

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5064  
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THE ICE CREAM MAN.

"A SIGN OF SUMMER"

Drawn by E. J. Dinsmore.

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

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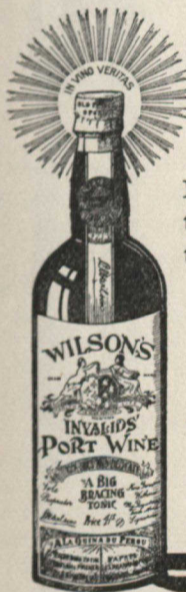
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited  
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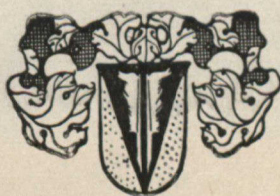
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## Editor's Talk

FOLLOWING up our campaign in connection with West Indian trade and the possibilities of federation with Canada, we publish this week an article by a native of Jamaica. This gentleman has been a resident of Canada for several years but he is greatly interested in the progress of his native land. He would like to see a system of mutual preferences which would increase intercolonial trade, and as auxiliary to this a better and larger steamship service between Maritime Province ports and the West Indies. At present Jamaica, with its 850,000 people and a considerable trade, is not in direct communication with Canada.

NEXT week we shall issue our third Annual Tourist Number which has now become a permanent feature of our yearly programme. Every person who travels will find something of value in both advertising and reading pages. Indeed the Editorial staff finds itself hard-driven to keep the reading pages as artistic as the advertising pages of this journal. Colgate's advertisement of last week, and the National Phonograph announcement this week have been strikingly artistic features which rival anything our artists can produce. We are pleased to announce also that our April advertising was twenty-five per cent. larger than in April, 1908, and that May promises to beat even that pleasant record.



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 ¶ We do not send samples of materials used in these dresses, when ordering be sure to state size and color.



J-5068

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**J-5068. One-Piece Princess Dress of Good Quality Taffeta Silk;** front of waist trimmed with rows of fine tucking and three narrow cross straps, also has shaped stitched strap either side trimmed with silk buttons; shoulder tucks allow for fulness; attached shaped collar and new style long sleeves tucked; attached belt and panel down front trimmed with large silk buttons; fastened in back with two clusters of tucks either side; skirt is thirteen gore style, has loose fold of self terminating in points and trimmed with buttons around the bottom; unlined. Choice of black, navy, brown or green. Price..... **15.00**

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**J-5024. Beautiful one-piece Dress of Mull;** the front and back of waist is tucked in yoke effect and elaborately trimmed with rows of lace insertion and medallions; new style long sleeves consists entirely of tucks and lace insertion with frill of lace at wrist; attached belt and shaped collar tucked and trimmed with lace insertion; fastens invisibly in back; skirt tucked to the hips and, with flounce, is trimmed with tucks and lace insertion to match waist. Colors, white, sky or mauve with white trimmings. Price..... **16.50**

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J-5024

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# E THE T. EATON CO LIMITED E

TORONTO CANADA



T H E  
**Canadian Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 5

Toronto, May 1st, 1909

No. 22

## MEN OF TO-DAY

### Two Archbishops

ANGLICANS have been very busy recently electing bishops and archbishops. On Monday last, they were again called upon to elect a new Metropolitan and a new Primate. The former honour fell to the Rt. Rev. Charles Hamilton, M.A., Bishop of Ottawa, who thus ranks as an Archbishop. The higher honour went to the Most Rev. Samuel Pritchard Matheson, D.D., Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Both these offices were formerly held by the late Rev. Arthur Sweatman, Archbishop of Toronto.

Archbishop Matheson is the first native western prelate to rise to the highest honour in the Anglican Church. He is a native Manitoban, and a descendant of a Selkirk Settler—and S. S. promises to become almost as famous as U. E. L. Nor, in spite of his patriarchal beard, is the new Primate to be considered old—he was born in Kildonan in 1852. Manitoba should be proud of having given so grand a figure to guide the destinies of such an important church body.

Archbishop Hamilton has been Bishop of Ottawa since 1896. He was born on the banks of the Ottawa, and was educated in Montreal and at Oxford. Quebec, Niagara and Ottawa have been the scenes of his labours. He has taken a keen, sympathetic interest in all church activity, especially educational work, and has earned his honours by years of keen service.

\* \* \*

### Two Knights of Water-Power

MR. J. E. ALDRED was one of the youngest members of the American group who a few years ago realised the great possibilities of the enormous water-powers of the Province of Quebec and fairly startled Montrealers by the announcement that they would harness the magnificent falls at Shawinigan, some 73 miles down from Montreal, and would bring the power into the city. In the early days Mr. Aldred was treasurer of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, but from the start his ability was recognised by his associates and he quickly climbed the ladder till he became managing director of the concern and last year on the retirement of Hon. Robert Mackay from the presidency, the directors insisted that young Mr. Aldred should assume the office. Perhaps no other man played such an important part in the development of Shawinigan Falls from a tiny little village to a thriving industrial town as did Mr. Aldred, as he was quick to induce other large concerns to go to Shawinigan in order to take advantage of the very cheap power his company would be able to supply. Mr. Aldred has always been keenly interested in the welfare of the town of Shawinigan and only recently secured the incorporation of a general hospital, perhaps the first of its kind to be established in the smaller towns of Quebec. Mr. Aldred spends a great deal of his time in Montreal and is quite a familiar figure in the financial district.

In Ontario there are many power developments, but Niagara and DeCew are the greatest. The discoverer of DeCew Falls was Mr. John Patterson, whom some declare to have done more for the city of Hamilton than any other living man, not excepting the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Mr. Patterson is an Irishman by birth. In 1878 he and his brother started out to build houses in Hamilton. They built hundreds of them. Mr. Patterson then got



Archbishop Matheson,  
New Anglican Primate.



Archbishop Hamilton,  
New Anglican Metropolitan.

interested in iron, and Hamilton has since been a pioneer in making Canadian iron. He also secured the charter for the Cataract Power Company, but it was many years before he could get capitalists to see the great profit which eventually would be made out of it. When the Cataract Company did get going it soon absorbed the Hamilton Radial Railway Company and other organisations. It is now one of the largest corporations in Ontario.

