

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

W R Haight
446 Parliament St
506



"I THINK I HAVE DONE MY DUTY."

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

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MOST men know the kind of shirt that is usually sold for a dollar—that's why the kind we are selling will come as a pleasant surprize to every man who takes advantage of this advertisement. These shirts represent the best products of Canada's leading manufacturers, in feature all the newest ideas known to shirt-craft.

- K1-5001. Plain white, blue, tan, mauve, zephyrs, cuffs attached.
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- K1-5003. The new stripe effects, in medium dark shades, very popular, cuffs attached.
- K1-5004. White with black hair-line stripes, very neat and dressy, cuffs attached.
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- K1-5006. White with a large variety of fancy spots and stripes. Reversible collar attached. All new designs.
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Robert Limited
TORONTO



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The conservative investor will appreciate the liberal rate
OF $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ PAID ON DEBENTURES
Undoubted security. No trouble. Simply cut off the interest Coupons half-yearly.

WRITE FOR 17TH ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET

A. A. CAMPBELL - Managing Director

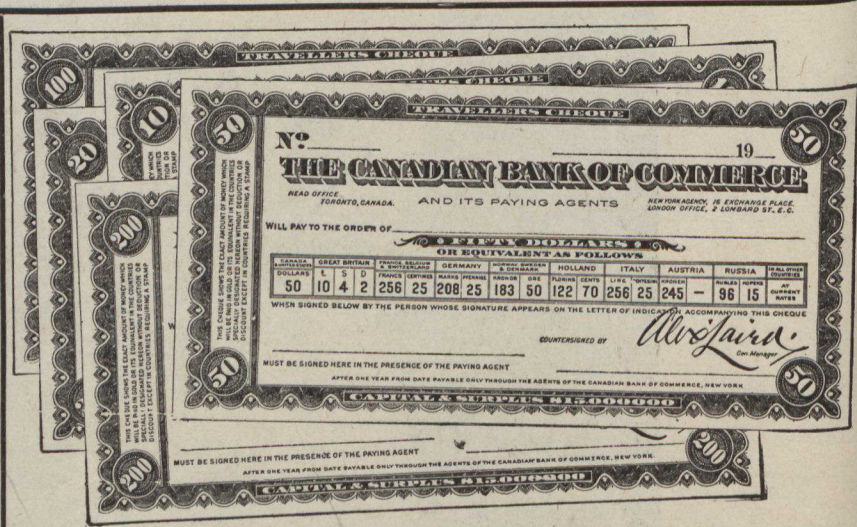
The Best Way of Lighting

While our electric engineers are ever on the alert to improve the illuminating power of the lighting, yet, there are other circumstances which should be borne in mind by householders and others who wish to get the best out of what are as yet costly illuminants. The relative power of absorbing or reflecting the light which falls on a wall is shown in the following table. The greater the quantity reflected, the more will remain for purposes of illumination. The table from the Review of Reviews should prove interesting. It gives the reflecting power of different surfaces:-

MIRROR	95.	EMERALD GREEN	18.
WHITE BLOTING PAPER	82.	DARK BROWN	13.
CHROME YELLOW	62.	VERMILION	12.
ORANGE	50.	BLACK PAPER	0.5
YELLOW	40.	DEEP CHOCOLATE	0.44
PINK	36.	BLACK VELVET	0.4

HAVE YOUR HOUSE WIRED

The Toronto Electric Light Co. Limited
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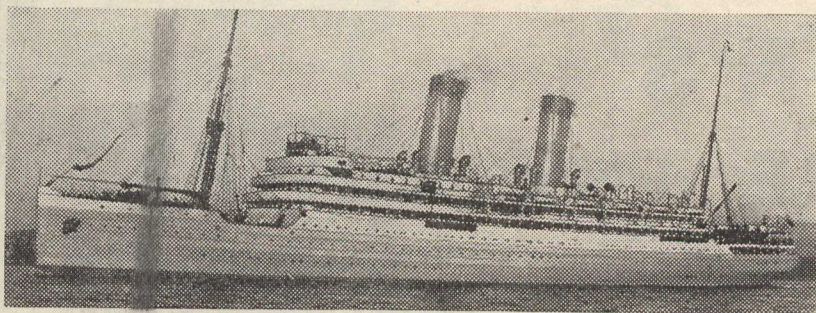
FACSIMILE OF TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

ISSUED BY

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING and the EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

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THE ROYAL LINE TRIPLE SCREW ROYAL EDWARD
TURBINE STEAMERS ROYAL GEORGE

The New Fast Route between MONTREAL, QUEBEC and BRISTOL

Sailing from Bristol		Sailing from Montreal
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	and fortnightly thereafter	

Tickets and full information on application to any steamship agent or
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GUY TOMBS, G. F. and P. A., C. N. Q. R., Montreal, Que.



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Write or Illustrated Literature and all Information to

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The Pioneer Route to
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Tours

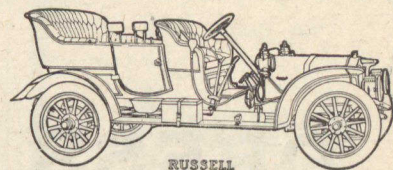
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Canadian
Resorts

BY THE SEA

in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island.

Write Advertising Dept Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B.



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YOU may have your own particular preference as to style of body, and your own requirements as to capacity, but as to the more vital things about an automobile there cannot be any choice.

You want shaft drive—the Russell has it. You want selective transmission—the Russell has it. You want metal-to-metal clutch with cork inserts—you want a rear axle of the full floating type—you want extreme strength with lightness and extreme power with economy of operation. The Russell has them all.

Choose any Russell chassis—any Russell body—and you will get these qualities in your car. The Russell will give you satisfaction from the day you first throw in the clutch. It is a wonderfully fine piece of machinery—a marvel of mechanical accuracy and perfect equipment.

Russell "30" \$2350 FULLY EQUIPPED

is by every standard the highest automobile value in Canada. Let us prove it. We will demonstrate this splendid car to you at our nearest branch. It costs you nothing and you're under no obligation. The car has four bodies from which to choose—regular 5 passenger tonneau, toy tonneau, surrey type with removable rear seat, and special roadster—a smart, fast, rakish model. Fully described in our catalogue. Sent on request.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Limited
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MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES

Branches: Toronto Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver Melbourne, Aust.

Advertising and Profits

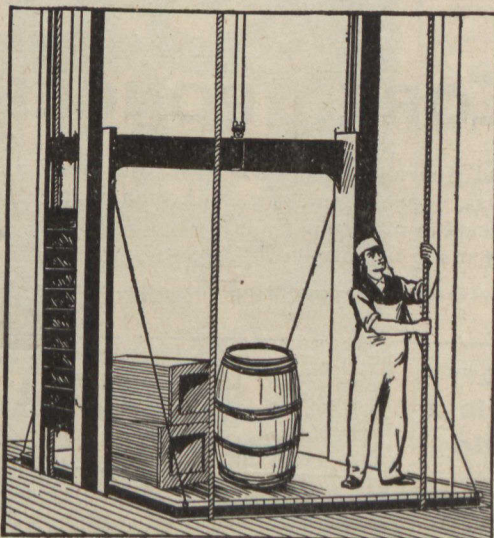
SEVEN DAYS
VS.
SEVEN HOURS

NOT every advertisement that is printed brings a profit to the advertiser. An advertisement must be planned for the medium used. The medium must go to readers who want the article advertised. These are the first and second commandments.

As for mediums there is an abundance, all of them good if properly used. The CANADIAN COURIER will sell some articles because it goes to the best buyers in every province of Canada. Its advertisements live for seven days, whereas an advertisement in a newspaper lives for seven hours. That explains why its space is worth seven times that of a newspaper with the same circulation. Can you figure that out?

CANADIAN COURIER : : : TORONTO

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Elevator
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Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.
Winnipeg - - McRae Block
Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.

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Our stock of dress goods is most complete, comprising all the most fashionable weaves, colors, shades and textures. We are confident that we can satisfactorily supply your every need in this respect and will be pleased to submit samples upon request. Our prices are certainly most attractive and mean a saving for you in every instance.



COLORED PONGEE OR SHANTUNG SILK

F2-4. Every thread guaranteed natural raw silk, dyed and finished in Lyons, France, in colors of navy, brown, tan, rose, grey, moss, reseda, amethyst, copenhagen, sky, pink, champagne, cream, and black. Fast colors with rich bright finish and good weight. This is the most serviceable of summer silks, stands lots of hard wear, not easily crushed, sheds the dust, and is easily made up into both dresses, waists, and suits. 26 inches wide. Per yd. - - - **69c.**

N.B.—In requesting samples, state whether light, medium, or dark shades are wanted.

<p>Our Grocery Catalogue is a price guide</p>	<p>THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO - - - CANADA</p>	<p>Favor us with a trial order</p>
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"You are very lucky girls to have Salt like this

"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

Windsor Table Salt

—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

14

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

SANDERSON'S SCOTCH

"MOUNTAIN DEW"

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$3.00; United States, \$4.00

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Editor's Talk

THIS was intended to be a special Lacrosse Number, and a cover of suitable design had been prepared. When the news of the King's sudden demise reached us, it was decided to change the character of the issue and this is the result. As a Memorial Number it has some incongruous features, but the circumstances were exceptional. Future issues will fully describe and picture the unusual events now transpiring at the Heart of the Empire.

This week we begin our new serial story. It is worth consideration. While thoroughly improbable, it deals with a phase of monarchical life which is extremely interesting at the moment—more interesting than was anticipated when the publication was arranged.

Others of the series of animal stories by Charles G. D. Roberts will appear in early issues. Arrangements are almost completed for another series of short stories which should be better than anything we have ever printed.

PURITY FLOUR

"More bread & better bread"



When you jump out of bed, jump for

Abbey's Effer-Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 30

ALLAN LINE TO GLASGOW

World Steamers of the Allan Line, Montreal-Glasgow Service offer excellent accommodation at very moderate rates. **Missionary** The most convenient route for passengers to Edinburgh is **Conference** via Glasgow.

For full particulars of One Class (Second Cabin) Steamers Ionian and Pretorian and of Fast Twin-Screw Steamers Grampian and Hesperian, apply "The ALLAN LINE" 77 Yonge Street, Toronto or H. & A. Allan, General Agents Montreal Boston Philadelphia

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NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St. EUROPEAN PLAN

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Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

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250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel

(The Home of the Epicure)
European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Messop

TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Messop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof
RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor

BRODERICK'S \$22.50 BUSINESS SUITS

are in such great demand that we've broken all past business records.

FOR INSTANCE

in our letter-order department alone last month we received almost five hundred letter-orders for

**BRODERICK'S
BUSINESS SUITS
AT - - - \$22.50**

THE REASON

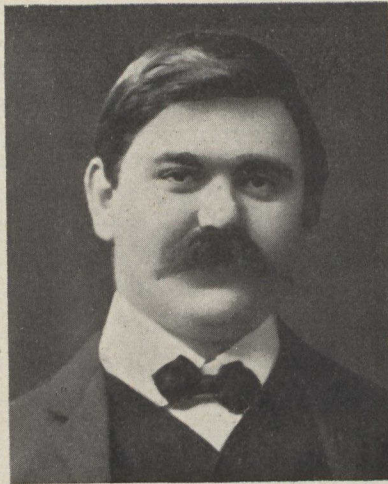
for the tremendous business growth is simply material, quality and value unsurpassed.

Write Dept. D. for samples and measurement chart.

FRANK BRODERICK & CO.
THE QUALITY TAILORS
113 KING WEST - TORONTO

Athletics in Canada

By F. H. HURLEY



Oscar S. Eby,
President Canadian Lacrosse Association.

The C. L. A. President.

OSCAR S. EBY, of Hespeler, president of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, is a German-Canadian journalist. He has been identified with sport ever since his limbs were strong enough to carry him out of his mother's sight. He began as a runner, later became a member of the Preston football team and still later became a baseball promoter. From baseball he transferred to hockey and now he is booming lacrosse. He was first elected to the C. L. A. council in 1906. After two years' service he became second vice-president and was duly promoted to the higher office. He is an earnest believer in the "residence" rule and also in the idea that the hope of lacrosse lies with the youngsters.

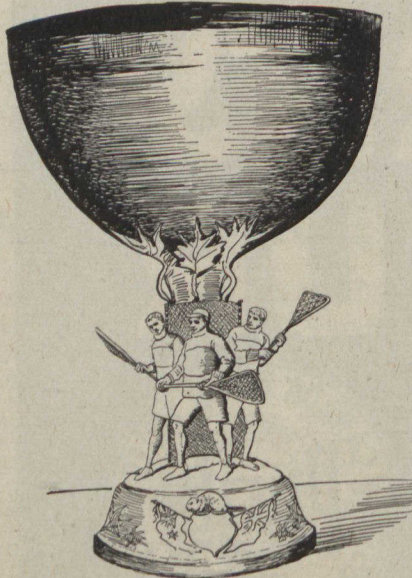
* * *

Weston Finishes His Walk.

EDWARD PEYSON WESTON, the greatest pedestrian of all times, has just completed his walk of 3,483 miles, across the American continent, in 77 days. This is a remarkable performance—averaging as it does, over 45 miles per day—especially for a man of Weston's age (71) and argues strongly in favour of the principles he advocates, and has all his life practised, namely, that temperance and exercise—walking especially—are the greatest promoters of health and longevity.

He is, indeed, a living example of the value of both, and mankind generally owe him a debt of gratitude for the very valuable lesson he has taught.

* * *

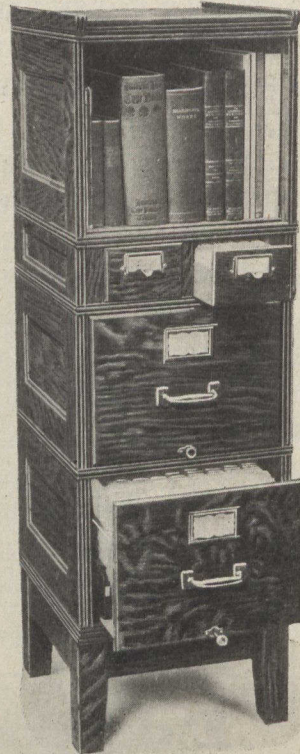


\$500 Gold Cup donated by Mr. D. D. Mann, as a Canadian Amateur Championship Trophy.

Design by O. P. Staples.

"Office Specialty" New Half Sections

IN ANNOUNCING for the first time this new line of Filing Cabinets, we feel that we have made a distinct advance in Office Systems and Filing Cabinets. These new half sections contain the identical Filing Drawers and Devices that are used in our standard width Sectional Filing Cabinets, but these Half Sections are only *one-half as wide* as the standard width sections.



A Stack of Half Sections occupies only 16½ ins. x 17 ins. floor space. The same high quality of Quarter-cut Oak, of Workmanship, Trimmings and Finish that have made "Office Specialty" Filing Cabinets the standard of Office Equipment, are used in these new Half Sections.

Ask us to send you our complete Folder illustrated in colors, No. C809. The price of this Stack as illustrated is \$28.25 F. O. B. Toronto. It consists of a Low Sanitary Base, 2 Letter Size Vertical Drawer Sections, 2 Drawer 5 x 3 Card Index Sections, Open Storage Section and Low Top, all in Quarter-cut Oak, Rich Golden Finish.

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.

HEAD OFFICE:

97 Wellington Street West
TORONTO, CAN.

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto
(Head Office), Hamilton, Winnipeg,
Regina, Calgary, Vancouver.

G. H. MUMM & CO. EXTRA DRY

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED
5 B TOWNSEND & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND.

I want to get a sample of my Ruby Rub Metal Polish into your hands.

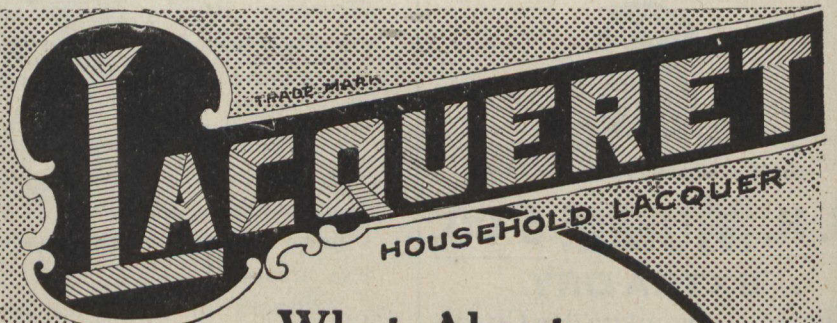
I know if you use this polish now, when there is Spring shining up to be done, you will always have Ruby Rub in your home.

It can be used with safety on any article of brass, silver, copper, zinc, plated ware, harness trimmings, etc.

I make the way easy for you to try this great polish. Cut out this ad., take it to your dealer and he'll sell you a 10c tin of Ruby Rub for 5c.

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J. A. French & Co., Limited
14 Teraulay St. - TORONTO
Winnipeg and St. John, N. B.



What About Your Sleeping Room?

There should be a quiet, reposeful beauty about your bedroom—a refined and soothing elegance that woos sleep. You may feel like buying a new suite for one or more of your bedrooms, but you don't need to.

Send for our free booklet, entitled "Dainty Decorator," and learn how "LACQUERET" will make the old suite shine with all the beautiful lustre of new life. A coat of colored "Lacqueret" (any shade to suit the furniture, or your fancy) will make every article look brighter and better than on the day you bought it.

Most prominent Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

International Varnish Co.
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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, May 14th, 1910

No. 24

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

A CORRESPONDENT is quite angry with us for trying to defend the Dominion Government in the matter of Lord Kitchener. The only weakness in his attack upon us is the fact that we did not try to defend it. We have no evidence that it was the Government's fault, and therefore we must assume that it is "not guilty." Every man is entitled to that favour until he is proven to have committed a wrong. Why not a government?

If any correspondent can prove to us that the Dominion Government prevented Lord Kitchener from coming to Canada, we promise to be as sarcastic as we possibly can. As we said last week, we believe that "any government which acted so childishly would seriously lower itself in the estimation of the people." We still believe that. We believe also that the truth should be known, and the blame placed where it belongs.

NEVERTHELESS, we again repeat that we believe Lord Kitchener made two fatal mistakes. He should not have passed Canada by without making a public explanation of his conduct. If he had a reason for not passing through Canada he should have given it. He must have known that his silence would injure his reputation. The onus was on him to show that he was not ignoring Canada, but was passing us by because of the sins of our government. It is not too late yet, if he desires to put himself right.

Lord Kitchener's second mistake was contained in an interview in London. He was apparently trying to bolster up Britain's oozing courage by an expression of his confidence in British power and British courage. However, in so doing, he rather went out of his way to minimise the value of colonial assistance. No man has had greater experience with colonial troops and consequently even the slightest words from him must bear great weight.

It is possible that we are doing Lord Kitchener an injustice, but we must accept the facts as we have them. If there are other facts which the public does not possess and which would put a different face on the matter, then it is for Lord Kitchener and his friends to make them known. If our government is guilty, then it stands condemned in the minds of every citizen who believes in British connection.

TORONTO has completed its Y.M.C.A. campaign and raised over \$600,000 in ten days. The big drum has been sent back; the kettle-drums and the bugles have been laid away for future use. The financiers and lawyers have gone back to their desks to devise ways and means for increasing their profits sufficiently to cover their gifts.

Frankly it was not a pleasing spectacle. It was too close to an attempt to stampede men into giving money to a cause in which they were not interested. It was an application of United States religious methods to Canada, and the importation of hysterical and dramatic methods will not commend itself to people who have time to consider the consequences.

The Y.M.C.A. movement is one of the best modern institutions. It is deserving of the sincere and earnest support of every right-minded citizen. However, the movement will be degraded if associated with circus methods just as certainly as would a church organisation of any kind. Clatter and fuss and noise are not a good substitute for reason and conviction.

AS these lines are being penned, the guns announce the birth of a new reign. King George V. has begun to rule. The chimes of old St. James' are playing "God Save the King" and the bells of the other churches are doing their best to convey the message in their own dull way. And so the word has gone around the earth, and similar scenes and similar sounds are occurring in a thousand Anglo-Saxon cities. The Empire on which the sun never sets, the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen, accepts joyfully and gladly a new monarch.

But while this is Monday noon, we cannot so soon forget Friday

night. Those evening hours at Buckingham Palace in which Grim Death again showed his disregard of rank or position, touched us deeply. It created everywhere throughout Canada a sil-

ence as deep and as impressive as that in the Palace itself. There was no discussion. There was no attempt to estimate a monarch's virtues. Men shook hands with each other and simply said, "Too bad, isn't it?" And the other answered, "Very sad." Words did not count; men looked what they could not express. The blow was too sudden, its force was too keen.

