

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS week the CANADIAN COURIER gives its readers a graphic idea of the dog shows in Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, and next week there will be a page of canine prize-winners. The Newfoundland sealers are sturdy boats manned by hardy crews who know in every channel "The Way of the Sea." The scenes reproduced this week, displaying the sealer's return with a rich cargo will interest all admirers of "men who do things." In next week's issue there will be a full-page drawing by Mr. Arthur Heming of characteristic style and subject.

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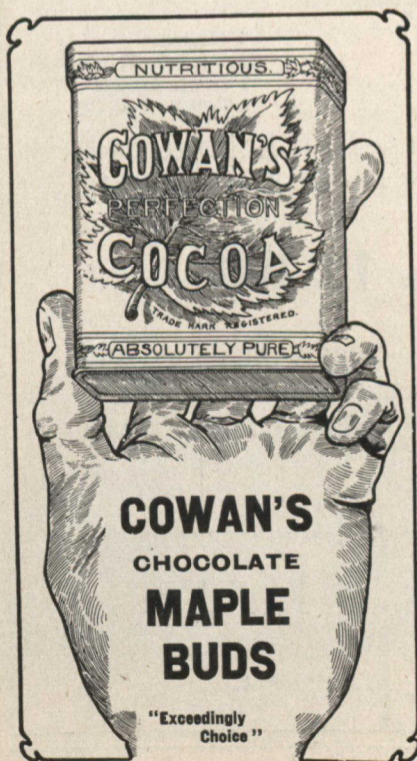
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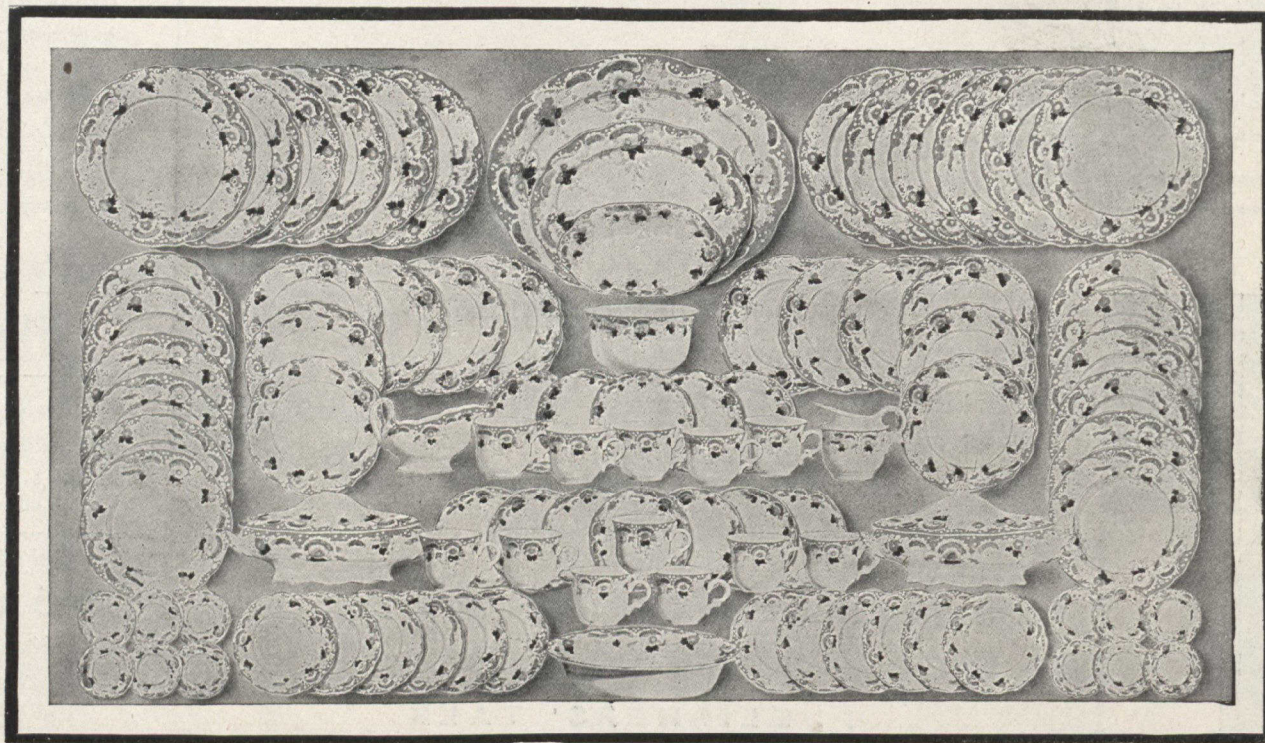
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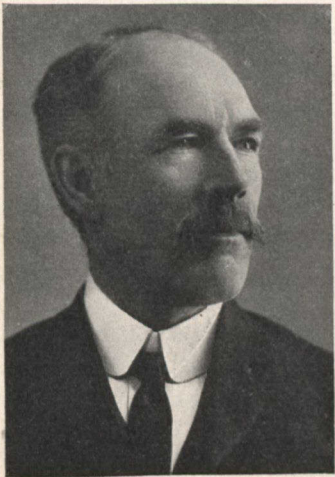
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Vol. III.

Toronto, April 25th, 1908.

No. 21

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. John C. Kaine
Minister Without Portfolio in the Quebec Government

HON. JOHN C. KAINE is Minister without portfolio in the Quebec Government. Mr. Kaine is a solitary instance of an Irish-Canadian who has attained to high political eminence in a land of Frenchmen — the Drummond family being the other notable Irish group in Quebec Province. He is a lumberman and thus actively identified with one of the constructive trade interests of a land whose forests are still big in the world's markets. Mr. Kaine was born in Quebec City in 1854 and has been a member of the Legislative Assembly since November, 1904. He was sworn in as Minister without portfolio in January, 1906. Mr. Kaine is not a natural politician, but a thorough, representative business man.

* * *

A NEW commander for the Canadian "navy" is announced — Captain C. E. Kingsmill, of His Majesty's battleship "Dominion." He will succeed Commander Spain. Commander Kingsmill's duties will not be particularly momentous. His chief concern will be to keep United States fishing marauders out of Canadian waters. He was born in Guelph in 1855; a son of the late Judge Kingsmill; educated at Upper Canada College.

* * *

FOUR Rhodes scholars have recently been chosen from as many provinces in Canada. These are all youthful men; perhaps as earnest a group of young scholars as Canada ever turned out. From Manitoba goes Mr. Howard Henry; from Ontario, Mr. Kaspar Fraser; from Quebec—McGill University—Mr. F. E. Hawkins; from Prince Edward Island, Mr. R. Leitch. These young men will proceed to draw fifteen hundred dollars a year for three years scholarship at Oxford. This seems like a good deal of money for learning; but living at Oxford comes high; much higher than in the University of Toronto or McGill where a student gets through on four hundred dollars a year—which includes a margin for out-of-college amusements, whereas at Oxford the university is the town and the money is spent inside the gates.

The western man, Mr. Henry, is an Ontario boy born at Wroxeter. He succeeded against four competitors; age, twenty-three; went to Winnipeg at the age of eight; matriculated from the Winnipeg Collegiate in 1902, honours in Greek and English. Two years Mr. Henry spent as a clerk in the Molsons Bank and in 1904 he entered Manitoba College, where he has been a very live student; has been a

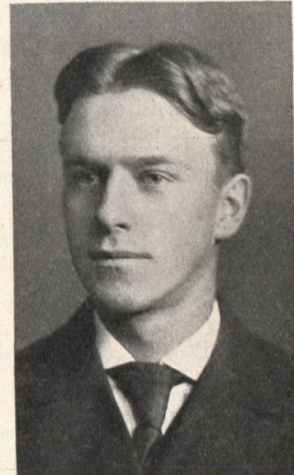
prominent footballer and has held as many offices as a student can get. He has also studied music.

Mr. F. E. Hawkins, the McGill scholar, was born in Ottawa. He spent his early years in Quebec; graduated from the High School there in the Ancient Capital and moved with his parents to Montreal just at the beginning of his university career. He has been a brilliant student. Last year he headed the honour English list. He will graduate this year in English and history. On the side he has been a considerable athlete, but seems to have attained the prominence among the harriers and the runners. He is president of the McGill Harriers and secretary of the McGill Track Club. He knows what Paul meant when he talked about running the race. He has found out that the road up Parnassus is pretty steep and sometimes rather rough.

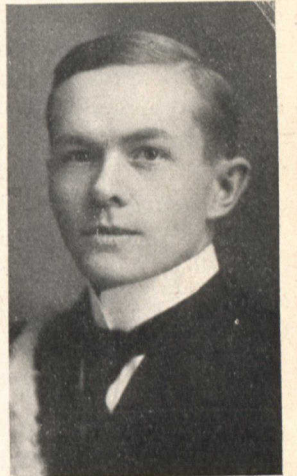
The Edmonton scholar is Mr. G. S. Fife, who is a student at



Mr. R. Leitch
Rhodes Scholar,
from Prince Edward Island



Mr. F. E. Hawkins
Rhodes Scholar,
from Quebec



Howard R. L. Henry
Rhodes Scholar,
from Manitoba

Queen's University. Edmonton has sent one exceedingly bright boy across the water in the person of Mr. Fred Bellamy, who was born in that city and went to Oxford a couple of years ago. Mr. Fife has academic antecedents. His father is teacher in the High School in Edmonton. He will not complete his course before going abroad so that he will have a chance to see what Oxford is doing for his fellow-townsmen, Bellamy. Incidentally it may be noted that Mr. Fife will represent at Oxford considerably more geography than any other scholar in the world except such as have come from either Saskatchewan or Alberta, both of which he represents.

The Ontario man, Mr. Kaspar Fraser, is a son of Professor Fraser of Toronto University. He also is twenty-three years of age—a number which seems to be popular with Rhodes scholars this year. Mr. Fraser is an Upper Canada College boy and won an amateur boxing championship last year.



The Great Fire at Chelsea, Mass., in which 800 buildings were destroyed and thousands of people made homeless. Toronto, Vancouver, Ottawa and St. John are the Canadian cities which have had similar experiences.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

THE POLITICAL GAME

POLITICS is an interesting game, if one views it not too seriously.

The other day, Mr. Whitney announced that the general election in Ontario would be held in June or September. He was perfectly truthful, but none of the Conservative henchmen seemed to take the statement seriously. They are all preparing for an election in June.

On Wednesday of last week, the Hon. Mr. Leblanc, leader of the Quebec Opposition, asked Premier Gouin when the general election in that province would occur. He answered that it might be held in June or October, or there might be another session. He intimated that it would be impolite for him to announce the date without consulting with the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Ontario Government might delay the general election until January, 1909, the Quebec Government until January, 1910. Yet both are preparing for an early appeal to the people. The reasons for an early election in Ontario are more apparent than in Quebec. In the latter province, the reason given in private conversation is that Premier Gouin would like to go to the country before Premier Laurier makes his quinquennial appeal. He thinks, so it is said, that the Liberal representation from Quebec is not likely to be so unanimous after the next federal election as it has been during the past twelve years; therefore he desires to make his return absolutely certain prior to the Laurier appeal.

This jockeying for position on the part of the Conservatives of Ontario and the Liberals of Quebec is highly interesting as well as politically instructive. It sheds some light on what is likely to happen when the Dominion Parliament is dissolved in the autumn.

THE READJUSTMENT OF WAGES

LABOUR, like capital, has had an era of rising profits. As was repeatedly pointed out in *The Canadian Courier* last year, that era has been closed. Since June of last year, wages have been declining. In a few isolated cases, such as the G. T. R. telegraphers, there was an increase but the general tendency has been in the opposite direction.

The first decline in wages, in a period such as this, is brought about by letting out high-priced wage-earners and filling their places with lower-priced men. Then follow general discharges, with re-engagements at lower rates. The final stage is general reductions by large employers.

It is to be hoped that Canada will not reach the third stage. The Canadian Pacific is almost the only large corporation attempting to reduce wages on a large scale and with them the circumstances are exceptional. In the first place the C. P. R. has always paid higher wages in the East than the other railways, and in the second place they have many employees in the West where the general rate of money-wages has a downward trend. The high wages of the new country are always slightly lowered as civilisation advances and normal conditions spread. It is to be hoped that this case will remain exceptional and that the revival in trade, which is manifest if not fully decisive, will result in the present rates of wages being fairly well maintained through all branches of industry.

POLITICS OR POLITICAL WISDOM?

LAST year the Ontario and Dominion Governments combined their operations in regard to immigration into Ontario. This year, the Dominion authorities must work alone, as the Ontario administrators have withdrawn from an arrangement covering several years. Further, the Ontario people are doing all they can to show that a large number of the immigrants who came to Ontario last year were "undesirables." Is all this politics or political wisdom?

The Hon. Mr. Hanna took occasion to point out in the Legislature how the foreign population of Ontario were contributing more than their fair quota to the prisons and asylums. Now, Dr. Bruce Smith,

Inspector of Prisons for Ontario, follows the line taken by his chief and says that the increase in the number in jail is due entirely to "Canada, especially Ontario, being made the dumping ground during the past year for some most undesirable immigrants." He comes out boldly against the Dominion regulations. "There must be something wrong with our immigration regulations that will permit such apparent neglect in the inspection of persons seeking and obtaining passage as immigrants to this country." Among the figures given in his report are those for drunkenness. The commitments numbered 4,774 persons, the largest number since 1888. As it is well known that Canadians are gaining in sobriety, this increase must be mainly due to those who come from Great Britain and the Continent. Being lonesome and living in forced idleness may account for their over-indulgence to some extent, though much of it is due to deeper causes.

Whether or not there is political motive behind all these protests of the Ontario authorities—and we do not believe that there is—there is a warning in all this for the people generally. We must not urge the authorities at Ottawa to rush in new citizens; must rather discourage such a course. Every government does mainly what the people desire, and the Dominion Government is no exception.

THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA

THERE is no better method of making men and women realise what a blessed thing it is to live under the British flag than to read some of the stories which come from Russian refugees. The other day in New York, the authorities refused to allow a socialist and unemployed gathering in Union Square, and when it was held without permission there was trouble—and a bomb. In Britain, they do better and there are fewer bombs than in the United States, which in turn has fewer than any large European state. But in Russia it is all bombs.