\* \* \*

### A Judge to the Rescue

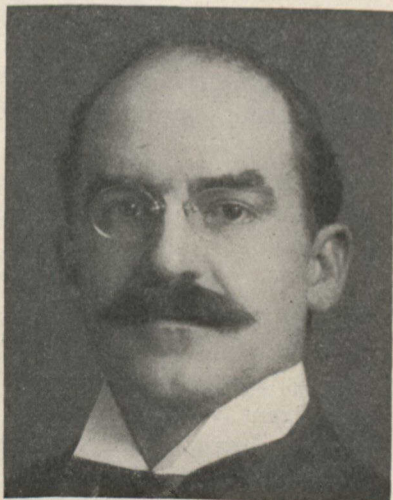
THE railway corporations have such important legal interests that they can afford to entice men off the Bench to look after their work. Mr. Justice Phippen, of the Manitoba Court of Appeal, has resigned to become solicitor for the Canadian Northern. Mr. Z. A. Lash, who has handled the legal work of this corporation, of which he is an officer and large stockholder, finds it advisable to divide his troubles with another. Mr. Phippen is a Belleville and an Albert College man, afterwards studied in Toronto, and went to Winnipeg in 1884. He served with the Macdonald, Tupper firm until he went on the Bench. Many important cases passed through his hands, and at least four of these took him before the Privy Council.

\* \* \*

### A Far Western Home-Maker

IN the day's work of settling and helping to civilise the far West there is something to be said about the women who more than half a century ago settled in Victoria, B. C. So much is said about the Western men as pioneers that the more humble but not less needful work of the women is often overlooked. Victoria owes much of its rare charm to the Eng-geography and climate—to the large number of English families that went there at a time when there was no way to go except by boat. Most English city in Canada is Victoria; in many respects most homelike. Perhaps the oldest survival of the English invasion of home-builders in the fur-fort town is Mrs. Ella, widow of the late Captain Ella, to whom she was married fifty-four years ago. It was in 1850 that Mr. Blenkinsop, an uncle of Miss Cheney—who she then was—accepted a position as farmer to a settler of Vancouver Island. Miss Cheney came with him. They sailed from Gravesend in November and got to Victoria in May. In a log house on the farm they lived; the English family—whose young girl so often went riding over to the Fort and to Esquimault, which was more than ordinarily gay in those years with naval officers and ships. It was in 1855 that Miss Cheney was married to Captain Ella, one of the officers, who afterwards entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. The young couple moved to Victoria; and it was a very little while till that part of the world opened up to the great gold rush that followed the California trek of '49. Home-keeping in Victoria soon became a serious matter. With the inrush of miners prices rose. Lumber, which had been ten dollars a thousand, ran to a hundred dollars. Eggs were three dollars a dozen. Even water had to be bought by the gallon—costing with the most rigid economy often as

much as twenty dollars a month. However, the Ellas had land which also began to rise in value, though not quite so rapidly as the necessities of life. Seven children they brought up in their home on Fort street. Six of these are still living; one at home; three in Victoria city and two in Vancouver; all as good Canadians as can be found anywhere. Mrs. Ella still lives in the home which she began to make away back in 1855. May her later days be glad.



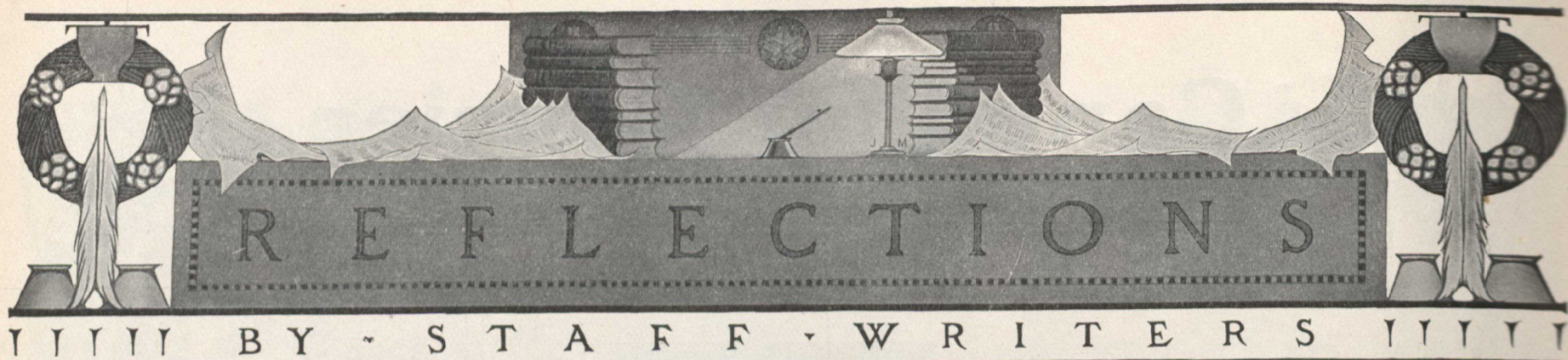
Mr. J. E. Aldred,  
President Shawinigan Power Co.



Ex-Judge Phippen,  
New Solicitor Can. Northern Railway.



Mr. John Patterson,  
Discoverer DeCew Falls.



#### MUNICIPAL COMMISSIONS

THE movement in favour of municipal government by commissions might reasonably be made the subject of investigation by the Ontario Government. Galveston, Wichita, Des Moines and other United States cities are trying the experiment and official information as to its success in the United States and elsewhere would be both interesting and valuable. In this country, with the rapid growth of municipal undertakings as well as the great development of municipal business, there is need for improvement in municipal methods. If this new system secures better results than our present system of government by elected aldermen, the information cannot come too soon. Montreal is a shining example of a badly governed city, and Toronto is not noted for its careful management. A commission of experts might not do much better, but a discussion of the question would be valuable to all concerned.



#### FUTURE OF THE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

FOR some time, the Bell Telephone Company, or that portion of it which controls telephonic supplies, tried to keep the independent telephone companies from securing equipment. That policy has now been changed. The Bell people are now encouraging independent companies and seeking their patronage.

In the same liberal way, the Bell Company has not tried to dissuade the governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta from taking over the telephone lines in these provinces. They have met them in a fair bargaining spirit and turned over their property at a price. On the night of April 30th, the last of the Bell lines on the prairies will be transferred to the Saskatchewan government.

When Sir William Mulock was Postmaster-General, he was in favour of taking over all the Bell trunk lines in Canada and putting them under the control of the Post-Office as they are in Great Britain. It looks now as if the various provinces would ultimately do what the Dominion authorities were unwilling to do. Already there is a movement in Ontario in favour of some such move, and no doubt the question will be discussed in the other provinces. The Bell Company is wise in not attempting to thwart the wishes of the people and in avoiding expensive litigation or arbitration. The method they have adopted will undoubtedly bring them greater rewards. The making and selling of telephonic equipment will probably furnish quite enough business and profit to employ all the capital in which the Bell people are interested.



