the thinnest wafer—economical.



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tion of her photograph in the Woman's Supplement some three weeks ago.

The appointment of Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, of Calgary, as Judge of the Juvenile Court of Alberta, was the first case of a woman in that office in Canada. The appointment was a tacit recognition of the efficiency of women as probation officers and policewomen in dealing with young offenders.

Miss Cameron, Professor of Literature in Royal Victoria College, recently addressed the Women's Art Society of Montreal on the subject, the creed of Browning as expressed in "Saul." She claimed that this poem was the most perfect of all this poet's efforts and of all his work, the most beloved by women.

Lady van Hoogenhouck-Tulleken, during the decade and more that she has resided in Holland, has been in-



LADY VAN HOOGENHOUCK-TULLEKEN.

The child welfare enthusiast, whose address is The Hague, Holland, but who, previous to her marriage, was Miss Frances Dignam, of Toronto.

terested in the welfare of children, and has been an earnest student of everything concerning the health and care of children. The result of this was the organization of the first Children's Welfare Society in Breda for North Brabant, where it was specially needed. Lady van Hoogenhouck-Tulleken has the co-operation of the leading physicians and the support of the most important families in the province. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands recently granted a Royal patent and specially commended the organization and constitution of the society. An excellent paper by this energetic worker was read at the meeting in 1909 of the Women's National Council of the Netherlands by the Baroness van Vorst of The Hague. It dealt intimately with the subject of the First School for Mothers in the Netherlands.

Mrs. Agar Adamson, President of the Heliconian Club, Toronto, recently entertained the club at her home on Beverley Street, when the guests of honour were a group of members of the National Opera Company.

One of the most picturesque of the innumerable social functions which have been held in Victoria, B.C., this winter in honour of the group of debutantes, was the coming-out ball for Miss Eunice Bowser and her friend, Miss Helen Newsome, given by the Hon. W. J. Bowser, Attorney-General, and Mrs. Bowser. The affair was held at the Alexandra Club.

One of the most interesting features of the recent meeting in Ottawa of the Conservation Commission was the address by Mrs. Plumtre, of Toronto, on the co-operation between the Conservation Commission and the National Council of Women, of which she is the recording secretary.

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The Canadian Women's Press Club

AT the annual meeting of the Vancouver branch the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. McLagan; Vice-President, Mrs. MacNaughton Manson; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mabel Durham; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Beatrice Nasmyth. Owing to absence from the city Mrs. McLagan was unable to accept the office of President, and a new election was held at the December meeting, at which Miss Beatrice Nasmyth was elected President, and Mrs. P. J. Mackay was made Corresponding Secretary.

MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS, who has lately left her home in Halifax to take up residence in Toronto, was the guest of the Toronto Branch at their monthly meeting on January 28th, when she interested the members very greatly by an excellent address on "The Preservation of Bird Life in Canada." The



MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS, Author and Journalist, who has lately gone to Toronto to live and become a member of the local club there.

local Club in Toronto is to be congratulated on having this clever author and journalist numbered among its members.

MISS MABEL DURHAM, Secretary of the Vancouver branch, has returned from a six months' visit in London, where she has been in close touch with the leaders of the suffrage cause. Her investigations along this line have been given to the public through a series of exceedingly interesting articles contributed to the Vancouver "Province." Through these articles her readers have learned much of the inside history of the feminist movement, and the result has been the stimulating of a widespread interest. Miss Durham gave a summary of her impressions before the Women's University Club early in January.

MRS. MacNAUGHTON MANSON, Vice-President of the Vancouver branch, is spending the winter in Honolulu.

MISS ANNE MERRILL, editor of the Woman's Page of the Edmonton Journal, has been ill for several weeks in the Royal Alexandra Hospital at Edmonton.

MISS EMILY P. WEAVER, of Toronto, has published a volume entitled "Story of the Counties of Ontario" (Bell & Cockburn). Miss Weaver's book, besides being full of curious and interesting things, is an extremely valuable addition to our Canadian library of history.

MRS. CHARLOTTE TALCOTT, of Bloomfield, Ont., a member of the C.W.P.C., published recently a poem entitled, "Mona Lisa," which has been reprinted in many of the Canadian papers.