King Edward was to most people in this country but a name, but that name was second to none in their affections. Why it should be so, would be hard to explain. Nor does it matter. He was our king and our idol—the facts are sufficient. Why try to reason the unreasonable?

KING GEORGE will find as warm a welcome and as hearty good wishes in Canada as in any other part of the Empire. Canada is virtually a republic, but it is also a Kingdom. Constitutional monarchy has so adapted itself to modern conditions that republicanism has little to offer. King George will be a constitutional monarch. He says so, but we do not need his assertion. His grandmother seldom stepped over the line, in spite of her autocratic nature and training. His father bore himself even more carefully. The son of such ancestors, with all the knowledge and training which are his, could not but continue the traditions.

In some ways, King George should excel his father. He comes to the throne much earlier in life and therefore with more physical vigour. He should be able to bear the burden more lightly than did his father. Moreover, he knows the Empire more thoroughly. He has travelled on every ocean and in every continent. He is familiar with colonial aspirations and colonial aims. The narrow-chested doctrines on which his father was brought up were discarded with the nineteenth century. Travel has kept him young and aggressive, and he knows the modern spirit. King George will be a twentieth century ruler.

HIS late majesty was so human that he appealed to the masses. Both nature and training gave him the bearing and attitude of a sovereign, yet even this kingly dignity did not prevent his meeting friends and acquaintances on common ground. He also had a splendid sense of humour which stood him in good stead. The story goes that he took one of his guests aside in his smoking-room and in tones of awe said to him: "You see that chair; that is the chair John Burns sat in."

He loved the freedom of the individual and because he took it in his early days occasionally, he was freely criticised. Perhaps, however, that close touch with men which he secured in the theatres, the clubs, and on his European journeys "incog.," brought him more of democracy and of humanity than he could have gained in any other way. He believed in horse-racing, but regretted the gambling evils which went with it. He was fond of a glass of good liquor but despised intemperance. In his well-known letter to Archbishop Benson he declared "that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which a country can be afflicted with." He loved manly sports; shooting, golfing, bicycling, motoring were pastimes which he loved and encouraged. He was an English gentleman of the highest type—and what more need be said?

SUPERSTITIOUS people are talking of a connection between Halley's comet and the death of the King. In 11 B.C. it appeared before the death of the Emperor Agrippa. In A.D. 218, Dion Cassius mentions it as "a clear premonition of the death of Macrinus." In 451, it was thought to presage the death of Attila, King of the Huns, in 837 of Louis le Debonnaire, King of the Franks, in 1066 of Harold, King of England, and in 1223 of Philip Augustus, King of France.

Whose deaths it indicated in subsequent appearances, history does not record. Sensible people will regard its appearance in the year of the death of King Edward VII as a mere coincidence.

THAT very clever weekly, the *London Bystander*, had a picture last week showing Mr. Roosevelt talking to a lady in Vienna and underneath it this inscription:

"You see, Countess, I'm up a gum-tree in your city. There's nobody to give me the glad ear, and there's no one to snub. D'you take me, Countess?"

This is good-humoured, and it certainly hits off the situation. Mr. Roosevelt is rather over-doing it and the people have begun to laugh. He has been so petted and spoiled by the press of his own country that he has come to imagine himself an international figure of tremendous importance. He is too big a man to be bothered with such "calithumpian" displays as he has recently indulged in. He has too much personality to dissipate it in frivolous demonstrations.

THE *St. John Telegraph* is authority for the statement that last year seven thousand persons passed through that city by rail to become permanent residents of the United States. This year, the average already reaches twenty per day. This is a rather serious state of affairs which should be taken up by the provincial and federal authorities. Neither authority alone can efficiently deal with the problem. The provinces are not in a position to pay the cost of transporting these people to the Canadian West, if that were considered advisable. The federal authorities have always refused to take any interest in the movement of population from one province to another. Because of these two chairs, the migrating maritime citizen falls down between them—and lands in the United States.

We criticise the British authorities for their neglect in not directing British emigration to the colonies. But what better are we? We allow our citizens to stream into the United States without making the slightest effort to direct them to the newer parts of Canada. Some of them would go anyway, but if our governments were active some would remain at home and some would go to other provinces.

After all, we do not know much about the real problems of the country. We are building Canada as the British built their colonies—haphazard and happy-go-lucky.

KING EDWARD AT THE PLAY

BY the coincidence of a name it was at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, that the first public announcement was made in Canada of the death of King Edward. Mr. Forbes Robertson made the announcement at the end of the second act of his play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," intimating that on account of His Majesty's death the theatre would be closed for the remaining performances of the week—which happens to be the end of the season's run. Had the King died an hour or two earlier there would have been no performance that evening. But hundreds of people were on the way to the theatres and a few already in their seats when the newspaper specials announced the King's death. Indeed, for a few minutes the greatest English actor was of a mind to cancel the performance; and it was with difficulty that he went through the play.

"Had it been a new play, I doubt whether I should have got through at all," he said in his dressing-room at the Royal Alexandra. "But I have played this so often that it has become very easy."

There's a peculiar note of sincerity in Forbes Robertson's perfect gentility behind the scenes. No doubt he felt very keenly the sudden death of the King.

"I knew His Majesty so well," he said, flicking the ash of a cigarette.

"When did you last play before the King?" he was asked.

"Two years ago—yes, it was this very play, I remember, at the Lyceum."

"And you have often played before the King?"

"At Sandringham—many times; by special appointment. Of course His Majesty often came to my regular performances in London. He seldom gave notice of when he was to come. Usually the word got back to us just before the play that the Duke of Fife was in the royal box. That was almost the invariable signal that on the next night the King would be present. I think His Majesty tried the plays on the Duke," with a glimmer of real Robertson humour.

"Oh, yes? What sort of plays did the King like most?"

"Well, almost anything good. He liked good clean comedy or farce comedy quite as well as he liked the serious drama. He had a most catholic taste. Pretty girls and diaphanous draperies sometimes pleased him. The King was never a prude. He loved clean, healthy naturalism on the stage. Mere musical comedy never attracted him. The least suspicion of anything vulgar or the slightest bit off colour displeased him deeply. I should say he had a very wholesome, broad-minded appreciation of the drama.

"One thing he never would tolerate," continued Mr. Robertson. "Pardon me—won't you have a cigarette? They're quite mild. Yes," with a dreamy whiff of smoke, observing that he had yet ten minutes before his cue, "I remember a little play by Captain Marshall, who used to be at Pietermaritzburg and wrote there 'The Royal Family,' a very clever thing, the success of which, by the way, led him to go to London and make a business of play-writing. This little play which the King heard, made rather a burlesque of monarchy. The king in the play was one of those testy, officious sovereigns with considerable pomp and strut; always 'God bless my soul! now what shall we have for breakfast this morning?' or some such thing. King Edward was very much irritated over the play and expressed himself very openly about it."

With considerable animation the actor recalled the many pleasant performances given at Sandringham, the country seat and the real home of King Edward, as Osborne Castle in the Isle of Wight was the country seat of Queen Victoria. Here the Royal Family were born and here the King and Queen had the happiest moments of their lives; not the least of which were the little one-act plays given at half-past eleven, when the entire household, servants, butlers and all assembled to hear what pleased the King and Queen. And it was these private performances at Sandringham which left the most abiding impression on Forbes Robertson's mind.

The actor recalled also the plays he had been accustomed to give before Queen Victoria at Balmoral—though he has never played at Windsor. The late Queen was exceedingly fond of a good comedy. Mr. Robertson well remembers the strange, deep laughter that once startled the actors from the back of the hall—as though it were some man's voice; but it was merely the old Queen, mother of King Edward, from whom he got much of his hilarity.

One occasion especially Mr. Robertson recalled when the ex-Empress of France was visiting the Queen at Balmoral, and sat as her guest at the play. At the close of the play the old Queen three times motioned the ex-Empress to precede her out of the hall; three times the Empress curtsied and declined the honour—till compelled to accept it. Afterwards the Empress said to the actor:

"Mr. Robertson, you will quite understand how well I have enjoyed your performance when I say that not since just before the Franco-German War have I seen a play of any sort."

CRICKET IN CANADA

THE annual spring effort to cultivate cricket in Canada is under way. It will probably last till the warm weather coaxes the cultivators away to the shade of the grand stand, there to watch baseball or lacrosse matches. For cricket in some respects resembles billiards. And who was the great man who said: "A fair knowledge of billiards is a mark of a good education; an expert knowledge tells of a mis-spent youth."

Cricket is a scientific game—so scientific, in fact, that a man who becomes an expert must practically be born with a bat in his hand. He must spend his boyhood, most of his youth and a large part of the balance of his time practising the game. He must be prepared at all times to spend three or four days over a match. In fact, he must be in a position to do little else.

In England, where cricket flourishes, there is a class who do not work. In Canada there is a similar class, but as the humourist has remarked, it is in gaol. And the gaol yards are not big enough for cricket creases. Neither does an 'enlightened' government provide bats and balls.

To sum it all up, the adult is immune from the cricket germ and though the preparatory colleges of Canada have done their best to emulate the big English schools and make cricket their principal summer sport, they have found that it appeals only to those pupils who enter the lower forms. Those who have entered the colleges for the last couple of years simply to finish off do not take kindly to the game. In fact most of them absolutely refuse to play it.

Thus cricket has little or no foundation in Canada. It depends for its players largely on men who have moved in from across the ocean. As a consequence it is played intermittently on poor creases and does not approach that perfection which excites the admiration and emulation of the masses.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

THE anti-combine law is giving much pleasure in some quarters and there is some rejoicing, but I shall not order in my supply of fireworks until the thing has been passed upon by the corporation lawyers. I fear that what they will do to it will not be good to see. The ten commandments have never been the same since they were construed for business use by these men learned in the law. As for the publicity, of which so much is expected in the new legislation, have we not the example of the United States before us? The papers and magazines over there have given unstinted publicity to the evil deeds of the predatory rich, but as yet no commercial octopus has loosened its grip except to spit on its tentacles and take a fresh hold. But let it not be supposed that I think the oppressors will never be brought to book. Quite the contrary. I have faith that:

"If we do but watch the hour
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

There are millions who are treasuring up wrongs against the trusts and combines and some day one of them will find a smooth stone in a brook and send it crashing through the skull of a monster. The trouble is that no one has yet discovered the true method of attacking these giant combinations.

* * *

THOSE who sit in the broad white light of science are prone to the delusion that superstition is dead. As a matter of fact it has barely been scotched. Anyone living near to the earth soon finds that old incredible beliefs persist everywhere. In spite of newspapers and other popular forms of enlightenment there are men and women in Ontario who are trembling at the approach of the comet. Like their ancestors they believe that this wanderer "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." (Last week I saw in a prominent agricultural paper a request for the true recipe of a salve, a list of whose ingredients would be unprintable. Only the grossest superstition would make anyone believe that it could possibly have any value. A short time ago I heard an astounding story about a woman who was dying of cancer. "They feed the cancer a pound of steak every day," said my informant; "that keeps it from eating her flesh." Finding that this story was current throughout the district and believed without question, I asked the doctor in charge what foundation it had in fact. "Merely this. I prescribed a meat diet and her husband ordered a pound of steak to be delivered every day." When people can believe such stuff as that, what are they not capable of believing? If the

comet when it appears looks like a sword it will predict war—even though the sword is an obsolete weapon. If the comet looked like a Ross rifle or the new navy I wouldn't blame people for being scared.

* * *

IN the war being waged between the Minister of Justice and the Minister of Journalism it would ill become a layman to be forward with opinions; but if I may, without risk of getting a whack out of the overflow, I should like to cull a word from the controversy and retire with it to this corner. I notice that the offender in the case described the books in dispute as "classics." That is enough for me. In my hot youth a classic was a book full of noble thoughts that could be approached only with a "pony"—a book which everybody knew about and nobody read. Later in life I found that every book that could not be defended on any other ground was called a "classic." Of these I have sampled many, from the fragments of Petronius to the unpublishable writings of Eugene Field. Being indifferent honest I must admit that I found little in any of them except material to satisfy a prurient curiosity. The abnormal does not interest me—not even when put in scientific guise by a Craft Ebig. But outside of the nastiness of these books there is another reason for their suppression. Two of the most astounding murders that shocked the world during the past twenty years brought to light the fact that in each case the group of people involved had a private library of French and German "classics." Only by considering the frame of mind induced by the reading of such works could the authorities arrive at the perverted motives that led to the crimes. Because of these things when I hear of a book not on the lists of the colleges and public libraries that is spoken of as a "classic," I go to the medicine chest and see that the disinfectants are handy.

God Save the King!

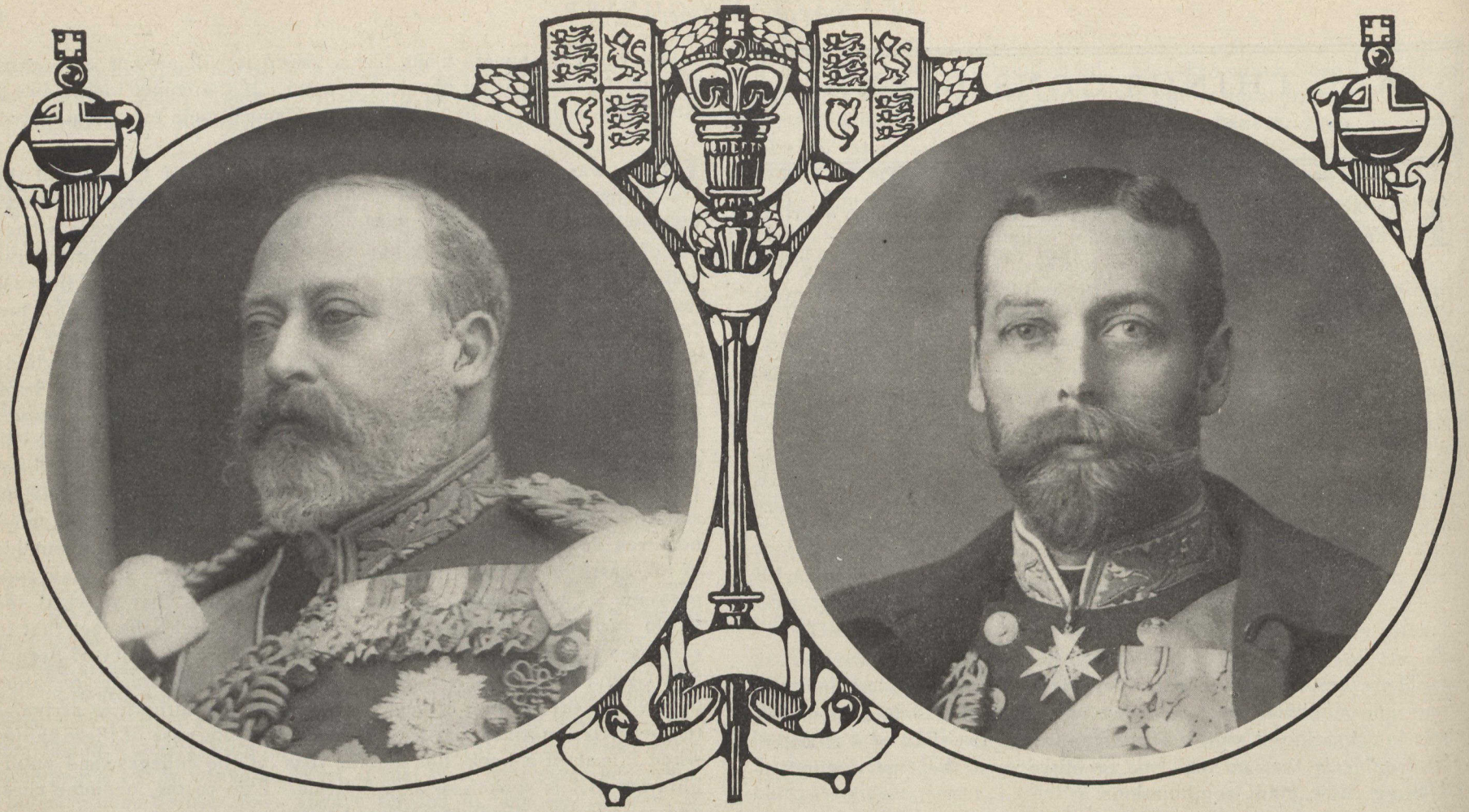
THE most remarkable national anthem in the world must now be sung with a new personal meaning. Concerning the origin of "God Save the King" there is much dispute. Some allege that the sentiment in the words was a translation from the French; some that the tune itself was an importation. That matters but little. The most irregular, unpoetic, and according to some most unmusical national anthem in the world, is still the most compelling in human significance and moral grandeur. It is the battle-cry of a people who have marched conquering over most of the known world; yet it is written in 3-4 measure that cannot be marched to. The hymn of the people who have produced the world's greatest poet, it is almost devoid of poetry. As a tune it is not comparable to half a dozen other national melodies; yet it is singable by everybody

*God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!*

*Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!*



A Corps of Policemen put on the Stage at Massey Hall, Toronto, recently, by Major R. K. Barker, who is the "boss" figure in both groups. The little "shaver," who so majestically filled the role of Inspector of the squad, was a winner with the audience.



KING EDWARD VII.

KING GEORGE V.

“The King is Dead; Long Live the King.” “Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi.”

THE RECORD OF A REIGN

By THE EDITOR

KINGS are much like other rulers with designations of lesser rank. They differ but slightly from presidents of republics or premiers of colonial nations. They win their way to fame by much the same processes. They must, nowadays, have much the same characteristics, and



She that was—The Queen.

must conduct themselves upon similar lines of policy. King Edward won fame and reputation much as Ex-president Roosevelt and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. When he came to the throne, to the actual unfettered use of tremendous power, there were many who feared the result. So with Mr. Roosevelt; so with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. So with many a man placed in more subordinate positions. Yet, King Edward had reigned but a brief period before the people began to say, “He is making good.” It is a commonplace remark, yet the highest compliment that men have yet invented. If it were said of us, as has been said of the great King for whom an Empire mourns to-day, “He has made good,” then were our lives not spent in vain.

King Edward served a long apprenticeship. He came of age in 1861; he did not become King until 1901. Forty years in a subordinate position, forty years in training for the highest office in the gift of a great nation, must have been tedious and at times discouraging. Yet no one ever accused him of being disgruntled or disturbed. He never got out of place. He never by word or deed usurped authority which was not his. He lived his life under trying circumstances with such grace as became the “First Gentleman of Europe.”

When he became King, he bore himself with the manner of a man who had been King for half a

century. He was sufficiently dignified, but he demanded no homage which a democratic people were not willing to give. He did not try to enlarge his powers nor to use them for selfish purposes. Such influence as he had he used conscientiously for the benefit of his subjects and for the general good of mankind. In those nine short years he accomplished as much as any other individual for the advancement of civilisation and the progress of the world. He found the British Empire great but he left it greater. He found the international affairs of the world in a perilous condition and he devoted the greater part of his efforts to the cause of international peace. He encouraged those devoting themselves to literature, science, art, philanthropy and other forms of high endeavour. Wherever his influence was necessary or advisable, there it was found. He was the greatest man, as well as the greatest monarch, of his day and generation.

The King and Empire.

KING EDWARD VII was the only British ruler who governed an Empire. That Empire, as we know it to-day, was not in existence during the first half of Victoria's reign. The colonies of that day were not parts of the Empire in the sense that they are to-day. Empire had a different meaning before Disraeli bought the Suez Canal shares and created the Queen “Empress of India.” Gladstone represented the old regime. He opposed the extension of Empire. He did not desire to see Britain extend its influence in Egypt or in India and was opposed to any attempt to enlarge the sphere of British influence in South Africa. He made a strong fight against Disraeli's policy in 1875 and 1876. However, Disraeli won and the new era was inaugurated. Henceforth the British Empire as we know it began to evolve.

Those who are interested in this idea should again read the history of the period from 1870 to 1876, and study especially the movement towards republicanism under Mr. Henry Fawcett, Professor Clifford and Sir Charles Dilke. Whatever view Mr. Gladstone may have taken of Disraeli's “jingoistic” policy, he always had respect for the monarchy itself. On January 7th, 1885, he wrote a touching letter to Prince Albert Victor, then heir-apparent after his father, on the attainment of his majority. In that letter was the following paragraph:

“And, sir, if sovereignty has been, by our modern institutions, relieved of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which

successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.”