#### A NOVEL SUGGESTION

JUDGE BARRON makes a novel suggestion when he advises Canada to prohibit the export of nickel in order to prevent Germany making nickel-steel plate necessary for great battleships. Canada and New Caledonia are the only sources of nickel. Germany must buy from one or the other. Canada can prohibit the export of nickel to Germany and France can prohibit the export from New Caledonia to Germany. And there you are—Germany cannot build any more *Dreadnoughts*.

It must be remembered that three-inch nickel-steel plate is better than the old-fashioned nine-inch armour. It may be dinged by a projectile but it does not splinter and crack like armour-plate. Moreover, being lighter, it reduces the dead weight of the modern ship away below that of the old armour-clad and also accelerates speed. Most of the nickel used by Germany in plate manufacture comes from Sudbury, and if the supply was cut off, the building of future German warships would be doubtful. Of course, Canada would let Great Britain have what nickel is required for her new *Dreadnoughts* and then Britain's supremacy would be ensured.

It is questionable if Canada has the power to do what Judge

Barron suggests. There are practical limits to what a government may do. The nickel trust owns the mines and if Canada destroys the mines or renders them nearly valueless, would the nickel trust not be entitled to compensation? Moreover, while Canada might put an export duty on nickel sent to any country but Great Britain, would it be practical politics? Furthermore, if the nickel went to Great Britain, would it stay there? Would not some patriotic British ship-builder find it profitable to sell the greater portion of his supply to the German plate-makers? The suggestion seems to be of doubtful quality, though it opens a broad field of speculation. Perhaps British statesmen might be invited to co-operate with Canada in acquiring and controlling the Canadian nickel deposits, and thus accomplish what Judge Barron suggests.



#### DETROIT'S FIASCO

DETROIT had a big meeting the other day to discuss reciprocity between the United States and Canada. Apparently, the Toronto Board of Trade was not invited to attend, because Toronto is thought to be "beyond redemption." The Montreal Board was invited to send representatives but declined. Canada does not seem to have been represented, except by Mr. Macdonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe*. Just how he came to be there and who he represented is somewhat of a mystery; nevertheless when he told them Canada was not seeking reciprocity, he came close enough to the truth to provide an excuse for his presence.

Any United States Board of Trade or other commercial organisation which issues invitations to Canadians to go over and discuss reciprocity should be treated just as the Detroit Board of Trade was treated on this occasion. They must be courteously but firmly informed that Canada is weary of fruitless discussions on this subject and that this country intends to devote its time to developing other avenues of trade. When the United States desires reciprocity, all it has to do is to lower its tariff to the level of ours, and then ask for discussion. That Canada has not tried to exclude United States products from this market is amply proven by the trade returns which show that Canada purchases twice as much from the United States as she sells to that country. Moreover, during the past ten years Canadian customs imposts on dutiable goods have declined three per cent., while the free list has been somewhat enlarged. On the other hand, the McKinley Bill and other tariff measures, including the Payne Bill now before Congress, have made it more and more difficult for Canadian products to enter the United States.

This is the explanation of the Detroit Board of Trade's failure to get any person to take a deep interest in its trade conference.



#### THE TRADE OF 1909

THAT 1909 is likely to be a banner year in Canadian development was predicted by twenty-five prominent business men whose opinions were published in the "Canadian Courier" some weeks ago. At the time, their prophecies seemed to be somewhat optimistic. Subsequent developments have shown their opinions to be fairly sound.

A side-light on the state of Canada's commercial activity during the past three years is to be found in the bank clearings in Montreal. In the second last week in April, 1907, they amounted to 26 millions; in the same week in 1908, they declined to 21 millions; in this particular week in 1909, they amounted to 35 millions.

Another side-light is found in the immigration returns. In 1907, the immigration was a record-breaker; in 1908, it declined to less than 150,000 new citizens, with a considerable leakage; in 1909, it will probably reach 200,000 again. Indeed, in this respect, 1909 promises to give 1907 a severe beating, since the immigrants coming in now are of a higher grade and are possessed of greater means.

Furthermore, the tide of migration from East to West continues

and every time a new district in the West is opened for homesteading or preemption, there is a rush which is quite extraordinary. Applicants stand in line for 24 or 36 hours to secure land which ten years ago could not be given away, and when they get a quarter-section they rub their hands because they are henceforth rich.

Again, the customs returns show that people are once more buying freely. Wages which were on the decline for about two years have shown a tendency to advance, especially among unskilled workers. Only rents and the rate of interest are low—and most of us will hope that they may long remain in this condition.



#### THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

DR. WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL is a poet with a purpose. He has, on more than one occasion, made something of a stir by going beyond the dreams and fancies in which the poet is allowed to indulge and entering upon the world of affairs. Dr. Campbell has convictions, and courage enough to announce them anywhere. He is quite capable of preaching militarism in the library of The Grange or recommending Higher Critics to Mr. Samuel Blake. When he came to the Canadian Club reception in Toronto in 1904, he brought no gentle, soothing message, but read a clarion call to those brave spirits who would purify the politics of "Canada, my Own, my Own."

Once more Dr. Campbell has come to Toronto, and has departed with a wake of discussion behind him. This time he has deplored the excessive demand for fiction at the public libraries and has also condemned much of modern fiction as decadent stuff. However, by mentioning the name of Mr. George Meredith, to say nothing of the hitherto harmless Mr. William De Morgan, he has given his opponents or detractors an opportunity for specific criticism. In the meantime, those who differ from Dr. Campbell seem, in several cases, to have forgotten that the poet made no estimate of the merely literary value of the works of these writers. He confined himself to a criticism of their moral tendencies—which is quite a different matter. A book may be a marvellous achievement in literary style and yet be undesirable as a moulder of conduct. In fact, the very grace or piquancy of style will make false or pernicious teaching all the more dangerous. To say that a bad book is brilliant is only to intensify the indictment.

However, to most of those who know anything of modern British fiction, the two authors to whom Dr. Campbell has referred do not seem particularly perilous to the young reader. Anyone who has patience to wade through Mr. De Morgan's third novel must have the passive virtues so well developed that he is unlikely to be contaminated by any ponderous work of fiction such as "Somehow Good," while Mr. Meredith appeals to the philosophic few who enjoy his Nature and are not too deeply affected by his Human Nature.