Of course bombs are unjustifiable in our eyes. When every individual has equal liberty they are unnecessary and wicked. But there is something to be said for the people who use them in Russia. Perhaps not enough to fully justify them, but the argument is not all one-sided. In his "Heroes and Heroines of Russia," recently published, M. Jaakoff Prelooker tells a tale which makes the blood run cold. In regard to the police treatment of women who dare preach and teach what the bureaucracy forbids, he gives pictures which rival those of Belgian conduct in the Kongo. The story of Madame Breshkovskaya, the "well-beloved grandmother" of the revolutionists, is more thrilling than a dozen novels. This daughter of a Russian nobleman has lived through twenty-three years of prison life in Siberia, has passed through the "Black Hole," and still survives to tell her experiences. Mdlle. Vera Figner lived through twenty years of horrors in the Schlüsselburg fortress, which swallows scores of political lives every year. No person who enters that abode can have any communication with the outside world. The women who rebel against authority are not only sent to prison, but they pay a higher price than even death itself. The story of Marie Spiridonova, who went out to avenge the unspeakable wrongs committed against the women in Tamboff by the Cossacks, and who shot the Vice-Governor responsible for the outrages, is one which will make even men shudder. M. Prelooker has done much to elucidate the Russian situation and to explain why women play so important a part in the tragic events which are making Russia red. Doctrines, faiths and principles may well crumble to dust in such a situation as this man describes. When injustice and inhumanity link themselves together for the aggrandisement of authority, the day must necessarily be evil.

THE GENTLE ANARCHIST

NEW YORK has been undergoing a painful experience with several bomb experts, who, not content with the enlightening Liberty statue in the harbour, wish to spread the principles of freedom by strewing the fragments of peaceable citizens about the square.

The young Russian exile named Silverstein who threw a lighted bomb into the midst of a crowd gathered in Union Square, was no coward, for he risked his own life in a crazy attempt to do something in the cause of alleged Liberty. The murder of a priest in Colorado and some pyrotechnical talk from anarchists in Chicago have stirred up a degree of uneasiness among sober citizens of the United States. However, the editor of the *Argonaut* is probably wiser than any other counsellor of the Republic when he urges that the law should be enforced relentlessly against anyone who incites another to violence but that the loquacious anarchist is killed more easily by contempt than by any other treatment. The San Francisco writer points to England's policy by way of example. England is comparatively free from anarchist outrage; and yet London is almost the only capital in Europe where the anarchist may say and do anything that pleases him, so long as he keeps within the bounds of the law. He may unfurl his precious red flag in Hyde Park and screech himself hoarse against all authority while the bored and supercilious policeman stands by to see that the course of his oratory is not violently interrupted. The anarchist is vain, above all other created beings, and so long as he is allowed to talk, he is not likely to menace the well-being of the State. But the moment he is advertised or his eloquence is threatened with suppression he becomes a danger to the Government. England lets him talk to his tongue's content, benevolently regards his red flag as a harmless and somewhat picturesque feature and her Sovereign and Prime Minister are safe from maniac attack. If that "interesting virago," Emma Goldman, had been ignored or good-naturedly allowed to shriek her ungentle sentiments to her unsoaped audience, she would be less influential than she is to-day, since the attempt at deportation has failed. The strenuous lady exults in the so-called "persecution" and redoubles her efforts at spectacular speech. The editor of *La Question Sociale*, the anarchist paper of Paterson, New Jersey, which President Roosevelt has suppressed, is no doubt regarding himself as an understudy for the martyr.

THE DECADENCE OF DRAMA

IT is several years since Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic of New York, startled the public by his burning denunciation of many of the most popular performances of the day. Since that time, the "drama" seems to have steadily become flimsier and more vulgar with each season. A comedian who was playing in Canada last week and who usually manages to divert his audiences with clean fun declared to a newspaper reporter that many of "these jingling musical comedies are filled with vulgarity from beginning to end." The element in the musical comedy which is most undesirable is unquestionably the chorus girl. With few exceptions, these members of the cast are uneducated, unmelodious and blatant. They appeal to the least elevating impulses and are a source of degradation to much that is called "drama." The few who are above the sort of performance required from the chorus girl make their escape as soon as possible from that class of theatrical exhibition. The journals devoted to drama are beginning to deplore the introduction of the chorus girl with her dreary vulgarities and inane following. If anyone who cares to see a good play, by some unhappy fortune finds himself forced to attend the average musical comedy, the words of Mr. Winter come back with mournful appropriateness: "Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as 'actresses,' rasp the welkin with voices which rival the screech of the peacock . . . The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen."

The "drama" of England is afflicted by a similar blight. "Drivel for the Dregs" is what Mr. Stead called the ordinary music-hall programme and many of the popular theatres afford nothing better. The dramatic instinct belongs to humanity. Drama has been and may be a noble element in our civilisation, attracting the keenest intellects to its interpretative service. Its degradation, let us hope, is only temporary. There are a few theatres in the country which endeavour to provide plays of the better class but too many are given up to trashy and vulgar musical comedy or vaudeville.

NOMINATING CANDIDATES

THE quadrennial and quinquennial nominating farces are to be enacted this year in three cases; the Ontario general election, the Quebec general election and the Dominion general election are in sight. The "ward" and "riding" bosses are now selecting the delegates to the nominating conventions. Few men can get on these favoured lists unless they agree with the "boss" as to who should be the candidate. To be a good party man is not sufficient; the aspirant

for delegate honours must profess a willingness to vote for a "named" candidate.

A few of these party leaders get together and they decide that "so and so" shall run in Montreal East or "so and so" shall be the candidate in North Toronto. The president of the Ward Association is then called in and given his orders. He goes out and arranges the nomination. In country constituencies, the lines are not drawn so closely as in city constituencies; bossism never secured much foothold in townships and villages. When all the delegates are selected, the nominating convention meets. The word is passed around among these "hand-picked" delegates that the leaders favour Mr. Blank, and Mr. Blank gets the votes of the faithful. Usually the nomination is his on the first ballot. Then Mr. Blank is introduced as the choice of the convention, whereas there is really no choice—the delegates have dutifully done as they were told. Amid cheers for the candidate and the leader, the delegates disperse to their homes to forget, as speedily as may be, the exhibition of pusillanimity which they have made.

In probably one-half the cases in each election, the rank and file of either party will have no say as to who the candidate shall be. The delegate who refuses to pledge himself in advance, will probably be appointed an "alternative," and find that he is not required. This is party government as it works out. It has come to this pass because business and professional men think they demean themselves when they mix up in "ward" politics.

This partially explains why so many poor candidates get nominations and why there is not a higher average of ability among members of legislatures and parliaments. It also explains why the best men in parliament often come from the rural constituencies. The greater freedom of choice and the higher standing of the delegates enables the rural constituency to select the man who is really most fitted for the position.

GAME AND THE FORESTS

OUR game can only be preserved by protecting our forests—this was the summing up at this week's meeting of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Already Manitoba, Alberta, Quebec and New Brunswick have adopted the idea as well as Ontario, and great reforms are expected in the near future.

Ten years ago a forest was, in most parts of Canada, considered a nuisance or an asset of limited value. Even the trees along the roadways, line fences and watercourses were ruthlessly cut down. Now we have discovered that all this waste is the reverse of economic. We find that we have destroyed millions of dollars, have opened up the watercourse to the sun and subjected ourselves to all the dangers of spring floods, and have destroyed the natural haunts of the game and fish which made the sporting season so attractive. We find that we were quickly turning our country into one vast treeless tract, tending to be monotonous, lacking in variety and presenting only one idea to the mind of the weary agriculturist. With the woods, the game and the fish gone, how dull would be our existence! When nature had lost her charm, how we could preserve that love for the naturally beautiful which alone may combat materialism?

Professor Fernow tells us how valuable the forests may become and he also tells us that by protecting the forest we may perpetuate a supply of venison which will be worth millions of dollars annually to the people of Ontario. In the little kingdom of Prussia, the annual marketed venison is valued at three millions of dollars. In Ontario, it might be worth ten or even fifteen.

In Scotland, shooting districts rent for sums running as high as twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Add to this the value of the grazing, of the product of certain arable portions, and the value of the ripe trees, and you have an annual income of considerable proportions. Moreover, there are many districts in Ontario and elsewhere that are of no value for any other purpose. The attempt to turn such districts into agricultural settlements has resulted in failure.

Such associations as these and such discussions should be encouraged by all broad-minded citizens. Mr. Evans may be a faddist, but he has done wonderful work in organizing this body and securing the assistance of such men as Professor Fernow and Dr. Hornaday.

In these public movements, the general mass of the people are apt to stand back and leave the work to a few leaders. This should not be. If the general public would talk more about game preservation and forest protection, the laws and regulations would soon be materially improved. Moreover, wanton destruction would rapidly become unpopular.

Through a Monocle

IT was Mr. Winston Churchill's misfortune that he visited this country when still a boy. Every time he takes a step upward in British public affairs, those who met him when he was here, marvel that sage old John Bull can place so much confidence in so bumptious and tactless an individual. Now we have all met John Bull more or less—at any rate in the pages of history—and we ought to know that he is a pretty good judge of men. If he is willing to entrust important positions to the hands of Mr. Winston Churchill, we might fairly infer that this cannot be the same lad who set everybody by the ears when he made his lightning tour through Canada in the character of Britain's "Future Premier". Some years have passed since then; and Mr. Winston Churchill ought to have grown up. Everything points to the conclusion that he has grown up. Personally I had an opportunity to hear him after his visit to Canada and after he had had the steadying influence of public life for a while; and I have never been able to identify the able and clear-headed young fellow I then listened to, with the character whom my friends report to have met under his name in Canada.

* * *

I HAVE no notion, however, that he was represented by a "double". It recalls rather the story of the custodian of a museum who absent-mindedly showed his visitors two skulls of Cromwell in different rooms; and, when taken to task on the point, said: "Oh, this is his skull when he was a boy." We have all been boys, and most of us would mightily hate to be judged ever after by the foolish things that we did and said during that callow period. At all events, Mr. Winston Churchill is now a man to be reckoned with. He is one of the "first class fighting men" in a Government which is not deficient in this respect; and he has shown great ability as a debater in the House of Commons. During recess, it is not too much trouble for him to run down to South Africa and look the situation over there; and we may hope that in some future recess he may come again to Canada and wipe out the unpleasant impression which there is no doubt he has left here. Neither Mr. Churchill nor this great Colony can afford to permit a wrong impression of this sort to continue to exist.

* * *

AS I write, there is as yet no contradiction of the statement that Mr. John Morley has accepted a peerage. Rather excuses have come over the cable. We are told, for instance, that he owes debts of honour; and that only by carrying his ministerial salary to the security of the Lords can he earn the money to pay them off. This explanation disregards the fact that he owes a far greater debt of honour than any financial obligation to the democrats throughout the Empire who have believed in and followed him. A man has no right to invite the confidence of a great section of the people, and to identify his name with their cause through a lifetime of public service to it, and then accept the livery of their opponents at the culmination of his career. By his life-long alliance with them, he has parted with a certain share of the ownership of his identity. If he changes his principles, he can then recover his whole identity; but he must confess his change of heart openly. For a democrat to accept a peerage without some such confession, is to betray a regimental flag into the hands of the enemy.

* * *

WHAT I have written will be just as true if it turns out that Mr. John Morley has not surrendered. It would be a curious thing if it should turn out that, while Mr. Gladstone began life as a high Tory and ended by refusing an earldom, his biographer began as a Radical in politics and religion, and ended as a Viscount with an unknown name. Mr. Winston Churchill belongs to a cadet branch of the House of Marlborough; but one does not have to carry the House of Marlborough very far back to find "Jack" Churchill, who was a man of action who cared little for precedents and previous affiliations. Whatever else may be said for or against Mr. Chamberlain, he did not at all events retire to the House of Lords; and by that much kept his fealty to the Radical principles by which he

climbed to power. If the democracy of Britain is ever to destroy the citadel of Privilege and make the vote of a Commoner as potent as the vote of a Peer, its leaders must have the fortitude to die in the faith.

* * *

THEY are remarking that Mr. Asquith is the first lawyer to rise to the British Premiership in many a long day. That will be a surprise to most Canadians who think that no man is qualified for a premiership unless he has learned to talk in a law office. It is true that one of our best Dominion premiers was a stone-mason; but he was only the exception which proves the rule. The legal profession has us hypnotised. Even poor Senator Ross, who had been a good school teacher, did not think he could get on in the world without making himself a nominal lawyer. To-day at Ottawa, a lawyer leads the Government, and a lawyer leads the Opposition. At Toronto, two lawyers face each other. Sir Oliver Mowat was a lawyer; and so were Messrs. Hardy and Ross. Sir John Macdonald was a lawyer, and so were Messrs. Abbott and Thompson. Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper were not; but things went to pieces under them. I venture to say that most people think that it is a piece of presumption for any man to dream of being premier without a barrister's gown to his back. But in good old Britain, they do not imagine that it is unconstitutional to make a layman First Minister.

N'IMPORTE

GENEROUS.

A DESPATCH from London relates that while the notorious suffragette, Mrs. Pankhurst, was conducting a meeting at Newton Abbey, Devonshire, a farmer in the audience stood up and publicly offered to marry her. Mrs. Pankhurst replied freezingly that she was not there to answer personal questions. The farmer rejoined that he thought that as she was a widow a husband would be useful to her as a voter.

* * *

YOUNG CANADA.

By J. Hunt Stanford.

'Tis a land where nature hoarded wealth and wonder yet untold
For the Nation which she knew one day would be;
'Tis a land whose choicest riches are the prairies waving gold,
And the argosies she sends to every sea.
'Tis a land whose aristocracy are tillers of the soil,
And whose rulers from the scourge of sloth are free;
'Tis a land that seeks her heroes in the ranks of those who toil,
And young Canada is good enough for me!
—From "Miriam and Other Poems."



Local Oracle. "Well, gents, it's like this 'ere. There's things as is, and there's things as isn't; and there's some things as neither is nor isn't. And, to my thinking, this 'ere noo regulation o' the parish council comes somewhere between the last two."—Punch.



THE WHIST CONGRESS, TORONTO

THE Canadian Whist Congress was not a great success in point of numbers, but all the competitions were well contested with the exception of the "Novice" fours. The Toronto Whist Club, though badly beaten by Hamilton in the inter-club matches held during the winter, secured revenge

by winning first and second in the Goodall Challenge Trophy for "senior" fours. In the play-off the winners were Messrs. Amsden (president C. W. L.), Higgins (treasurer), Kidd and Costello. London, which was well represented in the congress, furnished the winners in the Hay Trophy for pairs.