The Prince passed away seven years later, but let us hope that he passed on to his younger brother, now George V, that splendid epistle from one of the greatest of nineteenth century Englishmen.

There is no doubt, however, that when Edward VII came to the throne no one would, as Sir Henry Taylor did in 1864, speak of the colonies as *damnum hereditas*. Mr. John Morley, now Lord Morley, was almost the only survivor of the group of men who would have dismembered the British Empire in order to inaugurate an era of dishonourable peace for “Little England.” Rosebery, Forster, Bryce and other Liberals had sided with the imperialists as early as 1884. The newer Conservatives such as Mr. Howard Vincent and Mr. Chamberlain were keener on the Empire than even Disraeli.

When we get the inner history of Edward VII's relation to the Jubilee of 1897, to the coronation arrangements, to colonial conferences, and to general imperial movements of recent years, we shall probably find that he was staunch for a united and extending Empire. When he came to the throne, the Australian Commonwealth was a few days old and South Africa was plunged in war; to-day the Commonwealth's future is assured and South Africa is re-united. His peace policy did not prevent his cultivating the “Dominions over-seas” which were first officially recognised in his imperial title. He encouraged the great men who went out from Britain, as did Cecil Rhodes, to found new nations under the Union Jack, nor did he ever fail to honour a Britisher, born over-seas of any lineage, when he added even in a slight degree to the prestige of the British flag or of British institutions.

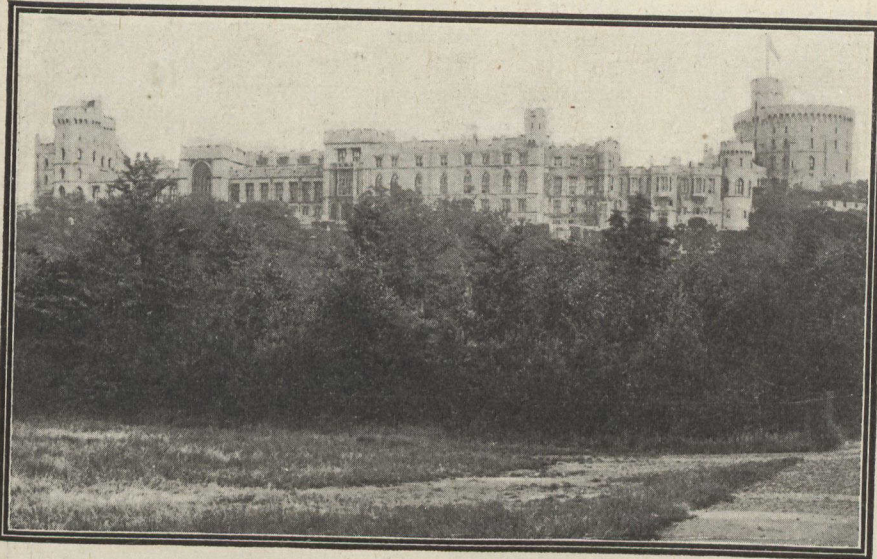
As a Tactician.

AN event which came under my own observation will serve to show the King's extraordinary tact. When the Canadian Manufacturers' party visited Britain they were paid a compliment by His Majesty which was most pleasing to them. The steamer bearing them had hardly reached the dock in Liverpool when a telegram was handed to the President of the Association commanding the presence of the party at Windsor on the following day. It was after midnight when the special trains reached London, but the members of the organisation were early astir, as the trains for Windsor were scheduled for ten o'clock. There was much scurrying for proper raiment and silk hats were in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

FOUR PALACES OF BRITISH MONARCHS

Treasure-Houses of British History, Reliquerie and King-Lore



Windsor Castle, near London, the historic residence of Britain's Monarchs. Overlooking the Thames on one side and a most beautiful pastoral country on the other, it has a magnificent setting.



Buckingham Palace, official London Residence of Britain's Monarchs, situated not far from Westminster Abbey and Whitehall. Here King Edward VII was born and here he passed away.



St. James' Palace, London, where Edward VII was proclaimed King, on January 24th, 1901, and where George V was proclaimed King on May 7th, 1910. Probably the oldest of the City Palaces.



Marlborough House, London, where King Edward lived as Prince of Wales, and where King George will continue to reside until he removes to Buckingham Palace.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH AS AN ENGLISHMAN OF THE FIELD



His Majesty King Edward, photographed, a few months ago, while shooting over his preserves at Sandringham, accompanied by his corps of attendants.



KING EDWARD "THE PEACEMAKER," AS DIPLOMAT, IN GERMANY

King Edward and the Kaiser riding together in Berlin on the occasion of the King's famous visit in August, 1907. The "Peacemaker" scored a great success, for which Europe was duly thankful.



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

THE KING AND THE MAN

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

FOUR thousand miles from the Capital of Canada King Edward the Seventh of Great Britain and Emperor of India, died at a quarter to eight o'clock by eastern Canada time. It was still but a few minutes to seven in Winnipeg; a quarter to six in Edmonton; and two hours earlier than sunset in Vancouver—when the great King died. From coast to coast Canada was still awake; and before twelve o'clock every man, woman and child of understanding in the great Dominion knew that the King was dead.

Old London was very largely asleep. Half of London and most of Great Britain knew nothing of the Imperial tragedy till next morning—hours after the bells had begun to toll from tower and steeple clear across Canada. This was an accident. Behind the accident there is a great truth. The seven millions and more who make the population of Canada heard the news of the King's death—almost incredulously. It was the incredulity of a people most of whom since childhood have sung "God Save the Queen" and "God Save the King" as sincerely as any of the citizens of London or of Edinburgh or of Dublin. There are in Canada best of half a million people who when King Edward came to the throne in 1901 were citizens of the great American Republic. There are some hundreds of thousands in Canada who on January 21st when Prince Edward of Wales knew he was to be King of England were scattered over half the countries of Europe; thousands also who were just beginning then to learn the language of "God Save the King." All these understand—knowing more or less the fact of a national and an Imperial calamity—that the King is dead.

There are a few thousand people still living in Canada and some in the United States who saw Edward the Seventh when as the young Prince he toured Canada in 1860. Some of these saw him open the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. A month ago one who was present at that function handed an old newspaper man in Ottawa the typewritten copy of a banquet bill of fare served upon that

occasion; and it contained the names of wild game and fish all got the day before within a few rods of Victoria Bridge. There are people in Toronto who remember the Prince dancing with certain fashionable ladies out at the old Crystal Palace hall; and there are some hundreds who saw the Prince plant the hard maple tree that still stands in the Allan Gardens, Toronto, bearing the placard announcing the fact.

By this time every man and woman who ever saw the King either in Canada or in England will have recalled the minutest incident; fetching back the atmosphere of a fairyland fabulous time when Canada was a raw place feebly tied to the actual feeling of the Throne by the presence of Governors-General. But the millions who have never seen King Edward the Seventh have learned to know him quite as intimately as the few thousands who have. The late King's picture has been published in Canadian newspapers and periodicals much more often than the pictures of the United States Presidents. Stories of his doings as Prince and as King have circulated all over the country. His trips abroad are known to every Canadian. Even the names of the King's Derby winners are as well known to thousands of Canadians as they are to Englishmen. The pedigree of "Witch of the Air," winner of the Derby the day before the King died, is known to many a Canadian horseman. In truth we knew the old King in more ways than most of us know our own neighbours; knew him in royal trappings and in plain tweed clothes; on horseback and on foot; hunting on the moors and riding in the gilded coaches of state; presiding at the openings of Parliament and receiving guests at Windsor Castle; saluting Emperors abroad and rambling for his health at Biarritz. Thanks to the pictorial press we have come to know more about King Edward and his folk than the citizens of the United States know about ex-President Roosevelt. We knew him pretty well long ago when he was a gay young Prince. We learned him somewhat all over again when he became the great King. But in the King we still saw the Prince; even more than the Prince,

the man—who had the kind of personality which made him popular with the plainest of people.

When we come to discover why King Edward was so naturally popular as a man we can only say—because the things which interested him were mainly the things that interested the average man. He was shorn of all humbug and devoid of pretence. He loved a good square meal and a broad joke. He knew how to laugh in a healthy way. He was an out-of-doors man; as fond of the hunt and the jungle and the field as he was of the race-track. He was a sailor. He always liked a good healthy show at the theatre whether comedy or serious drama; enjoyed a good cigar and a glass of wine; had no fads and frills and no riotous excesses. He was the kind of man who knew how to bear a vast burden of responsibility and wear a smile. From day to day he moved about carrying himself like a king because at heart he was the finest type of democrat in the world; a man who could have had as good a time in Montreal or New York as he could have in London—so long as the affairs of State were not troubling him, which of late years they began to do more than enough.

This country has never caused the late King any trouble. India has given him worry enough; South Africa perhaps more. Canada and Australia have been the two self-governing colonies which left him no doubt as to absolute fealty to that great throne which of all thrones in these modern times has come to be the object of world-wide solicitude.

King Edward came to the throne in the first year of "Canada's century." He lived long enough to see that the greatest self-governing colony in the greatest Empire was in a fair way to establish her claim not only to the title but to the abiding principle of loyalty to the great throne: a sentiment which is contained in the last stanza of the first English version ever written to that grand old national hymn,

"From bound to bourne, by field and foam
In hand and heart we bring
This song of old from fathers bold—
Long live our noble king!
From shore to sea, by field and foam
Long live the King we pray where'er we may
 roam,
God save the King! in Canada our home."



King Edward, as Commander-in-chief of the British Army.



The last public appearance of King Edward, arriving to Open Parliament in February last, and being received by the Duke of Norfolk.



His late Majesty King Edward the Seventh, the present King George the Fifth and the Duke of Connaught, eldest brother of King Edward, in procession to the Trooping of the Colours in honour of the King's Birthday. The ceremony was held in the month of June, though the late King's Birthday was on the 9th of November.



Indians on their Horses making Lacrosse Sticks at the Lally Factory at Cornwall.

MAKING OF A LACROSSE STICK

By P. J. LALLY

LACROSSE is probably the most exciting and interesting game known to the athletic world. Although only about forty-five years of age as a white man's pastime, it has nevertheless been played by the Indians for many years. In its old forms many Indians took part, and with two curious-looking sticks carried by each player the game moved fast over the red man's playground. For many years it was entirely unknown to the white man. The late Dr. W. George Beers, who is known as the father of lacrosse in Canada, took hold of the game about forty-five years ago and reduced it to the middle stages of perfection, which stamped it as the premier of outdoor games. Clubs began to spring up in Cornwall, St. Regis, Montreal, Caughnawaga and Ottawa, and these places were the pioneers in establishing the popularity of the game. Then the city of Toronto fell into line. In those days the Indian was the peer, if not the superior of the white man. Upon the visit of the Prince of Wales, late King Edward, to Canada, a lacrosse game was one of the principal sporting events on the programme in his honour, and he

thoroughly enjoyed witnessing the combat between the redskins and the palefaces, as the whites are called by the red men. Soon after this the game began to spread and became one of science, instead of one of speed and endurance, and to-day when played by members of the big leagues, it is one of the headiest and most scientific games known to athletes. Sharp, short passing and combination work has taken the place of endurance.

Strange as it may seem, while the white men have mastered the redskins at playing the game, no paleface has yet become proficient in the art of making a lacrosse stick. The Indian is naturally a born whittler and as soon as he is able to handle a knife is found at work whittling a piece of hickory.

The making of a lacrosse stick is far more difficult than a look at it would indicate. First, the greatest care is exercised in the selection of the wood, which must be of the choicest quality of second growth hickory, cut in November or December. From the time the tree is felled until the lacrosse is strung up ready for shipment requires generally about four months. In years gone by most of the lacrosse sticks were made in the redskin's huts, but as the Indian is not painstaking if not compelled to be, the sticks were turned out before they were thoroughly seasoned and generally lost their shape. The Lally Lacrosse Manufacturing Company, of Cornwall, which has always been the largest handlers of lacrosses, saw that goods turned out in this manner were hurting the trade and established a factory at Cornwall, the only one in the world, and brought the Indians under their own supervision. At first many difficulties were encountered, as the Indians were very reluctant to give up the freedom of their huts, and the "work-when-I-feel-like-it" habit that is so characteristic of the race, but when once removed from their dirty wigwams and housed in comfortable quarters by the Lally Company, they soon began to take up with the new life and now work about eight months out of the year; the other four they devote to fishing and trapping. This is almost a necessity, as the constant bending over while whittling contracts the muscles of the stomach and they are obliged to lay off for a rest. This factory now turns out about 90 per cent. of the world's lacrosse output. Only the butt or six feet of the hickory tree is used in the manufacture of lacrosse sticks, the balance being too brittle to take the sharp curves, even though thoroughly steamed. When the wood is brought to the factory it is split up into strings $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide and shaped up with a draw-knife ready for the bending forms. They are then air dried for from two to three weeks, so that the steam will penetrate the wood. When the sap is considered

to be all out of the wood it is placed in a steamer and when soft, bent over a form and wired. The stick is allowed to stand for six weeks so that it will keep its shape when the wires are removed. The process of bending is one that requires the greatest care, and can only be done by men of long experience, as, if a shape is not properly bent it is impossible to get a perfectly-formed lacrosse, no matter how much work is put on the shape. After the wires are removed, the sticks are taken to the gougers and a portion removed about the middle of the stick, so that the backs can be steamed and bent. They are again allowed to season in this manner for some weeks. The stick is then rounded about the handle sufficiently to allow it to be douled. When douled they are passed along to workmen known as backshapers, after which the inside is taken out by a draw-knife and the stick is passed along to the men who whittle the most important part of the stick, which is at the different bends. That is where the really fine points of lacrosse-making come in. At this particular part of the lacrosses there are many different curves and



Descendant of the aboriginal Lacrosse Players Boring and Sanding a Hickory Frame.



Another industrialised aboriginal Putting the Catgut Net Strings on the Frame.

thicknesses and a small shaving must be whittled off here and there to get them to the proper proportions and weight. Only men of long experience are employed at this particular work. At first the men are tried on boys' sticks at from one to two years, and when they have mastered these fine points, are put on the "crook," at which work they receive higher wages for their labour than skilled carpenters or machinists. When this portion of the stick is completed it is passed on to a boring machine where the holes are bored to receive the strings. The stick is then sandpapered and a coat of filling is applied and the stringing takes place. This latter part of the work is done by both squaws and Indians, the former being equally as expert at this branch as the latter. The strings of the net of the higher grade lacrosse sticks are generally of clock cord or catgut, which is manufactured in England. The leaders or guard is made from rawhide. It

often happens that every member of the family is employed in the manufacturing of lacrosses; in fact, in the cut which is herewith shown, four generations are at work.

The market for lacrosse sticks pretty well indicates the geographical vogue of the game. Twenty-five per cent. of the world's lacrosse sticks are sold in Ontario—which is the stronghold of lacrosse. British Columbia ranks next with 20 per cent.; as a province on a par with the whole of Australia which also takes 20 per cent. England comes next with 15 per cent.—though neither lacrosse nor baseball has ever substituted for cricket there. Fifteen per cent. of the output goes to the rest of Canada. The United States ranks as low in lacrosse as she is high in baseball; taking only five per cent.

Australia and British Columbia seem to be making more progress in the game than any other parts of the world.



Montreal Lacrosse Team (M.A.A.A.) Champions N.L.U., 1909.
Photograph by A. A. Gleason.

The Outlook for Lacrosse

By J. K. MUNRO

LACROSSE—the game that thrills Canadians to the frenzy point, proclaims holidays in their villages and makes communities so bitterly jealous that they sit for months almost in a state of armed neutrality—travels in cycles. For a time it seems to blossom in every corner of its domain and a wave of enthusiasm rolls across the face of this peaceful country that is like unto a call to arms. Then the wave breaks, tired nature demands a rest, and there is a season of comparative quiet. One of these seasons has just drawn to a close and already there are signs that a tidal wave of the national game is about to sweep over the land.

That lacrosse has been going back steadily for a few years past is now admitted on all sides. To be sure, the professional brand that draws its thousands of spectators in the big cities was never more popular. Last season saw record gates and some splendid games. But in the smaller places and among the younger generation the game has been gradually losing its grip and the wise ones have been busy furnishing reasons therefor. Too many rules, the expense of outfitting lacrosse teams as compared with baseball nines and the drift of Young Ontario to the prairies are some of the excuses offered. But it was not till the early spring of this year that the lovers of the sport started in to replace reasons with remedies. And the net result has been that from Montreal to Vancouver the cry has gone forth, "Get the boys into the game." Nor is it all cry, for in Montreal, Toronto, Brantford, St. Catharines and a score of smaller places generous lacrosse cranks are distributing lacrosse sticks among the boys of the public schools and thus sowing the seed for a crop of players who will not only furnish the lacrosse of the future but kindle the fires of an enthusiasm that will help the game wonderfully during the season of 1910 and the years that follow immediately thereafter.

And at this ebb tide in the history of the game in Canada it might be well to stop a moment and

see if there is foundation for the oft-raised rumour that lacrosse is drifting to its finish and that baseball and "soccer" football will ultimately replace it entirely.

And perhaps the best refutation of any such argument comes from outside of Canada. In the United States, the home of baseball, lacrosse is steadily gaining ground. It is played in all the principal colleges, while teams in Chicago, St. Paul and other cities are yearly gaining in strength and public support. In England, where soccer draws immense crowds, there are now a hundred lacrosse clubs, while in far-off Australia the game has been taken up with so much enthusiasm that the largest manufacturer of lacrosse sticks in Canada now states that he sells more sticks in the Antipodes than he does in our own Dominion.

And having thus satisfied ourselves that the national game has proved to unprejudiced peoples that it is licensed to live and is in no danger of extinction, it is well to turn and take a look at what the pessimists are pleased to call the "shattered remains" of the game in Canada. It sure looks like a pretty lively corpse. The reports of its death have been much exaggerated.

To start at the top, you must turn your eyes to the Pacific coast, where the New Westminster club proudly holds the Minto Cup, emblematic of the championship of Canada. New Westminster is a natural lacrosse town. It is to the British Columbia Lacrosse League what St. Catharines is to the Canadian Lacrosse Association or Cornwall to the National Lacrosse Union—a place where lacrosse is a native's birthright. The team that won the Minto Cup from the Shamrocks in Montreal two years ago and that successfully defended it against the Tecumsehs of Toronto last year is about ninety per cent. native born. Its players thus combine speed, skill and the other requisites of lacrosse greatness with a life-long knowledge of each other's play and the combination is hard indeed to beat.

To accomplish their downfall, however, has be-

come the life work of certain people in the sister city of Vancouver and they are scouring the country for material for the purpose. They have gathered in stars from the big eastern clubs: Howard and Hennessy from the Shamrocks of Montreal, Griffiths, Pickering and Adamson of Tecumsehs, and many another beside has yielded to the lure of western gold and gone to help lower New Westminster's colours, till now Vancouver has twenty-four men to pick a twelve from and is living in anticipation of moving the coveted silverware to new quarters. Will they do it? Well, hardly. There's a lot of difference between a bunch of stars and a lacrosse team and while Vancouver has the former, New Westminster appears to have both.

Anyway, these two teams make up the senior series of the British Columbia League and all the professional lacrosse there is west of the Great Lakes. And there are those who know well the game who predict that British Columbia will soon be back to amateur lacrosse, that once New Westminster loses the Minto Cup the city is too small to support a professional team. And of course with New Westminster out of the game Vancouver cannot hope to live alone. Well, perhaps. But it will be time enough to worry about that when the cup is lost. And that is not likely to be for a year or so yet.

Anyway, there will be lacrosse on the Pacific slope long after the pro game is dead, for the British Columbia League boasts a live intermediate series and Vancouver is taking a hand in the game of planting the seeds of lacrosse in the public schools.

Coming east across the prairies, you do not strike a great deal of lacrosse. The folks out there seem to be too busy harvesting bumper wheat crops, booming town lots and dollar chasing generally to pay much attention to the ball. But dotted here and there are lacrosse roots that either show green sprouts or that will show them as the coming lacrosse wave reaches its full height. Lethbridge has a team. Calgary has another with Minto Cup aspirations that may result disastrously even as they did in Regina. There lacrosse was popular because of a championship won from Winnipeg and other towns and it was resolved to make a try for the Minto Cup. Of course a few eastern stars must be brought in to strengthen up the prairie champions. First one position was strengthened and then another till when the team started west there were only two Regina players on the line-up. The result was only what might be expected. The Regina bunch of imported stars were not a team. They fell easy victims to New Westminster. Today there is no team in Regina. Like many another lacrosse town, Regina is suffering from the effects of over-ambition. But the game will come again. Lacrosse is like the Canadian thistle. Once planted its roots never die.