Dr. Campbell is entirely right in his two contentions. Too much fiction is read and much of it is undesirable in moral tone. However, he might have selected far more hurtful works than any which these two elderly Englishmen have produced or are likely to produce.



#### THE IRRESPONSIBLES

COMPARATIVELY easy, indeed, is the ridicule which the irresponsibles throw upon the militiaman. When a young man joins the force, in which he serves hard without pay, he is described as being attracted by the uniform, or, if an officer, as seeking a new kind of social prominence. Just as easy is the ridicule aimed at prominent military men, such as Lieut.-Col. Merritt, who try to prove to the public that compulsory military service of a moderate type, as they have it in Switzerland, is economically advisable. This form of ridicule is the cheapest form of talk from men who do not realise what citizenship means.

Much of this superciliousness on the part of journalists and preachers towards the militia is incomprehensible. When there is a strike or a riot somewhere, the people are glad to know that the militia has been called out. When the Fenian Raids occurred and when the Half-Breed rebellion broke out, the militia were exceedingly useful. When we speak of ourselves as a nation, we think of a people capable of taking care of themselves under any usual or unusual circumstances—a people strong in peace and in war. That we have had no war since 1815 is no proof that there will never be another. That the Dominion Government has not found it necessary to call out the militia since 1885, is no proof that it will never require it again.

There is no more modest, earnest body of men in Canada than the volunteer militia. Instead of discouraging these volunteers, they should be encouraged. It is much better that a young man should

spend twenty-four of his 365 evenings drilling in a city regiment than that he should spend these evenings in a pool-room or a bar-room. The physical training and the discipline are valuable to him personally and to the nation as a whole. When he becomes a non-commissioned officer, he will probably find the twenty-four evenings increased to forty-eight, to say nothing of the summer afternoons every good militiaman spends on the rifle-ranges learning something of national self-defence.

Instead of discouraging volunteering, every journalist, every employer of labour, and every father should encourage young men to spend three years in the militia. It is difficult enough now to get recruits, as every captain in the militia will confirm.



#### THE TRIUMPH OF SIR JAMES

WHEN Sir James Whitney arranged with the publishers of the Ontario school readers for a supply of these books for a year and a half at 39 cents a set, it was believed that this temporary price could not be duplicated. It was believed that this reduction in the wholesale price from 86 cents to 39 cents was due to the desire of people who had had the contract for over twenty years to dispose of their surplus stock and to keep other publishers out of the field. It was believed that Sir James Whitney had purchased a job lot of books at a low price, pending the issue of the new series of readers which were being prepared by the Department of Education. It was also believed that the new set of readers would cost more than the "job lot" price of 39 cents a set.

This belief was so common, that the "Canadian Courier" made the statement that the price of the new set would be much higher, that it might possibly go as high as 89 cents, the wholesale price of the old set. Much depended, of course, on the standard of printing and binding demanded by the new contract. Sir James Whitney believed the new price would be higher; so did Dr. Pyne, and Dr. Colquhoun, and Dr. Seath and Dr. Goggin. So did every person who knew the situation.

We were all wrong. The "Canadian Courier" offers its apologies; the other gentlemen, if they are really honest, will offer theirs. Pending Sir James' admission that he was mistaken, the "Courier" offers him its congratulations on his triumph. He has, partly by accident, but mainly by design, secured a new set of books at the "job lot" price. He has accepted a tender from the T. Eaton Company to print the new readers, in a style far superior to that of the old readers, at 49 cents a set, less twenty per cent. discount to dealers and Boards of Education. None of us counted on that enterprising departmental store, which shows how human we are, including Sir James.

The T. Eaton Company knows a great deal about manufacturing and has a business system which is the admiration of the continent. As the plates for these books are supplied by the Department, the contract is merely of a manufacturing nature and one which Eaton's printing department will have no trouble in handling. That this company will produce as good work as any other publisher would have done will be generally acknowledged. Therefore Sir James Whitney's triumph is complete. He has secured for the parents of the province a set of better readers at less than one-half the prices obtained by his predecessors in office. The total saving to the province will be about \$300,000 in the ten-year period. As against this, there is the cost of the Text-Book Commission, say \$10,000; and the cost of preparing the new set of readers, say \$15,000. This would make a net saving of \$27,500 per annum on the transaction.

We confess to a little sympathy with the old-time publishers, some of whom have been in business for half a century. Most of them fattened on public contracts until they became incapable of that exertion and enterprise which is necessary to continued success. They believed that all politicians and ministers of the Crown were fools, or could be hood-winked. The inevitable happened. A Prime Minister arose who could not be fooled so easily. He ordered an investigation and appointed to it men as capable as the publishers themselves. The secrets of the trade, and the extent of the exorbitant profits, were revealed to the public and henceforth publishing school-books was no mystery. Every provincial Department of Education in the Dominion demanded reductions and got them. Prices tumbled in every direction. And the end is not yet. Among all these once mighty kings of the publishing trade there was only one wise man, for he (because of his poor health) sold out nearly all his interests to the others before the shock came.

Perhaps this triumph of Sir James Whitney will be a warning to all manufacturers who deal with governments, that they should not expect fat profits to rule always. Sooner or later there will arise, even in benighted Canada, a cabinet minister who is not wholly devoted to politics and who is not entirely concerned with serving party purposes and collecting party funds. When he arrives at Ottawa, or at some provincial capital, the day of large profits on government contracts will be over. He will see that every possible contractor has an equal chance, no matter what his politics. The present-day rule that governments shall pay higher prices than private individuals is certain to pass away. Sir James Whitney has struck a blow at the practice, and let us hope that Sir James is not the last of his line.



### POLITICAL MORALITY AND RELIGION

**A**N Australian journalist looked me in the eye the other day and said that in Australia they have no "graft" in their politics. No "gra—" why, what, in Heaven's name, do they have politics for out there on that benighted island continent? Imagine politics without "graft"! What can keep "the boys" busy? How are the organisations held together? Who does the work in the wards, and what do they hope to get out of it? Do you mean to tell me that men will sit up nights, smoke campaign cigars, leaf over thumb-marked voters' lists, and get out and canvass the voters, to say nothing of rushing around like mad on election day to bring them to the polls, if there is nothing going to be "passed" after the dust of the conflict has settled? Why, it is absurd. You might as well pretend that you can keep a factory going without pay-day. Men are not in politics for their health—and when they have absorbed a glass or two of "political influence," they do not mind telling you so, as a rule. All work and no pay would make the political "Jack" an absentee.