Collingwood won the "novice" fours and the ladies' pairs (Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. Arthur). Fraser and Mrs. N. A. Sinclair won the mixed pairs, and the latter also won the ladies' aggregate. Mr. George Biggar led in the men's aggregate, with Mr. George Shaw second.

PREMIER ASQUITH'S YOUNGSTERS

THERE is a renovated cabinet at Westminster. The additions are young men—very young as Cabinet timber goes. When Mr. Asquith became a Cabinet Minister in 1892, he was thirty-nine. As he owed his rise mostly to his own brains, people said he was very juvenile to be a Secretary of State, and they marvelled at Mr. Gladstone's experiments. As he was not afraid of his own youth, he has not been frightened by the boyishness of the first two men he has elevated from the lower to the higher ministerial rank, for Winston Churchill and Walter Runciman are both under thirty-nine.

That is to the good, especially as both promotions have been earned. Lord Rosebery used to talk solemnly about the terrible need of efficiency in the public service. He left the lonely furrow to preach the blessed gospel of capacity in high office—and then went back to the furrow, ended with little faith and less works. Others are practising what he preached.

The new Cabinet changes give you the choice of believing in or scorning prophecy. When Lord Rosebery threw up the leadership of the Liberal party, and as the event has proved, rendered it impossible for himself to leave an abiding mark in history, he prophesied that Mr. Asquith would one day be Prime Minister.

Lord Rosebery, therefore has joined the meagre company of the successful prophets, and may find the distinction to be a compensation for being also in the company of ineffective leaders.

But prophecy is a deceiving jade. Mr. Asquith has made Mr. Winston Churchill President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Education. The charming thing about both facts is that the distinction goes to Winston Churchill, Liberal, the same Winston of whom I heard it predicted, to his face, that he would be a pillar of Conservatism, to the end of his days.

Never prophesy unless you know; and then it is just as well to hold your tongue. Beware how you speak disparagingly of your opponent of to-day. He may be your ally of to-morrow, and the resurrection of old discourses may make you very unhappy.

The first time I saw Mr. Churchill was at his debut as Conservative candidate for Oldham, in the summer of 1899. He recited a brilliant speech, proofs of which were in the reporters' hands. Half way through it he referred to one of his two adversaries and resorted to a trick which only a very precocious youth or an incompetent old fool would adopt—he affected not to know the name of an opponent. "Mr.—a—a— Mr.— dear me, what is his name?" The dodge was successful, and a gossamer voice answered "Rubbingsstones." Mr. Churchill was delighted, the audience was delighted, and "Mr. Rubbingstones" was assumed to be defeated.

But Mr. Rubbingstones, whose proper name was Runciman, was not defeated; and Mr. Churchill knows his name very well now; for they have had seats on the same Treasury Bench these two years and more. At that time, too, Mr. Churchill might have been given Mark Twain's advice to little girls: "Don't sass old people unless they sass you first." He was as contemptuous of the Liberal leader as he was of Mr. Runciman. He was puzzled to understand certain of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's sayings, and explained the difficulty by lightly observing that Campbell must have uttered one part of the speech and Bannerman the other. Just at that time, too, a Conservative member, Mr. George Whiteley, had changed his party. Mr. Churchill's horror at his perfidity was magnificently eloquent. How he lambasted that unfortunate man! He didn't wait to be sassed. Fierce indignation gat hold of him. Well, he knows now what it is to be reviled for obeying the still small voice of the Churchill conscience. His tongue is better bridled than it was in those far off days of '99.

In 1900 Churchill beat Runciman. He had come back from South Africa, a transparent hero. He had Mr. Chamberlain and more prophecies to help him. No wonder Runciman went down. But he has seen Mr. Chamberlain disappear and Winston Churchill walk over to his side of the House of Commons. Mr. Runciman is a little older and looks a little younger than Mr. Churchill. He has no scintillating brilliance, no affectation, (unless he has grown it since he became His Majesty's Minister), and will be a young man when Churchill is prematurely aged. He wins because he deserves to win. The only son of a Tyneside shipowner, for whom he secured a baronetcy two years ago, he married a wife who was a member of a School Board, and divided his own time between business and public service. He was a follower of Lord Rosebery, rather than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, until he saw that the ex-Premier was too thin-skinned to play the patient game. He has his reward, and will make the most of it in a clean, brainy, large-visioned way—or I am a far worse prophet than Lord Rosebery.

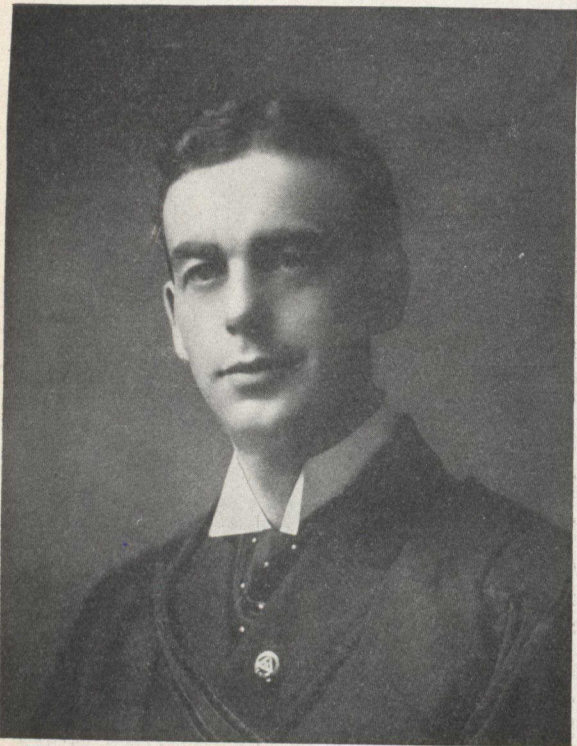
So much for the two new men. They are worth watching, but not so interesting as the little Welshman in the prime of life who has become Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is not so young as Austen Chamberlain, was when he mounted guard over the Imperial purse. But Austen was his father's son; and nothing else besides. Mr. Lloyd-George was brought up by the village cobbler at Llanstumdwy, who was, and happily is, a lover of learning for its own sake, whose education of his fatherless nephew has culminated in a personal idyll, and a natural pride that together are one of the most heartsome portents of a rather unimaginative epoch. Mr. Lloyd-George has stepped into the second place in the House of Commons, and to an office which entitles him to wear gorgeous robes on great occasions, while he is still the occupier of a thirty-five dollar a month house hard by Wandsworth Common.

He used to say that his humble birth and modest income as a practising solicitor would keep him

(Continued on page 13)

HARVARD CANADIAN CLUB

WHAT President Eliot of Harvard University has called "that excellent institution—the Canadian Club"—has grown up in Canada practically only during the last two years. In almost every city in Canada the



Mr. Varley B. Fullerton
President of Harvard Canadian Club

Club has now become an established and important factor in the nation's growth, and its earnest deliberations, its serious discussions of what is best for the country, and its optimistic hopes for her future greatness must no longer be ignored by those in public life. Yet, it must not be supposed that the Canadian Club is a flower native only to Canadian soil. For many years, and long before Canadian cities dreamed of these organizations, the Canadian Club has flourished at America's greatest seat of learning—Harvard University. In no other foreign University does there exist so strong and patriotic a Canadian society; indeed the Canadian Club of Harvard is the strongest national organiz-

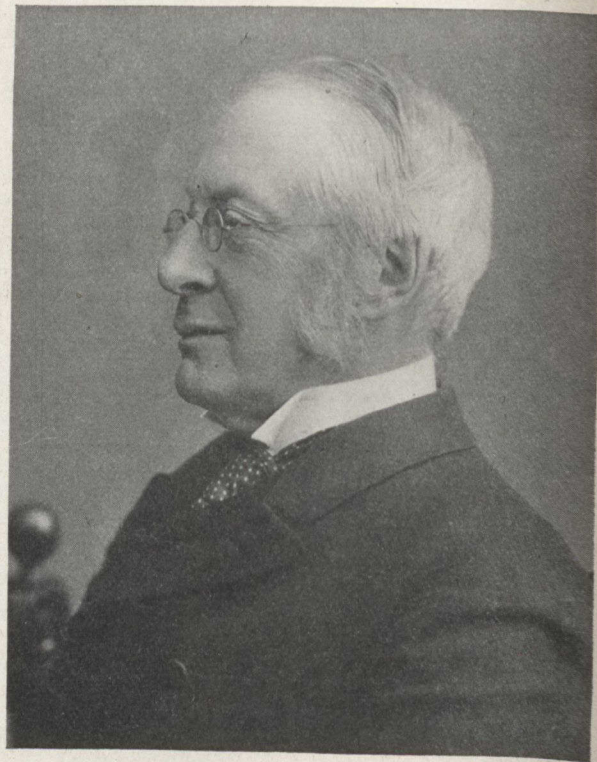
ation—of any nation—in a foreign University in the world. It is composed mainly of students in the University who have been born in Canada. Membership is open, however, to all persons in any department of Harvard who are or have been British subjects. Forty-two students from Canada, and an almost equal number from other parts of the Empire, are now enrolled at Harvard. The Club includes in its membership not only Canadians from every University in the Dominion, but students from Great Britain, Australia, India, South Africa, and Jamaica.

The objects of the club are the promotion of social intercourse among its members, and bringing together on a common ground in a patriotic and companionable way the British students at Harvard, and the furtherance of Harvard's interests in the different parts of the British Empire and more especially in Canada. The University authorities have recognized the importance of the club and have granted it as a meeting place a room in the Harvard Union. Regular monthly meetings of a social nature are held once a month, and at these meetings addresses are frequently given by Canadians or Americans prominent in public or educational life. During the present year the club has been addressed by President Eliot of Harvard, who spoke on "The United States and Canada—a comparison," and by President Peterson of McGill on "Education as a Federating Force."

It is impossible to estimate the influence of the Canadian Club of Harvard upon the future life of Canada and the Empire. The men who compose the club return after their three or four years' study to active work in their own countries; they have met on common ground; they have grown to understand each other's hopes, and to realize and estimate more justly the views of the country each represents. They go back—as President Eliot remarked—"to become the leaders in their country's affairs, as teachers or preachers or politicians or jurists;" their intercourse at the Canadian Club—and the knowledge of each other gained thereby—will be of greater value than mere political theories in bringing the different parts of the Empire to a definite understanding on the new problems of the new time.

If the dream of Federation Through Education is ever realized such organizations as the Canadian Club of Harvard will be one of the important factors in its development. Already the university is doing its part. Among the Canadians on the Faculty at Harvard are Professors McVane in history; Sumichrast in French; Neilson in English; Schofield in Literature, whose appointment recently as Harvard's representative for six months to the University of Berlin created much discussion; Jeffrey

in Botany; Munroe in Government; and Drs. Rand and Webster. On the other hand, in Canada are several Harvard trained men, many of whom were active in the Canadian Club. Among the large number may be mentioned Professors Corby of Mc-



President Eliot of Harvard University

Gill, Fraser of Montreal Presbyterian College, Hume of Toronto, MacLay and Cohoe of McMaster, Sir Frederick Borden, Sir C. H. Tupper; Judge White, and W. L. McKenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, as well as several representatives in the Senate and the Commons. There can be little doubt that these men in a quiet but not uncertain way—are to-day doing much to promote a better understanding between the two nations, and that organisations like the Canadian Club of Harvard will do much in future to realise the dream of Federation through Education. The president of the Club for the present year is Varley B. Fullerton, A.B., of Parrsboro, N.S., a student in the Law School and a patriotic Canadian with high ideals for Canada's future.

THE DOG SHOW AT VICTORIA

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

IT must be the absence of a severe winter that gives all events such an impetus out here. Here is March just past with its flowers and green grass and straw hats and its wonderfully successful Horse Show at Vancouver, then along glides April with its summerlike days, its buoyant sea air, its myriad gardens all aleaf and abloom, and lo! the Dog Show is with us.

The drill hall that contains the pandemonium of barks is a red pile of buildings just behind that stately Parliament Building group. Here for days busy workmen have been erecting stall and platforms, rows of open boxes for single entries, long, straw-lined open boxes for group entries, a sawdust-laid squared circle for the judges' ring. Meanwhile all the owners of each and every variety of dog, knowing in their hearts that they each and every one possessed the best specimen of that breed on earth, thought it just as well to wash and brush and comb the sure winner of the blue ribbon—for one can't tell what the other fellow is doing to his dog. So the doggy procession starts—all headed for the drill hall. From islands in the gulf, from lonely ranches far up the trails, from country estates, from river delta marshes, from ranches a thousand-and-half miles out on the prairies, afoot, by train, by gasoline launch and puffing steamer the hairy procession advances. They are led by all sorts and conditions of men—Scotchmen whose fathers came out for the "Company"; Englishmen, wanderers over the earth, fruit growers, ranchers, chicken ranchers, wild animal collectors, jovial fellows all; Irishmen from their snug farms on island and mainland;

officers from steamships in the harbour, clad in all manner of raiment, from the cords and putties of the correctly dressed doggy man to the loose tweeds of the tourist.

Into the great white-interiored building the owners and drivers and the yelping pack pour, filling all the boxes with a red-tongued population as if by magic. Meanwhile the railroad has been rapidly bearing a man all the way from Kansas City, Kansas, over prairie and mountain and shore-line, a man that will cause some to leave the ring exultant and some depressed—for this is James Cole, Judge of all Breeds for this Bench Show.

Already the Bench Show Committee and the Board of Directors (one of the latter is a most enthusiastic lady) have secured some two hundred and fifty entries in the hundred-odd classes. So all is ready—the urbane ticket-taker, the up-to-date, businesslike lady ticket-seller, Secretary-Treasurer Dunn, the superintendent and his helpers—all are ready—and in we go.

First take a glance at champion Victoria Chief, a St. Bernard that weighs 206 pounds, that stands 34 inches at the shoulder and reaches when erect away above the man he endeavours to embrace with his big, yellow feathered paws. Next to him lies a truly magnificent Great Dane, owned by J. G. French, who also owns a host of dogs, bears, panthers, leopards, fishing cats, hyeanas, and strange birds and beasts from every clime.