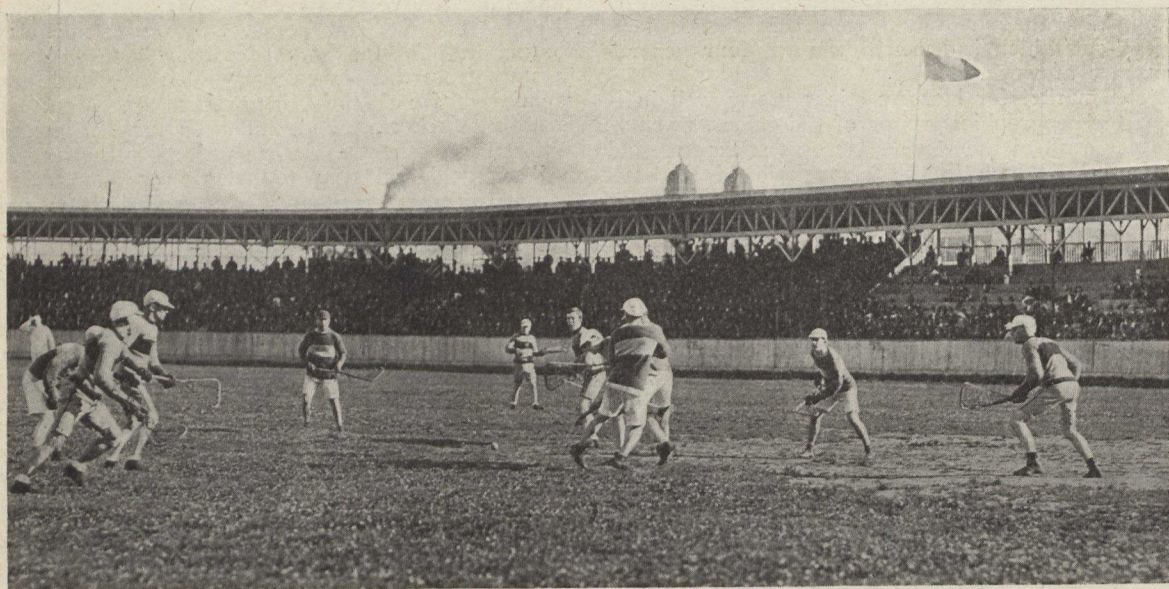
Winnipeg while without a senior team at present is one of the most promising lacrosse beds in the Dominion. It has a school league of forty teams and every Saturday morning between four and five hundred boys are engaged in playing matches. With a start like that, lacrosse has a future in Winnipeg that cannot be shadowed even by the present handicap of scarcity of grounds.

There was talk early this spring of a professional league to take in Fort William, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, St. Paul and Chicago. It has died out for the present but looks good for a future date.

From east of Lake Superior to Montreal may be described as the old home of lacrosse. There the National Lacrosse Union and the Canadian Lacrosse Association hold sway and there the game



An Attack on Goal.



Montrealers vs. Nationals—on Grounds of the latter Club in Montreal.

ebbs and flows, but there is always a fairly large amount of it to be found.

In Western Ontario the C. L. A. once boasted a senior series made up of Toronto, Tecumsehs, St. Catharines and Brantford, and junior and intermediate clubs to the number of a hundred. To-day things are changed a bit. Brantford and St. Kitts have dropped professional lacrosse, Tecumsehs and Torontos have gone to swell the ranks of the N. L. U., and the ebb of the tide has left about forty of the hundred clubs stranded for the present. Still there is many a smaller and deader sporting body than the C. L. A. It has sixty teams playing the game this year, running from an amateur senior series to juveniles, and will have a list of active players running well over a thousand. It is from this body that most of the Tecumsehs and all the Toronto players have been drawn and even now the Montreal and Ottawa clubs are casting envious eyes on the Toronto pro teams' source of supply.

Though the National Lacrosse Union has four clubs in Ontario—Tecumsehs, Toronto, Ottawa and Cornwall—and only three in Quebec—Shamrocks, Montrealers and Nationals, all of Montreal—it is always looked on as a Quebec organisation. This is probably because its annual meetings have up to the present time always been held in Montreal. It has been "the big league" ever since the white man wrested the lacrosse supremacy from the Indian. It is likely to remain so, too—if it only could get that Minto Cup back from the coast. Tecumsehs, last year's champions, tried to bring it back and failed. Montrealers, this year's champions, are going west after it in July. They have a strong team, too, a fast, wiry lot who can play the game and take their bumps. But outside of the Montreal club house, few are the folks who harbour a thought that they will bring back the strayed silverware. New Westminster on their own little hillside at the end of a three thousand mile journey are a hard problem for any team to solve. Still the N. L. U. champions will keep on trying year after year—and their time will come.

In the meantime the eastern lacrosse followers are talking more of the relative strength of the N. L. U. teams than of Minto Cup games and the opinion is freely expressed that some of the teams have suffered from the lacrosse ebb. Their old players are going back and the young material to replace them is not to hand. It is generally conceded that as things stand at present Montrealers and Torontos are the strong teams. The former have all the players with whom they won last year's championship, while Torontos have a young, strong and fast team which only for a bad start would have been in at the finish last year and which only needs a little more experience to make it one of the greatest teams Canada ever saw.

Shamrocks are gradually breaking away from old reputations and replacing them with young players, but it takes a year or two to finish the weeding-out process, and though the Montreal Irishmen will always be hard to beat at home or abroad, they do not loom up like champions at this date or distance. Tecumsehs, too, are looking for new men for old places and their speed is impaired a bit by the renovating process, while Nationals, the fast French-Canadian team, though playing in spots the most brilliant lacrosse any team can show, are too erratic to hear a championship calling them.

And those old warriors, the Capitals of Ottawa, and the Cornwall team who have been writing lacrosse history with their sticks as far back as memory carries, what of them? Truth to tell, their

outlook is a little uncertain. Cornwall has a new grounds and a bunch of new players and it remains to be seen how the combination will work out, while Capitals have also shifted their quarters and will try to put some promising juniors in the places



Made him throw it.

of men who have been in the harness so long that their necks are sore and their feet wearied. Their fondest admirers are calling on them for a championship, but lacrosse history shows that a team seldom changes players and wins a championship in the same season.

He's an unwise man who tries to forecast a lacrosse season, but on the material in sight you would naturally call the N. L. U. teams for 1910 as follows: Torontos 1, Montrealers 2, Nationals 3, Tecumsehs 4, Shamrocks 5, Cornwall 6 and Capitals 7.

But if you take care of the amateurs the professionals will take care of themselves. And the pleasing thing about the spring of 1910 is that the amateurs are being looked after. Not only is every boy's stick that manufacturers can provide being distributed gratis to school boys, but arrangements are being made to have the champion juvenile team

of Toronto meet the best school boys Montreal can produce and the upper grades are being spurred to fresh efforts. Mr. D. D. Mann, the railroad magnate, has donated a \$500 gold cup as a Canadian amateur championship trophy. It is in the hands of Messrs. P. J. Lally of Cornwall, and Fred Killer and John R. Robinson of Toronto as trustees, and they can be depended on to see that none but amateurs compete for it.

Sizing it all up, guess the undertaker needn't hang round the lacrosse game.

Twice Visited Canada

DURING the summer of 1901 the new King paid a memorable visit to Canada. Shortly after the accession of Edward VII. his late Majesty decided that the then Duke and Duchess of York should take a globe-girdling tour and visit the overseas dominions of the Empire. The occasion was opportune for such a tour as the commonwealth of Australia came into existence at the beginning of that year, and Prince George was sent to open the first parliament.

Prince George left Portsmouth early in the year on S.S. *Ophir*, and sailed in easy stages to Australia. On the return the *Ophir* headed for Quebec, arriving there on July 16th. After a brief stay the royal party started on an extended transcontinental tour, crossing the prairies when the grain was golden.

In 1908 King George journeyed to Quebec alone for the great tercentenary celebration of Champlain's settlement in 1608. It was a hurried journey, and it was notorious at the time that the Prince of Wales was averse to coming over, and in a desperate hurry to get back. It is altogether likely that his father's health was the cause of the worry he felt at being absent from England. But while he was in Quebec he gained the good will of all with whom he came in contact, and while some declare that he is less democratic than his late father, the direct reverse is affirmed of him by intimates. His early training in the navy is held to account for a freedom and ease of manner with all sorts of people which is most attractive when displayed by a king towards his subjects. As Prince of Wales he entered into all the arrangements at Quebec with hearty zest, and the magnificence of the pageant evidently impressed him. He remembered all who were then in any way concerned with his comfort, and several Toronto citizens bear tokens of his kindness.

The record trip of the *Indomitable* to England with the Prince of Wales on board from Quebec in 1908 was a naval event of that year, and emphasised the desire of the Prince to return to England.

His visit as Duke of Cornwall with the Duchess to Toronto in 1901, will be remembered for the splendour of the illuminations and the pomp of the state entertainments. He was most affable with all who approached him on that occasion.

In addition to his two official visits, the King visited Canadian ports several times. He has also several close personal friends here who have kept him in touch with Canadian feeling. As his reign develops, his popularity here should grow.

It may be said that the present King knows Canada much better than did King Edward. He has seen the Canada of the twentieth century and the people of new Canada. The Canada of 1860 was less like the Canada of 1910 than the Canada of 1910 is like the United States. Fifty years of the most remarkable world-transformations ever known have given to King George V. a Canada which as his reign progresses will develop much more rapidly than any other country.

TRUSTEES OF THE MANN CUP FOR LACROSSE TEAMS



Mr. John R. Robinson, Toronto.



Mr. P. J. Lally, Cornwall.



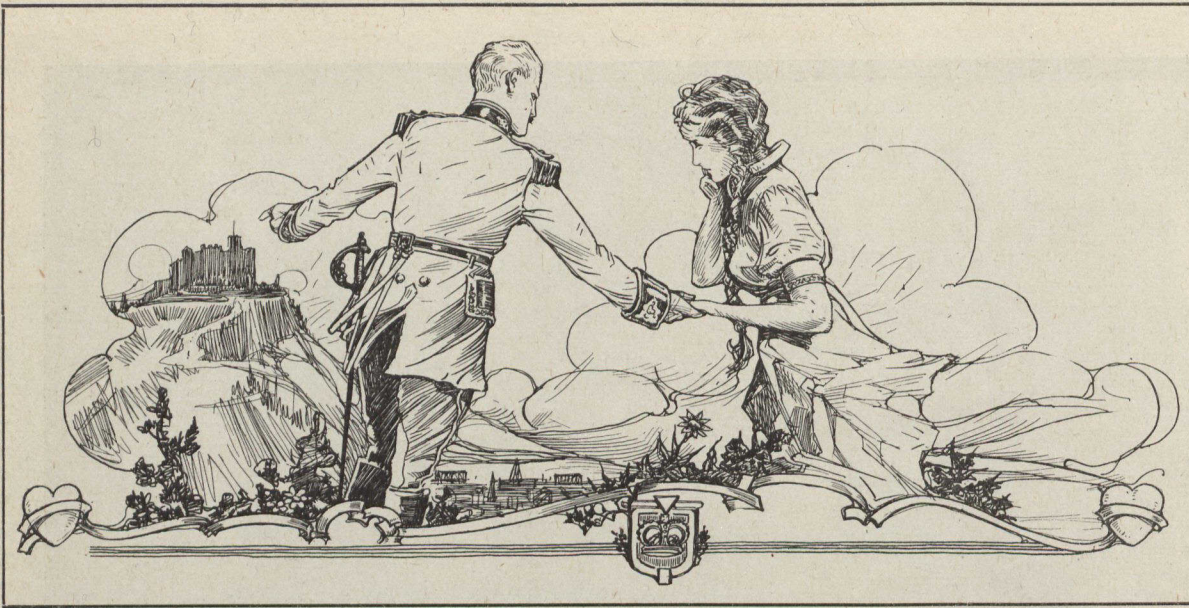
Mr. Fred. Killer, Toronto.

HOW CANADA ENFORCES LAW AND ORDER IN THE WILDERNESS



A CONSTABLE OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE ESCORTING A CATTLE THIEF TO THE BARRACKS.
Fifth of a Series of Studies of Canadian Life, Drawn by our Special Artist Arthur Heming.

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A Mummer's Throne

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

By FRED. M. WHITE

CHAPTER I.

A ROYAL MOUSE.

THE Asturian Ambassador had been giving a garden party, and most of the guests were still there. The great majority of those present had come to meet the young King of Montenegro. Taking it as a whole, the monarch in question had come up to their expectations.

There is always a certain flavour of romance hanging like a purple mist upon a palace, and there was an added perfume in the case of Fritz of Montenegro because he had come westward with the avowed purpose of seeking a wife. As everybody knows, Montenegro is a pocket kingdom, lying between Russia and Turkey. For the rest, it is mountainous and picturesque, somewhat poverty-stricken and given over at times to the spirit of revolution.

Nevertheless, a wise administration contrived to rule the country fairly well and replenish the king's priy purse annually to the extent of some two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Seeing that his Majesty boasted an army of twenty thousand men, and a navy of three dubious cruisers, and a brace of obsolete gunboats, he was fairly an eligible *parti* as things go in these hard times. As to the rest, he was handsome in a clean-shaven, boyish way, which was more suggestive of Oxford and Cambridge and the Outer Bar than of the romantic possessor of a Crown and the last representative of a set of picturesque and undeniably cut-throat ancestors. Many fair breasts had fluttered when King Fritz's mission first became known, and most of the Chancelleries of Europe were mildly agitated. For, after all is said and done, the State of Montenegro had its interests, and it has been a bone of contention at more than one international conference.

In accordance with the eternal fitness of things, the king had not come alone. His watch dog was not far off in the shape of General Count Rutzstin. Every student of history knows the name of that distinguished warrior, and the important part he has played in the past in the story of the Balkan Peninsula. He stood now talking to a distinguished personage, and the subject of their conversation was the future of Montenegro and its ruler.

"A grave responsibility, your Excellency," the count said thoughtfully. "A most charming young man, certainly. But, of course, young men will be young men, you know. And—er—well, it is rather dull in our capital."

"The prince is a great sportsman, general?" the personage murmured. "At least, so I have heard."

"Oh, dear, yes. I am afraid his English education is responsible for that. Of course, you know the boy was at Harrow. He was accompanied there by Prince Florizel Arcana, his cousin. But, no doubt, years will bring a sense of responsibility. Apart from that, his Majesty has been most carefully brought up, and in many respects he is little more than a child."

The great personage smiled blandly.

"As a constitutional monarch should be," he said. "Content, no doubt, to leave everything to the

wise heads of his ministers. That is as it should be, seeing that his father—"

The general coughed discreetly, and the personage hastened to change the subject of conversation, for without risk of *lese majeste*, the less said about the past of King Fritz's immediate progenitor the better. The old soldier's face was grave and stern now. His great grey moustache bristled. For, if report speaks truly, Count Rutzstin had anything but a rosy time during the late reign. And if the count had any ambitions of his own, he kept them entirely to himself. He stood there erect and upright on the grass, his face half in the shadow of the budding trees. It seemed to the personage that a greyer pallor was creeping over the old man's features.

"You are not well, count," he said anxiously.

"The old trouble, your Excellency," the count replied. "I have never recovered from that cut over the head I got at Sarspruit. A slight pressure on the brain, you know. What the doctors call a compression. I only hope and pray—"

What plea was in the old man's mind was never uttered, for he suddenly collapsed on the grass and lay there a huddled heap of scarlet and gold lace, his grey face turned up to the sky. There was a shudder and confusion amongst the guests, and immediately a score of them clustered round the unconscious figure. There were gay summer frocks amongst the mass of grey coats and uniforms, and a lady on the edge of the crowd turned away and shivered.

"How dreadful," she exclaimed, "how very dreadful!"

"How confoundedly lucky!" the man by her side muttered.

She turned upon him with reproach in her grey eyes.

"Does your Majesty really mean that?" she asked.

Fritz, King of Montenegro, blushed to the roots of his fair hair. It was well, perhaps, that no society paragraphist was present.

"You don't understand, marquise," he stammered. "Honestly, I am very fond of old Rutzstin, but he is a regular old martinet all the same. On the whole, I was better off when I was at school. And, really, there is very little the matter with the old man. He gets these queer attacks every now and then, which absolutely prostrate him for the time being. But they never last more than a day or two. Ah, you can see for yourself that he is better already."

The little gaudy group separated, and Rutzstin staggered into the Embassy in the arms of his host. The old warrior looked very pale and ghastly now in the light of the sun. His cunning, clever face was a mass of tiny wrinkles like the rind of a melon. Yet, there was no suggestion of anxiety on the face of his sovereign; indeed, a close observer might have said that he appeared to be pleased about something. One of the Embassy's secretaries came up to King Fritz at the same moment.

"This is a dreadful thing, your Majesty," he murmured. "His Excellency, the doctor, is now

with the general. Will you kindly command us what to do?"

"Take him home and put him to bed," the King of Montenegro said promptly. "All he wants is a nurse, and some crushed ice at the back of his head. Give him a couple of days in bed and he will be as well as ever again. That is all."

The secretary turned away, and the king strolled off in the direction of one of the little tea-tables as if the whole thing were a matter of every-day occurrence. There was a certain look of expectation on his keen, boyish face. He twisted his slight moustache joyously. He looked less like a king now than a smart, well-set-up young Englishman turned out by a complacent and conscientious Bond Street tailor. Seated at one of the little tables was his *alter ego* sipping coffee and smoking an Egyptian cigarette. The other young man rose and bowed profoundly as the king came up to his table.

Republicans and people of that kind who have no reverence for royalty would have declared that the king so far forgot himself as to wink at his companion.

"Here is a joke, Florizel," he murmured. "Old Rutzstin is knocked up. Got one of his old attacks, as far as I can judge."

"A serious matter, your Majesty," Prince Florizel murmured.

"Oh, Majesty be hanged!" the king said. "What is the good of keeping it up when there is on one about to hear? Don't you understand what this thing means to us?"

Prince Florizel so far forgot himself as to smile. "Possibly a breaking off of diplomatic relations," he observed. "Negotiations with the Princess of Austenburg—"

"If you mention her again, I'll land you one in the eye," the king exclaimed. "I don't care a rap what Rutzstin says. What is the good of an impregnable frontier to me so long as I am tied to a wife who weighs twelve stone and has a complexion like a decayed orange. No, my boy, when I marry I am going to please myself."

"What is the good of being king if you can't pick and choose? Now let us trot along and see that the old chap is comfortable, and then we will proceed to enjoy ourselves. I am sick of all this bowing and scraping and being dragged about as if I were some puppet in a show. Here am I, at the age of twenty-five, knowing no more of life and with little or no more experience than I had when I left school. I used to say that our Harrow experiences were the happiest in our days, and upon my word, I believe I was right."

"You won't do anything rash," the prince said anxiously. "You see, with our aged general laid up—"

"My dear Florizel, this is our opportunity. The old man will be incapable of doing anything for the next two or three days, and we could not have a better excuse for putting off all the functions that these good people have arranged for us. Besides, look how it will add to our popularity. Picture us giving up all the joys of life to sit by the bedside of the man who made Montenegro what it is. Think of the reams of gush in the papers, when all the while, my dear Florizel, we shall be sipping the delights of this queen of cities. Florizel, I am going to go it!"

The prince was wise in his day and generation, but he was young. Moreover, he was not entirely averse to going it himself. But, still, the sense of responsibility was upon him now, and the knowledge of it clouded his youthful ingenuous features.

"You won't rub it in too thick?" he said anxiously.

"No more than royal purple," the king laughed. "Or, perhaps, a deep vermilion. But now come along and make your excuses. As for the rest, is it not on the knees of the gods?"

CHAPTER II.

"A MERE PLAYER."

THE physicians' account of the condition of General Rutzstin was not in the least disturbing. The aged warrior was suffering from a compression which was merely a matter of time. He had to be kept perfectly quiet for a day or two, during which period it would be indiscreet to worry him with the affairs of state. And, indeed, the count was on the happy borderland when nothing matters, and even the dinning clash of nations comes dull and muffled to the ear. To all this the young king listened with resignation. Besides, he had seen his beloved chancellor in similar case many times before. That war-scarred old body was by no means exhausted yet, and, doubtless, Count Rutzstin would live to weather many a plot and storm yet.