\* \* \*

**O**F course, I asked the Australian how they did it. And he tried to tell me and be polite at the same time. Politeness is very frequently an enemy to lucidity; and I am not certain that I quite caught the idea. He seemed to think that some of it was due to our "foreign vote"—of which we have precious little in old Canada—and that some more could be blamed on the "American example." I am not entirely sure whether he blamed the climate for it or not. We certainly discussed climate comparatively; but it may have been in relation to something else. I offered an explanation on my own account; but he didn't seem to think that it explained. I said that we were so busy getting rich in this country that we did not have time to chase off the politicians when they robbed us of a few pennies a-piece. But he replied that, in Australia, they were more indignant at being robbed of a quarter of a farthing by a public man than if they were held up personally in the street and relieved of their pocket books. He seemed to think that it had something to do with "the principle of the thing."

\* \* \*

**"PRINCIPLE!"** That word had a familiar sound. I am sure that I can recall hearing it applied to public affairs before in my time; but it must have been when I was very young—when the country was not so full of "booming" money-making schemes as it is to-day—when people took life seriously and expected public men

to be bound by their professions. Why, I have even a dim recollection of hearing political leaders arraigned very severely for not doing what they said they would do. I am afraid that I must be very old. That is getting back into the idyllic days of pure politics and real party issues and—why, yes—and principles! I can well remember my grandfather talking about political principles. There were Liberal principles and there were Conservative principles in those misty ages before the flood—of prosperity—and it did make a difference which party was in power. It does to-day in Britain; and, by that same token, they do not have "graft" over there. Possibly the presence of "principles" in Australia may have something to do with the exclusion of unprincipled politicians.

\* \* \*

**H**E also said another funny thing—if I understood him rightly. He intimated that they did not go much on religion out in Australia. On Sundays, they make family parties and journey out into the country and worship "the great god Pan." Probably my hearing was at fault; but that was the impression he left with me. But how can they possibly have high political morality without religion? Or, perhaps, we had better put it the other way. Why do we have low political morality with so much religion? When I was a boy, I used to hear the preachers say that about the worst thing a man could be was to be "moral" without being "religious." I think they were in habit of attaching this doctrine to the notorious case of the Pharisees to whose morality they pointed as utterly failing to suffice them as a substitute for their lack of religion—i.e., their failure to recognise Christ. It seems to me on second thoughts that possibly the Pharisees had more religion than morality, judged by their own standards—but that is what the preachers were accustomed to say. Now if morality without religion is worse than house-breaking, what about religion without morality?

\* \* \*

**B**UT to return to our mutton—this question of "graft"—what have we got to say about it anyway? There is no use denying that we suffer from "graft." Each party confesses that the other is saturated with it; and our last elections were run on little else. Yet the people of the British Isles manage to spend the revenues of an Empire pretty well without it; and now here comes this Australian who insists that they hardly know what it means on his continent. Nor do I fancy that there is much "grafting" going on in Germany. What is the matter with us anyway? It is hardly satisfactory to say that we are so busy getting rich that we have no time to keep our representatives honest. The very fact that we value wealth should make us doubly anxious to make sure that it is not stolen; for we may be very certain that if we once permit our public representatives to believe that they may steal pennies with impunity, they will presently begin to steal something much more worth while. We ought to send a Commission to Australia to find out how they do it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



A New "Transportation" Building now being erected on the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto. Cost, \$95,000. Size, 337 feet by 153 feet. Materials, Steel, Red Brick and Stone Trimmings. Architect, Mr. George W. Gouinlock. Corner Stone Laid last Monday.





Constantinople—The Famous Yildiz Kiosk, showing the Palace and the Sultan's Private Mosque. Every Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath, the Selamlık or Procession of the Sultan to the Mosque, occurs. All the Household Troops are assembled for the occasion.

## CHRISTIAN AND MOSLEM

**M**ANY people will remember Mr. Gladstone's famous pamphlet, "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East." The Turk had put down the Bulgarian rebellion with unparalleled ferocity. Thousands of women and children were butchered and the land was made desolate. Great Britain went wild. Mr. Disraeli treated the horrifying spectacle with levity, and at the general election which followed Mr. Gladstone was returned to power. Russia, with Britain's backing, went to Constantinople and by the Treaty of Berlin, Bulgaria was free. But what of Armenia, and Anatolia, and Mesopotamia, and Syria and Yemen—the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor? In Armenia, especially, the Bulgarian horrors have been repeated a dozen times and no one has marched on Constantinople. Mr. Gladstone is dead; the United States has been busy in Cuba and the Philippines; the Young Turks have been too weak. Thessaly, Servia, Montenegro, Roumania, Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia have been freed; Bosnia has been placed under Austria's protection; Egypt has the benefit of Britain's suzerainty—but what is to be done for the remainder of Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia? Is the fanatical despotism of an Islam Turk to exist forever to the detriment of religious freedom and modern civilisation?

For twenty-five years, these questions have been asked and no one could frame an answer. The German Emperor visited Constantinople and told Abdul Hamid that the Christians must be respected and protected—but he has done little to fulfil his

divine mission. Christendom has failed ignominiously. The missionaries were sent in by the score to convert the infidel to Christianity, and as soon as the Christian colony became large enough the Bazi-bazouks followed to perform a religious massacre. The assassin of the Yildiz Kiosk has been much abused by Christian editors and preachers, and has been in receipt of numerous threatening messages from Christian governments, but the massacres continue to occur with remarkable regularity.

Only last autumn, the world heard that constitutional government had been established at Constantinople, and a Turkish parliament elected. Henceforth, the Sultan was to govern on the advice of elected rulers, and to rule according to occidental ideas of justice, freedom and liberty. It seemed as if the Moslem Devil had reformed. But in spite of complacent Christian hopes the massacres have been renewed and Asia Minor is again red with the blood of converted heathen.

