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June 3rd, 1911.

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# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



RT. HON. LLOYD GEORGE, GOLF PLAYER, BUDGET MAKER, STATE-INSURANCE ADVOCATE AND GENERAL SOCIAL REFORMER

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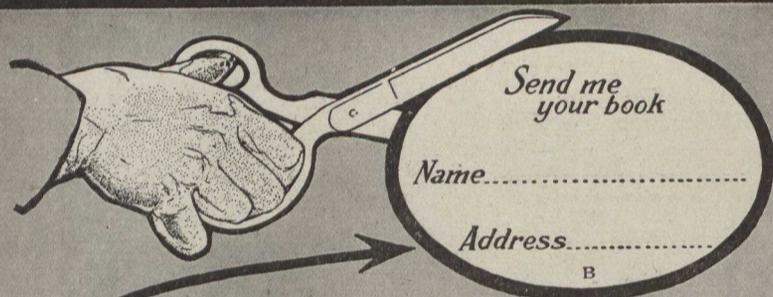
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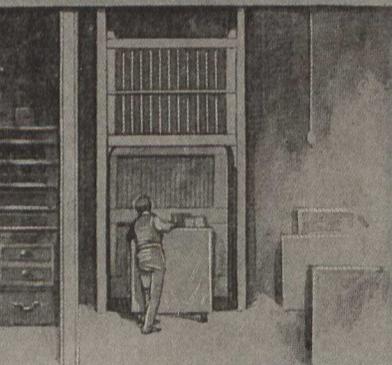
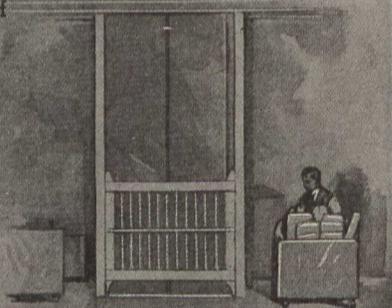
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 1

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## Editor's Talk

MISS NAN MOULTON contributes to this issue the first of her series of articles on the Mormons. Miss Moulton has spent several weeks in Southern Alberta studying this question, "Is Mormonism a Menace to Canada?" She has gathered together much historical data about the Mormon colony, and some rather startling information as to the missionary work which is being carried on by the Canadian Latter Day Saints. This first article is somewhat introductory, but she gives a vivid picture of these peculiar people and their customs.

Miss Moulton's second article will deal more particularly with "The Mormon Occupation," and its effect morally, commercially and socially on the portion of Canada known as Mormon Alberta. The third article will discuss "Polygamy," a subject which is greatly agitating both the United States and Great Britain. The fourth will give much interesting information about the Mormon industries, prominent men and politics. The series will be well worth every reader's serious consideration.

This issue opens Volume Ten of the "Canadian Courier," and reminds us that we are taking on age. In spite of keen competition from the United States periodicals, it is possible to make a purely Canadian weekly "go." If we have done nothing else, we have blazed that new trail. If our friends stand by us, the "Canadian Courier" will make as much progress in its second nine volumes as it has made in its first nine, and that, we frankly admit, is saying a great deal.

Before he left Canada, Mr. Frederic Villiers, the famous British war correspondent, sent us the following letter:

Montreal, May 25th, 1911.

Dear Sir:

I forward you, as promised, a short story for your excellent paper. One of these days I shall send you another, when I am settled down quietly in the old country. With kind remembrance, I am,

Yours sincerely,

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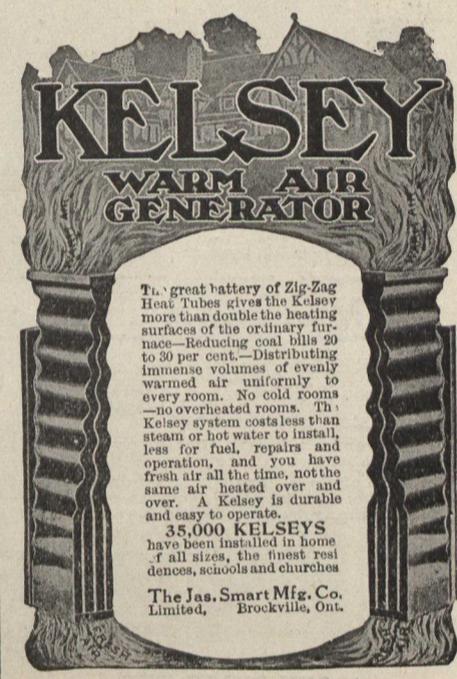
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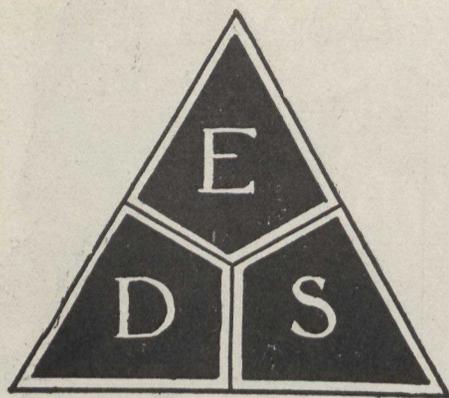
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## Canada's "Hope" for the "Diamonds"

By F. H. HURLEY

CANADA is to make another attempt this year to win that great English classic rowing event, the "Diamonds," and, judging from the record of her representative—E. B. Butler, of the Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto—her chances of success are good.

Butler is a splendidly built fellow, standing six feet high and weighing, in rowing costume, 160 pounds, with a normal chest measurement of 42 inches. Besides being strong, he is exceptionally quick and skilful in a shell, and possesses in addition that other very necessary element in his make up—any amount of pluck—a combination that usually wins races. Trying his hand at single sculling for the first time, he won the junior singles at the Dominion Day regatta on Toronto Bay, in 1909, and also, with Stuart Jackes as partner, the junior and senior doubles. At the National regatta, at Detroit, in the same year, he won without difficulty the intermediate singles, and a little later at St. Catharines with partner won the junior doubles. He wound up the season by annexing the single scull championship of his club, at its fall races.

In 1910, he won the senior singles at the Dominion Day regatta, and also the senior doubles, with "Buck"



E. B. BUTLER

Jackes this time as his partner. And at the National Regatta at Washington a short time afterwards he rowed a dead heat, in the quarter mile dash, with Fred Fuessel; he would have won this race of one and a quarter miles and the championship but for an unfortunate accident that occurred to him when but a short distance from the finish and when he had a commanding lead. He turned the tables, however, on his conquerors in this race—Gordon Sheppard, and Fuessel—at the Middle States regatta, at Philadelphia, by beating all three not only in the quarter mile dash but in the longer race as well, thereby establishing beyond doubt his right to be considered the fastest amateur single sculler in America. Whether that means he will be good enough to win at Henley is of course another thing; he expresses no opinion himself, other than that he will do his best, but good judges, who are in close touch with him, incline to the belief that the "Diamonds" are morally certain to be deposited with our "Lady of the Snows" for the next twelve months. Good luck to him!

Business.—"I think we can unload that rotten stock on Jones."

"I thought he was an intimate friend of yours?"

"I'm counting on that!"—Life.

A Sane Idiot.—Exasperated Prosecutor (addressing stupid defendant in a law suit): "Man alive! I should think you could see for yourself that you're a born idiot. I should think your natural good sense would tell you!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

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The  
**Canadian Courier**  
 A National Weekly

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THE ACTIVITIES OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL



Earl Grey was active in Toronto during the race week. He is here seen laying the corner-stone of the Broadview Boys' Institute. From left, W. K. George, J. M. Godfrey, Earl Grey, Mayor Geary, Harry Ryrice, Bishop Sweeney, F. H. Deacon



Reviewing School Cadets on Empire Day, with General Cotton



At the Races, with Hon. Mr. Hendrie and Hon. Mr. Gibson

# THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

*Co-operation Rather than Centralization Likely to be Key-Note*

By O. D. SKELTON

Professor of Political and Economic Science, Queen's University

FROM its beginnings the British Empire has made precedents, not followed them. There is nothing in history—in other peoples' history, that is—to parallel the gathering of the premiers and ministers of the Five Nations to take counsel with the rulers of the Motherland and with one another. Among political miracles none quite equals this unique Empire, alliance, or what you will, grown by haphazard and bound by the strongest and most intangible of ties.

The growing is not over yet. The very name of the present Conference registers the changing composition of the Empire. The Colonial Conferences of the past are gone, along with the colonial subordination of the past; the era of Imperial Conferences between equal partners is begun. The rapidity with which this evolution has proceeded since the first Conference in the jubilee year, 1887, and especially since the Conference of 1902, is startling. It is little wonder that many both in Britain and in Canada have not yet adjusted themselves to the new situation, and still think in terms of an obsolete colonialism.

The present Imperial Conference will register a further advance. The question is, along what line? In this, as in previous Conferences, the chief interest lies in the conflict of the two ideals of Empire which divide men's minds. In all the self-governing states of the Empire, with negligible exceptions, there is agreement in desiring to keep together. Difference comes when the nature of the link is considered. On the one side are those who feel strongly the need of concentrated power, and of a central organization to wield this power, and on the other those who look to building up national centres of strength, bound by intimate alliance, guided by co-operation rather than by central, even if representative, authority. It seems clear that it is the latter tendency which will dominate the Conference proceedings.

THERE are two reasons for this belief. First is the personnel of the Conference. Its foremost figure beyond question is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. No other member has his personal distinction. He and he alone has been a member of every Conference since 1897. Canada's unchallenged position as the premier Dominion gives his utterances decisive weight. And there is no question in which scale the weight will be thrown. At the last Conference Australia was represented by Mr. Alfred Deakin, whose brilliant and captivating eloquence roused the enthusiasm of the ultra-Imperialists and made him their unofficial leader throughout the Empire. To-day his place is taken by Andrew Fisher, the Kilmarnock-born miner who leads the Labour party, a strong Australian first man. From South Africa there came, in 1907, three premiers, only one nationalist in sympathies; to-day United South Africa sends one premier, the Botha who, as premier of the Transvaal, quietly but firmly backed Sir Wilfrid. The dashing Dr. Jameson, now Sir Starr Jameson, with his empire-cementing references to "damned French dancing-masters," will not be present to act as Mr. Deakin's first lieutenant. Sir Edmund Morris, of Newfoundland, who replaces the choleric Sir Robert Bond, has not

yet taken a pronounced stand, though the rule that the smaller the colony the more intense its imperialism may here hold good. Only Sir Joseph Ward, who now is attending his second Conference, remains of the old guard, and it is hardly likely that Mr. Deakin's understudy will rise to the height of the role. In Great Britain itself the same party is in power as in 1907, firm in its traditional policy of unity through freedom, and confirmed in that faith by the splendid results of the self-government granted South Africa in face of the pessimistic opposition of the professional empire-savers.



S.S. "Virginian" leaving Quebec with the Canadian Ministers bound for the Imperial Conference. Mr. Brodeur, Madame Brodeur and Sir Frederick Borden may be seen on the deck

Photo by Joseph

Premier Asquith, who is to preside, when possible, met the last Conference as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Colonial Secretary Harcourt is the fourth in four Conferences.

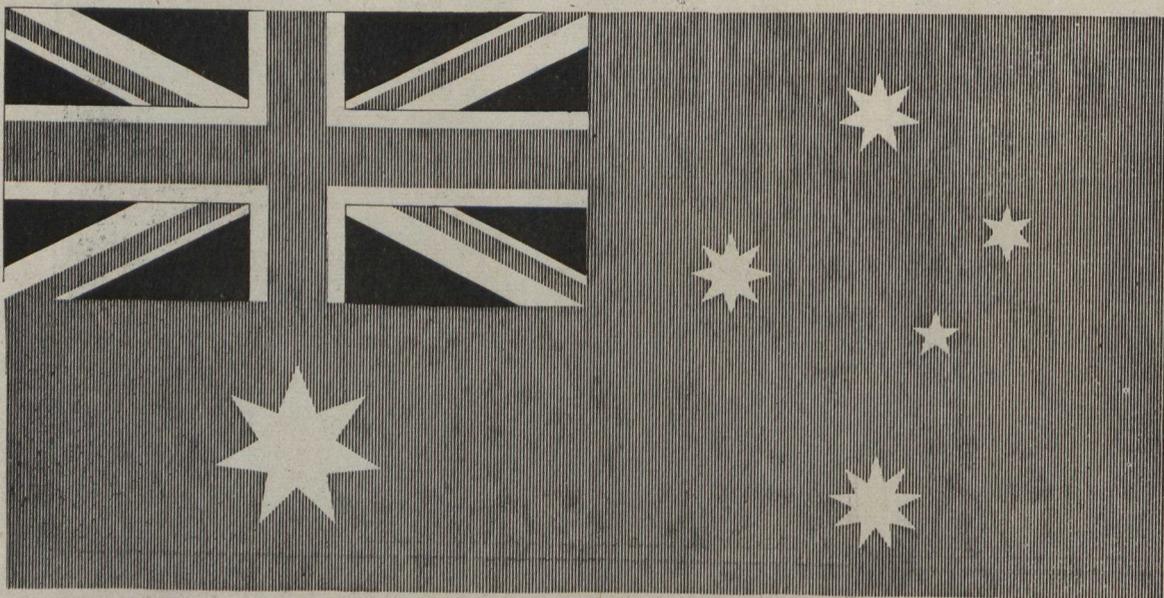
The second reason for believing that co-operation rather than centralization will be the key-note is the fact that since the last Conference the different Dominions have come to forkings of the ways and have definitely chosen to follow the co-operative path. This may most readily be seen in reviewing the chief subjects which are to come up for discussion, in accordance with the resolutions proposed in advance by the different participants, of whom New Zealand and Australia have been most active.

The question of the political machinery of the Empire takes first place. It has assumed new gravity with the growth of the Dominions and the

increase of their dealings with foreign states. It is clear that the old situation, where the foreign policy of the Empire was the concern of the Foreign Secretary of the United Kingdom alone (with practically no check even by the British House of Commons), cannot stand. There are two alternatives. One is to build up in Britain an organization representing the self-governing Dominions. This organization, it used to be urged, should take the form of an Imperial Parliament, with powers to bind the Empire in matters of joint concern, but this proposal now finds few supporters, in face of the growth of colonial nationalism. It is suggested now-a-days that a more modest beginning be made, some council, merely advisory at the outset, but inevitably taking on fresh powers, till, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, it attained "executive functions and perhaps also legislative powers," including "large powers of taxation." At the last Conference, Mr. Deakin and Dr. Jameson, following Mr. Lyttleton's lead, proposed to convert the Colonial Conference into an Imperial Council, and to establish a permanent secretarial staff, appointed by the Council and under its orders. The opposition of Sir Wilfrid, General Botha, and Lord Elgin, blocked the proposal. The Conference remains a Conference, though its name is changed to Imperial, and while a secretariat was established, it was merely an appendage of the Colonial office, attached to the new department of that office established to deal with Dominions as distinct from Crown Colony affairs; no nucleus of an organization representing the Dominions was set up. In Mr. Deakin's words, "All that is done is that a sub-department has been renamed."

THIS year New Zealand brings forward a resolution entitled, "Imperial Representation of Oversea Dominions," urging the formation of an "Imperial Council of State, with representatives from all the constituent parts of the Empire, whether self-governing or not, in theory and in fact advisory to the Imperial Government on all questions affecting the interests of his Majesty's Dominions overseas. The language is perhaps purposely vague, and Sir Joseph Ward carefully avoided any explanation while in New Zealand, but apparently the establishment of a permanent body sitting in London is designed. It will have the support of many in England, where 300 M. P.'s have signed a memorial in favour of such a scheme; as is natural, there is a large strain of little Englandism in the imperialism of Englishmen, and projects looking to centralizing power in Britain find ready support. But there is little chance of success in the Conference. The weakness of the New Zealand scheme is that it proposes to develop new machinery in Britain alone. But, as the London *Times* pertinently says, "Co-operation requires a progressive agreement on matters of common interest between all the cabinets, which cannot be attained by the establishment of a central council at any one point, whether London or Ottawa or Cape Town. It requires the creation of special machinery for co-operation at each of those centres, and if possible within the charmed circles of the Cabinets themselves." This is the nationalist alternative, and it is already well advanced. Canada, following Australia's lead, has now an Under-Secretary of External Affairs; doubtless in time the department will have full ministerial rank. We are sending consuls abroad. We are dealing directly with foreign governments through their semi-diplomatic Consuls-General in Ottawa and Montreal, and are to press this year for the formal recognition of this informal practice. We are negotiating treaties with foreign states, now France, now Italy, now the United States, with the more or less formal co-operation of British ambassadors. Even South Africa has already similarly negotiated with Portugal regarding Delagoa Bay. There is obvious danger in this decentralizing of foreign policy. Co-operation and common understanding must be secured to prevent action at cross purposes. It is noteworthy that the British Government has decided to lay before the Conference, in secret session, full details of the foreign situation as it views it. The ice once broken, doubtless arrangements may be made for more constant exchange of views, whether through the High Commissioners or direct to the various cabinets.

In defence, the die has been cast for co-operation rather than centralization. Since the last Conference, Canada, and even Australia, have definitely chosen the local navy solution, and even New Zealand's gift of a Dreadnought cruiser to the British navy had a string tied to it; the "New Zealand" is to be stationed, not in the North Sea, to face the German peril, but in the China Seas, to face the yellow peril; even with little New Zealand the Empire begins at home. Co-operation has its serious problems. The status of Dominion varies,



Merchant Flag of the Commonwealth of Australia

which Australia raises for discussion, is a vexed one; how are foreign states to regard them, in peace and in war? What flag is to be flown? Incidentally it may be hoped that the Australian example in adopting the Southern Cross may spur our representatives to suggest some symbol which will stand for national as well as imperial unity instead of the provincial separateness of our present alleged emblem. In military matters doubtless further steps will be discussed in the co-operative process of standardizing the forces of the different parts of the Empire. The Declaration of London will also be considered; possibly the Imperial authorities will be able to show that the criticisms made of the contraband provisions of the Declaration are aside from the mark, in view of the fact that France and Germany and other continental countries have in the past refused to accept the British doctrine that food is not contraband except when for direct military use.

Preferential trade, which took nearly half the time of the last Conference, will not likely bulk

large this year. Its most vigorous champions have disappeared; a free trade government rules in Britain thrice endorsed. Other proposals for furthering inter-imperial trade are many; cheaper cable rates, state-owned Atlantic Cable and Telegraph line across Canada, the All-Red service—Canada's none too sound proposal—and uniformity of company, copyright, trade mark and patent legislation. Proposals to link up the Labour Exchanges in Britain with the Dominions will be made and warily received by Premiers with an eye on the labour vote. The anomalous situation by which a foreigner naturalized as a British subject in one Dominion is a foreigner outside that Dominion, will be considered. Perhaps the difficult but thorny question of separate representation of the Dominions, at least in an advisory capacity, at international conferences, and especially the Hague Conference, will be raised; now that we have navies of our own we should have a share in the efforts made to make navies unnecessary, even though the step will mean breaking more precedents. Perhaps,

too, our representatives, while in England, will learn from Lloyd-George's courageous insurance proposals that the nation which has most successfully waged war against poverty and unemployment, and secured unity and content at home, is the nation which will be strongest abroad.

### Just Partly Right

SOME papers take a delight in pointing out the mistakes of others. For instance, M. A. P. recently had this:

Nearly all the daily papers last week informed us that music performed at the inauguration of the Festival of Empire was composed by four English musicians, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir C. Villiers Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, and Sir A. Mackenzie. Except that Sir Charles Stanford is an Irishman, Sir Hubert Parry a Welshman, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie a Scotsman, the information was accurate in every particular.

## FASHION AND THE RACE-HORSE

*Ontario Jockey Club Races at the Woodbine, Toronto*



Mrs. Jack Murray (left)



The Government House Party from Ottawa



White Frocks were Numerous



Mrs. J. J. Dixon (left)



Mrs. Livingstone, Owner of Pagod



Mrs. Strachan Johnston (left)

# WILL THE FARMER BENEFIT?

*View of a Legislator who Represents an Ontario Farm Constituency*

By C. J. THORNTON, M.P.

INDIRECTLY the business of every class in the country will be affected by reciprocity, but its effect will be felt more directly by the farmer than any other class in the country, because of the duties being entirely removed from all kinds of farm produce. The comparatively low duties imposed by Canada on the imports of farm products have had the effect of steadying the market prices, and hence there has not been the fluctuation in prices that otherwise must and would follow if imports were free. The effect was also to assure this splendid home market to the Canadian farmer. Prices for horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, butter, eggs, poultry, fruits of all kinds, and indeed nearly all kinds of farm produce, have been very satisfactory.

From a careful investigation of the mass of evidence available, the impartial seeker after truth is forced to the conclusion that in a general way the Canadian farmer will not be benefited by this proposition, if it goes into force. Locally in some sections of the country on some lines of products, it may benefit a few; but generally speaking it is plain that it would not be a good thing for the farmer. It must be apparent, however, to every true Canadian (and that means a true Britisher) that a view as broad as the Dominion must be taken of the question, and how it will affect trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and what will be the effect in the future on trade already established, and which may have taken years of care and thought and diligent pursuit in all its details, to bring to its present state of perfection. This can be illustrated perhaps better by taking one specific line of product and seeing how it will work out.

## The Price of Hogs

The hog is at the present time one of the great staple products of the farmers of Canada, yielding a revenue to them of about \$20,000,000 per year. It has taken years for the farmers to bring to its present state of perfection the science of how to breed and feed so as to produce the best type of bacon hog. Likewise it has taken the packers years to learn just how to handle hogs so as to make the most and best out of them. The Government has also found it necessary to have a watchful eye over the industry, so that the product of other countries in hog produce could not be sold as Canadian. The result of all this care has been that Canadian bacon is of a better quality than that of any other country, excepting, perhaps, Holland.

It is claimed that the Canadian farmer under this proposition will have another market for his hogs, and that will be true if the Americans will pay even a slightly higher price than is paid by the

Canadian buyer, which they without doubt will do if even only to close up the Canadian packing-houses. In that case Canadian packers will have to either close up business or go into the American combine. In either case our hog prices will then be fixed on the United States Meat Trust, which is not a pleasant outlook for the Canadian farmer. But a comparison of prices shows that the Canadian farmer has been getting better prices than the American. The following figures, which are absolutely correct (proof of which can be furnished, if necessary) are the prices the drovers have been paid by the packers at the points named for the past four years, two of the principal hog markets in the United States and two in Canada:

Year.	Buffalo.	Chicago.	Toronto.	Hull.
1907	6.67	6.10	6.94	7.02
1908	6.22	5.70	6.57	6.79
1909	7.92	7.35	8.06	8.55
1910	9.58	8.90	9.13	9.30
Average ...	7.60	7.02	7.68	7.92

It will thus be seen that Canadian prices for the past four years have averaged better than United States, and that farmers have nothing better to hope for in hog prices in the United States if reciprocity is adopted.

## Horse Prices Compared

Another of the staple products of the farmer is horses, of which much the same can be said as of the hog. Years of careful selection and breeding has been necessary to bring the supply and the quality up to its present high standard. The three great markets for the Ontario and Quebec horses are, the demand in the cities, the lumber woods, and the Canadian West. The Canadian Census and Statistics monthly, January, 1911, and the United States Crop Reporter, February, 1911, is authority for the following prices:

The average price per horse in United States	\$108.19
The average price per horse in Canada	133.00
The average price per horse in New York State	125.00
The average price per horse in Ontario	133.00

It will thus be seen that Canadian prices are better than the United States. Probably horses bring the stock farmer in these eastern provinces more money than any other product, unless perhaps hogs. There are more horses in four of the north-western States adjacent to our western provinces than in the whole of Canada. Being so much nearer our Canadian West, these horses will supply our

western trade, and the lumber camps of New Ontario will be supplied from Michigan and Wisconsin. To offset this there will probably be some demand from New York, but at lower prices from the way horses are now selling. Our horse-raising business under the reciprocity proposition thus will not likely be as profitable as at present.

## Dairy Prices Compared

In connection with the dairy industry, by a comparison of prices, it is found that milk cows are worth more per head here than in the States adjoining us on the south, as the following prices taken from the same authorities show:

Average price of milch cows in United States	\$35.79
Average price of milch cows in Canada	43.00
Average price of milch cows in New York State	39.50
Average price of milch cows in Ontario	48.00
Highest price in any State in Illinois	42.80

It will thus be seen that sales of milch cows average higher in Ontario than in any State of the Union, and higher in Ontario than across the line in New York State, and the Canadian average price is \$7.21 higher than in the United States. The return also shows that the average price of other cattle than milch cows is \$19.41 in the United States, as against \$31.00 in Canada.

The dairy industry in Canada has assumed large proportions mainly because of the ever-increasing demand in all the industrial centres for cheese, butter, milk and cream. The quality has improved very much in late years, which of itself has been an important factor in increasing the demand. This splendid home market has been a great source of income for the farmers, as prices for quite a long period have been good. Notwithstanding the increase in the quality of dairy products and eggs produced by our farmers, a large quantity during the past winter has been imported, and after paying a duty has undersold our own product, which is the principal reason for prices going down. This will be much more felt if this reciprocity proposition comes into effect. This will in turn have the effect of largely curtailing the Canadian output, as many farmers cannot produce except at a loss owing to the scarcity and dearness of labour.

The present duty on all farm products which is comparatively low assures to quite a degree the home market to the Canadian farmer, and has a steadying effect on supply and demand. The question is, would it be in the interest of the farmer or the consumer to have this steadiness of trade interfered with? It does not look like it.

The reciprocity proposition is, however, too big a subject to treat properly in an article for the press, as only the fringe has been touched in the foregoing. To an impartial observer it looks as though this pact would not be in the interest of the Canadian farmer.

## WHERE THE GREAT CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE



If you were a wealthy American, or even an ambitious Canadian, you would go over to London this month and pay an exorbitant price for an uncomfortable seat in one of these rude "stands" which surround and almost obscure Westminster Abbey. It will be a grand sight, that pageant of a new King, but the photographs of it in the "Canadian Courier" Coronation Numbers will give much consolation to us who stay at home.

Photo by "Topical"

# THE KEY-LOG

*Life, Love and Death Among the River-Drivers*

By ARTHUR STRINGER

WE could see that it was the worst jam of all the "run." And since it had been a late and uncertain spring, leaving the waters of the upper Titagami black with countless logs that were being hurried down to the lower river mills, it soon became a maddening enough situation for the "river-drivers."

Three of their best men had foreseen the danger, and had waded with pike-pole and ax and cant-hook hip-deep into the raging channel, and there battled to keep it clear. But the mischief had already been done. On one grounded log had locked and wedged a second, and piling on that, as quick as thought, had come a third, and grinding on that a fourth. In an incredibly short space of time the whole foaming river had been blocked and dammed, every minute adding to the hopeless bulk and solidity of the obstruction. As those blindly rushing, madly hurrying battalions of timber raced down with the racing current, log by log they had slackened and ground and settled into place, building up an ever-higher barrier for the battalions still behind them.

The turbulent river, we could see, thus checked in its speed, had drawn back on itself, swollen with rage, becoming first an eddying mill pond, and then a turbid and ever-widening lake, creeping higher and higher along the cut banks, fingering and gnawing and fighting for an outlet, seemingly mad to be once more on its mad way. From the interstices of that closely massed timber, at the outer base of the log-jam, spurted jets of yellow water, as fierce as the stream from a fireman's hose. And all the while that ever-increasing tangle had wedged and ground and massed into a more and more inextricable bulwark.

We still stood gazing at it, stupidly, wonderingly, helplessly, when Black Malotte, the river foreman, came running up, his frantic face seeming a blush-white above the black-whiskered cheek-bones. He studied the scene for one silent moment, from under his bushy eyebrows. Then he turned about on his men, and with a sudden cyclonic burst of profanity ordered out the teams and cables. Impatient of the delay, he caught up the rope and irons, and carried them out on that perilous causeway with his own hands, leaping from log to log, clambering down through the yellow jets to the very foot of the frowning black dam.

"He's looking for the key-log," explained old Antoine Fiset to me. "There is always a key-log." I did not understand.

"There is always one log, m'sieu, just one, that locks and holds all the others back," the old guide went on. "When that is made loose, or cut in two with an ax, or perhaps torn away with the dynamite, then the jam is broken. See, Malotte has found it—he's putting the irons on it. Now the horses will draw on the cable. Ah, you see, it is no use; the log is locked too tight. He will have to send to the powder-house for dynamite. . . . No, see, he's come in for his ax. . . . He will have to be quick. . . . Stand back, m'sieu, if you please. When the log is cut, see, this will be the nearest rock. He will come this way!"

"Do you mean," I asked, "that he's cutting that log out there with a million tons of wood and water hanging over him?"

"Why not, m'sieu," answered old Antoine, with a shrug. "It must be done. The mills are waiting!"

"But he hasn't one chance in a thousand—"

"The logs must be got down, m'sieu. . . . But wait, and you will see. He will let his ax go when he feels the log giving way. It will snap in two, maybe. He will run, like a cat, m'sieu, along that wall of moving timber, before it breaks away. If he makes the shore, well and good. It is his race. If he goes down with the logs—well, they may get him out if not, it will be the same thing that happened to young Cyprien Latour in the same place, seven years ago. . . . But look, m'sieu. . . . Mon dieu, he's down. . . . No, he's up! He's—"

OLD Antoine's voice was lost in the gathering roar as the great black causeway bridging the river exploded outward into space. The very rock on which we stood shook with the force of that outburst. The figure of a man, water-soaked, panting, bluish-white about the face, leaping through the spray smote the shelf of rock where we had stood a moment before. He rolled over

and over ludicrously, and then sat up on his haunches dazed, with gaping eyes and mouth. He had faced death, and had been flung back to his world again.

But it was less the escape of the cat-footed man than the Vesuvian eruption of power that held me appalled. With that first growl and crash and thunderous roar, pine logs, weighing hundreds of pounds, were sky-rocketed high in the air, here and there, like a handful of chips. Now and then a great log was snapped in two like a match. But nothing could hold back that overtaunted thing of hurry. The black wall, stippled with jetting yellow, burst and rolled and trembled and roared itself loose, sweeping everything before it. A hell of waters boiled and foamed and hurled after it, sucking and tossing and spinning the puny pieces of felled pine down its channel or turbulence, until their ends looked like the bruised and battered faces of great mauls. The lake subsided to a mill pond; the mill pond melted away to a river-bed once more, hurrying fretfully on with its never-ending streams of timber. The jam was broken.

IT was an hour later, in a quiet cove two miles and more below Little Forks, the place of the jam, that old Antoine showed me a great log split from end to end by the force of the water. And as we sat there in the warm, soft sunlight of the early spring afternoon, I asked the guide for the story of how it was that young Cyprien Latour had come to his death in the waters of Titagami.

"It begins with a woman," said old Antoine, with a suavely deprecating shrug of his French shoulders, and although I cannot attempt to recount the story as it was there told to me, with many a quaint twist and turn of the homely Norman-Canadian patois, I shall follow the thread of the tale as closely as I can. "It begins with a woman, m'sieu, as most of them do. She was a French girl—in those days there were all French along the river—and we called her Philomene. She was the happiest girl I ever saw, and had a little smile for everybody, from 'Tite Pierre who tended the geese, to the kind little cure in his old green coat. In those days I always thought Mamzelle Philomene was the prettiest girl on all the river. And so did many dozen other men, who would have made love to her, and married her, had not her mother watched over her like an infant in arms. She was a very hard and ambitious woman, was little Philomene's mother. She would say, m'sieu, 'I have brought this girl up very careful, and she has got to better herself!' And we older ones would say yes, that girl ought to make the best match on the river. For she had brown hair, that she could braid almost down to her knees, and eyes like a young deer, m'sieu, and a cheek like the blossom of the peach-tree. She was a pretty girl, was Philomene!"

"Well, when the time came, when she was eighteen or nineteen years old, her mother settled it that she was to marry Patrice Guerin, who owned the three mills at Michel Pointe. He was a good man, was Patrice, and they say he had always had his eye on little Philomene, from the days when she used to come and play on his rafts. But she was very young when she married. She did not understand, m'sieu. He was old enough to be her father, I think; and in those days she was very light-hearted, and was singing her little *chansons* all the time, and it seemed a funny thing to me, for that sober old man to fall in love with that slip of a girl.

"Now, m'sieu, making love is like log-driving; there is a time to do it, or you should not do it at all. It is in the spring, m'sieu, when everything moves, that you must move your logs. With love, it is the same. And almost everybody on the river said that Philomene would be sorry, some day. When somebody told that to Patrice, he only laughed in his quiet way and said, 'Maybe not.' And when his young wife Philomene heard it, too, she put her arms around Patrice's neck and said, 'We are the happiest people in all the world, aren't we, Patrice?' And Patrice, he said, 'We are.' Then he hurried down to the mills, to make sure that none of the log booms had broken.

"Patrice was a very quiet man. He wondered, I think, if he was too quiet for Philomene. So he used to think how he could make some *plaisurement* for that young wife of his, who got so that she never sang about the house any more. She seemed to grow tired of everything, for no reason at all,

and Patrice began to worry about that. 'When the winter is over, she will be all right,' he used to say. But Philomene got whiter and thinner, and though she always told Patrice that she was very happy and very contented, and that he was too good to her, everybody on the river could see the change. Then, the next winter, she had a little baby come to her; and that made a difference, m'sieu. She was very happy then, all the time, and when the windows were open we could hear her sing to the little one all day long when her husband was away in the north woods or with the drivers along the river.

"Then, m'sieu, the worst thing happened; the little one died with the croup; and after that Philomene grew whiter and thinner than ever, and liked to be alone, and would walk up and down her room, they say, and wring her hands. And when her husband was there with her she would begin to cry, all of a sudden, over nothing at all.

"When spring came, and Patrice had to go to the head of the river with his gang of drivers, to bring the logs down to the mill, he felt bad about Philomene. He thought a long time about what he could do. Then he went to young Cyprien Latour and his sister Emmeline, and he told the boy he would buy him the best horse on the river, and the girl the biggest gold locket in Mon'real, if they would go to his house and keep Philomene from feeling too lonesome and *trieste*, when he was away. Young Cyprien, he laughed about the horse, and said, 'Na, thanks' for that; but he promised to take his old violin to Philomene's house and play, whenever she might want him to make a little music for her. For he and Philomene had been children together, and he, too, had always said she was the prettiest girl on the river.

"Cyprien was a fine young *garcon*, with brown hair that curled, like a woman's, m'sieu, and the jolliest laugh I ever heard. But by and by, after he had gone to make company for Philomene Guerin for a month or two, everybody saw he had changed very much. He got thin and quiet, like Philomene, and everybody on the river shook their heads and looked wise. You know the way, m'sieu. Philomene, I think, she saw that he had changed, too, and one day under the snow-apple tree, when the blossoms were all out, she told him good-bye, without any warning, and said he must not come back again. And Cyprien shook his head, and said he knew it. And he went away, and for five days, m'sieu, he stayed away. Then he went back, and Philomene let him in through the orchard gate, and old Beaupre, who tended the lock below the mill, said he heard her crying as though her heart would break, next to young Cyprien, under the snow-apple tree.

"WELL, when Patrice came down with his first drive Philomene went up to Little Forks to meet him, the same as she had always done. When she found him among all his men, she ran up to him, and she hung on him, and she cried, old Beaupre said, just the way she cried under the snow-apple tree. Patrice, he looked at her, and couldn't make out what she meant. And nobody on the river, m'sieu, cared to tell old Patrice what had happened. Then old Beaupre he said, 'By God, he'd put that business straight.' And he talked to Patrice alone on the runway, and told him, man to man, that he'd better watch out about that young wife of his. Old Beaupre, he told me afterward that Patrice took him by the throat, like a bloodhound, and nearly choked the breath out of him. Then, he told me, he let go, and laughed, very quiet. 'That Philomene of mine,' he said to Beaupre, 'that Philomene of mine is as true as blue steel, and you know it!' And old Beaupre he said yes, he knew that was the truth. But one night when Patrice came back from the mills, they say, he saw Philomene with young Cyprien, under the old snow-apple tree. I think maybe he saw, too, the way Philomene hung on young Cyprien, and how they looked at one another with the eyes—for he went back to the mill, and walked up and down all night long.

"Well, next day he had his mind made up, and he sent for Cyprien. Then he asked him, very quiet, if it would not be the best thing for him to join the gang and help bring down the next drive of logs. 'Maybe it would,' said Cyprien, looking at Philomene. And Philomene she turned away and looked out at the river and said nothing. Then the two men looked at one another again, face to face, and then Cyprien, he said, 'Yes, I will go!'

"So, that, m'sieu, was how Cyprien Latour went back to the river-drivers and helped Patrice bring down the log-drive once more. Everything went well until they got as far as Little Forks; then, m'sieu, just as they did to-day, the logs piled up across the channel, and held back the water, ten,

(Continued on page 19.)

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## VALUE OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL

ONE of the last activities of the Senate before adjournment was to discuss the duties of the Governor-General. His Excellency had failed to arrange to come down to give royal assent to the bills which had been passed, delegating that onerous duty to Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. A discussion ensued in which important members of the Senate complained that this was hardly paying proper respect to the Second Chamber; but Sir Richard Cartwright explained that these abstinences of His Excellency were quite as much for the convenience of the Chamber as for any other reason. He pointed out that, while he did not scruple to tell his "excellent friend," Sir Charles, when he arrived at five o'clock, to "give assent," that he would have to go home, take his uniform off, and then return to Senate again at nine, as the bills were not yet ready for assent, he would have hesitated to have so ordered the Governor-General about. Incidentally the remark was made that "the assent to bills is on the whole the most important part that the Governor-General has to play in Canada."

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I AM afraid that it will occur to the plain citizen that, if this formal ceremony of giving assent to bills is the most important duty which the Governor-General performs in this country, we are paying a big price for a little thing; and that we could quite well get along without it. At best, it is a pleasing and empty ceremony. It would be almost unheard of for His Excellency to refuse his assent. He might, acting, in practice, as the spokesman for the Home Government, withhold assent until he had reported a bill to the Imperial Ministers for consideration. But this is very seldom done; and it might be almost managed very much more cheaply by simply mailing the British Ministry copies of our bills as they are introduced and passed. That would be quicker, cheaper and more business-like. To base the value of the Governor's usefulness on this duty, is to rate it very low. "Royal assent" at Ottawa is, in truth, merely a pretty way of closing a session of Parliament.

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BUT I am most strongly of the opinion that the Governor-General serves much more valuable purposes. He is our last remaining visible link with the Empire. That is worth something in this world where things must commonly be seen to be believed. Then, as Sir Richard Cartwright put it so neatly, he is an Ambassador from the British people to the Canadian people; and this a side of his office which Earl Grey has filled to perfection. He has made it his business to come in contact with all sorts of Canadians; and he ought by this time to have an almost unrivalled knowledge of the various phases of Canadian thought and opinion. He has realized that Canada does not live on Parliament Hill; and he has studied our most widely separated problems at close range. He has even penetrated our white north and learned the worst about our climate. As a volunteer member of the immigration department, he ought to be invaluable when he returns to the Mother Country.

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I HAVE a feeling, however, that, perhaps, the greatest usefulness of a Governor-General is yet to be mentioned. It is not in what he takes from Canada, but in what he brings to Canada. He is commonly an Imperial public man of some considerable experience. He knows the world-wide responsibilities of the Empire, and Canada's relations thereto. He has seen us from the outside. He ought, therefore, to be able to give us some notion of our true position in world politics—a bit of knowledge almost wholly lacking to our people at present. We are in the habit—a habit we probably have borrowed from our neighbours to the South—of looking on Canada as the centre of the universe; and acting on the easy theory that what we don't know, don't matter. We read of wars and international complications occurring in less fortunate and heaven-blessed parts of the earth, much as we read of cyclones and pestilences and famines and other evils from which we do not suffer. By our merits, we are immune. The hand of Providence and our own superior wisdom shields us from all such evils.

\* \* \*

NOW that is exactly the way that a certain Christian gentleman by the name of Paul Kruger once felt. I very well remember a pas-

sionate letter from the gifted Olive Schreiner, written several years before the Boer War, in which she demanded in outraged amazement if it could really be that war—hideous war—was coming to their peaceful, pastoral and religious countryside. Well, it came. Boer homesteads went up in flames. Boer women and children were concentrated in war camps. Boer husbands and fathers were shot dead on the battlefield. The Boer people, in spite of their almost theocratic government, were ridden over by the harrow of war and their independence taken from them. I wonder if Paul Kruger ever reconciled this crushing fact with his theory of life during his long and lonely days of exile in Holland and on the Riviera.

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BUT the thing for us to remember in Canada is that he was wrong. South Africa was not beyond the reach not only of war, but of conquest. Neither is Canada. In fact, we are perilously close to some of the consequences of possible war. We are in the world like other people; and we will become more and more aware of this fact as our wealth increases—adding to the temptation we must always present to powerful peoples—and our interests spread across the seas. Now our Governors-General being men who know the world and see it whole, should regard themselves as missionaries to our people in the matter of their larger responsibilities. I know the task requires tact. All missionaries must be tactful. All missioned people are very sensitive touching the form of unenlightenment which it is the purpose of the missionaries to remove. Still our Governors have usually been tactful. Earl Grey is tact itself. And Earl Grey has let a lot of light on the subject of our real position in the world into sections of mental darkness where it will do the most good. And all missionaries will tell you that no Pagans are so hard to convert as those who have a satisfactory religion of their own.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## That Proud Boast

THE United States seems to be quite proud of Andrew Carnegie because he sold the Carnegie Steel Works to the United States Steel Corporation for \$320,000,000, although a short time before he had given an option on it for \$160,000,000. Last Saturday, Mr. John W. Gates told the story again before a committee of the House of Representatives at Washington. It was certainly a great sale, but there have been sales in Canada on which the profit has been nearly as large proportionately. The Kingston Locomotive Works was turned over to an English syndicate the other day for somewhere about five times what it cost originally. The Montreal Rolling Mills is said to have been turned over recently at three or four times its investment value. Mines in Cobalt and Porcupine worth 10 cents have been sold to the public for \$100,000. Farms around

Toronto worth \$10,000 have been sold for \$300,000. And other instances might be quoted.

The United States is not the only country where factories, mines and real estate have been sold for two or three times what they were worth. The United States need not be quite so proud of Carnegie; they are Carnegies in Canada, even if the transactions do not run to quite so many noughts.

## The Warm Weather

MAY, 1911, has been the warmest, dryest May the North American continent has known for many years. If this is an indication of what will prevail in July and August, the harvest will not fulfil early predictions. Nothing can stop Canada except a series of bad harvests, hence every wise business man is hoping that this warm spell will soon be broken.

## Profitable Ten Dollar Bet

AT the Woodbine, Toronto, last week, a man who bet \$2 on a race, sometimes got back \$2.40, sometimes \$2.60, and he was lucky when he got \$3. The profits were exceedingly small, because the public seemed to bet on favourites only, and the favourites usually won. Under these circumstances the "machines" hadn't much profit to distribute. The value of these "machines," however, as compared with "bookies," which will operate on the other Canadian race-courses, was well illustrated by the first race on Saturday. A Toronto man by the name of McSweeny, had a horse named Carillon in that race, but nobody bet on him. He was considered to have no chance. However, his owner being a good sport bought a ten-dollar ticket to show his faith. Only one or two tickets "to win" were sold. When the race was over, Carillon was declared the winner. The man with the ten-dollar ticket marched up to the paying teller in almost solitary grandeur, thousands of people looking on, and drew out \$1,136. No wonder the crowd cheered him as he stuffed the wad of bills into his various pockets. So much for the honesty of the pari-mutuel machines.

## Coronation Humour

IN a more pronounced sense than usual old London is, these days, the centre of the world. And certainly in the huge English-speaking part of the world no event is causing anything like the great interest that the coronation is arousing.

The papers, of course, are full of coronation talk and coronation pictures. They are taking the matter seriously, but not too seriously, as is indicated by such comments as the following:

London is beginning to wear quite a coronation aspect, and visitors seem unanimously of opinion that they have never seen a finer show of scaffolding in any city.—*The Bystander*.

We understand that, though scaffolding and seats are being erected in Parliament Square for the purposes of the coronation procession, provision is being made, no doubt at the instance of Our Dumb Friends' League, to enable all the statues there to have a good view of the pageant.—*Punch*.



Group of young Canadian-born sailors from H.M.C.S. "Rainbow," with their instructor, who left Esquimalt recently for London. At Halifax they were joined by a similar squad from H.M.C.S. "Niobe."

Photograph by Smallwood.



On the left Zina Huntington one of the wives of Brigham Young. On the right Zina Young Card, wife of the founder of Cardston, Alta. In the centre Zina Card, now Mrs. Brown of Cardston.

waiting boys carried around to elders, choir and congregation, all sitting. The second man, a recent convert from the Presbyterian faith, said a like prayer over the water, which again the boys took around, and which was received also, all sitting. Wine is never used in the Mormon communion. The Presbyterian convert was not taken as seriously as he might have been by the Gentile world, they averring that he had belonged to six sects in five years. The Bishop calls on anyone to speak on a subject he (the Bishop) suggests. This was Mothers' Day, and here in Cardston the carnation was being worn. The subject was one made to their hands. Each in turn expressed his surprise at being called on, his sense of unfitness, his hope that words would be given him, and then went on to speak very well indeed. A rather smug frankness characterized one speaker, an oratorical boldness another. Speaking of mothers, Mary was "a superior woman, a very superior woman," and brought our Lord up properly. "Our chiefest saint" they called Him. A visitor noticed the same faces before him as at his last visit, and hoped the truth of the church was not being doubted. And lastly, a sweet-faced sister was called to the platform and spoke simply and sincerely of the privilege of motherhood. The mode of address is always Sister A. or Brother B. Even I was "Sister" in Magrath. And one day, in a Mormon home, I heard a young shrimp of seven, new down from the school above, say to a white-bearded saint of seventy, "Brother H., may I have a drink?" And his wife addressed him, too, as "Brother H—."

In the evening, Mayor Hanmer, formerly Bishop



BISHOP AND MRS. HANMER  
Not Bishop now but Mayor, also one of the Pioneers

until he resigned owing to prolonged absence, was good enough to come in for a talk. It was the story of the early days I wanted. Why did they come? They had sons growing up, he said, for whom they wanted land. It was back in the late eighties when feeling in the United States ran high against Mormons and they were being persecuted. Also throwing out more and more colonies had always been the policy of their church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—they prefer the full title in Cardston, rather resenting the name "Mormon." In Magrath and Raymond they just called themselves "Mormon" without any fuss. Charles Ora Card was the founder of the settlement. He had had all his plans made to go to Mexico, but, at the command of the Church, he turned northward. In '86 he and two companions rode through Helena, by Kamloops and Calgary, and down over the Alberta plains spying out the land. On his report, in '87, a small party set out from the sage brush valleys in the heart of the Rocky Mountains for a sunny plain and freedom as they counted freedom, a party of ten men, six women and twenty-five children, Cards and Hammers and Wolfs among them, who are in Cardston even unto this day. They had twelve wagons and about forty horses, including saddle horses, they herded sixty milk cows, had crops of poultry on the backs of the covered wagons, and carried a stove for the stormy days when no camp fire could be made. Through Idaho they trekked, crossed the mountains at Helena, came down the old trail to Sun River, through Choteau, across the South Piegan Reserve, across the international boundary line and soon to Lee's Creek, where Cardston now stands, named after the head of the column, Charles Ora Card. There were storms and mud-holes and bad roads, swollen streams to cross, Indians to en-

# MORMONISM A NATIONAL MENACE?

A Series of Articles by a Special Correspondent

By NAN MOULTON

CALGARY phoned jubilantly that it was raining dollars. In Lethbridge men stamped what mud they might from clogged boots and praised Allah in the name of the crops.

And on the little shabby train that swayed down into Southern Alberta, shaggy bearded men and husky brown youths felicitated each the other on the excess of weather and the probability of a heavy snow. Behind me a long, lean, slow-spoken old Yankee and a patriarchal friend exchanged gasps of wonder at the growth of Lethbridge and the other towns of that wide, wet plain. Then the new note was struck. "Yer two sons," drawled the long man, "I hear, air goin' on missions soon."

"Yes," the patriarch admitted, "one is on his way to Australia, and the other is getting ready for the Samoan Islands."

"Wall!" drawled again the Yankee. "Wall! it will be costin' considerable to keep them there."

"Yes," again admitted the bearded one, "as much as twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, a room to live in, and printing, you see."

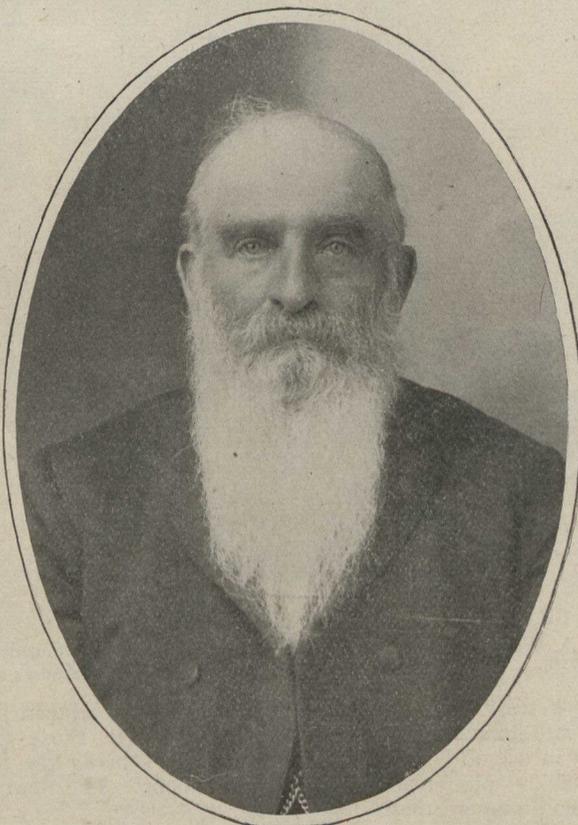
"Waal—he spaced his words so—"Waal, I don't know nothin' better fer a young man to do then teach and lift up his fellow-men."

And they both looked out awhile over the May-green world in silence, while the unattached wind-dow-blinds beat violently against the frames and smothered later a second note of what I was seeking, when Apostle Cowley and Frank Cannon were the subject of discussion, but I gathered that Cowley in the last Deseret evening *News* had refuted certain statements of Cannon's in *Everybody's* for May. "He kep' a diary, and his diary shows he was somewhar else them dates Cannon says they talked. A smart man, Cowley! And I was in Mormon Canada. Across the flat a frantic wind blew up, no tree nor brush nor shrub broke its fury, just last year's tumble-weeds hopped along impishly before its compellingness, or clung a little darkly (it is hard to make them very dark) to the fence-posts, the irrigation ditches ribboning the settling green were lashed into real foam above their muddy mahogany and snow stung the unlucky passengers who, from the little line-stations, were driving out to ranch or hamlet, but "Let 'er come!" was all they said. 'Twas the promise of a good year.

When I asked the good-looking boy in charge of the hotel at Cardston where to find a stationer, he came to show me, and rather took my breath away by stating casually that he had just come back from a mission in New Zealand and the Hawaain Islands. I was to learn more of missions later. In the meantime the hotels were run by Mormon proprietors and the town was "dry," as were all the Mormon towns and the whole Mormon district, this being the only part of Alberta to take advantage of the local option clause in the Liquor License Act. But Cardston had not, alas, been legislated into perfection. "Blind pigs" flourish exceedingly, greatly to the grief of the Mormon elders and ecclesiastics, for to the orthodox Mormon obsteniousness is a shining cardinal virtue. But

the young "Jack-Mormons" kick over the traces sometimes. A "Jack-Mormon" is one not in good standing, either by reason of not paying his tithes or not conforming to the observances of Zion. While I was in Cardston an interesting case was in progress in the Lethbridge courts. Constable Low, of Cardston, a Mormon, had 'rested' certain of these "blind pigs." The guilty insisted that the constable had been bribed to let them alone. He was now suing for libel.

A long board meeting-house, sprawled with queer additions up the hill. And farther up the bench a long brick tabernacle is in course of erection. It has been in course of erection for a few years, but the years have not been so prosperous that work could be hastened. There are rainy-day Mormons as well as rainy-day Christians. Up at the afternoon meeting—the real service of the day—was gathered a small congregation, the women bare-headed. On the platform sat the Bishop and his elders, and behind them the choir. In front, on the floor's level, two men sat stiffly behind a table covered by a white cloth, while to the left stood a row of shocky boys in waiting. The opening hymn and prayer over, and the cloth lifted, one of the men behind the table raised a horny hand and voiced a bit of prayer over the bread which the



CHARLES ORA CARD  
"Head of the Column" and Founder of Cardston, Alta.

counter. Aunt Rhoda Hinman afterwards drove alone with her family, herding her cattle, that long, dreary way. Mrs. Hanmer added to her husband's story later and Mrs. Woolf and Stirling Williams, a son of Mrs. Card by a former husband, all of them being on that first long trail. The women drove the wagons.

When I expressed admiration at some of Mrs. Hanmer's feats of horsemanship, she said with sparkling eyes, "I wish it did not rain. I'd love to show you now." A deep-breasted, motherly woman, Mrs. Hanmer, of whom tales of kindnesses are legion. The wife of an officer of the Mounted Police in Cardston died suddenly, leaving small children. Mrs. Hanmer took the baby into her home and heart, and was unconsolable when the time came that he was to be sent to his people in Winnipeg. She came up with the baby herself. He is a fine boy now, as the photos she receives at intervals testify. But her eyes fill as she looks at his bright beauty.

But I'm getting away from the story of the trek. You see, by this time, the Bishop-Mayor had taken me to his home and the story was coming in pieces between woman-talk and showing of photos. There was a pretty daughter of about seventeen there, Alta her name, after the well-known province. Alta went down to a school in Utah (U-taw they all say) a few years ago, and on the Fourth of July, aggravated by a fervid observance not shown before in her life, marched around all day with a defiant Union Jack in her buttonhole.

But the trek! Bedding and provisions were in the wagons. Nine weeks they were on the way, arriving early in June. I think it was one of the little Woolfs, who, when they came to the edge of the plateau that climbs back from the creek-bed, and looked down at the few tents clustered amid the grasses by the stream, turned to his mother with wide, wondering eyes.

"Mother, is this home?" he asked.

"Yes, my son," she said, with smiling relief, "this is home."

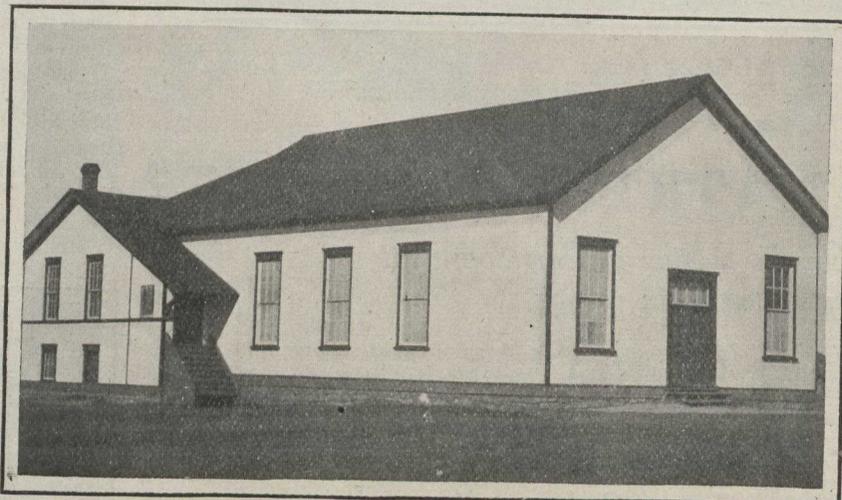
The little lips quivered.

"But where are our houses?" he quavered, with the instinct of the child for the known, and burst into violent sobbing.

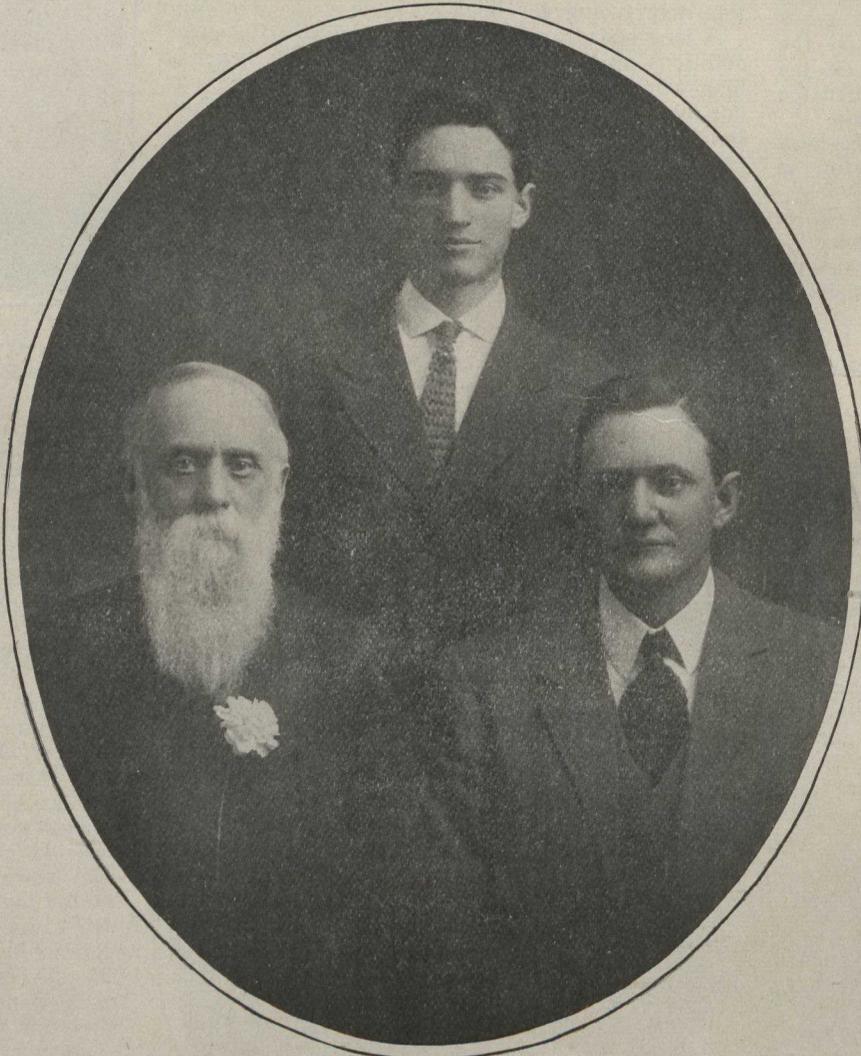
There were no other sobs just then, though. They were young people, mostly, and had enjoyed the camping and the thrill of new experiences. Once, crossing little Boulder Range, a heavy rain had come on, but the party climbed and climbed until the rain changed to snow and the animals were done up, and a small grass plot was seen cleared below pine trees. The Mormons pitched camp and built a huge camp-fire, on the other side of which were encamped a railway construction gang. And until two in the morning, by turn floated through the solemn pines the songs of Zion and the bass joy of strong men while the sojourners dried their clothes in the warmth and existence grew cosy and peaceful even in a world of storm and stress. The pilgrims arriving at Lee's Creek passed the garden of Mr. E. N. Barker and his partner, in which was a healthy aggregation of young vegetables. Besides three members of the N. W. M. P. on the next section, these two were the only white men in Southern Alberta, and theirs the only garden, a successful experiment. It was an inspiration to the Mormon pilgrims. They hurried on, and, in a few days, Mr. Barker, riding to the creek, was amazed to find what is now the front street of Cardston all ploughed up. Mr. Barker is now Secretary of the Board of Trade in Cardston, and grows eloquent over Alberta Red and the native grasses. He is a newspaper man, too, and a judge at dog shows and poultry shows, and the local J. P.