With his mind easy and his brain full of eager

expectation, his Majesty returned to his private apartments to dine. He was dressed now even as an ordinary gentleman should be. He had considerably dismissed his staff to their own devices, preferring to dine alone with Prince Florizel. Even his own pampered valet had been accorded a holiday, for the king had given a hint to the effect that he intended to retire early after an evening spent with affairs of the state. Altogether an exemplary monarch.

But the door of the cabinet were closed now, and the two were discussing their dinner together, assisted by an ordinary hotel waiter who knew nothing of the language which obtains in the mountains of Montenana. Therefore, the young men could discuss their plans openly, and without the fear of voracious halfpenny newspapers before their eyes. They had dined and wined discreetly. Their young blood was judiciously warm with the vintage of champagne, and all the world lay rosy fair before them. Imagination is not one of the gifts of youth, and the pair seated there could not guess at the tremendous consequences which sooner or later might arise as the fruit of their innocent adventures. The night was fading now to darkness. The lights of the fair city lay at their feet twinkling invitingly like sirens, luring them on to the land of excitement and adventure which lay outside the rim of electric stars.

"Have you made up your mind?" Florizel asked. "Oh, I have thought it all out," the king exclaimed. "I don't think anybody is likely to recognise us. We are going to the 'Oderon' Theatre in the first instance to see Nita Reinhardt. I have been reading all about her in the papers. She is a young actress who has taken the whole city by storm. She is playing in a piece called 'The Mummer's Throne.' They say she is absolutely perfect and plays the queen to the life."

"I have read the book," Florizel said, "the book on which the play was founded. It is the story of a simple, beautiful country girl who finds her way to the throne. It is a charming story, and the way in which the girl's character is developed is wonderfully done. On the whole, we might do much more harm."

"We might," the king said half regretfully. "When I think of the opportunity that Providence has put at my disposal, I marvel at my discretion. Still, we ought to see some fun later on when we come to sup at one of the cafes. I have locked my bedroom door and made an arrangement with one of the waiters so that I can get in by the window. For the first time since we left Harrow, Florizel, we are really going to enjoy ourselves. Can't you hear the city calling? Can't you hear the voice of the siren? I can."

On the whole, Prince Florizel rather thought he could. They set out, presently, on foot, and made their way in the direction of the "Oderon" Theatre. In their simple evening dress of black and white they passed unnoticed. They found themselves presently seated in the first row of the stalls just as the curtain was drawing up on the play which had set a whole nation talking, and which was drawing crowded houses nightly. It was a romantic play, fantastic and, in places, decidedly unconvincing. For it rarely happens in real life that a daughter of the soil, however beautiful and however romantic, finds her way till her feet rest upon the footsteps of a throne. But here was a girl, little more than a child, whose native genius swept all those barriers away. By one of the freaks of Fate which appear to be almost peculiar to the stage Nita Reinhardt had had her chance quite unexpectedly. She had made the most of it almost from the first moment when she stood dazed and trembling in the flare of the footlights she had appealed irresistibly to her audience. In the first act she was shown in her simple country home, an imaginative child educated beyond her years and her station, and anxious to try a world which lay beyond the simple hollyhocks and primroses that bounded her father's garden. Then, gradually, the story developed till the one chance of a century came and a throne was placed at the girl's disposal. It was at this point that the young actress rose to the occasion and stamped herself as the one great emotional expert of her generation. Could she carry it through? Would she be worthy of the honour which had been thrust upon her? Wasn't it her duty to stay at home, or was this a call from Providence to save her suffering nation? The whole house hung on every word. The silence was tense and painful. Seated there with his hands gripped tight on the arms of his stall, the King of Montenana watched the play of the emotions with breathless interest. He had never seen a girl so bewitching and beautiful. She was fair and tall and queenly enough, and she was absolutely devoid of make-up. She seemed to grow more regal, and her mind appeared to ex-

pand as gradually she yielded to Fate and took up what she deemed to be the heavenly mandate. And then Fritz of Montenana saw before him not an actress playing a part, but a real queen who feels the mantle of responsibility heavy upon her shoulders. The curtain came down on the third act and the whole house rocked with applause. The place shimmered with diamonds and pearls, the perfumed breath of the house seemed to creep into the young king's veins and intoxicated him. He turned eagerly to his companion.

"I am glad we did not miss this," he exclaimed. "Did you ever see anything like it before? And to think that I have been losing all this kind of thing merely to please old Rutzstin! Now, isn't she a queen? With our experience of courts, we ought to know the real article when we see it. How different she is to the dressed-up blue-eyed dolls that one sees hanging round royal palaces on the look-out for husbands! Florizel, I must know that girl."

"Better not," Prince Florizel said, fumbling feebly in the direction of prudence. "I wouldn't if I were you. For all she looks so young and innocent on the stage, I daresay, when she is washed she is forty and probably has a husband and a house full of children in the background."

But He of Montenana laughed the idea to scorn. "She is not more than twenty at the outside. You never heard a middle-aged woman with a voice like that. And look at her eyes! Why, if she were my queen, I should never have trouble with the revolutionary party again. I should send my consort to make friends with them, and in future they would be my most devoted and loyal subjects. Don't you think we might manage to get behind. If you let the authorities know who we are, they would probably stretch a point. But shut up now; the curtain is going up again."

Here was the queen upon her throne at last—regal, magnificent, and filled with the one impulse to do the right thing to her adopted people. Here she was surrounded by enemies and intrigues, a sovereign to her finger tips struggling against the destiny which she knew to be inevitable. She was disillusioned now. She knew that her consort was

no more than a feeble, dissolute creature. She knew that she was dishonoured and abandoned. And so the thing went on till the inevitable climax came, and the tragedy which had been branded on her forehead from the first was enacted. She had her audience in the hollow of her hand now. She played upon their feelings and emotions as a master plays upon some favourite instrument.

Fritz of Montenana sat there entranced. His eyes were focussed on the stage. He saw his own kingdom in little pictured there. The whole stage was crowded now. Here was a multitude of revolutionists carrying torches, and presently one of them touched some light draperies in the wings. Like a flash the flame crept along, and almost before the audience noticed it the stage was in a blaze. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye. There was a wild rush on both sides of the curtain, the fall of a piece of heavy carpentry as the stage hands tore the scenery away, and the actress lay there prone and insensible upon the boards, stunned by a blow from a batten. It seemed like a dream to the king afterwards. But he was across the footlights and on the stage. He had the lovely form and figure in his arms. He could feel her heart beating against his own. He noted the subtle scent of her long fair hair. It was one of those glorious unforgotten moments possible to youth, but to middle age never. He was acting in a play of his own now, himself taking the leading part. As he stood there with that slender, white figure in his arms he called to the audience to keep their seats, for the danger was over now, and the fireproof curtain came down quickly.

She opened her eyes at length, those eyes of heavenly blue that seemed to have a depth in them like lakes under summer trees. A divine blush spread over her features. Her lips moved.

"How good of you," she murmured. "How brave and kind and thoughtful. I saw you in the audience to-night. They will be proud of you when they hear of this at home."

"You recognise me, then?" the king asked.

"Oh, yes, your Majesty. You are the King of Montenana."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHAPEL BELL

A Tale of St. Michael's Mount

By HEADON HILL

IT is hard to believe that little more than two hundred years ago the towns on England's coasts, more especially to the south and west, were not infrequently surprised and pillaged by Mahomedan pirates from the Mediterranean. Yet it is the fact, as, among other annals, those of the ancient town of Penzance will prove. In the year 1640 two galleys, crammed with Turkish and Algerine corsairs, swooped upon the town during the night and carried off sixty of the townspeople into slavery.

On the evening before they set themselves to the greater enterprise they paid a visit to the rocky fastness of St. Michael's Mount in the manner, and with the consequences, hereinafter detailed.

Towards the close of a brilliant autumn day, Leonora Basset, the only daughter of Hugh Basset, the proprietor, was taking leave of her lover, Gervase Boscawen, in one of the rooms of the castle. The window of the low-ceiled apartment looked down upon the causeway, which, two hundred feet below, joined the Mount to the mainland.

"I must e'en be going, dearest, if I am not to be cut off by the tide," said the young cavalier, pointing to the causeway, with the surface of which the waves were nearly lapping level. "Would that like your cousin Clarence I possessed the privilege of having no farewells to make. Happy man is he to dwell always within the rays of so glorious a sun."

It was an age of fine speeches—even among lovers—and the girl was quick to take the point. "Poor Clarence," she murmured, smiling up at her betrothed, "I trow he does not consider that there is much happiness in it, inasmuch as, though near the sun, it shineth not for him."

As she spoke, the door was gently opened and a swarthy-featured young man looked in, regarding the handsome pair with evil, unfriendly eyes. Perceiving that they had not noticed him he stole out again.

"And yet, methinks, your father favoured his suit at first," replied Gervase.

"What matter, if my father's daughter favoured

thine—and gained her way," laughed Leonora lightly. "And now fare thee well, sweetheart, if those gay riding boots are not to be wetted by the tide. I shall watch to see my Gervase cross the causeway and mount his steed in Marazion yonder, so quit thee well, my love, and come speedily again."

WHILE Gervase Boscawen makes his way down the steep of the Mount to seek his horse at Marazion on the opposite mainland, and so ride home to his mansion at Gurlyn, we must follow the dark young man who retired so quickly from the leave-taking. Once clear of the door he abandoned his stealthy gait, and running along a series of stone-paved corridors, passed through the great hall into the chapel. Rapidly mounting the winding stair that led to the bell-turret he gained the wind-swept cupola and gazed downwards at the sea.

So near in under the precipitous rock as to be concealed from the windows of the castle, two strange craft were gliding leisurely round the Mount towards the hamlet that clustered at its foot by the causeway. As yet they were invisible from the threatened point, but in a few minutes they would turn the angle of the rock and shed consternation among the unprotected dwellings at the foot of the Mount. For the long, low hulls, with their lofty prows, single masts, and double banks of flashing oars, were the unmistakable marks of Algerine or Turkish rovers.

"They will come to land just as he sets foot on the causeway," muttered Clarence Tresidder, gauging the pace of the galleys with a critical eye. "Fortune favoured in granting me a sight of them while old Kenrick the watchman is boozing at the buttery-hatch. And now for the bell."

The place where he stood was a circular platform running round the inside of the cupola, used for adjusting or repairing the gear which was worked in the usual way from below by a rope running down the well of the turret. By leaning over the safety-rail he managed to reach the bell with his hand, and by a smart upward jerk to detach the clapper from its hook. Having thus rendered

the bell dumb he tossed the clapper through one of the open slits in the cupola on to the rocks below, and, with one more triumphant glance at the galleys turned and ran down the winding stair.

A moment later he rushed into the room where his cousin Leonora was sitting at the window, waiting to wave a last adieu to her lover when he should appear on the causeway.

"We must shut the gates, cousin, and sound the alarm," he exclaimed excitedly. "There are two galleys full of Levantine scoundrels making for the causeway. I saw them but now from the south terrace, where I was walking, and they may round into view any minute. Why, what is this," starting with affected surprise. "Is Gervase Boscawen departed?"

Pale and trembling, Leonora rose, but ignored his question. "What waste of time is this? Why come prating to me of your pirates?" she cried. "Have you not lived in St. Michael's Mount long enough to know that the first duty when danger threatens from the sea is to ring the chapel bell, so that the poor fisher-folk below may fly hither for safety? Run, if your words be true, and bid Kenrick pull his hardest. Stay, I will go myself, for Gervase is below, and I trust not you to save him from peril."

She hurried from the room, followed by Clarence who had much ado to hide the ugly sneer that curled his lips as he thought of the fruitlessness of her errand. Her father being absent, Leonora took matters into her own hands, ordering the truant Kenrick to hasten to the bell, and instructing the male retainers to close the gates as soon as the fugitives from below should have found refuge. This was by no means the first alarm of which she had had experience, and in five minutes the citadel was rendered impregnable.

Having sent everyone to his post she returned to the window to watch for Gervase, wondering every moment why the bell did not ring out its timely warning. Clarence had sneaked back to the room at her heels, and having despatched him to hasten old Kenrick's lagging steps, she opened the casement and gazed anxiously to the foot of the steep. The few straggling huts lay in unconscious security, the upwreathing smoke telling of the evening meal; and the causeway, sloppy now with the rising tide, was guiltless of passengers; Gervase had not yet finished his descent of the Mount to enter upon that stage of his journey.

Still no peal of warning bell rang out, and the fair *châtelaine* fretted and fumed at the thought that any moment the prows of the corsairs might round the point, and those poor souls below unheeding of their danger. Even as she hesitated whether to leave her vigil to go and see what was amiss, old Kenrick burst into the room with the announcement that he had pulled his arms well-nigh from their sockets, but never a sound from the bell.

The words of amazed alarm that rose to Leonora's lips were never spoken, for at that instant she caught sight of her lover far below, turning to kiss his hand gaily from the causeway. And, away to the left, simultaneously, there was a gleam of oar-blades, as the two snake-like galleys rushed round the point, their small draught allowing them at this state of the tide to come right up to the rocks. Almost before Gervase realised the situation he was fighting with a score of red-girdled ruffians on the slippery pathway, while the rest swarmed among the huts and began scrambling up the steep to the castle.

Armed only with a light sword, the gallant youth made such good use of his weapon that three of the rovers went down before his deadly lunges, and Leonora began to breathe again on seeing that inch by inch he was fighting his way back to the rock. But her eyes were focussed upon the immediate combat, and she made no allowance for the pirates who were pillaging the houses on the fringe of shore. As Gervase sprang clear of the causeway, and turned towards the upward path, a crowd of the sea-robbers closed in upon him from behind, and had him on his back in a twinkling.

From that great height what passed at the foot of the Mount seemed to be done in dumb pantomime; but Leonora, sinking to her knees in prayer, saw one gigantic pirate level a pistol at the prostrate figure, and another, who by his gestures appeared to be in authority, strike it upwards so that it exploded in the air. Then, before she could grasp the full significance of the proceeding, and only thankful that her lover's life had been spared, she saw Gervase bound hand and foot with gaudy sashes, and tossed like a bale of goods into one of the galleys.

THE rest of that evening, aye, and many an evening to come, passed like a dreadful dream to Leonora Basset, and though the serving-men swore to their dying day that she behaved like a heroine

in the brief and successful defence of the Mount, she herself avowed that she remembered nothing of it. Only three of the fisher-folk managed to reach the summit before the gates had to be shut in face of the black-a-vised wretches who hurled themselves in vain against the fortifications, and then, recognising the fruitlessness of the attempt, went cursing down to the beach again.

To follow and attempt a rescue would have been madness, for there were but a dozen men in the Mount, and of the rovers at least two hundred, armed to the teeth. Yet it is on record that when they retired from the walls, Leonora ordered the gates to be opened, and a volley to be fired into the retreating mass, which tumbled three of their number down the slope headlong. And when all was over, she stole back to her apartment like a pale ghost, and strained her eyes through the gathering gloom after the galley which bore Gervase Boscawen to a fate worse than death.

After that dark days set in at St. Michael's Mount. The mystery of the damaged bell was never rightly cleared, though Leonora was moved to suspicion that Clarence Tresidder, having seen the approaching galleys, had removed the clapper so that Gervase might be taken unawares. But when she mooted this to her father on his return, he flew into a violent rage, and swore that it was only a baulked girl's fancy. Hugh Basset had ever favoured the suit of Clarence in preference to that of Gervase Boscawen, being influenced by the consideration of certain mortgages held by his nephew on the Mount.

In face of the terrible havoc wrought by the corsairs at Penzance on the night after their call at St. Michael's, and of the greater calamity of sixty young men and maidens carried into slavery, Leonora's trouble soon faded into insignificance, and she had no one to share it with her but Gervase's widowed mother at Gurlyn. But even sympathy was soon to be denied to her, for, throwing off all disguise, her father seized the opportunity to encourage Clarence to renew his suit, and he, nothing loth, warmly began to play the lover. On the girl refusing to show him anything but contempt, he put pressure on Hugh Basset to forbid further intercourse with the bereaved lady at Gurlyn, and a regular system of tyranny was inaugurated.

AT the end of two dreary years, Leonora, staunch as ever to the memory of her lost love, and as firm in her resistance, was summoned one day to her father's chamber, and found him pacing to and fro in evident agitation. He had only returned from London on the previous night, and she had not seen him since his arrival. Heartless as he had shown himself towards her, she could not but be shocked at his haggard looks and trembling hands.

"My daughter, you have withstood my commands for these two years past; it remains to be seen whether you will withstand my entreaties," he began. "I implore you—on my knees if you will—to wed your cousin Clarence, and so save me from ruin in my old age."

"You have been dicing again in London, father?" said Leonora sadly.

"Aye, and lost more than I could pay were St. Michael's ever so free from encumbrance," was the answer. "It comes to this—that Clarence alone can save me, but will only do so on his own terms. You know what they are."

"You have both taken care that I should not forget them, ever since Gervase was lost to me," replied Leonora bitterly. "Father," she went on in a softer tone, "I would do even this thing for you if it were not that I am persuaded that Gervase will one day return. It is because I have felt so assured of this that I have not grieved as other women might, with tears and wailings, but have held myself for him, waiting for the glad day when I shall see his dear face again."

Any finer susceptibilities which Hugh Basset may once have had, had long since been blunted by prodigal living and consequent difficulties. The ring of affectionate regard in his daughter's voice seemed to offer him a means to his end, and he stole a crafty look at her from the corner of his eye.

The sight of the fair girl gazing wistfully out upon the heaving sea that had borne her lover away should have quenched that which was in his mind, but with him the sign of weakening only strengthened his base intent.

"Leonora," he said softly.

"Yes, father."

"Are you strong enough and brave enough to hear that which in merciful pity I—that is we, Clarence and I—have been hiding from you for these six months? Well then, in my sore extremity, I will speak, and may Heaven soften the blow. Gervase Boscawen was slain on the evening of his capture while attempting to escape by swimming.

We had it from a shipman of Penzance, who was also taken that same night, but returned from bondage among the Moslems last Christmas."

The girl turned and looked at her father, as though she would read his inmost soul; but Hugh Basset, recognising with the gambler's spirit that this was his last throw, nerved himself for the ordeal, and came out victorious.

"Thank you, father," she said simply. "It was kind of you to keep this knowledge from me, though had I possessed it you might have had your way before. I care not now what befalls me. You may arrange whatever best suits your aims and pleasure." And with a wild cry of "Gervase!" she fell swooning to the ground.

HIS point once gained, Hugh Basset was not slow to exact the performance of the contract. Preparations were at once hurried on for the wedding, and Clarence Tresidder, in his delight at long-deferred success, made his uncle a present of the mortgages, and cleared his latest gambling debts. The chapel of St. Michael's, where the ceremony was to take place, was being swept and garnished for the occasion, when suddenly Basset remembered that the clapper of the bell had never been restored since it had been "lost" with such disastrous results. Perhaps its failure to do its duty that night had made him careless about the matter but now the wedding brought it to his mind. His daughter could not possibly depart so far from old tradition as to be married without a bell.

But when he informed Clarence that he had ordered the bell to be put in repair the young man visibly shuddered, and protested that he wanted none of such childish folly. A peal, he said, would be different, but the clangour of one solitary bell, high in that wind-swept turret, would make him downcast rather than merry. It was of ill omen.

Yet Hugh Basset, because of the dislike that made him regard his nephew with a cunning leer of comprehension, insisted on having his way, and the bell was duly put in order in time for the wedding by a workman of Truro. And so that, having served its prime purpose, it should also revert to its ancient uses, Hugh Basset appointed a new and more vigorous watchman, whose business it should be to ring the bell lustily on danger threatening the fastness.

So it was that, all things being ready a month after the bride's consent had been obtained, the wedding party gathered in the chapel on a grey October morning. Outside a low and fitful sea-fog rose and fell by turns, anon wrapping the Mount and all the sea around in drifting wreaths, then suddenly rolling clear of the granite pile and leaving the hoary pinnacles of the ancient building free to a few struggling rays of sun. Inside the chapel all was dark and sombre, so that faces looked dim and indistinct; and above in the turret the bell clanged with a ceaseless monotony more worthy of a funeral.