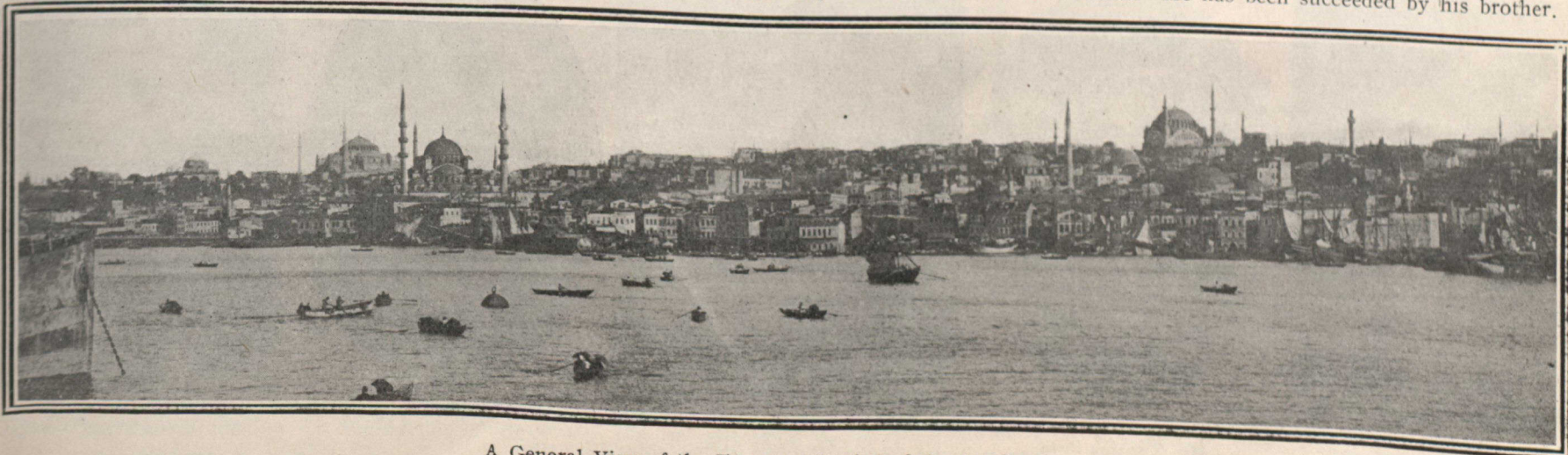
Now comes a revolution. Many centuries ago, Macedonia sent a cry across the Levant to Syria, "Come over and help us." Macedonia is now, to some extent, paying back the long-standing debt. She has taken forcible possession of the Great Assassin and proposes that he shall spill no more blood. Let us hope that they will succeed, but let us not forget that Macedonia has shamed Rome and Berlin and London and Washington.

The events during the past nine months are worth summarising. The Hamidian regime ended in July last because the despotism had become in-

tolerable. The terrorism, favouritism and extravagance of that regime killed it. The army was disgusted and the Young Turk party, at home and in exile, was in favour of reform. The Macedonian Army Corps backed the nationalism movement and, after a show of force on both sides, Abdul Hamid yielded. A parliament was summoned, the press was given freedom, and Turks, Arabs, Greeks and Albanians joined in a jubilation over the new liberal era. The Committee of Union and Progress had triumphed.

For a time it seemed as if this swift, bloodless revolution would be marvellously successful. Apparently Hamid's yielding was only a blind to retain peace and popularity. He and his reactionary followers were but biding their time. They secretly planned a counter revolution. They began to set race against race and creed against creed. Kiamil Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, tried to steer between the two courses and finally the Young Turks turned him out of office. About three weeks ago there was a third revolution, led by the First Army Corps in Constantinople, and in turn the new Grand Vizier, Hilmi Pasha, was deposed and the Minister of Justice slain. The members of the Committee of Union and Progress were again fugitives.

Then came the fourth and final revolution. Again the Macedonian army Corps rallied to the Young Turks' standard and marched on Constantinople. Only the Sultan's own body guard at the Yildiz Kiosk stood true to him. The contest was short if keen. The fighting was soon over and the Sultan was once again in the hands of the Young Turks. He has been succeeded by his brother.



A General View of the European Portion of Constantinople.



The Choral Association of the Church of St. Louis de France.

## The Earl Grey Trophy Competition

By MRS. ROBERT JENKINS

THE annual dramatic and musical competitions were opened at His Majesty's Theatre in Montreal on Monday of last week. A great stimulus has been given to music and the drama in Canada by Earl Grey's trophies. His Excellency's idea is to encourage a wider interest in music and to raise the standard of theatrical representations.

The dramatic trophy was first won by the Winnipeg Dramatic Club, two years ago. Last year it was carried off by the Thespian Club of Ottawa. The music trophy was first captured by the Quebec Orchestral Society, but at last year's competition it passed to the Orchestra of the Canadian Conservatory of Music of Ottawa. Further, Miss Margaret Anglin offers a gold bracelet yearly for the best lady actress. Mrs. Edgar of Ottawa won the bracelet last year.

Hitherto the contests have been in Ottawa. This year they are in Montreal. There is to be observed in Canada's commercial metropolis an ever increasing interest in music. Professor Goulet has been organising symphonies; the First Baptist Church possesses a band of talented musicians, and the splendid choral association of St. Louis de France now numbers two hundred and sixty. In Montreal, however, a serious lack is a really good music hall. It is hoped that the competition incited will bring about the construction of a suitable building. In the drama, the French-speaking population have shown themselves leaders. Their histrionic powers are of a high order. The Club of St. Henri, formed in 1878, has a membership of about three hundred.

The Conservatoire La Salle is a school of dramatic art to educate young people for the stage.

Throughout the week, a series of exceedingly interesting entertainments have been provided by the contestants for the trophy. On Monday evening a high standard was set for those who were to follow. The Choral Association of St. Louis de France acquitted themselves with infinite credit. Their powers were tested by Dubois' "Last Seven Words of Christ," Gounod's "Noel" and Kremer's "In Winter." In response to an encore for the last number, the association rendered most effectively "Pilgrim's Chorus," from Tannhauser. And at the special request of the Governor-General, they gave the French-Canadian national anthem, "O, Canada, Mon Pays, Mes Amours." Following this, the Montreal Dramatic Club presented "The Bells," in the difficult leading role of which Sir Henry Irving won fame. Interest in the play centres around Mathias, the rich burgomaster. Mr. Robert McGlaughlin, who played this important role, gave an excellent interpretation of Mathias. Mr. McGlaughlin lives his character.

On Tuesday evening the Ottawa musicians and the St. Henri Club of Montreal were the entertainers. The Canadian Conservatoire gave a splendid performance, in which the musicians displayed technical knowledge and a fine appreciation of the spirit of music. The drama of the evening was "La Princesse de Bagdad," by Dumas Fils.

