

"CANADA'S BOUNDARY DISPUTES," IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. V, No. 14

March 6th, 1909

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The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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TORONTO - CANADA

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited  
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00; United States, \$5.00

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## Editor's Talk

SEVERAL enthusiastic subscribers have written us congratulatory letters on last week's issue. We appreciate the compliment. An advertising representative in a large way in New York writes us that he likes the *Courier* better as he gets more acquainted with it. We have not yet arrived at that stage in our development when we are too proud to speak of these little triumphs. We are anxious to please our readers and to keep this journal the most enterprising publication in the country.

NEXT week, we shall issue a number slightly larger than the regular issue, and having as its leading feature some contributions dealing with horticulture and allied pursuits. We believe that *The Canadian Courier* can do something toward increasing the interest of the people in the beautifying of their homes and their towns. Mr. H. L. Hutt, Professor of Horticulture in the Ontario Agricultural College, will contribute an article on "Progress in Civic Improvement in Ontario," and other writers will discuss other topics.

A NUMBER of new writers have written us recently asking if we require stories and contributions. Certainly, we are glad to hear from any Canadian writer, whether he works in the line of fiction, business or economic articles, or illustrated description. All we ask is that our contributors should study the *Courier* and try to send us contributions which will fit into our general programme. Illustrated articles are most welcome. Anecdotes and short stories come next. Every ambitious Canadian will find courteous consideration at least. As to photographers, we would again say that the picture with a news value is the one we most desire.



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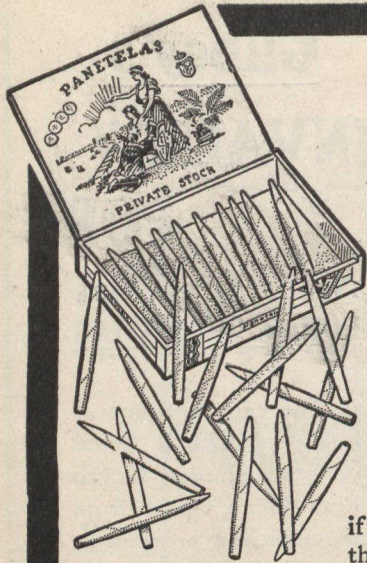
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 5

Toronto, March 6th, 1909

No. 14

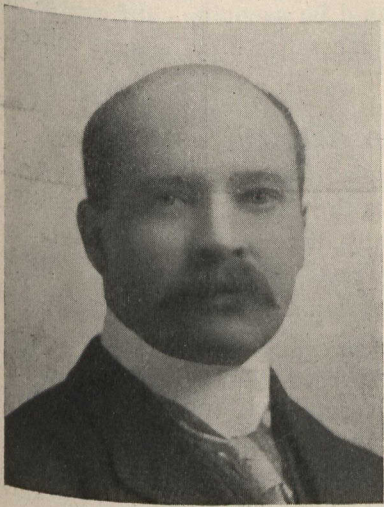
### IN THE DAY'S WORK

#### Theological Tilting

**D**R. CARMAN is quite the liveliest Methodist divine of his years that Canada has known since the days of the great Dr. Douglas. The venerable head of the Methodist Church in Canada is now into a celebrated tilt with Rev. Mr. Jackson on the real significance of the Book of Genesis. Mr. Jackson, who is an English preacher in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, and designated for a chair in Victoria College, has applied "higher criticism" to the first eleven chapters of Genesis. Dr. Carman, who has lived much longer than Mr. Jackson and has always been an advocate of plenary inspiration, says the Book of Genesis is a statement of fact. Dr. Carman has been a long while upholding the traditional dignity of the Scriptures. He is a teacher; was once headmaster of the Dundas County Grammar School and afterwards professor of mathematics and physics in Albert College, before becoming a deacon of the late Methodist Episcopal Church in 1863 when Mr. Jackson was a child. So that the venerable warrior of many a General Conference does not lack for experience. He has always been a man of strong convictions and of powerful language. His views on public questions even when enunciated in strong terms have always won a hearing.

\* \* \*

#### General Manager Campbell



Mr. Robert Campbell,  
General Manager Northern Crown Bank.

**F**OUR years and two months ago the Northern Crown Bank first opened its doors. About half that time Mr. Robert Campbell has been connected with that thriving institution of which lately he has been appointed general manager. It was in December of 1906 that Mr. Campbell came up out of the Inverness Railway and Coal Co. at Cape Breton where for some time he had been manager for Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann. He then became inspector of branch banks in the new Northern Crown and went to Winnipeg to live, shortly thereafter becoming superintendent. Since the resignation of Mr. De Courcy O'Grady he has been acting manager. Mr. Campbell is almost a life-long banker. He was born in Montreal.

\* \* \*

#### A Great Sporting Journalist

**T**HERE is a man known as E. King Dodds—and he is the only one of his kind in America. There are people in Canada who know as much about E. King Dodds as about Laurier; men who have never seen or heard Dodds—more's the pity. The famous sporting journalist is blind now. His last conspicuous public appearance was at the Conservative picnic at Hanlan's Point, Toronto, five years ago. There he made one of the old-time war-horse speeches that always stamped E. King Dodds not only as an orator, but as a man with convictions of which he was never ashamed and for which he would fight as a real sporting man should. Rather strange mixture of sport and journalism, oratory and politics—a career of strong personal interest; born in Salisbury, England, educated at Winchester, Mr. Dodds came to Canada nearly fifty years ago and settled at Whitby.



Mr. E. King Dodds.  
A Veteran Journalist



Rev. A. Carman, D. D.

This peaceful town on Lake Ontario was then a great town for horse-racing, and in horses Mr. Dodds has always been as interested as in politics.

More than forty years ago he went to Toronto and got into journalism. His first venture was as editor and proprietor of an evening paper called *The Sun* in which he took a vigorous part in the discussion over the Pacific scandal. When he got tired of exclusive politics in journalism he sold the *Sun* and organised what is now the oldest turf paper in America—the *Canadian Sportsman*, then known as *Sporting Life*. This paper represented the temperament of Mr. E. King Dodds even better than the *Sun*; for in spite of his oratory and his politics he has always been a lover of the out-of-doors, a great fisherman and an ardent hunter. In practical politics he was never more than a dabbler; once contesting a seat in an Ontario provincial election; once in the Toronto City Council and for years an active anti-prohibitionist.

\* \* \*

#### A New Commander of the Kilties

**O**NE of the famous young regiments of Canada is the 91st, the Highlanders of Hamilton. Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce is the new commander of the regiment. But a few days ago he was Major Walter H. Bruce. He will no longer need his front names; plain Colonel Bruce will suffice. Very properly the new Colonel and commander is a Hamilton boy. He was born in 1870; is comparatively a young man to have so important a command. But he has been twenty years in regimental life. He joined the Thirteenth of Hamilton as second lieutenant at the age of nineteen. In 1891 he took his certificate at the "C" school of infantry in Toronto. Next year he was promoted to the first lieutenantcy. Six years later he was gazetted as Captain and was assigned to Company "C" of the Thirteenth. Five years later the Scotchmen of Hamilton organised the Kilties, calling it the 91st, and Captain Bruce switched from the 13th to be Major of the new regiment.

\* \* \*

#### A Business Career

**D**AY by day it becomes more apparent to everybody that the United States manufacturer is pretty wise in his dealings with the Canadian public. When he comes over here to do business, he usually seeks out a bright Canadian and puts him in charge. This explains the positions of such men as manage the Canadian branches of the American Watch Company, the Sherwin-Williams Company, and the several silver-plate companies.

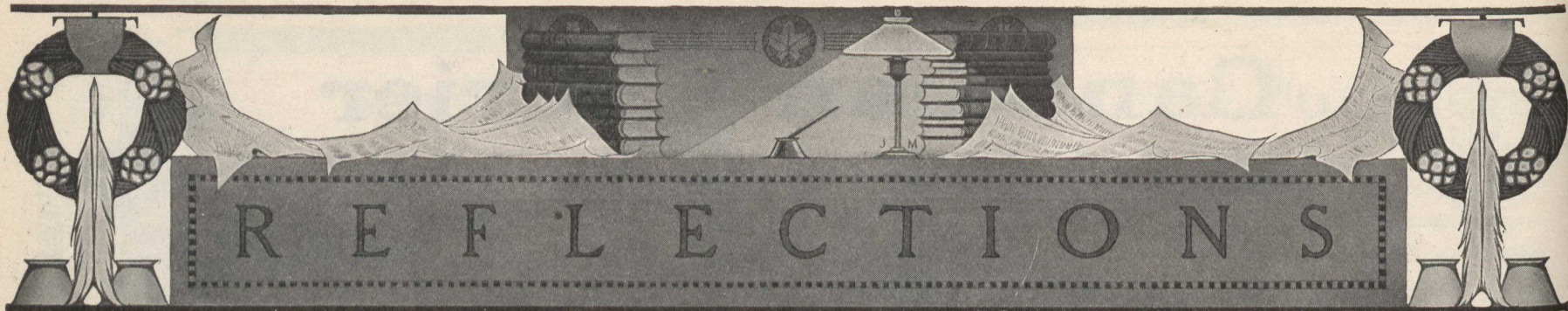


Lieut.-Col. Walter H. Bruce,  
New Commander 91st Regiment, Hamilton.



Mr. Frank Mutton.  
Manager Canadian Branch, N.C.R.

The manager of the Canadian branch of the National Cash Register Company is a case in point. Mr. Mutton was born in 1871, educated in Toronto and at the O. A. C. in Guelph, and when twenty-three became a salesman in the employ of this company. Since then he has risen from post to post and five years ago became manager for Canada, with head office in Toronto and branches in all the leading cities. In addition he persuaded his company to build a branch factory here, and to have their goods, so far as possible, "Made in Canada." The subject of salesmanship is one in which he is theoretically and practically an expert and an authority. For recreation, Mr. Mutton seeks outdoor life, and is a director of Ontario Motor League.



## REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

### DECREPIT OLD ENGLAND

THAT Dear Old England was growing decrepit we have known for a long time. No person knows this so well as a Canadian, unless it is an American. Stupidity has been taking the place of keen intelligence, and the centre of civilisation has been surely if slowly moving to North America. The correspondent of the *New York Sun* has furnished us with the latest piece of evidence concerning this growing senility of the Mother of Anglo-Saxon Nations—England's interest in prize-fighting has gone. Now this is a marked characteristic, a sure sign of decrepitude. Strong, keen, intellectual nations like Australia, the United States and Canada are keenly interested in prize-fighting. When our own dear Tommy Burns fought a negro named Johnson in Australia, the public press was full of accounts of the preparations, the stakes, the training, the conditions and the prospects. The leading Canadian dailies devoted more space to it than to the opening of Parliament or even to Judge Cassels' Report. The old Corinthian spirit may have dropped many degrees in the social scale in England, but not in Canada or the United States. The fight was the talk of the clubs and the topic of street-discussion. We are young. We are vigorous. We are not yet far removed from the barbaric.

Let us glory in our newness, in the hot, red blood which runs in our veins, in the fighting spirit which we have maintained. Let us glory in the fact that our newspapers may talk strongly for political morality, temperance reform and the layman's foreign missionary movement and yet be unafraid to devote columns to the pugilistic contest between two men who are a dis—. But the libel laws and an enlightened public opinion prevent our completing the sentence.



### THE LAST BLAST IN "U" MAJOR

THOSE two estimable journals, the *Hamilton Times* and the *London Advertiser*, take exception to our statement that the man who leaves the "u" out of honour and other such words is "an outlaw and an unpatriotic citizen." The *Times* thinks we are not serious, the *Advertiser*, being less polite, says we are either joking or making a joke of ourselves.

May we be allowed to say again what we have said before that a law is a law until it is repealed, and that no intelligent citizen will break a law or even a regulation even though he believes it is unjust, unfair or even pernicious. To permit any other doctrine to obtain a foothold would bring Canada to the level of the "lynching" states and would destroy all British precedents. The *Courier* has never maintained that using the *u* is good orthography, or that it was the only proper method of spelling. We have, however, maintained that it is the only authorised and legal spelling and that every person who refuses to use it is, in a sense, an outlaw. To our confreres on the daily press, we beg to say that we are quite serious and that we believe our position to be sound as well as reasonable.

The *Toronto Globe's* answer is that the Dominion Executive Council has no authority in matters of education, the subject being expressly reserved, in the constitution, to the provinces. This is a weak argument, but even if it were strong it would only be final if the provincial authorities had legislated on the subject. So far as the provinces have issued regulations at all, they have all and always recognised the British spelling.



### A BIT OF CANADIAN ENTERPRISE

EVERY Canadian is proud of Canadian enterprise and glad to hear of every striking example. Here is one which should satisfy the most fastidious. There is a Department at Ottawa known as the Department of Trade and Commerce and it is presided over by that

valiant, if aged, warrior, Sir Richard Cartwright. This Department has a number of trade commissioners and commercial agents on its staff, who live in different parts of the world gathering information which will be valuable to Canadian exporters. This information is sent by cable, or steamer, or sailing-ship perhaps, to Ottawa and there published in the form of a "Weekly Report." Considering that it is a government publication this "Weekly Report" cannot be expected to be as enterprising as a private publication—and it is not. For example, in the issue of February 22nd appears a letter from London dated January 25th, one from Bristol dated January 30th, and one from Capetown dated December 29th. This is not excessively rapid work for a twentieth-century publication, but it is the best to which Canada has yet attained.

But this particular piece of enterprise to which attention is specially directed is yet to be mentioned. This issue of February 22nd contains a letter from Barbados, signed by Mr. E. H. S. Flood, who is not a mere "commercial agent" but a much more important "trade commissioner." In this letter, dated January 30th, 1909, he tells us the value of the coal, flour, bicycle and motor-cars imported into Barbados and the other West India Islands in "1907." It has taken him exactly thirteen months to get the figures, or to be accurate, twelve months and thirty days. There is enterprise for you; there is diligence that should be rewarded!

P.S.—Those sending congratulations to Sir Richard Cartwright, on behalf of Mr. Flood, must remember that telegrams are unlike letters sent to Cabinet Ministers, and should be prepaid. Of course, if the telegraph company will permit, the messages may be sent collect.



### GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY

CANADA is vitally interested in the relations between Great Britain and Germany, first because there is the danger spot so far as the British Empire is concerned, and, secondly, because Canada's relations with Germany are not in a satisfactory condition. If Great Britain and Germany were to go to war, the German Canadians would not be pleased by the sight of a Canadian army going abroad to fight against the "Fatherland." It would not be a solace to them to know that their taxes were being used to diminish the glory of their ancestors' Empire.

Hence the events of February must have been of unusual interest to many Canadians. King Edward, the Peace-maker, and Queen Alexandra have been visiting in Berlin. They were received by the municipality, were the guests of honour in a procession through the capital to the Royal Castle, were entertained at a State banquet and other functions, and were warmly welcomed by the people of Berlin as well as by the municipal, state and imperial authorities. The preservation of peace and the maintenance of friendly relations were the subjects discussed everywhere. The long-estranged Royal Uncle and Royal Nephew showed undoubted signs of a sincere reconciliation.

At no time in the last twenty years has it been possible to speak so hopefully of the relations of the two Empires. This is especially true since the Anglo-French *entente* came into being. To be a friend and ally of France and a friend of Germany at the same time seemed impossible. Therefore British thinkers, naval experts and soldiers dreamed daily of a coming war with the German. It seemed inevitable. France's trouble with Germany over Morocco made the situation even more acute. And yet here, in the twinkling of an eye, the Morocco trouble is fixed up, France and Germany come to be on better terms than for many years, and King Edward visits the Kaiser.