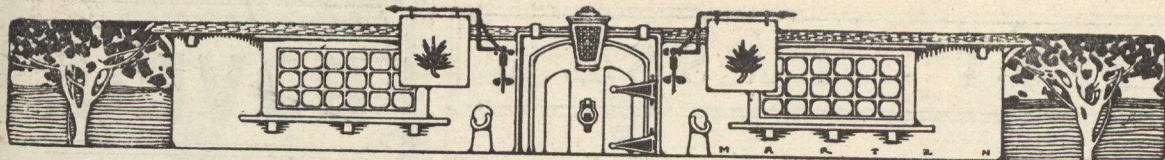
Leonora, entering with her father, was pleased by the fancy that the ceremony, which was the burial of her hopes, should be announced by that dirge-like knell. But as she approached the altar where the bridegroom was already waiting, the melancholy conceit was destroyed by a sudden access of vigour on the part of the ringer. From the regular strokes the bell broke into a wild and hurried jangle, growing louder and faster with each discordant crash, till it seemed as if the bell would split. The din pleased Hugh Basset's humour, and those present in the chapel—they were all of the household, for no guests had been invited—turned and smiled at each other, catching their cue from the master's face.

And though the service commenced, the bell still rang on, and there was thought of sending to stop the ringer, when the clamour suddenly ceased, and the man himself, bursting into the chapel, changed all their pleasantries to mortal fear.

"Oh, why was my warning not heeded?" he cried. "The Algerines are upon us—landed, and climbing the steep. I fear me it is now too late to bar the gates."

And before the blank dismay caused by his words could be followed by action, the tramp of many feet resounded on the corridor, and immediately the doorway was darkened by a ferocious throng. Headed by the priest the retainers fled in a mass through a door at the opposite end. Hugh Basset's sword was out in an instant, and Clarence Tresidder, with the courage of despair, drew also; but their fate was sealed by the show of resistance. The expectant bridegroom fell across the altar rails stabbed to the heart, just as the old gambler reeled into his daughter's arms, cloven to the chine by the yataghan of a coal black Nubian.

And presently Leonora, borne swiftly down



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Different Sort of Doctor.

DR. CHARLES HARRISS, the well-known Canadian musician and composer, who has arranged and will conduct the Empire Concert at the forthcoming Pageant to be held at the Crystal Palace, told an amusing story about himself the other day.

Whilst Dr. Harriss was on his way to South Africa, he desired to keep his identity a secret.

During the voyage a gentleman managed to get into conversation with the musician, and asked him if he would medically examine his little girl who was with him on the boat.

"My dear sir," replied Dr. Harriss, "I have never examined a child in my life."

Ten minutes later, he overheard the gentleman say, in the smoking-room:

"There you are, didn't I say that man was a fraud?"

* * *

A Socialist Peeress.

THE Countess of Warwick has been, ever since her marriage to young Lord Brooke, one of the most picturesque figures in British society. She was Frances Evelyn Maynard in her girlhood days, and, like most aristocratic beauties, was married early and entered with enthusiasm on her career as a London hostess. Her beauty is of a more vivacious type than the usual Anglo-Saxon loveliness, and young Lady Brooke became one of the most fashionable and popular of London's fair ladies. King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, was a frequent guest at her house parties, and even elderly statesmen paid homage to her wit and beauty.

On her husband's accession to the Warwick title and estates, the influence of the Countess of Warwick widened to interests of a philanthropic nature. A social philosopher has said that when British democrats hold a meeting in favour of abolishing the House of Lords they usually ask a marquis to take the chair. Thus, when the outside world discovers a countess in the ranks of the Social Democratic Federation, it feels as if there were a derangement of the usual order. The Countess of Warwick has never been able to persuade the London socialists of her downright sincerity. Perhaps, her possession of thousands of goodly acres in one

of England's most picturesque counties is a stumbling-block to the follower of Karl Marx or Henry George. At any rate, although they listen



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
A recent Photograph taken at the "House" and Bar Races at Epping.

Copyright, Central News.

patiently and admiringly while she discourses, in a *Rue de la paix* gown on the subject of being born

free and equal, the socialist brethren do not take the Countess of Warwick too seriously. She visited the United States some years ago in the hope of carrying on a socialistic campaign, but the reporters of the New York press insisted on writing paragraphs on her complexion and velvet gowns, instead of her devotion to the cause of humanity.

The Countess of Warwick is certainly true to the principle of good works beginning at home, and the Warwick estates have felt in many instances the benefit of her original and sympathetic ideas. She takes a deep interest in agricultural education and has founded a college at Studley Castle, Warwickshire, for training daughters of professional men in horticulture, dairy, poultry and bee keeping. That somewhat hackneyed adjective, "up-to-date," may be justly applied both to her ideas and methods. Her charms of person, her keenness of wit and mind make her deservedly popular among all classes and few members of the British aristocracy have entered more fully into the responsibilities of high birth.

* * *

The Bereaved Queen.

SYMPATHY will go out from every woman in Canada to the bereaved Queen. For a little over forty-seven years, she has been a model wife. For forty-seven years, as princess and as queen, she has been acknowledged as one of the most charming and one of the most beautiful women in the world. As the mother of three princes and three princesses, as the head of a Prince's household, as the second lady of the realm under Queen Victoria, as a leader of society, Queen Alexandra never shirked a duty nor failed to discharge an obligation. Purity and serenity, combined with an earnest desire to encourage everything that was best in modern civilisation—these have been her characteristics.

Grief and Queen Alexandra have become thoroughly acquainted, for queens are not exempt from the ordinary sorrows. One of her baby boys lived but a day; Prince Albert Victor lived to be twenty-eight, and then the mother was called upon to lay her first-born in the tomb. To-day she mourns by the bier of her lover, prince, husband, king. The shadow of her grief is upon the millions of loyal subjects throughout the Empire who have learned to love and to appreciate the royal daughter of Charles IX of Denmark.

Several times during their married life, did Death hover over the King's couch. In the winter of 1871-72, typhoid fever threatened to carry him off. His sickness after the death of Queen Victoria will be remembered by most Canadians. His strenuous life, nevertheless, was prolonged to a fair length, though not so long as his sorrow-stricken consort had desired. In later years, seemingly, they have been drawn very closely together and this has accentuated the pain of the sudden parting.

THE LAST MEETING OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF BRITAIN AND RUSSIA,—BARTON MANOR, AUGUST, 1909



Prince Edward, Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, The Czar, The Czarewich, Princess Victoria, King Edward, Grand Duchess Olga (behind), Grand Duchess Anastasia (in front), The Czarina, Grand Duchess Tiniania, Prince of Wales, Grand Duchess Marie.

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 24th JUNE 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Carluke and Hamilton from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Carluke and Hamilton and Route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
 Mail Service Branch
 Ottawa, 6th. May, 1910

G. C. Anderson
 Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 24th JUNE, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Utica and Uxbridge from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Utica, Uxbridge and Epsom and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
 Mail Service Branch.
 Ottawa 6th. May 1910.

G. C. Anderson
 Superintendent.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1555 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

Mr. Henri Bourassa wants to know what Mr. Borden is going to do about the *Dreadnoughts*. Isn't Henri the fussy thing?

Commander Peary has abandoned the expedition to the South Pole for this year, at least. After all, Halley's Comet may move the blessed pole a bit and we may as well wait till the earth is somewhat settled. It would be a shame to have to go after it again next spring. Besides, Peary hasn't the money just now.

Sir Ernest Shackleton begged to have a quiet time in Toronto. Montreal simply chuckled when it heard of the request, and Hamilton merely sniffed as it muttered: "Well, Toronto is loud, but we didn't know that it could be heard in Antarctic Circles." Sir Ernest has raised a storm of criticism by quoting from Robert Service and it is doubtful if Mr. Wilfred Campbell will write an ode on the Shackleton Search in the Solitary South.

The Minister of Justice does not care for J. A. M. with his bread and butter.

Hon. W. S. Fielding is the happiest man on Parliament Hill. He would rather have those unsolicited securities than be Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. H. H. Dewart declares that there is a lack of coherence among the Conservative leaders. Think of that—just after F. D. M. and R. L. B. had a nice, sticky taffy pull.

It will now be in order for some kind soul to petition that Murderer Blythe and others should be set free. It would be a shame to have these impetuous gentlemen in durance vile, when the weather is so pleasant and they would so enjoy a walk in the park.

* * *

The Moans of a Minister.

OH, Aylesworth is unhappy,
 He walks the office floor;
 To reporters he is snappy
 And bangs the office door.
 He wishes he had stayed at home
 Or just gone in for golf;
 He thinks he'll take a trip to Rome
 And call the contest off.
 The *Globe* he does not love to see,
 And, as for that bold *News*,
 To read such flippant repartee
 He sternly does refuse.
 He dwells with longing deep and fond
 On banquet joys all flown;
 He books a passage o'er the pond
 And says: "I'll visit Alverstone."

* * *

Quite Mistaken.

WHEN Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in at a shop window.
 "Mr. Clemens," said she, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much."
 "It isn't that," said Mark. "I'm moving again."

* * *

A Premier's Advice.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD and Principal Grant were excellent friends and the former frequently paid tribute to the latter's versatile gifts. On one occasion, Sir John happened to call on Sir David Mac-

pherson, only to discover him in conference with Principal Grant concerning the finances of Queen's University.

"What do you think?" said Sir David to Sir John. "Grant thinks I should give more money to Queen's, and the last time I gave him a cheque he said it would do for all time."

"In that case," said Sir John, with a twinkle in his eye, "you'd better advance a little for eternity."

* * *

A Surmise.

THE merry month of May always sees a military church parade in the city of Toronto, that town of military traditions and many monuments. Some years ago, a group of loyal Torontonians were waiting, on a certain side street, to see the citizen soldiers march past. They were especially anxious to behold the Highlanders and spent a half-hour in surmise as to whether the Kilties would arrive on the scene. At last, there came a young man who had seen the start from the Armouries.

"Will the Highlanders be in the parade?" asked one of the watchers.
 "There's a bare possibility," replied the admirer of the Kilties.

* * *



"Yes, Alonzo. I'll marry you on one condition. Promise never to call me 'girlie' or 'little woman.'"

* * *

Rather Difficult.

FRIEND: "When Bilford went west he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him."

Native: "Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dynamite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I don't believe he has pulled himself together yet."

* * *

His Advice.

"I HAVE been thinkin' about gittin' married," said a member of his flock to Brother Williams. "You reckon I could git a marriage license fer a dozen watermelons?"
 "I reckon you could," replied Brother Williams. "But my wholesome advice ter you is ter eat de watermelons."

* * *

Their Emblems.

AN American, in conversation with a prominent Canadian, demanded: "Why don't you fellows here in Canada get something living for your national emblem—an animal or a bird, instead of a blamed old maple leaf?"

"We have the beaver," was the reply, "the emblem of industry."

"The beaver!" the American snorted. "Say, do you know what some

BOVRIL

Is the concentrated goodness of beef.

It is pure, health-giving and always ready for use.



Ask the man Behind the Counter to Let You Examine a Suit of 'HEWSON' UNDERWEAR

After all, there's nothing like WOOL next the skin—IF IT'S PURE wool!

And PARTICULARLY if it's from Nova Scotia—the province famed for its beautiful, soft, fleecy wool—the kind of wool used in making HEWSON Underwear—Canadian-made Garments for discriminating Canadians.

If you want real underwear value, insist on this brand.

Elastic rib, unshrinkable, beautifully finished. HEWSON Underwear is sold at most stores—if YOUR dealer cannot supply you write to us and we will tell you where you CAN get it.

Hewson Woolen Mills Limited
 AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA

Cheaper than Printing



Send for Price List and specimens of Work.

National Typewriter Co., Ltd.
 78 Victoria Street - Toronto



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 20th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three and six times per week each way, between Stayner and Strongville, from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Stayner, Strongville and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
 MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
 Ottawa, 6th April, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON,
 Superintendent.



China-Lac

Means A New Bookcase for 40c.

"China-Lac" is one of the greatest money savers you can have in the house. A 15c. can of "China-Lac" is sufficient to make an old, scratched, scarred chair look as fresh and bright as new.

40c. invested in "China-Lac" will give you a new Desk, Bookcase or Dining Room Table. "China-Lac" is the home economist as well as the home beautifier.

14 rich colors for Furniture, Floors, Oil Cloth, etc. Ask your dealer to show you the "China-Lac" colors.

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Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg. 50

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SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

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For Calendars, write the Registrar,
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.
Kingston, Ontario.

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BOBCAYGEON - ONTARIO

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Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Apply for information and prospectus to
W. T. COMBER, B.A. (Oxford)
Headmaster

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

fellows in the States call the beaver? A musk-rat with a swelled tail!"
"Is that so?" said the Canadian, quietly. "Do you know what some fellows here in Canada call the American eagle? A jay with a swelled head!"—*The Week.*

Very Comforting.

DURING a charge in the last Boer War, the following incident is said to have occurred:

One of the men got his thumb shot off, and turning to his chum, an Irishman, ejaculated: "Whatever shall I do? I am done for life."

Pat, taking things somewhat coolly, and thinking his chum was making a fuss over a mere trifle, responded solemnly, "Sure and that's nothing to make a fuss about. Here's poor Sam Jones wid his head cut off, an' not a word is he sayin'!"

A Celebrity.

RURAL Parishioner (about to marry for the second time) to congratulatory friend: "Weel, I'm marrying mostly for the sake of the bairns. If it was just mase', I could e'en gang on being a celebrity."

Proof of Skill.

IN his early days Sir Walter Gilbey used to devote some portion of every year to mountain-climbing. While in Switzerland once he had a somewhat weird experience. He was about to make an ascent when he thought that he might as well make some inquiries about the guide who was to accompany him.

"Is he a thoroughly skilful climber?" he asked his hotelkeeper. "I should say so," was the reply. "He has lost two parties of tourists down the mountain-side, and each time has come off without so much as a scratch on himself."—*M. A. P.*

None for Him.

NELLIE L. McCLUNG, the western author, whose book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," has been so well received, and a small boy, are the hero and the wicked woman in a good story that is being told in a small Manitoba town. Mrs. McClung recently gave a series of readings from her book, in a number of places in Manitoba. On her tour she did not know just where she would be entertained in each town, so she directed that her mail be sent in care of the Methodist minister.

One morning while staying in a small town, she saw the minister's small son toddling toward the house where she was staying. He had a letter in his hand, so she went to the door, expecting that it was for her.

The small boy stopped a few feet from her and said: "Are you Nellie L. McClung?"

"Yes," said Mrs. McClung, "have you something for me?"

The child threw the letter at her, and then ran as hard as he could, until he apparently thought he was at a safe distance. Then he shouted back: "You can sow seeds in Danny if you like, but you're not going to sow any in me."

Then he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, until he was safe in his own yard.—*Saturday Sun-set.*

An Eye to Business.

MR. H. G. WELLS, the novelist, tells a story of a gentleman next to whom he once sat at a public dinner. The conversation had turned upon one of his own books and Mr. Wells had said something to the

effect that "were there no self-seekers the world would be a very Utopia." This neighbour promptly observed, "I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least an hour." "You are a physician, I presume?" suggested the novelist. "No, sir," was the unexpected reply, "I am in the coal line."—*The Standard.*

How He Got Even.

A TRAVELLING man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

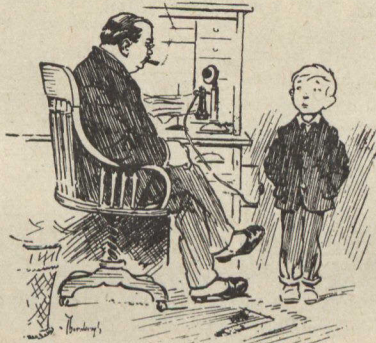
"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I am not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."



THE RIGHT BOY

Employer to Applicant: Are you truthful?

"Y-E-S, but not so's to queer your business."—*Life.*

Vindicated.

THE suburban customer shook the bill in the plumber's face. "I'll never pay it!" he yelled. "The idea of that little job in my kitchen taking your man ten hours; it's an outrage!"

"Now, please don't put all the blame on the man," the plumber said, conciliatorily. "He would have got through in one-tenth of the time if you had chosen a more advantageous day."

"What was wrong with the day I selected?" the customer from the suburbs fumed.

"Several things," replied the plumber quietly. "In the first place, it was not your cook's day off, she was present and did all she could to make the man feel at home; secondly, your wife's society held a musicale in the parlour and my man, who is passionately fond of music, could not help hearing the strains of harmony; lastly, there was a football game played in the empty lot next door to your place and my man, who used to play at Yale, naturally glanced at the game from time to time. With all these attractions to fascinate him can you censure the man for lingering a little?"

The demeanor of the suburban customer changed. "No, I cannot," he confessed honestly; "receipt your bill and give this to the man I have been wronging so unjustly," and he flung down on the plumber's desk a ten dollar bill.—*Chicago News.*

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TRADE MARK
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For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

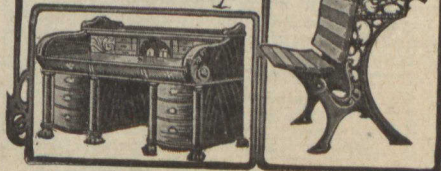
Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.



Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.
It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp.
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 26 times per week each way between Sault Ste Marie and Can. Pac. Railway Station from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Sault Ste Marie and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 6th May 1910G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Even When Beaten Old James Ross Fooled Them All.

PECULIAR situations are arising all the time in financial deals of any magnitude but none that have occurred in Canada during the past few years have been quite as interesting, should I say peculiarly interesting, as the one which enabled Mr. James Ross to pull out of the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal concerns with by millions the biggest profit any Canadian had got out of them.

The average man who has followed the ups and downs of Steel and Coal would almost naturally observe that Mr. Ross was just about the very last man in Canada who should have had an opportunity of getting off with such handsome profits as he, more than any man in Canada, had been responsible for the vicissitudes suffered by the Steel Company by the long and protracted suit that dragged from one court to the other.

Thousands of shareholders of Steel saw themselves deprived for years of the dividends that would have been theirs had the long fight between the Steel and Coal Company not been precipitated by Mr. Ross, and indeed, most of them had finally thrown their stock onto the market.

When the Steel Company finally won out, it was felt that the old Steel crowd would get after Mr. Ross very strenuously and would make him pay very dearly for the manner in which he had acted. But Mr. Ross was always known for his particularly good head and at the very moment when it looked as though the Steel interests would be able to strike him for a good bargain, he was right there with a dexterous move that apparently completely baffled the interests on the Steel side and enabled him to pull off a deal with them that was certainly the cleverest thing of its kind that Canada has seen for a great many years. And, as it were, to add insult to injury, Mr. Ross very generously loaned them the money which permitted of the deal going through. By this time you have undoubtedly guessed that it was in connection with the purchase by the Steel syndicate of fifty thousand shares of Coal common stock from Mr. Ross at the very handsome price of \$100 a share. To be perhaps a little more exact, the price by the syndicate itself was \$95.00 a share but the price paid by the Dominion Iron & Steel Company itself was \$100 a share or \$5,000,000 in all.

After events have shown that the Steel interests were absolutely deceived regarding the exact position of the Coal Company and on investigation, have found that conditions were far from what had been represented to them. Fortunately for Mr. Ross, however, the investigation only came after the time at which he arranged to dispose of his entire 50,000 shares of Coal Common at \$95 a share, because as things stand to-day it rather looks as though the syndicate would never have paid them more than about \$60 a share for his enormous holdings.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Ross is quietly enjoying himself through Egypt and in the Holy Land.

* * *

Clever Moves and Counter Moves in Nova Scotia Fight.

THE very interesting fight for the control of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company seems to be over for the time being, at least. Right from the beginning, it was marked by a number of very clever moves, both by the old crowd, headed by President Harris, who were striving to retain the control which they have held for so many years, as well as by the Montreal group headed by Mr. Rodolphe Forget, who was anxious, especially after the claims he had made, to show that he had in reality the control of the company.

Ever since the recent annual meeting, when the old crowd retained the control, much to the surprise of Mr. Forget and his associates, the lawyers acting for the two groups have been trying out one plan after another in order to be able to gain a permanent victory. The annual meeting had hardly closed when Mr. Forget, on the advice of his lawyer, Mr. Greenshields, asked that a special meeting should be called in order to have Mr. R. E. Harris, the president, removed from the board of directors.

Of course, it was easily seen that this was not the object for which by-law No. 11 had been secured as it was generally understood that it should only be used in the case where the director, during his term of office, may have proved himself unworthy of his trust. In the present instance, however, President Harris had just been re-elected by the majority of the shareholders and therefore it was felt that Mr. Forget was only taking advantage of the by-law for his own particular purpose and in the time that intervened before such a meeting should be held, pick up the remaining amount of stock he would require to have the controlling interest.

The Harris faction immediately took steps to have the legislature of Nova Scotia repeal such a by-law and in addition asked it to confirm some other by-laws, one of which would give the directors the authority to issue \$3,000,000 of stock independently of any authority from the shareholders. Quite naturally, the lawyers for the Forget group strongly opposed the latter move as it simply meant that the directors, if they were pressed in a fight for control, would be able to arrange for the sale of additional stock that would assure them of retaining the control.