The following evening was given up to Dickens' Fellowship Company of Players, of Toronto, in "Little Nell," and to the First Baptist Choral Society

of Montreal. In "Little Nell," Miss Walter displayed much ability in acting the Marchioness, and received rounds of applause. Mr. T. G. Watson made a capital Dick Swiveller. The First Baptist Choral Society was particularly good in "My Love dwelt in a Northern Land."

Thursday evening the plays were of the lighter kind, yet allowed ample scope for clever acting. In the University Club's piece, "A Russian Honeymoon," the principal parts were taken by well-known Montreal people. Mrs. Huntley Drummond and Mrs. S. B. Leacock played their parts to perfection; while Mr. Joliffe Walker, Mr. A. T. Shaughnessy and others showed in their acting both insight and ability. The pieces by the Walters Company that evening gave evidence of decided talent.

There was on the boards for Friday evening no less ambitious a play than Moliere's "Les Precieuses Ridicules." Misses A. Laurendeau and Paule De Lillé were especially skillful in their roles of the two precieuses.

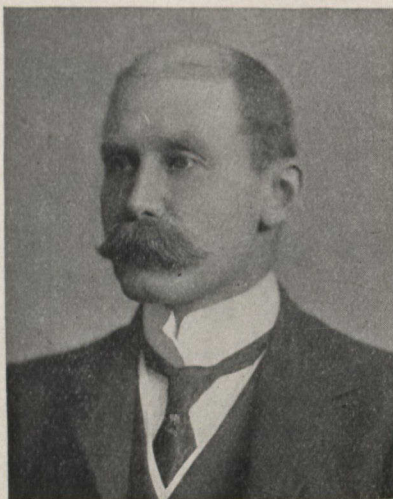
A very large audience was present on the closing evening of the competition. Performances were given by the Amateur Players and the Garrison Dramatic Club, both companies of Toronto. The play "Candida" occupied the first half of the evening. Miss Elsie U. McLean in the character of the clergyman's wife was most pleasing and natural; and Miss Christobel Robinson as Miss Prosperine Garnett was excellent. The Judge afterwards awarded them the dramatic trophy. The characters in "Caste" given later in the evening were well sustained. Mr. Walker as Samuel Gerridge, the gas man, was amusing throughout. Polly Eccles, with whom Samuel is in love, was represented by Miss Caroline Crerar, who rendered the part very successfully. At the end of the play it was announced that the Ottawa Conservatory is this year again the winner of the trophy offered in music.



Mr. Allan Mackenzie



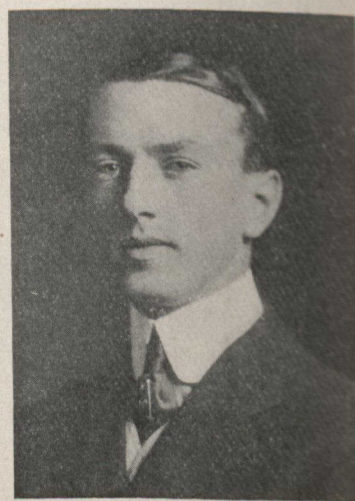
Mr. Thomas Cote



Sir Montagu Allen



Mr. F. E. Skinner



Mr. Fred. Shaughnessy

FIVE MONTREAL GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE BEEN PROMINENT IN CONNECTION WITH THE EARL GREY COMPETITION



The Sugar Cane Crop in Jamaica.

# CANADIAN AND WEST INDIAN TRADE

*Great Possibilities for Expansion*

By A. N. KIRSCHMANN

**G**REAT and growing Canada, with her teeming millions of acres of uncultivated lands, calls for the industrious and willing worker to plough and furrow her fertile surface, to sow the seed and reap a bounteous harvest. In this rich and fertile soil, however, there is but one all-important and profitable seed to be sown—wheat. But upon her vast plains rich grazing is offered, and opportunities for raising and supporting cattle whose quality is second to none. These cattle give her an abundant supply of dairy products, consumed to a large extent locally, and exported to various points outside of the continent. It is in consideration of these products of Canada, which are increasing every year and sometimes form a surplus, that the question of an extension of her trade arises. Her seasons peculiar to herself do not, as in other lands, allow of the production of a variety of food stuffs and fruit. It would be absolutely useless for anyone to attempt to produce with any hope of commercial success any of the fruits which are largely consumed by her people, and which come in from the tropical countries. Among these are the many delicate and highly-flavoured fruits, such as pineapples, grape fruit, oranges, bananas, and such other products, which have come by constant use to be considered necessities, such as lemons and limes, dyewoods, manufactured sugar, and rum. In exchange for these tropical products Canada offers the surplus of her soil, and a greater portion of the products of her fisheries.

### EXPANSION OF TRADE.

The question of bringing about closer relations with these islands and Canada has engaged the attention of parties who are interested in the products of the islands and those of Canada. A director of a milling company who recently paid a visit to one of them expresses himself in very favourable terms on the subject of trade relations. He thinks there are great possibilities for expansion. The existing market conditions are not the creation of any one man or group of men, but the natural outcome of consumption overtaking production. The increased values of farm and dairy products, as a natural consequence, are bound to greatly enhance the prosperity of the whole farming community of Canada. The increased purchasing power and the increased trade would naturally reflect upon the business of both the merchants and the manufacturers of the Dominion. This visitor said, "An improvement in the transportation facilities between Canada and the West Indies would do much. The United States has done all in its power to protect the trade of the south, and, as a result, commercial conditions in the British West Indies generally suffered." In former days, trade preceded transportation. To-day transportation lays the foundation for trade. A good steamship service between Canada and the West

Indies would lay the foundation for active commercial relations.

An idea of the interchange of trade between these tropical countries and Canada is here given, carefully compiled from the Government returns for seven months ending October, 1908:—

### Imports from British West Indies—free of duty.

Hides and Skins . . . . .	\$ 8,725
Salt . . . . .	8,165
Bananas . . . . .	16,812*
Lemons and limes . . . . .	428
Oranges and shaddocks . . . . .	11,164
Molasses . . . . .	768,361
Coffee . . . . .	7,174
Rum (duitable) . . . . .	4,967
	<hr/>
	\$825,796

\* U.S.A., \$1,161,183.