THE Fort William and Port Arthur branch hold monthly meetings. The following is their programme for the next six months: Jan.—Mrs. Barrie, hostess. Papers

on "Harmless Idle Gossip," contributed by each of the members; music.

Feb.—Mrs. Knight, hostess. "Reading of letters from absentees" (with their permission); violin solo, Miss Elsie Wells.

March.—Miss Mitchell, hostess. "Poem," in which all members of the club will feature, Mrs. Knight. Article on "Reportorial Work," Mrs. Bingay.

April.—Mrs. Melville Thomson, hostess. Paper on "General Work," Mrs. Sherk, historian; music by Miss Mitchell.

May.—Mrs. Mills, hostess. "Farm and Home Life," Mrs. Gratton; music.

June—Picnic, Current River park.

July, August—"Holidays," business at call of executive.

THE Edmonton branch entertained last month, in honour of Mrs. W. R. Winter, of Calgary, who was in the city lecturing before the Musical Club.

MISS E. CORA HIND, of the Winnipeg Free Press, has printed for private distribution her third booklet, entitled, "Tales of the Road," in order that she may share with her friends "some of the amusing, sad, and dramatic incidents which occur so frequently in travelling over the Western prairies." It contains thirty snapshots by Miss Hind, three of which were taken at the Triennial meeting of the Press Club. It is to be hoped that Miss Hind may be persuaded to give to the public an edition of these very clever "Tales."

A FEATURE of the monthly meeting of the Toronto Branch on Wednesday of last week was the presentation of a wedding gift from the members to Miss Florence Deacon, who is to be married early in February. Miss Deacon will be very much missed from her circle of "Young Canada" in the Toronto



MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY, of Vancouver, a Prominent Member of the C. W. P. C.

"Globe," where she has become familiar as "Rose Rambler."

THE Winnipeg Women's Press Club, together with the visitors from Port Arthur and Fort William, were guests at luncheon at the Agricultural College in Winnipeg recently, and also were taken on a "personally" conducted tour over the buildings of the finest college of its kind on the continent, perhaps in the world.

MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG, who has recently been a visitor in Edmonton, spoke on January the 18th under the auspices of the Edmonton Equal Franchise League to a large audience there on the subject of "Equal Franchise." Mayor McNamara was in the chair, and at the conclusion of the very successful meeting Mrs. McClung was tendered a hearty vote of thanks. Later on in the week Mrs. McClung gave a recital and delighted the audience with selections from her own writings.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Description of the Darley home in Connemara, which contained the famous Velasquez; of Sybil Darley and her mother, who owned the picture suggesting the personality of her husband whom she supposed to be dead; of young Hugh and the storm; arrival of the storm-beaten hunter, the Earl of Sternholt, connoisseur in pictures; interested in the Velasquez, he offers to send for a famous Italian expert, Pallacio, who at first pronounced the picture a copy.

The picture suddenly disappears. Pallacio, on his way back, is arrested, but innocent. Mrs. Darley, overcome with grief, tells Sybil the story of her husband's life, how the picture came, and how he disappeared. Hugh Limner leaves Connemara. He goes to London to study medicine. In an old art shop he buys cheap a Max Weenix canvas. He views an operation on a man's heart and is repelled by the dissecting room. His mother decides that he cannot study medicine. Through the Max Weenix he meets the director of the National Gallery, who buys from him the picture.

CHAPTER IX.

A Pearl Before Swine.

IT was a strange and lonely time Hugh's first two years in London—a time full of annoyance, full of privation, full of delight. It had been arranged that he should for a premium of £100 be taken into the firm of Pallacio and Ricardo (there was no Ricardo) as an assistant at the princely salary of two pounds a week, to live on the company's premises in Bond Street.

"Pallacio and Ricardo" kept no shop. In the front window was a wire blind with the name of the firm; now and again, though rarely, a picture hung above the blind. But the neutral-tinted walls of the two rooms on the ground floor each held half a dozen pictures, with an artful arrangement of electric lights to show them at their best—even a little better than the best. On the drawing-room floor a more miscellaneous collection was displayed. The partition which divided the rooms on the top storey had been broken down, and in the huge garret under a head light was a disorderly combination of a studio and a workshop. Floor and walls were littered with pictures, framed and unframed, cleaned and half cleaned, and wholly dirty.