The manner in which it was received by the Nova Scotia Legislature, however, showed that the eastern politicians were very anxious that the control of Nova Scotia Steel and Coal should remain in the East.

As things turned out, however, it was seen that the Harris faction evidently never had any real intention of having such a by-law passed and were simply using it in order to make sure that the Legislature would allow the company to repeal the other by-law which provided for the right of any shareholders to have a meeting called in order to have any particular director removed from the board. Once the eastern crowd saw that there was no any doubt that this by-law No. 11 would be repealed, they immediately dropped the proposal to have the directors given authority to issue additional stock without first securing permission from the shareholders.

From all appearances, the Province of Nova Scotia as a whole, was stirred up by this Nova Scotia Steel fight as it never had been stirred up before by any financial or commercial question in the history of the province. The sympathies of the entire province were undoubtedly behind the local directors and public opinion had undoubtedly clearly indicated to the members of the legislature that they should pass any legislation necessary to protect the company and perpetuate it as a Nova Scotia industry. **COUPON.**

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MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

and thus share in the prosperity of this progressive and carefully managed company.

Insurance in Force, \$60,000,000

Agencies in Every City and Town in Canada

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Waterloo - Ontario

ASSETS	
\$ 6-617-909	
CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED)	\$ 2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP)	\$ 1,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$ 1,250,000
CENTRAL CANADA	
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RECORD OF A REIGN

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10.

great demand in the stores on Fleet Street, but not a member of the party missed the train. They were graciously received by His Majesty, driven about the grounds, and tendered a luncheon. After the reception, the party sang the national anthem and "The Maple Leaf," and every member departed feeling that Canada had been highly honoured. The King's act gave the keynote to the subsequent entertainments which the Canadians received.

This is a minor incident and no doubt one more familiar with the course of court affairs could describe more important episodes. Yet it indicates the thoughtfulness of a busy monarch and his anxiety to show favour to a body of his subjects from the Dominions Over-Seas. His cablegram to Lord Grey asking after the health of Professor Goldwin Smith on the occasion of his recent accident is another example of his Kingly tact which Canadians will remember.

Some Incidents.

ON the day after Queen Victoria's death, King Edward appeared before the Privy Council to take the oath of office. He then declared his intention of following in the footsteps of his respected mother and stated: "In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people." On the following day, at St. James' Palace, he was proclaimed King with all the usual ceremonies.

The coronation was set for June 26th, 1902, almost a year and a half after his reign began. Most people will remember vividly the consternation and sorrow which were caused by the announcement two days before that date that the King was dangerously ill. He was forced to undergo a serious operation which happily was successful. The coronation finally took place on August 9th.

In 1903, he visited the Kings of Portugal and Italy and the President of France. This was an unusual proceeding, but he apparently felt that the peace of Europe was more important than precedent. In the following year he visited Denmark and in 1905 made a celebrated cruise in the Mediterranean. It was on this occasion that the entente with France was fully completed, rather to the chagrin of the Kaiser. In 1907, he visited the latter and also Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. These meetings are thought to have had tremendous effects upon European diplomacy.

If France had great reason to regard him as a friend, so had the United States. When the "War with Spain" occurred, King Edward stood boldly for non-intervention on the part of any other European power. This, and his kindly treatment of Americans at Court, have done much to allay the old anti-British feeling in the United States which dated from the Civil War.

Like Queen Victoria, the King occasionally tried his hand at match-making. The marriage of the King of Spain to an English royal princess was undoubtedly due to his influence. It is thought he was also anxious to perform a similar service for Portugal and the young King of Portugal was recently received in England with great eclat.

Only last year, the Czar of Russia visited King Edward and the chain of international visits was thus nearly completed. The Peacemaker per-

formed a great work, and millions of Europeans are entitled to call him "blessed." It is to be hoped that his good works may abide and that the passing of his great personality may not be followed by a general disruption.

As abroad, so at home, King Edward was a man of peace. He never interfered in domestic politics, but his influence was always in favour of moderation. Any man who attempted to be extreme in his actions or views, felt that his conduct would not commend itself to a King who believed that harmony and moderation were the companions of progress. The recent political discussion about the constitution and the House of Lords caused him much anxiety and may have had some effect upon his rapidly weakening physical powers. Both sides had such high respect for him that they tried to keep the controversy away from the throne. The King's sudden and much lamented demise will probably be a guarantee that the political contest over the House of Lords will be shelved for some time. No doubt, the best men on both sides will welcome a truce, in addition to their well defined aversion to involve the monarchy in a dispute which might destroy the only bond at present holding the Empire together. An Empire without an Emperor would be an anomaly if not an impossibility.

King George the Sailor

IT will be remembered that King George V when Prince of Wales—two years ago on his voyage home from the Tercentenary in the *Indomitable*, went below in the stoke-hole and shoveled coal under a boiler till he sweat like a navy. King George will not be likely to shovel coal on a man-of-war. There will be a number of princely diversions which public opinion will lead him to eliminate. But he can never lose interest in the navy; and he will probably know even better than did his father the minutiae of the latest developments in man-of-warism.

For it is some years since King Edward was on the sea. He crossed the ocean in a dawdling old tub that must have taken three weeks to make the trip. And when King Edward was last on the open sea the biggest man-of-war was a thing that not even an outpost colony would buy now as the nucleus of a fleet. King George has been at sea in some of the best. When he stoked the *Indomitable* she made 25 knots an hour going home. Part of that record speed of course was due to the fact that the Atlantic was rotating towards the bow. But the *Indomitable* and the Prince were the talk of the country then—even though since that time the *Indomitable* has been outclassed by such ships as the *Colossus*, the first of the eight Dreadnoughts laid down in last year's estimates.

Never to be forgotten either is the manner in which the *Indomitable* and the future King George glided out of Quebec before the break of day; completely befooling the thousands who got up early to see her steam out; far down the St. Lawrence out of sight of Cape Diamond when the Tercentenary folk had breakfast. If the King remains as artful a tactician on the throne he will yet keep principalities, powers and diplomats guessing. He is said to be something of an anti-militarist. In fact he was not over-pleased at the redundancy of soldiers on the streets of Quebec during the Tercentenary.

EAT MORE CHEESE

MEAT cannot compare in nutritive value with well-made, whole-milk cheese. "Imperial" Cheese is wholesome and nourishing. It sustains and stimulates. It is easily digested and assimilated. It is a perfect food.

Mac Laren's Imperial Cheese

has a rich, appetizing, delicate flavor that satisfies and delights the most exacting taste. It adds a zest to any dish it is served with. There is nothing so good in the way of cheese as Mac Laren's "Imperial" Cheese.

Packed in dainty, sealed opal jars, it is protected from every source of contamination. Always clean, fresh and soft. It spreads like butter. Will not dry, sour or become stale. Good all the way through. Ready to serve at any time, from hasty lunch to finest feast. Your grocer has it from 10c. up.

Mac Laren Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd.
Detroit, Mich., Toronto, Can.

"Yes, I Always Travel Canadian Pacific Ry. New York Central"

because it is the only route that lands me IN New York.

"At Grand Central Station the Subway is in the basement and the Elevated Car Lines and Surface Lines are at the door.

"The trains are operated over the gradeless 'water level' route and I can sleep."

New York

Trains leaves Toronto at

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Coaches—Sleepers—Parlor Cars—Dining Service at meal time.

Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Offices or at New York Central-Lines City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge St., Toronto.

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CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

None Comparing Without Little Church on Label

ALABASTINE is now the general vogue in cottage and mansion alike. Alabastine is more artistic and sanitary than Wall Paper, more effective than oil paint, more permanent than Kalsomine.

Alabastine is a dry powder, made from Alabaster Rock. It comes in white and 21 tints. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing with cold water, and is applied with a flat bristled brush. Its colors are permanent, and do not rub off. Alabastine is a cement, and hardens with age. It can be recoated without removing the old coat.

FREE STENCILS

We have organized a Decorative Department, and will furnish FREE COLOR SCHEMES to all users of Alabastine. We also offer FREE STENCILS for producing the design we suggest. Write today.

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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

FOR THE CHILDREN

Mr. Back-Swimmer, the Boat-Fly

By LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

ONCE upon a time a Little Boy-Spider and a Little Girl-Spider were looking for something to do that was real fun. They had played all of the games they knew and were quite tired of them; so they were looking around for something they had never done before. Now, it happened that at the moment when they had decided that they *must* have something quite, quite new to play, they were standing beside a pretty pond that was very still and overhung with trees, so that it made the water seem quite dark.

But out in the very middle of the pond was a nice bright spot, where Father Sun seemed to be burning the dark water with a yellow fire and turning it all to gold.

"How I should like to get out there to that nice bright spot and bring back some of that golden light," said the Little Girl-Spider, longingly. "It would be so pretty to play with! Maybe we could make candles of it. Oh, *wouldn't* it be fun to do it!"

"Well, maybe we can do it," said the Little Boy-Spider kindly as he glanced about him. He was always very kind and loving to his Little Sister.

"All we need is a boat," said the Little Girl-Spider. "And then you could row me out there. I'll take this little leaf-basket and lean over the side of the boat and scoop up a great deal of the golden light—and then we can sit down here on this pretty stone and spend all the rest of the day making our candles out of dried grass sticks with some of the golden light at the top."

"All right," said the Little Boy-Spider, quickly, "that is what we will do. Oh, goody, I think I see a boat and it's right near shore. Now we can go right away and get the golden light. Bring your little leaf-basket and follow me!"

"Do you think you would know how to row, Little Brother?" the Little Girl-Spider asked timidly as she ran after him.

"Well, there isn't much to know about it," he replied. "You just put a stick in the water and push on it; then you pull it out again, and then put it in again, and push on the water some more. I think it will be very easy to do. I will try it anyway."

"How many sticks do you use?" she asked.

"Oh, just one when you begin and then when you get used to doing it, you can use as many as you like. But you needn't be afraid with me, Little Sister, I will take care of you."

"But what a funny boat! What are all those sticks lying on it for?"

"I don't know. Maybe somebody put them there. Now, sit down there in the stern, while I get aboard. There we are, and away for the golden light!"

"Is that the pushing stick you are holding?"

"Yes, and they call these pushing sticks 'oars,' Little Sister."

"I'll try to remember. Do you—oh, oh, Little Brother, something queer is happening! Look—look!"

And sure enough, something queer was happening, for two of the sticks that had been lying on the boat when they got aboard were moving! This startling sight filled the two Spider-Children with sudden terror. The Little Boy-Spider tried to be brave for his Little Sister's sake, but in his fright he dropped his oar into the water and it soon floated away. The Little Spider-Children now felt quite

helpless and stood there trembling with fright, watching the two sticks unfolding, just like two knife-blades opening out.

I really do not know what they would have done in their terror, for they had both decided to jump overboard and try to get back to the shore, had not a very, very kind voice said, just then:

"Now, don't be afraid, my children, nothing is going to hurt you at all. Just remain there, quietly, and I will tell you all about it. You thought I was a boat, I see, but I am not. I was asleep and I did not hear—feel, I mean—you come aboard me. I am Mr. Back-Swimmer, and use these two hind legs of mine as my oars. With them I can move swiftly about from one end of the pond to the other. I can even row myself down to the bottom of the pond and remain there quite a time, although my real home is on the surface of the water. I have to carry a load of air down with me to breathe while I am below, and this I stow away in small holes under that fringe of tiny hairs which you will see along the ridge that is in the centre of your 'boat.' Ha! ha! So you thought I was a boat, did you? Well, never mind, I am not in the least offended. We all make mistakes, sometimes. Now tell me what you wanted."

So the Little Boy-Spider, no longer afraid, told him all about the tiny candles they were going to make, and Mr. Back-Swimmer listened very carefully. But he said, gravely:

"Now, my dear children, I will row you out there so that you may see the lovely golden light, but I am sorry to say that you will not be able to take any of it away in your little leaf-basket. Now, sit down quietly and we will go there right away."

So the Little Spider Brother and Sister sat very still, and in just about a second they found themselves away out there near the lovely golden light. And, oh, how bright it was! Then after a while Mr. Back-Swimmer asked them if they had seen enough, and they said, "Yes, thank you," and so he rowed them swiftly back to the shore. And then they thanked him again and again for all his trouble and kindness and he went away.

"Little Sister," said the Little Boy-Spider very softly, "what did you think of the lovely golden light?"

"I—I—was afraid of it, Little Brother," she whispered.

"Well, I am going to tell you a secret," he said, bravely. "I was afraid, too."—*New Idea Magazine.*

* * *

When Jane Stands Up to Sing.

By Elizabeth Piercy.

When Jane stands up in church to sing,

She sings away with all her might;
And as she cannot read the hymn
She does not get the words quite right.

She sings about all kinds of things—
About the stained-glass window-panes,

The Shepherd with the little lambs,
The shepherds watching on the plains:

About the halos and the crowns,
And fishers on a stormy sea;
And when her thoughts are sorrowful
She sings them in a minor key.

About the preacher, too, she sings,
And all the people—and—once—
oh—

Mother and I had such a fright!
For Jane was singing a solo.

—*Windsor Magazine.*



Tea Time Talks



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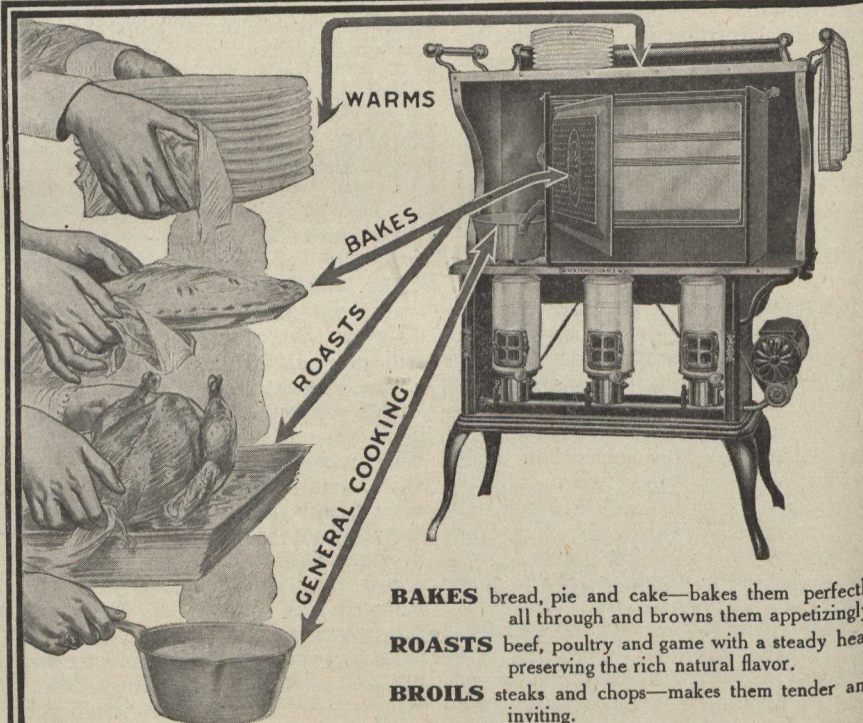
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It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

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Public Opinion

The Hamilton Canadian Club.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Your "Newcomers' Number" was a revelation to your many readers and was a credit to your editorial staff. The extraordinary development of our country and the great influx of immigrants to assist still further in that development, are indeed a source of uncommon satisfaction to all those interested in this "nation in the making."

In comparing the pessimism of fifteen or twenty years ago with the active optimism which obtains to-day, you said of a movement with which the writer has been identified ever since its inauguration in 1892-3: "In 1896 and 1897 the Canadian Club of Hamilton was almost defunct, and the newly-created association of the same character in Toronto had but one hundred members."

As the undersigned was secretary of the Hamilton club from the day of its institution to the year 1895 and was its president until February, 1896, and has been on its council ever since, he may be pardoned for setting you right in this matter.

In the writer's possession are all the early minutes of the council and the general meetings of the Canadian Club of Hamilton. An examination of these covering 1895, 1896, 1897 and 1898 reveals the fact that at one regular meeting only were no new members added. In 1896-97 the membership stood at from 400 to 500 and the two years were times of exceptional activity. We were trying out the now discarded club-room idea, and notwithstanding the time, means and energy spent upon it, yet found time to permit sections to study history, literature, art, music, resources, etc., of Canada, held public meetings each month devoted to the consideration of "Municipal Taxation," "Good Goods," "Bad Roads," "Bi-Metalism," "Future of Canada," "Independence," "Imperial Federation," "Mines of Ontario," "Hudson's Bay Route," "A Monument for Stoney Creek Battlefield," "Mrs. Fessenden's Flag Day Project," "Sport in Canada," "Immigration into the Northwest," "Canadian Club Extension," "Canada," "The Young Canadian in Politics," "Critical Times in Canada," etc. The speakers included such men as the late James Barnard, Andrew Pattulo, A. F. Pirie, Dr. Doolittle, Dr. Breckenridge, Dr. Beavis, O. A. Howland, Principal Grant, B. E. Walker, Dean Harris, Dr. Parkin, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, John Crerar, Hon. Frederick Borden, J. H. Long, Dr. McLellan, Dr. Lyle, W. Sanford Evans, Archibald Blue, Alexander Muir, Colonel Scoble, Rev. Neil McPherson, W. W. Buchanan, W. Blair Bruce, and others including the editor of the *Canadian Magazine* at that time.

In the year 1897 the club passed a loyal address to Her Majesty the Queen, engrossed and illuminated it and entrusted it to the care of the late James Thomson, who delivered it at the Colonial Office in London.

The club's receipts in 1897 were \$1,332 from all sources. In 1896 two thousand bound copies of its constitution were printed for local and national use. In these years the club's annual dinners, receptions, and larger entertainments were of more than local interest, and the Club Extension Committee sought earnestly and persistently to persuade the rest of Canada that "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" might justly be answered in the affirmative, as per local demonstration of the inherent value of the movement in developing public spirit and in presenting national ideals calculated to pro-



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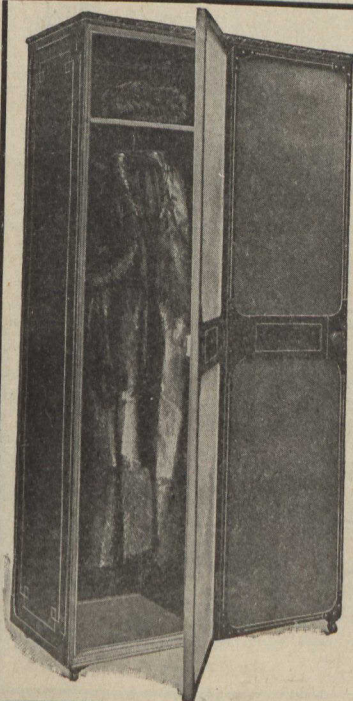
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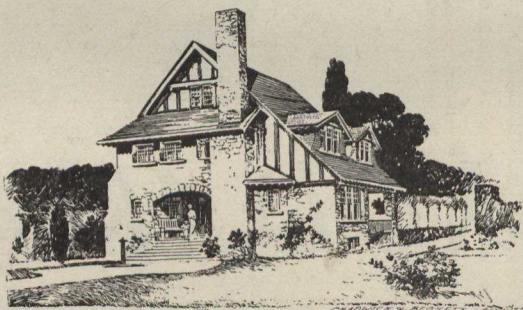
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note the Dominion's real welfare.

To-day the Canadian Club of Toronto has almost 1,500 members, where in 1895 it stood at 100. Its influence is practically that of a national university and its speakers are men of not only national but frequently international reputation.

The Canadian Club of Hamilton has weathered all the storms incident to a pioneering organisation and has to-day on its membership rolls six hundred names, not a few of whom have given their time to its welfare and progress from the dark days of non-Canadian sentiment of the early nineties up to the year of grace 1910, when from ocean to ocean men foregather in kindred assemblies to hearken to those things the performance of which contribute so much to a nation's highest welfare and progress.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES R. McCULLOUGH.

Hamilton, May 4th, 1910.

A Lost Dog

(Anonymous.)



His name vas Bismarck, mit on-ly one eye, on account of a old plack cat vot belongs to an Irish gals mid red-headed hair. Also he has only dree legs, on account of a mocolotif-engines mit out any bull-ketcher. He vas a dog, Bismarck vas. He vas

balt-headed all ofer himself con-quence of red hot vater, on account of fighting mid an old maidt's cat. On vone endt of himself vas skituat-ed his head—und his tail it vas py de oder endt. He only carries about vone-half of his tail mit him, on account of a circular saw mill. He looks a good deal more older as he is already, but he ain't qvite so oldt as dot until de next Christmas.

