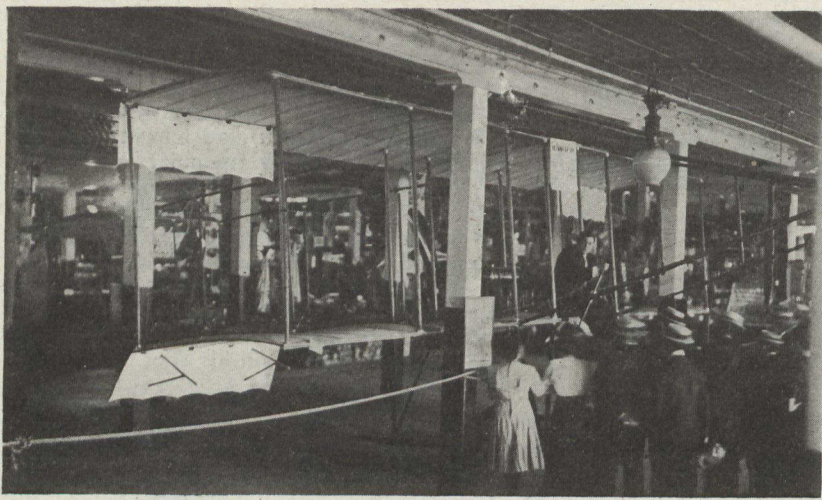




THE AEROPLANE IN PLAIN VIEW OF THE PEOPLE
Biplane which has been for several weeks in exhibition in the store of the T. Eaton Co., at Toronto.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Conventions at Victoria.

TO be the convention city of the coast, is Victoria's ambition. The Outpost City of the Empire has just made a bold bid for the most important meeting which has yet signified its intention of drifting Canada-wards this year. The invitation signed by the Mayor, backed by the Board of Trade, the Vancouver Island Development League, and the Canadian Club, has been duly forwarded to the American Library Association. Which body is certainly in Class A with the British Medical Association, President Gomper's labourites and other big bodies which frequently visit Toronto. These fetes don't do a city any harm. Generally there is a hot time in the old town to-night—music, dancing, sight-seeing and speeches; but the influence is not altogether frivolous. When the last committeeman has packed away his badge, there still remain new ideas percolating through the deserted banquet hall; surely some citizens will have a grip of principles they never felt before. The spell of the American Library Association will be purely literary; six hundred men of letters discussing the architecture of Carnegie libraries and the making of the books, perhaps on the side getting inspiration for fat volumes—watching Satellite Channel in the evening.

* * *

Hindu Royalty in Canada.

IT was at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. I had called for impressions of His Highness, the Maharajah Gaekwar of India, who, with a big retinue of servants and attaches has been touring Canada and the United States. Dinner had just been served. In the lobby were the usual loungers; on this day many smart Americans trying to appear very unconcerned, but with not half the blase air of the little, wiry, brown men, whose every movement they were studying with noble fortitude out of the corner of their eyes. The Hindu notables wandered indolently among the throngs of staring tourists, each dreamily attentive of his cigarette. In a corner of the rotunda, noticeable because of the subdued hush which pervaded it, were seated the women of the party—Her Royal Highness, her daughter, the Princess, and an Englishwoman in black, the royal companion. The faces were not shrouded in the mystery of the veil, nor anywhere was there the gleam of a tiara. The three ladies wore American dress; in fact, the only suggestion of Orientalism about the party was the rich red

Persian shawl which Her Highness carried over her arm.

His Highness, a short, energetic man, walked nervously up and down, executing an order here and an order there to his servants with authoritative, dignified gestures. His boat was leaving for Montreal in half an hour and he had not seen his secretary for two hours. Panama hat, grey suit, tan shoes, green tie with socks to match—you felt as if you had often met him on Yonge St.; or St. Catherine St., or Main St. His Highness believes in the West; he is a disciple of everything western from football to American-cut clothes. This was his seventh trip around the world. What wonder that he is known as one of the most radical of Indian princes!

My engagement was with the aide de camp, Captain Nimbalker, for His Highness speaks to all interviewers with this gentleman as the royal mouthpiece.

The Captain turned up in quite electric fashion. He parleyed for some moments with the Prince. Then coming forward:

"You newspaper people are truly—"

"What?" I was abrupt enough to say.

Captain Nimbalker showed his white teeth in a gracious smile.

"I was going to remark—" again, he smiled.

Perhaps, he was going to stigmatise Canadian journalism as "dreadful" or something like that. But he was not sure of himself. I could see that.

In his hand he held an early edition of a Toronto evening paper. The bosom of this sheet was resplendent with a distorted imprint of the gallant Captain's physiognomy. But had the newspapers of Canada treated him so badly after all? This was the first noticeable publicity that the royal family had been treated to in Canada. During the long 3,500 miles from Vancouver not a city editor had published an interview with the Prince. Such is the personal journalism of the Dominion. Is it remarkable that the Captain hesitated?

Not that the Maharajah was not worth featuring. Stories could have been printed of his pioneer attempts at educational reform in his province of Baroda; of how he enjoined

compulsory education upon his subjects from the age of six years, the girls' schools, engineering institutes, universities of the Kingdom; of his legislation against child-marriage, his restriction of women from the Zenana, his attacks on polygamy; of his administrative system—criminal courts, civil courts, and parliamentary advisers. But a prince, who controls the destiny of a population half as large as Canada, passed from coast to coast of the Dominion almost without comment.

"And what are the views of His Highness as to the appointment of the new Viceroy, Sir Charles Hardinge?" I said to Captain Nimbalker, desiring to shift our brief interview from the domestic affairs of Baroda into the realm of Imperial interests.

"His Highness knows him not," replied the Captain. We have heard that he is a good shot. That is something. Ah, our tiger hunts! Do you know, His Highness is so proud of the Maharani—she is an excellent huntswoman; has actually pursued the tiger.

"Sir Charles, somehow, I feel will be popular," remarked the Captain, coming back to his text.

"As popular as Lord Minto?" I suggested.

"Ah, there was a man! His Highness knew the late Viceroy so well. Only last November we had a fete and Her Excellency Lady Minto was our guest."

I reminded the Captain of Lord Minto's tenure of office in Canada.

"Yes," he smiled, "but you don't have to try to be popular—in the Dominion!"

Captain Nimbalker rose. For the stentorian tones of the hotel porter interrupted:

"All now for the Montreal boat!"

There was a scamper of feet, a crowding, pushing throng, overflowing the busses. Wedged in the end of one were two of the Prince's suite, gazing appealingly up at the rest of their party who as yet stood quietly on the verandah.

The aide-de-camp conferred in whispers with the Maharajah. The companion wound more tightly the shawl about the shoulders of Her Highness.

"We shall walk, Captain," he said.



"MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"

The Maharajah Gaekwar who has been conducting a retinue through America.

Good Fiction

Have you noticed that three of the greatest writers of Canadian fiction have contributed to this issue of the Canadian Courier? Do you realize that these men—Herman Whitaker, Charles G. D. Roberts and W. A. Fraser—have written the finest Canadian stories ever published? Their stories have been used by the greatest publications in New York and London. Each one of them has written several books known as "good sellers".

This is not the end by any means. Arrangements have been made with A. E. McFarlane, another brilliant Canadian writer, to contribute a number of short stories during the next twelve months. The first of these will appear during the next fortnight. Mr. McFarlane has a summer home near Toronto where he has been staying recently. He has just left on a trip through the West to get a glimpse of the Last Great Beyond. Every reader should watch for his stories—they are winners.

Still further—we hope to announce shortly a series of six short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. When these appear, we shall have fulfilled all our promises to our readers. When the *Canadian Courier* was started, we promised much. Some people thought we promised too much—more than we would be able to carry out. But there are the facts, and we feel absolved.

Nor is the good work over. We are not ready to take holidays yet. There is more "good stuff" in sight and we are in close pursuit. The future numbers of the *Canadian Courier* will prove that there is one national weekly so far as this country is concerned.

If you are not a regular subscriber, there is no better time to become one. We need you—you need us. Drop us a line to-day.

— THE —
**CANADIAN
COURIER**

12-14 Wellington East
TORONTO