Here most of Hugh's day was spent, and under the tuition of Pallacio, who had no remembrance of having seen him before, he became an adept in the art of picture cleaning. In picture judging he soon surpassed his master.

Pallacio's only child looked in on him now and then, and even gave him a hand in his work, in which she was marvellously skillful; though for pictures, apart from what they would fetch in sordid coin, she cared just nothing at all. Their only interest to her was the chance of their conversion into fine clothes and trinkets.

But if she loved personal adornment—and she did—holding with Tennyson, "There is no maid however fair, that is not fairer in new clothes than old." Then was this excuse for her, she was a beauty worth adorning. Rich stuffs and bright jewels were the fitting adjuncts of a glorious brunette with the dark brown eyes and red gold hair that Rembrandt loved to paint. Her cheeks were the damask rose, her lips a ripper and a lusty red.

To Hugh's artistic sense her splendid curves and colour were an unending delight. She was no austere divinity, but an indulgent pagan goddess who accepted worship with frank approval, and repaid it with smiling

kindness; so these two were speedily the best of friends.

They had many pleasant hours in that spacious garret, gossiping while they worked. Outside the garret they seldom met. The girl loved to show herself off in the park, the theatre or the music-hall, secure of admiration. Hugh's delight was to loiter about amongst the masterpieces in the Galleries, or to prowling round the innumerable salerooms of London to pick up bargains for the firm.

At a very early stage of his apprenticeship he made the discovery that the firm was very poor, always staggering on the verge of insolvency.

Pallacio had made a big fortune out of pictures and lost it in an unlucky investment in mines. The sharp practice that helped him to make the first fortune prevented him making the second. Though many people used him on occasion, notably the Earl of Sternholt, nobody quite trusted him. The costly premises in Bond Street, acquired in his prosperity, were somewhat of a white elephant to him now.

From the first Hugh had hard work and no pay. After hours spent in picture cleaning came hours spent in picture buying. He had made many hits in a small way, buying for five or ten pounds pictures that sold for fifty or a hundred. His good fortune and good judgment helped largely to keep the firm out of bankruptcy.

PALLACIO showed no gratitude—on the contrary, he was annoyed, though the profit was his, when on one or two occasions Hugh's judgment proved more reliable than his own. He paid no farthing of the salary he promised, and even grudging board and lodging.

As Hugh divided his windfall with his mother, who had gone back to Clonard Cottage, he was soon hard set to keep himself decently in London, and had come down to his last few pounds within two years of his first arrival in London.

"Limner," said Pallacio, one morning in the room he called his office, "I have a job for you after your own heart. There is an auction in an old manor house in Kent, where some good pictures are likely to go cheap, as they have heard nothing about the sale in the trade. Can you run down?"

"If you wish it."
"Have you a few pounds to spare?"
"No, sir," said Hugh promptly. More than once he had been let in for his own expenses by his astute employer.

"Well, well, we must arrange all that; you will travel third-class, of course. It is just as comfortable as first or second, and I think I can manage twenty pounds in case you see your way to pick up a bargain. But, mind, I want good value for my money."

"You always have it, father, when Hugh buys," chimed in Ella, who could say what she liked to the surly old dealer.

"Don't you spoil the boy, my pigeon," he said softly, with a caressing arm on her shoulder; "he's vain enough as it is."

His voice was rougher and harsher when he turned again to Hugh. "You will catch the half-past ten train, young man, if you look alive. Don't come back with your finger in your mouth as you did the last time."

It was a delight to Hugh who had

been a whole year "in crowded city pent" to breathe again the fresh air of the country, to feel the grass under his feet and see the trees over his head as he strolled on the margin of the long neglected avenue to the old manor house, where the auction was held to pay the debts of a spendthrift owner. Already the furniture had been sold. The last day was reserved for the pictures. "A very choice collection of old masters," as described in the catalogue.

The briefest inspection sufficed to convince Hugh that the pictures—chiefly portraits—were poor modern copies of masterpieces substituted for the originals by the young spendthrift at an earlier stage of his downward career. For a while he amused himself watching the antics of local connoisseurs who had assembled in the hope of picking up Romneys and Reynolds for a fiver apiece, then he slipped quietly away. A sense of failure oppressed him as he strolled quietly across the deserted demesne. He was returning once again in Pallacio's elegant phrase with "his finger in his mouth."