De vay vot you can know him is, if you calls him "Shack" he von't say notings, but makes answers to de name "Bismarck" by saying "Pow-wow-vow!" und, in de meantime, vaggung half of his tail—dot oder half vas cut off—so he can't, of course, shake it. Also, if you t'row some stones on top of him he vill run like mat und holler "Ki-yi! ky-yi!" Dot's de vay you can told my dog.

He looks like a cross petteen a bullfoundlandt und a cat-mit-nine-tails—but he ain't. He got not efen von whole tail, und he ain't cross not von pit.

I haf been eferywheres looking for dot tog. Ven I am in Canada de last veeke a pig loafermans comes up to me und says:

"Do you know I know you?"

"No, you don't. Do I know you? If I know you, tell me vonce who I vas."

"You vas Mr. Ross," says he, "und you vas looking for your leetle Sharley."

"No, sir; I vas Von Boyle," says I, "und I vas looking for my leetle Bismarck."

I vill pay eferyvone vot vill brought me dot tog or send him pack, fifteen cents, C.O.D. py Adams' Express office, mit a money order und de prifilege of examination before taking, to see if it vas maype coun-terfeit.

Anoder vay vot you could told if it vas Bismarck is dot he vos almost a dwin. He would be half of a bair of dwins dot time, only dere vas dree of dem—a bair of dwins und a half.

—Life.

The Ross Rifle

105 Points—A Perfect Score—

were made at 300, 500 and 600 yards last Fall at Hythe by Sgt.-Major Wallingford, using a Ross Rifle.

In Vancouver, last year, the Ross Rifles were recognized as so far ahead of others that it was sought to have them barred in local competitions.

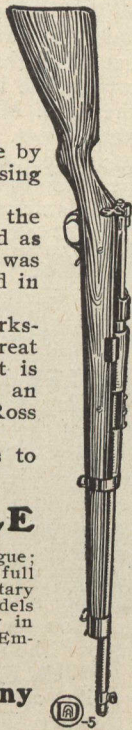
The general opinion of marksmen in Canada—and in Great Britain as well—is that it is doubtful whether as good an arm can be found as the Ross Rifle Mark III.

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The Chapel Bell

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19.

towards the sea by the pirates, was conscious amid her horror of a vague wonder about the chapel bell. Was this a righteous judgment, that having been the cause of her lover's undoing, it should now avenge him on his undoer?

GENTLY heaving on the groundswell, close inshore under the Mount, lay the galleys of the searovers, awaiting the return of the marauding party that had landed. The fighting men were all ashore, save a guard sufficient to keep order among the long rows of slaves chained to the oar. Up and down planks between these rows of half-naked wretches ran the task-masters, armed with whips.

The vicious-looking vessels were wreathed in fog, and the buildings on the summit of the Mount were only visible by fitful gleams when the mist lifted. Suddenly from up on the height a bell began to ring, and the slave-masters paused in their cruel lashings to eye each other uneasily. There were those among them who had been thwarted at this spot before by the timely shutting of the gates.

The galley-slaves listened to the bell with callous apathy—all save one, who at the first stroke started so violently that the chains rattled on his aching limbs. A man of fine form he had been, but now fallen away to a living wreck from toiling at the oar, cramped by heavy irons. "Thank God," he murmured, "there is the bell. May it have served them to-day better than it served me, and enable them to close the gates in time."

For the galley-slave was Gervase Boscawen—to his dread and horror made a chance instrument in the assault on the house of which his fond memories were now his only possession. The bell rang on steadily, then grew louder and faster, then suddenly ceased. Gervase sat waiting expectantly for the shots of the assailants and defenders, but none came. All was dim and silent up there in the fog, and in his misery he scarcely knew himself what he wanted to happen. Escape from his fetters was hopeless, yet if anything could it added to his wretchedness to think that he was so near Leonora, and so absolutely impotent.

And then after an hour's dreary wondering, why there was neither sound of battle or return of the rovers from the Mount, Gervase rubbed his eyes, and regardless of the lash uttered a great cry that set all gazing landward. For the fog was rolling fast away, and there on the causeway was marshalled a row of frowning cannon pointed at the galleys not a musket-shot off, while two large ships of war lay on either hand, ready and able to sink them at will.

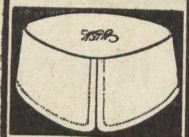
Farther up, at the foot of the Mount, a great concourse was gathered, and there was no mistaking its composition. A large body of English soldiers and sailors was guarding the whole of the pirates, who, on descending with their booty and their captives, had walked straight into the midst of the rescuing party. The latter had arrived too late to prevent the assault, but, thanks to information brought into Falmouth by a fishing-boat that the galleys were off the coast, had come up in time to stop the escape of the miscreants. Thus in some part was the outrage wrought at Penzance by these same galleys two years before avenged.

That night the reunited lovers talked in Gervase Boscawen's ancestral home at Gurlyn of many things, but most of all—the Chapel Bell.

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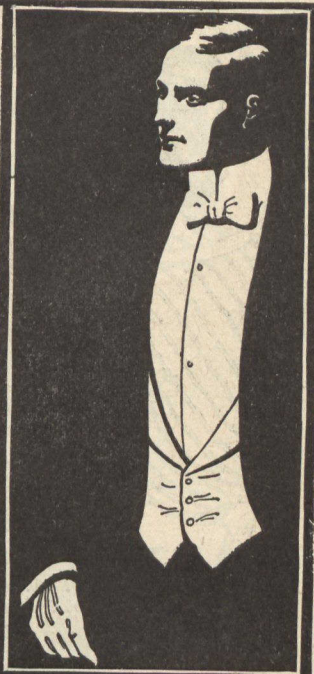


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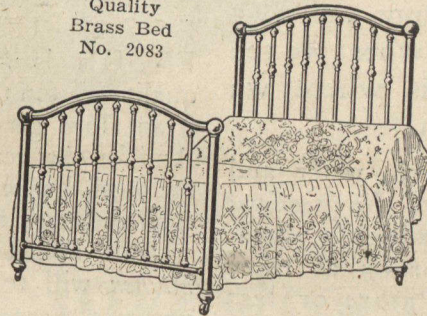
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LET us look a bit into the chemistry of bread.

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Gluten, starch, water and phosphates, are the principal component qualities of wheat. And in proportion as these qualities are more or less present is the wheat more or less valuable so far as *nutrition* is concerned.

The nutritive and bread-making qualities of wheat are the things that make it more valuable than rye or oats or barley or corn as human food.

The quality of nutrition, too, is what makes one brand of flour more valuable than another.

If it were not for nutrition

and bread-making qualities any flour would be as good as any other. We wouldn't have to care whether it was made from good wheat or poor wheat, from Spring wheat or Winter, from all wheat or part other cereals.

A chemist will tell you that ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is *richer* in high quality gluten than flour made from low grades of wheat. And for *that* reason it is better for food, hence more valuable than ordinary flour.

And actual tests in your kitchen will tell you that it produces *more and larger loaves to the barrel* than ordinary soft wheat or blended flour, the reason being that flour made from hard Red Fyfe wheat is more expansive and more absorbent.

It is plain, common-sense that flour made from the finest hard wheat in the world and scientifically milled must produce the finest bread in the world. And it *does*. Try it. Prove it.



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The SCRAP BOOK

William Balfour Macdonald R.N.

COMMANDER Macdonald has been serving as flag commander of H.M.S. *Victory*, stationed at Portsmouth, having been appointed to that position in February, 1907. He was also in command of the *Fire Queen*.

The appointment of Commander Macdonald to the Canadian Government, after his course on the *Brittania*, began his sea service in Canadian waters, joining H.M.S. *Royal Arthur* as a midshipman, when that vessel was flagship of the British squadron at Esquimalt. He was given promotion to a lieutenantcy at Esquimalt and went from there to British waters when the vessel was ordered home.

He has been appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Niobe*, recently bought by the Dominion of Canada to be stationed at Halifax, as the first warship of the new Canadian navy. The *Niobe* has just been refitted at the British naval dockyard and is now ready for her new service. She is expected to reach Halifax on or about July 10th.

Commander Macdonald has served with distinction in the Royal Navy, and was decorated by H. I. M. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany on the Kaiser's last visit to England. Commander Macdonald was despatched to meet the incoming German cruiser with His Imperial Majesty aboard and reached the vessel in a dense fog. His clever navigation attracted marked attention by the German Emperor and he was awarded a high German decoration by the Imperial visitor.

Commander William Balfour Macdonald is a son of the late Senator John Macdonald, a native of Victoria, B.C.

* * *

The Art Critic.

AT present in Canada we are trying to define the art critic, who, for some reason, hails from that every-man's limbs, the newspaper. The true critic must have leisure; more than the artist and if possible more travel. He should know the subjects depicted and the standard works of both native and foreign painters. He should have some literary style and a general knowledge of other arts than painting. In short—he is precisely the sort of man which at present we have not got.

Meanwhile, we have the greatest native range of subjects in the world—in Canada; past and present, landscape, history and industrial life. "Damn landscape!" said an old artist recently. But we shall prefer to go on doing and damning, conscious that our painters, while not mere transcribers of nature, have a vast and interesting land to interpret; and that in the exhibitions for 1910 we have the pastoral and the romance, the winter landscape and the summer fields, the immigrant and the gentleman, the line-man and the marine study, the legend and the hunter—and many more.

* * *

Up-to-Date Convicts.

AMONG seven hundred convicts at the Western Penitentiary in Pittsburg, there are so many "gentlemen" who feel the social stigma of wearing the striped uniforms, that the authorities consider it advisable to abolish them—that is, in certain cases.

The following monologue is supposed to take place, upon the adoption of the new system:

Head Warder: "Good morning,

Mr. 99. Will you kindly step this way into the tailoring department? What do you think of this material? Will this style do? I assure you it's quite the latest. Of course it's now out of fashion to have pockets and as you see it's made very loose. Yes, the Hon. Mr. 212, the ex-bank manager, was measured yesterday and expressed his pleasure at the neatness of this plain grey. Yes, sir! Stripes are now quite out of fashion. Thank you. Here, Mr. 1294, kindly measure Mr. 99 for a spring lounge!"

* * *

Shackleton Yawned.

THERE is a capital story now being told in club circles about one of the new knights, says an English exchange. At a semi-private reception given in honour of a famous explorer a week or two ago, a man with a poor memory for faces, and, in addition a little near-sighted, took a fellow member aside and spoke to him in a confidential whisper.

"You see that man standing by the door?" he asked.

"Well, I was talking to him a little while ago about the terribly cold weather we had last year, and he actually yawned."

The other smiled. "Do you know who he is?" he asked.

"No."

"Shackleton."

* * *

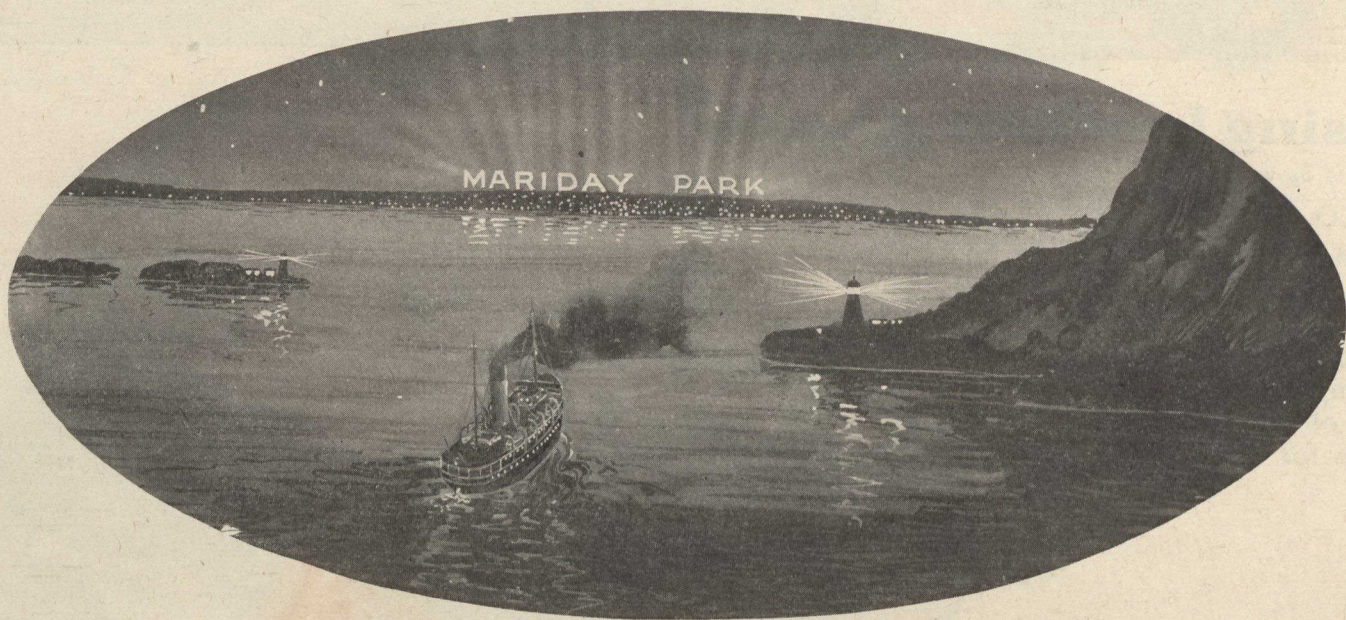
Crossing of Seals.

THE phenomenal catches of Atlantic seals on the Labrador coast this season suggests an imperative duty devolving upon Canada so to protect and conserve our own herd as to make it permanent. This can only be done by domestication on a nature adapted to their habits and range of travel which seems to be more circumscribed than that of the fur seal of the Pacific—now nearly exterminated. Should it prove practicable to cross the two varieties upon each other, the result will be to immensely increase the value of our herd. Just now, when we are trying to close all causes of strife with our big neighbour, what a fine opportunity for an interchange of our respective breeds and introduction of protected rookeries on both sea-coasts of Canada? It will cost but a trifle to try it, and as Colonel Sellars was wont to exclaim, "There's millions in it!"

If the twentieth century belongs to Canada, let it be a century of peace and goodwill to all animated nature, not mankind only, but all the creatures under his protection should share in the benefits of peace and plenty. Are the fauna of the Arctic to be exterminated as the fish seem so threatened and many species of fowl already extinct? Only by conservation of our blessings, instead of criminal waste of God's gifts, need we expect them to be permanently maintained. If the 1910 catch of seals is computed at 600,000 without giving any food or shelter to the poor creatures and killing their young, what may it not become if domesticated and bred to highest capacity of quality as well as number? Compare the wild bee with the tame and our domestic animals with those running wild, and see in both animated and vegetable worlds how well it repays care and skill in their treatment. The results of the Alaska and Labrador reindeer are illustrations of what our duties and their possible rewards may be.

H. S. S.

“THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE WEST”



A Sane, Safe and Sure Investment

MARIDAY PARK

Most of the great fortunes of to-day have been founded on judicious real estate investments.

It is pretty generally admitted that land in Canada's wonderful West affords the greatest opportunities of the present time.

And, of all western land, that in and around Port Arthur is the best to buy.

Right in this rapidly-growing city, is MARIDAY PARK. The city rises on a succession of terraces, from the shores of Thunder Bay—culminating, in less than half a mile, and at an altitude of 198 feet, in the broad plateau of MARIDAY PARK.

This location affords the city's most magnificent view of Thunder Bay.

The citizens have builded their homes right up to and around this charmingly-situated property—and it is now the gem spot of Port Arthur's residential section.

The latest of a long list of similar propositions which I have had the privilege of offering, MARIDAY PARK over-tops them all for actual value.

In the first place, it is central—with the street railway running right through the property. Moreover, it is thoroughly improved—with macadam streets, granolithic walks, water and sewer connections.

Offered on easy terms of payment, MARIDAY PARK will, in my estimation, net purchasers from 200 per cent. to 500 per cent. by the time the lots are paid for.

This grand property will be placed on the market early in June. Those who have their allotments made early will obtain the choicest locations.

Further particulars are contained in a handsome and interesting book that I have prepared, telling all about Port Arthur in general and MARIDAY PARK in particular. Write me for a copy—the book is free.

J. J. CARRICK - Port Arthur

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

An Amusing Incident

(Told by a dentist)

COLGATE & CO.

Dear Sirs: Thank your for calling my attention to your Dental Cream. Preventative dentistry for children is my special work, and I am delighted to know of such a delicious dentifrice for young people. One little boy ate the contents of the tube which I asked his mother to get for him, remarking to me the next day:

"Say, Doctor, I wish that tube had been three feet long."

Signed by a former President of a State Dental Association.
(Name on Application)

Isn't that like a boy!

There is actually—in each tube

15 Feet of Cream

If he had of used it properly—(one inch twice daily) it would have lasted three months.

Delicious and antiseptic, the dentifrice that combines efficiency with a delightful aftertaste. Your mouth does not need to have a medicinal taste and it won't if you use Colgate's.

Economical (1) More Cream—almost half as much again as in the average tube. (2) Less used—half as much cream comes out of our flat opening as from usual round-mouth tube. (3) No waste—our flat ribbon of cream cannot roll off the brush.

Antiseptic It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold work. Destroys decay-germs, stimulates gum tissue and prevents tartar.



42 inches of Cream sent for 4 cents

SEND 4c FOR THIS TRIAL TUBE. IF 1 INCH IS USED TWICE DAILY IT LASTS THREE WEEKS.



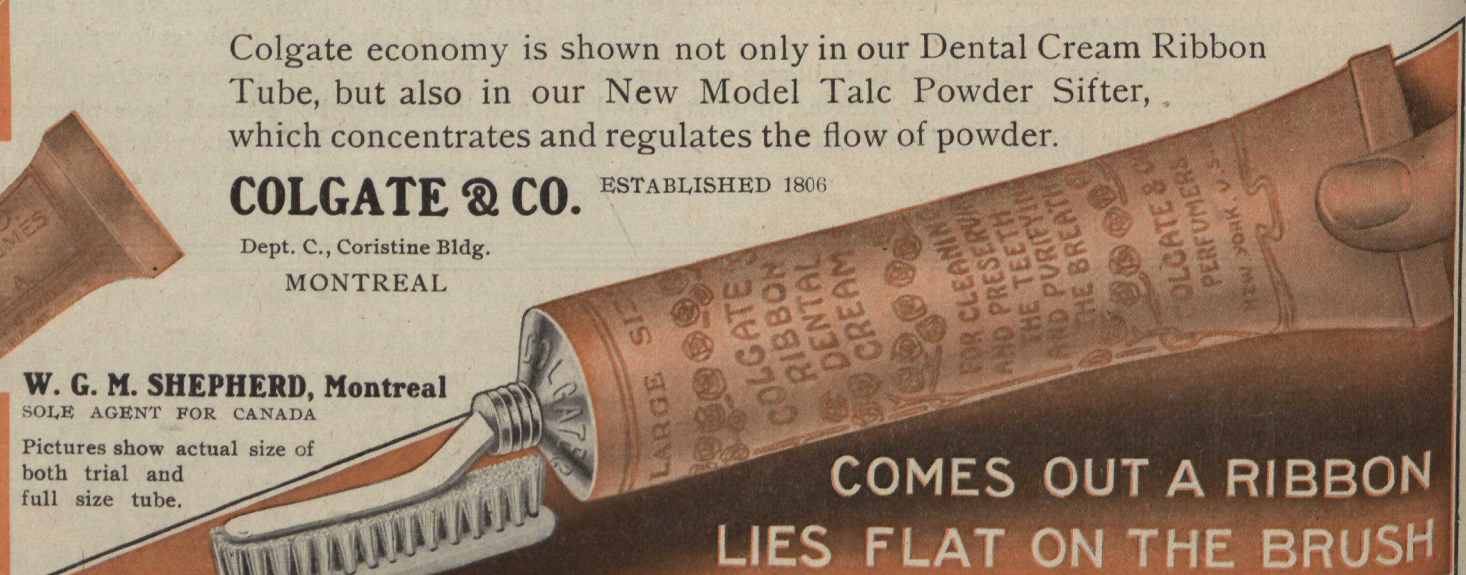
Colgate economy is shown not only in our Dental Cream Ribbon Tube, but also in our New Model Talc Powder Sifter, which concentrates and regulates the flow of powder.

COLGATE & CO. ESTABLISHED 1806

Dept. C., Coristine Bldg.
MONTREAL

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal
SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA

Pictures show actual size of both trial and full size tube.



**COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH**