

The Canadian
COURIER
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

What the Millionaire Loses

By PROF. GEORGE H. WORKMAN



The Modern Captain Kidd

By JAMES JOHNSTON



Jim Goodwin's Real Asset

STORY By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE



The New Cariboo Trail

By C. W. ESMOND



Woman's Supplement

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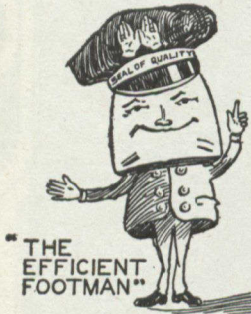
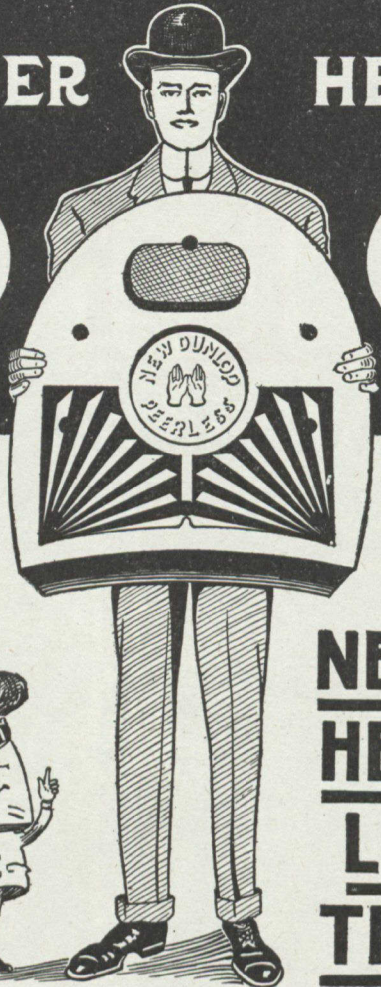
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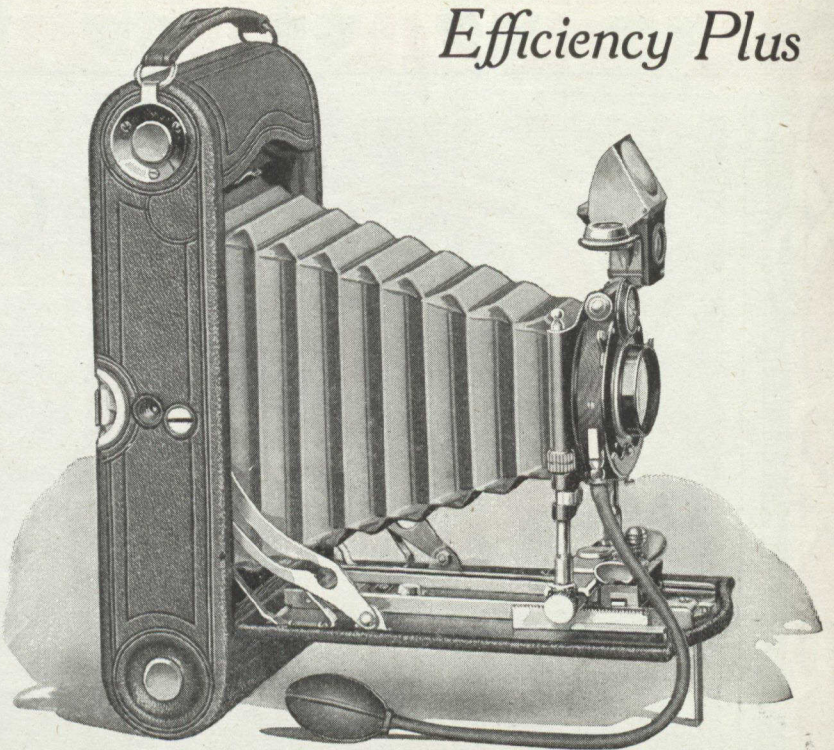
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Courier**

A National Weekly

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VOL. XV

TORONTO

NO. 18

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Now the New Year reviving old desires, The thoughtful soul (in the body of 'Erin') to solitude retires"

and gives us the benefit of her musings on three most timely topics this week: "When Easter Comes," "Living and Learning" and "Home and Abroad." A departure is an article by M. J. T, entitled "The Resurrection of Type"—a law established by cases of World Women. Mrs. Lang continues her series of talks on "Woman in Industrial Life," and deals this week with the subject of "Factory Home-Work."

Demi-Tasse	By Staff Writers.
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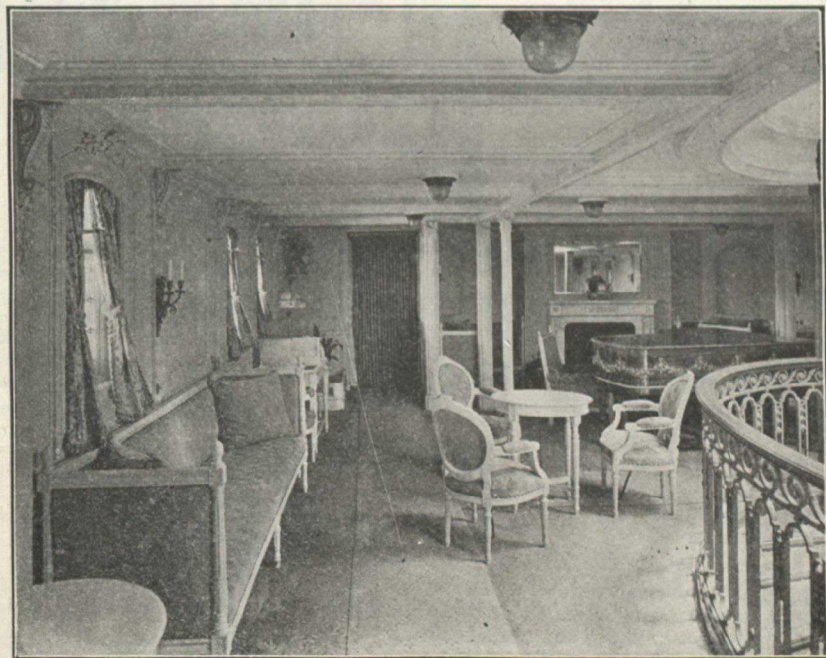


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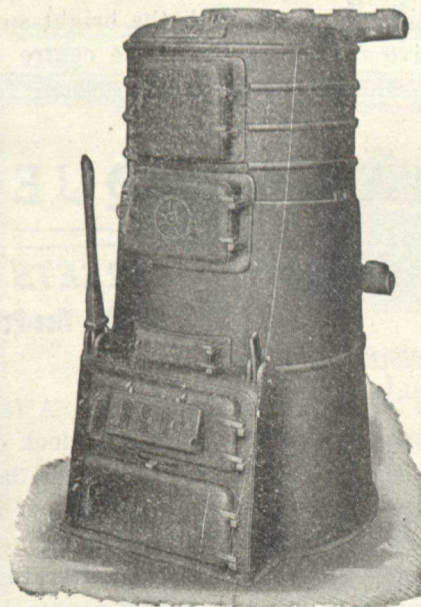
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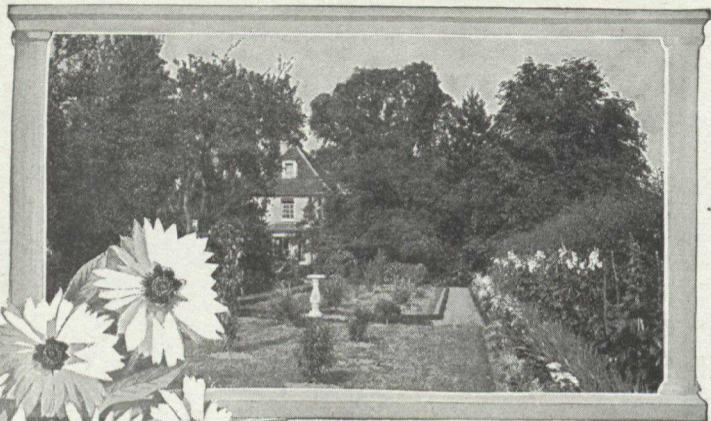
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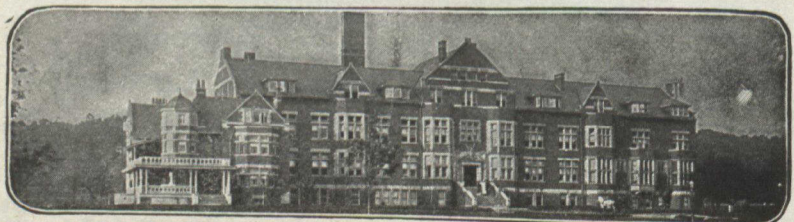
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In Lighter Vein

Not His Bunch.—A Sunday school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."—Delineator.

Not Jealous.—Mistress (to servant)—"Bridget, you remember the policeman who sat in the kitchen with you so late last night without a light?"

Bridget—"Yes, ma'am."
Mistress—"Well, I met him this afternoon, and I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him."

Bridget—"Sure, ma'am, ye needn't think that'll make me jealous."—Sketch.

Some Fish Story.—An enthusiastic angler was telling some friends about a fishing trip to a lake in Colorado, which he had in contemplation. "Trout bite well out there?" asked a friend. "Do they? Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

Reducing the Risk.—A young couple in a village in Lancashire went one morning to the village church to get married. On the way the bride seemed to be troubled about something, and on arrival at the church she said, after a little hesitation, "Jack, Aw've a secret Aw mon tell tha afor Aw get wed."

"What is it?" said Jack anxiously. "Aw can't cook," said Mary. "Never mind," replied Jack with a sympathetic look, "come on wi th'; tha'll appen never hev nowt to cook!"

No Takers.—During a battle an Irishman started forward with a rush. He was halted by his captain, a vain man, but brave as well. "Stand back," said the captain; "I mean to get the Victoria Cross." Just then a cannonball took his head off. Pat then turned to his comrades and said: "Are there anny more av yez wantin' a Victoria Cross?"

A Novice.—"Have you any experience with children?"
"No, ma'am, I always worked in the best families."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Their Origin.—Willie—"Paw, where do jailbirds come from?"

Paw—"They are raised by larks, bats, and swallows, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unappreciated.—Katherine's uncle had come to pay them a visit. After the first greetings were over and he was comfortably seated with little Katherine on his knee, he asked, as uncles often do, if she were "a good little girl."

"Yes, but nobody knows it," was Katherine's prompt answer.—Delineator.

Coining Words.—The esteemed Weather Bureau has sprung a new one. It is the word "smog," and it means smoke and fog. The bureau explains that very frequently there are times when this mixture is apparent in the atmosphere, and it considers the new word a great little idea.

Very well, "smog" let it be. But why end there? Let's call a mixture of snow and mud "smud." A mixture of snow and soot "snoot," and a mixture of snow and hail "snail." Thus we might have a weather forecast:

"Snail to-day, turning to snoot to-night; to-morrow smoggy with smud."—Kokomo Times.



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Royal Naval College of Canada.

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1914, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

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,
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Editor's Talk

THIS week sees the birth of a new serial in the "Canadian Courier," and one which excels in some ways. The basis of our previous serial story was the experiences of a young man in perfecting himself as an art collector and art critic. The basis of the new story is composed of several elementary facts from medical experience. The question as to whether a man may by accident lose his memory and all knowledge of his previous life has been proved by experience and admitted by all medical authorities. Every now and again one hears of the disappearance of some man who has temporarily or permanently lost his knowledge of the earlier facts of his own existence and who has forgotten his own name and the names of his friends. In this particular story Dr. Arnold Bassingbrooke has forgotten "His Place in the World." The occasion and the cause are unusual. The resulting experiences are equally unusual. In handling her theme, Mrs. Bilsborough, a new English writer, displays great ability as well as a clear conception of the problem with which she deals. The story may be likened in dramatic power to the play which is now being seen in Canada, "The Cigarette Maker's Romance," as presented by Martin Harvey. Those who have seen this play will recognize a similarity in motive and a resemblance in plot.

Running through the story is a rather remarkable vein of criticism of the aristocratic life of England, with special reference to the marriage of young women with titled persons of more uncertain age. The picture of the unhappiness, the duplicity, and the occasional self-destruction caused by such unions is painted by a strong hand. On the whole, the story is one which in relation to modern life may be considered a criticism much as "Within the Cup" and other novels of that kind. When one has read it carefully, one feels in possession of a broader view of the great problems which men and women must face in every generation and every civilization.

Every reader of the "Canadian Courier" will find plenty of entertainment in this twelve-part serial story, and will enjoy making the acquaintance of Miss Pragg, Peggy Assitas, Salvation Jacob and his wife, who are the leading characters in addition to Dr. Arnold Bassingbrooke. Miss Pragg, a literary woman of remarkable character, is a striking type of the modern woman who has eyes for something more than frills, furbelows and aesthetic dances.



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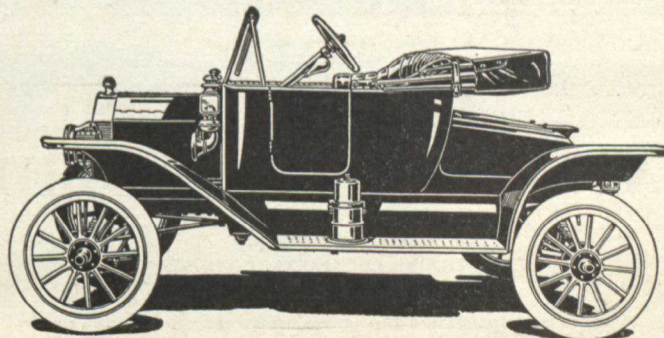
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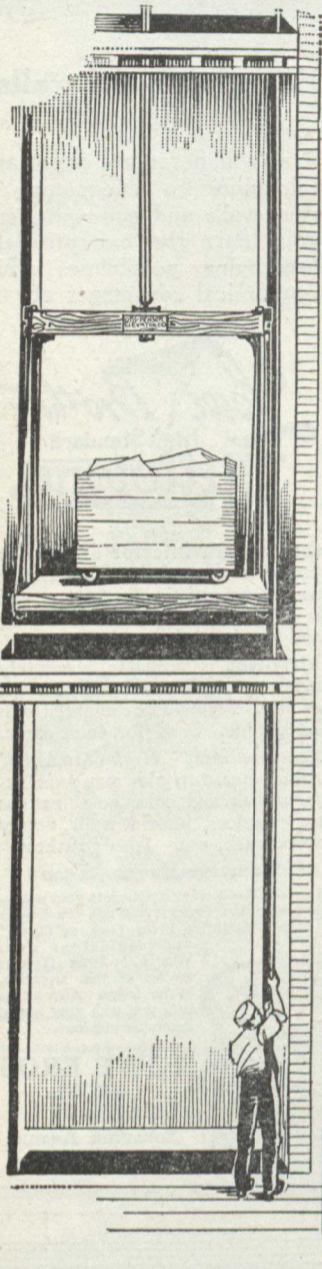
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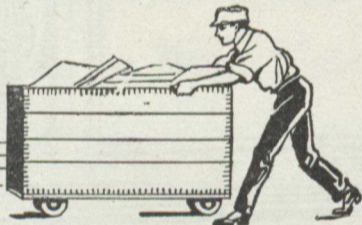
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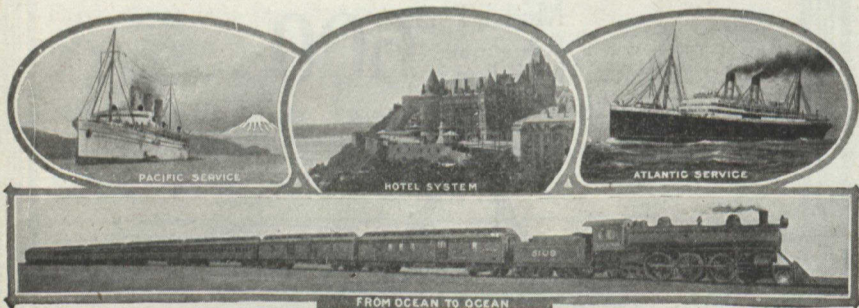
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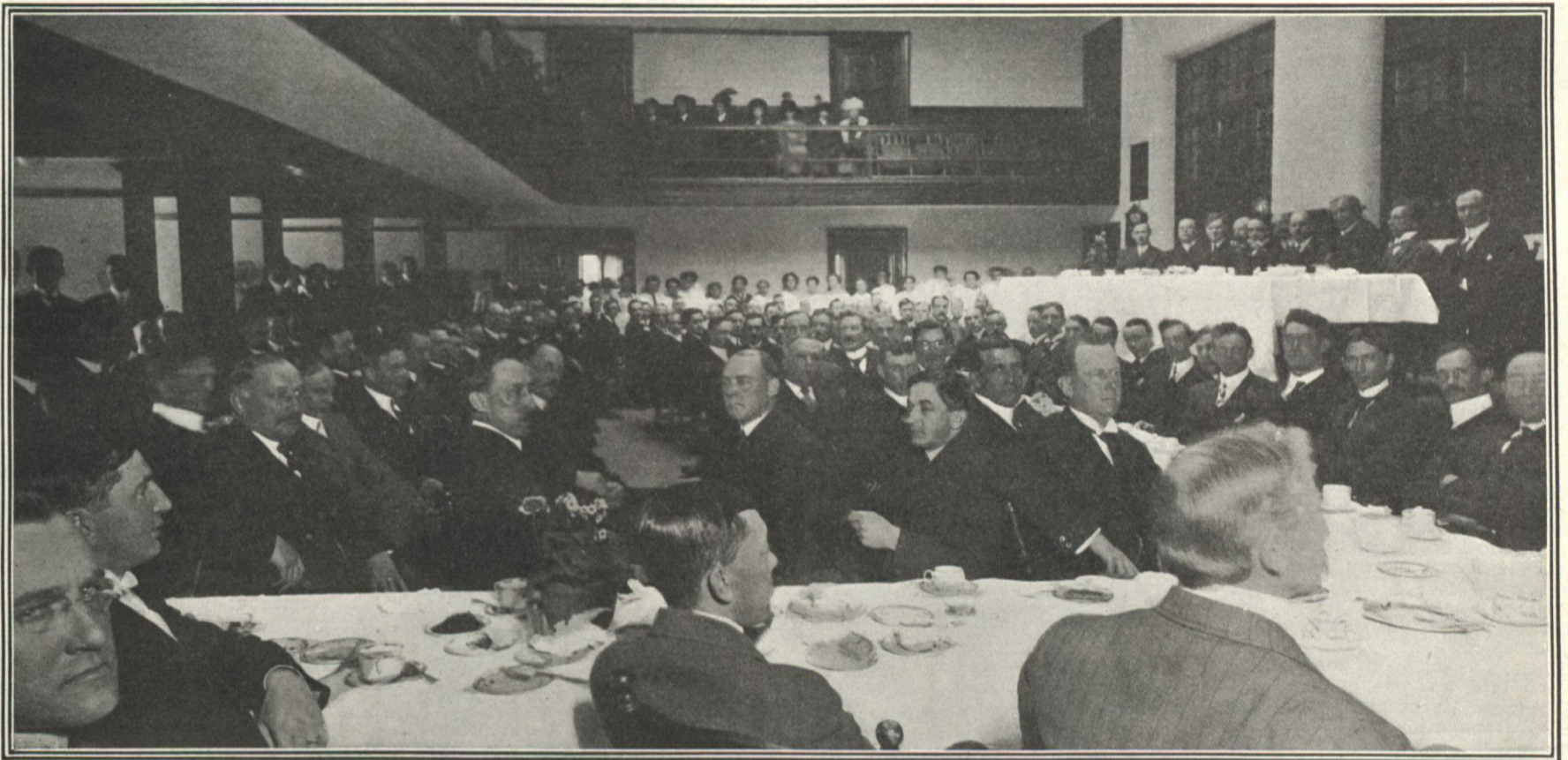
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English Actor off Stage at Lethbridge.



Fourth from the far end of the head table, Mr. Martin Harvey, being entertained at mid-day luncheon by the Lethbridge Board of Trade.

THE West has discovered that the "only way" to get the most out of a one or two night stand visit from the actor, Martin Harvey, is to take him up off stage. Harvey is to be seen in the above picture, a mere dot of a man with a jaunty look on his face that can be distinguished from all the others, having a mid-day lunch with the Lethbridge Board of Trade. This is a splendid picture. It shows that Lethbridge citizens value the visit of a man like Martin Harvey quite as much as they do a railway magnate or a distinguished politician. They know very well that Mr. Harvey is in town to take more money out than he brings in, and that all he will leave in town besides a fine, sparkling memory, will be the cash value of what it costs to keep his company of thirty-five people at the leading hotel. They also know that fifty years from now some old residenter will tell by the hour that he was one of the young Board of Trade members when Lethbridge wasn't "quarter the size it is now," but had gumption and public spirit enough to turn out to hear Martin Harvey and to treat him as a citizen.

Imperial Note in the Oxford Crew



The Oxford Crew, containing the Canadian oarsman, G. B. Taylor, and H. K. Ward, of Australla, taking up their shell after a practice from Putney to Mortlake.

WHEN a few weeks ago it was announced in the Canadian newspapers, "Taylor has got his Boat," it was thought that the young Argonaut from Toronto would surely take part in the 1914 Oxford-Cambridge races. In July, 1913, Taylor rowed stroke with the Argonauts when they were defeated by Leander. After the race he remained in England. This year he was taken into the Oxford crew, which was a direct compliment both to Taylor and to the country he came from. After a few practices Taylor has retired. It is believed by friends of Taylor in Canada that the young oarsman found that when he was not required on stroke he was not needed at all for the Oxford eight. He has always stroked and never would take any other position in his own team. The picture of the Oxford eight shown here includes both Ward and Taylor, whose absence may after all have something to do with the heavy odds on Cambridge for the 1914 races. Changes in the great collegiate crews are sometimes as startling as they are in a Cabinet. This is the first Oxford crew that ever contained both a Canadian and an Australian.