The encompassing beauty of the country reacted on his mood, and depressed him now as it had cheered him a few hours before—for he felt utterly despondent. The feeling of failure was heavy upon him. This was what his high hopes had come to. After two years' hard work he was still cadging round a country auction, inspecting faked pictures and badgered by a brutal master. The consciousness of a hardly acquired artistic skill and knowledge was scant comfort since it could help him to nothing better than this.

Though he had cut his expenses down to the last farthing, walked to and from the railway station, a good five miles, and lunched on bread and cheese and a glass of ale, none the less he knew he would have Pallacio's sharp taunts to encounter on his return. With an hour in hand for his train, he started loitering through the small country town on his way to the railway station, when his eyes were caught by some old-fashioned frames in the window of a pawnshop in the corner of a back street, and he thought he saw a chance in some degree to redeem his failure of the auction.

THE shop floor, walls and windows were crowded with all sorts of trumpery, threadbare wearing apparel and broken-down furniture. A second look told Hugh the frames were poor imitations, and with a disappointed grunt he turned again to the door; when an unframed picture in the corner, resting on a splintered chair and gracefully festooned by an old pair of trousers, brought him up with a jerk. To unappreciative eyes it was just a stiff, thin, and unattractive portrait of a smiling young woman in an old-fashioned shortwaisted dress. The dilapidated canvas was smeared with grime and badly torn in the top right hand corner. But Hugh's eyes looked through the thick veil of dirt, his heart began to beat fast with excitement, though he held himself well in hand and gave no sign of his excitement, while he carefully examined a flaring oleograph that hung just over the unframed canvas, till his last lingering doubts disappeared.

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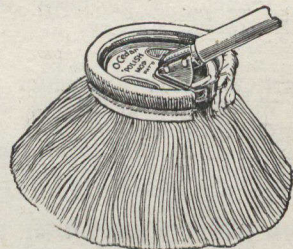
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worthless lumber till he came quite naturally to the portrait at last.

The shopman, tall, gaunt, with a yellow face and a deep husky voice, laughed outright as at a good joke.

"Oh, that," he said, "that belongs to a madman. You see how it is," he went on slowly, enjoying Hugh's perplexity, "he's an old customer of mine, buying and selling turn about. Well, he comes in to me the other day with that rotten old thing under his arm.

"How much are you asking for that ugly young woman?" says I, jokingly like. But he looked at me as solemn as a drunken owl. "This here is a valuable oil-painting," he said, "and don't you make any blooming mistake about it. I want ten quid for that there picture, and not one farthing less will I take for it. If you won't spring the price yourself keep the picture on sale till it happens a gent comes along who knows something about painting." Perhaps you are the gent he was expecting?"

"Perhaps I am," said Hugh, "anyhow I am willing to give him his price for the picture."

"Where are you getting it," growled the shopman with a suspicious glance at Hugh, who made his face look as foolish as possible.

"Money down," he answered, and produced two Bank of England notes of five pounds each.

The shopman's manner changed at once to polite alacrity. "Right you are, sonny. Where shall I send it?"

"If you will wrap it up in a newspaper I'll take it with me."

The man was plainly eager to complete his bargain before his customer repented. The portrait was wrapped up in a "Daily Telegraph," and tied with a thick twine, and when Hugh left the shop he carried it away under his arm.

"I wish you luck of your bargain, mister," cried the shopman after him. "Hope you may sell it for a hundred. Well, of all the blooming mugs," he added, as he turned back into the shop.

When Hugh found himself alone in the first-class carriage to which he treated his treasure, he could not refrain from undoing the string and paper and gloating over his treasure. Suddenly a strong temptation assailed him—"Why not keep it for himself?"

He could still give back Pallacio the money he had spent, and no one would be a whit the wiser. Why should this hard taskmaster have the entire reward of his skill and good fortune?

But the high-spirited boy put the temptation away from him resolutely. He wrapped the paper close round the too-alluring picture and tied it tight, and when the train reached London he drove straight in a four-wheeler to Pallacio's house in Clapham.

PALLACIO himself opened the door. "Come in a cab," he said ungraciously. "More splashing of other people's money."

But for once Hugh was too excited and exulted to heed him.