It may be quite true as the editor of the *London Outlook* says that "Far too much suspicion and far too little common-sense have permeated the discussion of Anglo-German relations for the past fifteen years." This is a truism which usually applies to international relations. Yet it is quite true that the interests of Germany and Britain are not materially in conflict. Germany has been unreasonably jeal-

ous of Britain's success as a coloniser, and after all the military and commercial value of that success has to be proven. The Emperor may have been jealous of the King, but that was at best a foolish notion. On our side, the progress Germany was making need not have excited us as much as it did. The Kaiser's telegram to Kruger may not have meant as much as we thought. The German people, beyond the military class and the palace circle are not unkindly disposed towards the British people. If the British people were possessed of a nightmare, the blame should not be put entirely upon the other people.

However that may be, it is pleasant to know that Britain, France, Germany and Russia are now joined in friendly relations of an unusual kind. With the four great powers in tolerable accord as to the advisability of a general and prolonged world-wide peace, the rest of the world may breathe tolerably easy. Russia's desire for peace is seen in her continued efforts to prevent war in the Balkans, even to paying to Turkey more than a million pounds as a part of the Bulgarian indemnity which the latter State refuses to pay. France and Britain are pacifically inclined by attitude and sentiment. Only the German War-Lord was threatening and he has for the time being entered the Temple of Peaceful Victory.



#### GENESIS AND SEVERAL EPISTLES

FOUR years ago, there came to the city of Toronto, to fill the pulpit of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, a man of genuine scholarship and gentle bearing, whose name has become honoured and loved in one of the most influential churches of Ontario's first city. Rev. George Jackson had held for eighteen years in the City of Edinburgh a ministerial position under the British Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and, where he had neither building nor congregation on his first going to the Scottish city, there is now a membership of eight hundred, forming one of the great religious centres of that intellectual capital. To have established a popular Methodist mission in a city of Edinburgh's "kirk" and Calvin traditions was sufficient evidence of tenacity and integrity on the part of the founder.

Mr. Jackson came to Toronto on invitation. He has created an impression of an earnest personality, with the magnetic comprehension and sympathy which tried and perplexed humanity needs so sorely. Especially have the young men of the community felt the influence of his culture and Christian kindness and the calls on his time and talents have been many. About a fortnight ago, in an address before the Y.M.C.A., he referred to the early chapters of Genesis in the light of the most recent scholarship, and there straightway arose a fusilade of newspaper correspondence from clergymen who, not content with "differing," went so far as to use the word "infidel" in their horror at modern interpretation. On Friday of last week, Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, of Canada, contributed to the *Toronto Globe* a letter which was highly intolerant and bitterly personal in its repudiation of Mr. Jackson's remarks. This epistle was followed the next day by an extensive communication from Mr. Jackson, showing the eminent sanity of his views, and also an "open" letter by Mr. J. W. Flavelle to Dr. Carman, in the course of which the well-known layman declared frankly his disapproval of the Superintendent's unjust remarks.

If the New Testament saying: "By their fruits shall ye know them" be applied in the present crisis, the spirituality of Mr. Jackson's teaching, the courteous manliness of his bearing are of more value to this country and to the city in which he ministers than the ungenerous bigotry of his leading assailants. The former's Y.M.C.A. address was addressed to a picked audience, and, in its entirety, possessed no alarming elements. Surely it is time to recognise the need of modern churches for just such men, sane, calm and unafraid of honest doubt, who "see life steadily and see it whole." It will be a great pity if a few purblind fanatics drive from Canadian churches and even from our country, those who are doing a great and needed work. May we not advertise the bigotry and ignorance which yet afflict us!



#### IMPERIAL ADDRESSES

THERE have been certain visitors from across the Atlantic, there are certain orators among our own people, whose foibles and pomposity have made their use of the word "imperialism" a matter of weariness and offence to all sober-minded citizens. Whatever such blundering speakers may have done towards spoling the term has been more than made right by the addresses of Lord Milner, who visited this country last autumn and was induced to speak on the subject nearest his heart to our Canadian clubs. Seven of these addresses, under

the title, "Speeches in Canada," are now presented to the public in book form.

The delightful humour which prefaces and pervades the discussion of serious international affairs is the quality which keeps Lord Milner from making any illadvised comparisons or proffering any hasty advice. He is an Englishman with colonial experience of South Africa's most trying period. Consequently, he speaks with feeling of the globe-trotter who writes of what he has seen and known, with the little learning that proves so dangerous. Lord Milner speaks, as to kindred, of the greatness of responsibility rather than the abundance of our possessions. His "Practical Suggestions," given before the Canadian Club, Toronto, last October, are characteristic of the statesman's caution and breadth, while not the least helpful in union of the ideal and the practical is "Imperialism and Social Reform," delivered before the Women's Canadian Club, Montreal. In his closing address Lord Milner shows plainly his comprehension of Canada's growing national spirit when he says:

"There are those who seem to fear that the growth of a Canadian spirit, of Canadian patriotism, will be a danger to the unity of the Empire. I take precisely the opposite view. The last thing I should dream of doing would be to run Imperial patriotism against Canadian. I want to rest the one upon the other."

#### THE NEED AT THE DOOR-STEP

TWO weeks ago, it was pointed out in these columns how easy it is to theorise and preach and how difficult to do constructive work. Every journalist feels that he is to a large extent a theoriser and a preacher and only to a small extent a constructive worker. Therefore the writer must have felt that he was to some extent condemning himself and his profession. Yet there is preaching and preaching, preachers and preachers. Some men preach only what they think is practicable; others give utterance to wordy monologues which begin nowhere and end in a burst of eloquence.

The writer's object was to stir the people to lessen vice by increasing the influences which are working against it; to keep the young man from idleness and drunkenness by directing his energies into proper channels. Men who find a pleasure in work are not likely to become vitiated, but there is a stage in almost every young man's career when work is distasteful to him and becomes only a matter of duty. Denied this source of comfort, he seeks another. He chooses companions whose company gives him the pleasure which his work does not supply. He goes in for baseball or some other form of sport, or he becomes an "evening" idler. At this point he may become either a criminal or a drunkard.

Sport and idleness are often vicious unless carried on under some sort of restraining influence. Consequently all sporting and idle hours should be supervised. Here is where church influence, social organisations and other moulding forces come into play. They provide amusement, pleasure and activities for the spare hours. They ought to control baseball, lacrosse, skating and all the other out-door and indoor games in which young people engage. They ought to be responsible for how "the spare hours" are spent, since it is in the spare hours that drunkards and criminals are made. This would be more influential than telling young men and young women once a week, from a pulpit, that strong drink is raging, and that the theatre is an abomination in the sight of the Almighty. If people take to liquor-drinking and cheap theatrical amusements, it is because there is no magnet drawing them in the opposite direction.

The social reformer should take hold of the theatre and improve it. That would be one of the great steps in work he has at heart. In cities like Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, which are on the New York circuit, the reform will be very difficult. The American stage and the American play have become, in the words of the *New York Sun*, "daring and in some cases indecent" during the past four years; as if they were not bad enough before. The theatres and music halls in the other cities of Canada might be much improved if a Canadian theatrical trust were organised to present clean wholesome drama and first-class vaudeville from coast to coast. In the same way, the development of Y. M. C. A.'s, with their gymnasiums and amusement rooms, the establishment of public reading rooms which would be a kind of town or village club, the encouragement of all proper indoor and out-door sports by those who aspire to leadership, the providing of summer and winter playgrounds of the very best sort under municipal control—these are some of the reforms which would be better than sermons that are full of "don'ts" and "beware's."

Ontario once had a Minister of Education who wrote a poem about how Canada needed men who would be grand and good, but he was neither grand nor good himself and the people laughed. There is a preacher in this province, several, indeed, but one in particular, who is always telling in some new form that Canada's greatest need is men. The cry is getting wearisome. It rings hollow. What Canada needs is a method of *making* men, and a few people who will see that the method is put into operation. We want less preaching and more action, less concern about the heathen in foreign countries and more concern about the creation of good citizens in the Dominion of Canada.

NORMAN.



THE way Parliament has been doing business this session and letting politics "go hang," would indicate that the politicians are as tired of party uproar as the rest of us. Moreover, they are showing that they can do business when their minds are not distracted. Business may not be the thing they do best; but they can do it when all other resources fail. The reason for this neglect of politics is, of course, apparent. The elections are over; and the deft use of the "saw-off" has made it unlikely that we will have many "byes." Consequently there is nothing in politics for the politicians. Now out at the cross roads "general store," this would never put a stop to the fratricidal strife. The people who sit on cracker barrels to settle the affairs of the nation and, when they have time, of the world—take their politics as either a recreation or a religion. They would never dream of forgetting about them temporarily simply because there was nothing to be gained by discussing them. That sordid view of the case does not occur to them. It is their duty to hate a man of the opposite party and disagree with him at sight quite as much the year after as the year before a general election.

\* \* \*

BUT the men at Ottawa wear their party uniforms with a looser shoulder. They do not put up the fine performance they are capable of "for nothing." They want to see gate receipts in the perspective before they will get out on the ice and begin to cut fancy figures—and heads they don't fancy. They may put up a ferocious combat in the House while all the country rings with applause; but this does not mean that they will not go down the broad walk in front of the Parliament Buildings arm in arm or foregather in merry companionship in the restaurant which is not a "bar." This is quite as true of newspaper warriors who stab each other with cold type every afternoon; but who may be found engaged in the friendly rivalry of the golf links at about the hour their cruel thrusts reach the eye of the public. The fact is that no one takes party politics seriously in this country except the fools and the fooled. The difference between these classes is that the fools are themselves to blame for their blindness, while the fooled have been kept in the dark by unkind circumstances.

\* \* \*

PARLIAMENT is a much more engaging spectacle in an off-year. Its members are really not so bitter as they taste; and, when they are not fighting as a part of their professional duty, they make a creditable assembly of representative men. For example, there are some exceedingly good lawyers in the House of Commons; and their

opinions on a legal proposal are as valuable as the country could well get from any other gathering. They may have "a cant toward Betsy"—that is, an inclination to make the law profitable to its interpreters; but it is too much to expect our Parliamentarians to develop unselfishness along with their other new virtues all at once. There are also some good business men in the Commons—quite as good, many of them, as the better known commercial commanders who have seats in the Senate which they seldom occupy. There is, of course, some deadwood. We could hardly expect the party system to avoid calling out of obscurity some men who are better vote-getters than business representatives. But when party takes a well-earned rest for a session, we discover that we might have done worse.

\* \* \*

IT would be interesting to see what the Commons would do if the members all forgot their "tags" for a few weeks, and couldn't remember for the life of them which goal they were playing toward. We would get some novel and honest opinions regarding measures and transactions which would do us a lot of good. If Government members, for instance, would only cut loose and criticise the estimates in the light of the personal knowledge they have of the way in which money has been spent in the past, the "patronage" system would receive a jolt from which it could never recover. Opposition members could return the compliment by frankly admitting merit where they saw it, and congratulating the Government on doing things which they wish in their hearts they had thought of first, and confessing in other cases that it had done no worse than they—the Oppositionists—would have done had they been in office. A Parliament which should set at work to do the best it honestly could for the country, without reference to the "previous condition of servitude" of any of its members, would be re-elected by acclamation.

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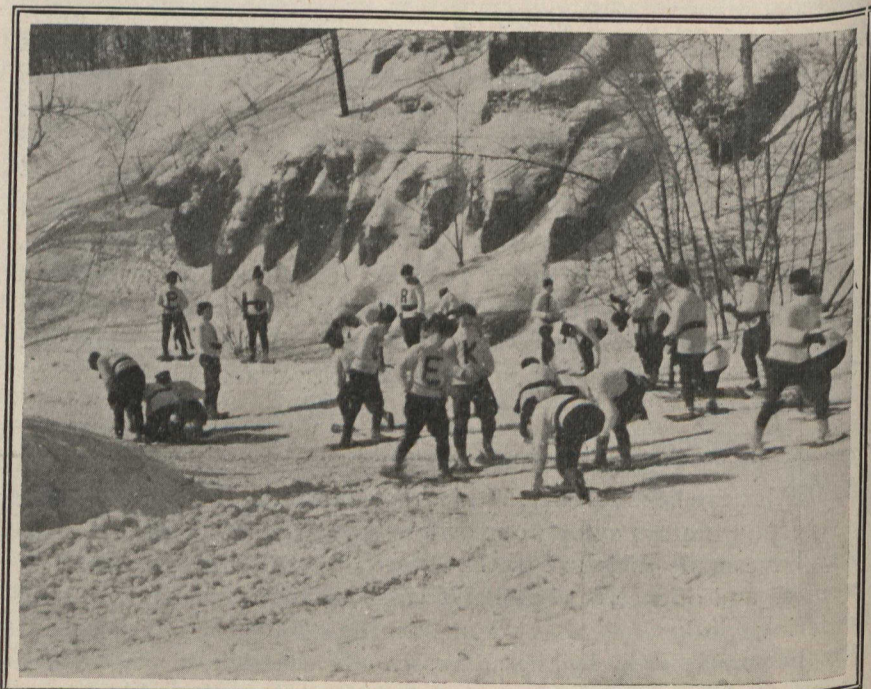
BUT it would also be a miracle. We must take such departures from party team-play as we can get and be thankful. The party system, we should not forget, has its advantages as well. It gives us two sets of men competing with each other to see which can come nearest to promising the people exactly what they want. It has killed for ever—it and universal suffrage—the old haughty attitude of the ruling class which once would only unbend enough to give the people what these superior persons thought was good for them. Party comes as near as anything yet devised to affording us prompt and painstaking popular government, though its efforts are diverted by the necessity of thinking of party success first and the fact that the people are a careless lot who will not watch and reward faithful service. Still we get pretty nearly the sort of government in the main as the majority of our people really desire and are willing to take trouble to secure. We would like it to cost us considerably less; but, again, we are not willing to take the necessary trouble to prevent our servants from helping themselves too freely at the larder. But in law-making and law-administration and the principal part of what we call "Government", we get our way fairly well.