Jim Goodwin's Real Asset

A Story Containing Much Experience of Human Nature

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

JIM GOODWIN was wholly unprepared; he had had no presentiment whatever. He had entered the office that morning in his usual cheery manner. With a bright "good-morning" here and there, throwing a nod and a laughing word to the pretty stenographer, he reached his desk. On it lay the letter, singularly conspicuous on the background of dark wood. He regarded it curiously for a moment, then picked it up. Even then, no tremor of anticipation warned him of the turning-point. He opened it and read the few type-written lines.

That was long ago, ages ago—all of ten minutes. He had read it over and over again—the neatly-embossed heading, the date, the formal address, the body, the signature. He grasped it in both hands and shook it. The paper gave out a reassuring crackle; it was indubitably real.

Mr. Randall came in from the street and walked slowly through the long room toward his private office. His head, with its wealth of white hair, was held proudly erect; the eager, interested look in his eyes gave an almost youthful expression to his ruddy face. Stopping beside Jim's desk, he dropped his slender, gloved hand on the young man's shoulder in an affectionate gesture.

"James," he said, "this is the morning for our little monthly conference. Bring your book."

Jim rose mechanically, slipped the letter into his pocket, picked up a memorandum of shipments from the desk, and followed Mr. Randall into his office. It was a dignified room, stripped of all unessentials. What articles of furniture it contained, however, were exceedingly good. In spite of its approach to austerity, it was cheerful; the man who had worked in it, dreamed in it for a generation, had imparted some of his own combined dignity and cheer to its atmosphere.

"A capital month—March," said Mr. Randall, seating himself at the old-fashioned desk. "It is gratifying to see the—ah—the house hold its own—nay, more—to increase its prestige from month to month." He spoke in the eager, interested manner that had been habitual with him for a lifetime; it was an index of his boundless energy.

"March was a good month, sir," said Jim, vaguely, his glance roaming out of window.

The expression on his good-looking, boyish face was one of utter bewilderment. Unconsciously, his hand passed through his thick, dark hair, leaving it in a most unseemly, tousled state. The familiar room seemed far away. He was hardly aware that he had spoken. A wonder crept into his mind if he should ever again see this room that had played so important a part in his life hitherto. He pulled himself together suddenly, a quick realization of change gripping him. Drawing the letter from his pocket, he opened it with a brisk movement.

"Mr. Randall," he said, throwing back his head, "I should like to speak to you about a personal matter. Something quite wonderful has happened to me. It—it was unexpected—incredible!"

"Certainly, James, certainly." Mr. Randall smiled his quick, fine smile. "Perhaps my advice—"

"It's not that, sir," interrupted the boy. "This will explain better than I could. Will you read it?"

Mr. Randall adjusted his pince-nez, and read the letter over swiftly. He settled down in his great leather-covered chair, his clean-shaven chin resting between forefinger and thumb. Again, he perused the page, slowly this time.

"Forty thousand dollars," he mused. "Quite a considerable sum of money—in wise hands; otherwise—" He broke off and flashed a look at Jim, whose mounting excitement was beginning to show in flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"It's a fortune!" The boy leaned forward eagerly. "Why, Mr. Randall, until this morning—half an hour ago—I thought I would always have to work for a living!"

"And now?" There was a yearning, wistful look in the older man's eyes. "And now?" he repeated, urgently.

A PUZZLED expression crossed the boy's face. The question seemed superfluous. Everything had suddenly become crystal clear to him.

"Why"—he reached for the letter and waved it with a slightly dramatic gesture—"this is the answer!"

Mr. Randall shook his head slowly, sadly, as though a disappointment had just come to him. "That's no answer," he disclaimed.

The interview was becoming irksome to Jim. He chafed under a sense of disappointment caused by the lack of enthusiasm accorded his surprise. How

could any one hear such tidings and remain calm? A glorious sense of freedom possessed him; he wanted others to respond to his mood of elation. He longed to rush into the outer office and tell his news to his fellows. They would be impressed! After that, he wanted to quit.

"You haven't congratulated me yet, Mr. Randall," he said, a hint of reproach in his tone. "I thought we were—friends."

The wistful look grew in Mr. Randall's eyes. "I had hoped we might remain so, James," he said, slowly.

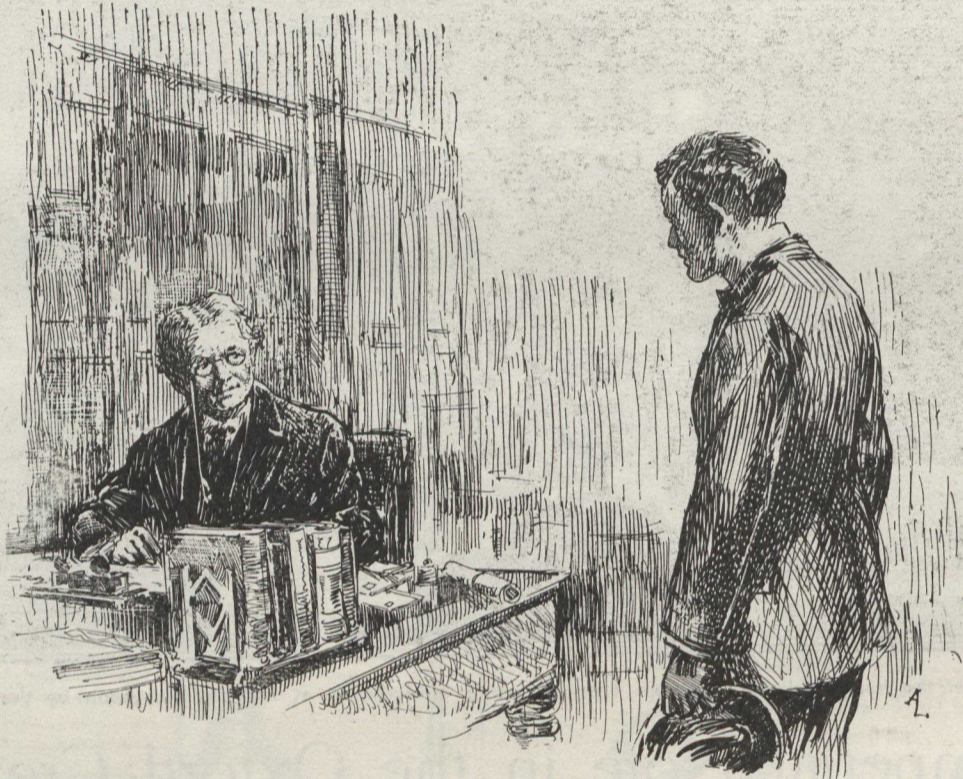
Jim looked up puzzled.

"I mean that friendship invariably implies a community of interest. From your remark a moment ago, I infer that you wish to sever your connection with the—ah—the house?"

Mr. Randall always spoke of "the house" as a high, fine thing—and with reason. Randall & Co. stood for the ambition, the high thinking and the right doing of years. Unconsciously, he deemed it almost sacrilege for any one to be untrue to its standards. There was an unmistakable hurt in his tone as he repeated:

"You wish to leave us?"

The boy nodded excitedly. He thought of his



"May I have my job back?"

he said, a nuance of patronage in his tone.

A smile of frank amusement lighted the older man's eyes. It died quickly, however, as he extended his hand.

"Good-bye, James," he said, cordially. "If you need me at any time, you will find me here."

IN the outer office, as Jim had foreseen, his news was received far differently. Of course, there was a little envy—that was just as it should be to give the proper flavour. The envy, however, was submerged in the flood tide of whole-hearted rejoicings, sincere congratulations, and snap-shot advice that flowed over the new-made capitalist.

"Put every cent of it in bonds!" urged the chief clerk, who invested his little all in gilt edges only.

"Buy a farm!" incited the book-keeper, the old man of the office, who, by that advice, disclosed his own ambition.

"Get your clothes made by Neumann!" insisted young Hartley, the sartorial expert.

The pretty stenographer came last. She had no advice to offer, no congratulations to express in words. While Jim held her hand a trifle longer than was absolutely necessary, two big tears splashed down on his knuckles; they were Annie Boyd's contribution to the general rejoicing.

Those two big tears formed the last impression that Jim carried with him in his transition from the work-a-day world of labour to the glorious freedom of the idle rich.

There is absolutely nothing of interest in a commonplace, unoriginal course of action. Jim Goodwin, unfortunately, was hopelessly mediocre in the methods that he adopted to aid him in killing time and in forgetting the tug at his heart-strings whenever the thought of Randall & Co. entered his mind. His sins of omission, as well as his positive acts, were hackneyed to the point of vacuity. He eschewed all the advice that had been gratuitously bestowed on him, most of which, incidentally, had been rather good. He invested in no gilt-edged securities, neither did he buy a farm. In fact, he even forgot to have his clothes made by Neumann; he was too busy just dis-sipating.

Sometimes, waking from feverish sleep, he seemed to see before him the face of his former employer. The eyes were always a bit wistful—and pitying. He would even hear a clucking sound, which augmented the vividness of the impression. He understood the commiseration in the fine eyes now—and the clucking tongue. Cursing himself weakly, he pulled the covers over his head to get away from it all.

As the weeks dragged by, the call of Randall & Co., instead of losing its urgency, became ever stronger. Hectic days and riotous nights were unavailing against the subtle influence of the clean, big man working and dreaming in the bare, high-ceiled room down in the heart of the city.

On a headachy, nerve-racking morning, when life was a thing unendurable, there came to him a resolve. Subconsciously, it germinated; he was wholly unaware of it until it had crystallized into action. He spent the rest of the morning steaming out in a Turkish bath, the afternoon sleeping in an adjacent bed, and that night finishing out his eighteen-hour nap in his own room.

THE next day, pale but clear-eyed, he entered the familiar office. He walked hurriedly through the outer room, speaking to no one, glancing neither to right nor left. There was no suspicion of haughtiness in his manner; it was merely pre-occupied. The cheery greetings called from behind the desks fell on deaf ears. The tremulous, welcoming smile of the pretty stenographer, even, was unheeded. Jim was in deadly earnest.

Arriving at the door of Mr. Randall's room, he paused. His eyes dropped to his shiny, patent-leather shoes; his glance rested in unconscious approbation on the well-defined creases that so perfectly divided his light grey-green trouser-legs. He relied on his sartorial splendour to give him courage. The ornate suit and shrieking tie, however, failed him in his hour of direst need; he had felt more confidence when arrayed in the shabby office-coat that he had discarded with his job. Some agonized moments he stood there irresolute. Then, gritting his teeth and straightening his shoulders, he knocked.

Mr. Randall was sitting at the old-fashioned desk, going through a pile of mail in his quick, energetic way. He looked up without speaking at Jim's en-

(Continued on page 19.)



ONE OF THE INDUSTRIES AFFECTED BY THE OCEAN RATE COMBINE.

This is a picture of one of the most complete milling plants in the world, the Ogilvie mill at Medicine Hat, run by cheap natural gas. The capacity of this mill is 4,000 barrels a day. Running at full capacity the year round these mills will turn out for the markets of Canada and the world the stupendous aggregate of 1,200,000 barrels. As the average consumption of flour in an ordinary family is 200 lbs. per head, a year's product of this one mill alone would be enough to feed 600,000 people for a year. About half the output of this mill, or 600,000 barrels, would be lower grade flour mainly for export to Great Britain, upon which the shipping combine levy a discriminatory tax of 8¼ cents a hundred pounds more than upon wheat. The total yearly tax paid by this mill on a year's output of low grade flour, as against the less exorbitant rate upon wheat, would be \$105,000. Other mills owned by this company are at Fort William. To supply wheat for these mills the company have 25 elevators in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and 120 elevators in Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan, to supply the mills at Fort William and Winnipeg. The elevator at Medicine Hat has a capacity of 600,000 bushels.

The Modern Captain Kidd

A Study of the Alleged Shipping Combine on the North Atlantic, and What the Canadian Government Should do to Regulate It

By JAMES JOHNSTON

THIS is the latest version of Old Cap. Kidd, known as the most picturesque freebooter ever known upon some parts of the high seas, notably the Atlantic. The old Cap. is dead and gone; though every little while the newspapers print stories of somebody who has discovered the location of one of his buried treasures that he looted from the merchant marine of long ago.

Now, according to the testimony of certain people well qualified to know, the exploits of Capt. Kidd, when compared to the operations of a certain modern buccaneer on the high seas of the North Atlantic in the year 1914, are scarcely worth chronicling. The buccaneer referred to is the ocean shipping combine, which is declared by common arithmetic to hold up the wheat producers of Canada to the tune of \$6,500,000 a year. The said leviathan, it is claimed, also clubs the millers of this country into shelling out large amounts for the benefit, first of the ocean shipping combine, and second, the millers and farmers of Great Britain. Likewise, in order not to be any more partial and exclusive than Cap. Kidd, the octopus extracts from the pockets of Canadians who are neither farmers nor millers many thousands of dollars every year in increased ocean rates on all forms of merchandise.

THE Government of Canada, through the Premier and the Minister of Finance, have lately been made aware of the operations of this ocean-going octopus that decreases the sale price of Canadian wheat and flour by tucking on exorbitant increases in freight rates, and that increases the cost of goods imported into Canada from Great Britain for the consumption of the common people by similar increases on rates to this country. The evidence and the arguments are of great popular interest. They are interesting not only to this country, but also to the United States, whose Government has lately received a report from a shipping trust investigation, which states,

"That the foreign and domestic shipping of the United States is so combined by agreements, pools and conference arrangements, that any attempt to dissolve the combination would cripple trade."

So the Government of the United States, it may be assumed, will do nothing to curb the octopus. Will the Government of Canada do anything to ascertain the truth about the alleged ocean freight combine? Perhaps. Or, rather—possibly. At any rate, last summer Mr. Drayton, chairman of the Railway Commission, was sent to Great Britain to look into this problem of ocean freight rates to and from Canada. Why was the chairman of the Railway Commission sent? Because there was nobody else to send. What did Mr. Drayton accomplish? Nothing; because the authority of the Railway Commission of Canada stops right where the three-mile limit from any Canadian port extends. True, the railways own and control a large bulk of the ocean steamships. We "point with pride" to the great systems that girdle the world with transportation utilities owned and operated in Canada. That's one of the ways we

adopt to advertise this country. But though the Government long ago began to put a crimp in freight rates on land, the Railway Commission has nothing to do with freight rates on water and never can have.

The deputation that pointed out the iniquity of the ocean-going octopus to Hon. Messrs. Borden and White consisted of representatives from ten milling companies, several from other commercial interests and Boards of Trade, and eight farmer delegates from various parts of Ontario. They made no protest on railway rates. They said nothing about the one cent a bushel increase in inland lake rates. They said a great deal and in very incisive language about the increase on the ocean-rate for wheat, which was 4¼ cents a bushel in 1912 over the average rate of the previous five years.

They spoke with even greater vigour about the discrimination against Canadian flour, which amounts to 8¼ cents per 100 lbs. more than upon Canadian wheat.

They also spoke on behalf of the common consumer, neither farmer nor miller, who pays tribute in a rapidly increasing tax on goods imported into Canada from Britain under the British preference. It was a deputation from Tory Toronto's Board of Trade that in 1913 pointed out to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, who happened at that time to be in the country, how the combine works on imported goods:

"That on westbound ocean freight such as crockery, hardware, woollens, carpets and linoleums the ocean rates had increased from 50 to 100 per cent. in five years."

Canadian lumbermen also object that the ocean rates on eastbound lumber have increased in the past three years from 50 to 65 per cent.

JUST how elastic the combined pouches are may be estimated in a general way when you remember that the total British trade of Canada last year was \$310,000,000, on a large percentage of which the octopus had its innings one way or the other. Just how the bulge works on the Canadian people may be interestingly computed by a series of comparisons. The deputation in Ottawa told the Premier and the Finance Minister that the total levy on this aggregate of trade by the ocean-going combine makes it a piece of burlesque for the Government of Canada to have spent \$220,000,000 on the National Transcontinental, to spend \$50,000,000 on the proposed new Welland Canal, or to guarantee bonds of the Canadian Northern or to build a railway to Hudson's Bay. They did not say what they actually meant, which was,

"That if the combine can't be prevented from tucking on the freight rates from port to port, then the combine should build the new Welland Canal and should bear a large share of the cost in constructing transcontinentals that carry the trade overland to and from Canadian ports."

But of course the idea of the C. P. R. paying anything to build the G. T. P. because C. P. R. steam-

ships carry freight, some of which is hauled to port by the G. T. P., is too ridiculous for anything. And it is sometimes only when things get ridiculous that action is possible. Capt. Kidd was always ridiculous. The ocean-going octopus is ridiculous. The public do not know this. But the public are invited to know—because it will pay them to know.

If the eastbound freight rates are increased from 50 to 100 per cent. in five years—what in the name of political economy becomes of the poor old British preference? In most cases it disappears altogether. In the case of expensive goods, where the tonnage is a mere bagatelle in comparison to the value of the goods, the preference is but slightly injured. In the case of common goods, such as are quoted above, and which common people consume in large quantities, the B. P. is about as much use in reducing the cost of living as the proverbial snowball would be in putting out—don't mention it!

If the increase in one year of 4¼ cents a bushel on wheat takes from the Canadian farmer \$6,500,000, probably this is worth comparing with what would happen in the case of free agricultural implements. Suppose a farmer raises a thousand bushels of wheat. What does he lose by the increase of 4¼ cents a bushel in one year? \$47.50. That goes to the octopus from one farmer alone. The same farmer may have to spend ten to fifteen dollars more for a self-binder than he would under free implements. A good binder lasts, on an average, ten years. That means a dollar or a dollar and a half a year. And while he is raising Cain about this he cheerfully lets the shipping combine rob him of \$47.50 in freight rates, which, heaven knows, were too high before the increase was tucked on.

If the Canadian miller has to pay a discriminatory toll of 8¼ cents per 100 lbs. more on flour ground in Canada than the farmer does on wheat raised in Canada, what is the result? First of all, why does the combine make the discrimination? Because wheat is easier to ship than flour and the combine would rather carry wheat. In fact, the combine will sometimes carry wheat "wide open" in order to fill out a cargo. How does this affect the Canadian miller? It sends the wheat out as wheat and lessens the output of Canadian mills, of which there are between 400 and 500 competitors in Canada. How does it affect the Canadian farmer? It takes out of the country all the bran and shorts which the Canadian farmer needs for feed. The bran and shorts don't come back. They never can. Who gets them? The British farmer. Does he need them? Yes. And it is therefore good business for the British Government not to put any crimp in this discriminatory rate on flour—because it helps both British labour and British agriculture—at the expense of Canadian labour and Canadian agriculture.

NOW, right here, there is something to be explained. Certain editors, notably those of the Ottawa "Citizen" and the St. Johns, P.Q., "News," have stated that the millers themselves are a combine and are guilty of devious conduct. They claim that high grade flour sells for \$1.50 a barrel less in England than in Canada.

This question was brought up at the Conference. The Finance Minister was interested. The quotations under investigation were: Top flour, Winnipeg, \$5; Montreal, \$5.10; Halifax, \$5.75; and London, England, \$4.18 per barrel. Mr. W. A. Black, of the Ogilvie Company, speaking for the millers, explained that prices for top flour in Canada and Great Britain cannot be compared, because no Canadian top flour is exported to Great Britain. The London price, \$4.18, applies only to lower grade flour, while the Canadian quotations are for high grade.

But it is estimated that the Canadian miller sells this lower grade flour for export at a lower price than he gets for it in Canada.

Why? Because if he doesn't he simply can't sell it in Great Britain at all. The British dealer will buy his flour from other countries, and at prices determined by the relative cost of milling in Great Britain. There is no Imperial sentiment for Canadian flour. The total output of lower grade Canadian flour can't be sold in Canada, even though we had ten times the number of unemployed in big cities to consume the product. If the Canadian miller is to get rid of this product at all he must export it at competitive prices. He must export it at a loss. The price charged in Canada for lower grade is the break-even price. There is no profit and no loss. The price charged in the old country is a losing price of twenty cents a barrel on the average. That is, the Canadian miller loses twenty cents on every barrel he exports.

HAVING disposed of this bugaboo, the deputation outlined a scheme whereby the Government might throttle the alleged ocean-rate octopus. This was:

"That the Dominion Government enter into effective competition with the steamship pool or trust, or whatever it may be called by virtue of its operations, by inaugurating a line of government steamers plying to Atlantic ports."

In support of this suggestion, Mr. J. D. Allan, from the Toronto Board of Trade, recited some of his own experiences as a shipper. Mr. Allan is a heavy importer of raw furs and has to do his buying in more than one country in Europe. He produced bills of lading for goods bought in Milan, 400 miles from the

sea, from points in Italy and China; and by a comparison with similar bills of lading from Liverpool and London ports he showed that it is cheaper to ship from the heart of Europe or China to American ports than from either London or Liverpool.

The deputation argued that Russia already owns and operates a line of steamers plying between St. Petersburg and other Russian ports, as well as to Great Britain. Last September, Brazil bought up the largest line of steamers in South America, including a line to New York, for \$10,000,000, in order to quit paying toll to a combine. It is said, the Argentine finding itself in the clutches of the Armour Shipping Meat octopus, is figuring on Government steamships to get relief.