"I've got something at last," he cried, as he paid the cabman double fare, and hurried before his master into the den which Pallacio called his office.

While Pallacio looked on in ostentatious surliness that heightened his excitement, Hugh, with trembling fingers, cut the string, tore off the newspaper, and set his treasure on a chair, where it took the full light of the window.

"There!" Pallacio scowled as he looked at the dirt encrusted unsightly canvas.

"That," he growled, "and, pray, what do you call that?"

"A Gainsborough," cried Hugh, made bold in his certainty, "an early Gainsborough, and a fine one."

"May I ask, young man," said Pallacio, with elaborate politeness, but yet with a wild beast snarl in his undertone, "what you paid for that splendid specimen of an early Gainsborough?"

"Only ten pounds. You ought to get two thousand at least for it."

Then Pallacio's anger broke loose. "Ten pounds," he roared. "Ten pounds of my money, my hardly earned money for that cursed daub. I'm hanged whether I can tell whether you are more knave than fool."



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"It's worth two thousand," Hugh persisted.

Pallacio suddenly sobered down to a dangerous calm. "Worth two thousand, is it? Then I shall give you a great bargain. You shall have this valuable early Gainsborough for a cool hundred pounds, money down."

"But I haven't got a hundred pounds," faltered Hugh, utterly dumb-founded.

"Oh, yes you have. I owe you ninety for wages. I kept them up for you on purpose until you got a lucky chance like this. You just pay me over a tenner and I'll give you a receipt in full, and you can carry away yourself and your Gainsborough. I don't want to set eyes on either of you again."

"I've the money upstairs," said Hugh in a faltering voice. He could hardly credit his good fortune.

"All right, run and get it. You'll find the masterpiece here waiting for you."

The bargain was promptly completed. Hugh paid over the ten pounds to Pallacio, and even refunded the money he had spent on his railway journey, which the other eagerly accepted. Then with his receipt and twenty pounds in cash in his pocket, his precious picture in the cab, and his trunks on the roof he drove away rejoicing to Thackeray's Hotel in Norfolk Street, his own master at last.

CHAPTER X.

At Christie's.

THAT night, in a long letter to his friend Sir Philip in Dublin, with whom he had kept up a picture correspondence since he had come to London, Hugh told the history of the Gainsborough find, and of Pallacio's treatment.

"I am quite sure," he wrote, "that I am right about the picture. I've cleaned it as well as I know how, and it's a beauty. It is the first really fine thing I've found, and you can have it if you want it at your own price."

By return of post the reply came. Strangely enough Sir Philip never for a moment seemed to doubt the find was genuine.

"My dear boy," he wrote, "I am glad you are so fortunately shut of Pallacio, who seemed to have behaved very badly throughout. About the Gainsborough. It is very good of you to think of me, but I fear I cannot have it. I have no money to pay anything like a decent price, and I don't want to cheat you again. Our gallery is starved by the envious Saxon. My poverty and not my will refuses. Send it straight away to Christie's. I write by this post to some friends in London who know a Gainsborough when they see it; and, what is better still, have money to pay a fair price if they like it. Wishing you the best of luck, I remain, yours ever."

Encouraged by this kindly letter Hugh sent his picture to Christie's and waited anxiously for the catalogue, which brought disappointment when it came. The picture was listed merely "Portrait, Gainsborough." If Christie's believed it genuine the initials of the painter would have been added. The omission was ominous. Even then Hugh did not doubt the picture, but he began to fear that experts might doubt it.

His hopes rose when he visited the rooms next morning an hour before the auction, and found a little group already forming in front of his Gainsborough, and amongst them a man he knew by sight as a famous dealer who held an unlimited commission from Pierpont Morgan.

"Surely," Hugh whispered to himself, "if he knows anything about pictures he must know it's all right."

As this dealer slid away unobtrusively into the throng, another scarcely less famous strolled to his place, and with a careless glance passed on. But Hugh noticed he looked at no other picture as he passed. Plainly, the good friend in Dublin had kept his word.

Hugh had fixed the reserve price at five hundred guineas. He could not afford to wait for his money. But if there were even two in the room who knew the picture for a Gainsborough,

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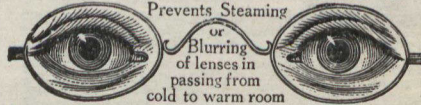
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they would, of course, quickly hoist the bidding into the thousands.

