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Future of the House Workers

By MARJORY MacMURCHY



The Gambler's New Day

STORY By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE



Certain Canadian Artists

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Alpine Gardens Without Alps

By E. T. COOK



Americanization Bug-a-Boo

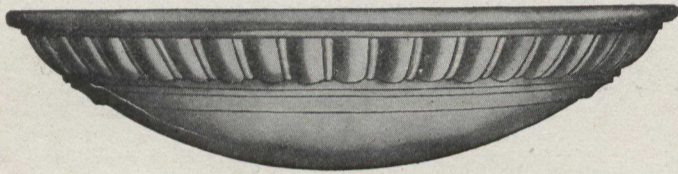
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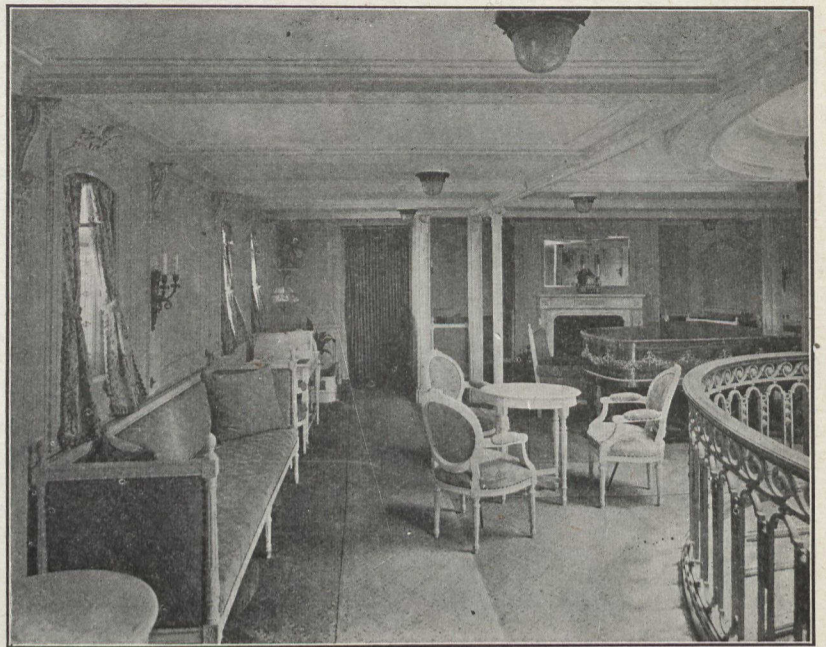
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A National Weekly

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 25



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THERE was a man in our town
Who wasn't very wise.
He lost his heart completely to
A pair of hazel eyes.

And when he saw his heart was gone,
With all his might and main,
He tried and tried, but uselessly,
To get it back again.

Which proves his folly plain enough;
For, 'spite the pain and cost,
All wise men know a heart's no good
Until that heart is lost.

—Walter G. Doty.

No Dispute.—The prospective parlor-maid had already stated that she was sober, honest, and willing. She had left her last place of her own accord. She didn't mind the stairs; she would do the steps; wash the handkerchiefs; she would cook on cook's day out—in fact, everything appeared so rosy that the lady of the house couldn't help feeling the least bit suspicious. "Well," she said, "things seem pretty good. I hope you had no words with your last mistress before leaving." The prospective parlor-maid tossed her head. "Oh, dear, no, mum," she replied, "none whatever! I just locked the bathroom door when she was 'aving' 'er bath, spoke me mind, took all me things, and went away as nice an' quiet as possible!"

Preparing for the Season.—"What's this—black panels for the dining-room?"

"I'm going to make a desperate effort to have my husband at home for dinner when the team's away, anyhow. So I have leased a wire and shall operate a scoreboard in the dining-room."—Pittsburgh Post.

Foresight.—Aunt Rebecca—"Dat ol' man o' yohs am sho' a good provider." Aunt Chloe—"He done shows his sense. He wants to keep me busy occupyin' dis here skillet as a utensil instid of a weepin'."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Irate Parent: "No, sirree. You can't have her. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her."

We Never Knew.

The old oaken bucket that hung in the well

Was full of germs stealthy.
But we never knew it, as matters befall,

And so grew up healthy.
—New York Sun.

Not the Least.—"Why do you call the baby Bill?"

"He was born on the first of the month."—Buffalo Express.

Reassuring.—"Is my wife forward?" asked the passenger on the Limited.
"She wasn't to me, sir," answered the conductor politely.—Purple Cow.

Soaked.—Freshman — "Why don't they wear watches with full dress?"
Dormite—"No one could get them both out at once."—Columbia Jester.

Behind the Procession. — "Why aren't you dancing, Mr. McXixe?" "I was out of town for the week-end and I don't know any of the new steps."—Puck.

Spice of Life.—Headlines to adjoining columns in the Toronto "Daily Star":—

"Mayor called meeting to discuss Scripture."

"Mayor calls 'Globe's' report a 'blasted lie.'"

These mayors lead a life full of variety.—Punch.

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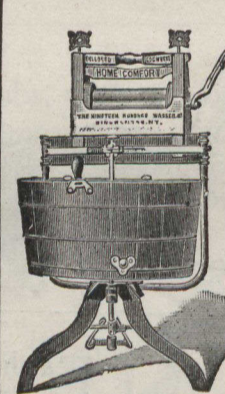
it is the "four-in-car."

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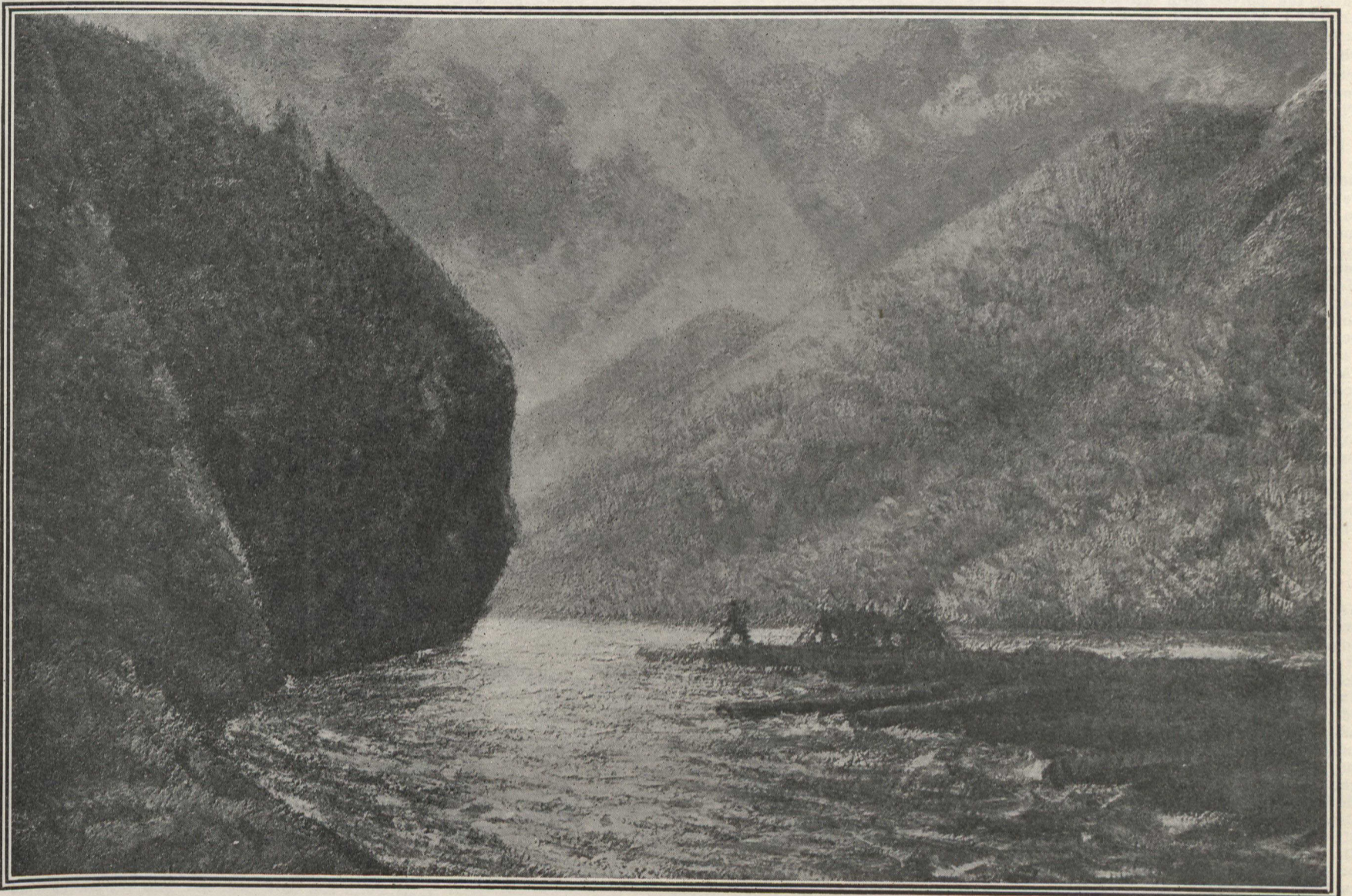
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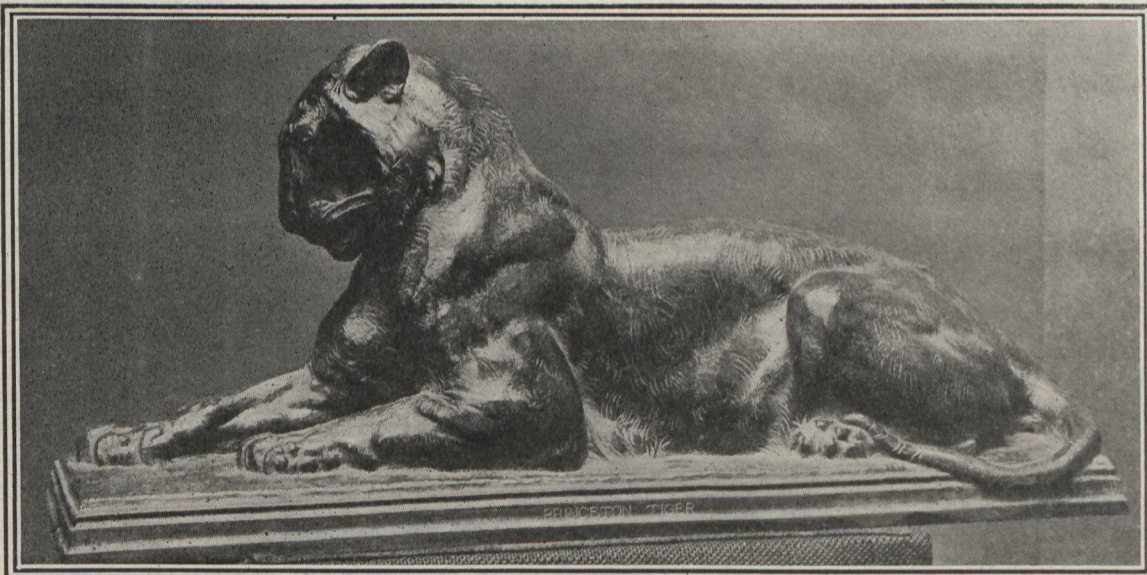
No. 25

IT ISN'T PRETTY, BUT IT'S PROBABLY GOOD ART



Homer Watson, past president of the Canadian Art Club, calls this sombre epic that looks like a gorge of the Saguenay, "The River Drivers."

COLD cash and Canadian painters' canvases are not always on the same programme. It was said, at the opening of the Canadian Art Club's exhibition, with a delicate sense of irony, by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston—who buys a good deal of Dutch and other foreign art—that Canadian connoisseurs don't spend a great deal of money on Canadian pictures. Mr. Johnston knows. He has been several years a patron of the Canadian Art Club, two of whose works at the Exhibition now on view in Toronto are reproduced on this page. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, President of the Imperial Bank, also knows. He is Hon. President of the C. A. C., and sometimes buys pictures. And but for the prestige of these and a few other financial people the Canadian Art Club, with all its undoubted excellence in



This is a complete miniature of one of the famous bronze tigers at Princeton University, which were executed by Phimister Proctor, a celebrated Canadian sculptor now living in the United States. Mr. Proctor is a descendant of Gen. Proctor, who served under Wolfe at the capture of Quebec. He was born in Lambton Co., Ont.

paintings, etchings and sculptures, would have considerably more difficulty than it has in maintaining a yearly exhibition.

Of course there is no other art society in Canada like the C. A. C., which was formed seven years ago by a good-natured secession from the Ontario Society of Artists, with the addition to its ranks of several well-known artists living abroad and partly in Canada. In fact, when you look at an exhibition of the Canadian Art Club you are led to wonder—when is art Canadian? In this exhibition there are works by Canadian painters living in Canada and born in other countries; by painters living and born in Canada; by Canadians born in Canada and living abroad; by painters born in Canada and living part of the time in Canada and sometimes (Concluded on page 21.)

A Gambler's New Day

"A New Day," He Repeated, "That Will Last to the End. We'll Live it Together, You and I!"

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

CORTLANDT VAN VLECK had spent his thirtieth birthday at the poker-table in the gaming-house that virtually belonged to him, matching his keen wits against the apocryphal skill of a group of millionaire Chicagoans. None of his lieutenants had he deemed capable of successfully mulcting the rich prey; and he himself had stood the racking strain of a six-hour game. The winnings of the house had run up into five figures, and, in spite of that fact, or because of it, he was very tired.

He went home to his apartments, where he spent a solitary evening, unique in its effects. As he sat brooding by his fire, there came a revulsion of feeling, the first he had ever experienced. As he realized that the first day of his fourth decade was over, squandered like many days that had gone before, his illegal occupation, stripped at last of its glamour, filled him with disgust.

On the upleaping flames for a canvas, his fancy painted the portraits of his associates during the years of his professional career. Hard, cruel, mask-like faces passed in phantom procession before him, each stamped with its look of greed, with the acquisitiveness begotten of the habit to get without labour.

The man that sits dreaming by his fire and can not call up the face of some woman who has touched his life and emptied it of man-things, man-ways, filling it for the time being with woman-fancies is abnormal. In all the long length of Van Vleck's reverie, he had dreamed of nothing but the faces of men; of mean men, cruel men, desperate men, of gamblers. Not a woman in the world was soul-close enough to him to send her spirit winging through the darkness to give him cheer.

He became suddenly conscious of his acute loneliness, and, with all the strength of his manhood, he revolted against it. In the black hour of his introspection there came a resolve; for once in his life he acted on impulse.

"A gambler needn't be particular as to his methods of courtship," he said, grimly, as he moved to his desk and penned the advertisement announcing his needs to the world at large.

"An American gentleman, thirty," he wrote, "desires the acquaintance of a lady younger than himself, who will help him to make life worth living. Object, matrimony."

Out of a basketful of answers, he culled the following:

"I'd like to help.

"ANNETTE STIRLING."

As Van Vleck pressed through the early-evening crowd on his way to meet the woman that was to become his wife, his heart beat high with anticipation and an unwonted sense of excitement. He looked beyond the first meeting and glimpsed a vision of home, a thing he had not known since childhood. Happy dreams of future joys; tender resolutions to cherish this woman-creature that would come to him from somewhere out of the pulsing life about him; wonder as to how he, in his crudeness, might win her for his own; fear that he might fail made his blood surge through his veins with a pound, pound, pound, that in its very newness, carried an uplift of soul.

His face was the usual gambler's mask, however, as he approached his favourite waiter in his favourite restaurant.

"Has Miss Stirling inquired for me, Emil?" he asked, crisply.

"She awaits you upstairs, sir."

It was to Emil's credit that his manner betrayed not the faintest trace of surprise. That a woman should ask for Mr. Van Vleck was in itself a rare thing, although it had happened once or twice before, and nothing had come of it except a contemptuous refusal on the part of Mr. Van Vleck to claim the acquaintance. But that Mr. Van Vleck should ask for a woman—

Emil preceded him up the ornate stairway, stopped before a white-and-gold door, rapped, turned the knob, announced, "Misder Van Vleck," and retired.

VAN VLECK paused in the doorway, holding his eagerness in check with a professional gambler's instinctive caution. He might have been making a tentative raise with four aces in his hand, so expressionless was his face. In the farther corner stood his guest facing him.

"I didn't know you were as good-looking as that!" she exclaimed.

Slowly entering the room, Van Vleck threw a lazy glance in her direction. He stopped short, bewildered, at sight of her slender loveliness. Unused as he was to women, it gripped him with the potent charm of some strange, new drug.

"Are you embarrassed?" queried Miss Stirling, a flash of mischief in her grey eyes. "I am—just a bit."

"Let's eat," suggested Van Vleck, touching the bell.

The girl threw back her head and laughed unrestrainedly. As the clear peal rang out, gay, wholesome, without a trace of coquetry, the gambler drew in his breath sharply with delight. Without knowing it, he had hungered for the sound of a laugh like that through the years of his manhood.

"It's evident that I am going to be the talkative member of the—the family," she hazarded, seating herself at the small dining-table.

Van Vleck was conscious of a thrill as he heard the intimate word; but, as he seated himself opposite the girl, his years of training showed in the cold quiescence of his face. In his most hopeful dreams he had not dared to imagine her quite like this. From beneath half-closed eyelids, he studied the charm of her exquisite daintiness.

She was far lovelier than the picture that she had sent had led him to expect; the photograph had robbed her fair hair of its light-gold sheen, and had failed most signally to depict the perfection of her colouring. Her mouth, with the sensuous charm of its full curves, appealed to him. He trusted it implicitly, because, in her eyes, he read an absolute innocence that held its passion in leash. And this most desirable little person had just admitted her willingness to belong to him!

In chillingly even tones, he said: "Then, it's a go?"

The girl gazed across the table at him with the wide-eyed look of a hurt child.

"Why, of course it is," she faltered, a hint of tears in her voice; "I said I'd like to help." Then, after a bewildered pause, "don't you like me?"

Van Vleck merely smiled in answer. His smile, partly on account of its rarity, was singularly effective. It banished the hurt look from her face in a twinkling, its appeal bringing a happy little answering smile to her lips. She was still blissfully reflecting on her power to lighten this somber man's mood when Emil entered, and Van Vleck commenced the task of giving his order. Turning to her, he asked:

"Shall we have wine?"

"O please! Champagne for to-night!"

"You kid!" he chuckled. "We'll have it, although I don't take it as a rule."

"You grim person," she laughed, when they were alone; "you rather frighten me with your sternness."

"I'm not really a bear; but, you see, I'm not used to women."

"That's nice. I'm glad," she said, regarding him with friendly scrutiny.

"And I don't talk much," continued Van Vleck. "I'd rather listen to you."

"You'll have plenty of chance."

"A lifetime?" queried the gambler, quickly, his guard down for the first time.

She nodded gravely.

"And I love to hear you laugh," suggested Van Vleck. Then, suddenly, "tell me of your life," he urged.

A shade of sadness crossed the girl's face. "If I do that," she said, seriously, "I can't laugh."

VAN VLECK felt a resentment at the fate that had bullied and harassed this creature of laughter, who was meant for happiness. Tyro that he was in the art of consolation, he merely said, brusquely:

"We'll change all that."

"Yes; you look as if you could change whatever you didn't like," she mused.

It was a happy, one-sidedly-merry little dinner. The excitement of the novel situation flushed the girl's cheeks and raised her spirits to the point where her grave companion could not follow. He merely watched and listened appreciatively, now and then paying her fascination the warm tribute of his brilliant smile.

For the most part, she talked generalities; but, unconsciously, she gave him little glimpses of her struggle to gain recognition on the stage, emphasizing the pitiful successes and bringing her sense of humour to bear on making light of the more frequent failures. Suddenly, she stopped speaking, and looked at him whimsically for a long moment.

"Do you know," she began, with head cocked judicially on one side, "you are the very coolest person I ever met?"

Van Vleck cast one quick glance toward her, saw the alluring invitation beckoning in her eyes, circled the little table in two strides, and caught her up in his arms. She raised her lips to his frankly, smiling into his eyes.

"If—you will sit down—on the other side of the table," she suggested breathlessly, after a moment, "you may—hold my hand."

Instantly, Van Vleck obeyed her command; her grateful glance rewarded him.

"Say, Kid," he began, explosively, "this evening has boosted the happiness limit for me. Pshaw!"

he ejaculated. "I'm goin' to shake the gamblin' joint talk—I mean—" he laughed wryly—"I shall endeavour, in future, to forswear the vernacular."

"Out of respect for the lady?" she suggested, happily.

"You get me!"

"They laughed light-heartedly.

"Seriously, I am going to change. Do you mind if I talk for a while?"

"Go ahead," she encouraged. "When you do say anything, it's worth while listening to."

"We must begin with mutual trust," said Van Vleck, earnestly. "I'm sick of the bluff of my life. Will you believe me—always?"