Mormon Meeting House, Cardston.



Mormon Assembly Hall, Magrath.



#### FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO EDMONTON

Patriarch John A. Woolf, one of the first company of Mormons to come to Canada. His son, John William Woolf, M.P.P., of the Alberta Legislature, and the latter's son.

But I'm not getting my pilgrims settled at all. All summer they lived in tents or slept in wagon-boxes. The ground was quickly ploughed with little old hand-ploughs they had brought along, and wheat, oats and potatoes planted. The frost got the wheat, but the oats ripened and "the gardens were fine." One woman told

me she worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-four those first years, milking cows being the heaviest end of the labour. The flour the women could get was not very satisfactory, so light in quality a whole loaf was as nothing to a hungry man. For five years there was fortunately no illness among them. Two wee babies in all

that time had died and towards the last a distant rancher had died of pneumonia. When babies came the women helped each other, and that was all.

A lovely September followed a wet summer and the men got busy building houses. The logs were hauled from the mountains, four days away. The logs were chinked, the roofs were of turf and the floors dirt. Later the men drove into Lethbridge for lumber for the floors and nails and glass for windows. Lethbridge was then "a little bit of a board town with one hotel, a few stores and a saloon or two." Mrs. Hanmer's joy over having a truly floor to scrub was the most delicious touch. She has a big house now with many rooms and a piano, for they have greatly prospered, but the delight of that first floor to scrub has never been dimmed. The logs did for fence-posts, too.

At first the land had not been surveyed, but Mr. J. S. Dennis performed that office for them in '88. In the reports of the Department of the Interior for that year is found his report of this colony, commending their industry, sounding a solemn note of warning against the immigration of people of their peculiar faith, and suggesting that "some decisive action be taken in the beginning to prevent the growth in this new country of a power that beginning just in such a small way in the United States has for years set the law at defiance." Whether or not this warning was heeded is not in the blue books. But, some time in '88, C. O. Cord, F. M. Lyman, and John W. Taylor went down to Ottawa for a conference with Sir John A. Macdonald and his cabinet. (This same John W. Taylor has been excommunicated during the past few days "for not living in harmony with the teachings of the church.") They laid their case before these rulers for the people, their presentation, their trek, their desires. But Sir John shook his head at one request. They might come themselves, but only one wife could be brought, and as many children as they desired. They must live under the Canadian law or not come. They would be good, they promised. And they stayed. There was no one in Southern Alberta to object, the powers were glad to have anyone to open up what was then thought semi-arid plains, it was a preposterous and weird religion, but nothing sinister, surely.

What Bishop Hanmer told of their belief in plural marriage, their amazing system of church government, their growth, their homes, their ambitions to-day must wait for later numbers.

"They are not nice to your people in England, now," I mentioned to the Hanmers.

"No," Mrs. Hanmer said, with a sad little smile, "but we're used to that. We just ask God to forgive them, they know not what they do, and then we go right on."

"But is it one of yourselves who is writing against you in the American magazines," I reminded them.

"Frank Cannon," they said, and here was the first touch of bitterness: "he is a bad man, an immoral man, a disappointed politician, excommunicated from the church years ago; you know when friends turn against you, they are worse than enemies."

"Set a saint to catch a saint," I thought.

And then we got back again to early days and I left these kind, simple, sincere Hanmers with the dreamy smile of far-off memories in their eyes, the lined, bronzed face of the little Mayor and the motherly face of his wife full of faith in a doctrine that to a Gentile mind is a mad melange.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE  
EDITOR



## Keir Hardie's Dream

**K**EIR HARDIE estimates that if Britain's current expenditure of \$375,000,000 on its army and navy were divided up among the people, it would increase the wages of every man, woman and child in Great Britain by one dollar a week. But would it? And if it did, would it be wise?

If women were to stop wearing fancy hats and dresses, go bareheaded and wear plain Puritan frocks, the annual saving would be nearly as much. But would that saving go to the working people in increased wages?

If the sale of automobiles, except for business use were stopped, the amount of money available would be tremendous. Kill that industry in Great Britain, and would the wages of every worker go up?

The temperance reformers point to the liquor bills and the vast sums spent annually on beer and spirits. They argue that if this expenditure were stopped by a prohibition of liquor selling, the worker would get a higher wage. Yet wages go up steadily while the amount spent on liquor increases. And again, in prohibition districts, wages are no higher than in license districts.

The truth is that the rate of wages is determined by factors other than that which Mr. Keir Hardie emphasises. Our extravagances are paid for out of surplus earnings. Abolish the army and the navy and those surplus earnings would go into some other form of extravagance. Wages depend mainly on the demand and supply of labourers, and are affected neither favourably nor adversely by regular expenditures on the part of Governments.

War should cease. International arbitration and universal peace are supremely desirable. But when these reforms are gained, poverty and the living wage will still be problems of prime importance and grave difficulty.

## The Other Side of the Shield

**C**URIOSLY enough, just as Keir Hardie makes his plea for the cutting down of Britain's war expenditure, Mr. Andrew Miller makes a plea for the restoration of betting on horse-races in New York State. He claims that the business welfare of the city of New York has been injured by the abolition of race-track betting. The great racing stables have been transported to Europe, and with them have gone many "fat purses" belonging to people who spend their money freely. The hotels, shops, merchants, railroads and others who supplied food, transportation and clothing for all the people connected with horse-racing have suffered greatly. Visitors from all over America once came to New York to spend their surplus earnings; now they go to England or the continent. Furthermore, it has crippled the business of raising thoroughbreds all over the United States.

Keir Hardie is at the one extreme; Andrew Miller is at the other. Both Keir Hardie and Mr. Miller forget that if people with money to spend foolishly are denied one method they will seek another. The people who formerly spent their surplus in New York in one way are now spending it in New York in another way. If not in New York, then they are spending it in other places where it will probably do more good.

Education alone will prevent people spending their money foolishly and unwisely. A fool and his money are soon parted is as true to-day as it was in Solomon's time. Sane ideas imbedded in the minds of the people will alone prevent extravagance. Broad knowledge of labour conditions alone will enable the working people to get higher wages.

## Mining Stock Values

**D**URING the month of May, twenty-two Canadian mining stocks declined in value and ten increased. Neither the declines nor the increases were notably large, but the undoubted tendency was downward. During the same period, seventeen of twenty-four United States industrial stocks showed an increase in value, practically every American railway stock increased in price, while

a large portion of the regularly listed Canadian stocks were also up. It is thus emphasized that only the fools are placing buying orders on the Canadian mining exchanges.

This is not to say that there is no silver in Cobalt and no gold in Porcupine. The ore is there, but it is more profitable to sell mining stock to a gullible people than to dig silver and gold out of the bowels of the earth.

## President Diaz and Gratitude

**P**RESIDENT DIAZ would probably be able to write an interesting essay on the advantages of a monarch ruling by right of succession over a president ruling by right of election. Had he been a king, people would have waited somewhat impatiently but gravely until death removed him from the scene of action. Because he was a president, he must flee in the night, and become an exile from his native land. Kingdoms have at least one advantage over republics—they show both respect and gratitude towards those who rule over them.

Although supreme ruler of Mexico for over thirty years, and although the greatest man of his



MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL

Champion of Canada and the United States, who recently won the championship of Great Britain for the second time. She may be reasonably styled champion woman golfer of the world. About two years ago she came to Canada to reside, and now lives in Hamilton.

age in that Republic, President Diaz is driven out in disgrace. That he accomplished much for his country, that he brought order out of disorder, that he established good government and commercial prosperity, none will deny. He had his faults, and the people chose not to overlook them. They forgot what of good he had accomplished, and thought only of the minor evils of his later dictatorship. It is a sad drama, and much sympathy goes out to the eighty-year-old patriot who reaped not the greatest harvest of his sowing.

There are lessons in it for both ruler and ruled in this and other countries. Monarchies are better than republics under modern conditions, because the elected rulers of the country are not raised to such a high eminence that they may not retire gracefully. A cabinet minister, even a great premier, under a monarchy, may retire to public life without losing prestige or reputation. For the president of a republic, the task is much more difficult.

## Nova Scotia Elections

**N**OVA SCOTIA is to have a general election this month. The Liberals of that province have been in power for twenty-nine years, under Mr. Fielding and Premier Murray. In the expiring Legislature they hold 33 of the 38 seats. That they will lose in the present election is not to be expected, though the Conservatives should come back stronger than they have been for ten years.

There are rumours that after the election Premier

Murray will retire. His health is not good, and he has a laudable ambition to give way to a younger colleague. His successor will probably be Hon. A. K. McLean, the present attorney-general, although there are rumours that Mr. McLean also desires to return to private law practice. It is hardly likely, however, that his party will allow him to do this if it can be avoided. He is a strong debater, good organizer, and a persistent political fighter.

It does seem a pity that Nova Scotia should suffer, as other provinces have suffered, from having one party in power so long. More frequent changes in the political administration would be good for that province, for the other provinces, and also for the Dominion. But the people will otherwise.

## Led by Their Women

**A** MOST insidious attack has been made on Canadian judges and lawyers by a prominent divine. In a sermon delivered last Sunday, he declared that these men went to the horse-races because they were taken there by their women. This is a fearful charge. It first implies that the judges and the lawyers are married to or are the fathers of (others cannot possibly be included) some very wicked women. Secondly, it implies that these prominent chief justices, justices, and famous K.C.'s have not sufficient back-bone to prevent their being led around by their women, even to places where danger lurks. Surely, something will happen to Rey. Mr. Pedley if he is ever a prisoner at the bar or a plaintiff in a law suit. It will be cold justice for him, I am afraid.

If horse-races and such pleasures are wicked, why not abolish all pleasures except that of criticising and denouncing our fellow-men?

## Will the Canadian Farmer Benefit

**A**CCORDING to figures published in the *Canadian Farm*, the United States sells to Canada meat and dairy products which average over three millions annually. Pickled pork and lard are the largest items in this, and dairy products are the smallest.

On the other hand, Canada's sale of meat and dairy products to the United States average only a quarter of a million annually, taking the figures for the five years, 1905-1910. Thus the United States sells to Canada more than six times as much of this sort of produce as Canada sells to the United States.

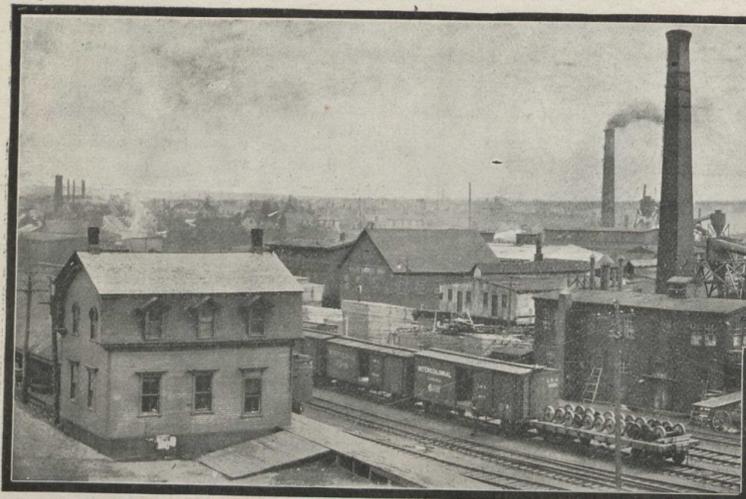
There are two ways of looking at this. One conclusion would be that under reciprocity, this country would be deluged with United States pork and lard. Another equally sane conclusion would be, that as the United States' duties are reduced more than the Canadian, it is probable that Canada will gain most under the proposed rearrangement. Heretofore the duties have not been a serious obstacle to United States sales, and these might not greatly increase. On the other hand, Canadian sales have been small, because of a high tariff against them, and, therefore, the Canadian producer of meat, pork, lard, butter and eggs would gain greatly. Each reader must reason it out for himself and decide which conclusion he will adopt.

## Lloyd George and His Scheme

**L**LOYD GEORGE'S insurance scheme is getting its knocks. The insurance companies and fraternal societies are up in arms against it, and it directly affects their prosperity. Why should a man have private insurance or fraternal benefits, when the State undertakes to look after him for a penny a week, and to provide him with a doctor for six shillings a year? Besides one-half of the cost comes out of the employer.

If Lloyd George can drive this fool scheme through the British House of Commons, then the moral and economic predominance of that body will cease to be the wonder and admiration of the world. Not that his scheme is wholly bad, but mainly because it is ill-timed. Great Britain has not yet had time to find out the effect of old-age pensions, nor the time to thoroughly work out the other recent social legislation. To plunge the nation into a huge insurance scheme at this time, when there are educational and legislative reforms of long standing awaiting consideration does not seem to be a work of wisdom.

No one may doubt this man's ability, nor the spirit which animates his activity. He is a tremendous reformer—a Tolstoi who found himself in power because he makes clever, demagogic speeches. He is trying to use that power for the good of his fellows—his fellow wage-earners. But he should have patience.



# AMHERST—ANCIENT BUT MODERN

## An Aggressive Manufacturing Centre in the Maritime Provinces

By D. CIXON



A Panoramic View of Amherst with the plants of Rhodes Curry Company and the Canada Car & Foundry Company in the foreground. Hewson's Woollen Mills and other factories are also shown.

In the background, beyond the Marshes, Chignecto Bay lies like a ribbon of silver. The Intercolonial Railway in the immediate foreground divides Busy Amherst into two sections.

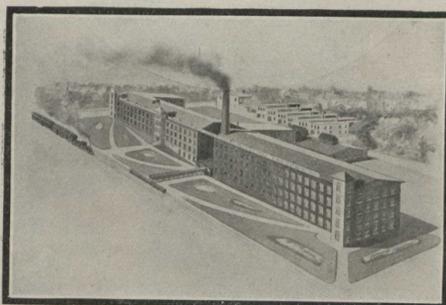
An isthmus is a narrow neck of land connecting two large bodies of land. Do you remember how you used to confuse this geographical fact with that other no less important truth that a strait is a narrow passage of water connecting two larger bodies of water? Nature made an isthmus, connecting New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but she didn't think much of her work, and by the aid of the sea tried to convert it into a strait with more or less success. The Acadians, who were there as elsewhere in the Maritime Provinces, first-class Indian fighters, made contest with the sea and drove it back by means of dykes—not the dykes of Holland, where the little boy held back the sea with his finger—but ordinary breastworks built, one cannot say how, strong enough, however, to have withstood the seas ceaseless attacks these two hundred years. The Acadians are there no longer, but when one wants a dyke repaired a French-Canadian is called upon to do the work.

The busy manufacturing town of Amherst is built on the Nova Scotia portion of this neck of land connecting the two provinces. The waters that a strait would connect are the Bay of Fundy and the Northumberland Strait. An English syndicate endeavored to connect these two waterways by means of a ship railway and sunk several millions in the project. Ships find the all-water-way good enough for them yet. It is claimed that the then Dominion Government did not fulfil their part of the contract, and an appeal is being made to the present authorities to aid the trustees of the syndicate to convert the ship railway project into a regular steam road with trolley line extensions to Amherst, Nova Scotia and Sackville, N.B., and other towns and summer resorts along Northumberland Strait, the intention being to erect docks at either end of the steam railway, with the view of getting the agricultural products of Prince Edward Island to a profitable New England market. A town fast becomes a city once it is able to present a company with a street railway franchise.

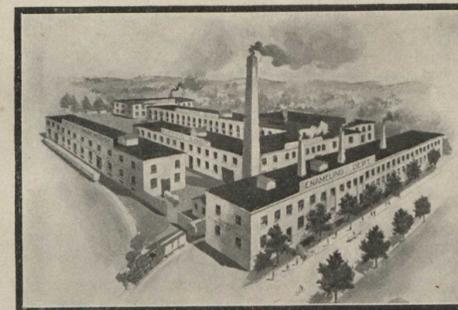
Amherst is not a real city; in fact its only a short time since it was in the village class. You've heard of it, of course—have heard of it since there was an Amherst. It's one of those exceptional places which advertise themselves by the men they produce. Sir Charles Tupper, on the one hand, and Fred. Cameron, the marathoner, on the other, both first saw the light of day in Amherst. Sir Chas. Townsend, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and C. C. Chipman, chief commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Co., were born there. Col. Bigney, President Taft's right-hand man in Massachusetts, is a native of Amherst. W. Max Aiken, the youthful financier, and member of the British House of Commons, made his first money as an insurance agent in Amherst. D. W. Robb, of South Framingham, Mass., was born in Amherst, and made his engines famous in two countries. C. J. Silliker, who established the car works at Halifax, is also an Amherstonian. Nathaniel Curry, head of the Canada Car and Foundry Co., at Montreal, is also a product of the town. President Cutten, of Acadia University, was, and is, one of the boys. H. C. McLeod, formerly general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, claims Amherst as his birth-place. These are only a few of the men who have



Main Street, Amherst, N.S., during Old Home Week. Nearly one hundred automobiles took part. Every man of prominence was in line.



The products of the Hewson Woollen Mills—tweeds and knitted goods—are sold throughout the Dominion.



One of the three enamel bath plants of which Canada can boast is an Amherst institution.



The largest shoe factory in the Maritime Provinces is at Amherst—the Amherst Boot & Shoe Company



A casket and trunk factory of unusual proportions



One of the large stationary-engine plants in Canada has helped to make Amherst's reputation. Robb engines are sold all over the world

Each put forth his qualifications as a leader of men—blew his own horn. Thus was the beginning of modern politics, and now they are agitating for government by commission. It was the cow's horn, or was it a ram's horn, that started all the trouble—street pianos, German bands, bands of hope that there would be no more bands—all attributable to that one little experiment of primitive man. Such was the case in Amherst—if a man wasn't a bandsman he was a politician, or both. They had a good band twenty-five years ago, and some of the then members are among those mentioned in a preceding paragraph. Time broke up this organization, and it remained for a blind man, William Casey, to reorganize it. The story of William Casey is one by itself—a page of romance stitched into the book of reality. But of that again.

King Edward's Coronation was the occasion of the re-assembling of the old band—soft-lipped and stiff-fingered many of them—but a bandsman or a politician never forgets how to blow. The result was rather good. But it was not until an Old Home Week was proposed that the reorganization found itself. Now, Old Home Week last year was one grand revelry by night and day—six or seven of each. The far-faring Amherstonians came back

from all corners of the earth. The home-staying ones welcomed them—the tailor shops never had such a demand for quart-sized hip-pockets. The centre illustration gives one an idea of a street parade they gave. One had to be there to appreciate all they did. One notable feature was a mysterious midnight assemblage of the men of affairs, and when the procession rounded the corner old men and young, professional and business men were outwardly arrayed as if for the *chambre a coucher*.