In spite of his excitement the wonderful charm of the room caught and held him. In the wide world there is nothing like Christie's—the great bazaar of art—where bidders from all civilized nations join in the battle of the long purses in which the prize is the rare or beautiful.

Nothing comes amiss to Christie's provided it is rare or beautiful or, best of all, both. Statues, porcelain, furniture, tapestry, lace, jewels and gold and silver work, things curious, beautiful, or grotesque; all that collectors can desire Christie's can supply—at a price. The place has, moreover, the all-absorbing interest of a gamble, where skill counts more than luck. For if to Christie's come the rarest works of art, there, too, come the most deceptive fakes. The real and the sham stand side by side on the floor, lie side by side on the tables, and hang side by side on the walls. It is for the buyer to choose, back his opinion, and abide his choice.

That brilliant picture with all the outward tokens of a Romney to the untaught or half-taught eyes of the amateur may be a worthless copy. That little square of grimy canvas in the shabby frame may be a priceless masterpiece. The player makes his game while the hammer is raised. It is a game of skill and the stakes are enormous. The true connoisseur with discriminating eye for the real and the sham can make a fortune at Christie's more surely than the keenest speculator on the Stock Exchange. See that stout man that waddles past Hugh, who stands absorbed in a dirty-looking picture which he means to buy if he can sell his own. That stout man is the shrewdest judge of furniture in the world. The most skilful fake is to those pale blue eyes a patent, clumsy fraud. A single glance can tell him the name of the maker, and the date of the making with a certainty that is infallible, and his word is law between all dealers and collectors. A trivial accomplishment, perhaps, but it brings him in a steady income of ten thousand a year.

THE rooms are filling with a motley gathering of all the peoples of the earth. At the first stroke of the clock the auctioneer steps into his rostrum with the ebony hammer, badge of his office, which has knocked down treasures priceless and innumerable, in his hand. There is instant silence—the intense silence and excitement of high play all the world over. Only the spectators whisper and laugh under their breath. The players are all too intent upon the game.

At Christie's there are none of the eloquent eulogies and persuasions addressed to the would-be, or might-be, buyers at more vulgar auctions. There is an air of staid respectability that well befits the important business in hand. It is almost as decorous as Monte Carlo. The auctioneer in a quiet undertone names the article and invites a bidding. He never seeks to encourage the rash or stimulate the reluctant. But he knows his business all the same, and that fateful hammer never falls in a decisive, irrevocable knock till the last farthing has been extracted from the shrewdest dealer or the most enthusiastic collector.

Hugh's Gainsborough was near the top of the list, so he was saved a prolonged ordeal of anxiety.

The auctioneer showed no special interest as he pointed to it. For the picture had no pedigree, and they are very strong on pedigrees at Christie's.

"How much for this Gainsborough?" he asked in an unemotional voice. Someone from the back of the crowd bid a hundred guineas. There was a long pause after that, while the auctioneer repeated the figure monotonously. "Once, twice, three times." Hugh had a sniver of dismay. It seemed as if the first bid was to be the last.

"One hundred and fifty," cried a new voice. "Two hundred," from the first bidder. The ball was set rolling at last. Briskly and without a pause the bidding mounted up fifty at



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a jump. From four different quarters of the room bids were fired at the auctioneer. At a thousand guineas one of the four dropped out, at a thousand six hundred another, but the two other survivors showed no sign of surrender. After the first half dozen bids the figures were no longer called. The auctioneer glanced from one side of the room to the other, and at each nod fifty guineas was added on to the price. The competition grew quicker and fiercer as it settled down to a duel between two equally matched opponents.

The auctioneer's head jerked rapidly from right to left, and his voice rang out monotonously, "Six thousand five hundred, six thousand five-fifty, six thousand six hundred, six thousand six-fifty." There was a pause at last. No nod answered his inquiring glance. "Six thousand six-fifty guineas. Going at six thousand six-fifty—going, gone." The fateful hammer tapped the edge of his rostrum, and in that instant Hugh was richer by an easily earned six thousand six hundred and fifty guineas.