Now we all take our places by the ring and the owners and attendants lead up the English setters, puppies first. It is most interesting to see the men

handling the dogs, leading them at rapid pace about the ring, standing them so that every point will show to the best advantage—one eye on the dog and the other on the judge. See them holding the feathered tails out so that each silky tuft may show well. See the tremor of anxiety as the judge tells "the other fellow" to run his dog about again. How the anxiety deepens as the judge tells that same other fellow to stand his dog over to one side. How the suspense deepens as another is pranced around the ring and then stood—in what you know in your heart—is to be the position for the red ribbon, the second prize. Then the third prize dog, the one that will get the white ribbon, is led aside, and these good men and true stand mute and breathless, eyes shifting from dog to judge, to crowd of interested spectators, each and every one anxious for the last and only selection, the Reserve. Now the judge turns to the four he has stood aside. Paws are inspected, gums and teeth disclosed, height of head and width of same felt and examined—the owner meanwhile stretching the tale until in stands a noble banner to his eye—full of faults to the defeated ones about him. Now the judge looks in the eyes of these black and white spotted beauties and Arbutus Spot seems the best, so the blue ribbon is tied on its collar, the red goes to Royal Ranger, the white to Rodfield Sport and the Reserve to Arbutus Prince, and out pass the joyful ones and the sad ones.

Novice English setters come next, dogs never having won first prize, then Limit dogs (dogs not recorded champions, nor having won four firsts). In this class the grand Togo of Japan led the field,



Seven Prize Winning Pointers of the Victoria Dog Show

the same dog that in 1905 took the silver for best pup and two seconds, Vancouver. Then comes the open class, open for all dogs of this breed, and Miss Davies wins with the handsome Rockline Young Roy. Puppy bitches come next. Then the ring fills with novice bitches, then the limit bitches. In this class Rockline Flirt, a beautiful white setter, swept the field. Open bitches ended this large class.

Then the ring filled with magnificent specimens of the grand old Irishmen. Those true-natured Irish setters, Duke of Wellington, Bobs, Victoria Kathleen, Jesse, with the true Irish red tint, won in their respective classes, fine beasts all of them. Then came the dogs we all love, the black Gordon setters, with their well-set tan and yellow markings. Mack was the choice of puppies; Tramp took the Novice. Tramp also took the Limit blue ribbon—there is one of the finest specimens of a Gordon that has ever gladdened my eyes; owned by J. A. Robb, of the cable ship "Restorer," this magnificent dog has been a world-wide traveller. It is feathered remark-

ably well and if you can imagine a Gordon setter carrying its tail as true and as sharp as a pointer and yet wearing a handsome feather you have a picture of this fine dog.

There was a very large class of pointers, all well groomed, with coats as clean as my lady's hand, with well-fitting blankets, trim, well-bred beasts, fine almost to a fault in some cases, giving that sweet tongue so dear to the hunter's heart. In this class Wolfenden Dog, Victoria Boy, and Wilson's Bitch—Wilson's Spot and the puppies of this pair swept the board—Victoria Ned, Spot's Lady, Prince Rupert and Sidney Boy are strictly first-class pointers—a delight to the eye.

Irish water spaniels, with their curly coats corkscrewed tightly, big fine boys and girls, Burrard Pat, Burrard Bidy and Girl, were hard to choose between. These dogs that look so heavy and woolly to the common eye are high strains and clean blood, well limbed and clean headed, not too finely bred as in some breeds.

Field spaniels, their cream and brown silky hair immaculate—oh! the care they lavished on these handsome beasts. Chum and Togo and Flash, good dogs all of them.

Cocker spaniels, black, and black and white, brown, and brown and white, tan and bay and silky yellow, a perfect avalanche of these descended on the ring. No wonder the judge had a hard time carefully selecting from this wagging host.

Collies, sharp nosed and richly coated, giving the quick yelp that has often sounded the alarm when wolf or cougar neared the flock.

Bull dogs, with fierce faces and pleasant natures, their collars as bristling as their natures.

White bull terriers, pleasant faced and pleasant natured, responding to every caress.

A host of rough and smooth-coated fox terriers, Scotch terriers, Irish terriers, Airedales, Daschounds, Dandy Dinmounts, Yorkshires, black and tans, and Maltese ended the procession.



ONTARIO KENNEL CLUB'S BENCH SHOW, TORONTO.

THE Ontario Kennel Club's third annual bench show last week was quite a success. Sir Noble Bolt and Lucerne (B. Swann) were best of the St. Bernards; Mr. Kenyon's Bedlington won. The Oxford Kennels carried nearly everything in smooth fox terriers, and T. Harlow the wire-haired;

Mr. C. S. Band's "Dandy" won the open in Yorkshire terriers; Johnson's Odin swept the great Danes; Mr. Kenyon swept the English setters with Spot and Melrose. The Irish setters, bull terriers, cockers and collies were well contested in all classes. Scholes won the junior Irish classes and the Rath-

calm Kennels the senior; Miles & Coles were strong in the bull terriers; Mr. Lewis's Calino Baby and Mr. Coleman's Lady Standard were leaders in the cockers; while Water Witch was unbeaten among the collies. The poor building did not dampen public enthusiasm as this picture shows.

WITH THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEALERS



The return of a Newfoundland Sealer. The valuable cargo has been unloaded at the docks at St. John's and is absorbing the attention of the wharf crowds.



Surveying the results of a season's sealing



Preparations for unloading the skins

DURING March and April, the Newfoundland sealers make a stern fight with ice and fortune for a year's profits. It is a short season, shorter even than the summer-hotel season in Muskoka. It is also dangerous and doubtful. There is no certainty in any feature of it. A boat may never come back; it may come back empty; or it may return with a profitable catch. A despatch from St. John's says: "The *Walrus* is supposed to have been lost April 3rd, during the heavy south-west storm." On March 23rd the *Aurora* was caught when the ice "rafted"; her rails, sides and bridge

were carried away, and the crew were forced to abandon her temporarily. And so it goes in the precarious calling of collecting sealskins from the ice-fields.

The excitement of the occupation must be its allurements. We read that on March 28th, the crew of the *Virginia Lake* killed and "panned" 17,000 seals. What a day's slaughter! On a previous day they had killed 2,000 and on a subsequent day 5,000. Then they went back to pick up and when all the pans were exhausted the tally was 5,000 skins short. Perhaps some of the rival boats could tell where

those skins went. The uncertainties of human nature mingle with the uncertainties of that Nature which is not human yet which affects all people.

What a sight it must be, to see 200,000 seals at one time, as occurred this year on March 28th. Unfortunately for the sealers, they discovered the patch and reached it a few hours late; the seals had begun to "dip," otherwise all might have been secured. A few hours made all the difference between a good season and a poor one. The total catch for the eighteen boats will be less than 200,000, which is not up to the average.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE Montreal maniac book agent who held fifty policemen at bay and killed one of them is graphically described in one of the newspapers: James Smith had no companions. For years he has walked the streets of Montreal softly, looking neither to the right nor left, fresh and carefully groomed, sometimes with a little parcel under his arm. Smith was not the ordinary book agent. He was not the sort of man who could be flung down stairs. He spoke softly, quietly, intelligently. He made a delightful bow, and then said: "Mr. Jones, knowing you to be an educated man, I take the liberty of showing you a specimen of a new work which I venture to think will appeal to you as a man of culture." He went on, always quietly, to speak about the work every now and then with an impressive air, remarking that he knew the opinion of Mr. Jones in respect of such a work would be valuable. He would not pretend, in the presence of so cultivated a man as Jones, to speak of the merits of the work. Smith was a man of wide reading himself, and, therefore, could be impressive. Moreover, he never forgot the deferential manner. No elevator boy or man forbade him to go upstairs. Rarely was he denied access to the best people. Straight as a poplar, dignified in his walk, clean and fresh-looking, Smith worked up a considerable connection in Montreal.

* * *

MARRIAGES may not be made in heaven, but there is a young man in Alberta who has offered to get married in an airship. The thing is this—does he need a clergyman, or will a marriage in the air be legal anyway?

* * *

THERE are sixty thousand Canadians in Buffalo; as many or more in Detroit; several hundreds of thousands in each of New York and Chicago. According to President Roosevelt they all get jobs. The recently-elected president of the Canadian Club in New York of course is a Canadian; Dr. Neil McPhatter, born near Galt, which is a very Scotch town, poetic and industrial; the *locale* of the story, "St. Cuthbert's," by Rev. R. E. Knowles.

* * *

MACKINDER, the British geographer, predicts that Canada will become the economic centre of the Empire. He is not the first to discover this.

* * *

RATS have arrived in Manitoba. This is a novelty. From Winnipeg to the Rockies and north to Herschell Island, hitherto not a rat—except tame ones. Near Emerson, Manitoba, however, the rodents have got in—somehow; fifty-one having been killed under a barn. Is it possible they were a new species of gopher?

* * *

THERE are enough prairieites in Victoria, British Columbia, to form a union. This new organisation of men from the wheat land levels have called themselves "The Prairie Club." They are probably sea-sick for the land; for the real seas of land; perhaps have the same sort of longing for the levels of the prairie as maritimers have for the sea when they get to the prairie.

* * *

JOHN AULD, M.P.P. for South Essex, Ontario, is likely to drop out of politics. Auld is one of the characters of Amherstburg, where he publishes and edits and owns one of the biggest weekly newspapers in Canada—the Amherstburg Echo. He is an old-timer in that quaint, Frenchy little town that sees more ships pass in the night than any other town of any size in the wide world. He knows everybody in the town; the oldest houses in the place; the antiquated fireplaces; the farms hewed out of the woods by the United Empire Loyalists, and the graves of the fellows that fell in the two Rebellions fighting under Colonels Prince and Proctor. As a type of man Auld will be largely missed in the House if he decides not to come back after the election.

* * *

AN archaic story comes from Boston about the first trolley in Moncton, New Brunswick—the trolley that vanished. This is the way of it, according to the Boston Herald:

"It was all of ten years ago when Moncton hit upon the idea of a trolley line. The capital was divided into small shares and every one was invited to come in. The stock was snapped up. The track was laid through Main Street. Moncton started to ride. It rode to business and home to dinner at

noon. The growing generation rode to school. It might be quicker to walk; it might even be shorter for residents of certain parts of the city; but it was the thing to ride, and everybody rode. If baby wanted an airing, big sister took it on the trolley car and rode down Main Street and up again. For months Moncton rode in the two trolley cars up and down Main Street. Soon the dream was shattered. The road didn't pay expenses, let alone dividends. The answer wasn't far to seek. Few of the passengers paid any fares. Every one who had stock in the road not only had a pass but could have books of free tickets for his family for the asking. Since almost every one had stock, almost every one and his family rode free. At last it got to be so that only strangers in town paid fare. And, of course, there were not enough strangers to pay the wages of the two motormen, let alone the conductors. The trolley line was in operation about a year and then it quit. The tracks and the poles and the wires were removed. Although Moncton again walks sedately, it doesn't forget that once it rode."

* * *

UNITED STATES farmers to Canada increasing already sixty per cent. over the same period last year is the phase of Western development that seems likely to give the black eye to any further talk of hard times in this country. This time many of the arrivals are from Texas. The prairie schooner is rumbling in; racking over the trails from the south; men with bands of horses and wads of money and some outfit with which to begin work on the prairie as soon as they drive stakes in the land, whether it be on the North Saskatchewan or the

A NEW national song has been made in Victoria; another of these possibilities that cause Canadians to feel that we are to pay a heavy price in responsibility for striving to be a nation. The words of this song are by the city clerk of Victoria, Mr. W. J. Dowling; the music by George Werner of that city; recently sung by Mr. Gideon Hicks at the Canadian Club there; by the Club endorsed in a resolution forwarding a copy of the same to the National Battlefields Commission. So many enormities have been perpetrated along this line in times gone by that many patriotic Canadians are to be pardoned for indulging in considerable scepticism not unmingled with hope. The title of the song is "Canada's Song of Freedom," by which we presume the author means that he desires to see Canada an independent nation.

PREMIER ASQUITH'S YOUNGSTERS

(Continued from page 9)

out of the leadership of the Liberal party. If he could obtain a hundred thousand pounds by a gamble on the stock exchange, he thought he might be acceptable. At that time he had never been in office and he was still under the cloud of his courageous, uncompromising hostility to the Chamberlain policy in South Africa. Perhaps he sees things differently now that he takes precedence of those official Liberals who did not rejoice when, from all over the country, as soon as the Boer War was over,



"Grubstake" on the Trail from Idaho to the Saskatchewan—two months on the road.

South, or along the Old Man and the Bow. It's all one great movement and a big one. Those farmers are a bigger asset to the land than any other one class. They have both capital and experience. They have a good time on the road—such as come in the schooner. The outfit illustrated on this page were on the trail seven weeks, trailing every day, rain or shine; two men with a bunch of horses and a camp fire and a frying pan with hunks of bacon; haul up anywhere for noon "grubstake" and make a fire while the horses tug at the buffalo grass and the pea-vine; then on again, knowing well where they came from and vaguely where they are going to, but seeing in every mile of the trip the great black reaches of soil and the fat grass in the wind, and sure that when they arrive they will have it right and will drive stakes never to pull again.

* * *

A MAN out in Victoria has invented an electric incubator. His name is William Baylis, and he is the editor of the Canadian Poultryman. His chickens will probably wear switches. Of his own invention he says: "As soon as the incubator is heated to 103 and set at that mark, the light switches on and off automatically. My first incubator I started with 75 eggs and I hatched out on the twentieth day 55 good strong chicks. I am perfectly satisfied that the percentage of chicks hatched by the electric light will far exceed those hatched by the coal oil lamp, as the air is far more pure when free from the coal oil fumes."

Liberals who planned demonstrations asked headquarters to send Mr. Lloyd-George if Lord Rosebery could not be prevailed on to speak. He knows Canada, west and east, and was the first President of His Majesty's Board of Trade to send a special commissioner to Canada.

The Colonial Office changes are satisfactory enough. Lord Elgin was able, unimpressive, and at a disadvantage compared with his amazingly clever lieutenant. The new Colonial Secretary has been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and has for his second wife the younger daughter of Lord Rosebery. The Earl of Crewe's father was Monckton Milnes, who was a Mæcenas of poets, a genial mentor of politicians, and a literary gentleman of high, but not dazzling quality. The Earl of Crewe's grandfather refused a peerage and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, so that he is of respectable, self-denying, political lineage. He is also a sincere Liberal, with the traditional seeming lack of enthusiasm which belongs to his class. As a speaker he has the most polished, most natural manner of all the members of both houses. To hear him is to know how charming public speech may become. He will not set the Thames on fire, he will not presume to rediscover the whole galaxy of the King's Dominions Beyond the Seas. He has never preached the gospel of efficiency, but he has taken his father-in-law more seriously than his father-in-law has taken himself. Which is a lesson in politics as well as in sonship.



THE

YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE".

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES,"

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Changers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Changers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Changers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonsa." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river.

CHAPTER XI.

BONSA-TOWN.



WHEN consciousness returned to Alan, the first thing of which he became dimly aware was the slow, swaying motion of a litter. He raised himself, for he was lying at full length and in so doing felt that there was something over his face.

"That confounded Little Bonsa," he thought. "Am I expected to spend the rest

of my life with it on my head, like the man in the iron mask?"

Then he put up his hand and felt the thing, to find that it was not the Little Bonsa, but something made apparently of fine, thin linen, fitted to the shape of his face, for there was a nose on it, and eyeholes through which he could see, yes, and a mouth whereof the lips, by some ingenious contrivance, could be moved up and down.

"Little Bonsa's undress uniform, I expect," he muttered, and tried to drag the thing off. This, however, proved to be impossible, for it was fitted tightly to his head, and laced or fastened at the back of his neck so securely that he could not undo it. Being still weak, soon he gave up the attempt and began to look about him.

He was in a litter, a very fine litter hung round with beautifully woven and coloured grass mats, inside of which were a kind of couch and cushions of soft wool or hair, so arranged that he could either sit up or lie down. He peeped between two of these mats and saw that they were travelling in a mountainous country, over a well-beaten road or trail, and that this litter was borne upon the shoulders of a double line of white-robed men while all around him marched numbers of other men. These seemed to be soldiers, for they were arranged in companies, and carried large spears and shields. Also some of them wore touques and bracelets of yellow metal that might be either brass or gold. Turning about, he found an eyehole in the back of the litter, so contrived that its occupant could see without being seen, and perceived that his escort amounted to a veritable army of splendid looking, but sombre

facéd savages of a somewhat Semitic cast of countenance. Indeed, many of them had aquiline features and hair that, although crisped, was long and carefully arranged in something like the old Egyptian fashion. Also, he saw that about thirty yards behind, and separated from him by a bodyguard, was borne a second litter. By means of a similar aperture in front, he discovered yet more soldiers, and beyond them, at the head of the procession, what appeared to be a body of white-robed man and women bearing strange emblems and banners. These he took to be priests and priestesses.

Having examined everything that was within reach of his eye, Alan sank back upon his cushions and began to realise that he was very faint and hungry. It was just then that the sound of a familiar voice reached his ears. It was the voice of Jeeki, and he did not speak, he chanted in English to a melody which Alan at once recognised as a Gregorian tone, apparently, from the second litter.

"Oh, Major," he sang, "have you yet awoke from refre-e-shing sleep? If so please answer me in same tone of voice, for remember that you de-e-vil of a swell, Lord of the Little Bonsa, and must not speak like co-o-ommon cad."

Feeble as he was, Alan nearly burst out laughing; then, remembering that probably he was expected not to laugh, chanted his answer as directed, which, having a good tenor voice, he did with some effect. to the evident awe and delight of all the escort within hearing.

"I am awake, most excellent Jee-e-ki, and feel the need of food, if you have such a thing abou-ou-out you, and it is lawful for the Lord of Little Bonsa to take nu-tri-ment."

Instantly Jeeki's deep voice rose in reply.

"That good tidings upon the mountain tops, Ma-ajor. Can't come out to bring you chops because too i-i-infra dig, for now I also big-gish bug, the little bird what sit upon the rose, as the poet s-a-a-ys. I tell these Johnnies bring you grub which you eat without qualm, for Asiki AI coo-o-ook."

Then followed loud orders issued by Jeeki to his immediate entourage, and some confusion.

As a result, presently Alan's litter was halted, the curtains were opened, and kneeling women thrust through them platters of wood, upon which, wrapped in leaves, were the dismembered limbs of a bird which he took to be chicken or guinea-fowl, and a gold cup containing water pleasantly flavoured with some essence. This cup interested him very much, both on account of its shape and workmanship, which, if rude, were striking in design, resembling those drinking vessels that have been found in Mycenaean graves. Also, it proved to him that Jeeki's stories of the abundance of the precious metal among the Asiki had not been exaggerated. If it were not plentiful, they would scarcely, he thought, make their travelling cups of gold. Evidently there was wealth in the land.

After the food had been handed to him, the litter went on again, and seated upon his cushions he ate and drank heartily enough, for now that the worst of his fatigue had passed away, his hunger was great. In some absurd fashion this meal reminded him of that which a traveller makes out of a luncheon basket upon a railway line in Europe or America. Only there the cups are not of gold, and among the Asiki there were no paper napkins, no salt and mustard, and no three-and-sixpence to pay. Further, until he got used to it, luncheon in a linen mask with a movable mouth was not easy. This difficulty he overcame at last by propping the imitation lips apart with a piece of bone, after which things were easier.

When he had finished he threw the platter and the remains out of the litter, retaining the cup for

further examination, and recommenced his intoned and poetical converse with Jeeki.

To set it out at length would be wearisome, but in the course of an hour or so he collected a good deal of information. Thus he learned that they were due to arrive at the Asiki city, which was called Bonsa Town, by nightfall or a little after. Also he was informed that the mask he wore was, as he had guessed, a kind of undress uniform without which he must never appear, since for anyone except Asiki herself to look upon the naked countenance of an individual so mysteriously mixed up with Little Bonsa, was sacrilege of the worst sort. Indeed, Jeeki assured him that the priests who had put on the head-dress when he was insensible, were first blindfolded.

This news depressed Alan very much, since the prospect of living in a linen mask for an indefinite period was not cheerful. Recovering, he chanted a query as to the fate of the Ogula crew and their chief Fahni.

"Not de-ad," intoned Jeeki in reply, "and not gone back. All alive-O, somewhere behind there. Fanny very sick about it, for he think Asiki bring them along for sacrifice, poo-or beg-gars."

After this his voice gave out, though Jeeki continued to sing items of interesting news from time to time. Indeed, there were other things that absorbed Alan's attention. Looking through the peepholes and cracks in the curtains he saw that at last they had reached the crest of a ridge up which they had been climbing for some hours. Before them lay a vast and fertile valley, much of which seemed to be under cultivation, and down it flowed a broad and placid river. Opposite to him and facing west a great tongue of land ran up to a wall of mountains with stark precipices of black rock that seemed to be hundreds, or even thousands of feet high, and at the tip of this tongue a mighty waterfall rushed over the precipice, looking at that distance like a cascade of smoke. This torrent, which he remembered was called Raaba, fell into a great pool and divided itself into two rushing branches that enclosed an ellipse of ground, surrounded on all sides by water, for on its westernmost extremity the branches met again and after flowing a while as one river, divided once more and wound away quietly to north and south further than the eye can reach. On the island thus formed, which may have been three miles long by two in breadth, stood thousands of straw-roofed, square-built huts with verandahs, neatly arranged in blocks and lines and having between them streets that were edged with palms.

On the hither side of the pool was what looked like a park, for here grew great, black trees, which from their flat shape Alan took to be some variety of cedar, and standing alone in the midst of this park, where no other habitation could be discovered, was a large, low building with dark coloured walls and gabled roofs that flashed like fire.

"The Gold House," said Alan to himself with a gasp. "So it is not a dream or a lie?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE VISITANT.

The sun was sinking rapidly, and before the litter reached the foot of the hill and began to cross the rich valley, all the glory had departed and only the cataract showed white and ghostlike through the gloom. But still the light, which it seemed to gather to itself, gleamed upon that golden roof amid the cedar trees; then the moon rose and the gold was turned to silver. Alan lay back upon his cushions full of wonder, almost of awe. It was a marvellous thing that he should have lived to reach this secret place hidden in the heart of Africa and defended

by swamps, mountains, and savages to which, so far as he knew, only one white man had ever penetrated.

Ah! that priestess! Somehow he shivered a little when he thought of her; it was as though her influence were over him already. Next moment he forgot her for a while, for they had come to the river brink and the litter was being carried on to a barge or ferry about which were gathered many armed men. Evidently the Gold House was well defended both by Nature and otherwise. The ferry was pulled or rowed across the river, he could not see which, and they passed through a gateway into the town and up a broad street where hundreds of people watched his advent.

Presently they were through the town and a wooden gate in an inner wall which surrounded the park where the cedars grew. At this spot Alan noted that everybody left them except the bearers and a few men whom he took to be priests. On they stole like ghosts beneath the mighty trees from whose limbs hung long festoons of moss. It was very dark there, only in places where a bough was broken the moonlight lay in gules upon the ground. Another wall and another gate, and suddenly the litter was set down. Its curtains opened, torches flashed, women appeared clad in white robes, veiled and mysterious, who bowed before him, then half led and half lifted him from his litter. He could feel their eyes on him through their veils, but he could not see their faces. He could see nothing except their naked, copper-coloured arms and long, thin hands stretched out to assist him.

Alan descended from the litter as slowly as he could, for somehow he shrank from the quaint, carved portal which he saw before him. He did not wish to pass it; its aspect filled him with reluctance. The women drew him on, their hands pulled at his arms, their shoulders pressed him from behind. Still he hung back, looking about him, till to his delight he saw the other litter arrive, and out of it emerge Jeeki, still wearing his sun helmet with its fringe of tattered mosquito curtain.

"Here we are, Major," he said in his cheerful voice, "turned up all right like bad ha'penny, but in odd situation."

"Very odd," echoed Alan. "Could you persuade these ladies to let go of me?"

"Don't know," answered Jeeki, "'spect they your wives; 'spect you have lots of wives here; don't get white man every day so make most of him. Best thing you do, kick out and teach them place. Rub nose in dirt at once to make them good—that first-class plan with female. I no like interfere in such delicate matter."

Terrified by this information Alan put out his strength and shook the women off him, whereon, without seeming to take any offence, they drew back to a little distance and began to bow, like automata. Then Jeeki addressed them in their own language, asking them what they meant by defiling this mighty lord, born of the Heavens, with the touch of their hands, whereat they went on bowing more humbly than before. Next he threw aside the cushions of the litter and finding the tin box containing Little Bona, held it before him in both hands and bade the women lead on.

The march began, a bewildering march. It was like a nightmare. Veiled women with torches before and behind, Jeeki stalking ahead carrying the battered tin box, long passages lined with gold, a vision of black water edged with a wide promenade and finally a large lamp-lit room whereof the roof was supported by gilded columns, and in the room couches of cushions, wooden stools inlaid with ivory, vessels of water, great basins made of some black, hard wood, and in the centre a block of stone that looked like an altar.

Jeeki set down the tin box upon the altar-like stone, then he turned to the crowd of women and said, "Bring food." Instantly they departed, closing the door of the room behind them.

"Now for a wash," said Alan, "unlace this confounded mask, Jeeki."

"Mustn't, Major, mustn't, Priests tell me that if those girls see you without mask, perhaps they kill them. Wait till they gone after supper, then take it off. No one allowed to see you without mask except Asika herself."

Alan stepped to one of the wooden bowls full of water which stood under a lamp, and gazed at his own reflection. The mask was gilded; the sham lips were painted red and round, the eye-holes were black lines.

"Why, it is horrible," he exclaimed, starting back. "I look like a devil crossed with Guy Fawkes. Do you mean to tell me that I have got to live in this thing?"

"Afraid so Major, upon all public occasion. At least they say that. You holy, not lawful see your sacred face."

Alan sat down on a stool and groaned at the appalling prospect suggested by this information.

"Cheer up, Major," said Jeeki sympathetically. "Perhaps manage hook it somehow, and meanwhile make best of bad business and have high old time. You see you want to come Asiki-land, though I tell you it rum place, and," he added with certitude and a circular sweep of his hand, "By Jingo! you here now, and I daresay they give you all the gold you want."

"What's the use of gold unless one can get away with it? What's the good of anything if we are prisoners among these devils?"

"Perhaps time show, Major. Hush! here comes dinner. You sit on stool and look holy."

The door opened and through it appeared four of the women bearing dishes, and cups full of drink, fashioned of gold like that which had been given to Alan in the litter. He noticed at once that they had removed their veils and outer garments, if indeed they were the same women, and now, like many other Africans, were but lightly clad in linen capes open in front that hung over their shoulders, short petticoats or skirts about their middles, and sandals. Such was their attire, which scanty as it might be was yet becoming enough and extremely rich.

Advancing to Alan, two of them knelt before him, holding out the trays upon which was the food. So they remained while he ate, like bronze statues, nor would they consent to change their posture even when he told them in their own language to be pleased to go away. On hearing themselves addressed in the Asiki tongue, they seemed a little, surprised, for their faces changed a little, but go they would not. The result was that Alan grew extremely nervous and ate and drank so rapidly that he scarcely noted what he was putting into his mouth. Then before Jeeki, to whom the women did not kneel, had half finished his dinner, Alan rose and walked away, whereon two of the women gathered up everything, including the dishes that had been given to Jeeki, and in spite of his remonstrances carried them out of the room.

"I say Major," said Jeeki, "if you gobble chop so fast you go ill inside. Poor nigger like me can't keep up with you, and sleep hungry to-night."

"I am sorry, Jeeki," said Alan with a little laugh, "but I can't eat off living tables, especially when they stare at one like that. You tell them to-morrow we will breakfast alone."

"Oh! yes, I will tell them, Major, but I don't know if they listen. They mean it great compliment and only think you not like those girls and send others."

Never has a city clerk dressed up for a fancy ball in the armour of a Norman knight been more glad to get rid of his costume than was Alan of that hateful head-dress. At length it was gone with his other garments and the much-needed wash accomplished, after which he clothed himself in a kind of linen gown which apparently had been provided for him, and lay down on one of the couches, placing his revolver by his side.

"Will those lamps burn all night, Jeeki?" he asked.

"Hope so, Major, as we haven't got no match. Not fond of dark in Gold House," answered Jeeki sleepily. Then he began to snore.

Alan slept soundly until the morning, when he awoke to find the light of the sun pouring into the room through the high-set latticed window-places.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ASIKA.

Alan rose and stretched himself and hearing him, Jeeki, who had a dog's faculty of instantly awaking from what seemed to be the deepest sleep sat up also.

"You rest well, Major? No dream, eh?" he asked curiously.

"Not very," answered Alan, "and I had a dream of a woman who stood over me and vanished away, as dreams do."

"Ah!" said Jeeki. "But where you find that new ring on finger, Major?"

Alan stared at his hand and started, for there, set on it, above that of Barbara's was the little circlet formed of twisted snakes which he had seen in his sleep.

"Then it must have been true," he said in a low and rather frightened voice. "But how did she come and go?"

"Funny place, Gold House. I tell you that yesterday, Major. People come up through hole, like rats. Never quite sure you alone in Gold House."

Scarcely had Alan finished his toilet, and donned the Arab-looking linen robe over his own fragmentary flannels, and above it the hateful mask which Jeeki insisted he must wear, when there came a knocking on the door. Motioning to Alan to take his

seat upon the stool, Jeeki undid the bars, and as before, women appeared with food, and waited while they ate, which this time, having overcome his nervousness, Alan did more than leisurely. Their meal done, one of the women asked Jeeki, for, to his master they did not seem to dare to speak, whether the white lord did not wish to walk in the garden. Without waiting for an answer, she led him to the end of the large room, and unbarring another door, that they had not noticed, revealed a passage, beyond which appeared trees and flowers. Then she and her companions went away with the fragments of the meal.

"Come on," said Alan, taking up the box containing Little Bona, which he did not dare to leave behind, "and let us get into the air."

When they returned to the room, which had been swept and garnished in their absence, no sooner had they entered it than the door opened and through it came long lines of Asiki priests, each of whom staggered beneath the weight of a hide bag that he bore upon his shoulder, which bags they piled up about the stone altar. Then, as though at some signal, each priest opened the mouth of his bag, and Alan saw that they were filled with gold, gold in dust, gold in nuggets, gold in vessels perfect or broken; more gold than Alan had ever seen before.

"Why do they bring all this stuff here?" he asked and Jeeki translated his question.

"It is an offering to the lord of Little Bona," answered the head priest, bowing, "a gift from the Asika. The heaven-born white man sent a word by his Ogula messengers that he desired gold. Here is the gold that he desired."

Alan stared at the treasure which, after all, was what he had come to seek. If only he had it safe in England, he would be a rich man and his troubles ended. But how could he get it to England? Here it was worthless as mud.

"I thank the Asika," he said. "I ask for porters to bear her gift back to my own country, since it is too heavy for me and my servant to carry alone."

At these words the priests smiled a little, then said that the Asika desired to see the white lord and to receive from him Little Bona in return for the gold, and that he could proffer his request to her.

"Good," replied Alan, "lead me to the Asika."

Then they started, Alan bearing the box containing Little Bona, and Jeeki following after him. They went down passages and through sundry doors till at length they came to a long and narrow hall that seemed to be lined with plates of gold. At the end of this hall was a large chair of black wood and ivory placed upon a dais, and sitting in this chair, with the light pouring on her from some opening above, was the woman of Alan's dream, beautiful to look on in her crown and glittering garments. Upon a stool at the foot of the dais, sat a man, a handsome and melancholy man. His hair was tied behind his head in a pigtail and gilded; his face was painted red, white and yellow; he wore ropes of bright-coloured stones about his neck, middle, arms and ankles, and held a kind of sceptre in his hand.

"Who is that creature?" asked Alan over his shoulder to Jeeki; "the Court fool?"

"That husband of Asika, Major. He not fool, very big gun, but look a little low now because his time soon up. Come on, Major. Asika beckon us. Get on stomach and crawl; that custom here," he added, going down on to his hands and knees, as did all the priests who followed them.

"I'll see her hanged first," answered Alan in English.

Then, accompanied by the creeping Jeeki and the train of prostrate priests, he marched up the long hall to the edge of the dais and there stood still and bowed to the woman in the chair.

"Greeting, White Man," she said in a low voice when she had studied him for a little while. "Do you understand my tongue?"

"A little," he answered in Asiki, "moreover, my servant here knows it well and can translate."

"I am glad," she said. "Tell me then, in your country do not people go on to their knee before their queen, and if not, how do they greet her?"

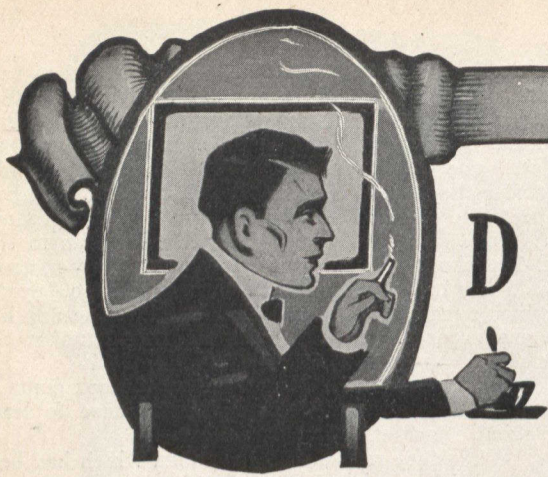
"No," answered Alan, with the help of Jeeki. "They greet her by raising their head-dress, or kissing her hand."

"Ah!" she said. "Well, you have no head-dress, so kiss my hand," and she stretched it out towards him, at the same time prodding the man whom Jeeki had said was her husband, in the back with her foot, apparently to make him get out of the way.

Not knowing what else to do, Alan stepped on to the dais, the man scowling at him as he passed. Then he halted and said:

"How can I kiss your hand through this mask, Asika?"

(Continued on page 21)



T H E

DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*



THE CRAZE OF THE HOUR.

A broad expanse of shimmering straw,
A bird just like a bat;
A monstrous stretch of ribbon blue—
The Merry Widow hat!

A streaming loop of filmy stuff,
And lace in row on row;
It floats upon the April breeze —
The Merry Widow bow!

An awkward fence of bristling white
For just a half a dollar;
Alas! We see on every hand
The Merry Widow collar.

Two thick, loud soles of dusky brown
No dainty maid would choose;
And then we hear throughout the land
The Merry Widow shoes.

In fact, so far the fashion's gone,
So wide the fad been carried,
We'd like to see at early date
The Merry Widow married.

* * *

PUZZLING.

THE *Daily Mail* of London, England, which is supposed to be an imperialistic publication, announces that "a new city in Winnipeg is to be named Kipling after the poet and novelist who visited the place last year." Does the English authority mean a street in Winnipeg or a city in Manitoba?

Kipling has said and written so many complimentary things about Victoria, B.C., that it is the duty of that picturesque city to name a few thoroughfares after Kiplingesque characters. "Mulvaney Avenue," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Park," and "Gunga Din Alley" are suggested, while the deported Orientals might be sent back to the tune of "Mandalay" or "Danny Deever."

* * *

THE TRAMP'S RULE.

There's nothing succeeds like distress.

* * *

A FEW HATS.

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST (Lady Randolph Churchill) has in the *Century Magazine* several interesting stories of the late Duke of Devonshire. She says his rather stern countenance belied a mirth-loving soul and he thoroughly appreciated a joke. His carelessness about his clothes became proverbial among his friends, and once, on his birthday, a number of ladies, thinking that he needed a new hat, sent him every conceivable sort of headgear, from the top-hat to the flannel cricketing cap. For hours the hats poured in, to the number of about fifty.

* * *

THE LIMIT.

ON one occasion, when in Congress, General Benjamin Butler arose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate.

"Why, general," said the member reproachfully, "you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined Butler grimly, "but I didn't divide eternity with you."

That member must be related to Allan B. Studholme of Hamilton, Ontario.

* * *

THE END OF EXISTENCE.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, the eminent British scientist, believes that children are often startlingly logical in conversation. In connection with this belief, says M. A. P., he tells the following story:

A little boy and a little girl of his acquaintance

were discussing, as children will, the mystery of human existence.

"I wonder what we are here in the world for," asked the little boy. His companion was a good little girl and she answered gently:

"We're put here to help others, of course."

"Um!" exclaimed the little boy after a moment's thought; "then what are the others here for?"

* * *

AFTER PROROGATION.

The members leave, their "programme" to rehearse,
The mace in solitude now gathers rust;
The lobbyist homeward plods with lightened purse
And leaves the corridors to stately dust.

* * *

MAJORITY RULE.

"A TIME will come," said Mrs. Sharp, after a protracted political debate with her husband, "when women will control all elections."

"Never on earth!" shouted Mr. Sharp.

"Perhaps not," said his wife calmly. "I was thinking of heaven."—*Smart Set*.

* * *

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE



She: "I'm told you believe in nothing."
He: "I never said so. I said I believed only in what I understood."—Punch.

* * *

WHAT'S THE USE?

IN an editorial on "The Money Fever," a writer on the *Toronto News* exclaims in lofty scorn: "Where is the sublimity in a dollar?" Evidently the financial strain is over and the editor has a goodly supply of yellow car tickets. Western crops must be in a fair way to abundance when a Toronto editor can toss such airy interrogations into a serious paragraph.

* * *

AN ESSENTIAL.

ONE night, as a Canadian doctor who lives in Eastern Ontario was driving into a village, he saw a chap, a little the worse for liquor, amusing a crowd of spectators with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor watched him a while and said: "Sandy, how do you manage to train your dog?"

I can't teach mine to do anything." Sandy, with that simple look in his eyes said:

"Well, you see, Doc, you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothing."

* * *

BURIED.

A MERCHANT of a certain town of Illinois one day, entered the office of the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He was in a state of mingled excitement and indignation. "I'll not pay a cent for advertising this week!" he exclaimed. "You told me you would put the notice of my spring sale in with the reading matter."

"And didn't I do it?" asked the editor, with reassuring suavity.

"No, you didn't!" came from the irate merchant. "You put it in the column with a lot of poetry, that's where you put it!"—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

* * *

ADVERTAS.

The splendour falls on castle walls (labelled "Mennen's").

And snowy summits old in story ("Buy Zig's Rye—Very Oldest Procurable").

The long light shakes across the lakes (See Ivory Soap ad.)

And the wild cataract leaps in glory (Triscuit—Made at the Falls).

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying (Victor—His Master's Voice).

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying (Wiggins—Undertaker.)

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

* * *

SOLOMON'S STABLES.

IT takes a woman to pare wonders to their original dimensions.

Beneath the Mosque of Omar, which may be on the site of Solomon's Temple, are great caverns known as the stables of Solomon.

"When we reached the entrance this morning," says Mr. E. W. Howe, the editor of the *Atchison Globe*, in a recent book, "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World," "Mrs. Bigger sat down.

"You go on down to the barn," she said. 'I will rest here, and join you on your return.'"

* * *

A WISE MANAGER.

I WAS amused at a little bit of humour at the end of the Opera House regulations on the programme:

"Any old ladies afraid of taking cold may keep on their hats or bonnets," read this serpent-wise notice.

Now who on earth in the shape of a woman would sport a hat under the circumstances? There are more subtle means than force to attain the banishment of the theatre hat, and Manager Brandon has evidently discovered the fact.—*Peggy* in *Edmonton Saturday News*.

* * *

THE MAGNATES IN JAIL.

"SO you people put a couple of magnates in jail on heavy fines, did you?" asks the investigating reformer.

"Yes," replies the native. "We fined them the limit; they wouldn't pay and we put them in cells."

"That's a good example."

"Is it? Within two days they organised the prisoners, guards and jailers into the International Penalty Company, issued five hundred million in bonds, paid the fines of all the prisoners, left us with a mortgage on the jail and the court-house—and stuck the surplus money in their pockets."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE EASTER SERVICES.

A VETERAN musician, who has seen many changes in Canadian programmes, recently said that the character of the music at the churches on Easter Sunday was a striking indication of the country's development in this art. The selections chosen are such as were attempted by only a few choirs a score of years ago, and the constant study of the classic Easter anthems shows the serious ambition cherished by choir-master and organist.

* * *

A WELCOME GUEST.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, organist of Westminster Abbey, is to visit Canada next month and in the course of his tour of the Dominion will deliver lectures on "The Cathedral Music of England during Three Centuries." Many choirs throughout the country are busy practising the English cathedral music to be given as accompaniment to the distinguished visitor's discourse. Sir Frederick is the most interesting figure among English organists, his genius having directed the music of all the great memorial services for the last quarter-of-a-century. His visit to Canada cannot but deepen our knowledge of the great ecclesiastical composers. Several of Sir Frederick's former pupils are in this country which has drawn very largely upon England's organists. In Toronto this noted English organist will be heard at St. James' Cathedral on May 1st.

* * *

A LOCKE PLAY.

"THE Morals of Marcus" is a dramatisation of Mr. William J. Locke's novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." The story, written with a certain whimsical charm, frankly concerns itself with the "affairs" of a young Turkish waif named *Carlotta* who has a complete disregard of the decalogue. The hero, *Sir Marcus*, is a worthy eccentric, however, who finally wins the butterfly affections of the errant lady. The domestic felicity of *Sir Marcus* seems rather doubtful, but novelist and playwright can dismiss all doleful futures with "finis" or the curtain. This play, with Miss Marie Doro as *Carlotta*, has proved interesting to Toronto theatre-goers this week. The drama gives a decidedly softened version of the witchery and wanderings of the tiresome little Turk.

* * *

THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

THE Toronto Press Club announces for its fourth annual production the English musical comedy, *Three Little Maids*, which will be given at the Royal Alexandra Theatre on May 7th, 8th and 9th. The production is reported to be the best of its kind since *The Geisha*. Messrs. Robert Stuart Pigott and Douglas A. Paterson are in charge of the preparations and their success in former years warrants a large advance sale of tickets for this year's comedy. His Excellency, the Governor-General, may be in attendance at the first performance and a party from Government House will also have a box.

* * *

THE CARUSO CONCERT.

THERE is every indication that the Caruso concert on May 4th in Massey Hall, Toronto, will be a great occasion. Already there have been many applications for seats from outside towns and cities. Caruso is undoubtedly one of the greatest tenor singers of the day and the rare oppor-

tunity of hearing such a golden Italian voice appeals both to the Canadians who have not been able to attend the Conried Metropolitan Company's operas in New York and to those who have heard the Neapolitan tenor before and are anxious to repeat the experience. This is Caruso's first concert tour and it will probably be many years ere he indulges in a second, for he takes the best care of his health, possessing a magnificent physique.

Carusa was famous in Italy, Russia and South America before he came to New York, where he made the first season of the Conried management a tremendous success. It is rather difficult for the conceited public of North America to realise that the Latin cities of South America are far readier to recognise operatic genius than we of the north. Carusa has realised his temperamental qualities in so far that he has kept almost exclusively to the opera of his native land, singing infrequently in French roles and in only one Wagnerian—that of *Lohengrin*, which, however, was sung in Italian.

* * *

AN EASTERN SINGER.

MISS MABEL BARKER, a talented young Canadian singer now studying in Europe, was born in Lime Ridge, near Sherbrooke in the East-



Miss Mabel Barker

A well-known singer of the Eastern Townships, Quebec.

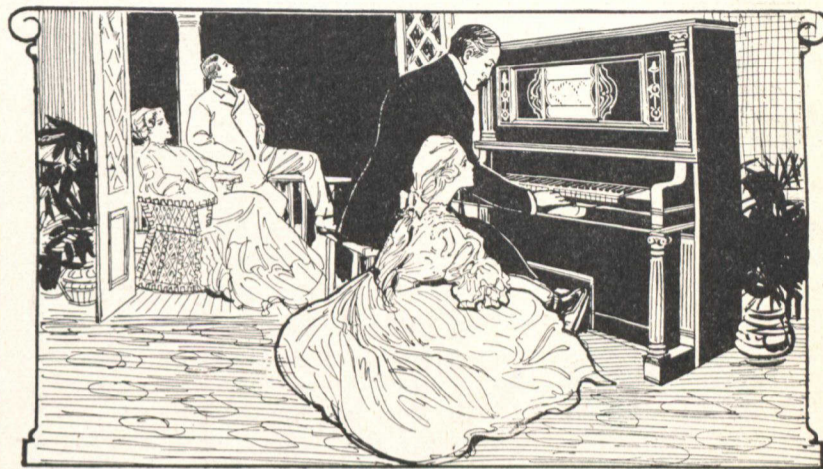
ern Townships of Quebec. Miss Barker first studied in Montreal with Professor Landry, now of Winnipeg, and became soprano soloist in St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal, a position which she held for several years. Miss Barker's repertoire includes standard oratorios and many of the great operatic roles, her special excellence being in oratorio work. Recently Miss Barker has been studying grand opera in Paris with Monsieur Varney, and, after coming to her Canadian home for a holiday next summer, she will return to Paris next autumn where she will probably make her debut in grand opera. Miss Barker is one of a gifted and hard-working Canadian "colony," which will doubtless do melodious credit to their home land.

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50.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " " 3rd. "
5.00 each to the next twenty-five best.
1.00 " " " " one hundred best.

And a Special Weekly Prize of \$5. for the Best Last Line Sent in Each Week

AGAIN, we give you a chance to share in the \$500 offered as prizes for the best last lines submitted for St. George's Baking Powder Limerick. This second Limerick contest continues until May 31st. Nearly all cheap Baking Powders are made from alum. It is against the law to use alum in England. St. George's Baking Powder is made from 100% pure Cream Tartar. Use St. George's and avoid alum poisoning, indigestion and other stomach troubles. Get a can of St. George's and compete in the Limerick contest, but by all means use the Baking Powder and see for yourself how good it is.

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1. Each week, a special prize of \$5.00 will be awarded for the best last line sent in that week. The Limericks, winning the weekly prizes of \$5, will also compete for the \$500.00 prizes.
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3. Competitors may send in as many lines as they like, provided each is accompanied by a trademark cut from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder.
4. The Editor of The Montreal "Star" has kindly consented to act as judge, and all answers must be addressed to **The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.**
5. All answers must be posted not later than May 31st, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.
6. No trademark, cut from our sample package, will be accepted.
7. No personal explanations will be made, nor the receipt of limericks acknowledged.



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LIMERICK

A young lady near Napanee
Said "Thank you, no Alum for me ;
My cake must be pure
And St. George's, I'm sure

Paste or pin the trademark from the label of a tin of St. George's Baking Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of The Montreal "Star" as final, and enter the competition with that understanding.

Name.....
1 2 3 4
B Address.....
City.....
Dealer's name from whom you bought St. George's Baking Powder.....
Dealer's address.....
Address this coupon, with St. George's trademark attached, and your line and name plainly written, to The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, before May 31st. If your dealer does not keep St. George's Baking Powder, send us his name and we will tell you where it may be obtained. 58



BRITISH GOSSIP

THE NEW CABINET

THE change of Premier came as the expected to the British public, which had been convinced for some time that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would not be able to resume political responsibility. The Cabinet re-distribution, also, brought little of surprise, the Earl of Crewe's appointment as Secretary of the Colonies proving the least foreseen movement. Mr. Churchill's elevation to ministerial rank has been prophesied for some months, and that brilliant mixture of brains and impudence may yet win the Tory stronghold of Manchester. "*Audace, Audace, toujours Audace.*" is the motto of the new President of the Board of Trade. Viscount Morley has verily a strange sound for those who remember the early writings of the Secretary for India. However wisely chosen may be the Asquith Cabinet, the feeling in the country is that the next election will see Mr. Arthur Balfour at the head of a victorious party, chastened and unified during a period of Opposition. The healthy British open-mindedness which makes for honest criticism and prevents rabid partyism is likely to manifest itself once more in disapproval of a somewhat incoherent administration. The most popular member in the re-constructed Cabinet is undoubtedly Mr. David Lloyd George, the keen-minded Welsh lawyer, nonconformist to the backbone, with a Celtic fervour of speech which may yet place him at the head of a great party.

who are reluctant to attribute sordid motives to a civilized State. Nothing but mercantile greed can explain the policy of the British Government in connection with the Chinese opium trade. But the force of opposing ideas both in Great Britain and China has finally led the two nations to agree on a decrease in the imports of opium. The Chinese authorities have issued an appeal to the people against the use of the drug; but the "poppy powder" or pill seems to have a tremendous fascination for the Oriental, who is comparatively indifferent to the attractions of alcohol. However, the agreement of last month lessens Great Britain's guilt in the matter and ought to gratify many who have been working for years against this evil.

* * *

A KNIGHT OF THE CAMERA.

SIR BENJAMIN STONE, who is one of Mr. Chamberlain's group, "We Are Seven," has announced that he will not seek re-election. Sir Benjamin is famous as a photographer of the first rank rather than a politician. With all the ardour of



Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.,
The famous Amateur Photographer.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

THE Duke of the Abruzzi, who was in England last year, lecturing at Queen's Hall before King Edward and the Prince of Wales regarding his explorations in Africa is now the centre of sentimental curiosity. While not so interested as the United States in the report of the engagement of Miss Elkins of West Virginia to the Italian nobleman, England has some curiosity regarding what may prove an important alliance. The Duke is cousin to the King of Italy and His Majesty is said to be favourable to the proposed marriage. Miss Elkins is, as a matter of course, heiress to millions, inherited from a "railroad king," but the Duke of the Abruzzi has a tidy little fortune of his own and therefore is hardly in the class of shabby fortune seekers. The Duke has been an intrepid explorer for years and divides honours with Lieutenant Peary for polar exploits. He is also an enthusiastic motorist and has met with serious accident more than once in his adventurous career. He is, in fact, just the picturesque, dashing sort of chap to capture the fancy of a fair Virginian whose own countrymen are too much absorbed in chasing the elusive dollar to appear in a romantic light. Hungary, France and Italy provide more attractive material for the wealthy daughters of the Western Hemisphere than does a nation of practical money-getters.

* * *

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

ONE of the most unpleasant chapters in the history of Great Britain in the Nineteenth Century is that which tells of the Chinese opium trade. British policy in that regard has frequently bewildered those

a sportsman, Sir Benjamin has hunted camera game and a specially compiled collection of his photographic works now reposes in the British Museum archives. Everywhere has Sir Benjamin gone in search of subjects, from the huge firs of British Columbia to the "elephants a-pilin' teak" on the road to Mandalay. His collection of royal personages is said to be the most elaborate in the world, while he has all manner of snapshots of mere Generals and Cabinet Ministers. The *Bystander* declares that his highest claim to immortality is that he once took sixpence from a Scotch policeman. This marvellous performance took place when a newcomer to the Parliamentary constabulary mistook Sir Benjamin for a professional photographer, asked him to take his likeness and bestowed a sixpence in payment. "The policeman," unkindly concludes the narrator, "was so flurried when he found out his error that he clean forgot to ask for his sixpence back."

Sir Benjamin is a great believer in the healthfulness of his favourite occupation and has as many tales to tell as a hunter of moose or tigers. Indeed he has taken his camera into dangerous spots and has risked life and limb to "snap" tempting subjects or striking bits of mountain scenery.

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LITERARY NOTES

TO ENCOURAGE LITERATURE.

REFERENCE was made in this column last week to the scanty encouragement which Canadian writers have received from those in political authority. During the last fortnight, however, the Legislature of Quebec has shown an example in this matter, so far at least as discussion is concerned. Mr. Mousseau moved "that this House expresses the wish that the Government will institute a system of official encouragement of letters, sciences and arts through the organisation of public competitions and the giving of prizes to the laureates." Mr. Mousseau dwelt upon the necessity of a literary and artistic growth to keep pace with the material growth of prosperity in the province and urged on the administration the wisdom of setting aside a certain sum for the encouragement of this among the pupils in schools and colleges.

The Premier of Quebec stated that if the majority of the House favoured the allotment of a grant for this purpose, he would not oppose it as the object was a worthy one. It is significant that this encouraging discussion comes from French members—of a race with artistic tendencies and ambitions. Ambassador Bryce, addressing the Canadian Club of Montreal, recently remarked:

"You have two elements in Canada which ought to give you great advantage, namely, the poetry, literature and romance of French writers and the sturdy, robust nature of the British peoples."

IN OLD QUEBEC.

A FURTHER interesting addition to the literature of the Ancient Capital of Canada is promised. Mr. Byron Nicholson, known to readers as the author of "Resourceful Canada," "Across the Continent," "The French Canadians," etc., will publish during the present month a volume entitled "In Old Quebec, and Other Canadian Sketches." The book will refer to various parts of Canada, and will be well illustrated. The Commercial Publishing Company of Quebec City is issuing the book.

THE BROKEN ROAD.

THERE is a group of Members of the British House of Commons who are also known to the world as romance-writers. To this group, Mr. A. E. W. Mason of "Four Feathers" fame belongs. "The Truants" and "Running Water" were hardly up to the level of Mr. Mason's former stories; but his latest work, "The Broken Road," is likely to add materially to his reputation as a novelist.

"The Broken Road" is a story of frontier life in India and Englishmen of several sorts come and go on the great highway which is ever coming nearer to the Hindu Kush. There is the alert official, sensitive to changes of Oriental feeling, and the stolid "Major Dewes," who sees nothing beyond the obvious situation. The India of which Mr. Mason writes is vivid, scorching and full of the significance of threatening innovation. A most pitiful tragedy is that of Shere Ali, the native princeling who is sent "home" to Eton and Oxford for education and who returns to India to find himself a man without a race and even without a fireside, for the high-bred English woman shrinks from him and an alliance with one of his own blood is repellent. Mr. Kipling's story about Wali Dad who sat on the city wall and called himself a "demni-

tion product" comes back to us but Shere Ali takes himself more seriously than did the Anglo-Mohammedan cynic.

The fascination of pioneer strife and conquest is strong with the Linforths, men who die in strange places that the ways of the Empire may be made straight. The prophecy of old Andrew Linforth was fulfilled:

"Many men will die in the building of it, many men will die fighting over it, Englishmen and Chiltis, and Gurkhas and Sikhs. It will cost millions of money and from policy or economy successive Governments will try to stop it; but the power of the Road will be greater than the power of any government. It will wind through valleys so deep that the day's sunshine is gone within the hour. It will be carried in galleries along the faces of mountains, and for eight months of the year sections of it will be buried deep in snow. Yet it will be finished."

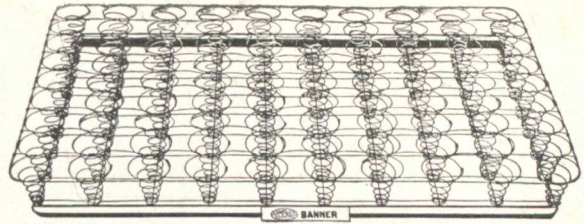
This new novel of heroic struggle and pathetic defeat, with many an illuminating glimpse of Himalayan lands, is far above the ordinary run of modern fiction and should be read by all who care for a stirring story told by a born "teller of tales." Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company.

THE GIRL'S REALM.

IT is decidedly difficult to find a good magazine for girls. There are several excellent publications for the small person and more than one domestic magazine intended to appeal to feminine tastes and requirements. But it is a more trying task to produce a periodical in which girls will be interested. Such a one, however, is to be found in "The Girl's Realm," which is published in Toronto, Canada, by Cassell and Company. British periodicals have lately come into the country under fairer financial conditions than were obtained before and it is to be hoped that such a bright and desirable magazine as "The Girl's Realm" will soon become familiar in our public libraries and on our home tables. The stories are very suitable, avoiding both the sensational and the goody-goody. Mrs. Turner, who writes the best stories for young people now published, concludes in the April issue, "That Girl," a story of Sydney, Australia. The special articles are entertaining and suggestive. Altogether "The Girl's Realm" is to be widely-read and recommended.

THE KONGO COMPLICATIONS

THE question of the Kongo has reached a fairly acute stage. Lord Cromer, who is an excellent authority on African affairs, has proposed "internationalising" the Kongo but Brussels journalists are not slow to suspect the "Maker of Modern Egypt" of sinister designs upon King Leopold's rubber country. The Liberal politicians of Belgium, hoping to effect a transfer of Kongo territory by annexation to the Belgian nation, are bitterly opposed to any such measure as that suggested by Lord Cromer. The Kongo State occupies a position decidedly attractive to those who are planning a Cape-to-Cairo route. The Belgian Liberals evidently fear that the Kongo may become, so far as English influence is concerned, a second Egypt and afford a highway for a railroad under British directorate. They doubt the benevolent intentions of those who are shocked by the "atrocities in the Kongo" and would even prefer German interference to British.



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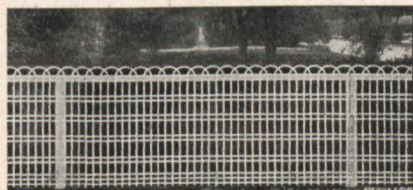


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never cakes, be-
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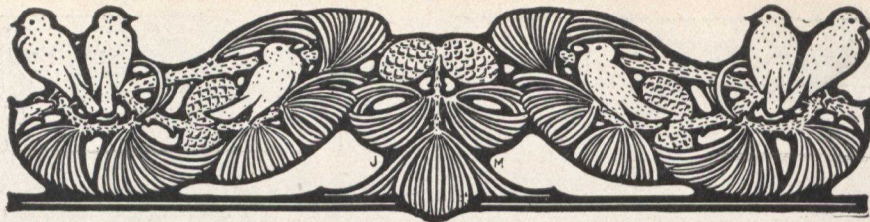
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE BALLAD OF THE
FOUR YOUTHS.

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

A YOUTH to the hilltop glanced
and said,
"The summit's the place for
me,
And day by day I shall force my way
To the height that I dimly see.
And nothing shall charm me to turn
aside,
And nothing shall turn me back—
Not even a heed for another's need
Or care for another's lack."

For there're very few folk on the
hilltop,
And millions of men below—
When a man would reign, what's a
little pain?

It isn't his pain, you know
A youth to the hilltop glanced and
said,

"There is room at the top. I see
In this crowded race, 'tis the only
place

For a sensitive chap like me!
When the people learn of my just
dessert

They'll bring me the gilded car,
Which is all I need to attain with
speed

The place where the laurels are."

A youth to the hilltop glanced and
said,

"I'll aim for the highest seat,
But how fine 'twould be could I take
with me

The dozens of friends I meet!"
But he never sat in the seat he craved.
For he wasted time on a song,
And he cleared the road and he bore
a load

For a traveller not as strong.

For there're very few folk at the
hilltop,

And millions of men on the plain,
And another's need interferes with
speed,

And nothing but love to gain.
—Youths' Companion.

* * *

A GAME OF ANT.

- 1 What ant leaves his home? Tenant
- 2 What ant is joyful? . . . Jubilant
- 3 What ant is learned? . . . Savant
- 4 What ant is well informed?

Conversant

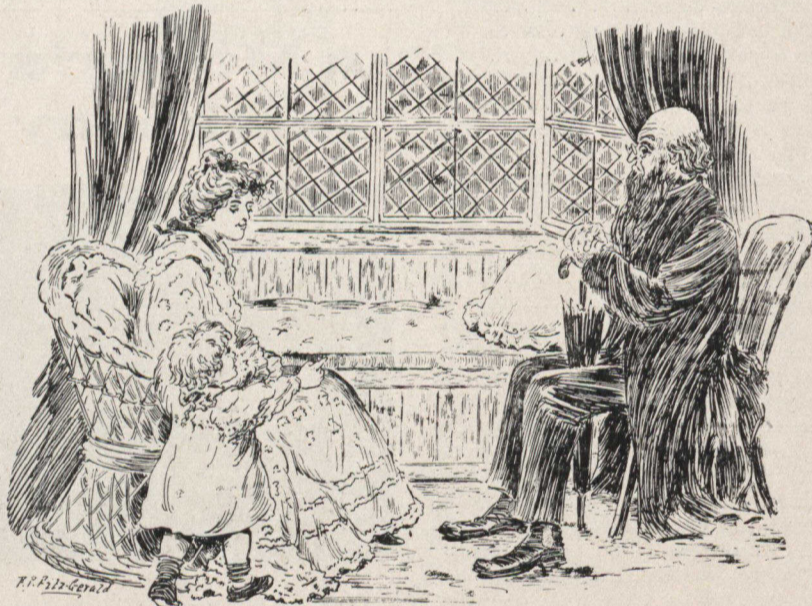
- 5 What ant is trustworthy?

Confidant

- 6 What ant is proud? . . . Arrogant
- 7 What ant sees things? Observant
- 8 What ant is angry? . . . Indignant
- 9 What ant tells things? Informant
- 10 What ant is successful?

Triumphant

—Home Journal.



"Oh, Mummy, look, he's growed so high, he's growed right through his hair."

For there're very few folk at the
hilltop,

And nothing at all to do.
'Twill be quite my line just to sit and
shine

And praise the extensive view!

A youth to the hilltop glanced and
said,

"I crave for the purer air
And the brighter light and the wider
sight

And the peace which is found up
there!

I shrink from the roar of the market-
place

And the fold that I mix with here—
I am rare and fine and my soul can't
shine

In so murky an atmosphere."

For there're very few folk at the
hilltop,

The crowd you can leave by the
way,
And to worship art as a thing apart
Is to be of a finer clay.

A LITTLE WITCH.

MUVVER, you called me a witch,
you know;

So I borrowed Gran'muvver's hood,
'Cause witches they don't never wear
any hats,

An' witches they always have black
cats.

So I'm teachin' Tommy to ride on
a broom;

But up in the nurs'ry I didn't have
room,
To do 'ist like witches should.

An' so, when he's teached to ride on
a broom,

Like all the witch-cats do,
We'll ride through the night, 'thout
any light,

And give all the folks a terrible
fright;

But you won't be 'fraid of your own
little maid—

I'll whisper to you it's a play 'at
I've played,

An' I amn't a witch for true!
—Sunday Magazine.

"C. M. C."

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FOR
MEN

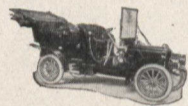
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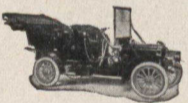
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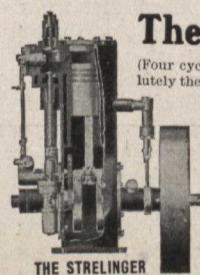
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The Yellow God

(Continued from page 15)

"True," she answered, then considered a little and added, "White man, you have brought back Little Bonga, have you not, Little Bonga who ran away with you a great many years ago."

"I have," he said, ignoring the rest of the question.

"Your messengers said that you required a present of gold in return for Little Bonga. I have sent you one; is it sufficient? If not, you can have more."

"I cannot say, O Asika, I have not examined it. But I thank you for the present, and desire porters to enable me to carry it away."

"You desire porters," she repeated meditatively. "We will talk of that when you have rested here a month or two. Meanwhile, give me Little Bonga that she may be restored to her own place."

Alan opened the tin box, and lifting out the fetish gave it to the priestess, who took it and with a serpentine movement of extraordinary grace glided from her chair on to her knees, holding the mask above her head in both hands, then thrice covered her face with it. This done she called to the priests, bidding them take Little Bonga to her own place and give notice throughout the land that she was back again. She added that the ancient Feast of Little Bonga would be held on the night of the full moon within three days, and that all preparations must be made for it as she had commanded.

Then the head medicine-man, raising himself upon his knees, crept on to the dais, took the fetish from her hands, and breaking into a wild song of triumph, he and his companions crawled down the hall and vanished through the door, leaving them alone.

The Asika watched them go, laughed musically and said:

"It is a very dull thing to be married; but how are you named, white man?"

"Vernon," he replied.

"Vernoon, Vernoon," she repeated, for she could not pronounce the O as we do. "Are you married?"

"No," he answered, "but I am going to be."

"Do you always want to wear that mask?"

He answered "Certainly not," whereon she bade Jeeki take it off, which he did.

"Understand me," she said, fixing her great languid eyes upon his in a fashion that made him exceedingly uncomfortable, "understand, Vernoon, that if you go anywhere, it must be in your mask, which you can only put off when you are alone with me."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because, Vernoon, I do not choose that any other woman should see your face. If a woman looks upon your uncovered face, remember that she dies—not nicely."

Alan stared at her bluntly, being unable to find appropriate words in which to reply to this threat. But the Asika only leaned back in her chair and laughed at his evident confusion and dismay, till a new thought struck her.

"Your lips are free now," she said, "kiss my hand after the fashion of your own country," and she stretched it out to Alan, leaving him no choice but to obey her.

"Why," she went on mischievously, taking his hand and in turn touching it with her red lips, "why, are you a thief, Vernon? That ring was mine, and you have stolen it. How did you steal that ring?"

"I don't know," he answered

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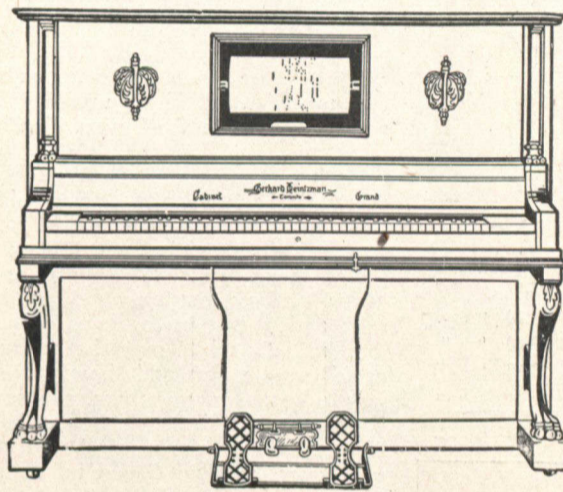
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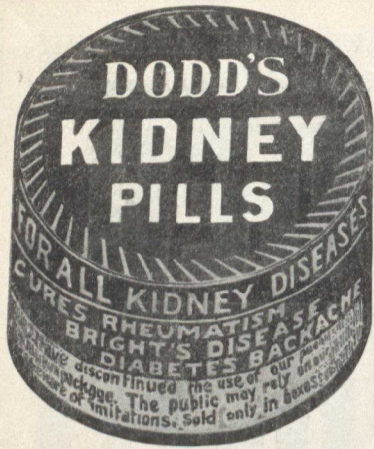
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through Jeeki, "I found it on my finger. I cannot understand how it came there, I understand nothing of all this talk."

"Well, well, keep it, Vernon, only give me that other ring of yours in change."

"I cannot," he replied colouring. "I promised to wear it always."

"Whom did you promise?" she asked with a flash of rage. "Was it a woman, Nay I see, it is a man's ring, and that is well, for otherwise I would bring a curse on her, however far off she may be dwelling. Say no more and forgive my anger. A vow is a vow—keep your ring. But there is that one which you used to wear in bygone days? I recall that it had a cross upon it, not this star and figure of an eagle."

Now Alan remembered that his uncle owned such a ring with a cross upon it, and was frightened, for how did this woman know these things?

"Jeeki," he said, "ask the Asika if I am mad, or if she is. How can she know what I used to wear seeing that I was never in this place till yesterday, and certainly I have not met her anywhere else."

"She mean when you your reverend uncle," said Jeeki, wagging his great head, "she think you identical man."

"What troubles you, Vernoon?" the Asika asked softly, then added anything but softly to Jeeki, "Translate, you dog, and be swift."

So Jeeki translated in a great hurry, telling her what Alan had said, and adding on his own account that he, silly white man that he was, could not understand how, as she was quite a young woman, she could have seen him before she was born. If that were so she would be old and ugly now, and not beautiful as she was.

"I never saw you before, and you never saw me, lady, yet you talk as though we had been friends," broke in Alan in his halting Asiki.

"So we were in the spirit, Vernoon. It was she who went before me who loved that white man whose face was as your face is, but her ghost lives on in me and tells me the tale. There have been many Asikas; for thousands of years they have ruled in this land, yet but one spirit belongs to them all; it is the string upon which the beads of their lives are threaded. White man, I, whom you think young, know everything, back to the beginning of the world, back to the time when I was a monkey woman sitting in those cedar trees, and if you wish, I will tell it you."

"I should like to hear it very much indeed," answered Alan, when he had mastered her meaning, "though it is strange that none of the rest of us remember such things. Meanwhile, O Asika, I tell you I desire to return to my own land, taking with me that gift of gold that you have given me. When will it please you to allow me to return?"

"Not yet awhile, I think," she said again. "You are too comely, and I like you," and she smiled at him once more. There was nothing coarse in the smile, indeed it had a certain spiritual quality which thrilled him. "I like you," she went on in her dreamy voice, "I would keep you with me until your spirit is drawn up to my spirit, making it strong and rich as all the spirits that went before have done, those spirits that my mothers loved from the beginning, which dwell in me to-day."

Now Alan grew alarmed, desperate even.

"Queen," he said, "but just now your husband sat here; is it right then that you should talk to me thus?"

"My husband," she answered laughing. "Why, that man is but a slave who plays the part of husband to satisfy an ancient law. Never has he so much as kissed my finger tips; my women, those who waited on you last night, are his wives, not I—or may be, if he will. Soon he will die of love for me, and then, when he is dead, though not before, I may take another husband, any husband that I choose, and I think that no black man shall be my lord, who have other, purer blood in me. Vernoon, five centuries have gone by since an Asika was really wed to a foreign man, who wore a green turban and called himself a 'son of the Prophet,' a man with a hooked nose and flashing eyes, who reviled our Gods until they slew him, even though he was the beloved of their priestess. She who went before me would have married that white man whose face was like your face, but he fled with Little Bonsa, or rather Little Bonsa fled with him. So she passed away unwed, and in her place I came."

"How did you come, if she whom you call your mother was not your mother?" asked Alan.

"What is that to you, white man?" she replied haughtily. "I am here, as my spirit has been here from the first. Oh! I see you think I lie to you, come then, come, and I will show you those who from the beginning have been the husbands of the Asika," and rising from her chair she took him by the hand.

(To be continued.)

A PEER WHO BREAKFASTED WITH FRANKLIN.

VISCOUNT SIDNEY, who has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, says M. A. P., comes of a very long-lived race, for his father, who was one of the few peers of the realm who have been ordained clergymen of the Church of England, was born in 1794 and died at seventy, whilst his grandfather, who was a Speaker of the House of Commons, was eighty-seven when he died. Lord Sidmouth himself has many interesting recollections of famous people of more than three-score years ago. He has the unusual distinction of having been soldier and sailor too, for, after eleven years in the Royal Navy, he became a most enthusiastic volunteer, and held a commission in the South Devon Rifles.

Lord Sidmouth is probably the only person living who saw the members of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition leave the Thames in the spring of 1845. Lord Sidmouth breakfasted with Sir John, and the other guests were Moncton Milnes and Lord Arundel, the father of the present Duke of Norfolk. After breakfast, Franklin took his friends to the map and, pointing out his route for the discovery of a North-West passage, said: "I shall return round Cape Horn in about two years."

A DICKENS MEMORIAL.

THE first statue erected to the memory of Charles Dickens is in Clarence Clark Park, West Philadelphia. It is the work of F. Edwin Elwell, and is really a group, as the novelist is represented seated in a chair with Little Nell beside him. Philadelphia, says the *Argonaut*, records with pride the fact that the first edition of "The Pickwick Papers" in book form was issued in that city in 1836 by Carey and Hart.

Toronto has a Burns statue in the Allan Gardens. Inspector James L. Hughes and the "Fellowship" should see that a Dickens statue is erected in the grounds of the Normal School.

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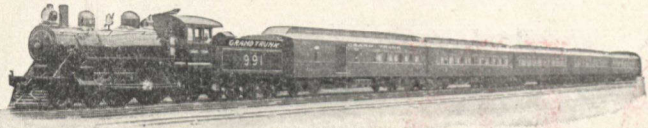
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