The Pilgrims, sixty strong, twenty of them comedians, did much to make the week memorable. Principal Cutten, of Acadia University, was a gorgeous drum major, followed by the most prominent men of an ex-Amherst. Though the Pilgrims did their part nobly, the committee in charge of the demonstration were faced by a deficit. Here was work for the Pilgrims—not alone had they to wipe this out, but their instruments had to be paid for. That *esprit de corps*, that has made Busy Amherst, arose to the occasion. The means they took to painlessly extract the money from a willing public was a mock court, with a breach of promise case, conducted by the leading lawyers of the town, and a King's counselor as presiding judge. The trial lasted three nights—the result augmented by receipts from a bazar, and a monster circus in the Winter Fair Building, and a masquerade ball, cleaned the slate and gave them a handsome surplus.

The surplus was the beginning of a permanency to this body of enthusiasts. Having done something worth while, and having a musical organization of nearly sixty excellent musicians, they set about increasing the surplus to \$20,000, as an endowment fund for the hospital.

Busy or industrial Amherst has among other things one of the three enamel bath factories of Canada, in the Amherst Foundry Co. From a little planing mill of twenty-five years ago, has developed the Rhodes, Curry Co., and the Canada Car and Foundry Co. Likewise, Christie Bros. little mill has grown into a big casket and trunk factory. The Robb-Engineering Co. developed from a small stove foundry, until to-day the Robb-Armstrong engines are world famed. The Hewson Woollen Mills, famous for their Canadian tweeds, knitted goods and worsteds, erected their immense plant in Amherst a few years ago. The Amherst Boot and Shoe Co. are the largest shoe manufacturers in the Maritime Provinces. There are cap factories, worsted mills, flour mills, aerated water works, and, as one wag said, that a naked man could be clothed from head to foot by Amherst manufacturers, and he could have an Amherst trunk or an Amherst coffin on his choice of trips. The Maritime Coal, Railway and Power Co., developing electric power at the mouth of the mine, offer very cheap light and power, and the town is one of the best illuminated in the East.

It will not be long until the other two trans-continental railroads will be serving Amherst, giving it a commanding position as a manufacturing and distributing centre. Coal is abundant within twelve miles. Gypsum is a stable product of a neighboring district. Amherst brown sandstone has gone into some of Canada's finest buildings. It is a town most generously situated, and being the geographical centre of the three Provinces, has become their common meeting place.



## A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



### The Travels of Sam

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

Chapter VII.—Naples.

**A**LAS! Naples is fair without and foul within, for when we had landed we found it to be the noisiest and most densely-populated city in the world and the streets through which we



Boys Eating Macaroni

passed swarmed with dirty crippled people who seemed more like beasts than human beings. We were followed by professional beggars exhibiting their hideous deformities, or holding out their palms and crying, "Macaroni!" or "Morta di fama!" (dying of hunger). It was hard to keep our purses shut, but we knew that not to do so would only make them crowd about us in greater numbers. Isn't it terrible to think that parents will mutilate their children in order that they may make a living as beggars? We bought some macaroni from a street vendor, just for the fun of seeing two little urchins gobble up the long, slippery tubes, and they made quick work of it, I can tell you. Sam has an idea about macaroni that we put into verse. I wonder if you will agree with him when you read it.

At another stall, a man was boiling an octopus, while several hungry-eyed workmen waited to purchase a morsel for their luncheon. It was slimy, shapeless and red, with its eight arms sprawling aimlessly about, a more unattractive looking dish one could hardly imagine! When I saw some later in their living brown state, at the Aquarium, amongst all the beautiful and curious fish that dwell in the Mediterranean, their appearance disgusted me still more.

Boys were calling onions for sale, hats, and various articles of food and clothing; in fact people dwelling in that squalid quarter could satisfy their simple wants without leaving it, though why they should want to stay there is more than I can say, for scarcely a mile away is the most beautiful country imaginable. Many of the streets are very narrow and steep, and some are built in the form of stairways. Looking at them from the wide avenues they present a picturesque appearance, with their rows of ragged clothing strung across to dry between the windows, and the flower-girls, with baskets spilling over with color, sitting on the steps ready to dart out when they see a likely customer.

We bought a bunch of daffodils from a little maid with wide, wistful eyes, and a pathetic droop to the corners of her mouth, but her face brightened wonderfully when we talked to her. Were we Americans? she asked, and did we know her brother in New York? He was a domestic to a rich gentleman on 42nd Street, and made much money; soon he was going to send for her and then she, too, would go to America.

The shops of Naples are very fascinating, containing great bargains in gloves, coral, tortoise-shell and cameos, and one is often tempted by a charming and persuasive salesman, to buy some perfectly useless article. When we saw the lovely gardens and beautiful residential section, our good opinion of Naples returned, especially when we drove up the hill behind the town and looked down upon the city. Some of the houses of the wealthy had roof gardens, and distance lent enchantment to the narrow streets, with their strings of clothing, like colours in a paint-box. But best of all was the view of Vesuvius rising majestically from the beautiful blue sea. That sight alone compensated for all the dirt and squalor of the city below. The surrounding country and distant islands tempted us to explore them, but our time was all too short, so we reluctantly sailed for Sicily.

### Macaroni

*Yankee Doodle came to town,  
A-riding on his pony,  
He stuck a feather in his cap  
And called out "Macaroni!"*

**N**OW just sit down and think of it,  
For I will tell you frankly,  
He must have come from Italy,  
He never was a Yankee.

Each lad in Naples loves to wear  
A soft hat with a feather,  
While Macaroni they love more  
Than all foods put together.

And even in the open street  
I've often seen it cooking,  
While round the stall with hungry eyes  
Are longing children looking.

And when the ancient beggars crook  
Their fingers, long and bony,  
When they would ask for charity  
They call out, "Macaroni!"

Instead of Yankee Doodle,  
I am sure that it was Tony  
Who stuck a feather in his cap  
And called out, "Macaroni!"

### King George's Pages

**T**HOUSANDS of people from all over the world are preparing to visit London at the time of the coronation of King George. Many of these will not be able to see the parade to advantage, so great will be the crowd, and only a chosen few will have seats in Westminster Abbey, where they can view the actual ceremonies. When invitations are coveted by so many prominent people, it would be natural to suppose that children would be excluded, but this is not the case, for King George and Queen Mary want to have their young friends as well as their older ones, with them on that day.

King George has chosen seven pages who are to bear his train and attend him at the coronation. Lord Hartington, Lord Cranborne, Lord Romilly, George Knollys, Anthony Lowther, who in time will become Lord Lonsdale, Victor Harbord, grandson of Lord Suffield, and Walter Campbell, son of Sir Walter Campbell. The last two have been court pages for some time. They are all handsome, well-grown boys from 12 to 14.

Lord Hartington is the son of the Duke of Devonshire, and is the most important young person of the group. He is a picturesque lad with thick, dark hair, olive skin and dark eyes, and will wear his court costume of velvet coat with ruffles and jabot of rich lace, velvet knee breeches and silk stockings, patent leather slippers with buckles and three-cornered hat carried under the arm with all the ease possessed by his ancestors in the time when this sort of garb was the order of the day.

Lord Cranborne is the elder son of Lord and Lady Salisbury. He is a rosy-cheeked Eton boy. Lord Romilly is one of the few peers who are minors. He inherited the title when he was little more than a baby. His father and mother both died ten or eleven years ago. He and Lord Hartington are great friends of the younger Princes and Princess Mary.

Anthony Lowther is the son of Lancelot Lowther, a personal friend of King George and Queen Mary, while George Knollys, son of Lord Knollys, belongs to a family as closely associated with the Royal family in King Edward's reign as now.

Besides the King's pages a number of other boys will take part in the Coronation pageant at the Abbey. Lord Erskine, son of Lord Mar and Kellie, will be the Duke of Connaught's page. The Duke of Devonshire's coronet will be borne by his younger son, Lord Charles Cavendish, and Lord Shaftsbury will have his son, Lord Ashley, to walk back of him, carrying his coronet. Lord Durham's page is his nephew, Richard Rawson, and Lord Elmsley, elder son of Lord Beauchamp, attends his father.

There will be many other children present at the Coronation besides those who figure in the procession at the Abbey. The Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters are to have special places, of course, though they will take no part in the ceremony. Then there are several young peers and peeresses who will be invited to the Abbey.

### Budding Poets

Dear Boys and Girls,—I was particularly struck with the numbers of good poems contributed to the "Page by Juniors," published in the issue of May 13th. The whole page reflected great credit on the young readers of the CANADIAN COURIER, and if these boys and girls become celebrated some day, my, won't Aunt Helen be proud!

When Henry W. Longfellow was a boy of ten, he wrote a wonderful poem—so his admiring relatives thought—but few suspected even then that he would one day be so famous. Here it is, are there any ten-year-olds who think they can beat it?—Aunt Helen.

MR. FINNIE'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finnie had a turnip and it grew behind the barn,  
And it grew, and it grew, and still it did no harm;  
Mr. Finnie picked it and put it in the barn,  
And it lay there, and lay there, until it began to rot,  
Then sister Susie took it, and put it in the pot.  
She cooked it, and cooked it, as long as she was able,  
Then sister Mary took it and put in on the table.  
Mr. Finnie and his wife sat down to sup,  
And they ate, and they ate, till they ate the turnip up.



Luigina—A Neopolitan Flower Girl

# The Greed of Conquest

By  
J. B. Harris-Burland.

## CHAPTER XII.

LOWICK ran back from the window and beat upon the door with his fists. He did not know what was happening, but it was certain that his machine and plans were in danger, and that he did not wish to remain locked up in his room.

"Open the door!" he yelled. "Open the door, curse you!"

There was no answer, and a second later there was a rattle of firing in the garden, and the screams of a wounded man. Lowick caught hold of the handle of the door and shook it with all his strength. If he had been on the outside he could easily have broken the door in, but in his present position he was helpless, unless he could smash the lock. He looked round for some weapon which might serve his purpose. The fire-irons had been removed, and even the chairs. He broke a leg off the table, and battered at the lock, but only succeeded in denting the outer case. Then he tried to turn the screws with the back of an ivory paper knife, and failed dismally.

"I'd better wait," he thought, "it's no use tiring myself. I may need all my strength to-night."

He returned to the window and looked cautiously out. There was no one to be seen on the patch of moonlit lawn, but he fancied he could distinguish a yellow light moving among the trees. There were shouts in the distance, then three shots in quick succession, and after that silence.

Ralph Lowick rubbed his eyes, and wondered if it were all a dream. Now that all sounds had died away, and there was nothing to be seen save the peace of a summer's night, it seemed as though everything that had gone before was unreal. The man who had fallen in the middle of the lawn had been removed. Everything was just as it might be on any summer night when the moon shone clear in the sky.

Then suddenly a violent explosion broke the silence; the boards under his feet quivered, and the windows rattled. This was followed by a single shot, and simultaneously there was a thud in the room above, and a cake of plaster dropped from the ceiling. Lowick sank on his knees and crawled along the floor.

"A warning," he said to himself. "Anyone could have put a bullet through me if they'd wanted to. I'm not to look at what's going on."

He crept close to the window again and peered over the sill. There was another sharp crack, and this time the bullet struck the woodwork six inches to the left of his face. He dropped as if he had been shot, and put his hand to his cheek. He had been struck by a splinter, and blood was trickling down from the wound.

"That fellow could have hit me," he thought; "but, whoever they are, I'm valuable to them. I don't suppose it will be long before I have a talk with one of them."

He sat on the edge of the bed and listened. Outside the house there was silence, but there were distant voices in the hall. Then he heard the sound of feet on the gravel drive—the steady tramp of men keeping time as they walked.

"Drilled," he thought. "Either soldiers or sailors. Merciful powers, this is an international affair!"

Then he wondered if any of the police had escaped to give the alarm in Easternhoe. Undoubtedly they had been overpowered, and probably any who had been captured had been killed. Still, it was possible that one had escaped, and if so, he would try and get to Easternhoe and telephone to Sinchester. There was a battalion of infantry at Sinchester, and if they were quick—no, of course they would not be in time.

It was fifteen miles from Sinchester to Cransea Hall, and it was not even likely that a single policeman would reach Easternhoe. A level track of marshland lay between the village and the sea—an open expanse that was only crossed by one road where there was not cover to hide a good-sized dog. If it had been a dark night it might not have been difficult for one man to escape. As it was, there was no chance at all.

"They'll take me away with them," he thought, "and then—well, it will serve the Government right."

I shall be offered my life, if I will give up my secret. I shall not give it up, and the world will be just the same as it was before this machine came to frighten the rulers of the earth. Perhaps it will be as well."

He rose to his feet as he heard heavy steps upon the stairs. Then someone tried the handle, and made an unsuccessful attempt to turn the key in the lock. There was a crash and the door swung inwards, and the light of a lantern mingled with the rays of the moon on the floor.

"You come along," said a man in perfect English. "We want you."

"Where do you wish me to go?" asked Lowick. He only asked the question because he wished to hear the speaker's voice again, and find out his nationality. The man had spoken with a slight foreign accent, but it was hard to say whether he were French or German, Dutch or Italian, Russian or Portuguese. The lantern was shaded on one side, so that it threw no light on the face of the man who held it.

But Lowick was doomed to disappointment. There was no reply. Two men stepped forward and gripped his arms on either side. From the brief glimpse he had of them he saw they were sturdy fellows dressed in clothes that might have belonged to English labourers. Their faces were hidden by masks that reached from the forehead to below the nose. Their dirty caps were pulled down well over their foreheads.

"I'll come quietly," he said. "You needn't grip me quite so hard."

They led him through the doorway and down the grand staircase into the hall. Another man walked behind with the lantern, and these three appeared to be the only men about the place. The hall was empty, but in one place the polished boards were wet. Beyond this there were no signs of anything unusual having happened. Certainly the men had done their work neatly and well. Where were all the servants? Where were the eight policemen and Inspector Turnbull? Undoubtedly they were all dead, or else they had been carried away to be killed later on. Lowick understood now why the men had been so long in coming up to his bedroom. They had waited till their comrades had departed, and the dead had been thrust out of sight.

"I do not know who you are," said Lowick, fiercely, as he was taken through the hall door on to the drive, "but I warn you that you are wasting your time."

There was no reply to this outburst, but one of the men slipped a pair of handcuffs on Lowick's wrists, and another bandaged his eyes. Then he was struck in the back with the butt of a rifle.

"If you don't walk quick," said a voice, "we'll drag you along by the feet. You'll find the road a rough one."

Lowick hardly heard the sense of the words, so intent was he on trying to discover the speaker's nationality from the accent of his voice. But the accent was so very slight that he could do no more than hazard a guess at the truth.

ANOTHER blow from a rifle sent him staggering forward, and he would have fallen if someone had not caught him by the arm. Then he was marched along, and he allowed himself to be led, offering no resistance. He knew quite well where they were taking him. Such an attack as had been made on the house would only have been possible to a force that had landed from the sea.

Ten minutes later he was helped down the steps of the wooden pier into a boat, and thrust forward on to one of the thwarts. Here someone held him tightly by the left arm. There were two sharp whistles, and oars creaked in the rowlocks.

For half an hour the men in the boat rowed in silence. Then Lowick heard the faint hiss of escaping steam, and the slow thrashing of a screw in the water. A minute later there was the creaking of blocks, and a bump.

"Look alive there!" said a voice in English. There were several more bumps. Then a guttural oath in German, followed by a few words in French.

"A cosmopolitan crew," thought Lowick; "but I expect it's all being done for my benefit."

"Get up," said a voice at his side, and Lowick rose to his feet. He stumbled over athwart, and was then lifted clean out of the boat by half a dozen strong hands. His feet alighted on a step, and he walked up a gangway, keeping one hand on the rail. When he reached the deck, which he calculated was about fifteen feet above the water-line, he was marched forward, then taken down some more steps, and along a passage. Then he was turned aside, and he heard the closing of a door. Footsteps died away down the passage, and he was alone. He laughed.

"I suppose it's out of the frying-pan into the fire," he said to himself; "but at any rate I shall not be tried for the murder of John Corodale."

Then he felt round the cabin with his feet, and finding a berth seated himself in it, and took the bandage from his eyes. He was in total darkness. There was not even the reflected glimmer of the moonlight on the sea.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IT was not until half-past six in the morning, when the milkman from Easternhoe drove his cart through the gates of Cransea Hall, and saw something lying in the bushes by the big pine tree, that the news of the great tragedy reached the outer world.

The something that Mr. Timms found was the body of a policeman, with two jagged, blood-stained holes in the cloth of his blue tunic. Mr. Timms ran screaming, and jumping into his cart lashed the pony to a gallop, which soon brought him to the house.

Here, gasping with horror, he saw shattered windows, bullet-marked walls, and stains on the stone slabs under the porch; and when he had rung the bell, and knocked vigorously for two minutes, he opened the door and entered, trembling as much at his own impertinence as at the things he had seen.

Half an hour later Mr. Timms lashed a sweating horse through the long single street of Easternhoe, and those who saw his white face, staring eyes, and hatless head, thought he had gone mad. One woman went into hysterics, and two or three men followed the cart as fast as their legs would carry them.

Mr. Timms drew up at the police-station, and was fortunate enough to find the single policeman having his breakfast. He stammered out his incoherent story, and after the first few sentences the policeman tried to telephone to Sinchester, but he could not get on to the exchange. He ran across to the post-office, and found that something was wrong with the wires. They could get no answer from the post-office at Sinchester.

It was not till an hour and twenty minutes later that the news reached Sinchester, and thence it spread through the whole of England. The London evening papers contained a fairly accurate and complete account of the disaster.

The tale, indeed, was one which stirred the whole country to its remotest village. It was a story of wholesale and organized butchery by a gang of ruffians who had spared neither age nor sex. Inspector Turnbull, the eight policemen, and the entire household, with the exception of Ralph Lowick, had been murdered. Some had been shot, others stabbed, others—and these were women—strangled. Not a soul had been left alive. The grooms and gardeners had met the same fate as the indoor servants.

"Nothing in civilized warfare," said one paper, "has ever equalled this foul and premeditated butchery. Lest one human being should escape, and tell the news before the ruffians had got well clear of the shores of England, every one of these innocent victims was condemned to death. If we want to find a parallel for such a massacre in modern times, we must go to China or the wilds of Central Africa. We call upon the whole civilized world, in the name of civilization, to help us to bring this gang of desperadoes to justice; we call upon the navies of Europe to search for this vessel, and see that not a soul escapes from her alive."

That was the tenor of most of the leading articles; but some were more guarded in their statements, and one openly stated that the crime was the work of one of the great nations of Europe.

"It is only when the issues at stake are so large," said this journal, "that so horrible a butchery becomes possible. Sir John Lowick's invention was known to be one which would affect the destiny of this nation, and perhaps the future of the world. We shall soon know which nation is responsible for this monstrous and barbaric atrocity, and it is to be hoped that the whole world will combine to crush it out of existence."

(Continued on page 23.)

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

Little parties of four in a canoe are now being rescued from a watery grave.

The sum which we have put by for a rainy day was absorbed by a sure winner at the Woodbine.

A gentleman named Dove has been accused of forging his marriage lines. He cannot be the harmless Dove of whom we have read.

Chilian Dreadnoughts are to be built in Great Britain. Thus does Britannia help to rule the waves.

A Hamilton young man has walked in his sleep. The Toronto newspapers wonder that he was noticed.

The Toronto Globe declares that both political parties are preparing for a general election. Isn't it the wise old owl?

The Kaiser's daughter has stated her British preferences. Prince Eddy murmurs sweetly: "This is so sudden."

A Peterborough editor wants the children in our schools trained in civic economy, so that they may be ready to become aldermen. Juvenile crime will then be on the increase.

The Georges of Ontario cannot be called prodigal sons.

The Imperial Conference is having menus to burn.

\* \* \*

**Well Rebuked.**—Don't make needless remarks about the weather or you may run into a rebuke similar to the one neatly administered to a Toronto man on a recent sunless day.

"This is a horribly dull day," he remarked to another man.

"Yes," was the reply, "but that's a bright remark."

\* \* \*

## Answers to Correspondents.

**Gertrude:** "What is the luckiest month for a wedding?"

We really could not say. You might try September—but one does not like to recommend any particular season. Write to Lilian Russell or Nat Goodwin.