From that good hour his fortune never faltered nor looked back. He rented a studio in Bond Street and quickly forced his way into the first rank of the great picture dealers of London. His instinct amounted to genius. Half a dozen times he picked up unconcerned trifles which proved to be masterpieces, and fetched twice as many hundreds as he paid pounds for them. His skill and fame were his capital. The bank in which his first money was lodged offered him an unlimited backing on the security of the pictures he purchased.

As a connoisseur's palate can detect the most subtle distinction of flavour and can tell a wine's age and vintage at a sip, so Hugh's eye, by delicate tints and shades and outline discriminated infallibly between one painter and another of the same school, between the original and most faithful copy. It was a precious gift made doubly precious by the delight it gave its owner. Like the fortunate youth in the fairy story, whose eyes were touched with a magic balm and who saw through the obscuring crust of earth the treasure hidden below, the yellow gold and the gleaming of jewels, Hugh, with a keen sightedness that nothing could elude, detected the treasures of art, however concealed.

Not at Christie's alone, but at scores of auction rooms less famous, he saw and purchased unappreciated gems. His successes were chronicled and exaggerated. Veracious penny aliners made paragraphs recording how he had picked up a Tintonetta here for a pound and a Raphael there for a fiver. The owners of great private picture galleries competed for his approval or advice. His visits had often the most startling results. Clever copies were dethroned from their pride of place on the gallery walls and modest originals rescued from their dusty obscurity in the lumber room.

His fame had its penalties. A host of minor dealers backing his judgment outbid him for the pictures he fancied, till once or twice, in sheer self-defence, he lured them by his bidding to the purchase of worthless shams at extravagant prices.

One thorn, however, constantly protruded through the cushion of his success. Only with keen pangs of loss could he ever bring himself to part, no matter how large the profit, with a masterpiece which he had purchased for a song. After a while even this pang was evaded. He took his profit from the pictures, which a fashionable craze made valuable, while he gathered together a choice collection of his own favourites which no price could tempt him to part with.

In five brilliant years his position was established as a man from whose judgment there was no appeal. The crowning touch was put to his reputation by an incident that occurred at Christie's towards the close of his fifth year in London.

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Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1914.

Further details can be obtained on application to the Undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Department of the Naval Service,
—53690. Ottawa, Jan. 8th, 1914.

petition for this rare collection Hugh took no part, for after the first year he bought no picture on commission, and the collection did not appeal to him.

But towards the close of the sale a few outside pictures were sold. Amongst them was a small canvas, on which, through the grime, could be distinguished some trees and a fountain, and the distant turrets of a chateau. In the foreground were some vague figures of shepherdesses in tight stays and hoops and shepherds in powdered wigs and kneebreeches. The picture was entered as a Lancet on the catalogue, but without the authenticating initials. There had been a fine example of Lancet sold earlier in the day. The connoisseurs were shy of this dirty canvas. Hugh made a careless bid of ten pounds, and the picture was about to be knocked down to him when one of the dealers, who made a point of following his lead, raised the price to fifteen. Then, amid a good deal of amusement amongst the knowing ones, the price was gradually pushed up, five pounds at a time, to a hundred and twenty, at which point Hugh's opponent dropped off and he secured the prize.

His friends and rivals crowded round, laughing and chaffing him on his purchase. It was seldom they got the chance to laugh at Hugh Limner, and they made the most of it.

"Wonders will never cease," cried one. "Who would have thought that you, Limner, of all men living, would have been taken in by so transparent a fraud. Surely you don't think that that is a Lancet?"

"Of course not," said Hugh. He paused and there was the silence of surprise amongst the group at his frank confession. "But," he added quietly, "I know it is a Watteau, and I am willing to have a picture of the master instead of the pupil."

CHAPTER XI.

The Hidden Turner.

IN those days Hugh was an indefatigable reader. He made all art his subject, and wandered, with scarcely less delight, through the adjoining domain of poetry. Ruskin was one of his chief favourites. The great idealist's knowledge and sympathy, the charm of his exquisite style, charming even when it failed to convince, had an indescribable fascination for the picture lover.

Second-hand bookshops drew and held him as the magnet holds iron. One morning, turning over rubbish on a stall in one of the narrow streets off the Strand, he came on a curious find. A shabby little brown volume entitled "Turner's Poems, Printed for private circulation," lay hidden under a pile of year old magazines. In the fly leaf was an inscription to Ruskin.