Why can't the Canadian Government put on, say,

ten vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of, say, 50,000? This could be done on one year's interest of what it will cost to build the new Welland Canal, which, when done, will be for the immediate advantage of the octopus. Such a fleet of vessels, owned and operated by the Government of Canada, would at once put an everlasting crimp in the modern Capt. Kidd of the North Atlantic, if there really is such an individual. These vessels, it is estimated, could be easily built for \$250,000 each.

At this point counter suggestions began to come from the Premier and the Finance Minister.

Premier Borden: "Would such ships be run at a profit? If so, why does not a private company enter the field?"

Mr. Allan: "The steamship combine would soon

destroy any private company, either by ruinous competition or else absorb it. The Government is able to fight the combine."

The Premier admitted that ocean freight rates had largely increased owing to a combine. To offset this the millers and farmers might combine in organizing a steamship line.

Mr. White: "It might pay a milling company to own and operate a couple of steamers."

Mr. C. B. Watts, Secretary of the D. M. A., said in reply: "No one mill has output enough to warrant such an outlay. And if a number of big mills combined for that purpose the smaller mills would be in precisely the same position as before, at the mercy of the combine. There are 400 to 500 competitive flour mills in Canada."

What the Millionaire Loses

AMONG civilized peoples every age has special opportunities for persons of ability to achieve distinction, or attain to eminence, in some direction. In one country, these may be to travel and explore; in another, they may be to investigate and discover; in another, they may be to study and understand. In this country, besides those I have mentioned, there are opportunities particularly favourable for material advancement and financial gain. In these two respects, this Canada of ours is signally a land of opportunity.

Owing to its vast and varied resources, energetic men are taking advantage of the circumstances—some by cutting its timber, some by tilling its soil, some by building its roads, some by working its mines, some by developing its industries, and some by exploiting its public utilities. Others are making money by organizing companies or promoting enterprises or operating securities, and others still are amassing fortunes by shrewd speculations, lucrative investments and risky transactions.

In each of these ways multitudes of Canadians are rapidly acquiring property, and many of them are rapidly accumulating wealth. As a result of this rapid accumulation of wealth, the number of rich men among us is becoming pretty large; so that, while a few years ago a Canadian millionaire was, comparatively speaking, a "rara avis," now men whose possessions are valued at a million dollars are so numerous as to create almost no surprise. Because they are so numerous and are increasing at such a rate, I have been impelled to write a paper or two on the subject of this article, namely, what the millionaire loses, or is in danger of losing, at least.

AT the outset, let me assure the reader that I have nothing to say against money, for I regard it as a convenience and a source of comfort. Nor have I anything to say against making money, because there is nothing wrong in making money, unless it be made in a wrong way. Money is a means of usefulness, as well as a source of comfort; and one who makes it honestly may do much good with what he makes. It is not money, but the love of money, that is the root of so much mischief and the cause of so much evil in the world.

But, while money is a useful thing to have, and money-making is a proper thing to do, there are perils in the path of one who desires to become wealthy in worldly goods and determines to get rich at any cost. Against this propensity the Scripture puts us on our guard, by warning us that those who purpose to be rich fall into temptations and snares, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as plunge men into destruction and ruin. It is a dangerous thing to cherish an eagerness to be rich, and especially to make riches the chief object of ambition, whether one desire great possessions for the excitement of getting or for the satisfaction of having them. He who sets that object before him loses much, and he who succeeds in obtaining it may lose more. Let us see, then, what his possible losses are.

First of all, he loses his exaltation of character. A person who devotes himself to gain becomes a different sort of man from one who devotes himself to goodness. His conscience loses its keenness, and then he begins to deteriorate. His impelling motive being gold rather than godliness, he is sure to lose his spirituality. With money constantly before his mind, he pays more attention to getting or acquiring than to living and improving. Thinking of it, dwelling on it, longing for it, talking about it, and labouring to obtain it, his soul becomes material, if not positively gross. An inordinate love of gold is a species of idolatry, for the reason that it leads a person to put money in the place of something higher, and the man whose sole object in life is to make money is essentially a mammon-worshipper. If he does not actually worship it, he does practically make an idol of it, by his too great absorption in it and his too fervent devotion to it. At all events, he who makes wealth his uppermost desire is in danger of becoming of the earth, earthy, because it inclines him to devote himself to that which lowers or degrades. As one has aptly said, "The desire for wealth pins a man to earth." Such a devotion of himself, or such an application of his powers, tends to dwarf, as well as degrade; so that one who gets

The First of Two Articles on the Relation of Wealth to Happiness

By PROFESSOR G. C. WORKMAN

weaker or lower in character becomes so much the less a man.

NEXT, he loses integrity of conduct. Losing keenness of conscience, he becomes lax in principle; and becoming lax in principle, he grows careless in conduct. If a man set wealth before him as an object of pursuit, his course will not be the same as if he set excellence before him. His aim will not be so high, nor his purpose so pure. To fall below one's aim may be excusable, but to disregard one's standard is demoralizing. If one lose sight of it only for a little while, the result is bad; but, if one leave it out of consideration intentionally, the result is baneful, because it is an act of will that tends to deaden the conscience. Every such act corrupts the morals of a person and debases him. Anything that dulls the moral sense is a delinquency, and anyone who dulls it consciously suffers an irreparable loss. Conduct, however, embraces both inward and outward actions, and applies to everything a person does; and, since integrity denotes conformity to the moral law in all relationships, it includes justice, or the giving to others that which is their due. It requires us, therefore, to consider them, as well as ourselves, and to consult their interests as honestly as we consult our own. But a man who is wholly absorbed in making money cannot be altogether just. For a time he will conform to what the law of the land allows, but before long he may work behind the statutes, or take advantage of technicalities, to the injury of other men. Money-makers need to remember that to fail in duty to their fellows is as truly a moral delinquency as to fail in duty to themselves, because in each case there is a positive violation of moral law.

After a while, he loses his regard for honour. Instead of scorning deviation from moral principle as unworthy and unmanly, he comes to view it as clever, if not commendable. Violating inward law continually and outward law as often as he dare, he becomes sharp in his practices and dishonest in his dealings. Bent on getting money, money he is bound to have, no matter how he gets it; and he may get it by deception and misrepresentation, by corruption and concealment, or by falsehood and fraud. The things he may do to gain his ends are too terrible to contemplate, for the means by which some persons are amassing fortunes are not simply cruel, but ruthless. The story of the methods adopted by rich men on this continent is painful to read, and still more painful to relate; and those adopted by such men in other countries are just as repulsive, there is reason to believe. Not very long since the world was startled, not to say dismayed, by the disclosures published respecting the great armament makers of Germany, who were charged with bribing men to manufacture war-scares in order to increase the sale of life-destroying weapons. And it is currently reported and generally believed that, after the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, Nathan Rothschild, founder of the London branch of his firm, by making use of personal knowledge to mislead his fellow-brokers and manipulate the stock-market, cleared a million sterling in a single day. First he employed certain agents to offer securities for sale at low prices to strengthen the belief that the allied armies had been beaten, when he knew, from having witnessed the battle, they were not, and then he hired other agents to buy up secretly all the securities that were offered. A man who could so dissemble and deceive must have lost not only his regard for honour, but also his sense of shame. The latest book about that banker assumes that account to be absolutely true.

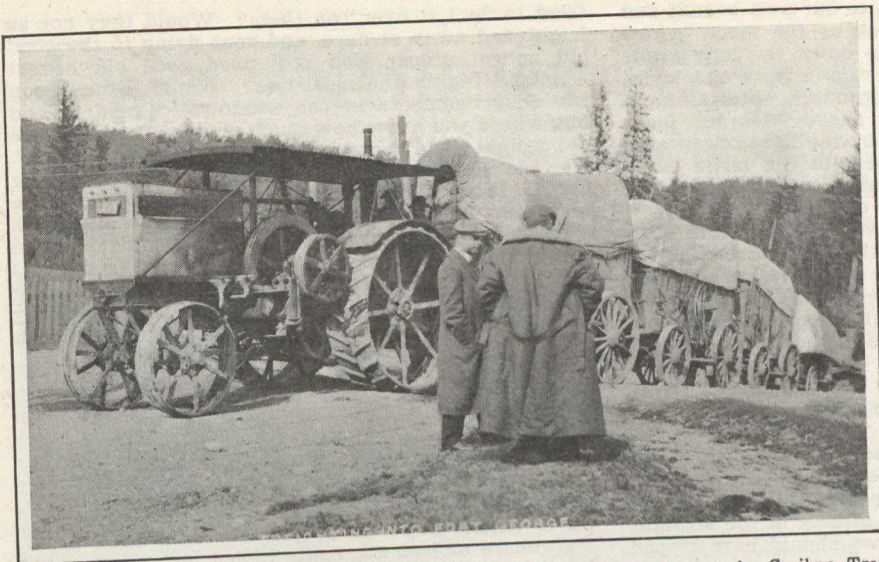
SOONER or later, perhaps sooner than later, he loses confidence in men. If he accumulates wealth dishonestly, he suspects those about him of doing what he does. Knowing that he is ready to get the better of them, he thinks that they may be ready to get the better of him; and he is quite right in so thinking, because, without doubt, some of them

are. Men of common aims make use of common means, so far as practicable; and it is according to human nature to return like for like—sharpness for sharpness and fraud for fraud, as well as kindness for kindness and good for good. If a man drive hard bargains with others, they will drive hard bargains with him; if he be false and unfair, they will be false and unfair, too; if he deceive and misrepresent, they will do likewise, if they get a chance. Hence his own practices make him suspicious. When men whose main pursuit is gold, know not with what sort of a man they deal, that man will soon not know with what sort of men he deals, or else he will discover that they belong to the same class with him. Double-dealers are they all, he will likely find. But double-dealers are tricksters, who cannot trust one another. Where shrewd speculators are rapidly amassing fortunes and high money is at stake, business becomes a desperate game, when no one playing is willing to show his hand. In other words, to drop the figure, no one interested in certain speculative enterprises dares to be himself. Those who are old enough will remember how the president of the Erie Railroad struggled for years to get the better of each other, Gould glorying when he got the start of Vanderbilt and Vanderbilt exulting just as greatly when he got the start of Gould.

LASTLY, though it may come early, he loses tranquillity of mind, which is a state of soul that proceeds from a consciousness of rectitude. But, instead of being conscious of rectitude, a dishonest man is conscious of crookedness. Now, no sensitive person can do wrong consciously without feeling disturbed, and no hardened person can practise fraud continually without a measure of disquietude. In his better moments, at least, he must have some twinges of conscience. Should his conscience not seriously trouble him, the memory of what he has done must make him uneasy at times; for he knows that by his methods he has created enemies, as well as alienated friends. Then, if he cannot trust those with whom he deals because he is doubtful of their intentions and uncertain as to their aims, he will be in constant dread of them; for an unscrupulous person will injure a rival, and would crush him if he could. No one in such a state of mind can know anything of inward peace. Fearing that some schemer may swindle him and apprehensive for the success of his own schemes, he passes restless days and sleepless nights. Nathan Rothschild, of whom I have spoken, is said to have sacrificed much rest and sleep to mammon; and, if he did the things he is reported to have done, that is just what we should expect. The latest book about him declares that, in spite of all the earthly goods at his command, he was not a happy man. Threatening letters from all parts of the world embittered his life, and for years he lived in perpetual fear of attempts to kill him.

Such are some of the things that a millionist, or a would-be millionist, may lose. And be it distinctly understood that I have spoken only of possible losses, though there are many who have actually lost them all. To lose one's elevation of character or one's integrity of conduct is sorrowful, but to lose one's regard for honour and one's confidence in one's fellows must be terrible. To be distrustful of others because they are distrustful of us is a painful way in which to live. Such a person is to be pitied, as well as despised, because he loses vastly more than he gains. Wealth can bring comfort, though it may bring care; but it does not, and cannot, give happiness. There is no wealth like a quiet mind, as the old ballad has it, and as some of us believe. Let I should appear to preach, let me quote a few sentences from the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, who visited this country a short time before he died. No one who knew his character will suspect him of preaching, I am sure. In his later years, according to his own account in a recently published volume, he is said to have ruminated:

"After all, what is wealth? My noble and severe parent had it in goodly quantity, but it cannot be said that it made him happy. He was far from being a happy man. . . . I have found that neither great wealth nor distinguished decorations, nor both put together, will guarantee a man against unrest of mind or turmoil of soul."



In the Evolution of the Locomotive the 1914 method of hauling freight over the Cariboo Trail by gasoline tractors might be considered.



Go back a few years and you find a still earlier type of freight train, but one still in use on the Cariboo Road, from Ashcroft to Fort George.

The New Cariboo Trail

In Central British Columbia, the Nearly Obsolete Stage Coach with its Six-horse Swagger is Modernized for Twentieth Century Needs

By C. W. ESMOND

THE morning is clear and crisp. The frost patches on the bare, bold bluffs and rolling hills sparkle with diamond brilliance. Down in the little town of Ashcroft two big, red motors whiz hither and thither. Here a passenger is taken on. There a piece of baggage is picked up.

Now, ours nearly has its load. The little bank inspector thoughtfully provides himself with a flask of brandy, "in case of accident." Both he and the young doctor have a plentiful supply of cigars and cigarettes. The former takes the front seat with the driver; the latter sits behind with the silent man and woman whose "right smart" and "I reckon" proclaim their Dixie Land origin. I take one of the chairs. A huge pile of suit-cases, tarpaulin-covered, are strapped on behind.

"I have two Chinamen to go," says the young traffic manager, standing on the footboard and tucking the robes warmly about everybody. "But they are small fellows," he continues, with a vocal inflection from which you infer that it would be perfectly all right to fold one of them up and sit on him. So we shoot off to Chinatown. Out from Chang Wang's laundry comes one slippered Celestial with a large suit-case, and forth from Wo On's chop suey steps the other with a large bag filled almost to bursting. The bag and suit-case are loaded on either side of the engine in front. Both the Chinamen, however, are much larger than we had pictured them, and neither looks sufficiently flexible for a cushion. But they are loaded in beside me, one on a gasoline can and the other on the second chair. A big load is warm and makes the springs more flexible. There are eight of us with the driver.

Now the impatiently throbbing engine of the 60 h. p. Winton car is given its head and we shoot off. Darting across the bridge we fly at the stiff grades that lead up out of the valley of the Thompson. Every turn, every new elevation, is a fresh revelation of glistening, sparkling beauty. It is December. Yet the morning seems to have been plucked from the time when the "frost is on the punkin", and the corn is in the shock." The wind of our motion fans cheeks into a burning glow. The speed exhilarates like wine.

Ashcroft quickly hides behind the low hills. We roll up onto the level grade and whirl along the frozen road in a world flooded with sunshine. Just ahead of us is a freighter. He has two huge waggons coupled together. They have towering high boxes and the canvas tops of prairie schooners. They are packed with goods for the Fort George country, whither we are speeding. This freight train will be about three weeks on the road. With a clack, clack of its Klaxon our express takes the side and whirls by. Another open stretch and a wide open throttle. Here is another freight train, empty this time, coming toward us. The driver sits in his saddle, holding the reins over his six-horse team. A chime of bells above the collar of each of the leaders ring out on the frosty air and the horses swing jauntily along to the music.

HERE we round the bold face of the bluff and look down a sheer wall of a hundred feet to the bed of the shallow but turbulent creek. Down the long grade we roll and duck around the spurs along the tumbling stream. Now we are on another level grade and shoot past a large, comfortable ranch-house, with its corral and numerous out-buildings. Creeping through the bumps, thundering over the level stretches, on throbs our motor until in little more than an hour we roll into the sleepy little village of Clinton. Just a pause here for gasoline and we are off again like the thunderbolt.

Level creek bottoms and long hill slopes here give us a far-stretching view of brilliant beauty. Then the forest hems us in and we run between two sombre walls of green. We round a bluff that drops into a little lake and suddenly stop against the noses of a freighter's team. It is an unexpected meeting. By careful manoeuvring a passage is arranged and on we go. Now the front wheels strike an unexpected series of bumps. The Chinese suit-case on the engine, after a series of high jumps, hits the track from where it bounces into the ditch on the opposite side. The hitherto silent Celestials become suddenly voluble in Chinese. We let our imaginations interpret for us in the light of what we would say under similar circumstances. Back we go an incredible distance, pick up the resilient baggage and sweep on to 74 Mile House for lunch.

With what appetites we demolish the vegetables, beef and pie need not here be recorded. It is a good old-fashioned dinner, served in a farmhouse, and therefor we pay "four bits," fifty cents. Then, with



The Cariboo express train that rushes travellers over the trail from Ashcroft to Fort George, by the old gold trail of the '60's.

that comfortable feeling that follows a good meal, we resume our journey. Throughout a mild afternoon we gaze on an ever-changing panorama of ranch, peaceful lake, sloping hillside, evergreen forest and daring mountain road, all seeming to pass with moving picture swiftness. Dusk begins to fall. The moon peeps over our shoulders. Here at a ranch-house the driver telephones ahead to have supper ready at Mile 134. Then on we go for another hour in the growing light of the moon.

Mile 134, if anything, surpasses the cheer of the lunching place. Mr. Ross, our host, is a typical Cariboo rancher, well read, comfortable and contented with his 700-acre estate. But the moon is filling the valley with a silver glow, the roads are good and on we go for fifteen joyous miles to 149 Mile House. Like an invading army we swarm in upon them. But they are quite equal to the emergency and quickly have us suitably accommodated for sleeping. After a short night of "dreamless" the breakfast call sounds in our ears and we are shortly tucking away the porridge, ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee. Breakfast over, we inspect the ranch and visit the captive bear. Bruin, however, has gone in for his winter's nap and we can only see two very sleepy eyes raised with a great effort at the noise of our approach.

BY this time our driver is ready and we whirl along as yesterday. More than an hour we pass in climbing hills, creeping around precipitous spurs and rolling down grades. Then suddenly before us opens a deep valley and bits of the silver ribbon of the Fraser appear. Down in there is the little village of Soda Creek. But how we are to descend, except by airship, is past understanding. However, the mystery is solved as we proceed. Along the steep side of the high bank runs the well-graded road. Down a series of switch backs we roll as safely as down a city street. Below yawns the canyon which here compresses the Fraser's volume into a narrow flume.

If it were summer we should here leave the motor and take a comfortable river steamer up the Fraser, making the trip to Fort George in two days. As it is, we get gasoline and then follow the road along the river toward the village of Quesnel. After another of those comfortable farmhouse lunches we roll for miles along the ragged edge of the high bench that gives us a far-stretching view of the Valley of the Fraser. Suddenly in mid-afternoon it broadens and we look down to where the village of Quesnel nestles at the junction of the Quesnel and



The man that handled the "ribbons" over the six-horse team swinging the mails up from Ashcroft to Quesnel would have created a sensation at a down-east horse show.

Fraser Rivers. Down we glide, roll up in front of the hotel, and our motor trip is finished.

Here we connect with the horse stage running to Fort George. At four a.m. the call is given. The passengers hurry down to breakfast. Then, with our new driver, we go down to the river and cross the swift-flowing Fraser by ferry in the darkness. Here waits the towering four-horse stage, and we climb to our places. Two of the passengers sit with the driver on his high, turret-like seat, and there are three on each of the two other seats. I, being a physically fit looking individual, am given a seat on the boot. Here I grip the handles and enjoy a clear view to the southward.

Off we go through the darkness, up grades that tax the four-horse team to the limit, around sharp spurs that slope down sheer into the shadow, and through narrow canyons of roadway walled in by forest. Facing off into space I have no security except my ability to hang on. Through the ruts and pitch-holes, where we jolt at high speed, I am like to repeat the performance of the Chinese suit-case. However, I find I am able to brace my feet in some rope, as a horseman does in stirrups, and I ride comfortably and pleasantly. Two of the passengers at different times during the trip trade with me, but they are soon glad to get their old seats back again.

Dashing over the levels, sliding cautiously down the slopes and creeping up the grades, we go steadily on. Mid-forenoon, and we come to a little stream, and the driver waters his horses. We passengers get down and walk around. Then in a couple of hours we roll up to the log hostelry at Goose Lake. Here we change horses. Here, also, George, the dapper, suave and capable little Jap, has a fine and hearty meal for us. "Six bits," seventy-five cents, it is this time, but it is worth every cent.

Through a long, pleasant afternoon, we review an ever-changing panorama of valley, hill, forest and lake, with here and there a homestead. Up one

long hill we get out and walk, to our own benefit and the relief of the horses. Then as the moon begins to silver the world we plunge down the long grade at the Blackwater Valley and stop in front of a large, rambling log hostelry that promises entertainment for the night. Here another suave "George" feeds us, and we eat at a long table by the light of lanterns swung from the rafters. Then, in the large bunk-house adjoining, we find clean, comfortable beds, and sink for a short time into oblivion.

At three a.m. the call is given, for we have sixty miles to go this last day of the trip. Breakfasting heartily, we walk ahead up out of the valley and then climb aboard our towering vehicle as it comes up. As yesterday, we go on through the darkness, except that like the pillar of fire, the glow of an acetylene head-light moves ahead of us over the road. Eight o'clock comes, and with it the first change of horses and a second breakfast, a luxury of hot cakes and corn syrup.

The roads are icy. In places the sides drop off to sheer depths of hundreds of feet. For going over the ice the driver fastens a sharp steel shoe to one of the rear wheels, compelling it to stay in the straight and narrow path. Otherwise we should have tipped over the side. It speaks well for the drivers of the B. C. Express Company that no serious accident has yet occurred on this line.

In spite of these necessary delays we make good time. Noon finds us only 21 miles from Fort George. Another meal is snatched here. Another relay of horses is put on and we are off on the last lap.