She gripped his hand more tightly. "It's easy," she said.

"Then, you'll believe me when I tell you that this is the happiest evening of my life?"

"I want to think that," she said, with an eager acceptance of the compliment.

"It's not so much the pleasure of this particular evening, although it's been pretty nice"—he smiled his quick smile—"as what it stands for—the evenings to come, the companionship, a home." His voice dropped. "You want a home?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh!" breathed the girl.

"I guess you do," he said, huskily. "And children?" he queried with a sharp intake of his breath.

THE small hand in his flexed until it felt like some light, strong metal. Unflatteringly, she raised her eyes to his. An expression of grave happiness came over her face as she slowly nodded her head.

Van Vleck sprang to his feet and paced up and down the small room, his face growing more boyish every moment under the humanizing influence of his dreams. His repression was thrown to the winds.

"It's come to me suddenly, dear!" he exclaimed—"and, well—I guess I'm all yours. I'm going to look for a job to-morrow—anything that's honest—and, when I get it, you're going to help me live."

She sat with hands tightly clasped before her, a happy, far-away look in her eyes.

"And I thought you were made of granite and ice," she mused.

"There was only one quality that I required in my wife," continued Van Vleck. "I might have added a whole lot more restrictions and found that you fitted them all."

"The one quality?"

"I said to myself that my wife must be a good woman."

The girl looked up with a start. Slowly, the happiness died out of her face, and her eyes grew wide with misery. With a little choking cry, she flung her arms out across the table and buried her head between them. For a moment, she was quite still; then, her slender body began to shake with the racking force of her sobs.

"I'm not a good woman—I'm not—I'm not," she cried bitterly.

Van Vleck crossed to her side. He bent over her yearningly.

"Why, Annette," he said, dazedly. "Why, Annette—I don't understand. It can't be! Your eyes! No bad woman ever had eyes like yours!"

"Oh, I don't want to be bad! I don't want to—I don't want to!" moaned the girl. "You have shown me to-night a perfect heaven, a heaven of decency—a heaven that it's hell to lose!"

"You haven't lost it," said Van Vleck, gravely. "No matter what you've done, I'm not worthy of you."

She raised her eyes questioningly and her hands went out to him as though she besought his protection.

Slowly, falteringly, she told the whole pitiful story. This time, she did not make light of the failures, nor did she exaggerate the successes.

It was a nasty story of a brutal beast of a manager, who had deliberately kept her on starvation wages, dangling ever before her eyes a glittering success in a good part if she would pay the price. For weary months, she had struggled bravely, trying unsuccessfully, in the meantime, for other employment. At last, she had tentatively decided to renounce the hall bed-room and the irregular meals for the lure of material success. Still, she hesitated, and, before she told her tyrant of her decision, the gambler came into her life.

"And you call yourself a bad woman!" scoffed Van Vleck, exultingly.

"But I meant—"

"You game little sport," he interrupted; "I knew your eyes were true."

"But—but," she faltered again.

"Forget it!" he ordered, crisply.

He pulled his watch from his pocket and held it up before her. "Look," he said. The hands were pointing toward the zenith. As he spoke, they crossed.

"A new day has begun," he whispered.

She crept close to him and rested her cheek on his shoulder, as though she were very tired.

"A new day," he repeated, "that will last to the end. Come, sweetheart," he raised her chin and looked deep into her eyes; "we'll live it together—you and I."

FUTURE OF THE HOUSE WORKER

"The Coming of the Trained House Worker is Inevitable. When She Comes She Will be as Great a Blessing as the Trained Nurse. In all Probability, the Trained House Worker will be a Greater Blessing"

By MARJORY MacMURCHY



THE future of the domestic servant depends on the efficiency, or want of efficiency, of the woman who employs her. Substitute the expression "house worker" for domestic servant, and see how it sounds. The writer, for her part, thinks it sounds well. A great deal of wrong thinking is prevalent with regard to girls who do house work for wages. Two instances, of modern wrong thinking, and archaic wrong thinking, illustrate the extremes to which we go when we consider house workers; and as we think of them, so the methods of our employment of them will be.

The modern instance, of what the writer of this article submits is wrong thinking concerning the house worker, comes from a social student who is also an employer of girl wage earners. This social student has accomplished a solid little piece of constructive social work. She has been able to show her employees that their wages depend on their usefulness to the business. According to the girl's usefulness is the size of her bonus; and the usefulness is shown by a table of merits which any girl can understand. Consider the shock it was to an ordinary individual to hear such an advanced social student as this say of a girl who was a house worker—a servant if you prefer to use the time-honoured expression—that she could not take any interest in a girl who had so little wish to improve herself as to be satisfied to remain a servant. One fact seems clear. If house work is so poor an employment that no girl who wants to be well thought of can afford to remain in it, then no right-thinking person should be satisfied to employ a house worker. This is an extreme statement. But the social student, and what she said of girls in domestic work, are authentic.

THE archaic point of view which, although archaic, is by no means non-existent in Canada, is illustrated by a passage taken from "Goldwin Smith: Life and Opinions," compiled by Mr. Arnold Haultain.

"This domestic question is getting very serious," he said to me yesterday, apropos of nothing. Work was over, and he was tired, lolling in his armchair in front of his fire, his legs crossed, his hands meditatively clasped. "And I don't think the young ladies of the present day are going about the best way to fit themselves for wifehood and house work. What frivolous lives they lead! Always on the go! Never still!"

I: "Women adapt themselves very easily to new conditions," I hazarded; "give them a husband and children, they soon settle down."

He: "It may be. It may be. But I do not know what is to be the solution of this servant problem. If you can't get servants, what are you to do? The Chinese seem to me so alien."

I: "The native servant in India becomes quite faithfully attached, and when he grows old he puts his sons and daughters into your service."

He: "Quite so. Yes, occupations there are hereditary. Old and faithful service is a thing of the past now. We certainly are very fortunate in our own household. They all feel that they are part of the household. They form a little society of their own. They know that we should never leave them in the lurch. And they are always kindly treated. But I take it there are not many such households here."

I: "I take it, too, that much depends upon the masters and mistresses."

He: "Ah, yes. Perhaps they are getting out of date, too."

How patriarchal! How idyllic! How condescending! does anyone say?

The truth is, as the world stands to-day in Canada, there is no servant class. The vague shadow of it which remains will be bundled away to-morrow along with so much other dust. Canadians who look for any of these "faithful servitors" who will remain perpetually in feudal employment, their sons and daughters servants after them, are certain to be disappointed, happily so. It is the Canadian statement of the case of the house worker with which we are concerned. What is

the exact condition of this employment to-day in Canada? It is a dream—a dream to be got rid of—to think of a servant class in Canada; and it is a serious injustice, a grave mistake in social construction, to think and speak of household employees as if they in reality belonged to a despised class. There can be no despised classes in the new society which is coming. If we are not ready for these new social relations, we will be the ones who are out of place.

Household workers in Canada are largely imported. Canadian-born girls regard paid household work as an unsatisfactory occupation. A period of from six months to two years in Canada is, generally speaking, sufficient to discontent the imported house worker with her employment. Why is this so? Why do Canadian-born girls go into every other kind of employment?

The wages of general servants in Canada begin at fifteen and sixteen dollars a month, and in rare instances reach thirty-five dollars per month. A fair average varies from eighteen to twenty dollars: Cooks, housemaids, parlourmaids, waitresses, nursemaids, etc., are paid wages of about the same range. The average for a cook is from twenty to twenty-five. A good children's nurse, one who is really responsible and competent, can easily get twenty-five dollars a month. With board and lodging included, counting extras, tips, presents, and considering the fact that many domestic employees receive caps, aprons, collars, cuffs, and sometimes print uniforms and black afternoon dresses, the house worker's pay in many cases will easily average in value ten dollars a week. Comparatively few factory workers, shop workers, or even assistant book-keepers earn as good wages. Many stenographers get no more.

Yet the fact is that girls are reluctant to take up house work as an employment.

At the same time fifty-five per cent. of all women earning wages are paid house workers.

SOME years' study of employments for women leaves the writer still with the conviction that house work intrinsically is the most desirable paid occupation for the average girl. But it is stamped at present as an undesirable occupation.

The girl who is a house worker says it is an undesirable occupation because those who ought to be her friends look down on her. She says she is lonely and has no opportunity to make friends. Her hours are long, from before seven in the morning till after seven in the evening. She may not be working from seven to seven, but she is always on call, even at her meal times. The average time off for a house worker is one afternoon a week, each alternate Sunday afternoon and evening, and two nights a week in addition. One of the chief complaints of the house worker is that her employer may change her day out, or her night out, without warning. The head of a large club of domestic workers says experience has taught her that no domestic worker can promise to undertake any work for the club because the girl never knows when she may not be deprived of her time off. Doubtless, the time is made up to her; but that is very little consolation when an engagement made has had to be broken. Social disability, long hours, loneliness, inability to count on definite time off, are reasons urged by the girl wage earner against house work.

The social student says lack of standardization in the work of the house is the difficulty.

Conditions are as unsatisfactory to the woman employer as they are to the house worker. She has constantly to train new servants. She may teach a girl how to do her work, and in the month following the girl will leave to take work elsewhere at twenty-

five dollars a month. Wages too high for the work required, untrained and incompetent workers, constant change and friction, and great difficulty in finding high class workers, are disabilities complained of by the woman employer.

Physicians say that the health of the paid house worker is not good. Visitors to Canada from Britain, and from the Southern States, often say that too much work is required from one house worker in Canada. The Southern lady asks why we do not allow our house workers to live away from the house at night, attending to the door and telephone ourselves. One of the most hopeful signs for the future of the paid house worker is found in the fact that methods of house work, and house machinery, are being so improved that house work will soon be best performed by educated women of trained intelligence. The fetish of having a paid house worker always on duty will some day disappear.

What do we need, then, to change the employment of the house worker in Canada? The standard of the work and the worker should be raised. Everyone knows what nursing was before the nurse was trained. Most people ought to realize what teaching was before its standard was raised. When trained house work is put on a level with trained teaching and trained nursing, it will be generally conceded that work in the house is the best occupation for the average woman.

The point of view of society—of the woman employer—towards house work as an occupation will have to be changed first.

The trained house worker should know something of nursing. Such knowledge will enlarge her usefulness and raise her standing.

To-day in Canada we should have training schools for house workers, with certificates for graduates. Government-aided hostels could undertake without difficulty an easy beginning of this training. A sufficient number of women employers could pledge themselves to engage only certificated house workers, and in this way help to support the school. An employment agency should be conducted in connection with the school. Health and happiness and fair play are dependent on this course of action for the training of the house worker. Without these honourable characteristics the work of the woman employer as the manager of a house can never be performed satisfactorily.

THE coming of the trained house worker is inevitable. When she comes she will be as great a blessing as the trained nurse. In all probability, the trained house worker will be a greater blessing, since her work is needed by more people. But there is no reason that one can see why the trained house worker should be on duty twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Indeed, she is not likely to arrive until the establishment of fixed hours in household work.

Fixed hours in household work are an impossibility, has been the reply of the woman employer. Is there any reason why a guild of house workers should not be established somewhat on the same lines as the Victorian Order of Nurses—but on a paying business basis, without any contribution from philanthropy? Trained house workers may be engaged for so many hours a day. For instance, the woman who does a good part of her own work may engage a trained house worker from 4 to 7. The household employing a single house worker, with fixed hours, which needs a helper to take care of the children and the house from 7 till 12 p.m., while the heads of the house go to the theatre or play bridge, can apply to the guild of trained house workers. This is one of the ways in which the problem of fixed hours may be met.

At a provincial college in Canada, farmers' daughters are employed as domestics. Other farmers' daughters—exactly the same kind of girls in every particular—attend classes in the college as students. A social gulf exists between them. Isn't such a state of affairs ridiculous in Canada; isn't it wrong? Yet, practically, each of us in one way or another is helping to perpetuate a wrong idea of house work, and the house worker.





A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REAL FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION, IN CONVENTION AT CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.

This first of all pre-Confederation conferences consisted of delegates from the Legislatures of what was then called Canada—now Ontario and Quebec—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Fair in the middle, jauntily sitting with his plug hat on his right knee, is Hon. John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General of Canada West. Following the numbers printed below the picture are: 1, Col. the Hon. John Hamilton Gray, M.P.P., P.E.I., Chairman of the Convention; 2, Hon. E. Cartier, M.P.P., Attorney-General, Canada East; 3, Hon. George E. Cartier, M.P.P., Attorney-General, Nova Scotia; 4, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P., Minister of Agriculture; 5, Hon. Wm. A. Henry, M.P.P., Attorney-General, Nova Scotia; 6, Hon. Wm. H. Steeves, M.L.C., New Brunswick; 7, Hon. John M. Johnson, M.P.P., Attorney-General, New Brunswick; 8, Hon. Samuel Leonard Tilley, M.P.P., Provincial Secretary, N.B.; 9, Hon. Robert Dickey, M.L.C., N.S.; 10, Hon. John Hamilton Gray, M.P.P., Attorney-General, Nova Scotia; 11, Hon. Edward Palmer, M.L.C., Attorney-General, Nova Scotia; 12, Hon. Edward Botsford Chandler, M.L.C., N.B.; 13, Hon. Hector Langevin, M.P.P., Solicitor-General, Canada East; 14, Hon. Charles Tupper, Provincial Secretary, P.E.I.; 15, Hon. A. T. Galt, Finance Minister of Canada; 16, Hon. Adams G. Archibald, M.P.P., Nova Scotia; 17, Hon. Andrew McDonald, M.L.C., P.E.I.; 18, Hon. Alex. Campbell, M.L.C., Commissioner of Crown Lands, Canada; 19, Hon. Wm. McDougall, M.P.P., Provincial Secretary, Canada; 20, Hon. Wm. H. Pope, M.P.P., Colonial Secretary, P.E.I.; 21, Hon. Jonathan McCully, M.L.C., Nova Scotia; 22, Hon. George H. Coles, M.P.P., P.E.I.; 23, Hon. George Brown, M.P.P., President Canadian Executive Council; 24, Major Bernard, Secretary to the Attorney-General, Canada West; 25, Mr. Charles Drinkwater, Private Secretary to the Attorney-General; 26, Wm. H. Lee, Clerk of the Executive Council of Canada.

Celebrating Confederation

By HON. J. A. MATHIESON
Premier Prince Edward Island

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is preparing to celebrate in this year the Jubilee of the First Confederation Conference, which fortuitous event took place in Charlottetown in the early days of September, 1864. The celebration will

be of national importance in two ways, firstly as to the inception of the great idea of uniting all British America under one Government, and secondly because of the recently changed attitude of the people of the Island Province towards the union compact.

Fifty years ago there was no railway connection between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, nor between New Brunswick and Lower Canada, nor between New Brunswick and the United States. Prince Edward Island had no railway. Both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia had begun the construction of Government railways,

from St. John on the one hand and from Halifax on the other, designed to connect those two provinces together. With the prospect of railway connection had come the idea of closer political connection and free trade between the Maritime Provinces of British America, and out of this grew correspondence between the three Governments, initiated by the Government of Nova Scotia.

As a result of this correspondence delegates were appointed by the three Governments to meet in Charlottetown to consider terms upon which Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island might be united as one province in a legislative union. The delegations from the mainland provinces and from Prince Edward Island were in each case made up of leading members of the respective Governments and Oppositions, the personnel being as follows:

Representing Nova Scotia, Honourables Charles Tupper, W. A. Henry, Robert Barry Dickey, Jonathan McCully, Adams G. Archibald.

Representing New Brunswick, Honourables S. L. Tilley, John Hamilton Gray, Edward B. Chandler, W. H. Steeves, John M. Johnson.

Representing Prince Edward Island, Honourables Col. J. Hamilton Gray, Edward Palmer, W. H. Pope, George Coles, Andrew A. McDonald.

While this Conference had but begun its work, application was made on behalf of the Gov-

ernment of Canada, which was granted, to receive a delegation of that body to propose a larger Federal Union of all the Provinces. The Canadian delegation was composed as follows:

Representing Canada, Honourables John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Alexander T. Galt, George E. Cartier, Hector L. Langevin, William McDougall, Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

Never before had there been a meeting of so many eminent British American statesmen in one place, assembled together for a common purpose. Never before or since has there been so notable a gathering within the narrow bounds of Prince Edward Island. In the grand result, as seen in the great and progressive Canadian Dominion as it is to-day, the Charlottetown Conference marked a notable date in the history of the North American section of the British Empire. Prince Edward Island was the cradle of the Confederation, and it seems fitting that the little province should have full honours accorded her.

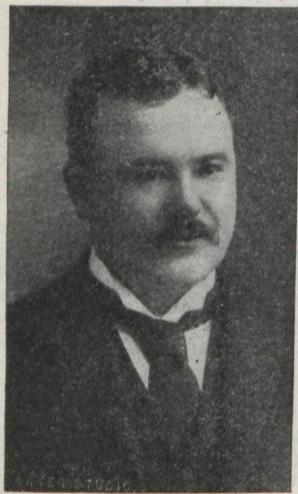
The immediate result of the Charlottetown Con-

ference was the abandonment of the smaller scheme of union for a larger one, and the laying aside of the principle of the closer legislative union in favour of the less centralized principle of a federation. It may be doubted whether the three Eastern Provinces would afterward have joined their fortunes with Canada had they first consummated the legislative union between themselves, which was the first object of the meeting of delegates in Charlottetown. The Maritime delegates were called severely to account by their constituents for being too easily captivated by the Canadians, for having abandoned the work for which they were commissioned to go to Charlottetown and for having committed the people of their three provinces to a full surrender of their rights and liberties to the big provinces on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. The people of New Brunswick, on being appealed to in 1865, rejected the larger scheme of union. Nova Scotia remained hostile until after the union of 1867 had been completed, and Prince Edward Island refused to enter the New Confederation until six years after the first Federal Government was established at Ottawa, and then stipulated special terms as to her representation in the House of Commons, and for daily steam communication with mainland railway systems.

It is safe to say that could the people of the Maritime Provinces have had the power by a plebiscite to vote themselves out of the union with Canada at any time in the eighty's of last century, with the alternative of reverting to the originally proposed Maritime Union, there would have been an overwhelming vote in favour of the change. Railway connection by the Intercolonial Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway, together with mining and industrial development in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, did much to reconcile those provinces to their union with the Dominion, but still the feeling remained that most of the advantage and growth of Canada had been in the central provinces and the Great West.

IN Prince Edward Island a feeling of bitter discontent grew up, and the union with Canada had come to be looked upon by many as a most untoward but irremediable event. Especially was this true in the last decade of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth century. The census of 1901 showed that the province had stood still in point of population. The census of 1911 showed that we had lost, in addition to the natural growth of our fertile population, between nine and ten thousand of our people. We had also lost one-third of our representation in the House of Commons at Ottawa, after having entered the union with a full understanding by our public men of both parties, that we were to have six representatives in that body for all time, as British Columbia was guaranteed before the Island Province consented to join her fortunes with the Dominion.

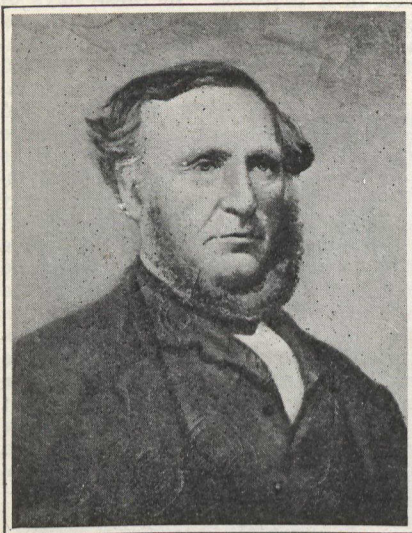
Governments of both political parties had broken



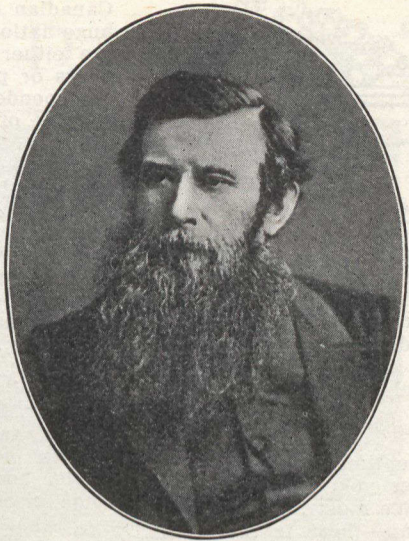
Hon. J. A. Mathieson, Present Premier of Prince Edward Island.



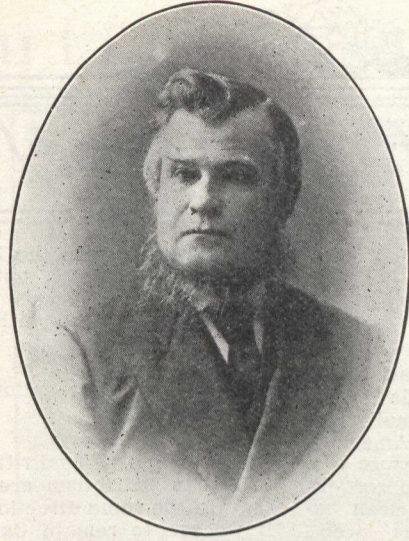
Col. the Hon. John Hamilton Gray, C.M.G., held the gavel at the Charlottetown Confederation Conference in 1864, being Premier of Prince Edward Island from 1863 to 1865.



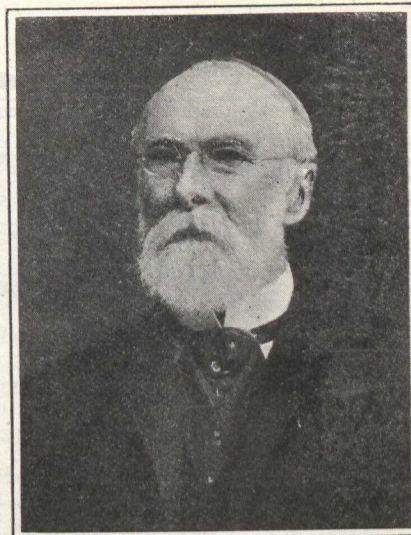
Hon. George Coles, delegate to both Confederation Conferences and twice Premier of Prince Edward Island, 1855 and 1867.



Hon. Wm. H. Pope, Colonial Secretary, P.E.I., Delegate to Both the Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences.



Hon. James C. Pope, Premier Prince Edward Island 1865-67; Afterwards in 1870 and 1873.



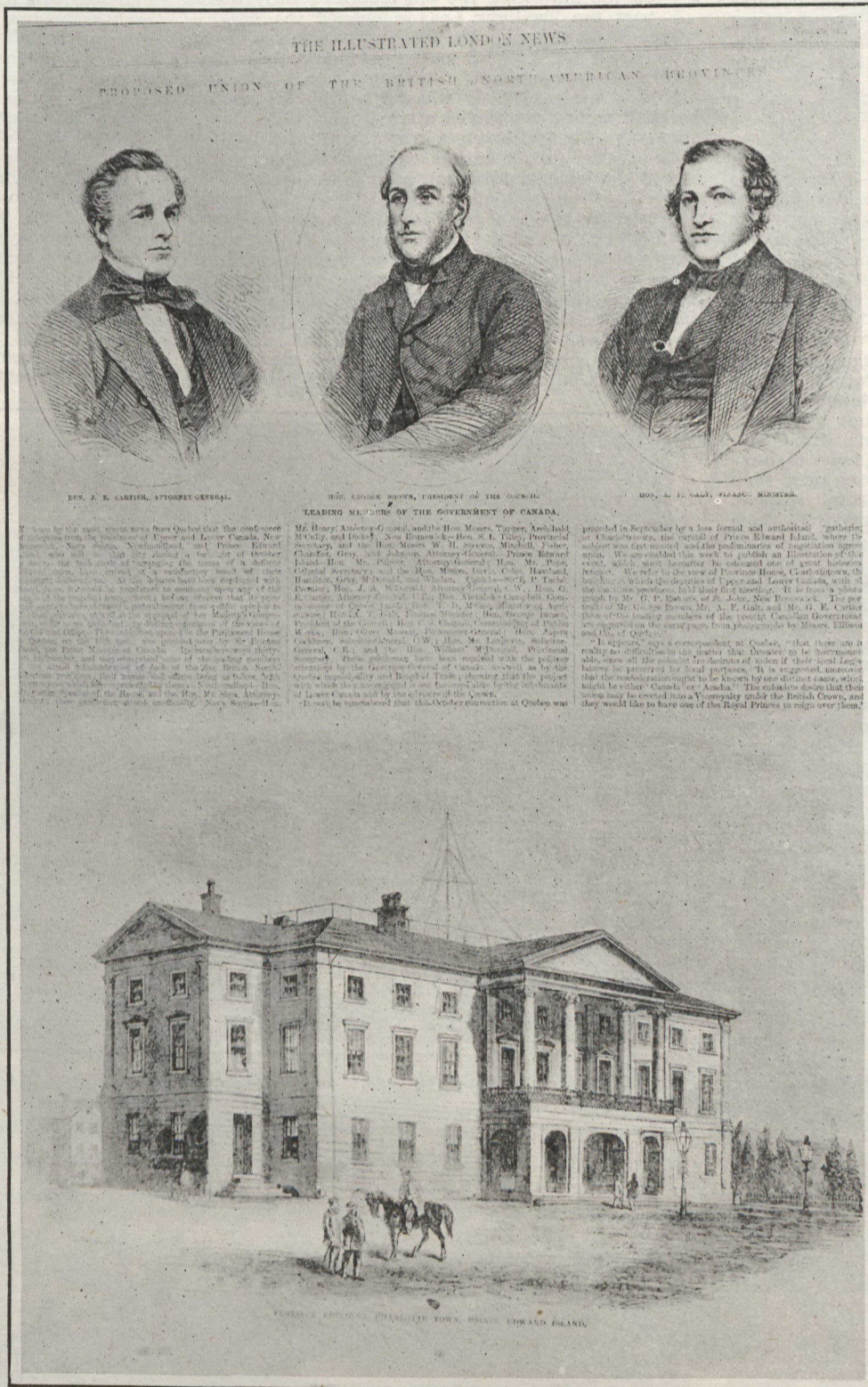
Hon. Senator Andrew A. McDonald, Lieut.-Governor P.E.I. 1884-89, took part in deliberations at both Charlottetown and Quebec.

AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL'S VIEW OF CONFEDERATION.

faith with us, and had confessed their failure to implement the terms of union in the vital matter of our winter transport to and from the mainland. We had no mineral wealth to develop, as Nova Scotia had; no lumber, or natural gas, as New Brunswick had, and no manufacturing development, such as had taken place in the mainland provinces under the National Policy. We had seen our young men and middle-aged men leaving our shores on so-called harvest excursions to the North-West, a thousand in a day, and going in scores and hundreds to the United States, while comparatively few return. Our once staple and important oyster industry was being rapidly destroyed by over-fishing and the Star fish pest, while the Dominion, which had the control of it, did nothing to check the destruction, or effect a restoration. Under impossible financial terms, unwisely agreed upon by our union delegates in 1873, the province was absolutely unable to provide decently for its public services, even with the closest economy, without incurring annual deficits, which in twenty years, under successive Governments, had amounted to over a million dollars.

IN these circumstances a feeling of despondency and gloom had settled upon Prince Edward Island. No one except a very few thought of investing a dollar in any new enterprise within the province, and of the few a considerable proportion found their investment a losing one. At one time, in 1905, when our winter communication was at its worst, when for two months of the time no steamers crossed between the Island and the mainland, outraged public feeling grew so loud in its protest that several leading newspapers of the mainland sent special commissioners to the Island to ascertain whether a determined secession movement was likely to take place. Yet little or nothing of an effective sort was done to provide a remedy.

In the meantime two movements were maturing which had an important bearing upon the change which had since been experienced in the spirit and attitude of our people. The people of Canada were making up their minds in regard to a change of government at Ottawa, which they carried into effect in 1911. And the silver fox industry, after long and painstaking effort, amid many disappointments, had begun to prove successful in the western part of the Island. Fox pelts were produced which realized fabulous prices. Later began the sale of breeding foxes at still more than their pelt values. The word spread abroad that there was "big money in foxes." Companies were formed to exploit this new source of wealth, and in the year 1912 more corporate companies were chartered in the province than in



On November 12, 1864, the Illustrated London News published this page of pictures and comment about the Confederation movement in Canada. The three portraits above are: Hon. J. E. Cartier, Attorney-General of Upper and Lower Canada; Hon. George Brown, President of Council; Hon. A. T. Galt, Minister of Finance. Here also is the Legislative Building of Charlottetown, where the first Conference concerning Confederation was held. The article between is the London paper's comment on the Confederation movement. In this article the editor unconsciously published a news item which applies to the month of May, 1914. In the last paragraph of the article concerning the Conferences at Charlottetown and Quebec in 1864, he has this naive and hopeful statement concerning the results of Confederation: "All the colonies are desirous of union if their local Legislatures be preserved for local purposes. It is suggested, moreover, that the Confederation ought to be known by one distinct name, which might be either 'Canada' or 'Acadia.' The colonists desire that their union may be erected into a Vice-Royalty under the British Crown, and they would like to have one of the Royal Princes reign over them." Now what would some of our ultra-democrats think if they had read that last sentence in November, 1864?

forty years before. In 1913 the number increased, both of fox companies and other industrial corporations, and it was truly said that in a single year not only were there more companies chartered, but more money was invested in Island enterprises from outside the province than in forty years before, including the year 1912. The people awoke to the fact that the enterprise developed in their midst by Messrs. Dalton, Oulton, Gordon, and others, was, and is, the most lucrative live stock industry in the world.

Since 1911 thousands of shareholders in the fox industry have realized annual returns of twenty-five per cent. to two hundred per cent. on their investments in this enterprise, which has attained the proportion of a great and important new source of rapidly-growing wealth. Already it has trebled the value of the live stock on the already well-stocked farms of the province, the value of the foxes in the numerous ranches being at present prices twice as great as that of all the cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry on the Island. In the meantime our farmers have received advanced prices for all the usual products of their farms, and as these farms are by far the most productive of any in Eastern Canada, it will be readily seen that this means much to a province where eighty per cent. of the people lived by farming. To-day there is no agricultural section of Canada where the farmers are more prosperous than in the Island.

MOREOVER, the changed attitude of the Ottawa authorities toward the Island Province has given new hope and confidence to our people. Notably is this true in regard to our communications with the mainland, by the Canadian Government undertaking to establish a car ferry across the Straits of Northumberland at its narrowest part, between Cape Traverse, P. E. Island, and Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick, for which the contracts have been made, and the standardizing of the gauge of the P. E. Island Railway, which is now a narrow gauge road. When these important works are completed the terms of union in regard to daily communication by steam with the railways on the mainland will be fairly fulfilled, although it shall be only after a delay of forty years. Then for the first time the Island will realize its place as an integral part of the Canadian Dominion. Products of our farms and fisheries can then be shipped through from the point of production to destination without the double trans-shipment from cars to steamers and from steamers to cars again, as is now the case. Passengers can come to the Island or pass from the Island to the mainland without change. Mails (Concluded on page 19.)



Through A Monocle

The "Americanization" Bug-a-Boo

ARE you afraid that American immigration will eventually "Americanize" Canada? By "Americanize," of course, I mean finally kidnap this young country into the American Union. And do you think that the only way to prevent this is to induce enough British Island settlers to come out here to offset—not only American immigration—but all foreign immigration as well? This is not a question as to whether we want British immigration. I assume that we are all agreed that this is emphatically the very best sort of immigration we can get. I had rather have one man from the British Isles come and settle in Canada than have two men come from any other land. But the question I put is—Must we scare the mother country out of ten years' growth by insisting that she send us, at all costs, an army of immigrants as a life-saving measure? Must we make the flesh of Britain creep by whispering that if a garrison of soldiers is not promptly flung into this beleaguered Dominion, it will be "rushed" by the invading Americans?

IF you are scared in this fashion, it seems to me that you make two foolish admissions—one of them absolutely fatal to British connection. The first admission is that we cannot make "Canadians" of the people who come to us. The Americans boast that they can and do make "Americans" of the most diverse and perverse material in two or three generations. Do we lack a similar alchemy? Do we fail where they succeed? Are we devoid of the virile force which enables most peoples to digest the newcomers they swallow? Yet, if our future destiny in this country is to be settled by the lands-of-origin of the people who come to us, and not by purely Canadian influences born in the breasts of the out-and-out Canadians into which we will hope to have re-made the descendants of these immigrants, then it is obvious that, in one very important respect, we will not have succeeded in making them Canadians.

THE second admission, made by those who are affrighted by "the American invasion"—and this is the fatal one—is that it will be a bad thing, from a purely Canadian point of view, for Canada to remain permanently a member of the British Empire. I am sure you see at a glance how this admission is deduced from an unwillingness to trust to the judgment of future generations of Canadians, no matter whether they be of British origin or not. If we must have British-born or descendant sentiment plus Canadian self-interest, to keep us British, then is it not clear that we think Canadian self-interest insufficient? And does this not mean that Canadian self-interest, standing alone, would not maintain British connection?

WELL, the first comment I have to make on this admission, is that, if it be true that Canadian self-interest would not impel us to remain British, then it is absolutely certain—despite all the sentiment in the world—that we will not remain British. When we take a long view of things, there is nothing which can permanently war against self-interest. If it does not "pay" Canada—commercially, financially, socially, governmentally—to retain her membership in the British Empire, the day will come when Canada will send in her resignation. Of course, I am quite confident that it does "pay" Canada, and will "pay" Canada, to remain British. That is chiefly why I am for British connection. But what I am pointing out is that those who fear that the absence of British-born sentiment in the breasts of a large number of our settlers and their descendants, will result in this country cutting the tie which binds us to the Empire, are really saying that they do not believe that Canadians, as such, would elect to remain British for their own sakes.

WHEN we think of the future of this country, we should face toward the future, and not the past. It is a splendid thing to have a great ancestry. But it is a more practical thing—and the finest fruit of a great ancestral tree—to have a great posterity. My great-grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist. Sentiment—largely—brought him into what was then the Canadian wilderness. And, although I stand at the third generation from him, that sentiment is with me yet. I confess to you that I still think the Empire worth preserving, quite apart from Canada. But I am very conscious as well of a very strong Canadian sentiment; and, if you could show me that it would work to the injury of Canada

to keep her within the British Empire, I would—reluctantly, I confess, but, nevertheless, resolutely—advocate the severance of British connection. We have no right—we with our British sentiment—to seek to bind, with the faded wreaths lovingly preserved from the graves of a glorious past, the lusty limbs of a young national giant stretching over a half-continent.

BUT, happily, my British sentiment and my Canadian patriotism are close yoke-fellows, pulling in the same direction. We must remain British if we are to remain Canadian—there is the whole

Canadian question in a sentence. In these days of huge national aggregations, when the smaller nations are either being swallowed by their larger neighbours or permitted to enjoy a timorous and limited "independence" by grace of some international balance of power, there is no place for a virile and self-respecting people except in one of these large aggregations. Canadian independence would not be distinguishable—in the long run—from Mexican independence or even Cuban independence. It is my opinion that we would find such a position intolerable, and would seek equal citizenship with the people of New York State by securing full admission to the American Union. But that, again, would mean the loss of many of the things which we cherish as "Canadian." The very name of "Canada" would become one of those historic and romantic memories which tell of an older day, now long dead, such as Brittany, Lombardy or East Anglia. I am confident that Canadian sentiment will always be strong enough in Canada to prevent this catastrophe, no matter how dilute British Island sentiment may become in our stream of immigration.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Twilight on the Bleachers

FOURTH of May in the balmiest of weather, down on the flats near the old Hudson's Bay trading post the Twilight League opened the baseball season at Edmonton with five thousand fans on the grandstand and a grand motor parade on the streets before the game began. The game was called after dinner, when everybody was off work. All western baseball games are played after dinner, which is one sure way of guaranteeing a crowd. And the Twilight League is as full of enthusiasm for real baseball as any of the leagues down south, or down east. It has a brand of baseball all its own. The game usually ends just as the sun goes down on those long, long days of the far north. In this opening game Edmonton went up against Regina, when Regina won by a score of 5-3. Notice, too, that the score was not anything resembling 13-23, that used to characterize amateur baseball. They have real experts in the Twilight League, and they buy them just as eastern leagues do, where they can get the best men for the money they have to spend. Westerners demand the

best in baseball just as they do in business and music and ways of living. They usually get it. The Edmonton team is called the Eskimos, because Edmonton is the farthest north city in the world to have a professional baseball team; just as a few years ago it was the farthest north city in America to have an opera house and an electric light system and telephones and pink teas. But the players don't dress in caribou skins or eat seal meat. They are the kind of base-running experts that you could set down on any diamond in Eastern Canada and expect to play good twentieth century ball of the 1914 model. And wherever the Eskimos go up against the Reginas or the Cowboys of Calgary—if that is the name of the Calgary team, and it should be—there is just the same cosmopolitan enthusiasm that there used to be when Edmonton hockeyites went out against the fire-eaters of Strathcona, or when the old-time lacrosse sluggers went after the scalps of Calgary. Intercivic enthusiasm in sport abounds in the West. It includes hockey, cricket, lacrosse, baseball and music.



All the Motors in Edmonton Took Part in the Grand Baseball Parade on May 4 Before the Reginas Beat the Eskimos by a score of 5-3.



Along towards 9 p.m. the scoreboard showed 4-3 in favour of Regina.

Scenes During Suffragette Week



The Suffragettes are becoming gayer. During Suffragette week Irish Colleens in jaunting cars, Americans in buggies, and other features made London smile—despite Home Rule worries.



The universality of the Suffrage movement was indicated by these imitation Japanese women in rickshaws passing through fashionable London and advertising the Suffragette agitation.

Heroic Honours to the Heroic Dead



The bodies of seventeen United States marines and sailors were brought back from Vera Cruz to New York on the U.S.S. Montana and were received by the President and other officials at the Battery. Thence the cortege passed up Broadway, across the Manhattan Bridge to the Marine Campus in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Our picture was taken during the ceremony at the Navy Yard.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

The American Danger

SIR JOHN WILLISON, the Canadian correspondent of the London "Times," gave the public a sort of jolt when he mentioned in that ancient family journal that there was some danger of Canada being Americanized by the immigrants from the great republic. It is a great tribute to Sir John that the people should have taken his remarks so seriously. What he said was probably intended to be only incidental to a general argument.

During the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1914, the immigration authorities recorded 107,530 men, women and children as having come to Canada from the United States. Of these, 74,745 were United States citizens by birth or naturalization. Of the remainder, about 22,000 were British, including 17,638 Canadians, 3,550 English, 1,428 Scotch, 970 Irish, 129 Welsh, 47 from Australia, 24 from New Zealand, and 58 from Newfoundland. These two nationalities thus comprise about 95 per cent. of the immigration from that direction. No doubt, some of those who class themselves as United States citizens were sons and daughters of British, Scotch and Canadian parents.

An examination of these figures is not terrifying. The number of United States people coming in here yearly is so small compared with the total population that fears are almost ludicrous.

The Pettiness of It All

DURING the present session there has been a great deal of discussion with regard to our transcontinental railways. Both parties agree that we need the three transcontinentals which we have almost completed. Yet for the sake of politics the Conservatives criticize the National Transcontinental, and the Liberals criticize the Canadian Northern. The Conservatives are taking every opportunity to decry the National Transcontinental, because they do not want the Liberals to get any credit for the inauguration of that great railway. The Liberals are showing equal pettiness in their criticism of the bargain which the Conservatives recently made with the Canadian Northern. The average citizen can only conclude that neither side has much regard for fairness or has much desire to discover what is best for the country as a whole. He must therefore largely discount what is said by members on both sides of the House.

It is extremely unfortunate that the two great political parties cannot deal with these larger national problems in a non-partisan spirit. When the Navy question was up the criticism followed very much the same course. The Conservatives denounced what the Liberals had done and the Liberals in turn refused to accept what the Conservatives proposed to do. It is small wonder that the intelligent citizen is becoming more and more reluctant to acknowledge that he is either a Liberal or a Conservative, and is inclined to criticize the policies and the conduct of both political parties.

An English Municipal Boss

ANY people seem to think that the idea of a city being governed by a "commission" or by "a municipal manager" is a purely American idea, and that the British people have no sympathy with such ideas. This, however, is not the case. Leeds has just adopted the two ideas in a modified form.

Leeds is a city of 500,000 people, and has a municipal council of 68 members, of whom 16 are labour men. Finding itself recently hampered by a strike of civic employees, the city council resorted to extreme measures. It appointed a committee of seven aldermen to run the city, and these seven men appointed a Mr. Hamilton, manager of the civic street car lines, as "boss," responsible only to the committee. Instead of meeting once a week, the council will meet once in three months. All the administrative work is to be done by the Committee of Seven and the Boss.

This change in method was brought about mainly through the efforts of Ald. Wilson, a prominent business man, who proved that the city was being badly run. He found the departments were not co-operating, that the pay-sheets were padded, that useless officials were drawing salaries, that incompetence was rife in all the departments. He proposed to run the city on business principles, and the council adopted his suggestions.

All this but adds proof that municipal government everywhere is face to face with the same problems. It matters not whether it is Leeds, Toronto, Montreal, New York or St. Louis. The old system of government by an elective council is breaking down under the strain of modern conditions, and especially municipal ownership. The United States people, more daring and venturesome, have abolished their city councils and appointed commissioners. The English

people, being less revolutionary, are compromising and trying to combine the two ideas, as Calgary, Edmonton, Moosejaw, Regina and Saskatoon have done for ten years.

Efficiency in city government cannot be secured under an elective city council unless that council will vest administrative authority in a commission or a boss. That is the lesson, and the sooner such cities as Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa learn the lesson the better for municipal government in Canada.

Bureaucratic Methods

SOME of those who are following closely the developments at Ottawa declare that there is a manifest tendency to bureaucratic methods. Every year certain acts are passed giving the departmental heads some of the powers hitherto vested in Parliament itself. An example of this is seen in a Bill introduced and passed through the House recently, giving the Postmaster-General power to fix the rates of postage on all classes of mail matter other than letter postage. This has caused considerable consternation among the publishers of newspapers and periodicals, many of whom feel that their rights are being invaded. The Hon. Mr. Oliver stated the point clearly when he said in the debate on the third reading, "that changes in such an important service as the postal rates on newspapers should be

TOWN PLANNING

BY W. L. CASSELS.

We decorate our cities now
With lavish hand, artistic skill;
We girdle them around with parks;
We crown each eminence or hill
With lofty pinnacles of stone
In prospect pleasing to the view;
With many stately mansions we
Embellish fashion's avenue.

Yet spite of parks and shady streets
A menace in our cities lies,
A very culture of disease
And all that poverty implies.
A breeding place of vice and crime
Spreads, almost at our very door,
In tenements thick-clustered round
The unpaved alleys of the poor.

So then, let those who claim to lead
In this most modern helpful art,
With due discretion form their plans,
Let beauty play a minor part
Until the menace is removed,
So that in better days to come
We may no longer have to face
The pressing problem of the slum.

at the discretion of Parliament and of Parliament alone." Few will deny that it is unwise that any portion of the taxing power should be turned over to a Minister of the Crown or to any other individual.

It is no doubt wise that the fullest authority should be given to the ministers and deputy ministers in regard to the control of their department; but it is going too far to give the Minister of Customs the right to prescribe the rate of duty which shall be charged on any particular line of merchandise, to give the Minister of Inland Revenue the right to fix the excise rate on any line of manufactured product, or to give the Postmaster-General the right to fix the rate at which any class of mail matter shall be carried. These are matters which must remain within the purview of Parliament in order that there shall be stability in the rates charged, and security for those whose business is affected.

Col. Hughes Progressive

NO matter how some good people may shudder when they read criticisms of the armoury-building policy of the Minister of Militia, it is noteworthy that Col. Hughes is a wonderful absorber of ideas. Mention was made in this journal recently, and in other papers, that if there were to be armouries in all the small towns of Canada, these buildings should be available for other purposes. The gallant Colonel saw the point at once. At a meeting in Meaford last week to dedicate the armoury there, he pointed out that the building should be a social centre, to be used for fall fairs, meetings of agricultural societies, patriotic organizations, charitable bodies and so on.

This is a fine idea. If we must have armouries, let these buildings be used by all the people, so far as this can be done without interfering with their military purpose. In Toronto, for example, horse shows, cadet tournaments and all sorts of social gatherings are held in the armouries. If this principle is adopted in the smaller places, the armoury may be a useful

institution. Not only may it be a centre for the citizens, but also a splendid meeting place for the farmers of the surrounding district. Only by some such plan could so many armouries be justified.

Toronto's Extravagance

MONTREAL and Toronto are vieing with each other to see which can be most extravagant. The new administration in Montreal tried to put all the idle men at work, and put many people on high wages at unnecessary tasks. Toronto is equally reckless. While wages all over the city were declining, Toronto increased the pay of all its unskilled labourers to \$15 a week for an eight-hour day, and a Saturday half holiday. This is about twenty-five per cent. higher than the average paid by private employers.

Nor is Toronto content with this. It is now proposed to compel all firms who do work for the city, or have contracts of any kind, to pay a minimum of twenty-five cents an hour instead of eighteen cents. The employers are protesting that this will involve an annual increase of a million and a half dollars in the cost of civic undertakings. The argument will take place shortly.

Other Canadian cities should take warning by the experience of Toronto, and be careful about allowing socialistic agitators to get a foothold at the city hall. In their present mood these gentlemen are unreasonable.

Twenty-Fourth of May

MAYBE the quails don't whistle any more on the good old Twenty-Fourth; but on the edge of some thin neck of fresh-leaved woods you may still hear the whip-poor-will, just as he used to be when the bush came close up to the barn and the cattle got lost among the swamp-elms and the boy had to find them before noon or go back again. And to spend half the Twenty-Fourth blundering through the bush after the cattle was a tragedy that made even a class-meeting boy mutter damns in solitude.

What a glory it was, the day the corn was all in and the click of the planter was dumb! The roads were dusty and dry, the oats all up, the fall wheat nearly a foot high; and it was just in the spell between seeding and cultivating when any decent farmer might declare a day off. But if the cows got lost there was no holiday for the boy.

It was a grand day for being lost. By ten o'clock the boy had got in away from the last glimpse of clearing. He was in a wilderness of woods and of birds; of May apples and vireos and underbrush; far back of even the last skidroad, where sawlogs came swaggering out on the snow. He didn't care where he was. He would be too late now to go in the democrat to the Corners for the celebration. Lord! and he hadn't heard a band play for six months. He loved that band. He yearned for the horse races and the long jumps and the hop-step-and-jump, for he had seen horses and men practising now these many nights at the Corners for the great event. He had intended going; yes, he had told some of the fellows he would be on hand—and he knew some girls that might look prettier than ever he had seen them in their holiday togs watching the spoonydykes that chased the greasy pig, where the old flag flew. But oh, the band! No birds by the thousand, no frogs in the pools, no winds whoozing through the fresh leaves, ever could make up for not hearing the Corners band.

Darn the cattle that got lost anyhow! Why couldn't they have waited till some day when it was time to hoe? Here it was the birthday of Queen Victoria, and he had his Sunday shoes blacked all ready; not caring if he did have to walk. For already he had lugged his cowhide leg boots over five miles of bush, poking and peering and muttering and yelling "co-boss," when only the echo answered him. In all that bush there were no cattle that he could see. Yes, here was a bunch of them in a basswood thicket chewing the cud as mum as mummies.

"Oh you devils!" he said, as he leaped through the underbrush, over the logs and landed among them—to find that they belonged to somebody else and he had to begin it all over again.

Maybe he found those cattle before night. But when it came afternoon he was so down at the mouth that he didn't care whether he did or not. He was tired as a coon-dog after a hunt as he trailed behind the full-bagged cows and the sportive steers, back through the walls and lanes of the long, green bush to the clearing where the Bob Whites were whistling and the sun gleaming on fields of fall wheat and the road clear of all waggons, because every man-Jack of the neighbours' lads had gone to the celebration.

Glumly he milked the cows and lugged in the milk. The folks said he might go out to the Corners now. But he moped off to supper and said he would be something or other if he would. He went to the hay-mow after supper. But he couldn't stand it there. Just before dusk he sloped off to the house, togged up in his Sundays, got into his blackened boots and hit the road alone four miles to the Corners. He met half the people coming home. He got there when it was all over. The band was gone. The day was done. The grand holiday of all, no matter whose birthday it was, had passed and he had spent it in the bush.

Gol-darn those cattle!

A. B.

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



SOME OF THE BOHEMIANS
Whose picturesque costumes and artful poses contributed much to the charm of the recent Kermess.

The Capital Kermess

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

TO the Victorian Order of Nurses, Ottawa is beholden for the most stupendous spectacular production ever witnessed in the Capital. The Kermess, just lately held, with such artistic and financial success, was under the distinguished patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and practically all the prominent people in Ottawa were represented, in one way or another, within its ranks.

"Kermess," or Church Fair, derives its name from the old word—Kirchmesse, meaning Church Ale, which referred to that portion of the brew and vintage given as a tithe to the churches. In the Middle Ages the Annual Fair was held in open places above the village church, and the merchants went from one Kermess to another with their goods for sale. In the process of time, the old Kermess lost its distinctively commercial character and assumed that of merry-making. The word was later used to signify a gift, and was so applied by the people of Spain, France and Italy to any festivity, or bazaar, or entertainment, giving pleasure to the populace. Still later it was used to designate a sacred festival, which expressed in song and dance the joy of the German villagers at the completion of a church.

While in this case, there was no church erected, the proceeds from the Kermess were devoted to quite as noble an object—the maintenance of the Victorian Order of Nurses, about which charitable organization nothing further requires to be said.

Opening with a magnificent spectacular effect, a Grand March took the participants (of whom there were upwards of three hundred) up a tremendous pyramid, and there they posed beneath vari-coloured lights. The enthusiasm of the audience from the rising of the curtain was never allowed to flag—"A Night in Koko's Garden" speaks for itself; the "Phorty Phunny Phellows," also, these being quaint little clowns between the ages of six and eleven years, who acted their droll parts with a pleasing lack of self-consciousness and gained much applause. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" was well named. About eighty little girls took part, and were voted (at ten cents a vote) the most popular Court. Their total was something like 3,300. Bohemians, Roumanians, Summer Boys and Girls, Cigarette Girls, Merry Widows, and members of the Royal Minuet and the Parisian Romance should have been repaid for their many hours of tedious rehearsing if stormy applause counted for aught.

The three performances were succeeded by a Kermess Ball, at the Chateau Laurier, every one of the participants in costume, and the scene excelled in brilliance anything ever witnessed in the Capital.

The Season in London

Extracts from a Letter

THE season promises to be unusually brilliant, and there are already a great many people in town among whom are a number of young married women willing and anxious to entertain lavishly and a bevy of charming debutantes with rich and hospitable parents. So a great many more dances than we have had for some years past are arranged. The first dance which the King and Queen will grace by

their presence will be Lady Irene Curzon's coming-out ball, given at her father's handsome residence in Carlton House Terrace. An unusual honour it is for a debutante, but Earl Curzon is a great favourite with the Royal Family, as was also his beautiful American wife.

The Duchess of Devonshire's dance is another at which Royalty will appear, and it is to be a very splendid affair indeed.

Mrs. Lewis Harcourt and Miss Violet Asquith (the Prime Minister's daughter), who is taking a prominent part just now in social affairs, will act as hostesses at the "Eighty Club" ball, where Liberals will foregather. Miss Violet is a very charming and interesting girl, and everyone sympathized with her in the great sorrow she had a few years ago when Mr. Archie Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's son, to whom she was engaged, was killed in a motor accident.

Nowadays there is no lack of dancing men—a contrast to a few seasons ago, when even the most popular hostess could hardly count upon sufficient partners for her guests. Of course all the interest and criticism aroused by the Tango and kindred measures caused people to think more of dancing than heretofore, and the vogue for dancing of a graceful and unexaggerated kind has been greatly encouraged by the Queen, who is quite the best waltzer in London. At the State balls there are always two sets of ceremonious Quadrilles, usually followed by polkas and waltzes, but in general society the Boston and the One Step are the most popular dances.

Everyone was delighted to see Queen Alexandra at the first night of the opera season. She looked



A PHEW OF THE "PHORTY PHUNNY PHELLOWS"
Who appeared to "check" the phrollicsome proceedings, but in reality greatly assisted the phestive Kermess.

regal in a gown of sparkling jet and wore a diamond dog collar and a long diamond chain.

Certain habitues of Covent Garden are seen in the same boxes each season. These include Lady Ripon, Lady Derby, Lady Esher, Sir Ernest Cassel and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. The Duke of Bedford, though no longer the owner of Covent Garden, still keeps his box. The most fashionable nights are Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Saturday has been quite ruled out by the week-end departures from town. In connection with the opera a few unwritten laws are carefully observed by those in the best sets, for instance, one does not eat there except on Wagner nights, when ices and coffee are quite permissible, and although tiaras are donned for the French and Italian operas, they are prohibited by the mode on Wagner nights.

Talking of ornaments, quite one of the prettiest modes of the moment that is being launched by one or two of the leaders of society is to have a picture pendant—instead of an ordinary jewel or enamel centre the pendant is composed of a miniature landscape or a fancy picture painted on ivory framed in opals, pearls, diamonds. Crystal ornaments, too, are most fashionable.

Among the beautiful souvenirs that the Queen brought back from Paris is a most elaborate piece of embroidery typifying the "Entente Cordiale"—the border is composed of an Arabesque design of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, and in each corner scenes exemplifying the cordial relationship between Great Britain and France are shown. The British Lion and the French Cock are also worked. The whole was designed by Monsieur Pinchon, decorator of the Grand Opera. I am told that Her Majesty intends this gift to be placed at Windsor Castle.

The Queen was delighted with her visit to the Royal Academy, where she spent about two and a half hours. She told Sir E. Y. Poynter, the President, with whom she had tea before leaving, that she and the King would both come soon again. Her

Majesty was charmingly gowned in mauve and was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and the Princes Henry and George—and was joined later by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Teck, and Prince and Princess Aage of Denmark.

Recent Events

COMMANDER EVANS, of the Scott expedition, recently addressed the Women's Canadian Club, of Winnipeg, and chose as his subject "Heroes at Home." "Heroines at Home" he might well have called it, for he paid special and touching tribute to the women folk of the ill-starred South Sea crew. He referred in particular to Mrs. Oates, the mother who gave her splendid son and in return received the diary with its fly-leaf dedication, "To my mother, the only woman I ever loved," and to the mother and sisters of the little Scotchman, Bowers.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Toronto, was one of the speakers at the congress in Rome of the International Council of Women, this month. "Women in Country Life" was her subject, she being convener of the Committee on Agriculture for Women of the National Council of Women of Canada. Mrs. Hamilton recently wrote on this theme in these columns.

The Australian suffragist, Miss Margaret Hodge, who has travelled widely and is now giving lectures on Woman Suffrage with the authority of one who knows, spoke in the Capital a week ago to-day under the auspices of the Ottawa Equal Suffrage Association.

Word comes from Montreal that the only three gold medalists in the Arts course at McGill this year are ladies. The Anne Molson Gold Medal was won by Miss Violet E. Henry; the Governor-General Gold Medal for Languages by Miss Marjorie H. Goldstein, and the Gold Medal in General Course by Miss Clara W. Fritz.

In Halifax the Ladies' Auxiliary of the S. P. C. A., of which Mrs. John E. Wood is president, are directing efforts to raising money with which to buy an ambulance for the use of injured horses and a shelter for dogs and small animals generally. Recently a wealthy lady of Philadelphia donated to the Auxiliary for the said purpose a check for one hundred dollars; to which the society added, the other day, the proceeds of a successful bridge which was given at the Waegwolic Club house.

A Woman's Consumers' League was formed recently in Edmonton, Alberta, for the purpose of bringing the producer of farm products and the consumer of the same into closer relationship. The honorary president of the new organization is Mrs. Bulyea, wife of Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. The president is Mrs. A. N. Moutat.



SNAPPED AT THE "STAGE ENTRANCE."
An elusive group of the clowns and fairies, the exercise of whose magic talents substantially swelled the receipts at the Ottawa Event.



Making a Wall Garden. The Beginning—a Wilderness.

An Alpine Garden Without the Alps

Bring Flowers to the Garden Walls

By E. T. COOK

AMONG the early flowers of the year are those that love altitudes; they belong to the mountain and hill and give a touch of real spring to that part of the garden we generally describe as the "rockery," and as a "rockery" is a place for flowers that seem to ask for the influence of this association, which is simply imitating the way they grow in their wild native haunts, it follows that in chinks of supporting walls growth will spread with greater vigour and certainty than the same plants will in a border or elsewhere.

There is nothing difficult in what we may call "wall gardening"—the growing of flowers in a wall—and a two-fold object is accomplished, something in the nature of a support and something in the nature of a garden. Aubrietia, blue as the violet; snow-white Arabis, yellow Alyssum, Auriculas, Forget-me-nots, Foxgloves, Columbines or Aquilegias, the little moss-like Sandwort, Arenaria balearica by name, our wild Mullein (Verbascum), the Maiden Pink (Dianthus deltoides), our wand-plant (Galax aphylla), mossy Saxifrage, Stonecrop (Sedum acre), and Pansies are available, and at the foot of the wall the German Iris is in keeping, silvery-grey leaves against the cool colour of the stone and flowers of many hues in early summer. It may be asked, "Does all this entail much work?" No, but in reading this, remember that a little labour should be regarded as a labour of love, otherwise give up all thoughts of gardening. Unless a pastime is regarded as something to interest one, then it is not a pastime at all, but something that had to be done. The growing of flowers is not a penalty or a mere duty, but a recreation.

THE most shady sections of the wall are adapted to plants, the sun beating down with uncomfortable fierceness when a cooler light is more likely to promote freedom of growth and flowering, and the most successful results come from plants raised from seed. This is easily accomplished. All the flowers named may be sown in small pots, the most suitable size, those three inches or four inches across, "well drained," that is, with plenty of small bits of broken pot in the bottom, then some good loamy soil mixed with a small proportion, not more than one-fourth, of sand. Sow as soon as it is possible to procure the seed and very thinly. This finished, place the pots in a cold frame and do not be over anxious if the seedlings are slow in making their appearance. Alpine flowers certainly take their own time in peeping through the soil. When the seedlings are of sufficient size to handle, transplant them to a three-inch pot singly, and in spring, when all fear of frost is over, plant them in the crevices of the wall. There is something of an art in this. The wall must not, of course, be held together entirely with cement interstices, but occasionally a place left for the plants, not a large area, just sufficient to insert the little seedlings. Loamy soil or that from the first layer under the grass is the finest medium for the roots to run in. With a sharp piece of wood, called a "dibber," as a rule, put in the plants, which must not be larger than seedling size, and water freely. In the evenings, syringe the plants with water, too, and there should be colour where colour is least expected, at this season of the year. Choose for a commencement the Aubrietia Alyssum and White Arabis, as they are most likely to succeed and therefore give satisfaction.

The illustrations teach another lesson—the use of existing features in making a new garden and the importance of supporting walls. As will be seen, the ground has been skilfully graded and manipulated, and the main object—the tree—preserved from

destruction by the walls of large stones got from the neighbourhood. There is sufficient material in most localities and estates to build a castle, and in this way stone may be utilized to advantage. If such a feature in a proposed garden were insisted upon, such as the system of walls shown, the cost of the stone alone would be considerable, probably prohibitive. Thoroughly good work is essential, the weight of soil behind necessitating a support of great strength, which will not be weakened through planting the flowers named, a planting that must not be overdone. Time will soften the colouring of the stone, and after the winter some repairs may be needful through the action of frost and snow. In making a new garden it is essential to accomplish the work gradually and thoroughly.

Trees and Shrubs for Comely Hedges

THE eighth annual report (1913) of the Horticultural Societies of Ontario has just come to hand, and it has been edited with the customary skill of the superintendent, Mr. J. Lockie Wilson. It contains many excellent papers and reports, but in a description of "Recent Experimental Work," by Mr. E. Buck, of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, occurs the following valuable and seasonable information: "Nowhere in the world, as far as I am aware, is there such a complete and thorough test of plants suitable for hedge purposes as that which may be seen under way at Ottawa. About one hundred different varieties of trees and shrubs are used. Many of the hedges are over twenty years old, while others are only one or two. Most are in fine condition and many are very attractive. Visitors from all parts of the world compliment the Farm on this collection, and enquiries are very numerous about plants for this purpose. A fact or two which we have discovered and which seem to interest visitors to our Farm, when such are pointed out to them, I should like to mention. The following trees make almost perfect hedges:

"All of the hardy Birches, namely, lutea, populifolia, nigra and lenta. The larches, both the Am-

erican and European. And several other trees; while some trees that might be expected to do better when grown for hedge purposes are not successful; of these the Elm, the Manitoba Maple, and the Russian Mulberry are examples. It is always a source of disappointment to attempt growing any plant with the dual purpose in mind of a floral effect and a good hedge, because in pruning a plant to keep it to a hedge form the flower buds have to be sacrificed, consequently several of the most handsome shrubs make poor hedge plants. However, if a hedge with a distinctive character is required, any one of the following might be used: Purple-leaved Barberry, Golden Ninebark, Red-leaved Rose, Cut-leaved Alder, Red-twigged Dogwood, American Beech, and the following evergreens: Douglas' Golden Arbor-Vitae, Silver-tipped Arbor-Vitae, Irish Juniper and Swiss Stone Pine. Ordinarily, we score a plant as perfect for hedge purposes when it measures up to the following requirements: It must grow vigorously, but not too rapidly; otherwise it will require too much pruning. It must have an attractive appearance throughout most of the year, and must regain that appearance quickly after pruning. It must permit of being pruned to a symmetrical form and a form which will not hold the snow on the top in winter. It must fill out well at the base when planted in single rows at eighteen inches apart in the row. It must not winter-kill in places, and must not suffer from attacks of insects or fungoid diseases. These are the main points of a good hedge, and at Ottawa we have many which meet all these requirements."

Utilize the Back Yard

More Tips on Planting

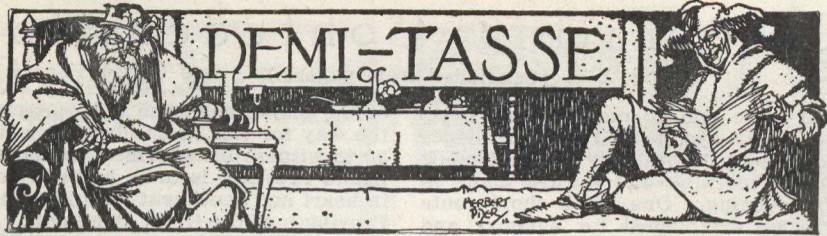
By HUGH S. EAYRS

THE work of utilizing the back yard is now more or less in a transition period. The ground has been planned, dug, and planted, and there can't be a great deal done until the vegetables and flowers begin to show themselves above the ground. But there are several other phases worth while considering. The first is the importance which attaches to keeping intruders off the beds. There are several sorts of intruders. To begin with, the kiddies find the soil is conveniently soft for rolling in, and tramping about in. Needless to remark, while the effect on the kiddies is at any rate problematical, the effect on the soil is quite definite and known. Keep the kiddies off. Cats and dogs are a nuisance, particularly cats. They have a mania for prowling round, and fetching their confreres from different clans to scratch and pull about whatever they see above ground. The only use there is for a cat in a garden is the killing of sparrows. The English house sparrow is the worst sort of plague for the garden, whether it be in the back yard or at the front. The Egyptians knew what it was to have a plague of frogs and another of locusts, but we have no record as to whether their back yards were bothered by sparrows. The sparrow makes itself a nuisance to the garden. A good way to prevent its ravages is to drive in a row of pegs on either side of the row in which the vegetable is planted, and string lines of black cotton across from opposite peg to peg. These little things seem almost incidentals, but they matter a great deal to the man who wants the best results.

In a previous article, mention was made of the possibility of obtaining two or three crops from the same plot of ground. This is not only possible, but advisable, particularly in the case of the small garden. Instead of growing, say, potatoes alone in one patch, lay out your rows of potatoes about thirty inches apart. Get the best seed potatoes, and cut each tuber into half. Plant the tubers about eighteen inches apart in the rows, and about four inches below ground. Then the artful and economical cultivator will plant two rows of lettuce between the two rows (Concluded on page 16.)



Making a Wall Garden. The Result—Anything but a Wilderness.



Courierettes.

NEW YORK suffragettes turned down the suggestion of an English visitor to go on a "kiss strike." There are some things women won't do even for the vote.

Mexico and Ulster have a hard time holding the public attention now that the baseball season is well begun.

Weather man tells us that the sun rises now before 5 a.m., and we are not prepared to rise early enough to test the truth of his assertion.

Sir Ronald Ross complains that scientists are poorly paid. The complaint seems to be fairly general.

Scientists now declare that laziness is a disease. It seems almost epidemic about this time of the year.

The Chicago couple who wrote "Years of Discretion" have followed it with a play called "The Call of Youth." Seems like going backward.

An English paper comments on the large number of pretty girls to be seen everywhere nowadays. Of course. The other kind are not so keen to show themselves.

More and more it begins to look as if it is a man's job to straighten out that Mexican tangle.

A Toronto lawyer was rebuked by Chancellor Boyd for insulting a witness. A few more instances of this and the blind goddess will be opening her eyes.

People who make friends too quickly are apt to lose them just as speedily.

The English butler is said to be disappearing into the past, but the playwrights will see to it that he remains with us on the stage.

Toronto Telegram tells us that the man-eating shark is no myth. Such intimate personal references are in doubtful taste, to say the least.

All this talk of gay New York is bunkum. There's no city with more sad-looking citizens than Gotham.

You Bet They Are.—Congressman Moore, of Pennsylvania, declares that the American people are "money-spending mad."

But you can bank on it that they are ten times as mad when they haven't the money to spend.

Zelaya, the Pianist.—Zelaya, son of the ex-dictator of Nicaragua, is now earning a living by playing the piano in vaudeville. If he plays as badly as his father ruled the Central American republic, the vaudeville stage has a lot to answer for.

The Eternal Grind.—Life is just one thing after another, as somebody has said.

No sooner do we get through shovelling snow off our walks than we begin to coax the grass up on our lawns. And no sooner does it grow to a decent height than we mow it down.

It's a funny world.

Reckless Prophecy.—Those sporting prophets take awful chances of shattering their reputations for foretelling results. Here's Tom Flanagan, the Irish landlord-athlete, writing in a Toronto paper regarding the new Toronto baseball team as follows:

"They will lose many a ball game

before the season is over, and they will also win many a one."

In view of the fact that the team has to play 154 games, this deduction seems quite reasonable.

The Choice.—A man down in Kansas secured a pardon from the penitentiary by getting married. Out of the frying pan—

Adam Beck's Answer.—Ontario knows Hon. Adam Beck mainly as the leader in the Hydro-Electric power enterprise. Few outside his personal friends know of him as one of the most devoted of husbands. The Minister of Power is very fond of his home, and the answer that he gave a newspaper reporter recently, when asked for his opinion on some big public issue, showed what was first in his thoughts.

It happened that Mrs. Beck had been away in England for an extended trip, and had just returned when the scribe found Mr. Beck and began to query him on public matters.

"What do I know of that question?" returned the Power Minister. "I don't know anything except that Mrs. Beck is back."

The Quick Retort.
 "My dear," he said, "I dote on you."
 Said she, "Don't rock the boat."
 I'm sure we'd all feel better if You took an anti-dote."

Let's Organize It.—Seems to us that there is a great need for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Readers. The following is one verse of a "pome" published in a Toronto



Mistress—"Are you not rather small for a nurse?"
Nurse—"Oh, no, mum. The babies don't fall so far when I drop them."

paper on "Trafalgar":
 "Every bullet seemed to come with more force
 From those they were trying to beat,
 And now they had no leader
 For their little British fleet."

Mr. Fleming's Inconsistent Critic.—In the days when Mr. R. J. Fleming was active in Toronto's municipal politics, and was an aspirant for the Mayoralty, there were lively campaign battles, and the orators who flourished on civic platforms were often better equipped with more fancies than facts.

Mr. Fleming had one opponent, however, who worked out a rather ignominious defeat for himself. This man took the stump in an ardent effort to beat the Mayoralty candidate, and the chief fault he could find in the Fleming character was an un-

bending, unchanging stubbornness. He harped on this theme quite freely.

One night he was attacking Mr. Fleming with his usual vigour on the usual line of stubbornness.

"That man is too stubborn to see that there are two sides to a question," he declared. "He never changes his mind, and, my friends, you know that the man who never changes his mind is a stubborn ass. I never voted for him for any public office and I never will vote for him."

The roar of laughter that followed this made the poor orator wonder what he had said.

Looting Note.—We note in the news that the Mexicans looted a refinery at Vera Cruz. They don't seem to want any kind of refinement, do they?

The Slit Sort.—Apropos of those modern skirts, it must be admitted that they are more than merely amusing—they are really side-splitting.

A Trite Truth.—Some people should have been flowers instead of human beings—they seem so fond of staying in their beds.

His Means of Support.—"He lives by his pen."

"I didn't know he was an author."
 "He isn't. He keeps pigs."

Beauty's Secret.—A noted English beauty asserts that the secret of being beautiful is to get up at 4 a.m.

We are content to remain as we are.

Playful Nature.
 (A new style of spring poem.)
 The thunder rolls, the lightning plays,
 The streams and rivers run,
 The warm winds whistle and the buds
 Are shooting, one by one.

How the Dramatic Man Did It.—A Californian tells how, in the absence of the regular society reporter, the dramatic critic of a sheet in a town of that State was detailed to cover a wedding. He said he would do the best he could, but seemed doubtful of the result, an apprehension that was justified, since this is what he turned in, after describing the size of the house and the delay in beginning the ceremony:

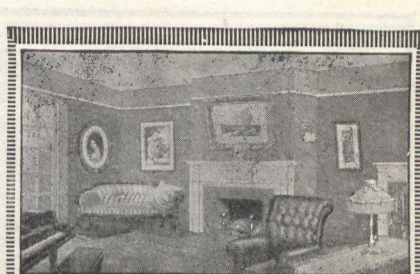
"Mr. Smith, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice. Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

"It should be pointed out that both Miss Jones and Mr. Smith were deficient in their lines, and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance."

He Didn't Understand.—A young man was walking down a street in Toronto one Sunday afternoon. He was dressed in his Sunday best. A Greek came to the door of his restaurant and asked the young man where he was going.

"To Sunday school," replied the youth.
 The Greek pondered a minute. Then, "You no speak English?" he said.

Which?—The newspapers make a fuss over a fellow who saved a girl's life and afterwards married her. He got a medal for his bravery.
 What for—saving her or marrying her?



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Celebrating Confederation

(Concluded from page 9.)

will come and go morning and evening, both ways, instead of the Province being served with only outward mails in the morning and inward mails in the evening. One fixed short route will be established for summer and winter, instead of the various circuitous routes now in use, and with the certainty of regular crossing to replace the present irregular and frequently delayed service.

What the car ferry will do for Prince Edward Island in the way of increased production and trade, in enhancing the values of real estate and of our farm and fishery product, in promoting summer tourist travel, and in promoting manufacturing industry within the Island remains to be seen, but great hopes are built upon it and these hopes are a prominent feature of the optimistic feeling which prevails today and which has taken the place of the despondency of past years.

The increased subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars yearly obtained from Ottawa, together with an increased grant for agriculture from the same source, and a new revenue last year of thirty-seven thousand dollars from the fox industry, and which were largely increased from year to year, have transformed our Provincial finances, enabling the local Government to make much more liberal provision than heretofore for education, roads, bridges and ferries, while the long series of annual deficits in the public accounts of the Province has given place to a modest surplus this year with good prospect of larger ones in the years to come.

Our present attitude is one of hope and confidence, and of reconciliation and goodwill toward the Dominion from which we had been estranged. Most grateful and pleasing to the years

of the public men who have prepared the way for this great change must it be to witness these evidences that the Island Province is to be hereafter one in heart and sentiment with her sister Provinces of the Great Dominion.

Out of this transformation of spirit and attitude towards the Dominion has come the desire to celebrate the inception of the union idea and to claim for the Island its honourable place as the cradle of Confederation. Such a celebration would never have been proposed under the old order of things. It would have been impossible two or three years ago had the anniversary of the Jubilee then fallen due. It is eagerly looked forward to now, because the Island Province is now becoming emancipated and the ties which bind her to her sister Province are no longer looked upon as fetters of iron. And under these happier auspices we feel that all true Canadians can rejoice with us in the consummation of a common good, a patriotic union of hearts, and join with us heartily in the celebration of the first union conference held fifty years ago.

In September, 1864, the leading statesmen of the Provinces by the Great Lakes and the sea were very heartily welcomed to our hearths and homes. All our people joined to do them honour in public gatherings, at the festal board, in speech and song. So it will be again when a few months hence there shall gather in Charlottetown the public men of the expanded Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. May the celebration be worthy of the great idea which was born fifty years ago, and which was never before realized in its fullness and entirety as it will be in this year of grace, 1914.

Utilize the Back Yard

(Concluded from page 14.)

of potatoes. New seed may be used, or those plants thinned out from the regular lettuce rows may be transplanted. Then, in the middle of these two lettuce rows, plant some radishes. In three weeks, you can pull your radishes up; in another three weeks or a month, the lettuce may be pulled—having had so much more room to grow and develop in, since the radishes were plucked; and, last of all, potatoes may be pulled up. Thus from the same plot of ground, three crops have been obtained by simple handling, whereas the man who didn't know would have taken up all his space with potatoes, and really wasted half of it.

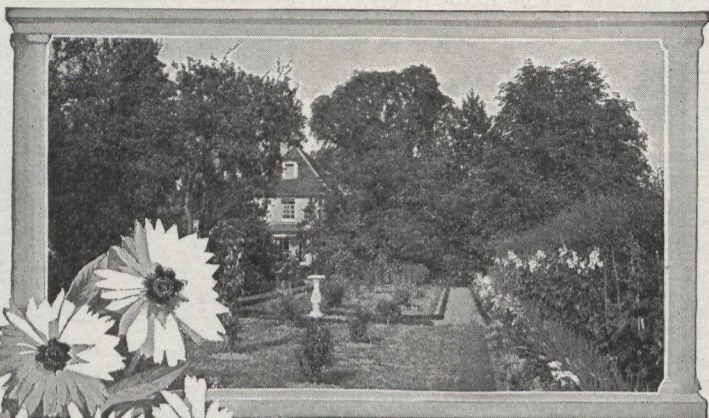
A good way to seed vegetables like onions, or carrots, or parsnips, more especially if the soil is heavy, and likely to bake when the sun beats hard on it, is to mix the seed with an equal quantity of mustard seed or radish seed. The reason is this: The seeds of the onion or carrot or parsnip often have difficulty in piercing the ground when it gets hard. The mustard or radish is hardier, and will burst the baked soil, thus allowing the weaker seed to come up, and get the sustenance and nourishment it so much needs. Later, the radish or mustard that has been used for this purpose may be pulled out as weed.

Something of the same sort is often necessary in the case of flowers, where the seed is fine. It is surprisingly easy to cover the seed too much, which is to be deprecated. On the other hand, the seed needs to be sufficiently covered. A good plan is to mix the seed with twice its bulk of very fine sand, and just sprinkle the mixture on the rows, at regular intervals. The sand will do good rather than harm. After the sprinkling, the ground wants to be firmed, or pressed down. Perhaps a better plan still in the case of the flower of which the seed is fine, is to sow in flower boxes first, and then transplant to the ground when the flowers appear.

In the back yard of which we had a plan in a former article, no provision

was made for any sort of trees. Now, if the house belongs to the man who is utilizing the yard at the back, he will do well to plant a few trees, say, at the end of the path, or along near the fence. Planting trees is not as simple an operation as it at first appears, and a few hints will be in order. The first thing to remember is to thoroughly dig and turn over the ground before planting. Make a hole much larger than the space which the roots will occupy. Then along the bottom of the hole, build a little hill of soil, and on it stand the base of the tree, adding or subtracting from the soil according as it is necessary to higher or lower the tree till it just hides the soil mark. The soil mark is the mark made by discoloration, resulting from former planting. Where the part of the tree which has been above ground meets that part that has been below ground will be indicated by this soil mark. In transplanting, it should be just hidden by the soil. If any roots or twigs are bruised or broken, the damaged portions should be cut off cleanly and sharply, for if they are ragged, opportunity is provided for disease to effect an entrance. Each individual root should be arranged carefully so that it slopes outward, and slightly downward. Soil should be sprinkled on the top of the roots, and the crannies between the roots properly stopped up also by soil. If the tree is large enough, a stake might be driven in perpendicularly, and the tree tied to it, so that the newly planted tree has all the support it needs. Manure is a good thing, if it is used properly. It should be under the tree, but it should not touch the roots. Very often trees are killed by being in immediate contact with manured soil. Manure in juxtaposition to the roots is injurious. These remarks apply to roses, too.

By this time, next week, some results may be looked for from the seeds planted. Meanwhile the only thing to do is to wait, and keep intruders off the back yard garden.



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A feature of the report is the increase in earnings. They amount to \$1,236,984. A comparison of earnings for the last four years, as shown in the following table, reveals an increase since 1911 representing practically fifty per cent.:

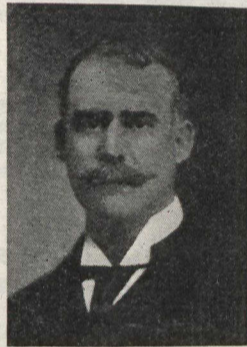
Net earnings, 1911	\$ 841,692
Net earnings, 1912	1,004,340
Net earnings, 1913	1,125,971
Net earnings, 1914	1,236,984

The paid-up capital is \$7,000,000 and the reserve fund a like amount. The conservative management of the bank is further revealed in an item of \$250,000 in the profit and loss account, as provision for depreciation in securities and other contingencies.

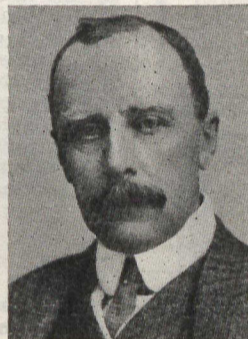
Changes in Directorates

THE spring mood is on us. The budget, a regular harbinger, has already come, and the usual changes and rumours of changes in directorates are in the air. Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon has left the board of Goodwins' Limited, of Montreal, and is succeeded as president by Mr. J. W. McConnell. The Financial News Bureau says that Mr. J. H. Plummer will leave the directorate of Dominion Steel, but Mr. Plummer says he hasn't heard about it.

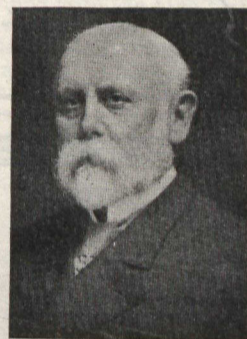
Meanwhile, there are three changes which are facts. Mr. A. M. Nanton is announced as director of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the place of the late Sir William Whyte. The vacancy caused by the death of Lord Strathcona has not yet been filled. Mr. Nanton is an example of the man who has got to the top, a type which abounds in financial Canada. Augustus Meredith Nanton was born in Toronto in 1860, and after an education in the public schools of that city, entered a financial house. In 1883 he went to Winnipeg and joined the house of Osler, Hammond and Nanton, affiliated with Osler and



Col. John Strathearn Hendrie, newly-elected President of the Bank of Hamilton.



Augustus Meredith Nanton, new director of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



Cyrus Albert Birge, newly-elected Vice-President, Bank of Hamilton.

Hammond of Toronto. The history of the Western firm is largely Mr. Nanton's history, for he has been closely identified with its development. Besides his interest in this company, he is a director of the Dominion Bank; vice-president of the Great West Life Assurance Society, and a director of the Northern Trust Company. He also holds the position of managing director of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company. He is a member of most of the big clubs in the Western metropolis, and of the Toronto and York Clubs in Toronto.

John Strathearn Hendrie, the new president of the Bank of Hamilton, is a Hamilton man. He began his earning capacity as engineer on railway construction, and afterwards became a contractor on railways and public works. Later he was manager of the Hamilton Bridge Works, and became interested in many manufacturing concerns. For many years he has been a director on the Bank of Hamilton board. Thirteen years ago he was Mayor of Hamilton, and in 1902 was elected to the Provincial Legislature, in which, under Sir James Whitney, he became Minister without Portfolio. He was chairman of the Legislative Assembly 1905-1912, and member of the Hydro-Electric Commission. He is a son of the late William Hendrie, of Hamilton, and a brother of the late John Hendrie. Indeed, the history of the Hendries may almost be said to be the history of Hamilton. From time immemorial the family has been closely associated with racing. Back in the seventies and eighties, the father won the Queen's Plate. He was possibly the finest example of the sporting English gentleman which Canada has produced. The late John Hendrie carried on the traditional pride of the family in racing. In 1909, the Hendries won the King's Plate, and the stable, which is now the colonel's, has turned out many winners.

Colonel Hendrie has been closely identified with military matters. In 1897 he commanded the Canadian artillery at the Jubilee. He has long service decoration and Queen's Jubilee medal and C.V.O. In 1909 and 1910 he won the King's Plate, racing under the name of Valley Farm Stable. Since that his stable has turned out many winners.

Cyrus Albert Birge has been elected vice-president of the Bank of Hamilton. He was born near Oakville in 1847, his parents being Connecticut people. He early engaged in mercantile life, entering first the Great Western Railway, and becoming manager of the Canadian Screw Company, of which he is now president. As president of the Hamilton Board of Trade he managed to bring the university curriculum more in touch with the industrial requirements of the country. He is on many directorates, of which the Sovereign Fire Assurance, Turbine Steamship Company, Steel Company of Canada, and Mercantile Trust Company are the most important. As director of the Bank of Hamilton he has rendered yeoman service to that institution. As a Methodist he has done a great deal for Victoria University, his gift of \$50,000 enabling Victoria to get a similar donation from Mr. Carnegie.

The Standard Chemical Iron and Lumber Company have a new head in the person of Mr. L. M. Wood, President, in place of Lt.-Col. A. G. Peuchen.

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who retires from this office. Apparently the change is the result of the entrance of further English interests.

Mr. J. E. Rogers, a Canadian by birth, who, until recently, was Assistant Sales Manager of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, has now joined the Russell Motor Car Company as Assistant General Sales Manager.

Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

WHILE prices last week were not as high as during the first week in April, they show some improvement. Every stock in the following list shows an improvement, with the single exception of Rogers common.

	April			May		
	11	18	25	2	9	16
Barcelona	28½	28¾	26¾	26¾	25	26
Brazilian	80¾	80½	75¾	78½	76¼	73¼
Bell Telephone	148	145	145	144½	144½	145
Canada Bread	27	28	27	27¾	28	28¾
Canada Cement	30¼	30	30	29	28½	28½
Can. Gen. Electric	107¾	105	104	105	102	103
C. P. R.	199¾	199½	189	193½	190¾	193
Dom. Steel Cor.	31	28	26	25½	21¾	22
Lake of Woods	131	131	129½	128½	127½	128¾
Laurentide	185	181½	176	181	175	179
Mackay	82	82	80	79¾	78½	81
Montreal Power	221¾	218¼	217½	219¾	218¾	220½
R. and O.	99½	98¼	100	103½	99½	99¾
Rogers	119	116	116	103	107	107
Toronto Railway	138	136	134½	136¼	132	133

For two weeks Brazilian has been ex-dividend 1½ per cent., and last week Toronto Rails sold ex-rights 2¾ per cent., and are so quoted above. Other stocks ex-dividend on May 15th were Bank of Commerce 3½, Quebec 1¾, Union Bank 2, Bank of Hochelaga 2¼, Bank of Toronto 2¾, Royal Bank 3, and Detroit Railway 1½. During the week C. P. R. declared its usual quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent.

Co-Operative Credit Societies

THE Solicitor-General, Hon. Arthur Meighen, is busy in several quarters just now. One of his activities is the re-introduction of his bill for the establishment of co-operative credit societies, or banks. The purpose of the measure is to provide Dominion legislation under which such local institutions may be incorporated anywhere in Canada. They would provide funds for men of modest or no means, but good reputation, whereby they could develop their business in a way not possible when they are hampered by lack of capital. The co-operative principle is put into operation for the providing of such funds by the members of each individual society. Thus, the tendency is to retain in the locality sufficient money for the uses of the locality, rather than invest the funds elsewhere.

A provincial law which embodies this principle has been for some time in force in the Province of Quebec, and a hundred and twenty credit banks are in operation there. But it is recognized that such legislation really falls under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and not the legislative assemblies of the various provinces. Moreover, the necessity of uniformity in legislation is apparent, and it can only be attained by making the legislation federal and not provincial.

Canadian Cotton's Satisfactory Report

MOST industrial concerns find themselves in the same box when their annual meeting comes round. The report, while encouraging, reflects the depression in business which has been the portion of more or less all companies during the year. Canadian Cottons, Limited, is an example. Their earnings show a decrease amounting to twenty per cent., but their profits show a decrease of only seven per cent., which shows that fundamentally the company is in just as good a position as it was a year ago. President David Morrice remarked that in view of the year's depression the statement should be eminently satisfactory, and with regard to the actual business outlook for his company, says:

"Because of a desire on the part of the trade generally to reduce stocks during a period of financial stringency, the sales for the year showed considerable shrinkage, while there has been some increase in the manufactured stock. This stock, however, is absolutely staple and has been figured at conservative values, and it will all be needed as soon as business confidence is restored, as supplies in the hands of the jobbers and retailers have been much depleted."

Mr. Morrice points out that good spinnable cotton ruled high in price throughout the year, and as trade conditions were poor and competition keen, the margin of profit for the spinners was small.

Fluctuation of Dominion Steel

DOMINION STEEL, with an authorized capital of fifty millions, is one of the biggest corporations in Canada. In 1909 the stock of this corporation was quoted above 70, and it hovered between 50 and 70 until 1912. Since then it has steadily declined. It is now selling at about the point where it sold in the early part of 1907. The explanation of the recent decline is the falling off in earnings, largely due to the abolition of the bounties previously paid by the Dominion Government. The net profits applicable on common stock for the year ending March 31st were 2.36 per cent., as compared with 3.77 per cent. in the previous year. The net earnings were about four and a half millions. After deducting amounts for sinking fund, depreciation, interest and discount, net earnings are brought down to \$1,854,825. This explains why the last quarterly dividend on the common stock was not paid. If the full dividend on the common stock had been paid the impairment for the year would have been \$406,415.

Guesses re Montreal Power

AS Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company started a new year on the first of May, people are busy guessing what the annual report will show. It is said that the fiscal year will show the largest net income in the company's history. From the February figures, and those from May 1, 1913, up to February, the indications are that 1914 will show a big increase over its predecessor. Last year's income represented earnings of sixteen per cent. on the seventeen million dollars of common stock, and quarterly dividends of two and a half per cent. have been paid. Since last year the common stock has been increased to \$18,800,000.

It is possible that a reduction in rates will follow as a result of the good year. Usually such a reduction follows an increase in dividends. This year the company is spending about four million dollars in extensions and improvements.

Expert Tips on Tennis

II—HOW TO SERVE

By S. N. DOUST

"HE who would excel as a tennis player must learn to serve."

That is the secret of tennis—the keystone of a successful player's career. Service! service! And what does service comprise? It is the transmutation into profound and well-ordered and sequential activity the thorough and concise grasp of scientific application of motion to the ball. The really successful player must possess an unerring eye for position and angle, his touch must be strong and comprehensive yet delicate withal, so that the "smashing" volley and the disconcerting "lob" are well within the category of every stroke. Indeed, a strong, fast service is absolutely essential if the player aspires to anything above the country house game, which is invariably characterized by unrelieved tameness and sameness replenished at times by a smashing service or attempt at a lob, which is more often than not successful solely on account of its audacity and innovation rather than any inherent attempt at a suitable tour de force.

All service should be heavily "cut" if it is to prove effective in breaking down an opponent's play. Indeed, it is quite as essential as a strong, fast service. Yet a strong, fast service, combined with all the tricky appurtenances of the game, the "lift" and the "top" and those sundry characteristics which spell personality and success, have been known on more than one auspicious occasion to meet with abject failure solely because the server has signally failed to measure the calibre of his opponent's play. Indeed, as far as sympathy between players (best exemplified by the brothers Renshaw), and the understanding of one's adversary are concerned, they are attributes only to be acquired on the actual court, and are far from being acquired by any amount of discussion or teaching.

PACE always tells in tennis. It is direct expression of the personality of the player—a remark best illustrated by a study of the methods of the Renshaws, who practically revolutionized the game in the years 1888-90. Pace entails the high overhand service—play common to all ranks of players nowadays. Without the high overhand service and its attendant "lob" variations, tennis degenerates to a mere game of shuttlecock. In this respect British players excel, for the American service is generally "slower," but often it becomes more deadly by reason of the formidable "cut," which causes the ball to actually "swerve" in the air and to "drag" or rebound slow from the ground. This twin effect has a distinct advantage. The play is earnestly cultivated in high quarters even by players who are opposed to the smashing volley game, since it gives the server more time in which to follow up his serve by running into a position approximately close to the net from which he can then develop the "smashing" game.

In both games (the singles and the doubles) all players aim, or should do, to get within a yard or two of the net as soon as possible. Thence develops the smashing volley so fatal yet so seldom seen at other than classical events. The player should seek to get comparatively close to the net whether serving or receiving the serve, the object, in all cases, being to volley before the gravitational pull on the ball becomes apparent. That this is the correct and only play can be adjudged from the fact that if the rest happens beyond a stroke or two, most players, even inferior ones (they are acting unconsciously) will be found to have drawn into the net. At least this is mostly so. An examination of players' positions in eight games out of ten will clearly bear out this point. It is one well worthy of study. For some, the service lines possess a fatal attraction.

Yet the volley pure and simple is but the prelude to still deadlier play.

Rapid and low volleying, clearing the net maybe by but an inch or two, can always be met by players who take the trouble to practise the art. It is when the volleying becomes varied by the attempt on the part of one player to place the ball out of reach of the other, that the science of it all becomes apparent. This "lobbing," as it is termed, calls for the greatest skill and judgment. It is the high overhand play combined with the "lift" or "top," placing the ball behind one's adversary and well at the back of the court, which is so disconcerting to follow, and has given many a pretty coup de grace to an otherwise evenly divided bout of volleying. Good "lobbing" is difficult—at least it would appear so from the attempts one often sees in the great majority of games. Unless judgment drawn to a fine art accompanies the swing of the racket, and the eye never removed from the ball even for the thousandth part of a second, the "lob" will send the ball out of court or else just drop it short enough to permit the opposing player to kill it by playing a smashing volley. It is essential that the racket does not betray the intention to play a "lob." This defeats the whole object and permits the opponent to correct his position—that is, should it prove or be thought necessary.

SO long as length is good no other defect in the service is developed, the higher the "lob" the better. In meeting a return "lob" the player should get it before the drop if possible, for if it drops before being returned, then the striker is permitted so much grace in which to gain a favourable position, determined by the characteristics of the particular game, from which he will be able to kill the return with almost a dead certainty. But the whole problem is altered if the high overhand is returned with a nice, well-calculated and equally good and high lob which will place the ball rebounding from the ground within a foot or two of the opposing base line. Yet, as evinced from the great mass of amateur play, it is not a favoured stroke. For the average player, who practises, in my opinion, too little and with even less zest, it is a stroke that is beyond the range of everyday play, requiring as it does rare skill of hand and eye, lightning calculation, and the utmost accuracy of well-played strength to accomplish with anything like safety.

In all play, the primal object should be to serve and return the serve as to permit of gaining a favourable position within a yard or so of the net and to so regulate pace as to drive one's adversary into a least favourable one—that is, away from the net toward the base line; and from that initial advantage, the successful player can, given other things equal, severely punish his opponent by suddenly reverting to the smashing volley, which so invariably wins. The smash stroke is really essential to win. The game thus resolves itself into three parts. 1. The endeavour on the part of one player to secure the more favourable position. 2. The following up with the smash volley. 3. The success of the smash stroke or a win by means of a well-directed and judiciously placed "lob."

A good player invariably takes his chances overhand. Yet few, indeed, can hope to win without resorting at times to good overhead play. The hurtling, blustering, masterful smash stroke is similarly played to the overhead, with the exception, however, that the position from which it is played has no definitely fixed distance from the net. It requires instinctive judgment and absolute mathematical precision, and its play is always in direct relation to the sidelines and less proportionately to the net. The eye must never be removed from the ball—otherwise the player loses that instantaneous perception of speed and the correlative quality of judgment so essential for a return smash at greater

pace which, with proper skill, places the ball outside the reach of his opponent's racket.

As billiard players find the "screw" of such utility, so tennis players must cultivate the "spin," which is accomplished by a slight and almost imperceptible movement of the wrist, which draws the racket at the moment of impact across the ball. Indeed, by careful and incessant practice it is possible to govern every spin of the ball, its direction and even its rotating swiftness—the ball being made by this means to break either to the right or to the left in the opposing court, or even to develop an aerial swerve which is most disconcerting to definitely adjudge and properly meet so that the return shall be as deadly as the service.

When the spin is a vertical one in the same direction as the flight, the "top" or "lift" it develops causes a quick plunge to the opposing court or an unexpected curve, according to the player's intention. It is the most dangerous when the player's opponent is nearer the service end than the net, for then the latter has a comparatively long distance to travel to effect return. Therefore, it is good play to give the ball "top," which shall send it plunging direct to the ground near the net after having driven your opponent toward the base of the court.

Another point which makes the "lift" such a favourite spin is that a ball with a well administered "top" and plenty of it can be hit harder and with impunity as far as driving it out of court is concerned. If your opponent is near the net this stroke is a useful one to win by, since it places the ball at the back of the court and, in most cases, far beyond the risk of return.

IN ordinary tennis the real smashing game combined with the high "lob" is distinctively conspicuous by its absence. Indeed, the volley has proved itself a hard task for the average player. Players of moderate capacity invariably interpret the game as taking the ball on the rebound, then confining their activity to a side-line or across-the-court return, usually at the same pace. Even though by these means the ball may be cunningly dropped beyond the reach of one's opponent, it is more by luck and chance, and bad play on the opposite side of the court than by any real appreciation of the science of the game, and an intelligent interpretation of its finer phases. It is never by these means that the Wimbledon stroke is introduced.

My concluding advice is to aim at forcing your adversary to the back of the court, which can always be done by a few judiciously played balls either near the side-line or the service line, and then to kill his return with a smashing series of volleys from a position comparatively near the net—or as near the net as prudence dictates. On the other hand, to meet and defeat a stiff bout of volleying resort to a high "lob." But unless this is skilfully and intelligently interpreted, it is usually ineffective. Neither a strong back play nor smashing tactics can, however, be employed to the exclusion of others. The ideal game is a fusion of the two.

Getting Even.—Apropos of foreign honesty, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells this story:

"On a foreign railroad," he said, "a commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said:

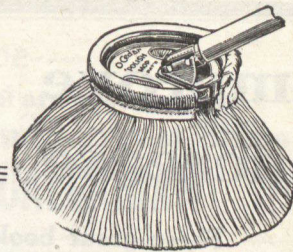
"Well, the P. D. R. will never see another cent of my money after this."

"The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled:

"What'll you do? Walk?"

"Oh, no," said the commuter, "I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Explained.—Suffragettes complain that when one of their number was recently arrested in London her clothing was partially torn off by the police in the struggle. Now we begin to understand why they call the London policemen "peelers."



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A London Letter

London, May 7th, 1914.

"OH, to be in England, now that April's here!"

Certainly April, the fickle month in Canada, makes you forget and forgive England's dull and drizzly winter skies. The month just closing brought sunshine extraordinary, and Canadians ("Americans" as we are all dubbed here) arriving in bunches, exclaim: "Lovely London!"

The season opens gaily. The visit of the King and Queen to Paris has been a huge success, and their Majesties returned all smiles from what has been an exacting time. Surely never were diplomatic matters so well arranged on this occasion. L'entente cordiale is now sealed, and by a Royal smile.

Hendon every Sunday is like a fair ground. There all London goes to watch the airships in motion; a pretty sight it is, and somewhat thrilling, for the loop is wonderful, and, instinctively, nervous persons shut their eyes just when they should have them wide open to see the thrilling feat accomplished. I confess to never yet having actually seen the loop made. I always shut my eyes at the critical moment. The army airships are practising at present just over our heads. No 4 circled St. Paul's Cathedral this week, and crossed Hyde Park towards the Crystal Palace in the afternoon.

Owing to the Suffragette tactics the House of Commons is closed against all women. None are admitted unless bearing the card and guarantee (for good behaviour) from a member of the House. Last week Mr. T. P. O'Connor was asked by a Canadian lady in London for a pass, and in asking it the Canadian said: "I promise not to shout 'Votes for Women,' Mr. O'Connor, but if the debate on Home Rule for Ireland is on while I am there, I won't promise not to yell 'God Save Ireland!'" Mr. O'Connor laughed and gave the required guarantee!

Opinion on this especial subject is most evenly divided. In a recent visit to Ulster I heard nothing but anathema from the people, with terrible forecasts of what would follow Home Rule. In Dublin, on the other hand, I listened to anathemas for Ulster, and here also I heard a terrible forecast as to what would follow if Home Rule did not come. It seems to me that the old misunderstandings of hundreds of years ago still exist in the country, and in my opinion what is wanted in Ireland is, not so much Home Rule as Self-Rule! A more impossible people never existed than the Irish. I say that, who am Irish myself.

There is a so-called Canadian play on in London. "The Land of Promise" it is called, and after seeing it one matinee, for a two hour yawn, I came to the conclusion that it is staged with a view to giving Canadian emigration a black eye. Certainly it gives a most false impression of Canadian life and character. However, the Londoner loves to be shocked, and when the English settler is seen seated at the dinner table in his shirt sleeves, you hear the stall whisper: "What a shocking country!" As when the English girl, who marries a so-called "Canadian" (shown as the rawest possible type of Yankee) taking up a gun to blow her husband of a few hours "brains" out, you hear the gallery sibilantly saying: "Sykes aloive! ain't they awful hout there!" It is now up to some Canadian writer to send over a real Canadian production. It would pay.

I very much fear that Earl Grey's scheme of a House for the Dominions has fallen through. His idea of having the Dominions represented "in a manner worthy the people and the country" had one flaw. To have all the Dominions represented under one roof would be a mistake. The Colonies are like the lads of one family; each wants to "boss" the others, and there would be sure to set in some family jars which might lead to a disruption of what might ordinarily be come a big and an inspiring thing.

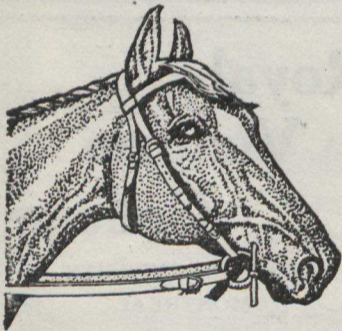
This is now demonstrated in the sight of four important Canadian publications all at logger-heads in London. I do not think that the editors of the four weeklies speak to each other when they meet; so you can see how different Colonies, each wanting to be THE Colony, would get along together!

At the present time the various Provinces are doing wonderful work, each separately and apart. The last to open, the Alberta Government, is going one better by having a lady representative, and as she is a very clever girl, a well known author and biographer, she holds what you must call a sort of levee each day. The rooms are elegantly furnished; all the Alberta papers are filed there; five o'clock tea is served to guests, and altogether, if you were to drop in, you would find the pretty hostess actively engaged in dispensing hospitality worthy of Alberta, and meanwhile giving out facts to those who wish for information.

The Emigration Department of the Canadian Government should at no distant time take steps to adjust whatever is said and done by its representative agents in the Old Country towards taking people to the new world. There are evidences of over-rating the possibilities to one man, as there are evidences of certain London and other publications lying about the conditions out there. One special weekly journal prints columns of unsigned letters from supposedly well-off emigrants who went out to parts of Canada to find all sorts of fearful conditions. These letters have an effect of frightening the timid and the cautious ones; it has no effect on the "bounder" or the "don't-care-a-damn" emigrant, because his friends see to it that he is "shipped off," no matter where.

What is wanted more than anything else is a committee to examine the lists of settlers being sent out, with a statement of their age, working or business qualification, amount of capital, and what their objective point is. There should be a committee of advisors on the Canadian side, and on arrival there, men and women should be told to what point in the country the best place for them is considered to be.

Young Canada is especially to be congratulated on the appointment which makes our popular Prince Alexander of Teck the new Governor-General. For both the Prince and his charming wife are deeply interested in the welfare of the rising generation and in many ways he has advanced their cause in the Old Country. Poor little children in the slums of London recognize his name as President of the Fresh Air Fund, that wonderful Society by whose aid those who otherwise would never leave the sordid streets they call their homes are given a glorious holiday in the country. And when we ask who is the President of the Cadet Training Movement which furthers the cause of good citizenship so nobly we hear it is Prince Alexander of Teck. These are but two of the numerous enterprises for the benefit of the young in which he is interested. But many philanthropic institutions, particularly the Middlesex Hospital, in whose cause he has worked so energetically, have reason to bless his name. Like the Duke of Connaught, his successor in office is just the right type of man for this responsible post, for he most happily combines a dignified and Royal demeanour with a kindly and democratic heart. Military renown, too, must be laid to his credit, for he served in the Matabele campaign of 1896 and went through the South African war with distinction, winning affection and esteem all along the line for his simple, unaffected manner and the soldierly way he took his share of the rough and the smooth like the humblest recruit. The Queen, who is specially attached to her brother, will miss him greatly, and the absence of her Majesty's charming sister-in-law will also make a blank in the Royal family, but as the first lady in Canada the latter is sure to have a success of her own,



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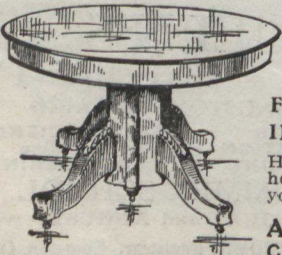
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and she will soon have many friends on the other side.

The death of the Duke of Argyll places the Court in mourning until the end of May, and during this month neither the King nor the Queen, nor any member of the Royal Family will be present at dances. However, the same restriction does not apply to dinners, and if it happens that any Royal personage dines with friends during the mourning period any ladies invited would, of course, wear black. Diamonds or pearls are permissible as ornaments, but not coloured stones. Men's evening attire does not require any change, but those about the Court now appear in black with black gloves and a hat band. There are now six widows in the Royal circle—Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, the recently bereaved Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg. The late Duke of Argyll's marriage was not the first occasion that the illustrious family of Argyll had made an alliance with Royalty, for in the time of King Robert the Bruce, Sir Neil Campbell married the sovereign's sister, Lady Mary Bruce, and Duncan, the first Lord Campbell, married a granddaughter of King Robert II., and later a grand-daughter of

King Robert III. Mr. Niel or Niall (according to the Gaelic spelling) Campbell, the new Duke, inherits besides the Dukedom, a long roll of other titles and honours. His sister, Miss Elspeth Campbell, upon whom the King will most probably confer the rank of a duke's daughter now that her brother has succeeded to the title, is a handsome and clever woman with a great deal of personality. Like all the family, she is devoted to Highland traditions and is famous as a player of the pipes, a rare accomplishment for a woman. Should the male line of the Argyll family become extinct (it is now represented by the present Duke, who is unmarried, by the son of the late Lord Walter Campbell, and by Lord George Campbell, who has one son, making a total of four lives), the next heir to the title and chieftainship of the clan would be Campbell of Lochiel, who is descended in the male line from John, second son of Colin, third Earl of Argyll. It would indeed be an irony of fate should he succeed, for he is a Roman Catholic, and the Argyll family have ever been faithful adherents of the Protestant cause, for which more than one of the family have given their lives. A striking characteristic of the late Duke was that he was never known to ask a favour for any of his relations. M.

Probably Good Art

(Concluded from page 5.)

somewhere else. Most of them do Canadian subjects. Some of them don't. Some say subject doesn't count for much in art anyway. One critic insists that a Canadian picture is one that is done in Canada, even though it is done by a foreign-born artist and with a foreign subject. Some don't agree with this definition. No definition seems to fit the case. And the Canadian Art Club have taken no chances on being limited by any one classification, for they include in their annual pageant of pictures and sculptures, works done by a great variety of people.

There is no doubt, however, about the Canadianism of Homer Watson, Past President of the Club. The picture at the top of page five is a good example of the vigorous native work done for many years now by this virile and rugged chief citizen of Doon, Ont. Watson was born among the log heaps of Ontario. He came up through the bush. He paints trees like nobody else's with a texture of paint that you can always detect as Watsonian—or Homeric—no matter whether he signs it or not. He is strong on trees. He delights in low tones. His skies never flash like the aurora borealis, and his fields never sing for joy. He loves the grim, sombre side of art. But Homer is never morbid. He is a red-blooded, epical sort, who has never pretended to refine his art to a point where it becomes aesthetic. He has exhibited in London, England, along with his poetic and idyllic antipodes, Archibald Browne. Both these artists got sterling recognition at the hands of British critics last year, when they hung their canvases at the Goupil Galleries. Browne is at present the Hon. Secretary of the Club, for the former Secretary, Edmund Morris, painter of Indians, died last summer. And just about all that Homer Watson isn't, "Archie" Browne is. Browne has painted more moons than any other artist in Canada. He is always sensuously refined and delicate; and he always manages to give his moons landscapes to look over that are immensely worth while.

Then again, the President of the Club, Horatio Walker, is a Canadian-born, who does most of his work on the Isle of Orleans, and spends a good bit of his time in New York where he sells most of his pictures. Walker is regarded as a very strong painter. He has made pictures that sell for several thousands each, and they hang on the walls of wealthy American collectors. His subjects are nearly all Canadian, and most of them back from the Province of Quebec, where, on the Island of Orleans he is the "custos" and chief

citizen among the habitants as Homer Watson, J.P., is at Doon among the Ontario villagers and farmers. Only two of Walker's canvases are included in this year's show. One is a water colour of sheep, an exquisite tone poem; the other a grandiose picture of horses at dawn carrying the Royal Mail. Neither of these is as good as other pictures formerly exhibited here by this master colourist and usually superb draughtsman of animals. Experts on horses declare that the steeds in "The Royal Mail" are bucolically impossible. Experts last year said that his cow in the milking picture was the last word in cow anatomy. His pigs are always prodigiously realistic. His oxen in the first canvas he ever hung at the Canadian Art Club, six or seven years ago, were masterpieces. And there is no doubt that Walker knows as much about horse anatomy as any painter in America, for he lives among people who drive horses every day, and drive them like the dickens. And Horatio Walker is surely a Canadian painter of great distinction who was born in Canada, lives in Canada most of his time, paints Canadian subjects, and sells most of them in New York.

As for Phimister Proctor, the English-speaking sculptor member of the Club, besides all-Canadian Walter Allward, he was born in Canada and descended from an English soldier who served under Wolfe in the capture of Quebec. He did most of his studying abroad. He now lives in the United States, where he has done a large number of public memorials in more cities than one. He is amazingly fond of lions, tigers, buffaloes and Indians as subjects.

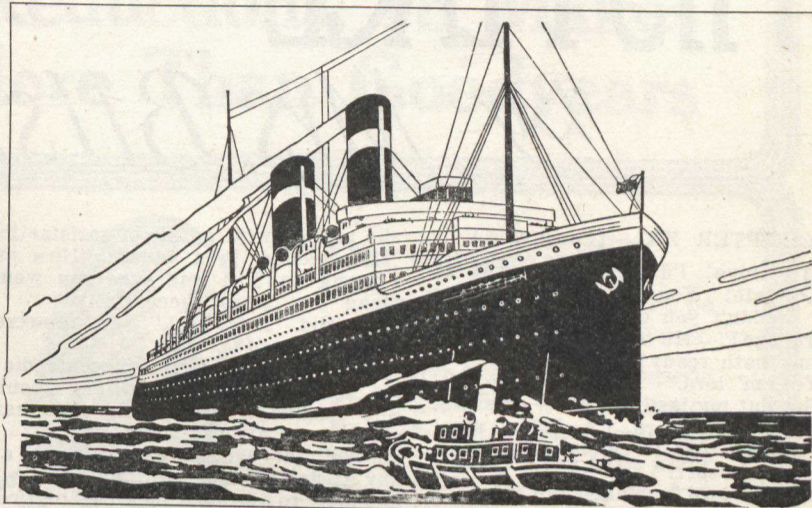
Lawson and Gagnon and Morrice—these are C. A. C. members who live most of their time abroad. Each does work intensely different from either of the others. Which is an axiom with the Canadian Art Club. Then there is Atkinson, all-Canadian, who prefers the soft, low tones and the browns and the greys; always a copious exhibitor at the shows. Suzor Cote and Maurice Cullen, from Montreal way, are regular exhibitors, as they are at shows of the O. S. A.

But if you had a microscope and a guide-book under your arm you might search vainly among the works of the Canadian Art Club for anything done by some hopeful young person just beginning to feel his oats in art. There is no underbrush in the woods of the Canadian Art Club. Therefore, unless something is done by way of reforestation, the day may come when the club will be shy on painters.

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"BY Jove! I'd no idea it was so late! You ass, why the blazes didn't you call me a couple of hours ago?" He sprang out of bed. "Is my bath ready?" he shouted.

"Yes, m' lord." "Get out my last new suit—one that has not been worn. A fellow must put on new togs to celebrate an occasion of this sort!"

"Yes, m' lord," grinned the valet. An hour later, Wallsend emerged from his room—by the combined and elaborate efforts of his valet and himself—an immaculately turned-out man.

He ate a leisurely breakfast. The only letter he opened was the one addressed in the blotted and illiterate hand. He looked with disgust at the dirty envelope, and a heavy scowl spread over his face as he took out a grimy half sheet of paper and read the few lines scrawled across it. He read it over twice, then went over to the fireplace and dropped it in the flames.

"Everlastingly wants more money. Well, it's got to come to an end somehow—and soon!"

Lord Wallsend seemed suddenly to have lost his appetite and sat for a long time frowning darkly at his plate; finally he pushed it away, rose, and left the room.

His valet handed him his hat, gloves, and cane, and he sauntered forth, humming the latest music-hall ditty with the air of a man who has not a care in the world.

James Kenway, who had secured the post of hall porter, gave his lordship a military salute as he passed out.

"Looks as if 'e'd bin abroad wheer there was a bit o' sun, by the colour of 'is skin," confided James Kenway to himself, as he looked after the well-groomed man. "Fair like a nigger 'e looks—but 'e ain't 'arf a toff, for all that, 'e ain't."

Owing to the fact of Kenway having secured the said position of hall porter in the building a few days after his last unsuccessful attempt to see Doctor Bassingbroke, he had never again had an opportunity to visit Portman Square.

Sometimes his conscience troubled him when he thought of the poor girl he had met in such a curious way; but gradually the remembrance of her was fading from his mind in the press of other duties, and he comforted himself always with the reflection that he had himself no recollection whatever of the things which had taken place during his own three years' derangement.

Of course, if the poor girl was off her head, there was really nothing he could do in the matter, especially now that the great doctor had gone to die in Central Africa.

In which thought James Kenway was grievously mistaken, for there was much that he could do. Moreover, he was shortly to be called upon to do it, and to set the Wheel of Justice in motion, with far-reaching consequences to many persons besides himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

What Came Of It.

IT was afternoon when Lord Wallsend presented himself at the house in Curzon Street.

Lady Assitas received him in the state drawing-room, coming to him with outstretched hands and a face wreathed in smiles.

"Well?" he queried.

"You have seen the announcement?"

she replied with an air of satisfaction.

He nodded, then added: "How can I thank you? I was sure you would plead my cause successfully."

"I did my best," she answered evasively.

"And Margaret? She accepts me?" He looked at Lady Assitas keenly. She flushed a little under the hard scrutiny of his pale blue eyes.

"Well, of course, girls always are shy at first, you know. Margaret will get used to the idea in a day or two."

"I may see her?" he asked eagerly. "You will let me have my answer from her own lips?"

The Roman General looked vaguely uncomfortable.

"I am not sure—to-day," she faltered. "In fact, Margaret has a headache and is lying down. I think perhaps it would be better to give her a little time—before—you see her."

Seeing his look of annoyance, she rose with a gay smile.

"Impatient man—I will see what I can do for you! But I won't promise, mind you!"

WITH this she sailed out of the room, leaving him to his own reflections.

He lifted his eyes to the ceiling with an enigmatical smile upon his lips.

"Of course there has been a row—and mamma wants time to bring the girl to her senses." He read the situation aright, and enjoyed the fact that he was forcing the Roman General to show her hand.

"Matter of fact, she's afraid of Peggy spoiling the whole show." He laughed softly, and continued to gaze aloft. "She'll take care I don't see the girl to-day."

A huge old glass chandelier hung from the centre of the ceiling. It belonged to a previous generation, but Lord Assitas, conservative in other things as well as politics, resisted every effort of his wife to get rid of it. When fully illuminated, it sparkled like a million diamonds—a pendant shower of light—but in the daytime it looked heavy and obsolete, and presented a difficult and delicate task to keep it free from dust.

It caught the glance now of Wallsend's upturned eyes, and he noticed a fine cobweb meshed upon the higher branches. A fly was slowly travelling up one of the lustres, and he watched it with lazy amusement, making straight for the web. He saw the spider in ambush waiting; and his sympathies were with the spider, which he backed as the winner.

He had become so intent upon the issue, that the door had opened noiselessly, and Margaret Assitas entered. The opening of the door caused a slight vibration of the atmosphere—the lustre trembled, the fly spread its wings, and Lord Wallsend was made aware of its escape and Margaret's presence in one and the same fraction of time.

Her face was very white, the lids of her eyes rather red, and the expression of her mouth far from reassuring.

He rose and met her with an easy, assured smile.

"My dear girl, you are not looking at all well. Lady Assitas ought not to have disturbed you on my account," he hastened to say. "I could have called another time if you didn't feel up to seeing me."

"I wished to see you," said Margaret quietly. "Mamma did try to prevent me doing so—but I insisted on coming down."

"You angel!" said the man, purposely misunderstanding her, and seizing her hand, he kissed it passionately. Margaret snatched it away, caught at a chair, and sat down.

"Have you seen the papers?" she asked coldly.

"Of course—I—I—"

"Was it not rather premature—before you had my consent?" she asked bitterly.

"I—Peggy—listen—you know how I love you—you can't mean to say—that—that—" Lord Wallsend suddenly stammered and, looking for a chair, sat down.

Her face warned him that a "scene" was imminent. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable. Margaret had made him feel that way on more than one occasion.

"Did you put that announcement in—or did mamma?" she asked in a clear, determined voice.

"Really—I say Peggy—you are not going to cut up rough over it, are you? I—I—wouldn't like to vex you for the world."

"Will you kindly answer my question?" said the girl frigidly.

"Does it make any difference—really?" he asked. "The announcement has been put in—you don't mean to go back on it?" he exclaimed in sudden alarm, as he saw the cold glint in her eyes.

He foresaw himself being held up to public ridicule if she persisted in taking up this attitude. He flushed a dull red, his patience was nearly giving out. The girl must be a fool to try him as she was doing.

"It makes this difference—that I intend to find out who did send the announcement. I think I might, at least, have been consulted first," she flashed out.

"DON'T blame me, then, Peggy," he hastily implored. "I think I did the right thing in coming to your father and mother and asking for their consent—and—"

"When was this?" asked Margaret in a level voice.

"I spoke to Lady Assitas yesterday—she promised to plead my cause with you—and—and—I was to call for your answer."

"I suppose you thought you had received it this morning when you read the papers," said Margaret with icy scorn.

"I—I—well—I hoped so," admitted Lord Wallsend, tugging at the end of his moustache to conceal his chagrin.

"I am glad to hear what you have told me, and I am sorry to have to un-deceive you—I cannot, will not, be your wife."

She rose and stood tall and rigid. Lord Wallsend rose also; he had gone livid, and his eyes flashed dangerously.

"I shall not take that as your final answer," he said. "You are angry at present at the trick your mother has played you; believe me, I had no hand in it. In a day or two calmer reflections will prevail. I will call again at the end of the week, when I hope to receive a more favourable answer."

He lifted her cold hand to his lips, and walked quietly out of the room.

She stood as he had left her, white and rigid, staring at the hand which he had just kissed; then she suddenly stamped her foot and burst into tears.

"It is too bad—it is shameful—I won't—I won't—stand it," she muttered, after which she went upstairs, locked herself in her room and



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washed her hands, as if she felt his kiss had soiled them.

Then she flung herself on her bed, and broke into a passion of tears, beating on the pillow with her clenched hands.

"One can always get what one doesn't want—always the one—that one doesn't want—" she groaned wearily.

After a time she grew more quiet, and lay with wide eyes very still—thinking. She realized that she had reached a crisis in her life, which she would have to face with determination.

There could be no more drifting—no more putting off of the evil day. When it came to a battle of wills with her mother, Margaret knew she had no mean adversary to fight—and she had also a shrewd idea that Lord Wallsend would not easily be beaten back.

"I do not love him—I do not love him!" reiterated the girl to herself again and again, as if the weary refrain relieved her wounded feelings, and were a justification even to herself for rebelling against her mother's wishes.

"After all, it is not mamma who has to live with him all her life—it is I—I—I! She has no right to force me in this way, it is abominable!"

Her indignation rose again to choking point and her eyes flashed dangerously.

"No! I will not stand it—come what will—I will not stand it."

Lady Assitas, for her part, grown wise by past experiences, left Margaret severely alone. She was accustomed to carry out her own plans relentlessly, but without arguments, for she considered arguments were tiresome and lacking in dignity. All the same, she was quite aware that Margaret, more than either of her other daughters, possessed a will of her own, and she rather feared there was going to be trouble over this affair.

Hour after hour, in the solitude of her own room, Margaret's busy brain was racing to and fro—forming and rejecting plans.

She rose at last with a look of fixed determination on her face and, ringing for her maid, ordered dinner to be brought up to her room, after which she sat down, and for the space of an hour wrote steadily. When she had finished, she looked with satisfaction at the pile of letters beside her, and drew a sigh of relief.

"There! That ought to end the matter once for all," she said, as she folded up her writing pad and put away her stylo pen. Then she rose wearily and stood looking out of the window into the darkening night.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Fate Takes a Hand in the Game.

IT was quite by accident that John Grey saw, amongst the fashionable events of the week, "that a marriage had been arranged between the Honourable Margaret Assitas, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Assitas, of Stone Hall, Kent, and Lord Wallsend, of Wallsend Priory."

At first he read the words mechanically and then as their meaning became clearer to him, the world went suddenly black before his eyes, and in letters of fire there seemed written the words: "A marriage has been arranged—a marriage has been arranged!"

"Could a marriage be arranged?" He asked himself the question with stupefied reiteration.

At the moment John Grey was sitting on a seat in the Park. In an hour he was due to take the car round to the Maisonette for Miss Pragg. He had strolled out to get a paper, and sat down idly unfolding it, intending to glance over it for a few minutes before returning to the mews, and that was what he had seen.

The paper fell from his hands, and he stared with eyes darkened by pain at those flaming words which met him wherever he lifted them.

"A marriage has been arranged!" Could anything in life be arranged?

The answer came to him, as a little boy of about five years old, dressed in a white drill sailor suit, broke away from his nurse and flashed across the road, just as a large, private motor

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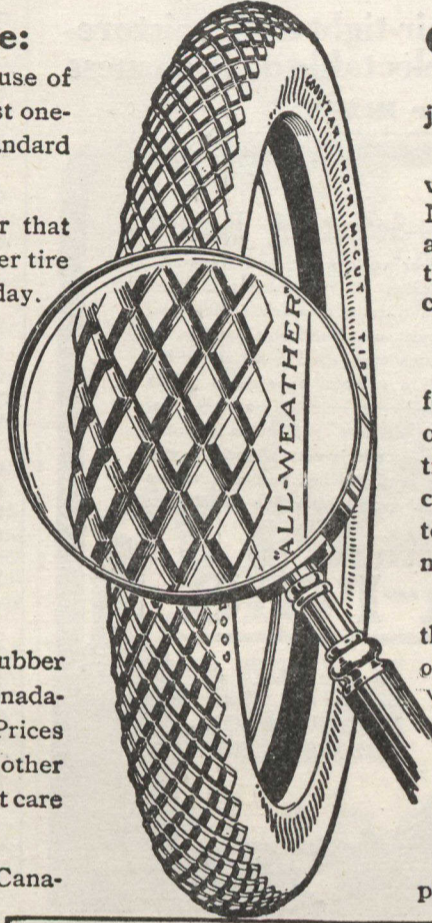
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whizzed noiselessly round the bend. The terrified nurse screamed, but was too paralyzed to move.

With one bound, John Grey had leaped upon the child and whirled him clear of the car. The driver had applied the powerful brake so suddenly that the car swung round, knocking the man to the ground, where he lay, to all appearance dead.

The occupant of the car put his head out of the window.

"What has happened?"

"We've knocked a man down, Sir Lawrence. He sprang in front of the car to save a child. I'm afraid he's dead."

The driver was down in the road; the occupant of the car had sprung out with a startled exclamation.

THE nurse was crying and alternately shaking and scolding a very sobered little boy, who stared with round eyes at the sudden crowd.

"Mary, is he dead?" he asked solemnly.

Sir Lawrence Goss, bending over the unconscious man, uttered a smothered exclamation; then with the help of the chauffeur and footman, the injured man was carefully lifted into the big car and laid on the seat.

"Drive to Doctor Bassingbroke, Harley Street," was the imperative order, and the great car was again speeding on its way, leaving a gaping crowd, which had collected from nowhere, gazing after it.

Sir Lawrence, on the opposite seat of the car, was bending over, studying the face of the unconscious man, his bushy eyebrows bunched together over deep-set, puzzled eyes.

"I'd stake my reputation it is Arnold Bassingbroke, but by all that's wonderful, what is he dressed in a green uniform for? Looks like somebody's chauffeur! Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. Well, well, to think he should have been in London all these months and I've never run across him! No wonder people say London is the safest hiding-place in the world; but who would think of looking for Arnold Bassingbroke amongst chauffeurs? What can have been his motive?"

Clever as Sir Lawrence Goss undoubtedly was, he gave the problem up—it was beyond him, and, as they had reached Harley Street, he concentrated his energies to the needs of the moment.

Surprise and consternation again fell upon Dr. Bassingbroke's house when the lost master was carried back to it insensible and to all appearance lifeless.

The middle-aged housekeeper wrung her hands helplessly. The old manservant looked and felt flabbergasted; only Dr. Wilson kept his wits about him. A college chum and medical colleague, he had kept Arnold Bassingbroke's clientele together by the continual reiteration of the polite fiction anent tropical diseases, especially the "sleeping sickness" which the favourite young specialist had gone to Africa to study, his return being necessarily indefinite.

This story had been kept up for nine months, until it was becoming a moot question whether to prolong it or admit that Dr. Bassingbroke had succumbed to fever and died abroad.

Doctor Wilson clung tenaciously to hope, he was attached to Bassingbroke and put off the final announcement week after week, and all the time Scotland Yard was secretly at work and inquiry agents and detectives were cautiously and incessantly following false clues and striving in vain to unravel the mystery of Arnold's sudden and complete disappearance, being seriously hampered because they were not allowed to make it public.

And now here he was, brought in unconscious, knocked down by the motor of Sir Lawrence Goss, in a most public place, where apparently any one might have seen him.

Evidently there had been no attempt at concealment on his part, and yet, what could it mean?

Undressed, and laid in his own bed, the hospital was rung up to send a competent nurse, and fate ordained that it should be nurse Wilkinson; who had assisted at the operation, nine

months before, upon James Kenway, the man shot in the trenches in South Africa.

It ran like wild-fire through the hospital that the missing young doctor was found. Everyone had a theory of his or her own to propound, and not one was correct; but curiosity had to abide, for Arnold Bassingbroke lay unconscious to the world.

"Concussion of the brain," was the diagnosis of Sir Lawrence Goss. "And a miracle he was not killed outright. Nearest thing I have ever known."

Sir Lawrence Goss was right, it was a near thing, and when brain fever set in later, the patient raved unintelligible things which no one could fit together into coherent whole.

One monotonous refrain ran through everything: "A marriage has been arranged—do you hear? A marriage has been arranged—but—it—must be stopped!"

Then the patient would try and spring up, fight wildly with the nurse who strove to quiet him, fresh ice pads would be put upon his head, and presently he would sink into a stupor.

"Can't think what he's got on his mind!" muttered the big doctor, more and more puzzled. He came every day, and often several times a day, to the bedside of the sick man, for whom he felt almost a fatherly affection.

Another visitor came also, in response to a hurried telegram, and took up her abode in the doctor's house.

ONE day, some six weeks later, Arnold Bassingbroke opening tired and hollow eyes, found them resting upon the peaceful face of a woman who sat near the window, some needle-work in her hands. The nurse had gone for her short daily walk.

For the space of a minute, the invalid's eyes rested upon the white ringed hands busy with their delicate work, they were lifted to the fine lawn kerchief over the ample bosom, and finally wandered to the placid face with its crown of white hair confined under a cobwebby cap of lace, ornamented with tiny bows of black velvet. Then he whispered in a weak voice:

"Mother!"

She dropped her work, and came softly to the bedside.

"My darling boy! Oh, my darling boy—you know me! Thank God!"

"Of course I know you—but—why are you here?"

"You mustn't talk, Arnold, my darling—you must go to sleep, dear."

She gave him something to drink from a wineglass and smoothed his pillow tenderly. Without protest he closed his eyes and dropped asleep, while she tiptoed back to her seat by the window, wiping her eyes, and breathing a prayer of thankfulness.

The next time Arnold Bassingbroke opened his eyes, they fell upon Nurse Wilkinson and Sir Lawrence Goss, who were both at his bedside. He looked at them in surprise.

"Goss!—Nurse Wilkinson! What has happened? Nothing wrong with Kenway, I hope? Why have you left the case, nurse?"

He tried to rise in sudden alarm.

Sir Lawrence Goss laid a firm detaining hand upon him.

"Don't worry, Arnold—he's doing splendidly," his quick wit had grasped the meaning of Arnold's words and saw that the sick man's mind had reverted to the last operation at which the nurse had assisted him.


"Fact is, my boy," he explained cautiously, "you've been rather bad yourself—got knocked down unfortunately, and—"

"Of course," interrupted Arnold feverishly, "that brute of a cabman just about did for me—how he dared to bring me home, I don't understand—we must have the police on his tracks before he has time to get away."

Sir Lawrence gave the nurse a significant look enjoining silence, and sat down by the bedside.

"Tell me all about it, Arnold," the big man spoke soothingly. "We couldn't make out quite what had happened to you."

"I'll admit, Goss, that I was immensely relieved to get that operation over, and for a change, I turned my attention to that Japanese drug we were talking about. I hadn't slept



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much all the week, and felt a bit off colour, but I sat up late, not feeling like sleep again—then I thought I would test the drug on myself—and took a good dose."

Sir Lawrence started, then nodded his head silently.

"I had no sooner taken it, and was just off to bed, when the night-bell rang. It was then two o'clock and I felt considerably annoyed. A cab had come to take me to a dying woman in Portman Square. I couldn't well refuse to go. I thought I should manage to get back before I went under the drug.

"When I got to Portman Square, I wasn't particularly pleased to find it was an empty house. The whole case looked fishy. The woman was as near dead as could be, a beautiful young creature, in charge of the cabman and his wife—caretakers. The cabman was insolent—I lost my temper—told him it looked a case for the police—he got abusive and before I could turn round had clubbed me—and that's all I know."

"Very extraordinary—very!" commented Sir Lawrence Goss thoughtfully. "And after you came to yourself, what then?" he ventured to ask.

"What then? Why, I wake up and find myself here—in bed. What I should like to know is, how I got here?"

"Just so. Exactly." Sir Lawrence Goss was looking at him under bushy eyebrows which had come together in a puzzled frown. "But I wouldn't bother about it too much at present, my boy, if I were you."

"Goss!—don't lose any time sending for the police, there is only one empty house in Portman Square, they can't miss it. I feel so—so confoundedly buzzy in the head somehow or I'd go myself."

"Don't you worry old man," said the big doctor kindly, "I'll look into the matter for you. I'd advise you to keep quiet and stop in bed for a few days."

"I'm afraid I shall have to," said the invalid with an impatient sigh. "Don't let that brute of a cabman get away—mark my words—there's foul play going on there."

"Well, well," said Sir Lawrence soothingly, "leave it to me, Arnold, and look here, my boy, you've got to keep quiet and not excite yourself."

"**Y**ES, I'm afraid so, for a day or two. He did give me a confounded crack over the skull and no mistake, it's a wonder I am alive."

"It is."

Sir Lawrence spoke fervently, but his thoughts reverted to events which had taken place much more recently, events which the sick man appeared to know nothing of. He felt himself getting more and more befogged.

If Arnold had been knocked down in an empty house and nearly killed, how came he to be sitting nine months afterwards on a bench in the Park, dressed as a private chauffeur?—And what connection could it all have with his incessant ravings during delirium—"A marriage has been arranged—do you hear—and it—must be stopped!" Nothing seemed to agree, or throw any light upon a mystery which seemed all the time to grow more entangled. Could it possibly be all an hallucination of the brain?

Downstairs the doctor held a private conference with Nurse Wilkinson and Doctor Wilson. He warned them not to arouse the patient's suspicions, but let things come to him gradually, and above all to keep visitors and papers away from him, and avoid giving him any shocks.

Without any real hope, after such a lapse of time, of finding the empty house in Portman Square, which Arnold Bassingbroke had described, and merely for the sake of satisfying him, Sir Lawrence Goss drove straight from Harley Street to the Square, and was considerably startled to see the very house still empty, and bearing every evidence of having been so for several years.

Curiosity impelled him to seek information from a house adjoining.

A sedate man-servant opened the door, and glancing past the doctor, saw the large private car from which he had stepped.

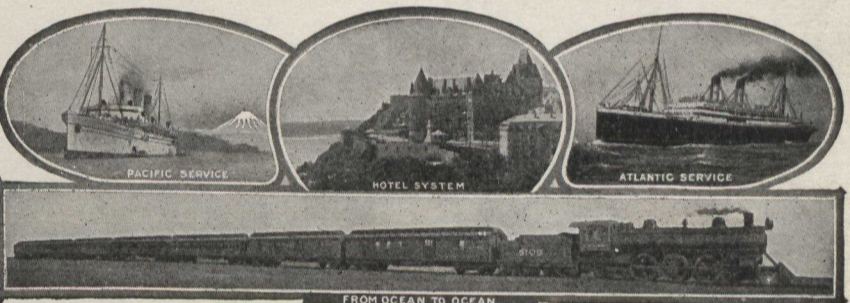
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Nothing short of hermetical sealing will keep the Clothes Moth out of wardrobes, chests of drawers, boxes and similar places where clothes and furs are kept, and under ordinary household circumstances hermetical sealing is impossible. The one way to prevent damage by Moth is to use Keating's Powder, which kills every moth with which it comes into proper contact before it can lay its eggs, or should the eggs have been already laid, it kills the larvae immediately they hatch. Before putting away furs, blankets, Summer or Winter wearing apparel, and clothes of all descriptions, first thoroughly shake them, and then well sprinkle them with Keating's Powder; leave the powder on them. Carpets.—Before relaying carpets see the floor is thoroughly dry, then dust all over with "Keating's" and lay the carpets on top. Furniture.—Blow "Keating's" freely and regularly into the folds of all upholstered furniture and the backs of chairs, bedding, etc.

It is necessary that both the Powder itself and the article on which it is used are absolutely dry. So used it will not injure the finest fabric.

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"Yes, sir. House is to let, but no one won't take it," was his respectful reply to the doctor's inquiries.

"Won't take it—how is that?"
"It don't do to talk, sir, but some do say as it is haunted. An' some says the caretakers keep a half-witted daughter there. I've heerd screams myself in the middle of the night, fair blood curdlin', an' onct I see a white face lookin' out of the top winder, the one that's got bars acrost it. No one don't seem to take it."
He coughed discreetly behind his hand.

"Whose property is it?" inquired the doctor with renewed interest.
"Used to belong to a Miss Field-Robinson—maiden lady, sir—she died an' I did hear 'as her nephew come in for it, him as is Lord Wallsend now, sir."

"Why don't the agents look after the property better? It looks as if it had been empty for years!"
"Three years, sir, to my knowledge. There ain't nobody occupied it since Miss Field-Robinson died. Agents puts a caretaker in, sir, an' forgets all about it. Caretakers never lets a 'ouse, sir, if they can help it—'cos why?—they'd have to turn out."

"Thanks," the doctor turned to go. The man-servant watched him down the steps and closed the door.

Sir Lawrence Goss cast a speculative glance over the great forlorn-looking empty house, then on a sudden impulse mounted the steps and rang the bell. He could hear it clang noisily through the emptiness within. He waited patiently for three minutes, then rang again. He was about to turn away when he heard a door unbolted in the area and saw a tousled head look up.

"This house is to let, can I look over it?" He spoke authoritatively.

"Have you got a permit?" asked the woman suspiciously.

"No. But is that necessary?"
"Can't show no one over without," said the woman, disappearing and slamming the basement door, after which he heard bolts shot home again.

Looking up at the creaking board over the portico for the name of the agent, he was surprised to read that the public were requested to apply to an address on the south coast in the vicinity of Wallsend Priory; apparently it was in the hands of no London firm.

"That accounts for it," he muttered, "people are not going all that way, or to bother to write for a 'permit' to go over an empty house, when there are hundreds to be seen without. By jove, I believe Arnold's right. There is something fishy about it all. I'll put the police on to it."

Being a man of prompt action, the big car was soon speeding on its way to Scotland Yard, and Scotland Yard once more made busy upon the other end of a mystery which they thought had already been solved when the missing specialist was found.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Miss Pragg is Annoyed.

PATIENCE was not Miss Pragg's strong point, and when John Grey failed to put in an appearance after she was dressed and waiting to go out, she went to the telephone and rang up the garage. Such an unprecedented thing had never occurred before in John Grey's time.

Impatience changed to annoyance when she was told that he had left the garage over an hour before and had not returned.

Annoyance became angry indignation when two hours passed and he was still absent. She took off her hat and jacket in a state of great displeasure, and prepared a caustic reprimand for his benefit.

Several times during the day she rang up the garage, with fruitless results.

Consternation took the place of anger the following day, when she learned that he was still missing. She had reached this state of mind when Miss-Peggy Assitas arrived in a taxi, laden with luggage.

She burst upon Miss Pragg and kissed her affectionately.
"I've fled from home, Auntie; I

simply had to come—it's my only chance!"

"Fled from home! What do you mean, child?" asked the worried woman, while the boxes were being dumped into the hall.

Sending Henry to pay for the taxi, Peggy turned to her aunt with a tragic gesture.

"Do you mean to say you have not seen the papers, Aunt Pragg?"
"Mamma, in the face of all I said, positively went and put the announcement in every paper, that I was engaged to be married to Lord Wallsend. It's—it's outrageous!"

Miss Pragg stared at her.
"What shall you do?"
"Do?" exclaimed the indignant girl, her grey eyes flashing. "Do? I shall never marry. I told you I was determined to be an old maid."

Miss Pragg laughed incredulously.
"I've sent a contradiction to the more important papers—a flat denial, in fact—and asked others to copy. I posted a dozen letters before I came here; but I simply dare not face mamma when the announcement she sent is officially repudiated by me, so I told Clark to throw some things into a box, and I bolted! You know you told me to come to you, Auntie, if I was driven into a corner," she added coaxingly.

"Of course, child! You did right to come; but there will be a row with Eliza." Her eyes sparkled.

"Aunt Pragg, you know you love a row with mamma," said Peggy laughing.

"I feel ready for one to-day," observed Miss Pragg grimly. "Running away seems in the air. Would you believe it, John Grey has bolted—to use your own expression?"

Peggy stared at her aunt in silence, while her face slowly whitened.

"John Grey—bolted," she gasped.

"What do you mean, Aunt?"

"I mean that he walked out of the garage yesterday morning and has not been seen since." Miss Pragg felt it a distinct relief to air her grievance. "Comes of taking a man without a reference—I always said it wasn't safe," she snapped irritably.

"I THOUGHT you did not believe in references?" ventured Peggy unwisely.

"Rubbish! How can you say such a thing? They are most important. I only hope the man hasn't gone off with the silver fittings belonging to the car," she snorted, annoyance getting the better of her commonsense.

"Steal the silver fittings—John Grey!" gasped Peggy, breaking into a hysterical laugh; "he couldn't!"

"Indeed, he could!" contradicted Miss Pragg stridently. "I gave them to myself for a birthday present and paid forty pounds for them—but if he'd really set his heart on them," pursued Miss Pragg plaintively, "I'd rather have given them to him than he should take them—and—and—bolt!"

"Take them—and bolt!" gasped Peggy aghast. "Has he taken them?"

"Oh, I don't know—how can I tell?—I haven't seen the car since he left"—this peevishly.

Margaret Assitas strode to the telephone without another word and rang up the garage.

"Has John Grey returned?"

"No, miss."

"Is there anything missing from the car?"

"No, miss."

"It is all right?"

"Yes, miss."

"What did John Grey say when he went away?"

"Said he'd be back in ten minutes; was just going out to buy a paper."

"Are his things at his lodgings?"

"Yes, miss."

"Does anybody know where he is?"

"No, miss."

Margaret Assitas hung up the receiver and turned to Miss Pragg.

"The car is all right—nothing is missing."

"I didn't say there was," retorted Miss Pragg. "I said I hoped there wasn't."

"He didn't bolt," continued Peggy firmly, ignoring her aunt's evasion.

"But he's gone," complained Miss Pragg. "Mark my words, he won't

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come back. He might at least have had the decency to hand in his notice. You know how nervous I am with strange men—it is most inconsiderate of him."

"Perhaps he will come back," said the girl, with a confidence she did not feel.

"He won't," persisted Miss Pragg dogmatically. "He was a man of mystery from the beginning, and he's gone as mysteriously. I told you he was doing it for a wager, and you see now I was right." Her tone was final.

"You don't really know that, Aunt," said the girl impatiently.

"Margaret Assitas!—I never make mistakes—I say John Grey was a man of mystery, and he's gone."

"A man of mystery—and he's gone!" Peggy Assitas repeated the words involuntarily, her grey eyes fixed in a bewildered stare upon her aunt. "Gone!" she breathed again, and her face went an ashy white.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Miss Pragg with sudden energy, sitting bolt upright and fixing her keen eyes upon the girl's face. "Margaret—was he—the man?"

THE girl's grey eyes dropped—she hung her head in confusion.

"You said, 'you had not been asked—never would be asked—and would never tell anyone who it was.'" Miss Pragg spoke solemnly.

"Margaret—he-is—the-man! I know!"

"What does it matter, Aunt? He has gone!"

Without another word, Margaret slowly left the room, going up to the one which was always hers when she stayed at the Maisonette. Locking the door, she paced to and fro, her hands clenched.

"John Grey! Oh, John Grey!" she moaned. "Why did you do it? My dear—my dear—even if it was hopeless—even if I did love you—there was no need for you to know it. You never would have known! You never would have known!"

In a little house in the mews there were mourning hearts over a vacant place. Suddenly, and without warning, John Grey had dropped out of their world.

Jacob had been to the garage many times, had been to John Grey's lodgings, had listened anxiously to the boys crying news, had asked first one and then another for tidings which they could not give; the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him up, so completely had he disappeared.

Days passed into weeks without further sign of him. His few belongings were removed from his rooms and taken charge of by the Smilies.

Martha shook her head many times, and sighed.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord."

Violet refused to be comforted.

"Does every one get lost in London?" she asked passionately. "First Rose—now John—the two I loved the most. Oh, it is too hard!" Alone in her little room she often broke into passionate weeping.

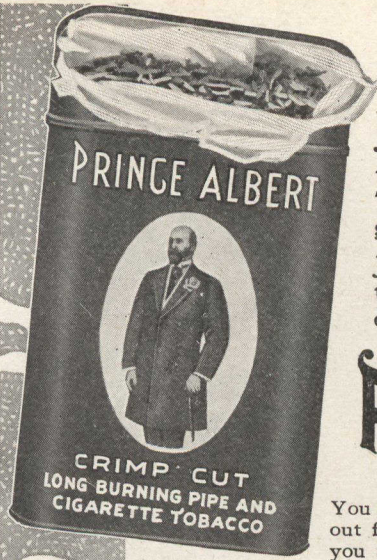
"John! Oh, John Grey—why did you do it? Where have you gone? Oh, John—where have you gone? I know it was hopeless—but you did not know how I loved you—John—John—you did not know—you never would have known."

With tears dropping upon her folded hands she would murmur brokenly the words of the song they had heard together—

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me."
(To be continued.)

A Choice of Evils.—Parson—"Why don't you get your boy to go to church instead of gadding about the street?" Parishioner—"Yes, sir, I've told 'im church is the right place and 'e ought to go, and 'is father often tells 'im that 'e wouldn't get no more 'arm in goin' to church an' listenin' to you than 'e picks up with the low fellers 'e loafers abahnt with all day on Sunday."—Printers' Pie.



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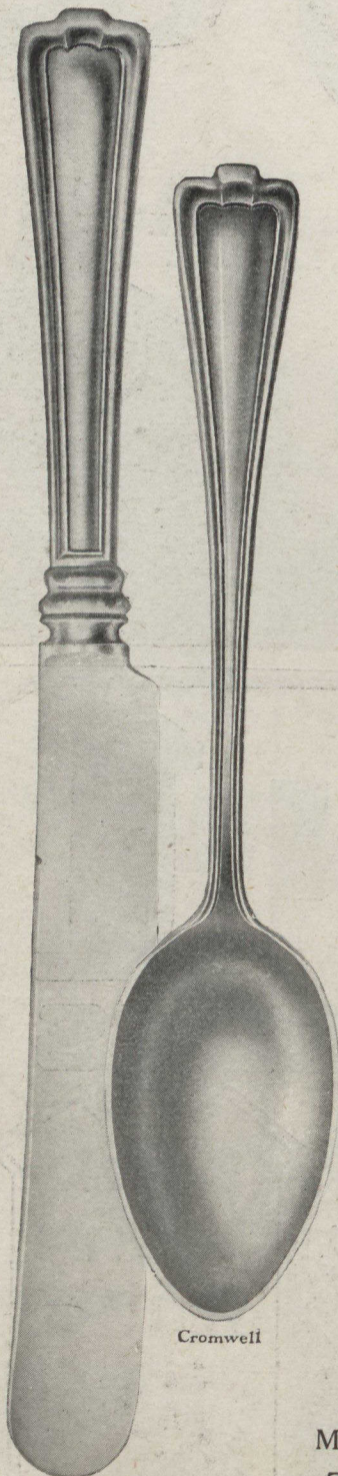
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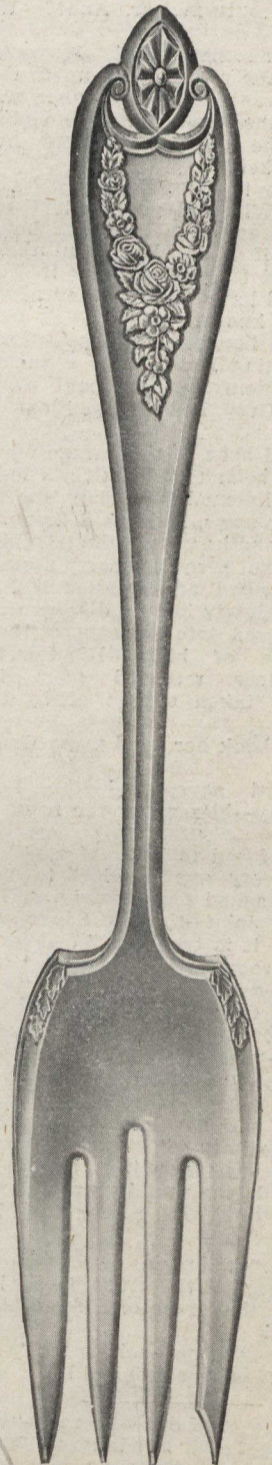
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