Hugh had often longed for a sight of those quaint poems of which a stanza is so often found under the name of the great painter's masterpieces in the catalogue of the Academy exhibitions.

The bookseller noted the eagerness in his voice as he asked the price. Drawing his bow at random he demanded half a sovereign, and was surprised and disappointed when Hugh paid the money without a murmur and walked off exultingly with his prize.

The book, when he came to read it that evening by his own fireside, justified his exultation. There was much in the curious volume that excuses Whistler's audacious mot that Turner was a poet not a painter. As he read Hugh was tempted to believe him both.

Many of the verses were indeed mere wild rhodomontade without form or meaning. But through it all, like the vein of gold in the quartz, ran a thin streak of genuine poetry. The margin of the volume was pencilled with the pithy comments of Ruskin, sarcastic or pitying for the most part. But here and there, by a single note of admiration standing at the end of a line, the critic confessed the poet.

Almost at the end of the book Hugh came on a wonderful treasure trove—a letter to Ruskin in the unmistakable handwriting of Turner. The paper fluttered out from the pages of

the book into the grate and narrowly escaped the fire. Hugh picked it up lazily, and for a moment could hardly believe his good fortune. Yes, it was unmistakable. The thin sheet of paper had been used for a bookmark and forgotten in the volume. Until that moment, in all possibility, no eye save Turner's and Ruskin's had ever seen it. Hugh's interest grew to excitement as he read. "Thornton Cottage, outside Salisbury," was the address.

"My dear Ruskin," the letter began. "If you have a few days to spare come down to see me. It has been glorious weather since I came—an artist's summer. Clouds and sunshine, and such sunsets and sunrises as drive a painter to despair. You owe me a visit. Come and see my work. For once I have taken your advice. How often have you reproached me for the use of fugitive colours. Well, heretofore, I have painted for my own delight and chose the colours that gave the most splendid effects, regardless of the future. But this one picture I paint wholly for posterity—and you. I will take precautions that it shall not fade. Once finished it will never see the light till the painter is dead. I will tell you no more except that it is a sunrise with Salisbury Cathedral in the background. Come soon if you care to see my picture, for it is almost complete."

Hugh read no more. Closing the letter again in the pages of the book, he lay back in his deep armchair, lit a fresh cigar from the stump of the old one, and cudgelled his brain to find a clue to the meaning of the letter. One thing was clear. This great picture which the master himself esteemed his masterpiece had vanished. There was no tradition of it left.

Turner himself was plainly delighted with his work, and eager to submit to the judgment of the most discriminating of critics. But Ruskin had never seen it. If he had, some mention of it, praise or blame, would have found place in his writings. The picture was lost to posterity for whom the great painter meant it as his crowning legacy. No eyes but his own had even looked on the master's masterpiece. Concealed or destroyed? that was the question. If concealed, what chance was there of finding it, what hope after all these years that the masterpiece had been preserved unimpaired?

A third time Hugh read the letter, and took courage from the reading. Turner's pride in the picture was its protection, and Hugh was stung to the resolve that if it still existed in the world he would find it. One clue at least he had. The date and the address "Thornton" on the top of the letter to Ruskin. The next morning, neglecting all other engagements and appointments, he ran down by an early train to Salisbury.

FORTUNE favoured him. At the second house-agent's office that he visited he found the name "Thornton" on the books.

"Old fashioned and picturesque," the agent said, "yet we have had trouble finding a tenant for it. You see, it's neither a farmhouse nor a mansion, just a compromise between the two. Practically no ground goes with the mansion, merely a garden and an apple orchard. But it commands the most beautiful view in the country, and with a small expenditure it could be made a delightful retreat for a Londoner. Would you care to see it, sir?"

Yes, Hugh would care to see it. Indeed, he had already almost made up his mind to buy it. Even at the worst, if the great picture was irrevocably lost, it would be pleasant to own the house where it was painted. All doubt vanished when he saw the place the next day in the glow of a rich sunset.

(To be continued.)

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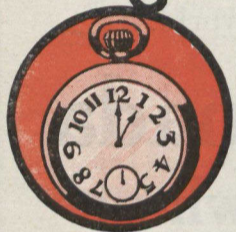
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