



EARLY SPRING MORNING ON THE HUMBER.  
Familiar spot on the picturesque river after the recent deluge had swept it free of ice and snow. The tiny channel emptying into the stream is a "run" dug by industrious water-rats.

### The Specialist

The specialist entered the operating-room. His step was quick, his probing eyes swept the faces there, from house-surgeons and nurses to the wan face of the woman, standing beside the cot. Then they rested and became concentrated on the little crumpled form of the child.

There was awe on the faces of the watching doctors, awe mixed with pity, for they were all young men. Some day they hoped to be a great man like the specialist. They hoped to be able to hold their soul's emotions submissive to their duty to science, as he did.

There was a look of wonder on the specialist's cold face as he raised his head and thoughtfully drew on his gloves. His examination had not taken long.

He motioned to one of the doctors and drew him aside. "It's only a matter of minutes," he said brusquely. "I can't see why you sent for me, unless," he said slowly, "you rightly divined I would be interested in a case such as this. The whole base of the skull is fractured. Never saw anything quite like it before."

He turned and passed quickly down the long room, toward the door. The doctors and nurses bowed respectfully as he passed, but he saw them not. The wail of a stricken woman came to his ears. He had become



WEST TORONTO SKIPPING SQUAD.  
Young ladies who believe in getting into training early, so as to best their companions in friendly competition at school.



BEAUTY CHORUS OF THE BROADWAY GAYETY GIRLS AT THE STAR THIS WEEK.

insured to such cries, but a new note in this one made him stop and glance back. The mother was kneeling beside her dying child. He glanced at the scene carelessly.

"I must write a treatise on this case," he murmured. "Never knew another like it in all my experience."

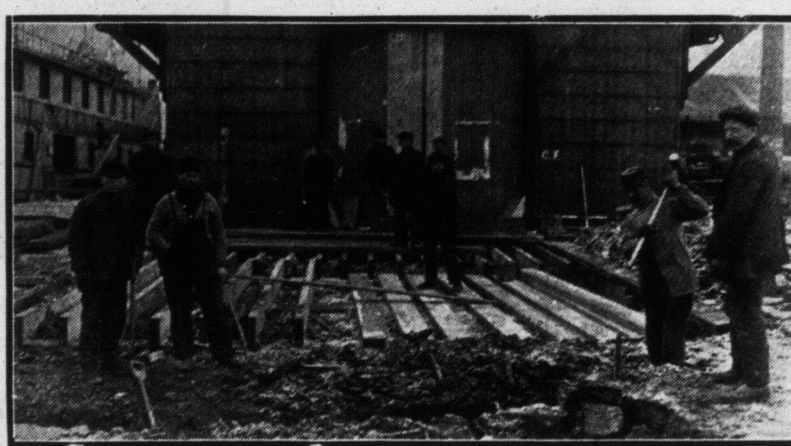
A single ray of the setting sun crept thru a chink in the shutters and gilded down the room. The specialist watched it climb and rest across the pinched white face of the child. It made a golden halo of the tangled yellow curls that nestled on the forehead of the little one. Perhaps there flashed before the mind of the man, a scene very similar to this one, that belonged to the olden, golden days that lay years and years behind; for into his eyes there stole a light that killed their hardness. Perhaps his soul struggled beneath the bonds that leashed it down, for he took a step or two backward, toward the cot.

But the ray of sunlight crept suddenly and quickly away and out, and with it passed the soul of the child. And down the dim steps of the hospital, the specialist passed briskly, the cold, probing expression once more in his eyes.

"Never saw anything quite like it before," he kept murmuring.

Archie P. McKishnie.

Women in the galleries hissed the Chicago council when it legislated against long haptins. This should teach the Chicago council that it may not misgovern with impunity except in more important matters.



GETTING READY FOR THE BIG EXCURSION CROWDS.  
Carpenters putting down new planking and otherwise repairing the Yonge-street Wharf.

### Wait for the Wagon

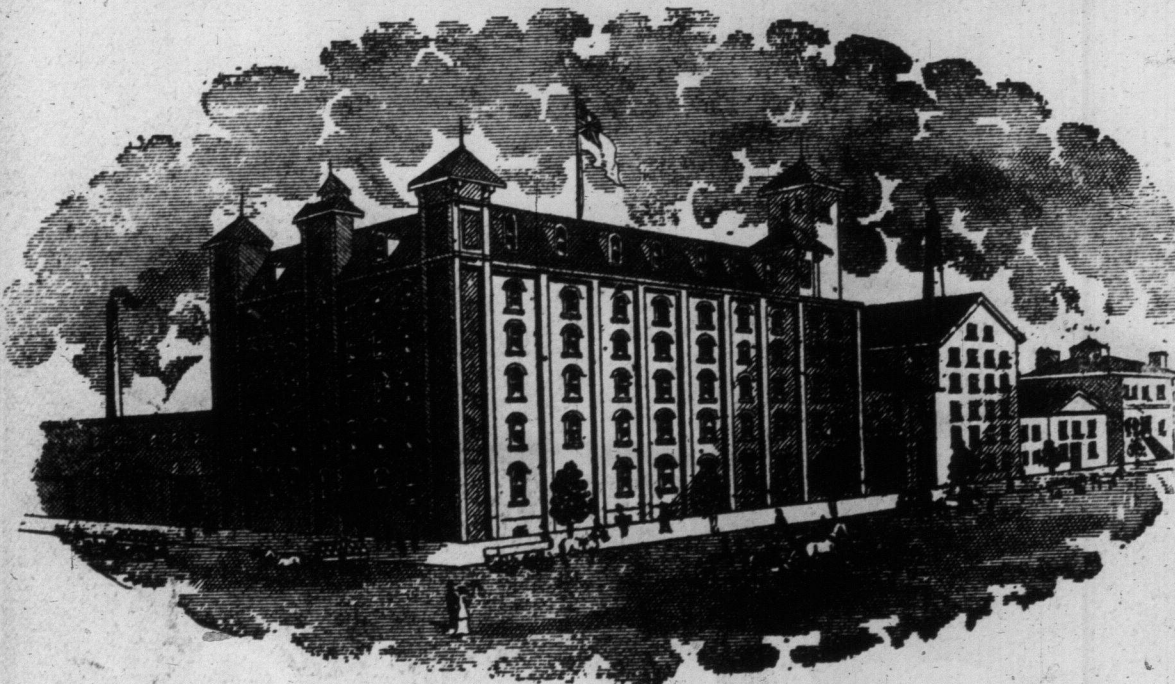
Out in the region of vast distances beyond the prairie country, which is the west to the uncomprehending easterner; on beyond the mountain tract which in turn, is the west to the uncomprehending prairie dweller, there lies an unroaded empire where the wagon freighter still plies his trade as industriously as in the days of the forty-niners, says The New York Sun.

There are hundreds of these freighting routes in active use to-day, averaging from 100 to 200 miles in length. In fact, altho the wagon freighter has been driven from the first trade routes by the railroads, the progress of building the latter has been so far behind the west's development that the business entrusted to him to-day is greater than in the days of long hauls.

An old document recently produced at an interstate commerce hearing in San Francisco cites the testimony of Leland Stanford before the senate committee on Pacific railways that in 1872 the railroads had to meet the competition of ox teams. At this same hearing it was shown that to-day freight rates are higher than they were at that time. The freight tariff of 1872 was produced, showing that the average freight rate between Reno, Nev., and Sacramento, Cal., at that time was 84 cents a hundred pounds, whereas it now averages from \$1.07 up to \$1.29 a hundred pounds.

Some people held the opinion that the shippers and consumers might profitably effect a renaissance, bring

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back to life the muleskinner and the bullwhacker and what those words imply in long routes as well as short and sequestered lines. The supply freighters in the desert gold camps of Nevada, the machinery freighters in remote mining camps in the mountains of Colorado, the ox team freighters still extensively used in the far southwest where the railroads have not yet elaborated their network, all are manifesting the present day possibilities of the old time method of transportation; indeed in many cases it seems that no other method could ever be substituted.

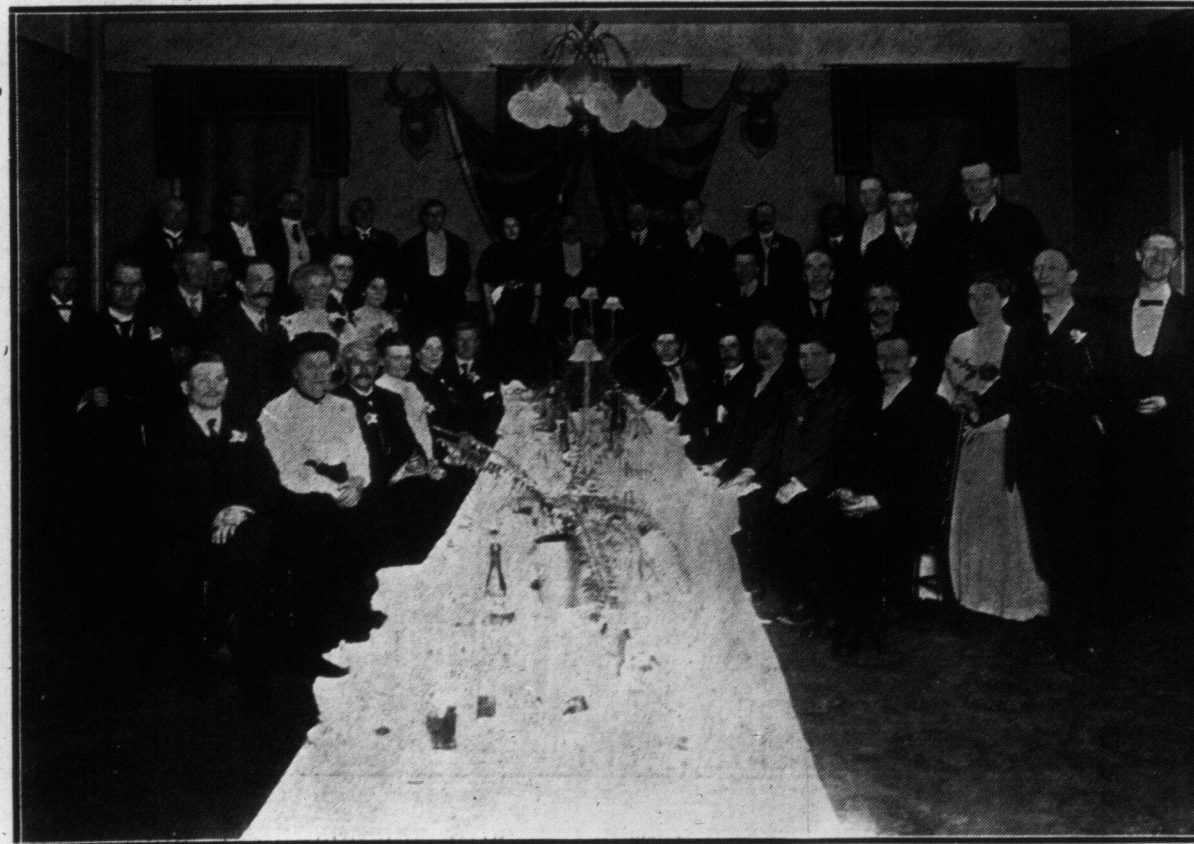
Were the industry now revived under the more favorable conditions there is no telling how great a factor it might become in the business of transportation. So the bullwhacker and the muleskinner instead of gradually disappearing may be preparing to come into greater prominence than before.

Got Her Own Man's Pay.  
Mrs. Kelly: Are you takin' much stock in this attempt that a lot o' the wimmen are makin' to get a vote for us, Mrs. Rafferty?  
Mrs. Rafferty: I ain't botherin' me head about such things. I'm satisfied to let Dinny and the boys do all the votin' for my family. But I do think that a woman should get man's pay.  
Mrs. Kelly: Well, I can assure you, Mrs. Rafferty, that I get one man's pay, or know the reason why, I'vey Saturday night.

Our Fair Constituents.  
"There's one thing we will have to change if these ladies who wish to vote have their way," said Senator Sorghum.  
"What is that?"  
"We'll have to quit talking about 'the wisdom of the plain people.'"—Washington Star.



AWAITING THE PASSING OF THE LAKE ICE.  
Schooners in the mouth of the Credit River, being overhauled preparatory to starting out on their first spring cruise.



TORONTO SOCIETY HOLD SOCIAL EVENING.  
Members of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society at banquet, recently held in St. Charles Cafe.