Two hours' brisk riding and the Valley of the Fraser opens up to our right. Soon we can see the Fraser itself. Then the bluffs north of the Nechaco, where it flows from the west into the Fraser, appear. At four p.m. we dash into Fort George, the century-old trading post and new city that throbs with the activity of transcontinental railway building, and our journey is ended.



The Metric System

THE Government is making an effort to introduce the metric system of weights and measures into Canada. Some strong governmental lead will be necessary to bring it about, even in a country which has already accepted the sensible decimal system of coinage. It is a little like "spelling reform" and all other logical changes—easy to argue for but hard to get done. We are all accustomed to the English system of weights and measures. We know what a quart is—what a yard is—what a mile is—what an acre is. But we do not know what a "liter" is, or a "meter," or a "kilometer" or a "hectare." And we do not want to be bothered finding out. All the labour we have put on learning this difficult and arbitrary system of ours would be lost; and men who never went to school would be as well off as we are, if we were now to adopt a new system.

IN order to get a little glimpse of what we look like, we might consider what we would think of a proposition to put our money back into the system of pounds, shillings and pence. When you are accustomed to reckoning in English money, it is a fairly swift and easy process. I know by experience that a few weeks in England makes it seem quite the natural method of counting your change. I presume that you would, in the same way, become accustomed to adding it up, and keeping your books in it. But we in Canada would never think of going back to it. Our decimal system is so clearly the logical method, and is so much easier to learn, that it would be a crime against modern progress to fling this country back into the old net-work of twelves and twenties and twenty-ones. Yet the position is exactly the same. The shilling is quite as logical as the quart or the yard. All that is needed on our part is a little united and intelligent effort; and we will be emancipated from this cumbersome, complicated and purely adventitious system of weighing and measuring forever.

I CAN assure you that it "comes quite easy" to get into the new system of measurement. While bicycling in France, we had to measure our distances by the kilometer, which is a little over half an English mile. But very soon we did not stop to do this little sum when a distance to the next town was given us. We had begun to think in kilometers—just as a student of French reaches a stage one day when he begins to think in French, and no longer instinctively translates into English. In the same fashion, when buying a fluid at the grocer's, and the clerk says that it is so much a liter, you soon get to understand, unconsciously, just about how much a liter will make. And the beauty of it is that you

need learn no other measure. Having learned the liter, you are not in the position of the foreigner in Canada, who has learned pint, and then must learn what a quart is and a gallon. Having learned your liter, all other measures are merely multiples or fractions of the liter.

WE are a great people for short-cuts; and, in time, we will take this one. It is merely a question whether our children or only our grand-children will get the benefit of it. "Spelling reform" is, I venture to think, however, on quite a different basis. To level down the orthography of the English language would be like ploughing up Karnak. It might make the going a bit smoother; but it would utterly destroy the foot-prints of a gigantic past. That would be too high a price to pay for simplifying the spelling-book. No person, charged with the task of making a new language, would make anything like the English—but then no person charged with the task of laying out a new city would copy the topography of London or Paris or Rome. These are splendid growths; and, until we become so utilitarian as to use our grandfathers' tomb-stones for door-sills, we will hardly disregard entirely the sentimental joy of preserving the landmarks of our march upward.

OF course, the way to inaugurate any such reform as the introduction of the meter system, is to inaugurate it. That is, the Government must have the courage to put it in force. It will be of no use to wait until the people themselves do so voluntarily. They will never take the trouble. It is too easy to just go on in the old, familiar, slipshod way, buying our quarts and pounds of things and measuring by yards and acres. Suppose some up-to-date grocer were to announce to-morrow morning that he had adopted the metric system, and that hereafter he would not sell you a pound of sugar, but a half-a-kilogramme of it, would you feel quite easy about patronizing him? Would there not arise a shadowy doubt in your mind as to whether his price per "kilo" might not be a bit dearer than his old price per pound? It would seem to you that the grocer might easily take advantage of the change to unfamiliar measures to shade up his rates a trifle—that, in any event, he might charge the cost of the new weights and measures to his customers. So you would go on to the next corner and patronize a grocer who still sold by the quart and pound.

IF you—with all your superior intelligence, for you must have superior intelligence to read this department—would be so affected, how do you think it would affect the ignorant and the careless, who never heard of the metric system until their grocer

tried to "put it over" on them? Would they not be frightened away at once, and sent flying to the good old honest grocer who still used good old honest English weights and measures? Would we not soon see advertisements in the windows—"Come in and buy where you know how much you are getting. The old weights and measures are good enough for us." No; the voluntary adoption of this reform will never come. It must be by Government action. The new measures must be made the only legal measures. They can be marked with their exact equivalents in the old, so that the house-keeper and the general purchaser can still tell how much they are getting for their money; but nothing short of compulsory use will ever bring them in. And then our children will arise and call us "Blessed"—though a bit slow.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Carl Flesch, Violinist

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

SEVERAL hundred people who like good music more or less got badly fooled last week—when they decided to play a safe role by staying away from the programme given by Carl Flesch and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Flesch is a Hungarian by birth. Last Thursday was his first appearance in Canada as an item in his first tour of America, where he demonstrated himself a big rival to Ysaye, Kreisler and Elman. Flesch got return engagements from every orchestra he played with in the United States, and the Toronto Symphony followed suit, even before they had heard him. The dear public were informed of this through the newspapers before Mr. Flesch came to Canada. But a large number decided to doubt first and regret afterwards.

Carl Flesch may be included in the category of the world's biggest players on the violin. He is an artist of tremendous potentiality. He has a tone almost, if not as big, as Elman's. He has all the repose and self-mastery of Kreisler. He has not, of course, the profound phrase-turning finesse of the superb Ysaye; nor for that matter has anybody else. But he plays the biggest programmes in the world in a big, dignified and compelling style, that never for a moment loses itself in hysteria over the needs of the gallery, and never bamboozles the gallery by playing merely art for art's sake to the people in the two-dollar seats.

His handling of the Beethoven Concerto in D Major was an absolute triumph for Carl Flesch and his magnificent Strad; and in the language of a Canadian violinist who knows Flesch—"What a Strad!" In the first movement he seemed rather cold and formal. In the second and third his Hungarian blood got warmed up and he made the melodic outlines of the Beethoven masterpiece gorgeous with colour and instinctive with passion. I doubt if Ysaye put into those two movements quite the poetic feeling that Flesch gave it. His tone was absolutely pure. He never for a moment forced his Strad to imitate a 'cello or a pair of violas doing a duet. He paid utter respect to the tone values of the piece, and in executing its most difficult passages he remained master of himself by a great power of restraint. There never was any symptom of exhaustion or of hot-headed anxiety to produce a great effect. Flesch believed that the Concerto itself supported by the orchestra was big enough to get its own message to the people, so long as he got out of it what Beethoven put into it and not necessarily any more. In this respect he stamped himself as a true interpreter—not an exploiter of himself.

His old-melody numbers were delightfully and poetically done. Toronto audiences have become familiar with most of these through the work of Mr. Jan Hambourg. Flesch rendered them with a warmth of tone and a quiet dignity of interpretation that made them sparkle with poetic charm. He was encored again and again. His first and chief encore was the Schubert Serenade, which he did with the kind of wholesome reserve that some of the big players entirely miss by over-sentimentalizing for the gallery.

Great Actor's Farewell

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson pays his last visit to Canada next week. For the past six months he has been in the United States in a great revival of Shakespeare and other favourites

By JOHN E. WEBBER

COMPLETE happiness in the present tour of this great actor is only tempered by the knowledge that at its close the distinguished actor will retire from the stage altogether and devote himself to an earlier art in which he had already achieved success before adopting a stage career. He is still far from an old man—sixty in years, I believe—but he has decided to retire while his powers are at their ripest and while the memory we keep is still untinged by sadness.

It is also deeply gratifying to note that a stage acquaintance which began none too auspiciously on this side should have ripened into such a warm regard that New York reluctantly said good-bye only after four months' playing. America's farewell tri-

Two Noteworthy Canadian Landscapes

In the Current Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists there are many new tendencies in the Interpretation of Canadian Scenery. These two pictures, one by a French-Canadian, the other by a young English painter resident in Canada, are among the most conspicuous.



Suzor Cote, who has his studio in Arthabaskaville, P.Q., has done a great number of splendid snowscapes in Quebec. This of the River Magog, at Sherbrooke, is one of his newest and most effective. Suzor Cote is a master at the handling of combined snow and water effects. Where snow stops and water begins is one of the things that a Quebec painter is very likely to study very intimately. He and Maurice Cullen are two of the most expert exponents of this kind of painting. Canadian painters just now are doing a lot of shrewd thinking about how to paint snow. The old way was to dab on white paint. But that method is discarded by all modern painters, who see in snow very much more than mere white.



Arthur Lismer is a young Englishman who should not be expected to know much about the mystery of the old logging road. He has been here only a couple of years. But in that time he has shown that he can cut away from the idyllic glamour of the hackneyed English landscape and with a fresh eye tackle the sharp, rugged outlines of the Canadian bush. This picture of *The Bush Road* looks to a native woodsman very much like the real thing. Lismer got it—where do you think? Not in New Ontario. He painted it not more than five miles north from Toronto City Hall, where real estate company woodsmen were carving corner lots in the autumn bush. The oak fell into the pines just a few minutes before he got there.

bute is just as unstinted as that of his own fellow countrymen.

There is a touch of irony in this triumphant close, if not matter for subtle reflection. Ten years ago Forbes-Robertson made his first visit to America in "The Light that Failed." The title did not belie the venture. It failed. "Hamlet" was hurried on to take its place and the critics were almost unanimous in their opinion that it was the greatest Hamlet since Booth. But either the critics were discounted or the public was not in the appropriate mood for Shakespeare. The popular response was anything but flattering.

A season or two later the "greatest of all Hamlets" returned to the conquest in about as obvious and trite a theatrical vehicle as Broadway ever saw. Even this failed. Then came Bernard Shaw's delicious trifling with history, "Caesar and Cleopatra," with the actor ideally cast. But this got only partially "over." You see, Shaw was still more or less of a puzzle to Broadway and the historic sense of this people does not go back farther than Gettysburg. ("Disraeli" succeeded because Parker was wise and avoided history or subordinated it to a sentimental interest.) After Shaw came "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—to which Charles Rann Kennedy had played a sort of John-the-Baptist, with his "Servant in the House." And in a character which they could understand and a play that reached out and touched their simple faiths in a simple way, the public discovered for the first time that they were in a Presence. The actor had arrived. His genius established, he might play Shakespeare, Shaw or anything he chose.

Truly nothing succeeds like success. Nothing opens our eyes to genius like the plaudits of the multitude. In them rests our faith after all. They are the arbiters of conscience as well as of taste.

For five years circumstances and the public kept the actor to this one part. Lesser actors have grown prosperous and atrophied over this present day theatrical obsession, that because a man does a thing conspicuously well, he shall continue to do that one thing and no other until death do them part. Some

have no doubt wondered what the effect on the English actor might be. But those who knew Forbes-Robertson and retained vivid recollections of his Dick Heldar or his Shylock or his Hamlet, knew that



The Greatest "Hamlet" of them all.

the Stranger of Jerome's play was but a gracious incident in the career of one who is an artist to his finger tips.

In writing of this actor's Hamlet it is difficult to avoid hyperbole. No character is more fettered by tradition or great names than Hamlet. Edwin Booth was before the writer's time, but it is safe to predict that the present generation of playgoers will challenge future performances with the memory of Forbes-Robertson's, just as the last generation does with that of Booth's.

Forbes-Robertson's conception is a bold departure from any of his great predecessors. His is not the melancholy Dane of tradition, but a perfectly human man of noble intellect whose nerves have been brought by misfortune and the haunting cloud of suspicion with which the palace is filled, almost to breaking point; not a neurasthenia victim of melancholia, that he depicts, but a noble Dane. The revelation of the Ghost changes uncertainty to knowledge, and from that point on the dominating idea is vengeance, in which the dominating note is not madness, but a high irony.

The subtlety of the intellectual conception is matched by the perfect execution. As an elocutionist Forbes-Robertson is without a rival on the stage today. Physically, too, he is an ideal Hamlet. "Born to play the part," the hand of time has dealt gently with his physique, leaving the same lithe, youthful figure, the same noble features as of yore.

"Mice and Men," the second play in the New York repertoire, is a pretty little play of the eighteenth century, which had a successful London run some years ago. Its author is Mrs. Madeline Lucette Riley, a sister, by the way, of Miss Alice Bradley, author of "The Governor's Lady." The hero of "Mice and Men," Mark Embury, a scientifically and philanthropically inclined individual, decides to adopt a girl from a fondling hospital, train her in the way she should go and then marry her to the great good of the race and the comfort of himself. How these plans are destined to "gang apley" is evident from the moment a fascinating young blade in the red

(Concluded on page 20.)

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

The Eternal Struggle

ULSTER has been the chief theme of Canadian conversation during the past fortnight. The Liberal papers have published news headings and editorials intended to show that the Asquith Government is right, while the Conservative papers have exalted Carson and the Ulster Resisters. The political lines of the British Isles are followed here more closely than at any time in recent years. The partisanship of Canada finds itself easily adapted to the partisanship of Great Britain. Slowly but surely the political programmes of the older country are reflected in those of the newer. The only difference is that what would correspond to the "Nationalist" and the "Labour" parties of Great Britain have no separate existence here, but are largely, though not wholly, found within the Liberal ranks. The Liberal party is represented in Parliament by a smaller percentage of Protestants than the Conservative party, and the only purely Labour member is on the Liberal side.

The Ulster controversy is essentially a religious one. The despatches are almost devoid of any reference to this, but every thinking person recognizes it. Rightly or wrongly, the Protestant does not believe that he gets quite the same fair treatment from a Roman Catholic government as a Roman Catholic gets from a Protestant government. The Protestant is willing to give a Roman Catholic equal privileges with himself—short of a predominate vote in parliament. The Protestant will tolerate a Roman Catholic premier and accord him the full measure of respect; he will accept Roman Catholic Ministers of the Crown as freely as he accepts Protestant Ministers; but he stops short at a Catholic majority in the parliament. This is wholly because he fears the influence of the hierarchy, or the invisible power which that word represents, and not because he has the slightest distrust of his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens as such.

Thus Ulster is explained. Thus much in Canada's political and social life is explained. Thus only may one discern reasons for such organs as the "Orange Sentinel" and the "Catholic Register." This mutual distrust of each other's "system" is not creditable to either Protestant or Roman Catholic, nor is it beneficial to the nation, morally, socially or intellectually.

This is the eternal struggle. It came into British life with the Reformation. It is part of Canada's inheritance. It will vanish only when sin disappears and the millennium dawns. In the meantime, we must bear with it as best we may, working always towards the elimination of the extremist and the exaltation of the virtue of toleration.

Paroled Prisoners

ONE good feature, among the many bad, marks our system of prison administration. Last year, according to Mr. Archibald's report, 445 prisoners were released on parole from the penitentiaries, and 470 from provincial reformatories. This system has been in vogue for fourteen years and is working well. Last year, the number of cancellations was 77, or eight per cent. of the total number of paroles. The total number of paroles during the fourteen years is 5,495, of whom eighty-two per cent. completed their paroles honourably.

Mr. Archibald does not believe in automatic paroles. Each case must be studied on its merits. The great advantage of the system is that the prisoners on parole return to industrial life and earn support for their wives and children. If they remained in prison, their families would receive no benefit and the expense to the public would be increased.

Most important of all considerations is the fact that during fourteen years, 5,495 erring men and women have been removed from the contaminating and soul-destroying life of our inefficient and politics-ridden prisons. Having national detention places which are twenty-five years behind the times, and in which men are made more criminal instead of less, it is pleasant to know that the parole system steps in and saves a few of the unfortunates who come before the automotons who administer our criminal laws.

The First Research Bureau

CANADA'S first Municipal Bureau has been established in Toronto. This permanent organization has grown out of the committee which superintended the "survey" of the administrative methods of the city by New York experts. The Bureau is to be supported by private contribution from the heavier taxpayers, and the expenses are estimated at twenty thousand dollars a year for five years. A director has been appointed at a salary

of six thousand dollars a year, and he will have several assistants. An honorary committee of management, and an honorary board of trustees comprise the governing body.

Municipal research bureaus have been established in various United States cities and have been doing good work in educating the citizens to a livelier and saner interest in civic affairs. These bureaus do not attempt to interfere with the political phases of civic administration, such as the election of aldermen, or appointments to civic offices. They confine themselves to research work, and the publication of facts relating to municipal government. They aim to inform the taxpayers as to what the administration is doing, and leave the electors to draw their own conclusions. They also aim to co-operate with the administration in initiating reforms which the officials and the council may decide to be necessary. They work with the administration, not against it.

One of the maxims of these Bureaus is worth consideration in all Canadian cities: "As regards great social undertakings, the Informed Taxpayer means the Generous Taxpayer." This idea is somewhat new. It is based on the theory that efficiency in civic administration has its genesis and its existence in a well-informed, active and intelligent public opinion.

Canadian Ship-building

A MOST remarkable statement appears in a recent editorial on ship-building in the Toronto Globe. It runs thus: "Before Canada ruined the business by protection she was among the leading ship-building nations."

Such a statement cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. The protective policy which Canada has pursued for thirty-six years cannot be bolstered up by false facts, nor can it be changed by misleading

His Place in the World

BY MRS. BILSBOROUGH.

A new serial story by a new English author, being a remarkable case of loss of memory by a noted surgeon, and the equally unusual event by which he was restored. The first instalment in this issue. Complete in twelve weeks.

statements. The Globe statement is in the latter class.

When ships were made of wood, Canada built many ships. When steel was introduced as a substitute for timber, the building ceased. Canada could not make iron and steel plates. Iron and steel mills did not exist in this country, whereas they were numerous in Great Britain and Germany even in the era of wooden ships. In order that Canada could engage in steel ship-building it was necessary to establish the basic industries. This is now being done, and some day Canada may get back her ship-building. In the meantime, the world's ships are largely built in Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States.

Germany's experience proves the falsity of the Globe's statement. Germany is a protective country, just as Canada is, yet Germany is second in the list of ship-building countries. It is a question of industrial ability, not a question of protection.

Finally, it would be equally false if the Globe had stated that protection ruined our square timber business. Everyone knows that the export of square timber declined because the supply of trees ran out.

This is not a defence of protection, but a plea for truth and common-sense.

Heroism of Premiers

WHEN President Wilson said in his Chicago speech "I am the trustee for the prosperity of the United States," he made a statement which every Cabinet Minister in Canada should remember. Our Premiers, if they told the frank, brutal truth would probably say, "I am the trustee for the prosperity of my party clique." There is a tremendous difference.

Under our system, it must be admitted, a Provincial or Federal Premier has not the same freedom as the President of the United States. He has more power to force his measures through parliament, but he is under greater restrictions imposed by the party caucus and the party leaders outside parliament. The President is a candidate chosen for the time being, not a leader who has grown up with the

party, progressing step by step to the top. The President may be an outsider, as President Wilson is, and hence comparatively free from past political history. Our Premiers never are. No Canadian Premier could reasonably be expected to take the detached view of public questions that Wilson does.

Admitting all this, Canadian Premiers are not noted for their courage or their leadership. They seldom tower head and shoulders above their Cabinet as Wilson does. More important still, they seldom make a big fight for a public reform to which the leaders of the party are opposed. They are usually compromisers. They think more of winning bye-elections than doing what is best for the people as a whole. They are usually grand men, anxious to serve their fellow-citizens, but not always willing to risk their political supremacy by courageous action. Hence they are more often party heroes than public heroes. Their heroism is for the party rather than for the people. There are exceptions, of course. Sir James Whitney is a notable example of a man who has led his party and has regarded himself as a trustee for his province. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Rt. Hon. Mr. Borden also have much of the quality implied in the phrase, "A Trustee for the People."

An Intelligent Critic

MOST of the critics who favour the editor of the "Canadian Courier" with their opinions of the material published from week to week, confer a benefit. Many of them have information to impart. All of them have a point of view which is instructive to any properly constituted editorial staff.

Of course, there are exceptions, and one of these sent a letter from Calgary a few days ago. He took the clipping from the "Courier" of February 28th, entitled, "Wanted—A Daniel," in which Dr. C. C. James and Principal Creelman were asked to answer a question. This interrogation was phrased as follows: "How can the producers be increased in number and ambition?" It was suggested that either of these two gentlemen, or some other expert on the subject, should give the public a real plan for increasing the number of the producers.

This critic from Calgary has solved the question in eleven words, not counting the signature. These eleven words should be written on tablets of gold, as bronze would not be quite worthy of the occasion. When so engraved they should be hung in every agricultural college in the Dominion as a tribute to the intelligence of the grangers of the West, because, as mentioned above, the author of this wisdom lives in Calgary, or thereabouts.

Here, then, is the famous message in eleven words, the message for which so many of us have worked and prayed for years:

"Goosie! Also chump! Take off the tariff and let them breathe!"

The author of this brilliant sentence signs his name and this will be furnished to any reputable citizen who may apply for it. If any person from Calgary asks for the name he must give assurance that the thing will be done quietly and without any disgraceful public exhibition. The ordinary method which has distinguished the historic days of the Foothills should not be used. Perhaps a selected Oriental method would be better.

Statesman and Politician

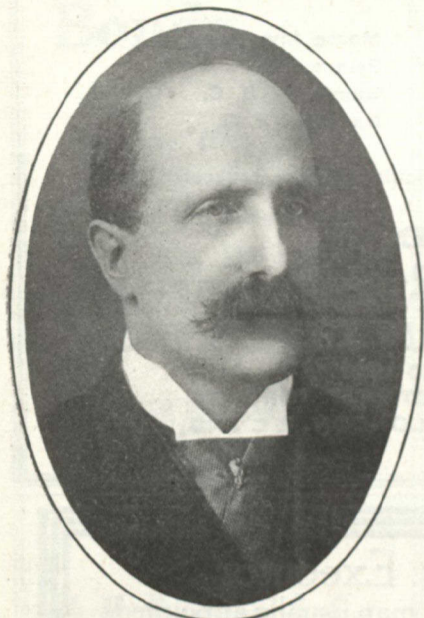
FEW people are able to distinguish between a statesman and a politician. In his book, "True and False Democracy," President Butler, of Columbia University, says:

"The distinction between a political leader and a political boss is perfectly clear. The leader studies only the public good and party success as contributing toward it. He draws to himself the strongest, the wisest, and the best of those who bear his party's name. He urges forward talent and capacity; he represses presuming ignorance and self-seeking. He rests his case upon his capacity to persuade and to convince the people. By sheer intellectual strength and vigour of will he attracts men to him and to his policies. So Hamilton and Jefferson, so Lincoln and Douglas, so Gladstone. The political boss, on the other hand, is below the horizon from which the public good is visible. Party success is his highest aim and party success is interpreted in terms of his personal supremacy. He surrounds himself with the weak and obedient, with those whose conscience is held safe prisoner behind the bars of ambition and desire for gain. He bases his hope of victory upon effective political machinery, upon a lavish expenditure of money, and upon promises of preferment. His arguments are alternately exhortations and threats."

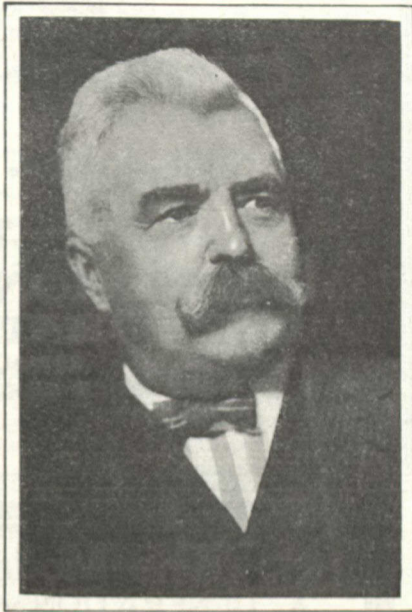
By substituting "statesman" for "political leader," and using "politician" instead of "political boss," the comparison will apply to Canada. There is only one other word which might be changed—the politician would probably use "patronage" instead of "preferment."

Canada needs more statesmen and fewer politicians, but there is not much hope for improvement until the people learn that their political fealty should not be bartered for a mess of pottage in the form of local public works.

The Four "Slate" Candidates for Montreal's Board of Control



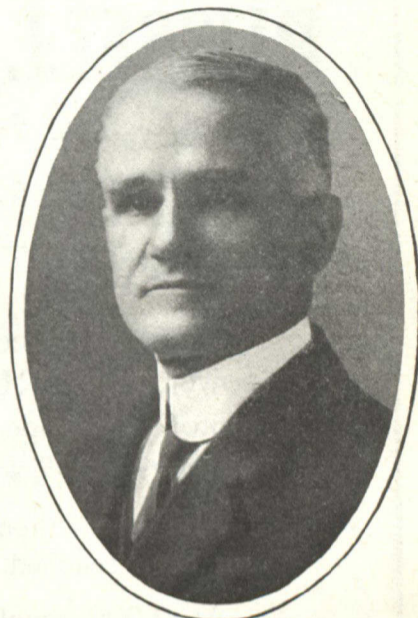
A. V. Roy, C.E.



Duncan McDonald.



J. U. Emard, K.C.



Controller Joseph Ainey.

AS Montreal elects its mayor every two years and its four controllers every four years, there is naturally a big campaign at the end of each four-year period. Next week the campaign of 1914 will culminate, the first big campaign since 1910, when the Citizens' Association carried their slate for controllers. On this occasion there is the same fight for the Board of Control, and in addition there is a Citizens' candidate for the mayoralty. The four controllers nominated by the Citizens' Association are Joseph Ainey, Duncan McDonald, J. U. Emard, K.C., and A. V. Roy, C.E. The Citizens' candidate for the mayoralty is Major Geo. W. Stephens, formerly chairman of the Harbour Commission.

Some idea of the situation may be gathered from a typical speech by Mr. Duncan McDonald. "There is no greater monopoly, or more ridiculous monopoly, than exists in the evening journals of Montreal," he declared. He interpreted this to mean that these newspapers, controlled by Sir Hugh Graham, were trying to "telegraph" the votes of the citizens of Montreal. He stated that he had requested them to publish a statement prepared by him, but that they had refused to do so. This is further indication that the people of Montreal distrust the Graham papers, as they believe that these journals are working in the interests of the Tramways Company rather than in the interests of the citizens as a whole.

Controller Ainey, who is again a candidate, de-



Major George W. Stephens, Montreal Citizens' Association Candidate for the Mayoralty.

fends the administration by quoting increases in wages of city employees, increased police and fire protection, milk inspection, new parks, new city buildings, day labour on civic undertakings, and elimination of graft. He outlined the programme of the "slate" as "autonomy of Montreal, harmony in its administration, and a complete and thorough plan of the improvements likely to be necessary in the whole island of Montreal for the next twenty-five years."

How the opposition to the "slate" are talking may be gathered from a speech by E. N. Hebert. He denounced as a complete failure the administration of the Board of Control elected in 1910. "They were then to revolutionize everything; it was all to the bad, except one thing, but it was in that unique case, for their own pockets; they had their salary brought up from \$5,000 to \$7,500.

"Even at that price, if they had worked for the welfare of the city at large, we would have nothing to say, but they spent their time in fighting instead of devoting it to the building up of the metropolis. Look at our slums, the shame of a civilized city; look at the perpetual procession of hearses carrying our children to the cemetery; look at the City Hall in the hands of a 'clique'; look at yearly pilgrimages to Quebec, where our rights are traded; look and you will be disgusted! A cleaning is badly needed. I give you my word of honour, that I am ready to pass the broom once for all."

The Conquest of the Air Has Now a Business Basis



Political turmoil in Great Britain has not interfered with the popularity of the Annual Aero Show, now on at Olympia, London. Waterplanes and aeroplanes are to be seen in various shapes and models, all indicating man's progress in the conquest of the air. The latest models in motor boats and petrol engines are also on exhibition.

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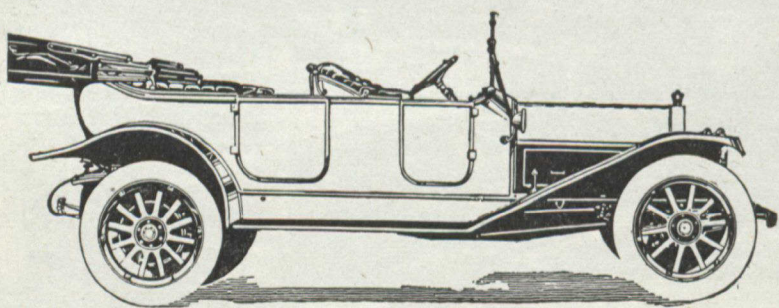
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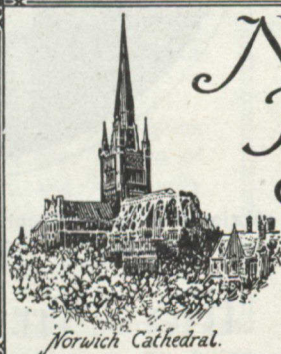
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Budget Speech

CANADA'S financiers and business men are more interested in the Minister of Finance's budget speech this year than in any other year since 1897. That was the year of the introduction of the British Preference, and the Budget of 1897 is a landmark in the commercial history of this country. The preference of 25 per cent. of the customs duties then granted to British manufacturers was afterwards increased to thirty-three and a third per cent.

This year's Budget Speech will be delivered in the House by Hon. W. T. White on April 6th. Several industries are vitally interested in the announcements which it may contain. The producers of iron ore desire a bonus in order to encourage the development of the iron mines. The producers of iron and steel are also anxious for a re-imposition of some of the bonuses recently cut off. The implement manufacturers are waiting to see just what reduction there will be in import duties on implements from the United States, and what corresponding privileges, if any, will be extended to them.

Here then are three great industries eagerly awaiting the Budget Speech and its decisions. The market value of millions of dollars of bonds and common stock, held by thousands upon thousands of investors, will be affected. The bankers of all these various companies hold much commercial paper from them, and they are vitally concerned. The smaller manufacturers who supply parts, machinery and other manufactured articles to these larger concerns are patiently awaiting results.

All this expectant waiting is one explanation of the stationary conditions of the stock markets and of commercial activity. There can be no revival of trade until these budget announcements are made.

This condition of affairs is still further affected by the question of Govern-

Quarterly Review Next Week

NEXT WEEK the "Canadian Courier" will publish its April Quarterly Financial Review. There will be general articles on the stocks and bond markets, industrial conditions, fire insurance, and other financial and commercial topics. There will be charts showing the course of the markets during the first three months of 1914. The information in that issue will be well worthy a close and careful study on the part of every citizen.

ment guarantees to the Canadian Northern Railway. The car companies, the locomotive companies, the steel rail companies, and the manufacturers of other railway supplies are waiting for orders from the Canadian Northern. If the Government decides to guarantee fifty millions of C.N.R. bonds for the completion and equipment of the transcontinental these factories will once more become busy hives. At present some of them are working half time only. Production has more than caught up with demand.

On Monday, April 6th, when Mr. White presents his annual summary of trade conditions and makes the Government's announcements for the year, practically all these doubtful points will be cleared up. After that date, the commercial interests will know exactly "where they are at" for another year, and doubt will disappear. If commercial activity is to be resumed, that will become quite evident within a fortnight after the delivery of the Budget Speech.

Municipals on the Bargain Table

DESPITE the marked popularity of municipal offerings these days, they are still low enough to be a very attractive buy. In this connection Wood, Gundy and Company, of Toronto, submit a comparison of the interest return now available on High Grade Municipal Bonds, and the corresponding "and interest" prices as against the basis prevailing in April, 1911.

Security.	Int. Return Corresponding		Int. Return Corresponding	
	April, 1914.	"And Int." Price.	April, 1911.	"And Int." Price.
Toronto	4½%	91.28	4%	100.
Quebec	4.60%	99.30	4½%	102.67
London	4.70%	88.10	4½%	93.58
Owen Sound	4.90%	94.41	4.30%	98.09
Fort William	5½%	96.36	4½%	100.
Regina	5½%	98.73	4½%	105.28
Renfrew	5¼%	106.38	4½%	112.19
Edmonton	5.30%	98.16	4½%	103.15
St. Boniface	5.30%	95.58	4½%	108.05
South Vancouver	5.30%	96.92	4.40%	106.54
Point Grey	5½%	92.	4½%	106.75
Nanaimo	5¾%	87.77	5%	100.

An analysis of these figures shows that the twelve securities referred to are obtainable at an average of 7.61 points below the April, 1911, mark. The average income is 5.11%, as against only 4.43% three years ago. It would seem that municipals are still on the bargain table. They are a good buy, particularly at present prices. It seems reasonable to suppose that the market will undoubtedly stiffen very soon.

Loan Company's Earnings

WINNIPEG correspondent is criticizing the remarks made in this column about the statement of the Great West Permanent Loan Company, of Winnipeg. He says that the net earnings, which the "Canadian Courier" represented as over 15 per cent., were only a little over 11%.

The difference between the 11% and the 15% profits is an amount of \$92,365, of which \$85,495 was interest paid on debentures, and \$6,870 written off for depreciation of furniture. But the 4.35 per cent. which these represented was actually earned, though it was paid out again. Not all loan companies make public the profit and loss items like the two which are the bone of contention in this case.

Municipal Debenture Legislation

LEGISLATION of a model kind is to be introduced at this session of the Nova Scotia Government. It will deal with consolidating and amending previous enactments regarding municipal debenture funds. Hitherto there has been too much divergence. Under the new provisions it is proposed that the form of issue shall be standardized and forms obtained only from the government. There shall be uniformity all through. Municipal debentures in Nova Scotia thus will be supervised by the government, and their regularity and legality will practically be guaranteed.

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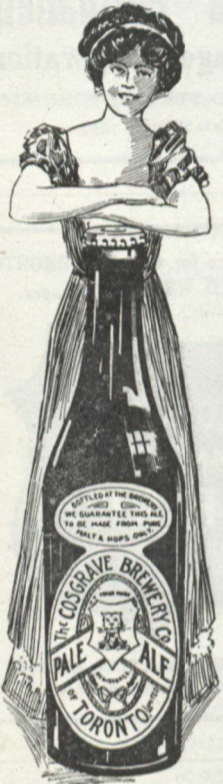
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Courierettes.

KING GEORGE has patented a movable fireplace, and got \$25,000 for it. He should get to work on a movable jail for Mrs. Pankhurst.

"The High Cost of Loving" is the title of a new play soon to be produced. We'll all be there. A title like that hits home.

Bowmanville, Ont., has a "Silent Twenty" club. Membership, we take it, is entirely masculine.

"Peg O' My Heart" is said to have won wealth and a wife for its author. He agrees with Shakespeare that "the Play's the thing."

An English magistrate has decided that a man has as much right to hiss as to applaud a play. The sure point is that he cannot get his money back.

A New York suffrage leader does all the work for her family of seven and finds time to labor in "the cause" also. She is the best argument for woman suffrage we have heard of.

"Coal dealers say that idea of civic coal yard is not feasible," announces Toronto paper. Does anybody imagine that they would say the contrary?

Abdul Hamid, deposed Sultan of Turkey, is very ill. His nose has been out of joint ever since the revolution.

The 48th Highlanders in Toronto have reached the 800 mark, but it would be interesting to know how many Irish and English helped them to make that total.

A Canadian chicken rancher who advertised for a wife, gets his pick of 244 willing British maids. Here's a new trade question. The demand in the West is keen, the supply in Britain is great. What will we do about it?

John Webster, the Brockville M.P., is said to have worsted Hon. Col. Sam Hughes in a friendly wrestle. We are forced to the conclusion that Canada's War Minister is most at home when firing verbal volleys.

Some newspaper writers are recklessly brave. In a Toronto daily the other day one of them referred to a school teacher as "an old maid."

A Toronto woman, charged with having slandered her neighbours, was told by the magistrate to control her tongue. Why should the law ask impossibilities?

General Castro has been found again. A lot of us were blissfully ignorant of the fact that he was missing.

Sylvia Pankhurst made a speech, lying on an ambulance stretcher. You just can't keep some people quiet.

Modern Dances.

SHE danced the Hesitation,
And she tangoed quick as wink,
But she couldn't do the Wash Dip
In the Kitchen Sink.

Jeremiah's Place.—A Canadian minister tells a rather amusing yarn about a certain long-winded clergyman and a sermon he preached on the prophets.

This preacher was noted for his long discourses, but his sermon on the prophets was longer than the rest of them. He began at the beginning of things and he missed nothing. He divided the prophets into two classes—the major and the minor prophets. He discussed the minors, singly and at length.

He took up the majors and dealt exhaustively with them.

Then he said: "We have now revised both the major and the minor prophets. There is the prophet Jere-

miah yet left to be dealt with. What place shall we find for Jeremiah?"

There came from the back of the church the voice of a chap whose patience had been exhausted.

"Jeremiah can have my place," he said, "I'm goin' home."

It Suited Him.—Little Johnny—"I wish our teacher would use the same system when she licks us as she does when she teaches us to write."

Fond Father—"What is that, my boy?"

L. J.—"She tells us to make the up strokes heavy and the down strokes light."

It's Human Nature.—Money talks—and when it does, we all politely listen.

The Sore Point.—Hon. G. P. Graham asserts that the Lynch-Staunton and Gutelius report on Transcontinental extravagance was made to order.

It was. What bothers G. P. is that it was not his, but the Borden Government's order.

Get This One?—"How did people multiply before arithmetic was invented?"

"On the face of the earth."

The Twice-Born Man.—This from an obituary notice in the Montreal Gazette sounds interesting:

"He was originally born in England in 1872."

There Are Exceptions.

THAT clothes make the man is an axiom old,
Yet sometimes exceptions are noted;

Glad raiment can't always accomplish the feat,

For many's the "pill" that's well coated.

Labor Saving Devices.—It was away down in the lazy and langourous South—the Sunny South.

"Well, how's times?" queried the tourist.

"Pretty tolerable, stranger," replied the old man who sat idly on the stump of a tree. "I had a pile of brush to burn and the lightning set fire to it and saved me a heap of work."

"That was fine."

"I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone came along and saved me the trouble."

"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

Quite a Feat.—The city boy, on a holiday in the country, had discoursed for half an hour on the acrobatic wonders of the vaudeville stage.

"That ain't nothin'," sniffed the farmer's son, in contempt. "We've got somethin' in this barn that'll turn without moving."

"Don't believe it. What is it?"

"Milk."

What It Proves.—Toronto paper devotes a whole page to an illustrated story of how big financiers eat pie at quick lunch joints. Simply goes to show how a wise man in finance may be foolish when it comes to food.

Desperate Remedy.—"If a few members of Parliament were killed there might be something done in the matter of traffic regulation reform," said a coroner in London, Eng., the other day.

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Jim Goodwin's Real Asset

(Continued from page 8.)

trance. The boy kept his eyes fixed on the rug before him. Twice he tried to speak, but the words refused to come. At last he could stand the suspense no longer.

"May I have my job back?" he blurted.

Mr. Randall sat quite still, evidently considering the request; the expression on his face was non-committal. Jim shifted his weight from one perfectly shod foot to the other, and fumbled his gaily beribboned hat.

"I've simply got to have it back, sir. I didn't realize what Randall & Co. meant to me until I had quit. I—I couldn't bear to be barred from it forever."

He drew a purple-bordered handkerchief from the pocket set slantwise in the breast of his coat and mopped his brow.

"Of course," he said, returning to the attack, "I wouldn't expect my old position. If you will only take me back, I'll do anything—I'll start in at filing letters—or running errands—or sweeping and dusting, even."

Mr. Randall glanced whimsically at the pale-hued kid gloves adorning the hands of the applicant for the sweeping-and-dusting job. He settled down in his chair, his face sobering.

"James," he said, at last, "I don't want any man in my employ who is encumbered with superfluous money—with money that he has not earned in promoting the welfare of the establishment. The services of such a man, I find, are not conducive to the best interests of the—ah—the house. Therefore—"

"But, Mr. Randall," interrupted Jim eagerly, "suppose that my money had been—had been—" He paused, a dull red mounting to cheeks and brow.

Mr. Randall noted the flush with secret gratification. Hastening to the boy's aid, he said:

"In that case I would consider the matter. We'll say no more about your inheritance. I shall assume that you have been unfortunate in your investments."

Jim fidgeted miserably. Mr. Randall decided with his usual suddenness.

"All right, James," he said, with his quick smile, "you may go to work."

* * *

JIM GOODWIN, unfortunately, was hopelessly mediocre in the methods that he adopted to make good. It requires no particular brilliance of intellect to be on the job early and late; one's life is anything but spectacular if he devotes it solely to the best interest of the employer that pays his wages. It would hardly seem an index to cleverness that a young man should finish up his own tasks and then, cheerfully and without comment, commence on those left over by the shirks in the little community about him. Surely, this is no way for one to make a name for himself in the busy, selfish world. He gets no thanks for such a foolish proceeding. Not all employers would notice it; some would, however. Mr. Randall did.

One day, at the end of the usual monthly conference—Jim had worked up to his old position—Mr. Randall seemed loath to end the interview. He introduced topic after topic of general interest, letting his conversation ramble on with no seeming definite end in view. Jim listened patiently, a queer, uncomfortable emotion welling up inside that blurred his eyes. He understood it; Mr. Randall was growing old.

In the middle of an interminable sentence he stopped, his eyes regaining, for the moment, their eager, interested look.

"James," he said, "are you aware that your work has been exceedingly good since your—er—reconstruction period?"

The young man looked up proudly. "I admit that I realize it," he said, with calm assurance. "One usually knows when he has done well, sir. That knowledge is the chief reward."

"The chief reward—yes—the chief reward." Mr. Randall's glance wav-

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ered. The idea that he had been fostering found sudden expression. "I'm growing old, James!" he said.

"No, no!" disclaimed Jim hastily. "You are just what you always were!" he added, his eyes dropping, however. Mr. Randall straightened himself abruptly, overcoming his momentary depression. The old enthusiasm shook his voice as he said:

"I have long had this thing in mind, James. Randall & Co. needs new blood. I have no one belonging to me. You have always been my favorite down here amongst my business family. I want you to come in with me; it's your due. Together, we—"

"Mr. Randall! Stop, please!" Jim's face was working with emotion. "I can't let you go on. You don't know that I got my position back under false pretences—I almost lied to you, sir—I—"

"Don't you suppose I knew, James? Don't you suppose I made allowances for your loyalty? That was the reason I took you back. I knew that you still had your miserable inheritance intact; that you had squandered your savings only before you turned back to me, heartsick. You came back, and you justified my faith in you. You have made good! You have found your real asset; it consists of something more enduring than a few paltry unearned dollars." Mr. Randall paused, his eyes twinkling merrily. "Isn't there some one you wish to confide in before we commence our discussion of ways and means?" There was a world of affection in his quizzical glance.

Jim grasped his hand, squeezed it until the old gentleman winced, and dived through the door. He rushed unceremoniously into the tiny room occupied by the pretty stenographer and closed the door behind him.

"Annie!" he cried. She looked up. "The boss has just told me that I've made good! He's offered to take me into the firm!"

"Oh!" she breathed. "Oh!" Into her eyes welled two big tears—of pride. "He says I've made good!" exulted Jim. "He says I've found my real asset!" He took her hands in his and drew her toward him. "My real asset!" he repeated—"and I want you to share it with me!"



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Great Actor's Farewell (Concluded from page 13.)

uniform of Her Majesty, surprises Peggy learning her multiplication table. Thereafter one can settle down to a comfortable assurance that the course of true love will, in the end, run smooth, and that the genial philanthropist will find what consolation he can, as Cicero might say, in the contemplation of his own integrity.

The transition of Forbes-Robertson from the role of Hamlet to that of Dick Helder illustrates the difference between talent and genius. Dick Helder, as played by Forbes-Robertson, is a tremendous piece of acting in a very indifferent play. The hints of approaching blindness are conveyed with consummate skill, and the finale of the second act, when darkness descends, is not the inevitable melodrama one would suppose, but poignant tragedy. The scene in which he discovers that the picture, which he finished in the failing light, has been ruined, after he had proudly shown it to his fellow-war correspondents, holds the agony of desolation.

The retirement of such men as Forbes-Robertson from the stage leaves us poor indeed, and our sense of loss will be just in proportion to the esteem in which we hold the dramatic art. For a generation, and especially since the passing of Irving, he has been its foremost English exponent, while in dignity, grace and poise of character, he has upheld the noblest traditions of a noble profession.

But, to quote a line from Jerome's Stranger, "Leave-takings are but wasted sadness." And, so saying we open the door quietly and gently that he who has so enriched our experience may pass out to many years of golf and painting and quiet country lanes and, in the end, sweet old age.

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

When Easter Comes

FOR the children there is no festival of the year which has the merry significance of Christmas—the day of gifts and gladness when the spirit of the day is all good-will. As the years go by and each succeeding Christmas means a reminder of the many friends who no longer keep the holiday with us, it becomes a day of regret as well as merriment, with a leaf of rue among the holly. But Easter, more solemn in its associations, becomes the most hopeful of all anniversaries as the dawn of Easter Sunday breaks. The name, it is true, was connected with the Pagan rites of spring-time rather than the Christian worship, but the meaning of the two has blended into the festival of rejoicing over the new things of Earth, with the deeper note of spiritual renewal beneath the lighter joy.

There has been much criticism in recent years of our somewhat ornamental keeping of Easter, with the toy rabbits, chocolate eggs and wee, downy chickens in the shop windows. Yet the finer meaning of Easter observance has not been forgotten, even if its social aspect has become almost childishly picturesque. In Canada, we do not observe Lent with the traditional strictness of Latin communities, but Easter is still to us a season of renewal and revival.

A sympathy with springtime gladness surely belongs to all unspoiled natures. The man who can be cynical on an April morning, the woman who can refuse to believe that God's in His heaven when the first bird-notes are thrilling from the eaves, must be sadly wrong and ought to take something in the way of a walk in the woods or an aeroplane flight for that hopeless feeling.

It is curious how the force of a verse from sacred writings often comes home to one in surroundings most remote from church or sanctuary. I never hear the great words which express the Christian belief in the Resurrection without recalling "The Tale of Two Cities." Do you remember how, in Dickens' account of Sydney Carton's sacrifice, to save a life which Lucie Manette loved, those words come to him with inspiring comfort even at the edge of the scaffold: "I am the Resurrection and the Life"? The novelist who revealed so much of human suffering and divine tenderness gave the verse its deepest meaning for the man whose nobler nature had risen again, to crush all that was base in his past.

Living and Learning

IS it the high cost of living or is it the cost of high living which is giving modern civilization so much to talk about? If we determine to do without certain luxuries and to keep to the essentials, are we so very badly treated in the price list of today? "But look at rents," says one observer. "You pay thirty dollars a month for a house in Toronto which was only sixteen dollars a month twenty years ago." Exorbitant rents, however, are bringing about their own reduction and the newer apartment houses are striving to meet the requirements of those who have moderate incomes.

The great difficulty in coping with lodging and rental conditions lies in the rush to the cities. A province of small towns is to be desired, rather than a scant rural population and a few congested centres. "Cities are a disease," declares a modern writer on sociological conditions, and, no doubt, he is telling the truth. We seem to be afraid of our own society in the lonely places, and it is not until the city has shown us its utmost of noise and unloveliness that we are willing to go back to the town or the village. A race which loves out-doors and the sports of field and water is likely to live long in the land. And the worst of it is that Canada's new-comers, instead of going to the vast, unspoiled places and tilling the land, are crowding into Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, to join the ranks of unskilled labourers. We want more farms and fewer factories. If the speed mania, which seems to have taken possession of us in late years, both in social expenditure and public life, receives a check by the temporary financial stress, we may have an opportunity to consider whether we are troubled by high living or low

thinking. The problem of the conflict between tastes and income is more pressing than it ever was before. The extreme publicity of the present age is partly to blame for this, as pictures and paragraphs show three-fourths of the world just how the remaining fourth lives—and it is difficult to shut one's eyes to the charms of purple and fine linen.

Home and Abroad

ALREADY the summer holidays are a matter of concern and we are beginning to dream of long afternoons on the lake and twilight in the land of pines. A girl who has been away at school for two years in France and Germany was speaking recently of the coming months.

"I'm going to Georgian Bay for July and August," she said, firmly. "There's nothing more beautiful than our own islands, after all."

"I'm glad you haven't been spoiled by being



LADY WILLISON,

A Toronto hostess, whose public activities have been connected chiefly with the I. O. D. E. and with the Ladies' Branch of the British and Foreign Sailors' League. Sir John Willison is editor of "The News."

abroad," said an admiring aunt, "I was afraid that nothing in Canada would be good enough, after the Rhine and the Alps and Paris."

"Canada's lovely," asserted the satisfied young person. "It's so young and so jolly—especially out in the West. Of course, it hasn't castles or cathedrals or picturesque hotels; but its lakes and rivers are enough to make any Canadian glad to see the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario again. I think a trip abroad is all wasted if you come back from it discontented. I am ever so glad for the two years I spent in Europe, but they have just given me new friends and ideas without spoiling the old ones. And, after all, we're ever so much alike."

So, the traveller or the student usually concludes that human beings are essentially of the common family of Adam and Eve, with just enough difference to make life interesting. Europe teaches us something of the "long results of time," calms our commercialism and tends to give to the young observer the valuable quality known as poise. Success comes so suddenly and bewilderingly sometimes in this New World of endeavour that it is well to learn in older lands that the quality of patience is not to be despised and that grace and haste are hardly compatible. Yet, we do not wish to lose the "homeward turning heart" after all foreign travel and training, and we are glad when the girls come back, content to be Daughters of the Dominion.

There is no denying that we are a restless people, who find it difficult to stay at home when the "Red Gods" of woods and hill and river are calling in the spring-time. The long whistle of the train in the night and the echo from the first steamers in the bay stir within us that impulse "to go—go—go—

away from here," which brought our forefathers across the seas and incidentally built a line of trading-posts across a continent. When the old-fashioned house-wife felt this "call of the wild," she straightway took to spring house-cleaning and exhausted her energy in a vernal orgy of setting things to rights—which is an excellent form of pioneering.

ERIN.

A Figure in Feminism

AN Englishwoman by birth, a Canadian by adoption, and a citizeness of the world by the right of ubiquitous travel, there could scarcely have been chosen a more representative head of the new national suffrage organization of Canada than the president, who was recently chosen by acclamation, namely, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Toronto.

But familiarity with the race elements which compose this conglomerate nation would not have sufficed to entitle any woman to the headship of such a body had she not possessed also in her personality both natural qualities and attributes of culture which constitute the marks of leadership. Mrs.

Hamilton's election was the manifestation on the part of her countrywomen of faith in her strength of service as proved already.

By inheritance the new president is independent-minded. She comes of a line of Warwickshire yeoman, surnamed Bodington, and claims a grandfather on her father's side who was the pioneer in open-air treatment for tuberculosis. That same Dr. Bodington, of Sutton Coldfield, England, is mentioned in the Shaw play, "The Doctor's Dilemma." Mrs. Hamilton's father was likewise a physician, and came with his family (including Constance, the subject of this writing), to Canada in 1887, crossing the wilderness country to Vancouver. He established there in general practice, and later in special work of a mental nature, and was made, eventually, superintendent of the Provincial Hospital for the Insane at New Westminster, B.C. Her mother was a lady of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, whose people were intimate with the Darwins, including the famous Charles, and enjoyed also Alfred Lord Tennyson's friendship.

"Our foremost suffragist" met her fate (who is entirely in sympathy with her projects) in the days when Vancouver was in its swaddling clothes. Mr. Hamilton was a C.P.R. man, employed in that quarter as chief of the land department. His wife now smiles as she reminisces on the wild, now Stanley Park, as a "courting" landscape. She was married, and very shortly after, Mr. Hamilton being promoted, the pair moved to the then town, Winnipeg.

The Musical Society of Winnipeg, at present a flourishing body, was the direct outcome of Mrs. Hamilton's efforts united with those of Mrs. Angus Kirkland to bring entertainment in the musical form within the reach of all in the Prairie City. She used her Leipzig training to this end. Music, as Mrs. Hamilton holds, would prove of the utmost educative value among our foreign peoples, most being of essentially musical races.

It was only in 1901 that the Hamiltons moved to Toronto. And yet, in that city, so great is the confidence placed by the workers of her own sex, and also by the men, in Mrs. Hamilton, that she has been made convener of the Committee on Agriculture for Women of the National Council of Women of Canada, President of the Equal Franchise League, and now President of the new and trenchant National Suffrage organization. She is an active worker in Y. W. C. A. interests, a patroness of the arts, a prolific writer, a linguist who has used her accomplishments in social work among our immigrants, and a pianist of unusual charm and power. She is always busy, but never in a hurry, and possesses that most rare attribute of "poise."

In short, our foremost suffragist and feminist is a square knot in a square hole, or a round knot in a round one—though, strictly, she's not in any sort of hole whatever.

The new national suffrage organization, which has for its president Mrs. Hamilton, and for its secretary Mrs. W. R. Lang, who contributes to the Supplement this week, is the outcome of a prevalent feeling of dissatisfaction with the one national body which already existed. The new association will set itself to entirely neglect all personal interests in the accomplishment of the work of womanhood. The officers are leaders with an eagerness to serve, and the most able of them is she who is the head.

M. J. T.

The Resurrection of Type

A Law Supported by a Cursory Look at Representative Cases of "World Women"

By M. J. TROTTER



MISS DELIA DAVIES.

One of Toronto's most expert horsewomen, who is likely to be one of the equestriennes at the forthcoming Horse Show in that city. She is the daughter of Robert Davies, Esq. Photo by Kennedy, Toronto.

Time and His Laboratory

THE arch alchemist, Father Time, at work in his laboratory has produced but a few types, after all, of women who have been recognized "world figures."

"The eternal saki from his bowl has poured Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

But superior Bubbles, lives of women whose spheres have gone forth iri-coloured and have not passed, but in memory have been preserved as crystal, have sparingly been emptied by the saki.

The creation of a type must be no small labour and the hand of the Occult Chemist must strain above his crucibles and the fever of his veins start rheum on his forehead before reward is the slave of his endeavour. For which reason, it is not strange that after the lapse of centuries, it may be, the maker goes rummaging among his stores, as an artist does among his past-made pictures, and reviews some type at which the world has wondered.

The fitful resurrection of type is implied in the platitudinous statement that history must needs repeat itself. It is also distinct from that perennial recurrence, the direct transmission of nature, heredity. It is independent of race or place and owns no law except, perhaps, position.

Helen Re-Incarnate

SO, historical-mythical Helen of Troy, fair, classical, stately, was revived in the thoroughly authentic Cleopatra, dusky, impetuous "Egypt"; and again resurrected in Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and, by reason of her beauty, the much less disputed Queen of Hearts.

These three women, like Napoleon, fascinated, quite irrespective of decorum. "Each a queen," as the poet hath it, "by virtue of her brow and breast," and each endowed with a conscious power that proved the undoing of men in its operation. Great women, world women, personalities—personality, that is to say, for the type is one in all three incarnations.

For the sake of Helen the enamoured Paris wrought the traditional ruin of his city. The Roman hero forgot his country in dalliance with the Serpent of the Nile. And all for love of his red-haired goddess, Rizzio, Italian musician and linguist, succumbed to the steel which claimed

the forfeit in the hand of "the booby with fine legs," Mary's husband; yet a true and unrequited lover remained at her side through all vicissitudes.

Helen, "Egypt," and the fair rival of Elizabeth are one—and when to-day has been moved to a distance probably a fourth will join the unit.

Law of Type Recurrence

THERE are laws of gyration which the fixed stars follow and there are laws as constant but apparently more wayward which are followed by the meteors and comets. Heredity resembles the fixed stars' order; the recurrence of type, the comets' regulation.

Twenty-five centuries ago sang Sappho—the "divinely smiling" and accomplished head of a coterie of thinking maidens—the first woman's club of all the ages. More gravely, perhaps, and more consciously a teacher, Sappho looked out again from the eyes of Bitizia Gozzadina, who in the thirteenth century, at the age of twenty-seven, was doctor of civil and canon law at the dignified University of Bologna. Then Virgin Elizabeth rose to a throne, never a singer and seldom a teacher, but always a stimulator, and Queen of England's intellectual May-day.

For the heroic figure one may quote the Jewess who saved her enthralled race and became Queen Esther. And who was Boadicea but she? And who Jeanne D'Arc but this type resurrected?

Bees and Butterflies

THEN of women who shouldered the world's burden: Hortensia, the famous "new woman of old Rome," who made the memorable speech (which is on record) on behalf of her sex, in the forum, vanished, but only to reappear in England centuries later, in the form of Elizabeth Fry, the reformer of prisons. And the mark of the type is now upon Jane Addams.

In Hypatia's time the careless, play-loving, painted butterfly was apparent in the person of Pelagia; the type was revived in Marie Antoinette—who never



MRS. C. H. CAHAN.

One of the two vice-presidents of the Housewives' League of Montreal. The other vice-president is Mrs. Henry Joseph.

harmd the world and never helped it; and to-day it dances to applauding eyes in the nimble-footed passes of Pavlova.

King Lemuel's mother, of Biblical extraction, whose servants, no doubt hating her for it, were up and at their spinning before the daybreak, was replaced in time by the mother of the Gracchi, whose grown-up sons were "jewels"; and, in modern day, by "Victoria the Good," a sovereign model of domesticity.

The type villainous plied her trade in the guise of Jezebel, "whom the dogs ate by the walls of Jezreel," only less darkly than in the scarce disguise later of Lucrezia Borgia who, figuratively, went likewise to the bow-wows. Madame de Pompadour was a resurrection. The wife of Ahab, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and the wicked mistress of Louis XV. are but one personality in three eras.

So the arch alchemist pours out again what he has poured already—having meanwhile renewed it in his fires. A type is not made in a day is his axiom I.

'Our Lady of the Twilight

THE poem which bears the foregoing title, and is reproduced hereunder, is one of the most delighted-in productions from the celebrated pen of Alfred Noyes, the English poet who at the present time is a visitor in Toronto. The exquisite verses are given in full as follows:—

Our Lady of the Twilight
From out the sunset lands
Comes gently stealing o'er the world
And stretches out her hands
Over the blotched and broken wall,
The blind and fetid lane,
She stretches out her hands and all
Is beautiful again.

No factory chimneys can defile
The beauty of her dress;
She stoops down with her heavenly smile
To heal and love and bless;
All tortured things, all evil powers,
All shapes of dark distress
Are turned to fragrance and to flowers
Beneath her kind caress.

Our Lady of the Twilight,
She melts our prison bars!
She makes the sea forget the shore,
She fills the sky with stars,
And stooping over wharf and mill,
Chimney and shed and dome,
Turns them to fairy palaces,
Then calls her children home.

She stoops to bless the stunted tree,
And from the furrowed plain,
And from the wrinkled brow she smooths
The lines of care and pain;
Hers are the gentle hands and eyes
And hers the peaceful breath
That ope, in sunset-softened skies,
The quiet gates of death.

Our Lady of the Twilight,
She hath such gentle hands,
So lovely are the gifts she brings



MRS. T. CRAWFORD BROWN.

Regent of the Strathcona Chapter, I. O. D. E., Toronto, which recently gave a successful concert in the Toronto Conservatory Music Hall. Mrs. Brown is a daughter of Sir Lyman and Lady Melvin-Jones. Photo by Kennedy, Toronto.

From out the sunset lands,
So bountiful, so merciful,
So sweet of soul is she;
And over all the world she draws
Her Cloak of Charity.

The poet of the above verses might be expected to be a recluse; on the contrary, Alfred Noyes is a social being. One of his personal anecdotes tells of a letter which he recently received from a man who had read that

fanciful collection of poems, "In Old Japan," in which Old Japan is made the home of every delightful dreamer, and Robert Louis Stevenson is especially referred to as an inhabitant of that country of mystery and charm. The writer of the letter called Mr. Noyes' attention to the fact that Stevenson lived and died in Samoa.

The poet's wife is an American woman—which also proves that he can not be a recluse.

About Factory "Homework"

Number Three in a Series of Practical Talks on
Woman in Industrial Life

By EDITH LANG

Toronto's Domestic Workshops

"HOMEWORK," or the manufacturing of goods in the homes of the work-people, instead of in factories and shops, is at the bottom of many a social problem. A great deal has been written of recent years about "sweatshops" and "sweating systems" in England and other old countries. It seems a pity that Canada has not learnt the lesson that sweatshops grow up wherever manufacturers give out work to be made up away from their own supervision and that of the inspectors under the factory acts.

The manufacturer takes an order in a clean and tidy shop, but he sublets the filling of it to another man, who may sublet the job again, each subcontractor getting a smaller share of the profits for his own, or take the work to his own home, employing others to help him there, and so long as not more than six people are working in his home at one time, he is free from those restrictions of the Factory Acts, which limit the number of hours to be of work, and demand a much higher standard of sanitation and cleanliness than is to be found in "domestic" workshops.

There are not many trades in which homework is very prevalent in Toronto; but it does prevail in the custom tailoring trade, and is also to be found in such trades as fur coat lining, boot lining, cap-making, tag-making, etc.

The tailoring done in the homes is not the cheap "slop" clothing as most people imagine; it is practically all the high-class suits and coats, which are made right through by the journeymen tailors and their one or two helpers, and on which a great deal of handiwork is expended.

The Ontario Factory Act is very explicit on the subject of clothing which is given out to be made up in the homes of the workers. It says that no man shall expose for sale any garment so made up without a permit from the inspector stating that the place of manufacture is thoroughly clean and otherwise in a good sanitary condition. This permit is to state the maximum number of people who may be employed on the premises; it must not be granted until a visit of inspection has been made, and may be revoked if the health of those employed there, or if the public render such revocation desirable.

Law a Dead Letter

THIS part of the Factory Act seems to be quite a dead letter. There is no compulsory registration of outworkers; the factory inspectors do not know where to find them, and if

they did they could not hope to adequately inspect them with the present number of inspectors. A recent investigation of domestic shops revealed anything but a savoury condition of sanitation, and even when the actual workshops were clean, they were situated in houses which were filthy beyond words, and it is difficult to believe that no risks were run by the wearer of the expensive clothes which had to pass through such corridors and stairways.

The health authorities in Toronto have decided to investigate this matter of industrial hygiene, and it is to be hoped that some successful campaign will be carried out.

Problems to be Solved

IF domestic workshops were cleaned out, there would still be other troubles inherent in the homework system. Tiny children can there be set to work, women who have already worked the full legal



MRS. COCHRANE.

President of the Women's Art Society of Montreal.

years of age work either in a factory or a home workshop. It will be most interesting to watch how this law works, but it would seem far simpler and should be quite possible here in Canada, where the existing evil is comparatively small, to prohibit homework at all except in the few exceptional cases where a person is absolutely unable to go into a factory such as widowed mothers with young children and cripples. These people would have to obtain a license to work at home; careful investigation would be made before the license was given, and it would have to be renewed every year. The comparatively few outworkers would be all known to the authorities and easily inspected, and the fact that they were so few would prevent the frightful competition among themselves, which has now such a disastrous effect on their wages.

The workers would most assuredly be benefitted; the public would be safeguarded from physical infections and the worse horror of wearing clothes made by sweated labour. The only person to suffer by the enactment of such a law would be the manufacturer who now gives out his work. He would, in future, have to pay to provide a workshop for his employees, of the cost of which he is now robbing his work people, since he pays them no extra wages to meet their increased expenses of rent, etc., but rather the reverse.

The days when "The Song of the Shirt" was penned are supposed to be the days of an outworn epoch. But the echo of the song still haunts our cities in the corners where lurks the custom of factory homework. It is for woman with her new power of public recognition to investigate our domestic workshops, and still the sinister echo there forever.

Women Factory Inspectors

ALISON CRAIG, who has recently been writing on "The Romance of Factory Growth in Winnipeg," while cautioning the reader to bear in mind that a "factory is not a philanthropic institution," and stating that factories locally are in very fair condition, advocates, nevertheless, the appointment of women as factory inspectors.

Says this writer: "You ask why so insistent for a woman inspector? Not only have women so far show/

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Light Brown suit dyed Black.

Can you really be happy without clothes of attractive color? How often do you say to yourself: "Why did I buy that suit? Its color does not please me. It makes me unhappy every time I wear it."

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Hosts of other women regularly use DIAMOND DYES. You, too, should utilize them to solve your perplexing dress problems.

Miss Alma Sands writes, in part:

"You can judge by my photograph whether I am a clever user of DIAMOND DYES. It shows a cloth suit which I dyed black. It used to be light

brown. I bought some black velour and made the trimming and broad girde. I think it is an awfully nice looking suit, with lots of style.

"If only all women could realize how much happiness DIAMOND DYES give. What an abundance of pretty clothes, and what a delightful sense of having accomplished something really worth while results from transforming old gowns into new with your truly marvellous DIAMOND DYES."

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"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Mrs. D. L. Brown writes:

"I had a white serge suit which soiled so quickly that I put it aside after several dry cleanings. A friend advised me to dye it with DIAMOND DYES. I must confess that I feared I could not recolor it successfully, but it came out beautifully. I dyed it green and trimmed it with lace collar and cuffs. It is now a delight.

"I send you my picture taken in my new green suit, made with the aid of your perfectly splendid dyes."

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

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ON SIR EDWARD CARSON'S DOOKSTEP.

Naturally the Irish Unionist Leader was somewhat indisposed, recently, when a doughty band of suffragettes of Ulster determined to camp on the mat until they had seen him.

hours in a factory sit sewing late in to the night, foreigners and "greeners" are employed and work long hours for low wages, as it is almost impossible to organize them into unions where they are so scattered, and the profits of the sub-contractor himself are diminished by the necessity of paying for rent, light, heat and machines, all of which would be provided at the expense of the manufacturer if the work were done in a factory.

It is these evils that cannot be touched by the health authorities, even where a systematic inspection is carried on, as in England. New York is just "trying out" a new law to stop the sweating system, by which nothing to be used by a child, whether clothing, foodstuff or toy, is allowed to be manufactured in a home, nor may any child under fourteen



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Most important of all is the mild but efficient medication of Mennen's, which aids greatly in maintaining the delicate texture and youthful coloring of the complexion.

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Trade Mark

themselves better fitted for inspectorship than men since they are more conscientious and more attentive to detail, but also for a deeper reason. The great majority of the factory employees are women and girls. Many of them are foreign-born and get their Canadian ideals from their factory surroundings. In many factories there is no forewoman. A woman factory inspector, if she were the right sort, might do very much in the way of raising the standard of life for these girls."

Ontario employs two women factory inspectors.

Mrs. Gilman in Montreal

THE American writer on suffrage matters, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, whose magazine, "The Forerunner," is familiar to everybody—although the fact is, perhaps, less known that she writes, edits and publishes it herself—has recently been speaking in Montreal under the auspices of the Equal Franchise League.

Mrs. Gilman is undoubtedly a brilliant feminist, although she "fore-



JOHN DREW'S ACTRESS-NIECE.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, who is appearing in "Tante" this week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto. Our cut is from Miss Barrymore's newest portrait.

runs" to such an extent that she seems to be lost, sometimes, in a cloud of dust. She appears to be seeking not "equal rights," but rather, predominant rights for women. "The granting of votes to women," she says, "will not bring about a heaven or earth—for, remember, when the women begin to vote the men do not stop." She likes men, though, and is never so happy as when they largely constitute her hearers. It's a fact, too, that her present is her second husband.


Mrs. Gilman inherits her cleverness and mental independence. She is a great granddaughter of Lyman Beecher, the grand niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, and the daughter of Frederick Beecher Perkins, an author and for many years a librarian in San Francisco. Her able address in Montreal had for its theme "The Larger Feminism."

The best known and most useful books which have been written by this author are, "Women and Economics" and "Concerning Children." Her skill as a novelist is revealed in "The Yellow Wall Paper." And her numerous verses, lectures, essays, articles and short stories, declare her a very versatile logician.

The News in Brief

MONTREAL's first woman police will probably be installed by the first of May. The recommendation has been made by Chief of Police Campeau to the Board of Control to grant to Miss Lemert, Travellers' Aid official of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, police powers to arrest any suspicious characters met with in her work about the station.

The honour of christening the new boat of the Canadian Steamship



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will render a complexion that will be the envy of every one. The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of it having been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century. It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, pimples, freckles and other blemishes of the complexion. At Druggists and Department Stores.

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FOR OUR BOOKLET
"Hints to Housewives."

Lines, launched to-day at Port Arthur, belongs to Lady Williams-Taylor. The party present at the ceremony includes Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, Mrs. Henshaw, who is on her way home to Vancouver, Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor, Prince Hohenlohe and Earl de la Warr.

The Municipal Chapter, I. O. D. E., of Vancouver, recently held its annual meeting when the following officers were elected: Mrs. Henshaw, Regent; Vice-Regents, Mrs. H. MacDowell, Mrs. F. E. Harrison and Mrs. Julius Griffiths; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Mills; Standard-Bearer, Miss Florence McConnell.

"Woman as a Patriot" was the subject of an address recently given by Mrs. W. C. Perry, before the Lord Sel-



MRS. AMBROSE SMALL,

Regent of the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter, I. O. D. E., Toronto, who recently gave an illustrated talk to the Local Girl Guides, on "Life in Japan."

kirk Chapter of the I. O. D. E., in Winnipeg. Mrs. Perry is the brilliant newspaper-woman, who contributes to the Woman's Supplement as "Phyllis-tia."

Calgary housewives have become famous for their enterprise in establishing first-rate markets, and their example is being followed in other cities. Mrs. Newhall and Mrs. Wade of that city were recently brought to Edmonton by the Farmers' Institute to address the members of the Women's Canadian Club and the local Council of Women, on the work accomplished.

At a recent meeting of the local Council of Women, of Montreal, at which Dr. Grace Ritchie England presided, the members decided to undertake the canvass of the English wards of the city and make an appeal to the women voters to secure the election of Major Stephens as Mayor. Major Stephens' programme stands for the civic co-operation of men and women. It was stated at the meeting that in Montreal there are eleven thousand women voters, but that many of them had never voted, and some did not even know they had votes.

The members of the Heliconian Club, Toronto, were invited to the home of the president, Mrs. Agar Adamson, to meet the composer, Miss Ware, on her recent visit. Several of Miss Ware's songs were sung by local soloists, which were thought to rival the work of Gena Branscombe.

The annual meeting of the Women's Canadian Club, of Toronto, will be held on April 22nd, when the special speaker will be Miss Helen Louise Johnson, of New York, who will lecture on "Living on the Budget Plan." The speaker at a recent meeting of the club was Mrs. Charles T. Schaffer, of Banff, who gave an illustrated talk on the "Beauties of the Rockies."

Mrs. Adam Shortt is restored to health and for the first time since her accident met with last December presided at the last enthusiastic meeting of the local Council of Women, in Ottawa.

The modern girl is a healthy, outdoor creature. She will help Nature and defy the weather by using

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is ideal. Made of genuine, imported Red Cedar and built to last for generations, model 101, shown here, is 27 in. long, 13 1/2 in. wide, and 13 in. deep, making a wonderful value at the price, \$6.50, prepaid. Other models from \$5.00 to \$30.00, sold on a money back guarantee of satisfaction, after a 30 days' trial.

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"HIS PLACE in the WORLD"

By Mrs. Bilsborough

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

LOSS of memory, or amnesia as it is known to science, has been the cause of more than one romance both in real life and in fiction. One of the plays now being presented to Canadian audiences by Martin Harvey, "The Cigarette Maker's Romance," is based entirely upon this phenomenon in a young Russian count. The serial, which begins in this issue of the COURIER, deals with it from a different and less conventional angle. The customary cause of amnesia is a blow on the head. In the case of Dr. Arnold Bassingbroke it is caused by the use of a new anesthetic, by means of which the leading character in the story loses all knowledge of "His Place in the World" for a term of several months. This period of amnesia is the beginning of a remarkable series of romantic adventures. The story is perfectly modern, accurately reflective of medical science, and it deals in a vivid, impartial and unsparing style with some of the social weaknesses of England, whose social fabric is under consideration more than that of any other country in modern times. "His Place in the World" has a distinct place in the world of fiction readers. It stimulates curiosity, challenges the judgment and sustains the interest from beginning to end in a remarkable way.

CHAPTER I.

The Specialist.

ALIGHT still burned in the surgery at Harley Street, although the sonorous notes of Big Ben had long since boomed the midnight hour.

Dr. Arnold Bassingbroke, M.D., F.R.S.C., a rising brain specialist of great promise, was busy with bent brows in his laboratory, absorbed in research work.

That very morning, at the hospital, he had performed a most critical operation upon the brain of a man, a soldier shot in the trenches in South Africa; the bullet glancing off the skull had left what seemed merely a superficial wound in the head.

The man, invalided home, had gone from one army hospital to another. After three years he was pronounced incurable. Hopelessly insane, and growing steadily worse, he had become at last violent and dangerous. The young specialist advocated an operation, being convinced that something was pressing upon the brain.

The issues were gravely and plainly laid before the patient's distracted young wife. There was the chance that the operation might mean much. On the other hand there was the risk of death—or madness for life! The man's powerful physique promised long life. Terrible alternatives—death—or madness!

The woman's haunted face and wild eyes turned from the grave countenances of the medical men, as she burst into tears.

"Oh, sirs," she cried out passionately. "I'd rather see Jim dead than mad! He used to be so kind—but now"—she covered her face as if to shut out some mental picture—"now he's more like a wild beast than a

man, crams his food into his mouth with both hands—prowls round the house vacant-like and growling, and using awful words, him that never used to swear—it fair makes my blood creep to hear him, an' when he fixes his bloodshot eyes on me, and grins—I feel like screaming, I'm that scared. Oh, indeed—indeed—I love Jim, I do—but it's awful!"

There was no doubt that it was awful—the doctors knew it, the poor woman's white, scared face testified to the fearful strain she had endured daily, hourly—for weeks and months—it was a marvel that she had not completely broken down under the stress and horror of it.

So it was decided that the experiment should be made; the dread experiment that might take away James Kenway's life, or give him back his reason—his sanity.

That very morning the unconscious man had been laid on the operating table.

STUDENTS ranged themselves respectfully in the "theatre," to watch the critical and interesting performance.

The assisting nurse regarded it as an honour to be chosen for the nerve-trying ordeal of waiting upon the operator, and was released afterwards from further duty that day.

Sir Lawrence Goss, the highest known authority upon cerebral lesions and injuries, supported the younger specialist with the solidity of his name and presence; lending his great reputation to sanction what might easily be a failure—this supreme effort of science to snatch a man back to sanity.

If the operation should fail—there would not be wanting those who would raise their voices in loud protests and violent condemnation—on the other hand, if the operation were a success, there would be no lack of praise, of laurels, of popular enthusiasm.

With a large-heartedness worthy of himself, Sir Lawrence Goss accepted the issues, knowing their gravity, knowing the infinitesimal chance there was of success; and it was chiefly for the latter reason that he stood by the side of his brilliant and daring young colleague to support and assist him.

Watching the deft, firm fingers perform their delicate task, Sir Lawrence felt a fresh admiration for the skill, which without doing further injury to the brain—could remove a splinter of bone, fine as a hair, that had penetrated to the grey matter.

That was a moment in which one scarcely dared to breathe! Sir Lawrence Goss glanced at the tense, white face of the operator, so clever, so intent. It was a refined face, full of nervous energy, with dark, thoughtful eyes, and a sensitive mouth.

The patient was at length ready to be removed. Skilful nursing remained, and that, of course, would be unremittingly given. It would be a record case. Doctor Arnold Bassingbroke's future reputation was assured, his name would be in every medical journal, in every newspaper, he would be the most talked of man of the hour. The splendid achievement was bound to create a sensation.

From above, almost in the ceiling, came the sudden click of a camera. Someone in the gallery was taking a

snapshot of the group below, no doubt for the medical journals.

The two doctors glanced up at the sound.

Sir Lawrence Goss in his big, hearty way was congratulating the younger man.

Arnold Bassingbroke, with an unconscious sigh of relief, lifted thoughtful eyes to his senior's face.

"You really think it will be a success? He will wake up sane?"

"I am sure of it—couldn't have been better done—splendid," the big doctor gave unstinted praise.

A wave of colour passed over the strained features of the younger man, and he murmured almost inaudibly: "Sanity!—Reason!—What a little thing to unhinge it all! A foreign substance no thicker than a hair—and the brain—the mind—all that a man prides himself upon—is—lost!"

"Most interesting thing I've seen for a long time," asserted Sir Lawrence Goss cheerfully, as the two surgeons walked towards the hospital entrance. "Grand thing for the man and his young wife."

"Poor thing," said Arnold sympathetically; "she was waiting to hear the result. I saw Nurse Wilkinson telling her as we came into the corridor. The poor woman was sobbing as if her heart would break, almost in hysterics."

"Emotional creatures, women," grunted the big man; "never can tell how they'll take a thing—do her good to cry—guess she was pretty strung up."

"No wonder." Arnold Bassingbroke spoke gravely. "I shall be glad if her husband is given back to her—sane."

"Quite so! quite so! But come, my boy, I must be off, we may as well go together. You ought to take a rest, Bassingbroke—you're overdoing things." He spoke briskly, bustling the younger man along the corridors, followed by the admiring, almost adoring, eyes of several young nurses.

"I don't see your motor about," he said in surprise.

"No, I sent it home. I thought I would walk back."

"Better come with me," said the big man, whose car waited at the kerb.

The two men got in.

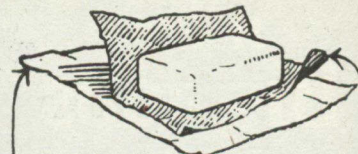
"**S**O much to learn," muttered the young specialist almost to himself, as the big motor sped smoothly along. "Life is too short to find out all the hidden secrets of nature and science as applied to the complex human frame." His dark eyes glowed with the fire of the enthusiast.

"It will be shorter still, Arnold, if you go on as you are doing, burning the candle at both ends," warned the big man affectionately. "You cannot cram everything into your thirty-five years, my boy; I've been going nearly sixty years, and I often feel I am only on the threshold yet."

"So much suffering," mused Bassingbroke. "So much to discover to alleviate it. I am sure every disease has its cure—if we knew it—and if the world would live sanely and healthily, there would be no disease."

Sir Lawrence Goss laughed, a jolly, genial laugh, good to hear.

"No need for us then, my boy; but the world never will live sanely—not in our time, at least—so we shall still have a chance to earn our bread."



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THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Can.

The blue eyes twinkled under bushy, white eyebrows, as they looked quizzically and affectionately at this earnest searcher into nature's secrets.

In Harley Street the young specialist was put down, and the big car hummed away to Wimpole Street.

A quick luncheon, a couple of hours for consultations, and a long round of visits finished the working day. Arnold Bassingbroke ate a frugal dinner, wrote an article for a medical journal, changed into an old tweed suit, and went into his laboratory to continue some research work in which he was deeply interested. It related to a new drug imported from Japan and almost entirely unknown. He had been conducting experiments with it.

Arnold Bassingbroke had a most sympathetic nature; it gave him poignant pain to witness suffering, especially in a woman or child. He once had the horror of seeing a delicate woman face a terrible operation without the aid of chloroform. His indignant protest was met by the assurance that her heart was too weak to stand chloroform—it would be certain death to give it to her.

The horror of it remained with him. Could nothing be found as a substitute for such wonderful, but often uncertain and dangerous, conquerors of pain? The new drug offered possibilities. It was an opiate of great strength, but its action was gentle and gradual. There was no sudden stopping of the brain's activity, no violent cessation of consciousness, just a dropping asleep as of a drowsy child.

It required time to act—rest, quiet—and the result was complete drugged unconsciousness to pain—to everything—and it lasted; no hurried, frenzied rush was needed to get an operation over before the senses were again unchained. The patient slept its effects off, and woke refreshed. Surely a nepenthe such as this could be made a boon and a blessing to thousands of sufferers!

Arnold's clever brain was bent upon it, while the servants in Harley Street slept peacefully in their beds. All lights were extinguished except the solitary lamp in the laboratory and the electric globes in the surgery.

"After all, how can one gauge the effect by experiments upon animals?" he exclaimed impatiently. "I shall try it to-night upon myself. I have not slept properly for a week. Goss was right, that operation was a ticklish thing, a mere touch and go. It has frayed my nerves; I'm glad it's over. Heavens! To lose one's reason for three years, and wake up sane. What an experience!"

Arnold looked at his gold repeater lying on the table, then, taking up a small phial, proceeded to drop some of the precious, new drug into a wine-glass full of water. Then he drank it off.

"Let me see: one hour after taking, a pleasant, drowsy sensation, followed by six hours of complete unconsciousness, during which nothing matters. That will be all right. I shall wake up fit and refreshed by the time Benson brings my shaving water."

He stood for a moment, sampling the taste upon his tongue, then he threw himself into an easy chair.

"Better not smoke," he muttered, "it might fight against the drug; I don't want that. But I positively cannot go to bed yet, I am too wide awake. My brain feels on fire."

He sprang up and began to pace the room, trying to analyze his sensations, glancing occasionally at his watch as he passed the table.

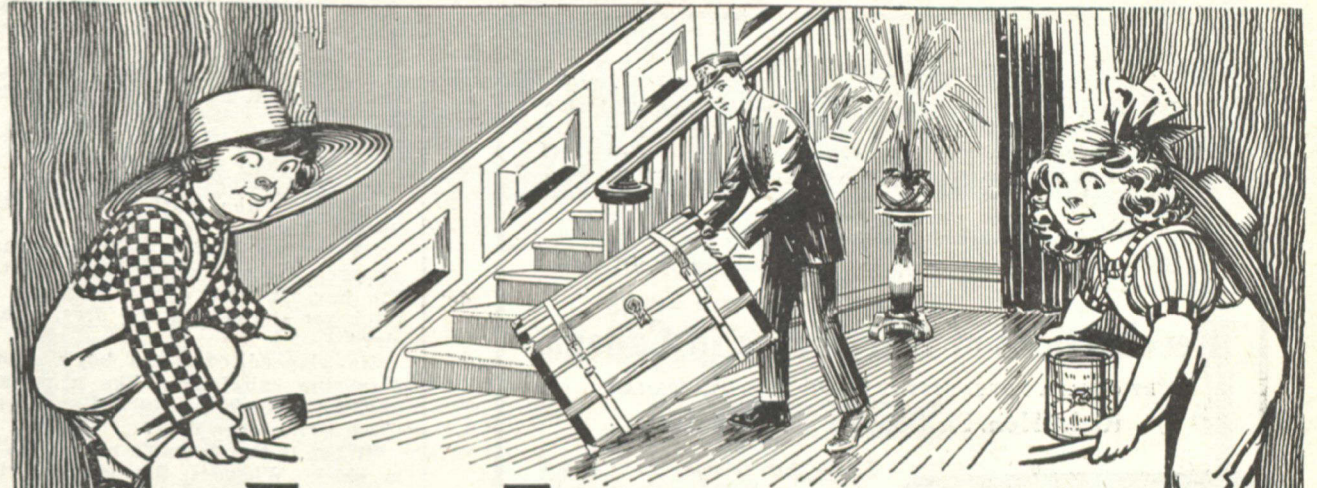
"As soon as I feel drowsy, I shall tumble into bed and keep perfectly quiet, that is essential."

At that moment the night-bell rang, clanging loudly through the dark and silent house.

CHAPTER II.
A Night Call.

THE young specialist stood for a moment alert and listening. He heard the grating sound of wheels against the kerb, and again the bell pealed clamorously with its impatient summons.

"Who on earth can that be, at this time of night?" he muttered with an-



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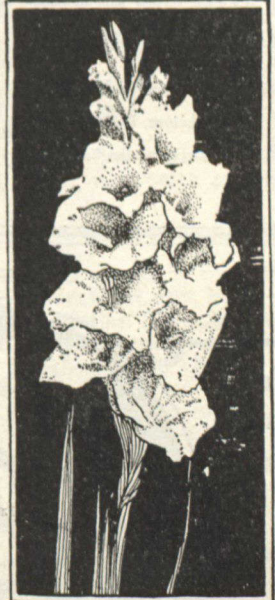
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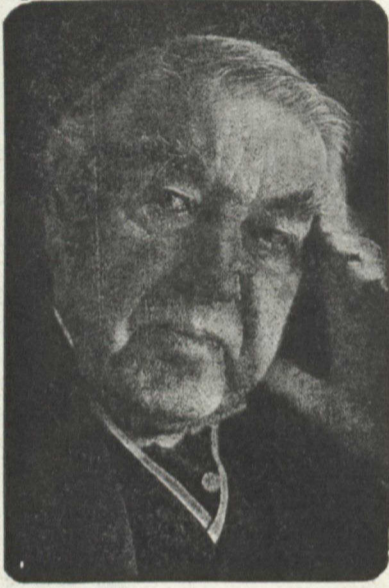
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noyance. "Nearly two o'clock! Can't be the case at the hospital, they would have telephoned."

He went to the front door and opened it, there being no one up but himself.

A white faced boy stood on the top step, his hand on the bell, which he was about to peal again.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor sharply.

"A woman dyin' sir—in Portman Square. Please come at once," panted the boy, "there's a keb bin sent to fetch yer—an' would yer 'urry, please sir?"

He glanced over the boy's shoulders, the cab looked like a private one, the driver's face turned anxiously towards the open door.

"What is the woman's name? Who is she? What is the matter with her?" asked the doctor hurriedly.

"I dunno, sir—she be mortal bad—for mussy's sake 'urry sir," urged the boy, darting down the steps and holding open the cab door.

THE doctor made a rapid mental calculation. An hour before the drug he had just taken became potent enough to overpower him! He must get to Portman Square and back before then. He would just be able to do it—but it was unfortunate—perfect quiet was essential to test the efficacy of the new anodyne.

Snatching a hat from the hall stand, he felt for his latch-key, then, closed the door quietly behind him, ran down the steps and sprang into the cab; the boy slammed the door, climbed on to the box and the driver whipped the horse to a gallop, its clattering hoofs echoing through the deserted streets.

The theatres had long before poured out their animated throngs, cafes and hotel restaurants were closed, the last trains had gone to the suburbs, the last 'buses to the stables, the street cleaners had drenched the streets, which were still wet. London was strangely still at that early hour. The horse clattered along, kept to the gallop by the urging whip.

They swung into Portman Square. The great silent houses looked down on them unwinkingly, not a light in any window.

The driver drew up with a sudden jerk which threw his horse on to its haunches. The boy sprang down and opened the cab door. At the same moment, the front door of the house before which they had stopped opened cautiously and a woman peered out. She held a candle, which she shaded with her hand.

The doctor was out of the cab and half-way up the steps, when he stopped, suddenly suspicious.

"Hello! What's this? The house is empty!"

He ran his quick eyes up the front of the big house, noting the shuttered windows, the white lettered board projecting over the portico above the front door, with its message:

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Bills were pasted on to the dining-room windows. A street lamp cast its light upon these signs of a dismantled home.

He hesitated and drew back.

The cabman, dismounting, had thrown the reins to the boy.

"Look after the hoss, Bill," he enjoined, as he followed the doctor up the wide stone steps.

"It's all right, sir," he said encouragingly. "Me an' my missus is caretakers 'ere, sir. The party wot's took bad owns the 'ouse, an' wantin' to sell it, she comes over from France this mornin'—mortal sick she were, wi' crossin' we thinks, an' 'opin' it 'uld pass orf, which it got worse."

The man spoke gruffly and almost pushed the doctor into the wide empty hall, shutting the door as they entered.

The woman with the guttering candle looked at him with scared eyes from under a mass of black unkempt hair. She moved forward, and the doctor with knit brows, followed her along the wide tessellated hall.

They passed into a spacious lounge, where a handful of fire glowed in a broad, rusty grate. A little smoking oil lamp, cast a flickering light upon the empty lounge, revealing a camp bedstead hastily put up. On the hard

mattress lay a young woman of such startling and unearthly beauty, that the doctor uttered a smothered exclamation of surprise.

The waxen face was still, the long eye-lashes did not flicker as they lay on the white cheeks. He approached, believing for the moment that he was looking on the face of a corpse. Then he bent over the bed, his keen eyes fixed upon the woman.

As he looked, the heavy white lids slowly lifted, and, as if his intent gaze had drawn them to him, great purple eyes were raised and looked sombrely into his. For the space of a dozen heart-beats they so regarded each other—then the white lips moved, but no sound came from them. To the astonished man they seemed to be framing a question, but he could not catch its meaning.

The woman who had brought him in set the candle down and moved into the shadow.

Lifting the coverlet, the doctor laid his fingers on the delicate wrist and felt for the pulse, now, save for a faint flutter, almost undiscernible.

Turning to the shrinking woman in the shadow, he spoke in low, stern tones.

"What is the meaning of all this? Why wasn't a doctor called in before?"

The woman began to sniff and whimper audibly.

"Shut up, 'Liza," said the cabman's gruff voice. He stood at the entrance of the great empty lounge, where he had followed the doctor.

"Look, 'ere, guv'nor," he began in a bullying manner; "we fetched you 'ere to do summat for that there young 'ooman, not to ax a lot o' questions we ain't a-goin' to h'answer." His tone was insolent.

"I can do nothing now," said the doctor, angrily suspicious. "The woman should be in a good hospital, she is in a most critical condition. I doubt if she will live till morning. My opinion is," here he looked fixedly at the cowering woman, "that a murderous, unlawful thing, has taken place. This is a case for investigation," he added significantly, as he turned to leave the lounge.

"Ho!—is—it?" muttered the cabman defiantly, as he followed the doctor down the dark hall.

"And the police," added the doctor imprudently, exasperated at the man's tone.

"The perlice—is it—now?" growled the man angrily.

The doctor was about to turn round to him, when a crashing blow descended upon him from behind.

He fell, and striking his head heavily upon the tessellated floor, lay there, prone and unconscious!

CHAPTER III.

P. C. Jones Makes a Discovery.

POLICE CONSTABLE JONES set down his bull's-eye lantern to clap his long arms violently across his chest. He had been tramping to and fro on his lonely beat, and the air was decidedly raw and nippy this April morning in the small hours before the dawn.

A young constable, recently married, Jones was on night duty, the law's appointed guardian of the sleeping residents of Barnes. Without admitting by any means that he was nervous, he frankly owned to himself that some little company besides his own would be welcome. It seemed somewhat hard to him that other men were snug and warm in their beds, while he had to tramp up and down, through the lonely hours for their protection.

This thought, conjoined with some anxiety for his young wife, whom he pictured fretting at his absence, made him feel irritable, as evinced by the energy with which he stamped his chilled feet to encourage the circulation.

With his head on one side he stopped to count while a neighbouring clock struck four. Thank goodness, in another hour he would be relieved.

The night was paling into a glimmering semi-darkness, in which the various objects about him loomed out with weird indefiniteness that added an eerie feeling to his lonely vigil. It was the time when spirits that had

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been abroad must be fitting back to their abodes in the churchyard—or elsewhere. Constable Jones was not very clear on this ghostly point, but he knew a cold drizzle was beating in his face, adding to his discomfort and annoyance. He drew his cape closer about his broad shoulders, uttered an ejaculation scarcely parliamentary, and glanced around at the pools that gathered in the ruts of uneven ground and were now beginning to shine in the misty half-light.

“**B**EASTLY mornin’,” he muttered, as he threw open the shutter of the lantern at his belt to get a clearer view. His eyes involuntarily followed the yellow beam, and fell upon a dark object some few yards away, lying near a thicket on the rough ground of the Common. He strode over to examine it.

“Funny—I didn’t see that when I passed before! But, I might a took it fer a shadder, or bush, in the dark.”

He flashed his light upon a tweed bundle, and applied a large foot to straighten it out. A very white face came into view.

“Mercy on us,” he exclaimed, hastily drawing back in momentary horror; then bending to examine the object again, he felt for the heart, and experienced a sense of relief to find it beating.

Lifting himself up, he stared down at the limp form, while his slow brain puzzled over it. Then his brow cleared, and he laughed.

“Fancy me gittin’ skeered like that,” he apologized to the inanimate surroundings, “an’ over a plain drunk too,” he added disgustedly, stirring the prostrate heap more vigorously with his foot.

“Now then, gov’nor—move on there,” he exhorted. “This ’ere ground ain’t let out for sleepin’ on—not just yet,” he added jocosely.

The object thus abjured, stirred feebly, and lifted heavy lids; the eyes looked glassy and uncomprehending.

Constable Jones, reassured by these signs of returning consciousness, laid a large and firm hand upon the prostrate figure, and hoisted it on to unsteady feet, where it tottered dizzily.

“Drunk as a lord,” he ejaculated, as he assisted the swaying figure to maintain its equilibrium.

“It’s enough to give yer rheumatiz fer life, it is straight, a-lyin’ on that wet ground. Dear! dear! you gents!” This after a comprehensive glance over the unsteady man.

Evidently he expected a tip from the inebriate, but none was forthcoming. He waited hopefully, then grew sternly official.

“Wot’s yer nyme?” A long silence. He looked into the dazed face of the man he was holding up, and lost his temper.

“Dang it man—if yer won’t answer, I’ll take yer to the station.” Still silence.

“Where d’ye live? — answer straight now, before I get yer locked up.”

He enforced this command with a rough shake, which nearly resulted in the disastrous downfall of both. The glassy eyes looked vacantly into the irritated constable’s red face.

“Of all the h’aggravators!” he exclaimed crossly, flashing his lantern once more over the man and round the spot on which they stood, thus bringing to light a battered bowler, muddy and wet, lying in a pool of water near by.

Then he suddenly blew his whistle. As he relaxed his hold, the captive subsided to a sitting position on the wet ground, his legs sprawled out in front.

Constable Jones regarded him disgustedly.

“Ought to be ashamed of yerself—you did—a man o’ your age—gittin’ in such a state. Yer looks a reg’lar bad lot.” Then he blew his whistle again.

Presently was heard the sound of a heavy man running. In a couple of minutes the runner came to a stop before the constable, panting and blowing noisily.

“Wot’s up, Bill?” he asked anxiously.

“Ere’s a cove wot I can’t make nothin’ on,” explained Jones, pointing an accusing thumb at the sitting

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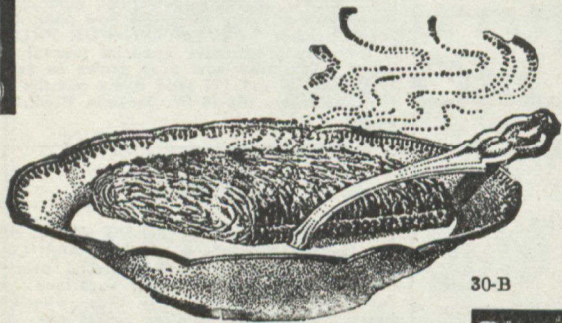
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man, whose head had dropped on to his chest.

"Found 'im 'avin' a nap all on 'is own, in that there puddle."

The new-comer studied the problem by the light of the two lanterns now turned upon the silent sitter.

"Drunk and h'incapable," was the united verdict.

They gripped the limp figure with unnecessary violence by either arm, and the man, whose legs seemed of no use to him, was trailed stumblingly by the stalwarts in blue in the direction of the town.

"Step out, can't yer," exhorted Constable Jones irritably, as they jerked the man along, and, between them, literally hauled him to the police station. There he was unceremoniously tumbled upon a bare form, for inspection by a superior officer.

Constable Jones was mopping his brow, the exertion had decidedly warmed him up, and he was congratulating himself upon his capture.

"Man's ill," said Sergeant Brown curtly, after looking at the huddled heap on the form. "He ought to have been brought in on a stretcher."

The sergeant frowned severely at Jones, and that worthy officer suddenly felt like sinking into his boots.

Going to the telephone, the capable Station-Sergeant rang up the workhouse doctor, and then made ineffectual efforts to force some brandy down the throat of the "drunk and h'incapable."

This treatment having no effect, the patient was laid full length on the bench till the arrival of Doctor Binks, who ordered him to be carried on a stretcher to the workhouse infirmary, there to stay till he should recover sufficiently to give an account of himself.

Constable Jones, feeling rather sheepish, handed in the battered hat which he had picked up, said all there was to say, and retired to his home, his wife, his breakfast and his bed, in a state of suppressed grievance at merit overlooked and vigilance unrecognized.

For a week the new arrival lay in the workhouse infirmary a complete puzzle to Doctor Binks.

Beyond a bruise at the back of the head, which came to light when his head was shaved, there seemed nothing to account for his condition. To all questions he had no answer. His mind remained a blank.

CHAPTER IV.

An Official Inquiry.

BY the end of a week, rest and food had done much to restore the strength of the man found so strangely on Barnes Common, in that early April morning by Police Constable Jones. The patient became more alert, and was at last considered fit to be taken to the police court to be examined. Unfortunately he could not recollect his name or address, or give any coherent account of himself. Constable Jones shook his head and tapped it significantly.

"What's your opinion, Doctor Binks? Is the man shamming?" asked the occupant of the magisterial bench.

"I think not," replied the doctor briskly. "Case of loss of memory evidently—may be temporary, due to collapse—or collapse may be due to wandering through loss of memory."

"Mad—do you think?" came the brisk inquiry.

The man in tweeds started violently, passed a trembling hand across his brow as if striving to brush some cloud away, and lifted dark eyes anxiously from one face to the other.

"Mad? Oh, not necessarily," replied the doctor cheerfully.

"We'd better charge him then—'Found wandering, can give no satisfactory account of himself.'"

"Or won't," muttered Constable Jones maliciously.

"Detain him at the workhouse under observation, Binks, pending inquiries."

The little doctor in the big glasses nodded, a couple of men in blue winked at each other, and the inquiry was over for the time being.

The man in tweeds, a vague look in his eyes, a puzzled and worried ex-

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pression on his face, seemed battling vainly to regain a knowledge of something which eluded him.

The doctor watched him, and this scrutiny was returned by the patient, who realized something was wrong as he returned to the workhouse.

There, in the observation ward, he stood with knitted brows in deep thought.

"Mad!" he muttered. "Mad! Impossible! But—who—am—I?"

Tense and rigid, he made a desperate effort to recapture some memory which floated on the edge of his brain, like a half-forgotten dream; then he gave a groan of despair.

A sponge might have been passed over his mind, wiping out the past and leaving a clean surface to receive fresh impressions.

No glimmer of light revealed anything to him beyond the fact that he was in the workhouse, an inmate of the observation ward.

"I'm like a parcel lost in transit, with the label torn off," he muttered, then, remembering his unenviable position, smiled grimly at the conceit.

"I've not dropped from the sky, or been born a full-grown man in a tweed suit."

HE glanced at his clothes, holding out his arms, and feeling in the empty pockets, but the scrutiny revealed nothing to him.

"I must belong to someone, or someone must belong to me! Surely I shall be missed, and searched for. But mad!"

That was a terrifying idea.

"Am I mad?"

He combated this thought for some seconds, then shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Sane enough, but for this confounded numb feeling in my brain. I know what I am doing—what other people are doing—but if these Johnnies here get the idea into their heads that I am insane, they'll clap me into the asylum, and then—good-bye!"

He shuddered.

"Something's got to be done, even if it is only to pretend that I remember things. I've got to fool that little chap in glasses, and get away from here, and that very soon, too."

An expression of nervous desperation came into the dark eyes. Sitting on his hard bed, his head in his hands, he pondered sombrely, sifting, rejecting, and collating his ideas, until finally he pieced a story together which he thought was plausible.

When the doctor saw him again, the man in tweeds met him with the smile of an assurance that he was far from feeling. His story was ready.

"You're looking brighter to-day, my man," said the doctor cheerily. He took off his glasses, polished them with a silk handkerchief, kept his eyes fixed on the patient during the performance, re-adjusted them on his long nose, and studied the figure in front of him afresh, as if by a comparison of views he hoped to find the better one.

"I feel better," said the man in tweeds, glibly and untruthfully. "My brain has cleared wonderfully. I slept well last night, and woke up this morning quite myself."

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor with interest. "I thought those last pills would do you good. Prescription of my own—mean to patent them one day." He blew his nose noisily, fussing about with it, till his listener became quite nervous.

"Let us hear what you have to say!" he then ordered curtly. "Pray proceed."

"My name is John Grey," came the bold assertion.

"Common name," commented the doctor, his eyes like those of some human owl boring into the man's face.

"I came to London a month ago from Belfast," persisted the narrator desperately.

"Quite so! quite so!" punctuated the doctor. (Would he keep quiet, and let him get it over?)

"A poor clerk, looking for a job, I walked all over London in answer to advertisements. My money was nearly done, and I had had very little to eat for the last two weeks. After a long day in the city, vainly seeking for work, I walked out to

Hammersmith. Some hooligans set on me. I got away and ran, they gave chase, knocked me down, hit me over the head, rifled my pockets of what little was in them, and left me unconscious."

The man in tweeds paused. Would his story be believed?

His heart beat anxiously, his eyes were on the doctor's face.

"What time did this happen?"

"Between nine and ten o'clock."

"Where were you lodging?"

"I intended to get a bed for the night at Hammersmith, but being chased, I got away from it."

"Where was your luggage?" rapped out the doctor.

"I only had a small bag, which I was carrying. They wrenched it out of my hands."

"H'm!" mused Doctor Binks. "A bowler was found near you—the police brought it to the station. Was it yours?"

"Yes," admitted the man recklessly.

"It bears the name of a first-class firm of hatters in the West End; do you get your hats there?" this in a casual tone.

"In that case, it can't be mine," was the hurried reply.

"Ah! I see. Well, you must give these particulars elsewhere. I will report what you say."

"THERE is nothing against me?" said the man in tweeds, anxiously. "I suppose I can leave?" (He was in a hurry to get away.)

"Well, well, we shall see!" replied the doctor with caution. "By the way, who did you say your people were in Belfast?"

The man was not to be caught. He answered calmly—

"I have no people there. My mother, a widow, died some years ago. I was her only child."

"Ah! And your age?"

"Thirty-five." A minute study of himself in a small, cracked looking-glass had led to this conclusion. His own face, familiar as the face of some old friend whose name one has forgotten, had failed to illuminate his mind, or suggest the elusive name which had distinguished him from his fellows.

He started. The doctor was speaking.

"Born in Belfast?"

"No. Born at sea. Mother was going to Canada. Father died there twenty-five years ago." Surely that disposed of his family, neatly and effectively!

"I—see! Well, John Grey, you must repeat your story to the authorities. I congratulate you upon your recovery from—er—temporary loss of memory, caused, no doubt, by the blow on the head—very distressing, but unfortunately, in these days of stress and strain, loss of memory is far from uncommon, but decidedly distressing."

John Grey agreed, with certain mental reservations. His loss of memory bid fair to be permanent so far as he could see, unless help came from the outside. So it was that his assumed cheerfulness gave place to deep dejection when the doctor left.

The case of John Grey, in all its fresh bearings, was discussed once more at the police court, and he was called upon to repeat his story, which he did with the fixed resolve not to be caught tripping.

Questions and cross-questions made it a trying ordeal, but he came through it successfully.

There was no previous record against him, and apparently nothing was to be gained by his further detention.

(To be continued.)

Not So Bad Off.—A broker, brooding over the heavy expenses of maintaining his office, thought he would save money by having a cheap lunch.

He wandered into a little restaurant off Cheapside and ordered a frugal meal costing a few pence. Looking up, he recognized in the waiter an old stockbroker.

"Halloa, Harry, have you come down to this?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right. I only wait; I don't dine here!" was the reply.—Tit-Bits.



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"Baby Grand" Home Pocket-Billiard Table

Care of the teeth is now recog- nized as necessary to good health

—and care means a well-chosen dentifrice, as well as a twice-a-year visit to the dentist.

TEETH AND PSYCHOLOGY.

Education is by the mouth. At any rate, this has been found measurably true of the backward school children of Cleveland, Ohio. Dentists put their teeth in order, physiologists showed them how to breathe and to chew their food, and after six months, experimental psychologists were called in.

A girl of 13, with sixteen decayed teeth, requiring twenty-five fillings, has improved 10 per cent. in memory 159 per cent. in spontaneous association, 57 per cent. in addition, and 600 per cent. in association by opposites. Her quickness of perception has not changed, although her total gain during the treatment was 168 per cent.

A boy whose teeth are bad, whose mouth and throat are swollen and germ-laden, whose nasal, oral and ocular passages are stopped up, blinks when he looks at the blackboard, fails to hear his name when called upon, is bowed by defective breathing, and is pained in digestion. He becomes a truant, rebellious and a liar. Give him an oral cleansing and complete restorative repairs, and you begin to make of him a gentleman and a scholar.

CHILDREN'S TEETH:

Urges Action Through the Public School System.

Editor of The New York Times:
In your editorial article of Dec. 20, entitled "Children's Teeth," you state that "the health of the nation is in part dependent upon the condition of the teeth of its children." I am glad to see that the lines of dental hygiene are being published.

MARION SCHOOL'S DENTAL SQUAD.

The dentists of this country are conducting intelligent campaigns for oral hygiene in its schools. Their National committee has gathered into records the fruits of the work accomplished in the Cleveland schools, and that they may be available for workers everywhere in this field. The Dental Digest has presented, in successive issues, mental, moral, and physical, resulting from the experimental care of the teeth and mouths of a squad of foreign-born children selected from the 1,000 pupils in the Marion School of Cleveland. Parallel with their bad oral conditions were bad conditions of physique, mentality, and a sulky, resentful, and insubordinate moral state.

URGES CARE OF PUPILS' HEALTH.

Mayor Asks Dr. Wile to Enter Upon Systematic Work.

THE COMMUNITY'S TEETH

Whether dental and medical should be commercialized as pharmaceutical science has been commercialized, and frankly put on a basis of advertising, is rather vivaciously discussed in a letter which we printed where. Its writer makes some points, and, at any rate, what is suggestive. For instance, he mates that "possibly Boards of Health might formulate some kind of compulsory advertising."

Boards of Health can formulate for the periodic inspection of each child of school age. The Department of this city or Legislature could make upon 600,000 school children the giving of certificates from license that their teeth have been

Mayor Gaynor to-day appointed Ira S. Wile, of 230 West Ninety-seventh street a member of the Board of Education to succeed Jeremiah T. Mahoney, who resigned recently to accept promotion to the position of Commissioner of Accounts. In his letter appointing Dr. Wile the Mayor outlined his ideas for child hygiene in the schools which he hopes to see forwarded by the new member. The letter reads as follows:
"I am appointing you a member of the Board of Education. My object in doing so is to have you enter systematically into the work of examining into the health of the children in the public schools and taking scientific means of prevention and cure. Among other things the eyes, ears and teeth of the children should be carefully looked into.
"It is almost impossible to have a healthy body without good teeth. But I shall not go into particulars. Your past experience in dealing with the defects and diseases of children will enable you to think of everything that should be done. I should think it would be well if there were a standing committee for this purpose in the Board of Education, but I submit that to better judgments."



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Safe, with no harmful grit to catch the enamel or cut the gums—
Antiseptic, checking the growth of decay-germs and leaving the mouth non-acid—
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Buy a box of 1/2 dozen tubes to-day so that each member of your family may have an individual tube.
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Superintendents of Schools in cities under 10,000 population are invited to write for special information about our Educational offer.

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FOR DENTAL HYGIENE.

Educational Work Now Being Conducted by the Dentists.

Editor of The New York Times:
Attention has been called to an editorial in your paper, entitled "A question of Dental Hygiene."
I am both pleased and gratified to find that newspapers are taking an interest in the question of dental hygiene, and I write to you in the hope that the dental profession may be better informed in the art of dental hygiene.