**EPISCOPALIAN:** "What is the meaning of the ne temere decree?"

We regret that are hardly in a position to answer this question either. You might refer to a committee composed of Messrs. Peter Ryan and Samuel Blake.

**IMPECUNIOUS:** "What is the figure of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's fortune?"

It is variously estimated—but conservative calculators say that he is able to make both ends meet and tie in a handsome bow. The wolf has never even punched the electric button at his door.

**HOUSEWIFE:** "How shall I get rid of the fly?"

There are various methods of ridding the household of this pest. One that is absolutely sure is to whistle "Annie Laurie." Flies hate this air and hasten to leave the home for the outside world.

\* \* \*

**The Worst Yet.**—A few days ago, two Canadian citizens were observing a man seated on a water cart who was munching ham sandwiches with relish.

"That chap isn't suffering from indigestion," said the first citizen.

"Having his meal a la carte," was the startling reply.

\* \* \*

**A Domestic Policy.**—Two Canadian housewives were discussing problems of management and the eternal domestic servant question.

"The trouble I find," said Mrs. Briggs, "is that Susan will not understand that I want the best linen and dishes used everyday. She is always trying to put away some of the best cups and saucers. Now, I believe that the best is none too good for my own family, and I don't want any partic-

ular difference for company. Everything is to be used."

"I once had a maid like that," said Mrs. Twiggs, "and I cured her beautifully. Whenever she would protest against a certain piece of glass or china being put on the table for 'just ourselves,' I would say: 'Well, Lucy, I don't want the second Mrs. Twiggs to enjoy any of my beautiful china. I'm not going to save anything for her.' It appealed to the eternal feminine every time."

\* \* \*

**Fore!**—Miss Dorothy Campbell of Hamilton town went over to Ireland and did them up brown. In golf she is champion, so Britain declares—Just watch haughty Hamilton put on the airs.

\* \* \*

## Success in Advertising.

If you've something to sell  
And you'd make it go well,  
If you wish to succeed in a trice  
And you're wise in your day,  
Close attention you'll pay  
To this same little bit of advice:

Put a girl in your ad.  
And be sure she seems glad,  
Make her smile as though freed from  
all cares;  
Have her satisfied look  
Saying more than a book  
As to how she's impressed by your  
wares.

If you sell things to eat  
Or good goods for the feet,  
Or if your line's something to drink,  
The girl will pull trade,  
And your fortune be made  
In about the sixth part of a wink.

Put a girl at the wheel  
Of the automobile,  
For she'll cast o'er the public a spell;  
Put a brush in her hand  
If the paint trade you'd land,  
Put a girl on the sofas you sell.

To sell pickles or rope,  
Also tooth paste or soap,  
To sell aught that we "can't do with-  
out,"

Put a girl in your ad.—  
A sweet girl who looks glad—  
And success will be yours without  
doubt.

\* \* \*

**A Good Retort.**—Dr. Rutherford, Live Stock Commissioner for Canada, who used to be in politics, got back neatly at a member of Parliament, a short time ago.

The doctor was under examination in the agricultural committee, and in speaking of Canadian cattle he produced an old photograph which he stated he had obtained in the Province of Quebec. He said that he had found it in the barn of a farmer, and he smilingly related how, by a little careful manipulation he had managed to carry it away with him.

H. H. Miller, the member for South Grey, thought he saw a chance to take a fall out of the doctor, so he interrupted with the comment, "I hope you left the barn, doctor."

"Yes," said Dr. Rutherford. "You see, I've been out of politics for some years."

\* \* \*

**A Candid Doctor.**—A man who was brought up in a prosperous section of Western Ontario says that that section is noted for producing a large number of cases of appendicitis.

"Is there anything there that should cause the district to have a larger number of cases of that trouble than other places have?" he asked a Toronto doctor.

"Well, they have very good surgeons up there," was the doctor's answer.

\* \* \*

**If He Were Rich.**—Most people have at some time or other told what they would do if they were wealthy, and one of the best answers to the puzzle was that given by a young clerk of Toronto.

"If I had all kinds of money," he

said, "I would get a fine yacht and go to some beautiful southern lake. I'd tog out in flannel shirt and duck trousers, sit in a big comfortable chair and have a green drink in a long glass on a table right at my hand. And I'd have a coloured man behind my chair fanning me and saying, 'Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir,' whether I was saying anything or not.

\* \* \*

**Striking Definition.**—A Toronto school boy recently gave a requested definition to which additional point is lent because the boy's father is a milkman.

The teacher had asked for a statement of the difference between an island and a peninsula, and the boy said, "The difference is the same as between a fly in a bowl of water and one in a bowl of milk. The first fly is surrounded by water, and the second is partially surrounded by water."

\* \* \*

**Deceptive Appearances.**—Wherever he has gone, the private secretary to Hon. George P. Graham, Canada's Minister of Railways and Canals, has always appeared in immaculate dress.

When Mr. Graham and his secretary were in London, England, some time ago the secretary wore the conventional dress of London—frock coat and silk hat. Mr. Graham wore a soft grey hat and tweed suit.

In the corridor of the Cecil Hotel a couple of men at a distance noticed the Minister and his secretary.

"Who is that man over there?" asked one of the other men.

"That's Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways in Canada," was the answer.

"Oh, I know him," said the questioner, "but who is that man with the slouch hat who is talking to him?"

\* \* \*

**Fine Good-bye Advice.**—"Well, be good" is an oft-heard form of farewell between men, but a commercial traveller, who covers quite a number of places in the northern section of older Ontario, used one the other day that seems to be a considerable improvement on the other.

This drummer and another man of that calling happened to be passengers on the same train, and they talked for quite a time on the best methods of salesmanship. When they were parting, the first man said to the other, "Good-bye, Bill. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

\* \* \*

**Farmer Politicians.**—Every member of a group of Parliamentarians who were sitting round the table of the House of Commons cafe a few days ago put forward a claim to be considered a farmer. All of them got away with it nicely except Honore Gervais, one of Montreal's representatives in the House.

"Mr. Gervais, did you ever learn to milk a cow?" asked Roderick Mackenzie, secretary of the Grain Growers' Association.

Before Mr. Gervais could answer, C. H. Lovell, the member for Stanstead, said in his well-known deep base voice, "What's that got to do with it? Any calf can milk a cow."

\* \* \*

**Plenty of Practice.**—"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law." "She? Great Caesar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"

\* \* \*

**A Good Dog Story.**—One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter. "I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and—"

"Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!" "You're mistaken," rejoined the other suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling!"

**FRAGRANT** **SOZODONT** **FOR THE TEETH**

# Sozodont

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**Invaluable Internally**  
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**12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes**  
Capsicum, Borated, Oxide  
of Zinc, Camphorated,  
Carbolated, Camphorated,  
Mentholated, Etc. Each  
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**BUSINESS COLLEGE**

Toronto provides thorough technical training for  
business pursuits. Write for catalogue.  
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## Canadian Hotel Directory

**FREEMAN'S**  
**St. James Street, Montreal.**

Leading Downtown Hotel and Restaurant.  
Now opposite "Star" Office. Removing to  
new palatial premises, a few doors west, on  
or about 1st May. Watch future announce-  
ment.

**HOFFMAN CAFE**  
**91 Notre Dame St., Montreal.**

Leading business men of city patronize our  
Dining Rooms for many reasons, including  
the direct telephone connection at each table.

**THE NEW RUSSELL**  
**Ottawa, Canada**

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**  
**(Home of the Epicure)**  
**Montreal**

European Plan **John Healy**  
\$1.50 up. **Manager**

**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
**Toronto, Canada**  
—Fireproof—  
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.  
American and European Plans

**GRAND UNION HOTEL**  
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American Plan \$2—\$3. European Plan  
\$1—\$1.50

**HOTEL MOSSOP**  
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Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up  
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

**PALMER HOUSE**  
**Toronto Canada.** H. V. O'Connor, Prop.

**RATES**  
\$2.00 TO \$3.00

**CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.**

**Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial  
metropolis of the Last  
Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.  
Free 'Bus to all trains.  
H. L. Stephens, Prop.

THE KEY-LOG

(Continued from page 9.)

fifteen, twenty feet high. In those days they had no dynamite, and, mon dieu, what a time there was, hurrying the men off for ropes and irons, sending for cables, hunting for the key-log that held back all the others. Philomene she heard about the jam, and she came hurrying up the river, her face as white as a sheet, wringing her hands. And when she saw the logs and the water, and all the men waiting on the shore, she walked up and down among the little pine-trees. They say she was praying, m'sieu.

"Patrice, he looked up and happened to see her there. But he shut his jaw so and said nothing. Then he called Cyprien Latour down to the edge of the river. He looked at him, then he said: 'Cyprien, I am the boss of this river gang.' And Cyprien said yes, he was. 'Then there will be no mistake,' Patrice said next. 'I have decided that you are the best man to go out and cut that key-log!'

"Cyprien, he said nothing, but he looked at the other man, and they both understood. Twice, they say, he started to speak with Patrice, and then he shut his teeth together. Then he took his ax and started to go out on the jam, with his face white, but with his head up high, so.

"Well, Patrice he watched him from the bank. Then, quick-like, he called him back. 'Cyprien,' he said, 'I think maybe you feel that I am a hard man. Maybe you think what I do is not right? That may be true. So we will both go out on that log-jam—and the man who comes back—well, I think you understand! . . . So, m'sieu, they both took their axes, and went out on the logs together, like two cats, from one log to the other.

"Philomene, she walked up and down like something in a cage and watched them all that time. When she saw them go out, she stood still, and gave one scream. Then she waited there, with her hand on her heart, so, and her face white, like the foam at the foot of the decharge there. She said nothing; she just stood there, and watched.

"Then one of the men went down. It was Patrice. A log 'bired' with him at the head of the jam, and he went through to the waist. Cyprien climbed back to him, but the logs had settled in on him, and held him there. Then Cyprien made his way back to the shore, and crawled out with a rope. But still they could not pull the gang-boss out. It the logs moved again, from behind, he would be crushed, killed. Cyprien saw that, and he called to the men on the bank. 'Boys,' he called out, 'you look after the boss. When the logs give way in front, pull hard!' Then he waved his hand so, and he climbed down the face of that jam, quick, like a monkey. He felt and looked about for the key-log. Then he threw off his hat, and stood on the key-log and, mon dieu, how he made those chips fly! He chopped the log one-half, three-quarters in two. Then it bent, and snapped, like a willow whistle. The whole jam broke, then, like a gun-shot. She made a noise like thunder; everything went down, with the logs rolling and twisting and jumping as high as a pine-tree out of the water.

"Philomene, she watched it all. She saw the two men go under, and the jam break, and the water tear down the river-bed. Then she staggered two or three steps toward the river, with her hands out, so, and fell down in a faint, and some of the men came and carried her away.

"They pulled Patrice out, but his leg was broken. The rest of the gang ran down the river, first on one side, and then on the other, looking for Cyprien. They found him, three miles down. He was died, m'sieu, for all the bones in his body were broken.

"So when they came back to the mill somebody said it was best to tell Philomene first. Old Beaupre he went to Philomene, and shook his head very solemn, he told me afterward.

She was waiting there, with her hands folded, so. But when she saw him she turned round and screamed, 'Where is he? Where is he?' And old Beaupre, he thought Philomene meant young Cyprien Latour. So he shook his head, two or three times, and he said 'Dead!'

"Philomene, she said nothing. She went to the little cupboard, while he watched her, and poured a powder into a glass and drank it. Old Beaupre, he asked her what she meant when she did that. Philomene, she smiled very quiet. 'That is the medicine,' she told him, 'to cure the pain in my heart.' Then she looked round at Beaupre, and at the walls, and then she fell back on the floor.

"While he was lifting her up, the boys came in with Patrice, on a mattress, and when he turned his head and spoke to her, she looked at him, the way you would look at a ghost, m'sieu. Then she began to beat her heart with her hands, and crawled to his feet. Then she caught hold of his arm. Then she cried out twice, 'I thought it was you! Oh, I thought it was you! . . .'

"And that, m'sieu, was the way she died, holding close to her husband. And old Beaupre, he told me many a time how Patrice had the boys lift her over, and put her in his arms, like she was a baby. Then he held her there, most all night long. And every time old Beaupre tells me about that night, he cries, like a woman, and keeps saying over and over again, 'Antoine, I made the big mistake about that pauvre Philomene of ours! . . . And I hope m'sieu will forgive me when he sees me cry here a little, like the old fool I am. . . . But that Philomene of ours was the prettiest girl on all the river, with her hair down to the knees, m'sieu, in two braids—and the way she used to sing, when she was young, with a laugh for everybody. . . . There, m'sieu, I must beg your forgiveness!'

**Sweet Revenge.**—Householders who are plagued with moneylenders' circulars might do worse than adopt the plan of a correspondent. "I used to be pestered with them," he writes, "until I began to retaliate by returning them to the senders in unstamped envelopes. I very seldom receive one now."—M. A. P.

**A Printer's Blunder.**  
"My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote  
Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;  
Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat  
That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart."—

**Precocious Baby.**—A professor of the University of Pennsylvania, who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—that of absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago and had listened to the young wife's praise of her first born. The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired quietly.  
"Walk?" shouted the mother.  
"Why he has been walking for five months!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the professor, lapsing again into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"—Philadelphia Times.

**The Cost of Peace.**—"How do you keep peace in your family?" "Go to church with my wife once in a while and let her drag me to a dance occasionally."—Detroit Free Press.

**An Important Distinction.**—"I wish Fritz would write his figures plainer. I can't possibly tell from his letter whether it is one thousand or ten thousand kisses that he sends me."—Fliegende Blatter.

Rhodes, Curry Co., Limited

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Contractors and  
Manufacturers of

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BRANCHES AT

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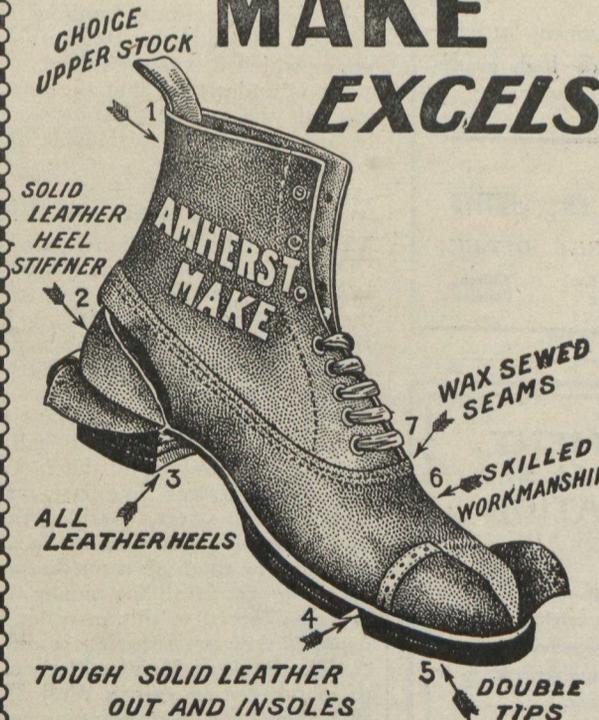
**Foreign Domestic Woods:** 4,000,000 to 8,000,000 ft. carried in stock.

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**Building Department:** During 32 years experience we have erected many of the most important Buildings in the Maritime Provinces.

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AMHERST  
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Wearers of  
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are a  
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and  
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7 POINTS

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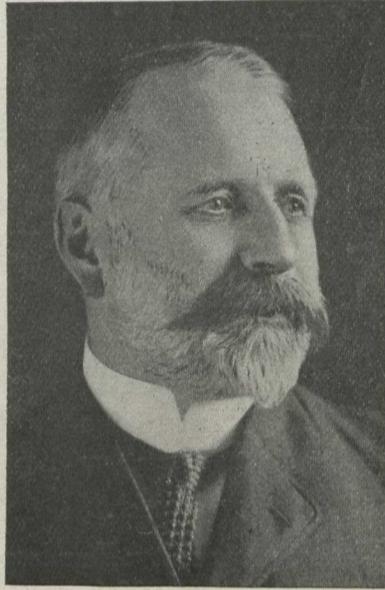
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London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

Getting Into Electric Power Enterprises on His Own Account

MR. CHARLES H. CAHAN, K.C., the well-known corporation lawyer, has been identified with many Hydro-Electric propositions for other people in the West Indies, Cuba, Mexico and Western Canada. It seemed only a matter of time when, instead of looking after all the franchises in connection with such propositions for other people, he would find it perhaps more attractive and, undoubtedly, a great deal more satisfactory to look after such propositions on his own behalf. So it occasioned very little surprise



C. H. CAHAN, K.C.

Who has secured franchises for more public utility companies than any other lawyer in Canada.

when it became known that along with a few of his closest associates, like Mr. R. F. Hayward, now General Manager of the Western Canada Power Co., and Mr. H. A. Lovett, K.C., who is associated with him in the direction of the Corporation Agencies of Montreal, he had acquired the control of the principal water powers in the vicinity of Prince Rupert, the Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It is his intention to form the Prince Rupert Hydro-Electric Co., Limited, and transfer to it the control of the Tsimpsean Light and Power Co., and of the Continental Power Co., Ltd., and the water rights on the Khtada and Falls Rivers branches of the Skeena River, which were formerly controlled by these two companies.

These water powers are located about forty-two miles from Prince Rupert, and are capable of developing, at least, 25,000 to 30,000 H.P. of electric energy. Pending the construction of the permanent development, the company proposes erecting a provisional power plant capable of supplying 1,500 H.P., in order to meet the immediate demands of the city of Prince Rupert.

Mr. Cahan's company will also control the gas system of the city, and purposes installing a gas producing plant capable of supplying 75,000,000 cubic feet per annum for lighting and heating purposes.

No other man in Canada has had anything like the experience in connection with these Hydro-Electric propositions that Mr. Cahan has. Back some years ago, when a strong Halifax group realized the great possibilities that lay behind public utility companies in the West Indies and Cuba, it was Mr. Cahan who went down and not only organized the various companies, but secured franchises which have since placed the different concerns in particularly strong positions. Among these companies were such well known concerns as the Porto Rico Railway and Light Co., the Trinidad Electric and the Camel's Way Electric. Later on, Mr. Cahan transferred his scene of operations to Mexico, where he did some splendid work in securing a practical monopoly from the Mexican Government for the Mexican Light and Power Co. throughout the entire Federal State of Mexico, and also negotiated the purchase from German interests of the Mexico Tramways Co.

\* \* \*

Big Bank Getting Under Way

LA BANQUE INTERNATIONALE DU CANADA, Mr. Forget's new big international banking institution, has made its preliminary deposit of \$250,000 with the Bank of Montreal to conform with the Banking Act under which it was organized.

It is understood that the new bank will be ready for business somewhere towards the middle of June, and that the list of its Board of Directors will be one of the most formidable of any of our Canadian banks.

\* \* \*

Why Canadian Banks are Withdrawing Gold from New York

WHILE the Canadian banks, for a number of years past, have found it a mighty convenient thing to have a large amount of money on call in Wall Street, in order to keep their cash reserves just as strong as possible, they are now evidently finding it just as convenient to withdraw the money from New York. Since the beginning of the year, for instance, the Canadian banks withdrew from the sub-treasury at New York over \$6,000,000, while in the same period last year less than \$900,000 was withdrawn. There are, evidently, two principal reasons for the banks carrying out such a plan at the present time, in as much as call money is offering at a particularly low rate in New York, owing to the fact that stock market operations have been at a standstill for some time past, making it impossible to lend any large sums of money in the street. Besides, there has been an especially active demand for money in all parts of Canada, and the Canadian banks are not only being attracted by the high rates that are obtainable here, but as well are practically forced to get in all the money they can to supply the current demand. They are also forced to this in order to offset the smaller ratio of increase in the deposits they are securing in different parts of the country.

The Bank of Montreal has in the past always had a particularly large sum of money out on call in Wall Street, and it seems only reasonable to assume that they have been bringing in the largest amount of the recent gold into Canada. Other banks, however, like the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Royal Bank of Canada, have also been reducing their balances in New York.

\* \* \*

Ontario Companies List Securities in Montreal

MOST of the larger industrial companies of Ontario are finding it advisable, in order to secure a wider distribution for their securities, to have their stocks listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Just the other day

**INVESTMENT SECURITIES**

BONDS to yield 5—6%  
STOCKS to yield 6—7%

Information furnished upon request.

**A. E. Ames & Co.**

A. E. Ames H. R. Tudhope T. Bradshaw

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

TORONTO CANADA

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents

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- PORCUPINE CITY TOWNSITE
- LIGNITE (ALBERTA)
- CALGARY and
- VANCOUVER

MONTREAL

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Montreal, Que.

**SOME VITAL POINTS**

Mirroring the Distinguishing Features of the

**MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA**

- MUTUAL CAREFUL PRUDENT ECONOMICAL PROGRESSIVE REASONABLE LIBERAL PROMPT JUST and FAIR
- On the Full Legal Reserve Plan;
- in the Selection of its Members;
- in the Investment of its Funds;
- in Management Consistent with Efficiency;
- along Scientific and Popular Lines;
- in its Policy Terms and Conditions;
- In its Cash and Paid-up Values;
- On the Settlement of its Claims; and
- in All its Dealings.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

# The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL.

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.  
Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.  
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.

Paid-up Capital, - \$ 6,000,000  
Reserve Fund and  
Undivided Profits - 4,999,297  
Deposits, (Nov. 30) - 54,779,044  
Assets, " - 71,600,058

155 Branches in Canada.

General Banking Business transacted.  
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches  
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received  
and interest allowed at best current rates.

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to graduate must attend one session.

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July 3rd to August 11th.

For Calendars write the Registrar,  
27 G. Y. CHOWN, Kingston, Ontario

# O'Keefe's PILSENER



Insist that your dealer always sends  
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"  
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of Toronto, Limited

arrangements were concluded for the listing there of the securities of the Sawyer-Massey Company, Limited, the big Hamilton Company who are the largest manufacturers in Canada of threshing machines and agricultural engines. The securities have been listed for some little time past on the Toronto Stock Exchange, but such a large amount of them had been placed privately in Montreal some little time ago, that it was regarded as a certainty that it could not be long before the securities would find their way on to the big Montreal Exchange.

These securities have, right along, been very popular with investors very largely because they looked like an attractive investment as a 7 per cent. issue, while the common has been picked out steadily by investors who have figured that it was one of those stocks that it would be a good thing to put away for some little time, more especially as Price, Waterhouse & Co.'s statement showed that the common stock had a book value of \$50, and orders at the present time on hand indicate that earnings during the present year will run over 7 per cent. on the common.

The Sawyer-Massey Company is now controlled by Toronto and Montreal interests, headed by Mr. W. R. Wood and Mr. Clarence J. McCuaig.

\* \* \*

### A Big Money Maker for Toronto People

JUST what a large amount of money some of the South American concerns, which are controlled by Toronto people, must be making, was indicated by a cable from London the other day which conveyed the interesting information to the shareholders that the Sao Paulo Tramway Light and Power Co. will very likely increase its rate of dividend to 12 per cent., by the end of the present year, as compared to 10 per cent., which it has been paying for a comparatively short time. The Sao Paulo proposition has certainly been a great money maker, as a large percentage of the holders of the stock received their shares as a bonus along with the 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds issued at the time Dr. F. S. Pearson announced his plans for this, the first of South American enterprises.

COUPON.

### Y.M.C.A. Camp for the West

THE beautiful camp of the Winnipeg Y. M. C. A. has been placed at the disposal of the Canadian West Committee from July 1-7, for the first conference of older boys and boys' workers of Western Canada. The camp is situated on an island seven miles from Kenora. This place is one of the prettiest and most picturesque spots in Canada, and should prove a decidedly attractive rendezvous.

The conference is a significant step in the progress of boys work in the west, and its purpose is to bring to many older boys and boys' workers a larger vision of their opportunities by means of contact with some of the best men procurable, and to unite the boys' work of the west. The conference is being held under the auspices of the Canadian West committee of the Y. M. C. A. and the Winnipeg Y. M. C. A.

The list of leaders of the conference include such well known names as C. R. Sayer, Secretary of the Canadian West Committee; C. C. Robinson, boys' field secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. for southern fields; Taylor Stratton, provincial boys' secretary for Ontario and Quebec; and H. R. Hadcock, physical director of the Winnipeg Y. M. C. A. and playground supervisor of Winnipeg.

# CANADIAN NORTHERN PRAIRIE LANDS CO. LIMITED

Annual Report for the Year Ending December 31st, 1910

To the Shareholders.

Canadian Northern Prairie Lands Company, Limited:

Herewith your Directors submit the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 31st December, 1910.

Land sales for the year aggregated 6,035.25 acres, realizing \$80,321.24, an average of \$13.30 per acre, compared with \$11.79 in 1909. The advance in price is substantial, and justifies the policy of your Directors of not unduly forcing sales when the future holds, in the opinion of your Directors, materially enhanced values for the asset represented by your unsold land holdings.

The instalments of Principal and Interest maturing during the year on Land Contracts were met with reasonable promptness. In cases where substantial improvements have been made on lands, and where payments made on account of purchase price warranted such action, it has been the policy of your Directors to collect interest only, and under similarly favorable conditions the unpaid balances are being converted into direct Mortgage Loans, extending payments over a period of years, thus securing a higher rate of interest than obtains on Land Contract balances.

The financial position of your Company may be summarized as follows:—

Investment, Loans, etc .....	\$1,631,890.59
Cash on Deposit .....	226,058.55
Deferred Payments on Lands Sold, less Survey Fees, Commissions, etc. ....	809,834.97

A total of .....

against which there is Share Capital issued amounting to \$1,500,000.00. It will be seen, therefore, that the actually realized value of your Company's Shares of \$5.00 each in round figures is \$8.90 per share; and when you add to this the value of your lands still unsold, amounting to 108,699 acres at the average of last year's sale price, viz., \$13.30 per acre, the approximate value of each Share of your Capital Stock is \$13.70.

The net income for the year from investments, etc., amounted to \$157,027.80, and after providing two half-yearly dividends of 5 per cent. each, absorbing \$150,000.00, a surplus of \$7,027.80 from Interest Income alone is carried to the credit of Profit and Loss Account.

The previous forecasts of your Directors as to the movement of immigration into the Canadian West are verified by the following figures, issued by the Department of the Interior, Canada, for the ten months ended October 31st, 1910, as compared with the same periods in 1908-1909; the sources from which the immigration emanated are also indicated, viz.:—

Year	British	Continental, etc.	United States,	Totals.
1908	53,132	33,344	50,234	136,710
1909	48,413	35,320	79,791	163,524
1910	104,304	61,064	112,463	277,831

Conditions in the Canadian West are such as to warrant, in the opinion of your Directors, continued growth in immigration on an even larger scale.

D. B. HANNA,  
Vice-President.

Toronto, February, 1911.

### BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1910.

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Capital:—	Land Account—
Authorized:	108,699.35 acres at cost, \$3
1,000,000 Shares of \$5	per acre .....
each .....	\$ 326,098.05
\$5,000,000.00	Deferred Payments—
Issued:	Balance due on Land Con-
300,000 Shares of \$5 each.	tracts .....
\$1,500,000.00	Investments—
Survey Fees .....	Loans, Mortgages, etc .....
36,374.66	1,631,890.59
Commissions—	Accrued Interest .....
Due and Deferred—Taxes ...	105,128.35
36,766.44	Cash on Deposit .....
Profit and Loss Account—	226,058.55
Balance as per Account ....	1,599,010.51
	\$3,172,151.61
	\$3,172,151.61

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, DECEMBER 31st, 1910.

DR.	CR.
To Operating Expenses, Land Sales—	By Balance Brought Forward from Last
Commissions to	Year—
Agents, Trav-	Land Sales ... \$1,452,753.65
eling, Adver-	Interest and
tising and Of-	Miscellaneous
ice Expenses. \$ 34,822.13	Income .....
To Operating Ex-	\$1,564,589.35
penses Rev-	Less half-yearly
enue—	Dividends Nos.
Management Ex-	7 and 8 of 5
penses, etc. . 3,699.17	per cent. each
	(10 per cent. per
	annum) .....
	150,000.00
	\$1,414,589.35
To Balance Car-	By Land Sales—
ried to Bal-	6,035.25 acres
ance Sheet—	sold for ....
Land Sales ... 1,480,147.01	80,321.24
Interest Income. 118,863.50	Less 6,035.25 acres
	cost at \$3 .....
	18,105.75
	62,215.49
	Interest, Income,
	etc., for 1910..
	160,726.97
	\$1,637,531.81
	Examined and found correct,
	T. J. MACABE,
	H. G. FOREMAN,
	Auditors.
	Toronto, February 1st, 1911.

Correct—L. W. MITCHELL,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

### GENERAL OFFICERS.

**President.**  
HUGH SUTHERLAND, Esq.

**Vice-President.**  
D. B. HANNA, Esq.

**Directors.**  
Lt.-Col. A. D. DAVIDSON.  
T. BLUNDELL-BROWN, Esq.  
NORMAN SCOTT-RUSSELL, Esq., M. Inst. C.E., M.I.E.E.

**Secretary.**  
L. W. MITCHELL, Esq.

**London (England) Offices.**  
34 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

## THE SCRAP BOOK

### Thoughts on the Sex.

A woman can say more in a look than a man can in a book.

When the bargain hunter's last dollar is spent, so is she.

It takes a tender young widow to capture a tough old bachelor.

We never yet saw a woman so timid she wouldn't strike a bargain.

If a woman knows she's pretty, it's not because some other woman told her so.

A shrug of a woman's shoulders can blast a reputation more effectively than words.

Sinnick says more women are wooed for their complexions than for their characters.

Although women love bargains, they are not especially fond of the man who cheapens himself in their eyes.—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

**Division of Work.**—"After all, you know there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do, and women have theirs." "Yes—it is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it's the man's to provide for the outer woman!"

\* \* \*

**Keeping to a Diet.**—Dr. Herold, president of the New Jersey Board of Health, tells of a young friend who recently graduated as a physician. One of the young doctor's first clients was a fat girl. Her fatness weighed upon her and she wanted to get rid of some of it. The young doctor drew up a careful diet; she was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously." His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Anything else?" he asked. "Only my ordinary meals."

\* \* \*

**A Woman's Way.**—Hudson: "How did you vote?"

Mrs. Hudson: "Well, I wanted to vote both ways, so I paired with myself.—Harper's Bazar.

\* \* \*

**In Society.**—Mrs. Posey—Mercy, Hiram! Them awful society women dress like they was goin' swimmin'." Mr. Posey—"O' course, Jerusha. Haint you heard th't, in th' soshul swim, th' wimmen try to outstrip each other?"—Milwaukee News.

\* \* \*

### The Useless Auto.

She stopt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A car, which there were none to praise,  
And very few to shove.

An auto by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye,  
Still as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She stood alone and few could know  
When motion ceased to be;  
But gasoline was gone and oh,  
The difference to me!

—Life.

\* \* \*

**Very Like.**—"Did Hawkins take his punishment like a man?" asked Lollerby.

"You bet he did," laughed Dubbleigh. "He hollered and yelled and used strong language to beat creation."—Harper's Weekly.

\* \* \*

**Getting On.**—"Well, little boy, did you go to the circus the other day?" "Yes'm. Pa wanted to go, so I had to go with him."—Kansas City Journal.

\* \* \*

**The Second Dimension.**—It was on a little branch railway in a Southern State that the New England woman ventured to refer to the high rates. "It seems to me five cents a mile is

extortion," she said, with frankness, to her Southern cousin.

"It's a big lot of money to pay if you think of it by the mile," said the Southerner, in her soft drawl; "but you just think how cheap it is by the hour, Cousin Annie—only about thirty-five cents."—Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*

**Irish Abstinence.**—Colonel at regimental races (entertaining some farmers): "Well, what will you all have?"

Spokesman: "There'll be three whiskeys, yer honour, and the other two's taytotalers; they'll just be takin' a shpot of wine."—Punch.

\* \* \*

**The Argument That Wins.**—They were talking about argument, not in the abstract, but as applying to domestic happiness. "What do you think is the most unanswerable argument you ever heard?" one bachelor asked a married man.

"That's very easy," he replied. "When your wife says, 'If they can afford it, we can.' There is no flaw in that—and never will be."

\* \* \*

**Feels Foolish.**—The only time that a man feels ashamed of a kind action is when he is chasing another man's hat that is blowing along in the wind at thirty miles an hour with an interested crowd of observers on either side of the way offering him facetious advice.

\* \* \*

**The Black Hand.**—"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me about it," he said. "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowing," said the farmer.—Driftwood.

\* \* \*

**Remember This.**—Young Doctor—"Why do you always ask your patients what they have for dinner?"

Old Doctor—"It's a most important question, for, according to their menus I make out my bills.—Slovo.

\* \* \*

**The Brute.**—"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep."

"Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint."—Chicago Record-Herald.

\* \* \*

**Notification.**—Assistant Editor—"Here's a poem from a fellow who is serving a five-years' term in the Eastern Penitentiary."

Managing Editor—"Well, print it with a footnote explaining the circumstance. It may serve as a warning to other poets."—Philadelphia Record.

\* \* \*

**Its Greatest Need.**—"What this town needs most," said the eminent publicist, "is a thorough cleaning up, about a dozen new bridges and a first-class subway system."

"You are mistaken," replied the average citizen. "What this town needs most is a good left-handed pitcher."—Chicago Record-Herald.

\* \* \*

**A Great Combination.**—"What is your ideal man?"

"One who is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it!"—Variety Life.

\* \* \*

### The English View.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,  
'Arf a hinch honward,  
'Ampered be 'obble skirts,  
'Opped the '400."

—Dartmouth Jack-O'-Lantern.

\* \* \*

**The Hint That Failed.**—Visitor (waiting an invitation to lunch): "Two o'clock! I fear I am keeping you from your dinner!"

Hostess: "No; but I fear we are keeping you from yours."—Meggen-dorfer Blaetter.



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21

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## PALE ALE

## EMPIRE DAY AND THE EARL

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE Twenty-Third of May is essentially in Canada the day of the young idea. Imperialism is a subject taught in a thousand schools on that date. Schoolmasters explain the meaning of the big word, tracing Great Britain in two hemispheres on the blackboard; thousands of lusty voices pouring forth the strains of "The Maple Leaf," and "O, Canada."

Earl Grey may sometimes send a deputy to look after certain matters of state in Ottawa—venerable Senator Power said so emphatically the other day—but there is one annual affair His Excellency insists on attending to himself. That is the Empire Day celebration in Toronto.

In Toronto Empire Day is a stupendous undertaking. From small beginnings it has grown to be a festival of loyalty assisted by vice-regal patronage. To the school children it is the biggest day in the calendar; principally because it is the one occasion during the year when "grown ups," such as teachers and parents, fade away into insignificance and youth is the talk of the town. The ceremony takes the form of decorating the monuments of the nation's heroes, so many of which are conspicuous in the Queen City, and a parade and review of the school cadet corps.

To understand Toronto's Empire Day, you must see it. You must run up to Queen's Park where the monuments are, and the reviewing takes place, and lose yourself among the crowd of mothers, sisters and baby carriages. Empire Day to a Torontonian is a deeply personal thing. Every street in the town has one or two militant young representatives in the cadet corps; their neighbors know all about them, and those that can take an hour or so off in the afternoon join the second cousins watching the embryo soldiers of the Empire do themselves proud. Three thousand schoolboys, aged fourteen to twenty years, all in uniform, all armed to the teeth like regulars, marched past the Governor-General this year. Such is inspiration.

The military manoeuvres as usual took place in Queen's Park in the afternoon. In front of the Legislative building a marquee had been erected for the convenience of the Governor and his party. Shortly after two o'clock His Excellency, accompanied by Lady Grey and the Lady Sybil, descended from a big limousine and received the plaudits of a vast concourse of spectators. Far away southward down University Avenue, there could be heard the roll of a drum, the lowing of a bugle. Then became apparent a faint mist of colour; which soon could be seen a vivid red, and the scarlet tunics of the cadets heaved into sight. His Excellency stepped out in front of the marquee; a city regimental band

in attendance struck up "God Save the King," which was drowned by the cadet band of the boys.

"Your Excellency, I want you to take special notice of our band," remarked Chief Inspector Hughes, Toronto Board of Education, swelling out his chest, which is as vibrant with martial fervour as that patriotic bosom of his brother of famous memory, Colonel Sam.

His Excellency was a genuinely interested man. He is naturally fond of man in the making, especially so if military training has anything to do with his development—perhaps because the blood of Grey always ran strongly into sabres. This day, as he said in a speech afterwards, was the proudest of his whole seven years' Governor-Generalship. He stood out in the boiling sun in full view of all. Not a detail escaped him. Several times I noticed him beating time as a company passed him. Occasionally he turned to Sir Henry Pellatt or General Cotton, and exchanged remarks with these magnificently accoutred experts. As each of the nine battalions went on its way he saluted its standard.

And if the King's deputy was interested in them, equally were the cadets in the Governor-General. Ninety per cent. of the boys in line were public school youngsters, the oldest of whom would not be more than sixteen years. Very few of these fellows had ever seen a real lord before. In consideration of which, if a little shaver in the ranks, shouldering a firearm almost twice as long as himself, should pause to cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at the tall peer of the realm, he might be excused. "Eyes front!"—that was a very frequent command. The officers looked with very stern mien when they said it. But let it be said that even some of them sometimes looked sideways, much to the amusement, I noticed, of the Lady Sybil and her mother. However, the order was excellent. The appearance of the boys reflected credit upon the City of Toronto and the Dominion. On the preceding occasion Earl Grey inspected them only six hundred wore uniforms. Now five times that number had scraped up the full regalia of war.

When the last stragglers were gone, I saw Sir James Whitney sidle up to His Excellency in his working clothes, just from his office in the buildings, where in windows up to the roof civil service clerks were perched taking in the proceedings.

"A splendid fighting force," said the doughty Sir James proudly.

Earl Grey returned the salute of Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said simply.

And, then, more to himself than to any of these present:

"This has all the races in the country beaten!"

## THE GREED OF CONQUEST

(Continued from page 17.)

Another paper spoke of Ralph Lowick at considerable length. "Curse with a terrible inheritance," said this journal, "Mr. Ralph Lowick has already taken the life of a fellow-creature in order—so he has admitted—to preserve the secret of this epoch-making machine, and keep it inviolate for the good of his country. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lowick, now in the hands of murderers, will not value his own life more highly than that of the man he killed. It is probable—nay, almost certain—that further information will be required of him by those who have spared his life. If it had been otherwise, he would have shared the fate of his servants and the police. It now rests with him to cover himself with glory by refusing to part with his secret, to be faithful—even unto death."

A week passed, and though half Scotland Yard was down at Cransea Hall, nothing was found which would give any clue to the identity of the murderers. They had left no trace behind them save the deed, and the bullets which had done their work. These were all of the same bore, and had, according to expert opinions, been fired from old English Martini-Henry rifles. Finger-prints and footprints there were in plenty, but these clues, which might have been of use in an ordinary case of murder, were quite valueless where the search had to be made over all the oceans of the globe.

The vessel, which had lain two miles out at sea off Cransea island, had been seen by only two people on the night of the crime, and unfortunately they gave varying descriptions of her. One man said that she was

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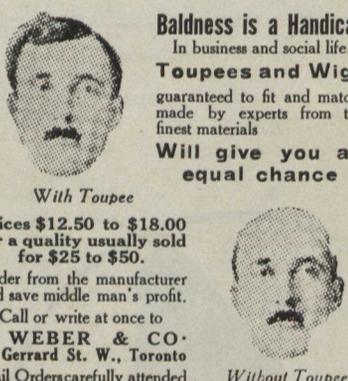
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Painted white, that she had two masts and one funnel, and was about two hundred feet in length. The other, a coastguardsman, said that she was black and had two funnels and three masts. He put her length down at three hundred feet. Both, however, agreed that she had clipper bows and that she was never at anchor, but steamed slowly to and fro. One man was six miles to the north of her, and the other five miles to the south, so neither had any opportunity of giving a minute description.

The inquest on John Corodale, the third victim that Sir John Lowick's invention had claimed from the human race, was robbed of its chief interest by the fact that everyone was thinking of the stupendous tragedy that had followed so close upon Corodale's death, that Inspector Turnbull was dead, and that Ralph Lowick himself had disappeared. It was, however, conducted with the usual care exercised on such occasions, and though the evidence was only second-hand—being such evidence as Mr. Turnbull had communicated to his colleagues at Sinchester—a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against Ralph Lowick. The jury, however, added a rider to the effect that until all the facts of the case were known they were not prepared to say whether there were any extenuating circumstances or not. Certainly Corodale's statement that he had learned the secret from the lips of the murderer had not been confirmed.

The whole of England was in an uproar, and Corodale's death was hardly mentioned in the papers. The Government were reticent, and questions asked in Parliament met with the usual evasive replies.

"Everything possible is being done," said the Home Secretary, and his words were mentioned by the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The latter, however, added a warning that it would be unwise and immoral to suspect any friendly nation of such a dastardly crime against humanity.

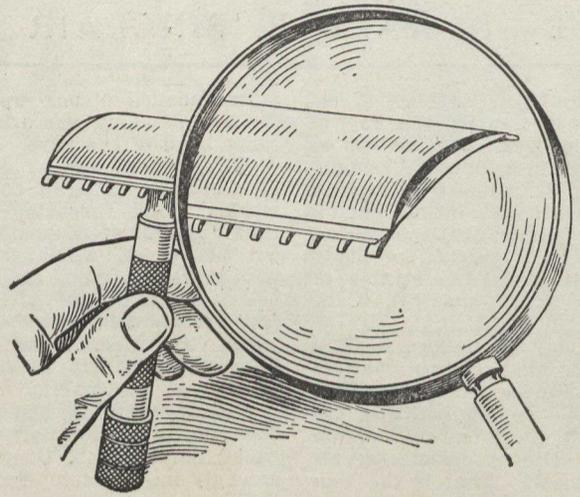
The general idea was that it was the work of a gang of desperadoes, who intended to obtain the valuable secret and sell it to the highest bidder. According to the newspapers, every foreign Government had promised their assistance in the work of running the ruffians to earth, and every day they provided some excitement for their readers in the shape of news of a mysterious vessel which was always seen, but always eluding pursuit—a vessel that could outdistance the fastest torpedo destroyer ever built. But nothing was found, and the nation screamed for vengeance in vain.

Amid all this turmoil there was one woman who spoke but little, and whose thoughts were centred more on the living than the dead. Joan Endermine was among the mourners who wept for those who had perished in the tragedy, but, unlike them, she could not stand by the grave of him she loved or give a last tribute of flowers to his memory.

She knew that Ralph Lowick would die, as surely as though he were in Sinchester Gaol awaiting execution. He could only buy his life at the cost of his honour, and he was not the man to do that. He would be killed, perhaps after months or even years of hideous torture. But he would never speak. And the secret would die with him. It would be used neither for the glory of England nor for the peace of the world.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

ONE summer evening, a month after the awful tragedy at Cransea Hall, Joan Endermine was walking with her father across the marshland which lay between Easternhoe and the sea. It was just such an evening as the one on which the great experiment had been made. The air was still, and the whole scene was bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. Her father had been talking fiercely of the impotence of the British Government, of what he would do if he were Prime Minister, or what he would say if he had a seat in Parliament. But as they neared Cransea Hall he had lapsed into silence, and



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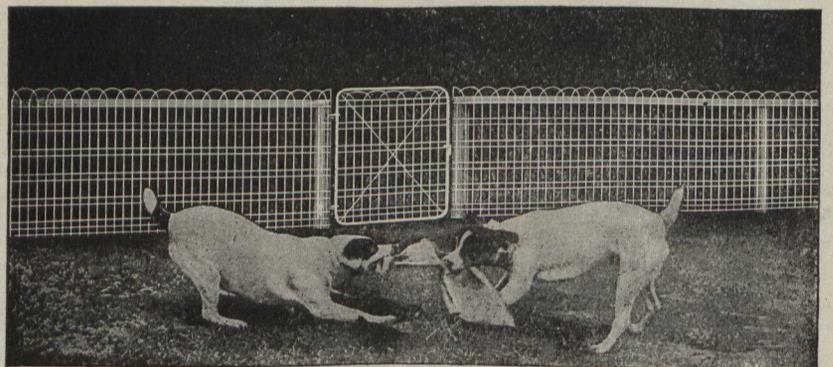
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neither of them spoke again till they had passed the belt of trees which enclosed the grounds, and reached the wooden pier.

"If I were a millionaire," he said, resting his arms on the wooden rail, "I'd charter a big steam-yacht, have her fitted out with guns and men, and scour the seas till I found those scoundrels. Then I'd give every one of them a thousand lashes, and hang whatever was left of them to the yardarm. That's what I'd do."

Joan did not answer. Her eyes were gazing seawards. She had heard much of this sort of talk lately, and it tinkled feebly in her ears.

"I believe the Government are playing some deep game," Colonel Endermine continued—"that there is some international complication. I'm willing to bet that they know the name of the nation that has done this thing, and are trying to avoid war. Knives and liars these politicians are. I know them. They'd rather sacrifice half England than snap their fingers in the face of Germany."

Still Joan was silent. She was thinking of Lowick, and of the night they had last stood on this pier looking at the single figure silhouetted against the sky.

"I shouldn't wonder," the Colonel went on, "if Corodale wasn't in the know. I'm not sorry Ralph Lowick shot him. Ralph wouldn't have killed a man if it hadn't been absolutely necessary. The jury at the inquest were a pack of fools, and as for the police—well, I wish I'd been on the jury; I'd have said what I thought of the police."

"Oh, father, please," said the girl, wearily, "it's no good talking of all that, is it? What's to be done to save Ralph? Can nothing be done?"

"I can't do anything, Joan. I wish I could—if it were only for your sake, my poor child. If the outcry of the Press and the outcry of the whole nation can't move the Government to do anything, it is certain I can't. As I tell you, if I were a millionaire, I'd go and search for the vessel myself—hello!"

This exclamation was elicited by the sudden appearance of a man from the small gate on the other side of the road—the gate that gave access to the grounds of Cransea Hall. He was not the sort of man that might be expected to emerge from the grounds of a gentleman's residence. His clothes were dirty and patched in places, and he looked sadly in need of both a bath and a shave. A small bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, was slung over his shoulder on the end of a thick stick, and he limped as though he had walked far.

"An ugly-looking customer," said Colonel Endermine. "I thought the police had cleared all suspicious characters out of this neighborhood."

"Poor fellow!" said Joan. "If he asks for a copper, please give him one."

"I'll do nothing of the sort—well, what do you want?"

The man mumbled something about a night's lodging and a bit of bread. He looked feeble and half starved, and not in the least dangerous. The short and sturdy Colonel Endermine could probably have knocked him down with a single blow.

"Do you know I'm a Justice of the Peace," growled the Colonel, "and I've half a mind to have you sent to gaol for begging."

"I ain't beggin'," the man answered. "I don't want none o' your money. I only takes what's given me cheerful like. I s'pose I may look at the view, mayn't I?" And shuffling past them he leant his arms on the rail and gazed seawards, blinking his red-rimmed eyes.

"Come along, Joan," said Colonel Endermine, sharply; "and look here, my man, you'd better be out of this part of the world before the morning, or you'll get more dry bread and more nights' lodgings than you want."

He moved away, and Joan followed reluctantly. "Oh, father," she said, as she reached the road, "let me give him a penny."

"You can do what you like with your own money," was the curt reply. The girl ran back, and opened her



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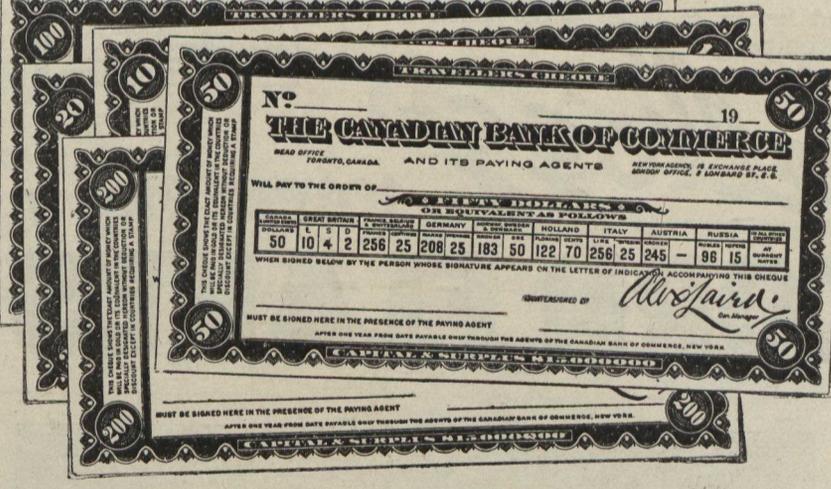
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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Oakwood and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
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G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

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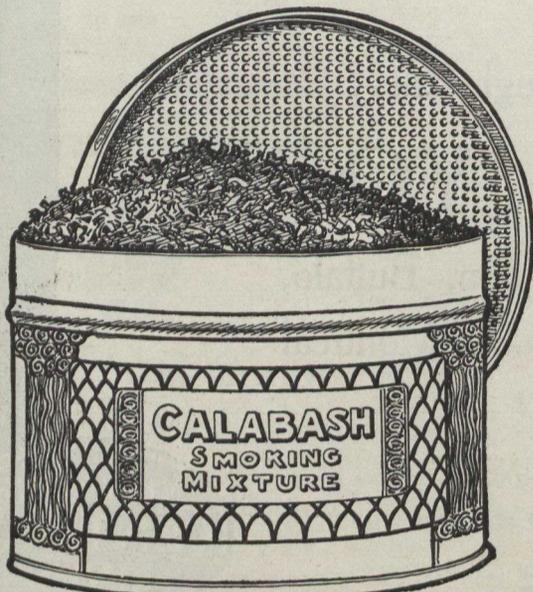


SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 23rd June, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 24 times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION, from the 1st October 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 Chatsworth, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

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16 " " "	\$1.50

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# Remember That All Corn

Flakes are not "Kellogg's." There are many imitations. Only by our method—a secret process—is it possible to transform the tender, sweet-heart of the corn into a food that combines the flavor, richness, nutrition and digestibility of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

You owe it to yourself and family to insist upon KELLOGG'S Toasted Corn Flakes. See that you get it.

Made in Canada, at London, Ont.

21

*Kellogg's*

10¢ Per. Pkg.

# TOASTED CORN FLAKES



bag, where there more pennies than pieces of silver.

"Here you are," she said, quickly, and she held out twopence.

"Thank 'ee kindly, miss," said the tramp. "I'll bless yer beautiful face; I will, when I drinks my nex' glass of beer."

He fumbled in his pocket, and as he took the money he placed a small envelope in her hand.

"What's the meaning of this?" she asked.

"Don't you stop to talk about it," he replied, "or it'll cost a gen'leman his life. Slip it in your little bag, and read it when you're alone. Don't stand starin' at me like that. The old man'll wonder what's up. You just read that when you're alone, and don't say nothin' to nobody about it."

The colour faded from Joan Endermine's face. Then she thrust the envelope in her bag, and hurried away to rejoin her father.

"How much did you give him?" asked Colonel Endermine.

"Twopence, father," she answered in a low voice.

"Better have chucked it in the sea. Those fellows are no good. I'm a magistrate, and know what I'm talking about."

Joan, anxious to hide her excitement, plunged into a discussion on the merits and the vices of the vagrant class, and so keenly did she follow up argument with argument, that they were still talking about organized and indiscriminate charity when they entered the gates of her home.

She spoke a few words to her mother, and then went upstairs to dress for dinner. The moment she was alone, she opened her bag and took out the envelope which the tramp had handed to her. It was a very small envelope—not more than three inches square—and very dirty. She tore it open, and read the following message in Ralph Lowick's handwriting:

"I am still in the neighbourhood, but am in hiding. For pity's sake meet me to-night at eleven o'clock by the small entrance gate of Cransea Hall. If you cannot arrange it, I will try and be there to-morrow night at the same time. After that I can wait no longer. I must see you. I look to you to save my life and not to betray me—even to your own parents.—Ralph."

(To be continued.)

## Back From the United States

"THIS is My Own, my Native Land," quoth Jean Lavigne, as he led his family from the train that carried them back after ten years in L'Etats Unis, said the Vancouver World recently.

Jean's stout French-Canadian heart burned within him as he turned his footsteps from wandering on the foreign strand south of forty-nine.

Beyond acquiring several grandsons, who may qualify for the Presidency of the United States, and a well developed Yankee nasal drawl in place of his native Habitant, Mr. Lavigne has little to thank the American Republic for.

The Lavigne family is the advance guard of fifty French-Canadian families from near North Yakima, Wash., who will return to Canada to seek their fortunes in the Skeena Valley.

On board the Prince Rupert the Lavignes left for the north last night. The head of the house explained that the high cost of living had driven him out of the United States, and he would never return. He had lived, he said, in the Province of Quebec—had been born there. He was induced to emigrate to the Western States ten years ago.

Fortune did not favor him with a very lavish hand. So the Lavigne homestead in Northern Washington has been disposed of, and with the cash receipts the family starts afresh in the Bulkley Valley.

"Seven hundred people will come into Canada from our neighborhood during this year," said Mr. Lavigne. "We French-Canadians love our Canada, and we cannot stay away."



BY APPOINTMENT.

# WHITE HORSE WHISKY

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THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

Baiting His Trap

# For your own benefit

Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast for the next ten days and note how different you feel during the day.

Wheat is the most perfect food given to man—rich in every strengthening, muscle-building element, so essential for the healthy, robust body.

# SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit is just the plain, wholesome whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked a crisp golden brown—a delight to eat and to serve.

Its very crispness assists digestion—compels the necessary chewing and mixing with saliva.

Shredded Wheat is better than mushy porridges because you have to chew it, thereby getting from it its rich muscle and bone-building nutriment.

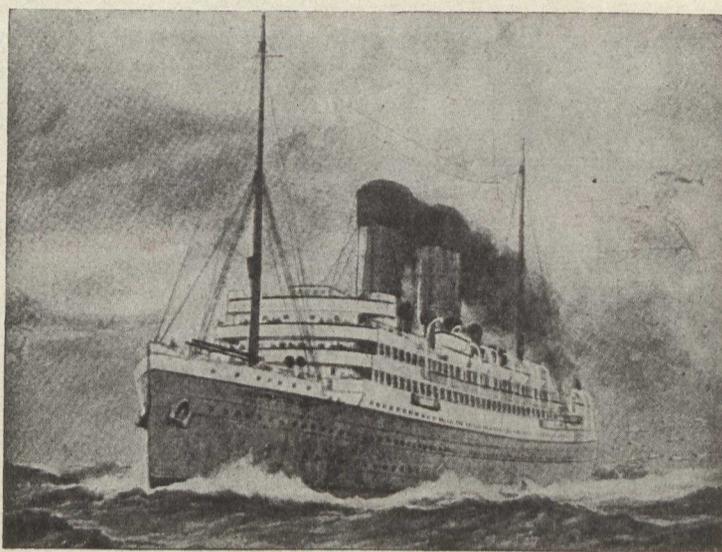
*Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit make a complete nourishing breakfast, supplying all the strength needed for a half-day's work. Delicious with fruit for lunch. Your grocer sells them.*

The only cereal made in biscuit form

Made by

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

D62



## The St. Lawrence Route to Europe

Not the least pleasurable part of your Old Country trip is the two days' sail down the smooth gliding St. Lawrence—past quaint, picturesque villages of the habitant—Plains of Abraham—mediaeval Quebec—and the hazed peaks of Blue Mountains. These and other picturesque sights delight those who travel on the

### ROYAL GEORGE or ROYAL EDWARD

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KAWARTHA LAKES—Speckled Trout, Black Bass, and Maskinonge.  
LAKE OF BAYS—Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout, and Black Bass.  
ALGONQUIN PARK—Speckled Trout, Black Bass, and Salmon Trout.  
TEMAGAMI—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout, Wall-eyed Pike.  
LAKE NIPISSING—Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, Pike.  
GEORGIAN BAY—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, Pike.

OPEN SEASONS.

BLACK BASS—June 16th to April 14th following year. SPECKLED TROUT—May 1st to September 14th. SALMON TROUT AND LAKE TROUT—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year. MASKINONGE—June 16th to April 14th following year. PICKEREL—May 16th to April 14th following year.

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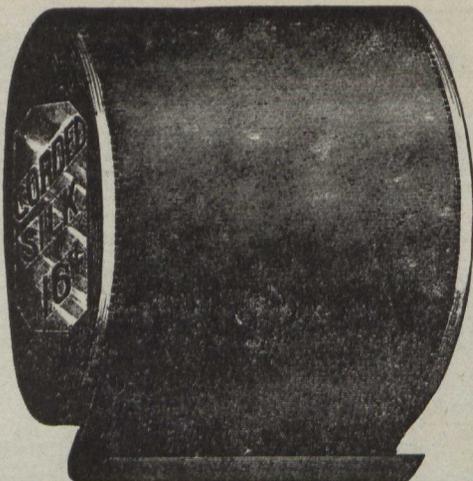
**1H-2000. This Smart Dress Sailor** is of rough, satin-finished straw braid and has a slightly rolling brim. It is beautifully trimmed, high and around the crown, with pretty marguerites and roses. The contrast between the white marguerites and the pink roses is most effective and summery looking, but those who prefer an all-white hat can have white roses instead of pink. Also the shape comes in either white or burnt color. The hat measures about 19 inches from back to front, and 20 from side to side. As the price is very low and the value exceptional, we would advise that an early order be sent in order to prevent disappointment. **Special Price 1.98**

**1H-3000. A Very Handsome Large Dress Sailor** in a most becoming shape, having a slightly drooping brim rolling at edge. The underbrim is faced with a flange of satin, finished with wire at each edge, and the crown is trimmed with softly draped, beaded chiffon over satin, and dainty bunches of marguerites, roses and forget-me-nots, there being two bunches at the right side and one at the left. A wide choice in the matter of colors is offered. For instance, the hat shape comes in white or burnt straw; the satin used under the beaded chiffon can be had in pink, pale blue or white, while the marguerites are white, the forget-me-nots blue and the roses pink or tea, as preferred. Measurements: back to front about 20 inches, side to side about 20½ ins. Only a limited number. **Special Price 2.78**

### A BIG PRICE REDUCTION

**THIS OFFER HOLDS GOOD  
UNTIL JUNE 15th ONLY**

**16c**



**20 - 693. Fine Corded Silk Ribbon**, over 5 inches wide, in the season's most popular colors, for smart millinery, sashes and hair bows. Being bought by us from the mill at a very special price for a large quantity, we are able to offer it for so little that we do not expect to have a yard left. Colors are white, sky, pink, cardinal, brown, navy, myrtle, black. Every thread is pure silk, and perfectly woven, width 5¼ inches. This offer holds good till June 15th only, so please order early to prevent disappointment, giving colors desired and prefix No. 20-693. **Clearing price, 16c per yard.....**

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