N'IMPORTE

TWO UNIQUE WINTER PICTURES



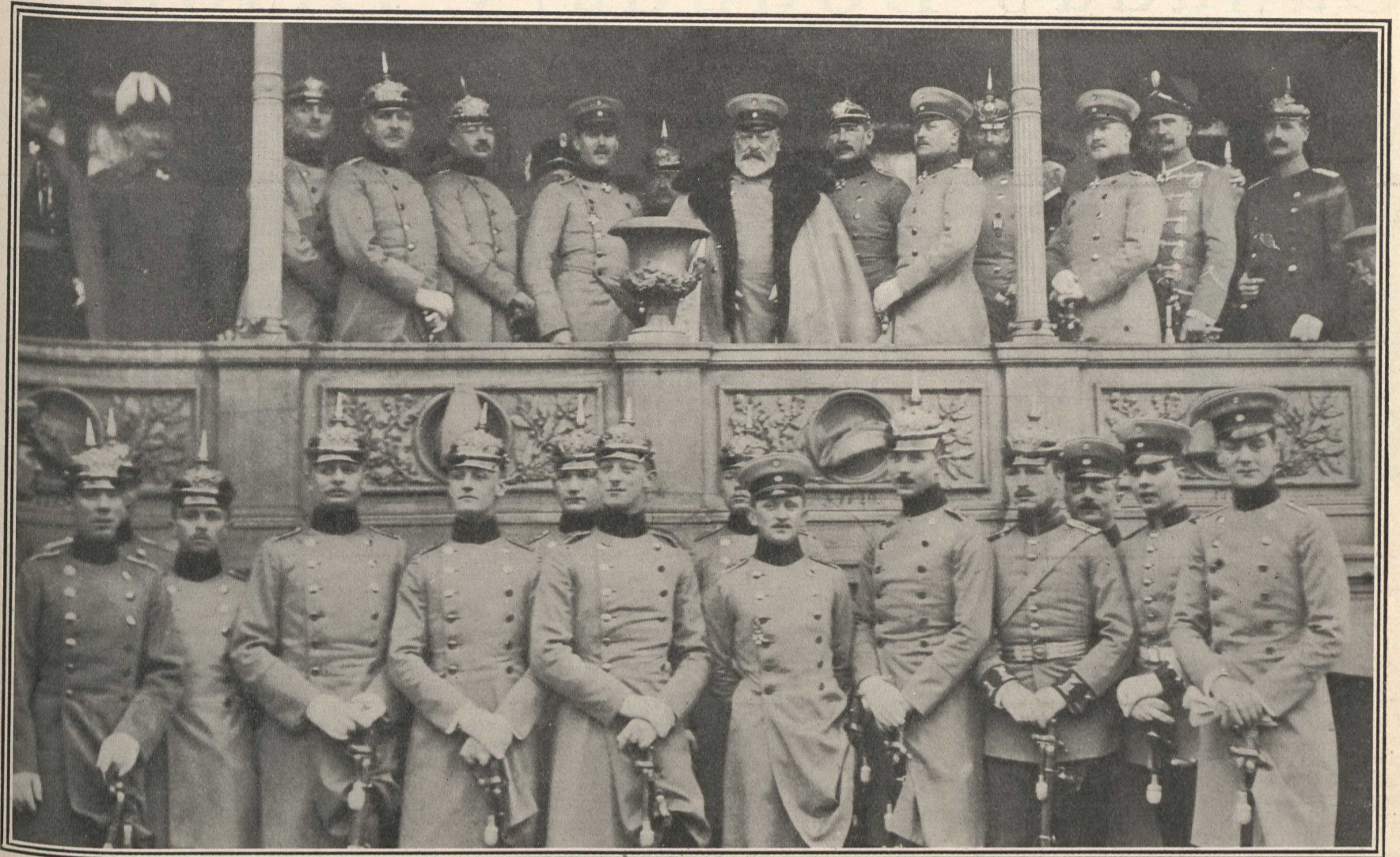
A Pack of Wolves in Algonquin Park.  
A unique photograph by Peter McDermott, South River.



A Montreal Snow-Shoe Club preparing for a Tramp up the Mountain.  
Photograph by R. F. Smith.



# THE KING'S VISIT TO BERLIN, GERMANY



KING EDWARD AND HIS GERMAN REGIMENT.

His Majesty with the officers of the 1st Dragoon Guards (Queen Victoria Regiment) on the verandah of the Barracks after Luncheon.



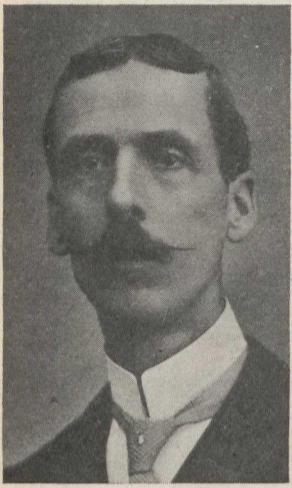
His Majesty, Honorary Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards (Queen Victoria Regiment,) taking leave of his officers after lunching with the corps in Barracks, Berlin.



Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, spends his time at his beautiful country house near Birmingham, with occasional visits to Riviera. Our photograph was taken on the occasion of his crossing from England to France.

# Canada's Boundary Disputes

By JAMES WHITE, DOMINION GEOGRAPHER \*



Mr. James White.

SOME one has said that there is nothing so interesting as "the study of a nation in the making," and, to Canadians, there can scarcely be any study of greater interest than that of the boundaries that circumscribe this great Dominion.

The great "date-line" in Canada's territorial history is, of course, the Treaty of Paris, 1783. On September 3rd, 1783, a treaty was signed by Hartley on the part of Great Britain and by Adams, Franklin and Jay on the part of the United States. The

preamble reads "and that all disputes which might arise in the future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States might be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are and shall be their boundaries, viz:" In view of the fact that the disputes respecting the said boundaries continued for nearly sixty years, and that the San Juan boundary, which was indirectly affected by them, was only settled in 1871—nearly a century later—this preamble can only be called a delicious bit of unconscious irony.

The first acute dispute was over the so-called Maine boundary and, in considering it, it is necessary to, first, summarise the negotiations antecedent to the signing of the provisional treaty of peace, signed at Paris, November 30th, 1782, by Oswald on the part of Great Britain. The preliminary negotiations for peace were initiated by Lord Shelburne, who, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, had charge of colonial affairs. He entrusted them to Richard Oswald, "a well known Scotch merchant in London." According to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice—Shelburne's biographer and apologist—"Nobody could, in any case, have been more unfit both by character and habits for engaging in a diplomatic intrigue than Oswald, whose simplicity of mind and straightforwardness of character struck all who knew him." This "simple and straightforward" man signed a treaty which conceded to the United States, an eastern and northern boundary which coincided with the limits of the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and New York. From its intersection with the St. Lawrence, near the present town of Cornwall, it followed the middle of the St. Lawrence and of the Great Lakes to the so-called Long Lake and River, on the map used in the negotiations, as much the largest stream falling into Lake Superior and, therefore, to be regarded as the upper portion of the St. Lawrence.

Between Nova Scotia—which at that time included the present New Brunswick—and the United States, the line followed the western boundary of the former, viz., the St. Croix River, to its source, thence due north to its intersection with the Highlands, the point of intersection being called the "northwest angle of Nova Scotia," thence "along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean."

It is here necessary to retrace our steps and consider the boundary of Nova Scotia, prior to the Treaty of Paris. In 1621, James I granted Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander, the western boundary following, from the source of the St. Croix by an imaginary direct line toward the north, to the nearest waters draining to the St. Lawrence. This line would, in the light of modern knowledge, run west-north-west, approximately the line, later contended for by Great Britain. Unfortunately, in 1763, the draughtsman of the commission to Montague Wilmot, Governor of Nova Scotia, in defining the limits of the province, described them as following a "due north" line from the source of the St. Croix. This wording was followed in the commissions of later Governors and thus the pedantic precision of a clerk cost us seven-twelfths of the area in dispute.

The subsequent dispute hinged upon the identity of the so-called "northwest angle of Nova Scotia," Great Britain claiming that it was practically at the source of the St. Croix, and the United States, that it was about twenty miles from the St. Lawrence.

The line contended for by the United States was the line that had hitherto been shown on the maps and it might not have occurred to the British Government to raise the question, had not President Madison, in 1802, instructed Rufus King, then United States Minister at London, to negotiate respecting the adjustment of the boundaries. Mr. Madison said that it had been found that the highlands had no existence and he suggested the appointment of a commission to fix an arbitrary line. These instructions having been communicated to Congress and thus made a matter of public record, conceded a point which it was never possible for the United States to regain. After several fruitless negotiations, a commission was appointed under the Treaty of Ghent, which, however, failed to come to an agreement. One startling result of their surveys, was the discovery that the line that hitherto had been considered the northern boundary of the states of New York and Vermont was about three-quarters of a mile north of the 45th parallel and that this strip, which included a new million dollar fort at Rouse Point, was, theoretically, British territory.

As a result of the failure of the commissioners to come to an agreement, it was referred to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands, who, in 1831, delivered an award which awarded Great Britain about one-third of the disputed area. Mr. Preble, United States Minister at the Hague, though without instructions, immediately protested the award.

Several propositions for a division of the territory were made by each of the powers but were rejected. In the meantime disputes respecting jurisdiction caused both governments great anxiety. Arrests were made by the authorities of New Brunswick and of Maine, and, finally, in 1838, what is known as the "Restook war" broke out. A Maine land agent, sent to arrest British subjects who were cutting timber on the Aroostook, was arrested with his posse. Maine raised an armed force, erected fortifications and appropriated \$800,000 for military defence. Congress authorised the President to call out the militia and appropriated \$10,000,000. General Scott was despatched from Washington as a mediator, and arranged a modus vivendi on the basis of occupation, by New Brunswick, of the Madawaska settlements and, by Maine, of the country south of the St. John. In 1841 Mr. Webster became Secretary of State. He intimated to the British Minister that he was willing to attempt a settlement, and, in the following year, Lord Ashburton was sent out with full powers to settle the boundary. Maine and Massachusetts sent commissioners to Washington to represent their states but their unyielding attitude forced Mr. Webster to abandon written communications and to hold personal conferences with Lord Ashburton. In a few days he was in a position to communicate to the Maine and Massachusetts commissioners, the terms that Lord Ashburton was prepared to concede. Under this agreement, later known as the Ashburton Treaty, Great Britain received 5,000 square miles—five-twelfths of the disputed territory and 900 square miles more than awarded by the King of the Netherlands. She surrendered a small area of 36 square miles near the source of the Connecticut and the narrow strip along the northern boundary of New York. To compensate the two states affected, the Government of the United States agreed to pay them \$300,000 in equal moieties.

## THE RED LINE MAP.

When the treaty came before the Senate for ratification, Mr. Webster produced the famous "Red Line" map as proof that the United States was getting more than it was entitled to. In 1842, an American, named Sparks, discovered among the archives of the French Department of Foreign Affairs, a letter from Franklin to the Count Vergennes stating that he was returning his map after having marked the limits of the United States "with a strong red line." As there was no map attached to the letter, he made a search among the 60,000 maps in the archives and found one map of North America with a red line on it, apparently indicating the boundaries of the United States. He forwarded the map to Mr. Webster who instructed Mr. Everett to "forbear to press the search in England or elsewhere." As the map showed a line which more than favoured the British claim, it was produced by Webster to prove that the treaty awarded to the United States more than she was entitled to, and thus induce the Maine commissioners to consent to the ratification of the treaty. Later, when the injunction of secrecy in the debates was removed, Webster was charged with sharp practice and with

having over-reached Lord Ashburton. He replied that he did not think it a very urgent duty on his part to go to Lord Ashburton and say that a doubtful bit of evidence had been found in Paris, which prejudiced the claim of the United States.

The best authorities are of the opinion that it is more than doubtful that the map bore any relation to the negotiations of 1782 and 1783, particularly as Franklin's letter does not contain any reference or note by the Record Keepers respecting an accompanying map. Winsor, in his "Narrative and Critical History of America," states that it is the same line as is shown on Palairot's map of 1759, with the note, "The red line . . . shows another claim of the French," evidently referring to a French claim respecting the boundary of Acadia.

But there was another "Red Line" map. Fitzmaurice, in his "Life of Shelburne," states that there is in the British Museum, a map from the private library of King George III which shows by a broad red line, the boundary as claimed by the United States, with a note, "Boundary as described by Mr. Oswald." Winsor says that the note is in the king's own hand and that "if this map was not known to the British Government at the time of the mission of Lord Ashburton, there was a convenient ignorance enjoyed by the heads of the administration which was not shared by the under officers, for it was well known, as Lord Brougham acknowledged, in Lord Melbourne's time, when it was removed from the British Museum to the Foreign Office, and persons and traditions are easily transmissible in such offices. Ashburton protested that he was kept in ignorance of it and Peel and Aberdeen professed no knowledge of it to Mr. Everett till after the treaty was signed. When the treaty was assailed in Parliament, the ministry of Peel brought this map forward to offset the clamour against the treaty."

There is no doubt that the map is in the British Museum, and that, ignoring the geographical errors, it shows the line substantially in accordance with the claims of the United States; that there are notes at intervals on the line, "Boundary as described by Mr. Oswald"; that it came from the private library of King George III, but that it is not the copy used in the negotiations between Oswald and the Americans.

As against the wording of the treaty, however, Great Britain had the best of all claims, viz., "effective occupation," and it is of interest to note that, though the King of the Netherlands in his award, expressly disclaimed basing it on occupation, the only reasonable explanation of his award is to assume that he did base it on that principle.

In the area awarded to her by the Ashburton treaty, France had exercised jurisdiction and administered justice, eighty years prior to the cession of Canada, and Great Britain had, later, also exercised jurisdiction; the French Government had granted the seigniorship of Madawaska in this area and the territory was traversed by the highway from St. John to Quebec. To quote the late Lord Salisbury, "Whatever the primary origin of his rights, the national owner, like the individual owner relies usually on effective control by himself or through his predecessor in title for a sufficient length of time."

In the portion awarded to the United States, she likewise, had acquired a title by virtue of possession. That Lord Ashburton was able to make so favourable a settlement was due largely to the alarm of the United States Government lest hostilities should be precipitated by a clash between the local authorities and, doubtless, to a certain extent, owing to Webster's anxiety lest the British should become aware of the existence of their "Red Line" map.

During the negotiations of 1782, a map of North America, known as the Mitchell map of 1755, was used. As it showed a large stream, called Long River, draining the Lake of the Woods and emptying into Lake Superior, the boundary was carried up this stream, through the middle of the Lake of the Woods and thence due west to the Mississippi. The map, particularly in this portion, was grossly inaccurate inasmuch as the so-called Long River—now known as Pigeon River—rises within about fifty miles of Lake Superior and the drainage of the Lake of the Woods is via the Winnipeg and Nelson rivers to Hudson Bay. But for this geographical error, the line would undoubtedly have followed the St. Louis River which empties into Lake Superior at Duluth. The map was also in error inasmuch as it showed the source of the Mississippi about where Winnipeg is now, whereas, we now

(Concluded on page 19)

\*An Address before the Canadian Club at Ottawa.

## CANADA'S OUTLOOK FOR 1909

MR. ROBERT S. GOURLAY

MR. A. D. DAVIDSON

MR. G. W. McLAUGHLIN

MR. ROBERT MUNRO

**T**HIS is the third and last series of letters from the leading business men of Canada as to probable conditions during the present year. The prevailing note is conservative optimism. There will be steady, if not marvellous progress.

FROM MR. ROBERT S. GOURLAY, MANAGER GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, MANUFACTURERS OF PIANOS AND ORGANS, TORONTO.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—Answering your recent communication, I am optimistic as to the continual growth of Canada's trade, domestic and foreign, although I do not think 1909 will rank as one of Canada's big years. In my judgment, we will do well if it can be classed as an ordinarily good year.

There is yet considerable to do in collecting settlements for overdue obligations; also in closing out unprofitable accounts that during 1908 were carried because of bad market for bankrupt or other stocks; also in adjusting, re-organising and managing manufacturing and selling conditions so as to secure the best results at lowest cost, 1908 reductions in margins rendering this a necessary factor for a profitable, big business. These three conditions, with others, will necessarily act as a brake on trade during 1909.

I look for a steady and healthy development in business conditions during 1909 and if we are blest with a good, average crop this year, a much larger business in 1910.

I dread the stock speculation now so common in Canada, because it breeds a feverish, excitable business condition or atmosphere, and is often the precursor of the panics that nowadays are such a menace to steady business progress and prosperity.

Sincerely yours,

ROBT. S. GOURLAY.

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FROM MR. A. D. DAVIDSON, GENERAL AGENT, THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LAND IMMIGRATION AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS, TORONTO.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—I acknowledge your recent favour. An answer was delayed on account of my absence from the city, as during the latter half of January and nearly all of February up to this moment, I spent the greater part of the time in middle Western Canada and British Columbia.

In the prairie provinces more fall ploughing was done last fall than in any prior year, consequently there will be a larger acreage sown to crops this year than ever before. The winter up to this time has been favourable, hence we have every reason to look for a large immigration from the United States during this season. This immigration brings in a lot of new money into the country. With a large immigration this year and a good fair crop business conditions ought to reach a normal stage by next fall. While the crop of 1908 was a fairly good one and prices very satisfactory, owing to the rather light crop of 1907, most of the crop of 1908 was required for liquidation purposes. In the province of British Columbia the lumber business is looking up. The demand for lumber for export has improved considerably in the past ninety days and is now selling at a price that warrants the manufacture of the same. On the whole I regard general conditions in Canada better than they were twelve months ago, but as it usually takes three years' time to recover from a panic I apprehend that it will take the greater part of 1909 before we reach normal conditions again.

Yours truly,

A. D. DAVIDSON.

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FROM MR. G. W. McLAUGHLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT, McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., OSHAWA, ONT.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—In reference to business prospects for 1909, in our line, that of carriage manufacturing, they are certainly much brighter than last year, and judging from reports by our various travellers and agencies from coast to coast we are of the opinion

HON. D. DERBYSHIRE

MR. W. S. FISHER

MR. J. O. THORN

MR. W. M. GARTSHORE

that the year 1909 will be a first-class business year, and much better than the average for the last ten years. While trade may be somewhat spotty, owing to local conditions, over all I can see nothing whatever of a pessimistic nature confronting our country as a whole.

A very pleasing feature of the present financial situation is the ready sale that Canadian securities have met with in the old land, and it is to be hoped that our governments and authorities having these securities to market in the future will continue the policy of placing them abroad, thereby bringing into Canada money which is so much required for the further development of our vast resources.

Our business experience as a firm has extended over forty years, and I consider that conditions in our country to-day for legitimate business enterprises of all kinds are much brighter than they have ever been at any time in the past.

Yours truly,

G. W. McLAUGHLIN.

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FROM MR. ROBERT MUNRO, MANAGING DIRECTOR, THE CANADA PAINT COMPANY, MONTREAL.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—The year 1908 opened with a decided feeling of depression and anxiety among the industrial corporations, which led to very cautious buying. Now that the year is over, my belief is that the business done has been greater than manufacturers provided for. That sales have been larger in proportion than purchases.

The result, of course, is that stocks both of materials and manufactured goods are very much lower than a year ago. My enquiries lead me to believe that the decrease in business done has been much less than that represented by the decrease in the Dominion imports.

The consequence is that with the increased confidence existing to-day, and the reduced stocks on hand, manufacturers are already buying in a hurry, and the conditions are as different from February, 1908, as sunshine from shadow.

In the Northwest a year ago, men stood back from offering goods at most points, to-day the doubt has vanished and there is active business doing at all the main points.

Altogether Canada is better off financially than she has ever been, and while the last year of caution will continue to exercise its steadying effect, nothing can prevent 1909 being one of our best years.

Yours truly,

ROBT. MUNRO.

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FROM THE HON. DANIEL DERBYSHIRE, BROCKVILLE, AN AUTHORITY ON FARMING AND DAIRYING CONDITIONS.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—The farmers are the men who are developing this country. They are the people who cooperate with nature in producing products that make the people glad and that minister to their comforts. Successive years of prosperity, in which nature appeared to have done more than her share, was followed by the lean year of 1907. The pendulum appears to have swung the other way during this year, and the farmer, who is the first man hurt in hard times, is usually the last to recover when the pendulum swings back. About a year ago we were experiencing a world-wide financial depression, the stringency of the money market being almost without a parallel for many years past, yet the year 1908 just passed, caused the farmers to be more optimistic, notwithstanding the fact that their dairy products were short again as in the previous year, but for this they were in some degree compensated by better prices, and the growth of a sufficient quantity of fodder crops to feed their stock through the winter of 1907-8 without the outlay of large sums for feed as in the previous year. The lesson learned during those stringent times has been a blessing in disguise. There is now a feeling in Eastern Ontario that the panic is over and with the opening of spring a decided improvement in business will take place. There is nothing in the signs of the times at present to justify any gloomy forebodings for the present year.

Yours very truly,

D. DERBYSHIRE.

FROM MR. W. S. FISHER, OF EMERSON & FISHER, LIMITED, WHOLESALE HARDWARE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—Replying to your inquiry with request for an opinion regarding the prospects for business during 1909, would say that I can see no good reason whatever to feel otherwise than very hopeful.

The business of the country is on a sound basis and steadily improving. The depression which began somewhere about a year and a half ago was the natural outcome of undue expansion and proved a wholesome check upon the wheels of industry and commerce, which were beginning to revolve too rapidly.

Since then there has been much necessary curtailment but evidences multiply that a steady improvement is going on.

No better evidence of the stability of business generally need be given than the comparatively limited list of failures and the remarkable way the stock market has advanced during the past few months.

Confidence has been restored; prices of all manufactured goods and the natural products are being well maintained; labour is becoming much more fully employed; and altogether the atmosphere has cleared to so great an extent that there would appear to be every reason on which to base a cheerful optimism as to the future.

Yours very truly,

W. S. FISHER.

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FROM MR. J. O. THORN, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—Replying to your favour of the 6th inst.: I do not know of any reason why we should not do well in Canada during 1909.

A great deal will depend upon the farm crops—no one can foresee what they will be—but even if poor in some parts of the country, they are not likely to be so in all parts, and in any event a short crop usually means higher prices.

The field crops of Canada last year were valued at over \$432,500,000.

The agricultural, mining and fishing communities generally have been and are doing well.

There will be very large expenditures for railway extensions and improvements.

The West will receive a large number of very desirable and well-to-do settlers.

Hundreds of new towns and villages are to be built.

The development of the natural resources of the country will be considerably extended.

Money is easier. Our credit is good. (We must be careful not to impair it.)

Our financial institutions have proven to be sound, well managed and have made good profits.

Why should we not do well in 1909?

Yours truly,

J. O. THORN.

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FROM MR. W. M. GARTSHORE, VICE-PRESIDENT, THE McCLARY MANUFACTURING CO., LONDON.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—While not desiring to set myself up as a prophet, I cannot see in the horizon any symptom of a continuance of depression in trade; quite the contrary, in my opinion, may be expected, perhaps deferred until the crop of 1909 may be assured.

For the past year, either from necessity or choice, the public have been as a rule, economical, buying only what they absolutely needed; merchants have been reducing their stocks, and making collections; manufacturers have been shortening sail, all of which indicates that as soon as purchasing commences, there should be a good demand all along the line, and merchants will be found not to be overstocked. The requirements will be reflected through the regular channels, making the wholesaler and manufacturer and mechanic busy in turn.

Money is easy where security is satisfactory; prices of farm products are good, and the farming community as a whole have had a good year, a great deal of money having been put into circulation, particularly in the West, so I see nothing but hopefulness in the situation, and improved conditions—slow perhaps, and somewhat deferred, but sure.

Yours truly,

W. M. GARTSHORE.

# CURLING IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES



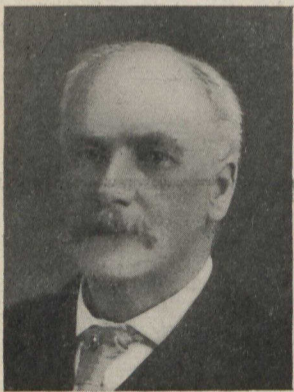
J. Putman. W. A. Major. G. A. Gauvin. J. Donahoe. C. J. Kerr. A. Costley. F. McC. Hall. E. L. Beer. Dr. S. W. Cogswell. M. McNeil. C. L. Torey. Brig.-Gen. Drury.

THE HALIFAX CURLERS WHO WON THE McLELLAN CUP

PHOTOGRAPH BY GAUVIN & GENTZEL

## Curling in New Brunswick

By W. P. ROBINSON



Mr. David Willet.

inter-club games, most of them naturally occurring between rival towns. The keenness and close results of these contests have this year been without precedent. In four days' stay in St. John towards the end of January the writer saw two games result in a tie, and a third tie game had been played the previous week. In all of these the St. Andrew's Club of St. John was concerned. The latter club has played over eighty games in thirty years against the St. John Thistles. The second of this year's series resulted in a tie, and when it is considered that fourteen rinks a side were engaged, this outcome is rather remarkable. The St. Andrew's Club also played tie games with Yarmouth, N.S., and Hampton, N.B. In the Hampton game the latter club were six down with a stone to go, but a very pretty draw to a guarded shot gave Hampton a six end. A nearly similar incident finished the game between

A STEADY winter compared with that which Ontario has so far enjoyed, has afforded an unusual succession of exciting curling games in New Brunswick this year. An annual competition corresponding to that for the Ontario Tankard or the Canada Life Trophy is unknown down by the sea, neither do they have frequent local bonspiels there. The programme is usually confined to

St. Andrew's and Chatham. All but one rink had finished and left the ice. Chatham were four up with an end in that one rink to be played, and the St. John players had conceded the match. But here again Watson's last stone scored a six and left St. Andrew's victors by the narrow margin of two. As if these close finishes and opportune big ends did not afford sufficient excitement, in a game played at Moncton on January 22nd, Judge Patterson of New Glasgow counted an eight end.

In so far as the quality of Bluenose curling can be judged by that seen at St. John, it is good. As compared with a few years ago it has gained in steadiness and lost little in enterprise. Old familiar figures on the ice are still in evidence. John White, dating from 1865, Andrew Malcolm from '69, Gregory and Watson from '76, are still in the ring.

The writer saw Henderson of the Thistles, the old Bisley crack, contemporary of Tom Mitchell, skipping a game on the same sheet of ice where he had played his last game eleven years ago, just before he left for the Klondyke. An innovator and reformer in the game, Henderson is still having his lead set up combinations to be used later in the end; masking his opponent's shot; or intercepting instead of guarding a raise. But among Bluenose curlers the fame of Davie Willet of the St. John Thistles is unrivalled. His style is unbeautiful, peculiar, almost eccentric, but twenty odd years' command of rinks has made success a habit with him. Two old Fredericton skips recently discussed their experiences with him. One of them admitted twelve consecutive defeats from Willet, and the other boasted of one tie game in a total of fourteen. "Davie's" real beatings since '86 can be told on the fingers of one hand. In tight places he is magnificent. "We can't do anything with that old man,"

said a New Glasgow skip; "just when we have everything fixed up and think our position impregnable, he comes in anywhere."

We have recently seen a photograph of Mr. Flavelle of Lindsay, and under it the words: "The most famous curler in the world." No one will challenge this description. Mr. Flavelle is also very famous in the Maritime Provinces, but not so famous as Davie Willet.

### Ponies of Sable Island

SITUATED about eighty-five miles eastward of the coast of Nova Scotia is Sable Island, the home of herds of wild ponies. Once a year, writes Mr. Silver in "Farm-Cottage, Camp and Canoe in Maritime Canada," the wild ponies are rounded up. They are driven into a pound, and are bound and taken to the hold of a government boat.

Certainly Sable Island does not exactly tally with one's preconceived notion of the character of a horse-ranch. Yet here the ponies thrive in average seasons; here they roam in ignorance of the labours which most of their race are fated to endure, until at last the evil day arrives of the annual drive, when the whole island is swept from end to end, and a kicking, snorting, terrified mass is driven into a large pound.

Two or three dozen of selected ponies are then lassoed, thrown down, bound, rolled over upon a hand-barrow, lifted up and slid into the surf-boat, rowed out, and finally hoisted on board for conveyance to Halifax.

The horses of Sable Island are seldom seen lying down to rest. They often sleep standing. They persistently refuse the shelter of a stable, or even the rough sheds erected for their comfort.

In severe weather it is the habit of the horses to gather in the gulches or hollows between the sandhills. Here they arrange themselves in regular order, the colts in the centres, their elders outside of them, and the master stallion in the most exposed situation of all.

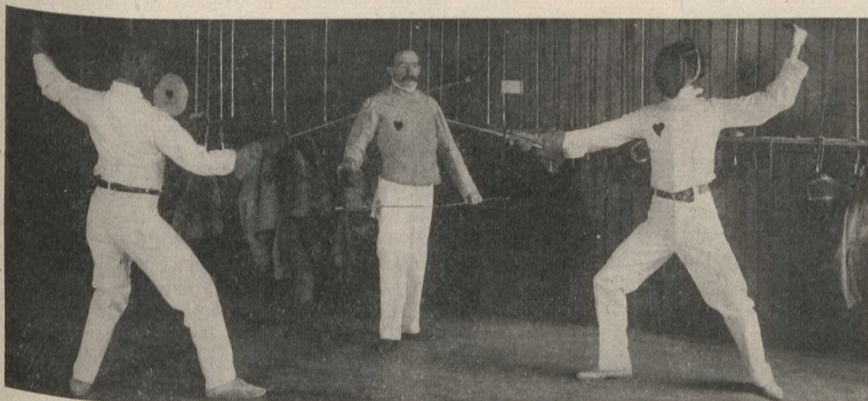
# INDOOR SPORTS FOR THE WINTER MONTHS



Indoor Base-ball—Played in Gymnasiums and Armouries with a soft ball about six inches in diameter, and a light bat.



The Swimming Bath—Every Town in Canada should have one—it provides healthy, muscular training as well as amusement.



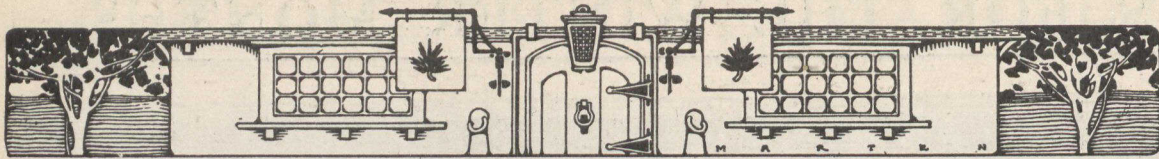
Fencing—For muscle and grace.



A Class in Vaulting.



Basket-ball is very popular both Summer and Winter, at Public Schools and Colleges.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### An Injustice to Jane

IF I were asked what is the best monthly magazine on the continent, among those devoted to "home" industries, I should say *The Woman's Home Companion*. It is not sentimental and mawkish after the manner of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and its glad variety of contents gives us assurance of "something to suit everybody." In the March number the most interesting article pertains to the Emmanuel Movement, to which the startling name of psychotherapy has lately been applied. It would be a fine thing if the women of this continent could get hold of any form of religious belief or philosophy which would keep them from talking about their aches and pains, to say nothing of their nerves. Recommend me to the woman who holds her tongue about her headaches and simply scorns to say a word about such indecencies as operations!

However, this has nothing to do with Jane. I intended to remark that there is one page of the aforementioned issue of *The Woman's Home Companion*, which arouses protest. That clever artist, Mr. James Montgomery Flagg, is contributing a series illustrating love scenes of famous novels. This month he chooses the memorable close of *Jane Eyres'* love story, where *Mr. Rochester*, who, by the way, was a terrible cad, finally asks the determined little heroine to share his blind and crippled lot. *Mr. Rochester*, as the modern painter depicts him, is hardly the Charlotte Bronte hero. But what shall be said of the third-rate chorus-lady in pink gown and "pencilled" eyes who represents demure and Quakerish *Jane*? Surely, surely, the artist has been reading Mr. Robert Chambers or Miss Laura Jean Libby, instead of the Yorkshire novelist who never ventured on a cheaply pretty heroine! This lady is not *Jane*, but another. It is true that *Jane* has come into a fortune since that stormy night when honour drove her from *Mr. Rochester's* home; but sue, who esteemed a grey silk gown an awesome luxury would hardly have become so giddy a damsel as Mr. Flagg represents her. If the good old novels are to come into our current literature, let us have the heroines unspoiled. *Jane* was neither pretty nor picturesque, but she will be remembered when the loveliest lady in the best-sellers of to-day is covered with many feet of dust. She was a curious mixture of demureness and daring, a wonderful example of the woman whose charm was brain and soul. Be it remembered that she did not discourse about her soul, after the manner of the psychological heroine of to-day. It is this quality of spiritual steadfastness which the artist of the Twentieth Century has missed. Instead of quiet, quaint little *Jane Eyre*, he has given us a picture post-card bit of common prettiness which might be a matinee girl, a burlesque "artist" or a distressed divorcee — anything but Charlotte Bronte's great-hearted heroine.

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### Drawing the Line

THERE are so many cynicisms at the expense of society's easy tolerance of certain acts of dishonour that it would appear that society, in the smart application of the word, has no laws save "the futile decalogue of mode." However, in a flagrant case of desertion on the part of a fashionable plutocrat, the polite world, according to the *Argonaut*, has taken the part of the forsaken.

"Society is sometimes guilty of deplorable inanities. It does enough in all conscience to justify the celebrated question of Julia Ward Howe, 'Is polite society polite?' and for this very reason we welcome such evidence as may come to hand that society has, after all, a heart, and that its pulsations may sometimes be felt underneath the folly.

"And so we welcome the report that society refuses to recognise the existence of a certain lady, who attracted much unenviable notoriety by a marriage with a certain steel magnate. Society had no particular animosity toward the lady herself. No doubt she was not more undesirable than many others who have knocked successfully at the portals of high life, but society felt that it must draw the line somewhere, and it drew it here. There was a recollection of the way in which the lady had mounted the golden ladder, and sym-

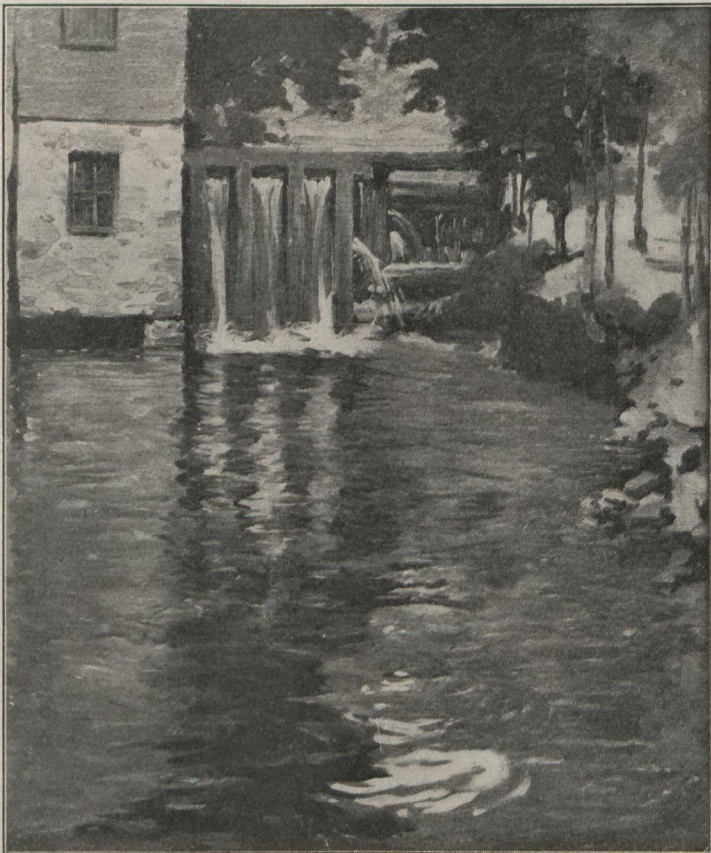
pathy for the first wife was shown by a rejection of the second. The pitiful story of that first wife was remembered, how she had helped her husband through good times and bad, had risen with him through poverty to wealth, and how she was then thrown upon one side to make room for a young beauty who had nothing much to recommend her

### TWO OF THE PICTURES AT O. S. A. EXHIBITION, TORONTO



"Peasblossom," study for decoration, from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Sydney Strickland Tully.

except her good looks. And so society has looked askance upon a would-be recruit who doubtless thought that money would be her passport anywhere and everywhere, and that every gate would open automatically to the wife of a steel magnate. She has discovered that there are limits, that society has a heart, and that there are those with whom



"The Mill Race," by Mary E. Wrinch.

it does not wish to associate, however wealthy they may be. The realisation that there are some things that can not be bought with money is no doubt disagreeable, but let us hope that it will be salutary."

\* \* \*

### The Hats of March

THE snow may be whirling around us, the nose may be blue and the ears crimson-tipped, but we know that winter's dark days are over and that these are just a few parting pinches. We are assured that spring is here, because the new millinery has been "opened" and it is rumoured that the *Globe* has seen a robin. The hats which are blooming in March are more of a comfort than those which flowered last year—for, while they still spread in a broad expanse, the crowns are higher and the general effect not so flattening as was that of 1908. The mushroom, in all varieties of that vegetation, is strong in the land of hats and is trimmed profusely with moss, roses, violets, cowslips and anything else you care to crowd upon its uncomplaining crown.

The quaintest of all is the Dutch bonnet—"a perfect dear," murmur nine women out of ten as they survey its prim curves. Then there is the old-fashioned poke bonnet obtruding on our attention again with a happy indifference to where it has been all these years. There are some fearful and wonderful structures which look like intoxicated turbans, with crowns tilted in perfectly disreputable fashion. They look like a sinking wreck and probably came in after the *Republic* disaster.

There are heavily-jetted affairs which, we are assured, will go out after April and belong to the ages that have fled. The willow plumes are the outstanding or outwaving feature in the new millinery and you will hardly belong to advanced circles or new thought if you do not wear the nodding willow plumes.

There is moss—perfect banks of it—which will make your fallow-faced enemy so hideous that you will be charmed to meet her. The most fashionable floral trimming is the tiny, curled-up rose, such as used to grow over your grandmother's porch. It is pink, white, blue and grey, and you may wear five dozen of these roses on the brim without overcrowding. There are lilacs, from white to the deep *prunelle*, and there are huge roses and peonies which spread their dinner-plate dimensions in placid abundance.

Happy is the woman who can wear grey, for that Quaker hue is the popular garb this stormy March, with the steel shade in stern prominence. The grey gown, with hat, gloves and shoes to match, is the proper wear in the early spring, with fawn and tan in close competition. Navy blue seems out of favour, for a season, but there is a new blue, of the Alice or Copenhagen softness, which is seen in scores of hats, in ribbons, roses and straw.

Never was such a season for ribbons and the woman who carries at the ribbon counter for many minutes will spend the price of a gown before she knows where the dollars have gone. There are yards and yards of ribbons—satin, for choice—on the new hats and bonnets which are all the richer for the adornment. It is, indeed, a river of ribbon, winding in and out, in a bewildering flood and leaving the wistful spring shopper in a mood to desire the purse of Fortunatus.

It is curious that, no matter how the first of March may come in—as the fiercest lion or gentlest lamb—the millinery interest is perennial and the spell of winter seems to be broken. At the wholesale houses, the story is the same and two thousand milliners from the "towns outside" are said to have been in Toronto this week to see what lovely woman should wear on her puffed or banded locks during these months between the cold and heat.

The milliner in the small town or village is a "personage," whose advice is eagerly sought by all who wish to know what is to be worn and how a hat, two seasons old, may be transformed by covering or artful changes of structure into something modern. Such a milliner is a lady who knows how to keep her own counsel and who preserves a professional reserve when she hears that Mrs. Brown is actually wearing a new fawn hat, trimmed with violets—the first in "goodness knows how long." She is accustomed to all manner of turning and contriving, this resourceful village milliner and accomplishes wonders with her limited stock. She must have a touch of imaginative genius, too, for no one in a small community wishes to wear a hat too closely resembling that which is her neighbour's. The lot of the village milliner is by no means without excitement.

# THE BLIND ROAD

A Story of a Foregone Revenge

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



**A** CAUTIOUS, hesitating knock at the door, but Robert Tadlow, leaning over his table, writing busily, did not hear it. He did not hear it because his small office was a very hive of sound, humming with other noises; with the muffled whirr of big wheels, and the pulse and throb and thump of machinery,

for above and beside and beneath him were the rooms and works of the prosperous wholesale cabinet-making business of which Mr. Tadlow was sole proprietor.

Nobody in the neighbourhood knew much about him, except that he had come from Liverpool some fourteen years ago, that he lived in a spacious, old-fashioned mansion not far from his factory, that he was reserved and gloomy of manner, but eminently respectable, a sidesman of his church, and noted for his rigid religious observances and liberal benefactions.

You might pass up and down the Kentish Town Road every day for a dozen years and never suspect that you were passing within less than a stone's-throw of Robert Tadlow's premises. They lay just off the main road, in a short, squalid cul-de-sac. At the end of it rose the double doors of his wood-yard, and on the left, before you came to the yard, were two ancient, low-browed shops and houses knocked into one, with "Robert Tadlow, Cabinet Maker," blazoned across the fronts of them. A Robert Tadlow had carried on business there for nearly a hundred years past; it was an honoured and distinguished name in the district, and when the last of the line, fallen on evil days, sold the whole concern to a stranger nobody was much surprised that the newcomer should quietly efface himself, and adopt the name of his predecessor in private life as well as in public.

A snug, safe business, tucked away out of sight in a snug, safe corner, and yet in these latter weeks Mr. Tadlow had gone to it of a morning and come from it of an evening haunted by a secret dread that some day now the one man he feared might see him in his going or coming, or might turn aside out of the long main road, and chance to discover him.

And one dull, misty autumn evening it happened as he had feared. A stooping, shabby man—hollow-eyed, grim-visaged—detached himself from the passing crowd, paused to peer up and read the name on the glimmering lamp at the entrance to the cul-de-sac, then flitted into that obscure byway with the assured air of one on a definite errand.

Outside the squat shop-fronts of Robert Tadlow he paused again, and, glancing furtively around to satisfy himself that he was not observed, moved on to the narrow strip of pavement, and looked cautiously in at the window. The shop was crammed with skeleton furniture; chairs and couches without seats, sideboards without backs, unglazed bookcases, mirrorless overmantels. Far in the rear there were lights flaring, and he had a glimpse of men at work over benches, of wheels turning, of an endless band running at a great pace from the floor at one end up through the ceiling at the other; but the shop itself was in darkness, except for one feeble gas-jet and the light that filtered in from the workroom at the back.

The shop-door was open, and, after a momentary hesitation, he walked softly in, advanced through the wilderness of furniture without meeting anyone, saw a narrow flight of stairs opening from a shadowy corner of the shop, and, quickening his progress, went noiselessly up them to a floor above.

He found himself in a dimly-lit, many-doored passage. The first door he came to was ajar, and showed him a littered room, with half a dozen clerks in it; but the second door was close shut, and he read on its panels, painted in thick black lettering: "Mr. Robert Tadlow—Private."

With a swift, eager survey of the passage, the stranger stepped promptly to the second door, and listening, rapped lightly with his knuckles.

This was the knock that Mr. Tadlow had not heard.

Getting no reply, or hearing none through the hum and throb of the machinery, the visitor warily turned the handle and entered; he closed and locked

the door behind him, and remained for a minute staring silently on the man who was writing at the table, and as yet had no knowledge of his presence.

It was a gloomy, melancholy face that was bent above the table—grey-bearded, scanty-haired, the face of a man whose prosperity had brought him no happiness—but the sight of it touched the intruder with nothing of pity. As he stood and stared at it a fierce hatred and exultation so rioted in his blood that for a minute the beating of his heart was like a noise of hammers in his ears, and deafened him to the throb and beat of the machinery. Then he glided forward, and had reached the opposite side of the table before the other became aware of him, and glanced up scared, and ejaculated:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The other remained dumb, a sinister grin distorting his haggard features.

"Who are you?" Mr. Tadlow repeated, sharply. "What do you want?"

"More than you will care to give!" said the stranger, with a husky chuckle. "Look at me, man!" A light of madness glittered into his eyes, and a discord of anger and bitterness grated in his tone. "You've changed, but I know you. I've changed, but you've as good reason to remember me as I have to remember you. Look at me! George Howard, you scoundrel, have you forgotten John Denver?"

Mr. Tadlow had recognised him from the first, but been doubtful how to act; now, however, seeing what he saw in the man's eyes, hearing what he heard in his voice, he delayed no longer. He crashed his hand down on the bell on his table, and sprang to his feet. At the same instant a shot rang out, and he felt something sting his left arm, and in a flash he was alive only with the one thought that he was fighting for his life.

He ducked and flung the table over as the revolver spat a second time and missed him; then he had his enemy by the wrist and by the throat; there was a brief, frenzied struggle, but he was the larger, more muscular man of the two, and when a third shot was fired the revolver was in his hand, and it was he that fired it. He had fired it in the heat of conflict, not thinking what he was doing, and all of a sudden there was blood on the face of his assailant, the man's figure grew limp and helpless in his grasp, and when he loosed it it sank in a tragic heap on the floor.

This and a babble of voices in the passage outside, a furious rattling at the handle of the door, thrilled and steadied him. By a desperate effort he collected himself, and strove to realise the significance of the situation. If the man was dead and his identity were known, or if he lived and could spread his story abroad, it would mean scandal and shame, and possibly ruin, or even worse. The voices without and the banging on his door were insistent; his mind was all in confusion; he must have time to consider; he must not let his secret get blown, if it could by any means be helped, and acting on this blind impulse of self-preservation he dropped the revolver, raised the inert body, and huddling it into the only cupboard in the room, locked it in, and pocketed the key. Then swiftly, almost without a sound, he flung up the window, deliberately laid himself down beside his overturned table, and, answering the excited outcries of his clerks, bade them break the door in.

The room shook with the violence of their efforts to obey him, and at length, with a crisp crackle and rending of wood, the door burst in, and clerks and workmen came tumbling over each other to the rescue.

"I've been shot," said Mr. Tadlow, feebly, lifting his left arm, from which blood was trickling. "Some rascally thief got into the place, and tried to murder me. I snatched his revolver and I believe I hit him, but he gave me the slip. He's gone—jumped out of the window. Help me to my chair, and run for a surgeon to bind up this wound. It's nothing much. I shall be all right presently. Fetch me some brandy, one of you."

## II.

Mr. Tadlow said nothing about calling in the police, but one of his night clerks took upon himself to do so, and for half an hour after his office had been restored to order, and the surgeon who came to bandage the trifling injury on his arm was gone,

he had to sit there calmly recounting what had happened, for the information of a fussy inspector, and all the while listening apprehensively for any stir of life from the cupboard that would baffle all his precautions and bring upon him the exposure he was scheming to avert.

"I can't describe the man to you, officer," he said for the second time. "I never saw him in my life before. How he got in I do not know. He was either half drunk or half mad; he made his way up here, and was taken aback at seeing me. Robbery was his motive—no doubt of that; and directly I saw him and started up, he evidently thought he would make a fight for it—seemed to lose his head, and fired at me without a word. I closed with him and got the pistol away, and fired it, and I believe I hit him. I must have fallen faint from the shock of my wound, and he simply slipped past me, threw up the window, and was gone in a moment. There is a shed just under the window. I fancy he must have jumped on to the roof of that, and so dropped to the ground, and scaled the gate of the woodyard. Some of my men climbed out that way, and hunted for him, but found no trace anywhere. He is clean gone. You had better take the revolver, I suppose, and see what you can do. I am not vindictive, and really care very little about putting myself to the trouble of prosecuting him; but, of course, I am content to leave the matter in your hands, and do as you may advise. The poor wretch looked ill and starving, and if my shot went home he is sufficiently punished, to my thinking."

"Ah, you're too easy, Mr. Tadlow," said the inspector. "We've had two or three bad cases round here lately—shouldn't be surprised if this fellow was one of a gang, and if I can lay him by the heels I will. You can't help me with any description of him, sir? You'd know him again, I take it, if you was to see him?"

"I doubt it," Mr. Tadlow reflected, and shook his head. "I might; and, anyhow, I shall do my utmost to identify him if you catch any suspect; but, personally, I have neither the time nor the inclination to be mixed up in a worrying police-court affair."

The inspector, however, was resolute. He leant out of the window to examine the roof of the out-house below; he stepped out on to it, and clambered thence into the woodyard, and spent some time poking about in the dark and shining his lantern into divers likely and unlikely hiding-places; and all the time Mr. Tadlow was quaking and hearkening for sounds from the cupboard.

At length, when the inspector had examined all he wanted to, and gathered all the information obtainable, he took his departure, carrying the revolver with him, and Mr. Tadlow breathed more freely.

Clerks and workmen had, in the circumstances, lingered later than usual that night, but now Mr. Tadlow rang his bell, and sent word out that there was no need for any of them to remain, he had some writing to finish before he went, but they could lock the place up, and go, and he would let himself out by the side door.

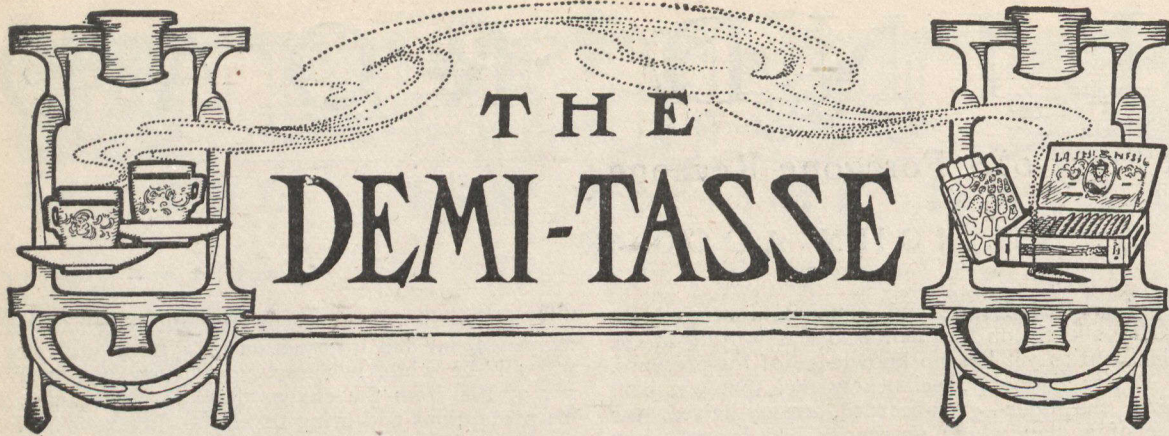
It was a frequent habit of his to stay behind working in his office for an hour or two after the others were gone, and it seemed merely characteristic of him that he should so stolidly disregard the event of the evening and behave precisely as he would have done on an evening when nothing out of the common had occurred. He sat at his table outwardly impassive, but inwardly in a fever of impatience, and heard doors slam and keys rattle, and footsteps echoing down the stairs and across the shop, till at last a lonely tread fretted the empty building, and the foreman, whose duty it was to lock the outer doors, looked doubtfully in upon him, and was disturbed at sight of his pale, drawn countenance.

"I'm in no hurry, sir," he began; "would you like me to wait—"

"No, Dobson, no," he interrupted tetchily. "I am very busy, and don't wish to be fidgeted. I will fasten the door after me. Good-night!"

The man muttered an apology and withdrew; the stairs sounded loudly under his feet; he could be heard moving through the shop, then the street door banged after him, and there was a great stillness, as if the whole building were listening with

(Continued on page 21)



## A HARD LUCK STORY.

A CERTAIN Ontario Cabinet Minister of debonair address recently betook himself to Cobalt on official business and of course he went in a private car. While he was in the "North Countree," applicants for office and the joys thereof swarmed around the car, like a cluster of bees over a field of June clover. He saw an official of the T. and N. O. Railway and implored him to move the car out of Cobalt for the night.

"All right," said the conductor, "I can have a train run you about seven miles from here and leave your car on a siding. I'll guarantee that it will be lonely enough there."

The car was moved to the siding and the party, after regaling themselves on crackers, cheese and the most exclusive brand of ginger ale, prepared to go to bed.

Before retiring, the besieged Cabinet Minister thought he would take a little fresh air and, pipe in mouth, proceeded to walk on the track. He had not gone far when he saw a form walking towards him.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "another applicant for a job."

He took a good look at the stranger who wore a big fur coat, and, much to his surprise, found it to be a big black bear approaching him with front feet outstretched. The pillar of the province turned, dropped his pipe, and ran screaming for help to the car. He managed to Longboat the bear by a few feet to the platform, where his companions on hearing his cries, had rushed to discover their cause.

After this worthy Cabinet Minister had received congratulations upon his narrow escape and several toasts in the exclusive brand of ginger ale had been pledged, he retired to his stateroom, hoping for a few hours of dreamless sleep. But within an hour, he was disturbed by a rapping on the door.

"Go away," he screamed, thinking in his half-awake stupor that Master Bruin had invaded the car. He turned his weary face to the mahogany finish of the private car's window-frame and fell into the sweet repose of the statesman who knows no graft.

This happened some weeks ago, and it is only within the last few days that the Minister has learned that the rap on the door was given by a French-Canadian friend who wished to sell him, for five thousand dollars, half interest in a mining location. The said half interest sold shortly afterwards to some enterprising New Yorkers for about sixty thousand dollars in good money. The Minister is not saying much these days and listens to Allan Studholme on the sorrows of the workingman with a pensive resignation. But he does not care to talk about Cobalt and its golden or silver opportunities, while the very sight of ginger ale makes him violently ill.

## HE KNEW THEM.

BISHOP THORNELOE, one of the prominent candidates in the recent episcopal election in Toronto, was talking years ago to Mr. Rufus Pope of a somewhat similar crisis in Church affairs when the latter said jocularly: "Why not make me a bishop?"

"Ah!" said his clerical friend blandly, "we should be hard up before we would come to you."

"Well," retorted the unruffled Rufus, "I notice that you always do come to me when you are hard up."

## SUPPLYING THE DEFICIENCY.

MR. H. F. GADSBY, editor of the Canadian edition of *Collier's*, possesses a gift for repartee which is not the least weapon in his journalistic armory.

Some years ago it was the duty of this young writer for the *Star* to obtain an interview with a "new-rich" Englishman who had come to Canada without the proverbial sixpence but had rapidly

acquired wealth in the mining districts of Ontario. The interview was published in due form with a characteristic and brilliant setting. A few days afterwards, Mr. Gadsby met the "new rich" Englishman and a local politician deep in mining values. The politician hailed the newcomer with gladness, but the other scowled darkly.

"You put several things in that article that I did not say," he remarked abruptly.

"Certainly," was the calm response, "I put the letter 'h' where it was called for." And a great calm fell upon the mining magnate.

\* \* \*

## SIMPLE.

"Why," said an Antigonish citizen to a certain politician, "didn't you make a better show-up at the latest election?"

"Why?" echoed the disgusted one. "Oh, that's easy. Because Colin McIssack had three hundred of the voters on the G. T. P. pay-roll. Want any more reasons?"

\* \* \*

## NO DOUBT.

Mrs. Parvenu: "Oh, yes—we can trace our ancestry back—to—to—well I don't know who, but we've been descending for centuries."—*London Opinion*.

\* \* \*

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

"How is Jim Bullard getting on?" asked a stranger at the railroad station of a Dakota town.

"Jim kermitted suicide 'bout a month ago," replied a native.

"Committed suicide? How did he commit suicide?"

"He called me a liar, stranger."

\* \* \*

## A DAISY YARN.

THERE were several good friends enjoying demi-tasse and cigars in a Montreal cafe when one of them, who is an authority on almost every subject under the sun, proceeded to talk about music.

"It's strange," he said thoughtfully, "but I need to hear an air only once to remember it. It's a gift

—this memory for melodies. Now, I like those simple Harry Lauder songs, though there's nothing especially classic about them. When the orchestra finishes this banging, I'll ask the conductor for one of Harry's." Just then there was a final thump and the conductor was summoned by the waiter to the table where the four good men and true were holding a conference.

"I say," remarked the gentleman of much wisdom, as he pressed a crisp bill upon a willing palm, "do you know any Lauder airs? I want the orchestra to play 'My Bonny Daisy.'"

"That's what we have just finished, sir," said he of the baton.

\* \* \*

## WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW.

"My little boy is eight years old,  
He goes to school each day,  
He doesn't mind the tasks they set,  
They seem to him but play.  
He heads his class at raffia work,  
And also takes the lead  
At making dinky paper boats—  
But I wish that he could read.

"They teach him physiology;  
And oh! it chills our hearts  
To hear our prattling innocent  
Mix up his inward parts.  
He also learns astronomy,  
And tells the stars by night;  
Of course he's very up-to-date—  
But I wish that he could write.

"They teach him things botanical,  
They teach him how to draw,  
He babbles of mythology  
And gravitation's law.  
And science's discoveries  
With him are quite a fad;  
They tell me he's a clever boy—  
But I wish that he could add."

—Peter McArthur.

\* \* \*

## CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

Father: "It's singular that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you straightway insist on it."

Daughter: "Yes, and whenever we are agreed the man objects."—*Stray Stories*.

\* \* \*

## SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

It was night.

They—he and she—were sitting on the porch, looking at the stars.

"You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege is when he sees a shooting star?"

"No," she answered. "I haven't the slightest idea. There goes one!"



## SWEET MEMORIES

Pension Enquiry Officer.—"Have you ever been in the hands of the Police?"

Applicant.—"Well—er—sir, you see I used to be a cook! Girls will be girls! Besides, it was a good many years ago, and he was a Sergeant!"—Punch.





A Winter Job—Getting out Spruce Logs in Northern Saskatchewan.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, Concerning the Folk who Move Hither and Thither Across the Face of a Big Land.

### SINGLE FARE TO HARDISTY.

NOW the serious claimant to civic notoriety in the West is Hardisty. This new seat of elections and of foot frontage speculation is on the C. P. R. line between Wetaskiwin and Saskatoon. Two years ago it was not even a tank. Now it has some tanks—at least it has one at the station; besides a large number of features usually found in western towns but always in one more than in another. The most recent census of Hardisty's stock-in-trade includes a dozen stores, four livery barns, two hotels, a fine school house, one bank, a real estate office, a boarding house with over forty rooms, two lumber yards and several coal dealers. So that anybody going to Hardisty to visit friends may as well buy a single-fare ticket.

\* \* \*

### WHY NOT CARRY A DRESS SUIT?

WHAT'S the use of trying to be a hero nowadays to the newspaper man? Here is Mr. Vincent Radford, naturalist and explorer and what-not from the United States, who comes to Canada with the joint blessing of President Roosevelt and Earl Grey and proposes to take a mysterious trip in the wilds of Canada to the far north. Mr. Radford will grope about in search of the fabulous wood bison—whose census has been taken a score of times already. He will outfit at Edmonton. In large type an Edmonton newspaper announces this; probably remembering that eleven years ago a large number of pathetic people from all parts of the earth outfitted in that town for the Klondike. But it's no use for Mr. Radford to tog up like a pathfinder to the cynic who writes in the *Manitoba Free Press*—in this cold and critical fashion:

"Mr. Radford's dear ones and friends may dry their eyes. The brave explorer will return safely to them if his husky dogs don't mistake him for a two-legged calf and eat him. The location of the wood bison is well known to several residents of Western Canada. If Mr. Radford on his way through to Edmonton and the north will stop over in Winnipeg and drop in to the *Free Press*, this paper will furnish him with the name and address of a gentleman who can tell him almost to within a mile where the wood buffalo may be found, and this gentleman will give Mr. Radford the assurance that to reach the bison will require no extended travelling, no hardships and no dangers whatever."

\* \* \*

### SIMPLE OLD PHINEAS BARBER.

ELGIN COUNTY seems to have a lot of those historic and impressive old-timers of the good old school; men who, having seen most of a century in Canada, are beginning to shuffle out and leave behind them memories of big, simple lives. Such a character was Mr. Samuel Day, whose career was recorded in the *Courier* last week. Similar also was Mr. Phineas Barber, of Fingal, who died a few days ago at the fine old age of 97; son of John Barber who came to Burwell's Corners in 1810. Of this patriarch, a writer in the *St. Thomas Journal* says: "When it became known that he was nearing his end, old friends of former days who wished to get a last word from their patriarchal friend repaired to his couch, on which he spoke of the things that affect character and destiny, giving to each one with

the last handshake a parting benediction, some word of encouragement and in some cases earnest and loving admonition. He passed away full of years and honour, respected by all, and acknowledged by all to have been in season and out of season, a model of simplicity in life, uprightness in character and devoutness in a long earnest Christian career."

\* \* \*

### THE RIGHT SORT OF ENGLISHMAN.

"THE Englishman in Canada"—is really the latest sample of international comic opera; such a variety of bewildering opinions and experiences that the more the case of the Englishman in Canada is considered the more it seems easier to comprehend the mysterious Galician who settled down long ago in a sheepskin coat to learn English and to make money, or the thrifty Mennonite, or the diligent Icelander, or even the erratic and psychic Doukhobor. However, once in a while an Englishman writes to a paper and tells such a rattling good common-sense story of experience, that to read it convinces you that the right sort of Englishman is the right sort of man anywhere in Canada. Such a letter is that of Mr. D. Cooper, who owns 480 acres near Ravenham, Manitoba, and who writes to the *Canadian Gazette*, in part, as follows:

"I left London seven years ago, being then nineteen years of age, and made straight for Winnipeg. I hardly knew one end of a plough from another; but I got a job with a farmer, an Englishman, who had been nineteen years in the country, and pulled along all right. But I've had to work hard. In the bush, river-driving, railroading, bridge-building—any manual labour that would bring in the dollars and enable me to meet my obligations, I've turned to, and felt all the better for it. The trouble with so many Englishmen who go out to Canada is that they get into towns and stick there. Let them go out into the country. We hear talk of unemployment in Canada. I fancy this is generally the fault of the unemployed themselves. A mistake often made by Englishmen in Canada is that of telling Canadians how 'we do things at home.' Never mind how things are done at home. Do them as they are done in Canada. Naturally Canadians get sore at Englishmen who try to teach them in their own country. If the English settler is prepared to work, and to conform to the new conditions, he need have no fear as to the result."

\* \* \*

### FIREWORKS IN FEBRUARY.

ANY play-monger in need of a theme and scenario for a red-hot melodrama—Mr. Kremer et al, for instance—ought to look into the recent escapade of a pair of homesteaders in Edmonton. Billy Lunn and Lou Mildren had a tent near the new Parliament Buildings on which they were employed as labourers. Lunn had bought a keg of black powder, intending to take it up to Pembina to his homestead. One morning he was tasting at this powder to see if it was any good, while his chum was dressing. Ezra Kane, a neighbouring tenter, stepped in just as Lunn was saying, "Say, boys, I don't believe this blame stuff's any good. I'm going to give her a whirl, just

for instance." Before either Mildren or Kane decided to show him that he was doing a dampfool trick, Lunn poured some of the powder into a pan and set it on the stove. Mildren, half-dressed, grabbed an overcoat and buried his head in it; Kane started for the door. But the thing happened too soon. The powder went off and in the words of the narrator:

"When the glare subsided Mildren found himself lying on the bed, his face covered with his overcoat, his shoes and pants blown completely off, his vest torn away his forehead, hair and the upper part of his face terribly singed. He arose to find the tent a mass of fire, pots, pans, furniture and stove scattered about the surrounding scenery, Lunn lying inert in the centre of the wreck and Kane groping for the door. Dashing into the midst of the flames, he grabbed Lunn, got him to his feet, and together he and Kane got him outside where they rolled him in the snow to put out the fire that had caught in what was left of his clothing."

\* \* \*

### ONE OF THE RARE OLD SORT.

ANOTHER of the real, gentle and historic characters of Halifax has gone. Mr. Patrick Connors is dead; a benign, nature-loving old poet who was the most renowned angler in Nova Scotia and kept a quaint little fishing-tackle store on Buckingham Street. A writer in the *Halifax Herald* thus happily tells the few brief episodes of the old fisherman's career:

"For over forty years he had conducted the little store on Buckingham Street, and from early spring, when the May fly makes its first appearance, until the season comes to a close, his store was besieged with anglers wanting their tackle repaired and seeking advice as to the best flies to use and the choicest streams to whip. Connors was credited by everyone with knowing more about trout fishing than any other man in the city. He had it down to a science, and his acquaintance was eagerly sought by fishermen. He acted as guide for many prominent citizens on fishing excursions. There was not a lake or stream in the county but what 'Pat' had fished. He was one of the first to join the old volunteer fire brigade, which was organised in 1860. Connors had a most interesting love affair. For over forty years he kept company with a girl, and when old age was fast falling on her and she was seized with a fatal illness, he married her. Two hours after the ceremony took place, his bride, the girl he had loved from boyhood, passed away, and he was left alone. He was about eighty years of age, and a native of Newfoundland, coming to Halifax when a boy, with his brother."

\* \* \*

### PICTURES FOR THE SAILORS.

THE Seamen's Institute of St. John, N.B., is to be presented with four naval pictures by the Art Union of London. The Art Union recognise the value of pictures to the sailor chaps. Perhaps no sort of man anywhere takes more value out of a picture than the sailor. These four masterpieces to be given by the Art Union to the Institute will while away a good many hours for the old tars who have been days and days at sea when the only picture to be seen anywhere was the craft they were on; and then suddenly the whole outlook was picture. For nothing changes so swiftly as the sea, and no pictures are harder to paint than marine pictures. Part of the letter sent by the Art Union to the Institute, reads as follows:

Dear Sir,—Your letter of 28th November has been duly laid before my council, who instruct me to say that in recognition of the handsome support which this society receives from St. John, and as an expression of their sympathy with the object of the Seamen's Institute, they are willing to present for the Nelson reading room the following four pictures:

Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805.

The Death of Nelson.

Return of the Life Boat.

Escape of H. M. S. Calliope.

The Council hope that your committee will be good enough to inscribe on the frame of the pictures the words "Presented by the Council of the Art Union of London."

The pictures together with this letter will be handed to you by Lieut.-Colonel E. T. Sturdee, this society's honorary agent at St. John. I am,

Yours faithfully,

F. L. MARRIOTT,

Secretary.

An agreeable coincidence is that the four pictures including the Death of Nelson will be hung in the Nelson room of the Institute.

**\$54,694,882**

was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that



made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets .....	\$1,329,098
(b) " " " Reserve .....	948,268
(c) " " " Income .....	302,571
(d) " " " Surplus .....	348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**A Pool that did not Cash In**

IT was through a Toronto interest that a group of younger Montrealers acquired quite a substantial interest in the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

The Toronto interest was ex-Judge Nesbitt, who was one of the counsel for the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. The occasion was just previous to the time that the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia was going to deliver its judgment in the Steel and Coal case and Ex-Judge Nesbitt was in Montreal on a visit to a close relative, D. Lorne McGibbon, the president of the big Canadian Rubber combine. At Mr. McGibbon's house one evening a number of gentlemen friends were being entertained in honour of Mr. Nesbitt and during the evening while a game of cards was on the conversation drifted to the Steel and Coal case and Mr. Nesbitt was very optimistic regarding the chances of the Steel Company. So optimistic, in fact, was he, that Mr. McGibbon and a number of friends present decided to form a little pool and buy quite a large block of Iron common, the intention being to sell it when the stock would advance rapidly after the judgment in favour of Steel was given. It was even said at the time that Mr. Nesbitt took an interest in the pool. But then the unexpected happened. True, the Supreme Court gave a judgment strongly in favour of the Steel Company, but the stock instead of advancing rapidly, as the pool had expected, sold off rather sharply and at the close of the market the day the judgment was made public was close to 3 points lower than the previous day. The reason for this was that Mr. Nesbitt and the other members of the pool had reckoned without Mr. James Ross, the resourceful president of the Dominion Coal Company. Mr. Ross, who was a large holder of Steel common, when the judgment became known, started to sell Steel common, and as there were few buyers the stock went off very quickly. A little later on the market became weaker all round and Steel common continued to decline.

On this account Mr. Nesbitt and the other members of the pool never got a chance to sell their stock. Later on, most of the members of the pool had to sell out at a loss. A good deal of the stock was taken up by Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon with the result that he is at present one of the large holders of Steel common.

I had it from a close personal friend that it was not the first time that Mr. Ross had got the better of Ex-Judge Nesbitt, the other occasion being a quiet little poker game at Halifax, while the Steel and Coal case was being heard. Both Mr. Ross and Mr. Nesbitt are very fond of a little game and on this particular occasion Mr. Ross made quite a little money from Mr. Nesbitt.

Now Mr. Nesbitt will get it all back—with interest—as the Coal Company will have to pay the costs of the Steel Company.

**That Rubber Deal**

THE two-year agreement between the small group of capitalists who hold the controlling interest of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and fifteen of the twenty-one directors of the United States Rubber Company by which the latter on March 1, 1909, were to have taken over the control of the Canadian concern from the former has been extended for another year.

The reason for the extension was that by the last clause of the agreement it was intended that if at the end of it the control of the Canadian concern had not been disposed of to the United States Rubber Company that each one of the directors of the American concern should take up his proportion of the stock. The system always followed by the directors of the U. S. Rubber Trust has always been to buy a property themselves at one price and then sell it at a substantial advance to the Company itself.

It was owing to this technicality that the officials of both the American and Canadian concerns could always deny that there was any deal on between the concerns when the report was made in the daily press and the financial editors did not think of making the distinction that it was interests or control of the two big concerns who had put the deal through.

A prominent banker, who is in a position to know all about the deal, remarked to me the other day that the Americans were not only after the controlling interest of the Canadian concern but were out to get the entire stocks of the different subsidiary concerns.

**Mr. Miner's New Enterprise**

ONE of the most interesting developments of the internal trouble that occurred in the Canadian Rubber "combine" between the rubber pioneer,

Mr. S. H. C. Miner, and the young members of the syndicate who put the merger through, is that old man Miner is now busily completing a new rubber plant at Granby, Que., with which he intends to fight the rubber combine from which he retired owing to differences with the syndicate. It was Mr. Miner who gave the rubber combine one of the very best plants it has, that of the Granby Consolidated Rubber Company, and with his thorough knowledge of the rubber trade he says the plant he is now building will enable him to undersell the combine in all lines he may manufacture. He has personally put up every dollar required for the construction of the new rubber works and as he has a good many millions, made out of rubber and the Granby Smelting Works at Phenix, B. C., he is in a position to carry out any extensions he may have a mind to.

Mr. Miner is already over 70 years of age, short but stockily built, and seems more like a man of fifty.

One day when showing me the blue print plans of the new works he is constructing he said they would when completed be the most perfect of their kind in the world.

**Mr. Sise and Government Ownership**

IN connection with the agitation for Government ownership of telephones, especially in Western Canada, they tell a good story of Mr. C. F. Sise, the founder and president of the Bell Telephone Company.

When discussing the policy of the company regarding selling to the local governments with his fellow-directors, Mr. Sise is said to have expressed the opinion that the company should always sell provided they could get their price, as he was satisfied that it was only a matter of time when the Bell Company would be able to buy back the lines from the governments at a very much lower price than they had sold them. Anybody who knows Mr. Sise will appreciate the humour with which he would make such a remark.

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## Canada's Boundary Disputes

(Continued from page 10)

know that it is due south of the Lake of the Woods.

During the negotiations, subsequent to the Treaty of Utrecht, Great Britain claimed the parallel of 49 degrees, as the boundary between the Hudson's Bay Company's territory on the north and New France and Louisiana on the south. Though the commissioners never arrived at an agreement, this line was shown on all British maps and, as a result, there was a general belief that it had actually been agreed on. In 1803, the United States acquired Louisiana by purchase and, three years later, a treaty was concluded fixing the 49th parallel as the boundary between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky Mountains. Thus reliance on an inaccurate map cost us, at least, north-eastern Minnesota with its immense beds of iron ore and the portion of the valley of the Red River south of latitude 49 deg. The obvious moral is that we should have the most accurate maps possible, particularly during territorial negotiations.

### OREGON BOUNDARY.

The Oregon dispute involved the title to the so-called Oregon territory, with an area of 400,000 square miles, which extended from the southern boundary of Russian America, now Alaska, on the north, to California on the south, and from the Pacific to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

The claims of the United States were based on:

(1) As the successors in title of France by purchase of Louisiana. As the grant of Louisiana was specifically confined to the area drained by the Mississippi and as no portion of Oregon drained into the Gulf of Mexico, it could not have formed part of Louisiana.

(2) In their own proper right, by virtue of discoveries and of the establishment of Astoria.

(3) As the successors in title of Spain, that power having in 1819, by the treaty of Florida, ceded all her rights and claims to territory north of latitude 42 degrees.

As the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke and Captain Gray were made, and Astoria was established before the territory was ceded by Spain, any claims based on these discoveries were in derogation of the title of Spain and, instead of strengthening their case, weakened it.

The claims of Great Britain were based on:

(1) Discoveries by Drake, Cook, Vancouver, Mackenzie and others.

(2) The Nootka Sound convention with Spain which conceded to Great Britain the right to trade and settle on any part of the coast north of California.

(3) Occupation by the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Companies.

It is to be noted that:

"Great Britain claimed the exclusive sovereignty over a portion only, of the territory, and in respect to the whole, claimed only a right of joint occupancy, in common with other states, leaving the right of exclusive dominion to be settled by negotiation or arbitration. Whereas, the pretensions of the United States tended to the ejection of Great Britain from all right of settlement in the district claimed by the United States.

The pretensions of Great Britain, on the contrary, tended to the mere maintenance of her own rights, in resistance of the exclusive character of the pretensions of the United States."

Great Britain offered to make the Columbia River the boundary between latitude 49 degrees and the Pacific. The United States repeated-

ly declined to accede to this proposal.

Great Britain's strongest claims were based on (1) occupation, (2) the Nootka Sound convention with Spain which recognised her right to trade and settle anywhere north of California. The conventions of 1818 and 1827 had provided for the joint occupancy by Great Britain and the United States, of the disputed territory, and, up to 1841, practically the whole population, 400 in number, was British, but at the date of treaty, only five years later, the Americans outnumbered them 18 to 1. Doubtless fearing that the stream of immigration would Americanise the whole territory, the British Government, in 1846, concluded a treaty which fixed the southern boundary of British Columbia at latitude 49 degrees except that the whole of Vancouver Island was left to Great Britain. That their fears were well grounded was shown when, eleven years later, the Fraser River gold "rush" brought thousands of American miners into British Columbia.

### SAN JUAN BOUNDARY.

Hardly was the ink on the Oregon treaty dry, before differences arose respecting the identity of "the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island," Great Britain claiming the eastern channel, Rosario Strait, and the United States the western channel, Haro Strait. Eventually, it was referred to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany who gave a decision in favour of the United States. As the treaty was drawn up very hastily, there can be little doubt that the intent was to follow a line through mid-channel which would have given San Juan Island to Great Britain and Orcas and Lopez Islands to the United States.

An account of the Oregon treaty would not be complete without a reference to the story that Lord Aberdeen decided to accept the line of 49 degrees as the boundary, as his brother had written him that the country was "not worth a d— inasmuch as the salmon would not rise to a fly." It is quite possible that Captain Gordon wrote that the salmon would not rise to a fly and also that he wrote that the country was of little value, particularly as that opinion was held by many eminent and otherwise well-informed men in the United States and elsewhere. But that it in any way influenced Lord Aberdeen is, to say the least, very doubtful. It can probably be classed with the story that the decision in the Ontario-Manitoba boundary case was given against Manitoba because the judges were anxious to get away for the grouse season. In the first place, it is not very apparent why the decision would go against Manitoba, rather than Ontario, even if the judges did want to get away, and in the second place, the decision was given on July 22nd, and the grouse season does not open till August 12th, three weeks later.

### The Schubert Choir

THE Schubert Choir has finished another season of work, which must be credited to Conductor Fletcher and the enthusiastic members of that organisation as a distinct advance on the work of previous years. Two concerts were given in Massey Hall in association with the Pittsburgh Orchestra. The crowds were good; the audiences responsive. In quality of programme selections the choir shows progress over past years. Many of Schubert's things were given—most of them with splendid effect. In unaccompanied work the choir showed up best. With the orchestra they were sometimes overweighted. The men's sections, though good in matter of pitch and intona-

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A handsome book, called "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," showing many stylish schemes for using Church's Cold Water Alabastine, will be mailed free to you on request. Let us hear from you by next mail.

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tion had not the numerical strength and sonority of the women sections. The soprano voices were exceptionally lyric and pure; rather trebleish in character but always pleasing. Mr. Fletcher has drilled his choir to a point of excellent finish. In all the unaccompanied work there was little to be desired except more and better tone—which would, of course, place the choir in a distinct category from that to which it now belongs. There is a vigorous freshness about these singers that fits them well for the work they do. Beyond that with a choir of the present calibre it would be impossible to go. In his few years of training Mr. Fletcher has done remarkable things with this young choir. Better he can do only by enlarging his chorus and getting in a larger percentage of experienced singers. That, however, is not necessary. The choir has a unique position as it now stands. It would be unwise to place it in competition with larger and more experienced choirs.

Mr. Emil Paur again demonstrated that he knows how to make a band play. He had a splendid time with his men and showed up most of his old form in conducting. He is an enthusiast and a magnetic conductor who has many big moments—when his band scarcely measures up to his personal power. Perhaps he has not improved his orchestra much in recent years except in the string sections and in absolute subordination to Emil Paur. His brass was not always good; French horns particularly defective. His Symphony "In der Natur" proved to be a work of agreeable interest, displaying much command of orchestral resources, facility with colour and freedom of expression as well as a strong line of melody. But it can scarcely be classed seriously as a symphony. Rather it is a descriptive fantasia in symphony form with recurring melodies and sequences quite traditional, but with a note of semi-pagan, personal jocularly and *bizarre* that make it quite a different matter from the symphony of Elgar which was given its first hearing here a few weeks ago. Mr. Paur is a humorist. He is too personal to write a symphony. But he is immensely clever.

### Bagdad

(The mails are now carried from Aleppo to Bagdad by automobiles.—Press Despatch.)

Far in the misty East there looms  
The city of supreme delight,  
With fairy rugs, enchanted rooms,  
And turbaned Arabs, all bedight  
In coloured stuffs from magic looms.  
The Tigris, on its sleepy way,  
Creeps through this hoary Place of  
Dreams.  
This solid ghost of yesterday,  
Around its low foundation beams,  
The ripples of the river play.  
The camel kneels beside its gates,  
And sees across the yellow sands  
The glory of Departed States  
Of long-forgot, deserted lands.  
He kneels and patiently he waits.  
Here, through these narrow, twisted  
streets,  
The good Haroun Al Raschid went,  
And even now the Kurd repeats  
Within his brown, unlovely tent  
Tales of the Caliph's many feats.  
Here Ali Baba brought his wares,  
The jars of oil, the sesame;  
And here the Forty sowed their tares  
And thought to reap prosperity,  
But found instead a thousand cares.  
But now the camel must depart,  
The asses disappear from view,  
It brings such sorrow to my heart.  
Where is the misty town I knew!  
When motor cars for Bagdad start.  
—J. E. MIDDLETON in Toronto News.

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## T. M. WILSON

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# The Blind Road

(Continued from page 15)

Mr. Tadlow. And still no sound came from the cupboard.

Presently, his nerves on edge with the silence and the uncertainty, he closed the shutters over the window, secured the door of his office by propping a chair against it, and flung the cupboard open.

It was dark inside, but stooping he could make out that the man lay huddled on the ground pretty much as he had placed him, and he was suddenly shocked by the twinkle of two dull, ruminant eyes gazing steadily up at him.

"Oh, I'm not dead!" John Denver laughed mirthlessly. "If you're not disappointed it's only because you wouldn't have known how to get rid of the body, eh?"

He supported himself shakily with a hand against the wall, then sank into the elbow-chair that stood by the table; his face was ghastly; it was streaked with blood, and an ugly gash showed redly in his short, iron-grey hair. Still, without speaking, Mr. Tadlow poured out what remained of the brandy, and he accepted it and drained the glass. He sat thereafter pulling himself together, and when his casual glances fell on the wash-stand in a corner of the room, he made his way to it unsteadily, and washed the blood from his face, and bathed the scalp-wound, and tore the towel into strips for bandages.

"I've bungled," he said, returning to the chair. "I've done you as little harm as you've done me. I heard the lies you were telling to the police-officer as I lay in that cupboard, and I was very nearly shouting out, and then telling him why I came here, but I wondered what your game was and kept quiet. Perhaps if I'd had more sense I should have shouted. Your lies, and your hiding me there would have been proof in my favour."

"What is it you want?" asked Mr. Tadlow, tremulously. "If—if it is money, you shall see my books, and I am willing to give you half of all I possess."

Denver eyed him narrowly. "You crawling cur!" he snarled. "Half of the dirtiest money a scoundrel and a hypocrite ever put into his money-bags! No! I didn't come for your money. I came for my honour; for the woman who should have been my wife; for the fifteen years of my life that you robbed me of!"

"I swore in the dock when they sentenced me," he went on, his tones alternating between self-compassion and gusty wrath, "that as soon as I was free again, if I could not bring you to justice and clear myself I would kill you. I should have been free five years ago, but it was hard to bear it—the long, shameful imprisonment—knowing I was innocent; and I have had to suffer for my rash attempts to escape. I did escape once, and I longed for you to hear of it, for I could fancy how you would sneaking in fear and trembling till I was caught again. If I hadn't smashed at one of the warders with a pick I should have been out and able to meet you four or five years ago. Now—"

He paused, and passed a gaunt hand wearily across his eyes.

"My spirit's broken," he said, heavily, "and I don't seem so well able to carry out what I had planned. I've bungled—but you've not done with me yet!" The smouldering fires flamed up in him again. "You know that I am innocent, and that I've suffered for the crime that was yours—yours and that blackguard's—who worked with you—I've been to him already, and he confesses it. Barry has confessed to it. It was my books that were tampered with; my books that were falsified; but it was you and he

that falsified them; and you and he that manufactured the evidence that brought the forgeries home to me. It was you two that embezzled all those thousands, and did it in such a way that the suspicion should fall on me, and I, like the young fool I was—like the poor fool I've always been—I played into your hands. I trusted you; I never had a doubt of you, till you stood in the witness box and told those lies that sent me to gaol for fifteen years."

He lifted his hands to his throat as if his passion were throttling and suffocating him.

"Barry has confessed, I tell you," he added. "I can prove his guilt and yours, and I can prove my innocence."

"I should be glad to help you to do it," said Mr. Tadlow, after an interval, "if it affected only myself."

"You got everything you schemed for," cried Denver, hardly. "You could never have won Margaret to marry you if you had not proved me to be a thief and a villain, and sent me to a convict-cell. No woman's belief could stand against the cunning evidence you built up against me, and so you had your own way—you married her."

"Her people wished it, and I—I succeeded. But she told me she had no love for me; and I have never been able to win her love to this day," said Mr. Tadlow, grimly. "That has been the curse of my life. I have wronged you, but everything I have gained by it has turned to dust in my hands and bitterness in my mouth."

"You have only yourself to blame for that," Denver said, with a laugh. "You have broken her life and mine. You have deceived her all along. She does not know the truth even now. If she knew the truth—"

"She does," Mr. Tadlow interrupted.

"You were always a liar!" exclaimed Denver. "Why, I know her—if Margaret knew the truth, all the world would know it by now. She loved me. She never loved you; you have said so; and if she knew the truth she would hate you—she would hate and despise you; and, by heaven, she shall know it! I will tell her, and she shall choose between us—whether she will stay here with the scoundrel she despises, or whether she will try to begin life afresh with me on the other side of the world. She shall judge between us, and it shall be as she says."

"I have told her the whole truth," Mr. Tadlow insisted dully. "She knows it all. I was ill some few years ago, and she nursed me. I betrayed myself in delirium, and when I was better she charged me with having committed the crime you were condemned for, and I was too weak and miserable to deny it. I told her all."

"You were always a liar," Denver laughed again. "I know her, I tell you, and if she knew I was innocent she would have cleared me before this."

"I have been less than nothing to her ever since," Mr. Tadlow continued. "I left her free to expose me or to remain silent, and she hated me for it, but was merciful."

"But not to me!" shrieked Denver. "You are lying, I say. She does not know, but she shall know. You shall take me to her, or bring her here to me, and she shall judge between us. If she asks it, I will even forgive you for her sake, but she won't ask that—she can never ask that, when she knows!"

"She knows all," Mr. Tadlow repeated, stubbornly.

"Come!" Denver rose, holding by the chair. "You shall take me to her, and I will tell her myself."

But Mr. Tadlow shook his head and stood immovable.

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settle this between us," he said. "Name your price—"

"I would not touch a penny of your money," shouted Denver. "I have friends who can give me all the help I need. When I have finished with you I shall go abroad, and if Margaret is willing to share what life is still possible to me— Come! She shall decide for us. Take me to her, or bring her here."

"I shall do neither," said Mr. Tadlow, firmly. "You are mad."

"That's very likely, but that also she shall decide," cried Denver with a laugh. "I am determined now that I will see her, and whatever happens I will not leave you till I do."

Even as he was speaking they were startled by slight sounds of movement somewhere in the building; and whilst they hesitated, dumb and alert, they caught the tap, tap of a light step on the stairs; it came quickly up, and lightly along the passage, and stopped outside the office, and as the handle turned both of them looked at the door, as if they expected it to open.

III.

"George!" the handle rattled again, and the crazy door gave slightly. "George!"

The two men looked at each other. "That's Margaret!" ejaculated Denver.

He rose abruptly, and took a step forward, but, seeing his purpose, Mr. Tadlow accepted the inevitable, and anticipated him.

He removed the chair from the door, and it fell open, and Margaret came in. A sweet-faced, grey-eyed woman, still under forty, and beautiful, with that wonderful spiritual beauty that comes of sorrow patiently endured. She glanced from her husband to Denver, recognised the latter instantly, and understood what had happened.

"John," she faltered, "I did not know that you were here."

She held out her hand to him, and Denver took it, and, taking it, felt all his anger and his madness die within him.

"I wanted to see you before I went, Margaret," he said, quietly. "I asked your husband to send for you, and he would not; but you have come."

"I met Dobson"—she turned, and gave the explanation to Mr. Tadlow—"he was passing our gate, and told me what had taken place here, so I got him to lend me his key and came to see for myself—"

She left the sentence unfinished.

"I wanted you to come. I said I would not go until you came, and that you should judge betwixt me and him." Denver pointed at Mr. Tadlow, who stood with his chin sunk upon his breast, and from this time on said nothing—merely stood and listened as if he had no word to say in his defence, and was willing that they should deal with him as they would. "He says you know the whole truth, but I could not believe this—"

"Yes," she said, "I know it all."

"And yet you kept his secret—you shielded him?"

"It was very hard for me to decide." Her lips quivered, and her eyes appealed to him. "I did not know until three years ago, and your term of imprisonment had expired before then; you were serving the new term for the attack on the prison warden. Whatever I may have said could not have shortened that, and I decided, at last, to wait until I could see you, and ask you what I should do. But I was not shielding him—I was shielding my children."

Denver started; he had not thought of that. "You were right, Margaret," he said, softly. "You are too good a woman not to be a good mother. I am not going to blame you. I have never blamed you. You believed me guilty—you were bound to, it was all

so black against me, and if I had been guilty I should never have faced you again, though I know that you loved me, and that guilty or innocent—it made no difference to that."

"It made no difference."

"But life had to be lived, and I was as good as dead," he went on, "and one way or another, you were harried into marrying this man; but I did not need him to tell me that you do not—and have never—loved him. Your love was mine, and always will be, and now that you have learned the truth, I don't so much care—I am past caring what the rest of the world may think of me. I told him you should judge between us, and that I should ask you, if you still cared for me, to leave him to his sneaking respectability and go away with me; but I had not heard of your children—I sha'n't ask it now, because I know what you would answer. It's the old look in your eyes; you won't go back on your word—you'll stand by him, and be loyal to him to the finish—and since I can't fling him down without flinging you with him—that ends it!"

For a minute nothing was said.

"I begin to see how hard things have been with you, Margaret," he resumed, "and I can't do what would make them harder. I have been hunting him for weeks, and came here directly I managed to get on his track. I found his friend and fellow-knave, Barry, in Liverpool, and stood over him with a revolver whilst he wrote out a detailed confession, giving information that would establish my innocence, and his own and your husband's guilt. I came here to carry out the same plan with him, meaning to hand the two confessions to the police; but at sight of him I lost my head—I was suddenly frantic, and—well, I bungled. And yet, I don't know," he took himself up shortly, "it is better as it is. I should have harmed you, Margaret, and now—I shall not. After all, I could not have begun over again here. I shall go abroad and start afresh, and the trouble of my past here will be of no more moment there than if it had all happened in another life, in another world."

He took a folded paper from his pocket and held it towards her. "That is Barry's confession, Margaret. Take it and destroy it, and my evidence is gone, and he, and you, and your children are safe."

But she shook her head. "I can't," she faltered. "I have no right to do that. It is not just to you."

"I feel as if I had got into a blind road," he said, with a smile. "I meant to have gone on ruthlessly, but I can't go any farther—there is no way through. I would have killed this man because of you, and now, because of you—"

He held the incriminating document over the gas till it blazed, held it till it was burnt down almost to his fingers, dropped it on the floor, and put his foot on the black, feathery ashes of it.

"Oh, but," she cried, weeping bitterly, "I cannot accept such a terrible self-sacrifice."

"I am glad to offer it for your sake," he said decisively, "and you shall accept it, Margaret, for the sake of your children."

Her hand lay in his, her yearning eyes thanked him and blessed him, and he looked the farewell that he could not say.

In the doorway he loitered and looked round, and, returning, took her hand again and lifted it to his lips, and then went hurriedly, and without glancing back.

She heard him traverse the dim passage, descend the creaking stairs, cross the shadowy, crowded shop; then a door opened, and shut noisily; and there was silence.

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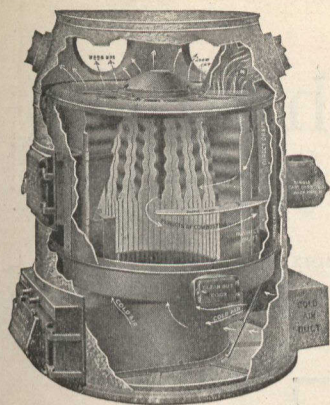
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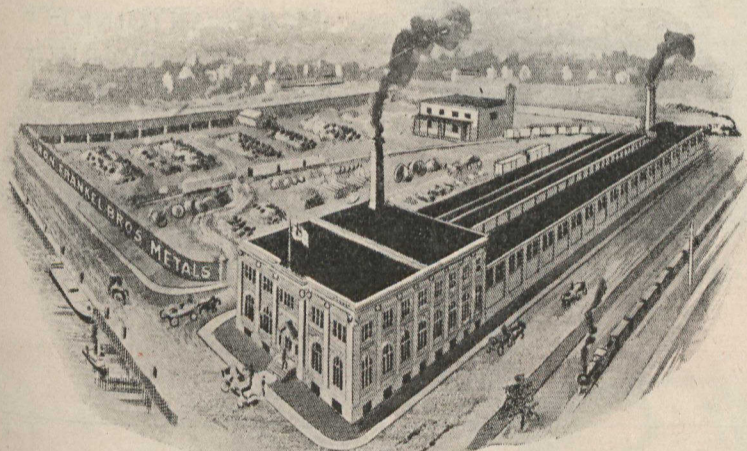
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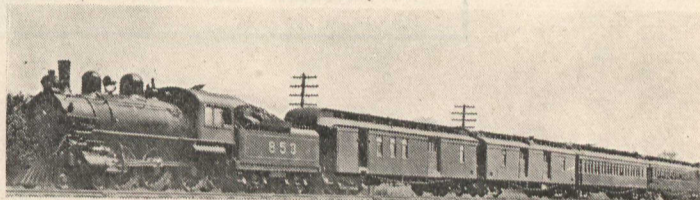
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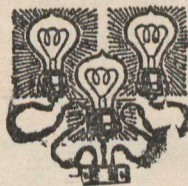
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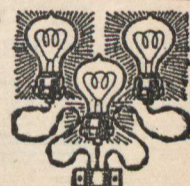


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