### Exports from Canada to B.W.I., same period.

#### Fisheries—

Codfish . . . . .	\$453,476
Mackerel (pickled) . . . . .	29,265
Herrings . . . . .	75,196
Smoked . . . . .	11,777
Sea Fish . . . . .	5,302
Salmon (pickled) . . . . .	643

#### Forest—

Laths . . . . .	726
Shingles . . . . .	24,120
Cheese . . . . .	13,827
Oats . . . . .	26,663
Peas . . . . .	16,519
Bran . . . . .	7,759
Flour and Wheat . . . . .	170,613
Hay . . . . .	8,833
Potatoes . . . . .	23,067
	<hr/>
	\$868,377

As indicated above, \$1,161,183 represents the amount of bananas imported into Canada from that country, most of which were grown among the islands.

Imports from the British West Indies have grown from a little less than two million dollars in 1903, to nearly six million dollars in the last fiscal year. During the same period our exports have grown from two to three million dollars in value. The total annual trade is thus about nine million dollars, of which one-third is in sugar.

### TARIFF REVISION.

As to the possibility of annexing these islands to Canada, the first step towards this end would be in the establishment of better trade relations than now

exist. There are many sides to this question, however, and from interviews the writer has had with manufacturers who have exported goods to the West Indies, with steamship companies who are now conducting a service, there is a strong belief among these men, that unless a revision of tariff on some of the articles which are considerably consumed in the islands is made, whereby Canadian products could have a preference over those entering the islands from the United States, no expansion of trade can be looked for.

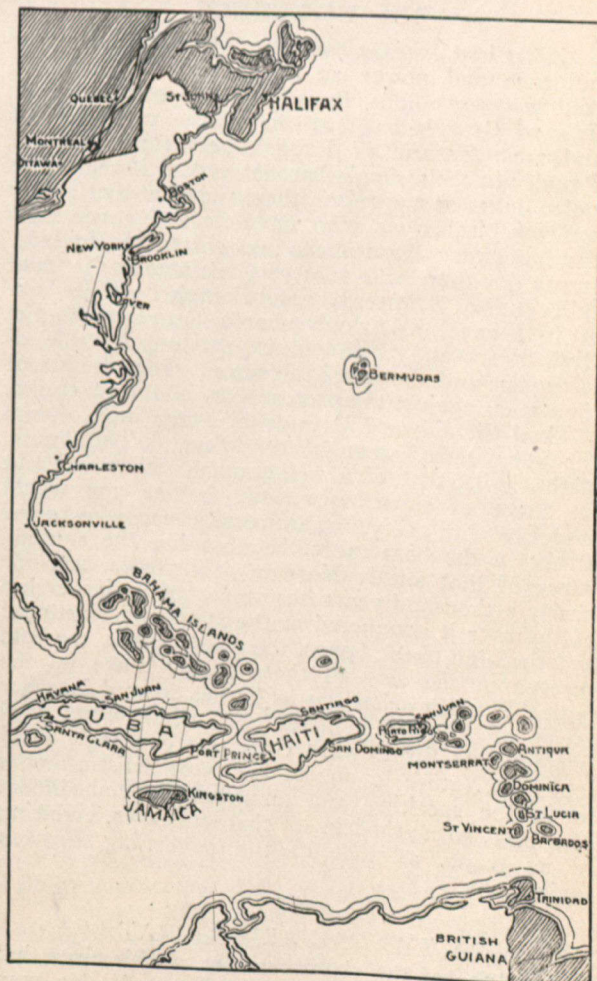
One of the largest items in the imports of the islands is that of flour, most of which goes from the United States. There now exists, for instance, a duty of eight shillings, or two dollars, per barrel on every barrel of flour imported into the Island of Jamaica, B.W.I. This, with the considerable amount that is used, forms a revenue per annum which can be calculated upon at a certain figure with but very little fluctuation each year. It is not a very sound principle of economics for them to think that by giving a preference to Canadian-made flour, of about, say, fifty cents a barrel that they would be out in their revenue entirely and that such a concession would mean a total loss to them; for if bread could be made cheaper in the islands it would mean a saving that would enable them to purchase more extensively other necessities. In the transportation of this particular item alone ships leaving Canada for these waters would always have a full cargo.

### OPENING A FIELD FOR OTHER LINES.

With the present condition of some of the Canadian industries, not the least among these that of cement, which is largely used in various forms of construction work in these islands—bridges, culverts, storehouses and general governmental work, the West Indies, with better transportation facilities, would open up a market for this industry. The cost of cement as sold on the islands is somewhere in the neighbourhood of three dollars a barrel. There must be considerable profit in the sale of cement at such a price by someone. There is no reason why Canadian Portland cement could not be shipped from Canada, via Jamaica, to the Panama Canal, providing American politics would not interfere. At present there is a small trade done in several lines profitably, but which, owing to their small proportions, do not come among the regular items of export. In some of these a bigger trade could be worked up.

### MANUFACTURES ON THE ISLANDS.

There is no doubt that enterprising capitalists would find room for profitable investment among the islands as a result of manufacturing. Many of the



Map of the British West Indies, with the British Islands shown dark. If made into one Province and federated with Canada, these Islands would add a million and a quarter to our population.

products and by-products go to waste for lack of capital and want of investigation.

There are many useful articles manufactured from worse material than some that is found among these islands. For instance, there would be considerable opportunities for the manufacture, on an extensive scale, of starch. The highest class of paper, which is made from bamboo, could be made on some of the larger islands, where the bamboos grow without any form of cultivation. Some of the islands teem with wood of unequalled quality and durability, fetching as high as seventy-five cents a foot in

foreign markets. There is no reason why cement could not be made right on the islands. There would be enough marl and limestone to do this if coal could be obtained cheaply enough.

It would be found somewhat difficult to establish political relationship. Although much favourable comment on this subject will be heard among the islanders of certain classes, when it actually comes to the cutting of the painter from the old boat which has piloted them through the centuries of their existence there will be many who will cling to the old hull, despite its weaknesses and failures.

With the possibility of connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific by cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, the Island of Jamaica will occupy one of the most strategical naval positions. It is for this reason chiefly that the question of annexation would probably not find favour with the naval authorities of Great Britain. There are other islands which, perhaps, could be more readily annexed if the price were paid. Without attempting to be humorous on this important subject, perhaps England would sell some of her smaller West Indian possessions for a good, reliable Dreadnought.

# BRITAIN'S FOREIGN MINISTER

By T. P. O'CONNOR\*

## AN IMPRESSIVE SPEECH.

WHEN Sir Edward Grey stood up last week to make the case for the Government, he must have felt a little thrill of fright and of satisfaction. He looks the most composed speaker you ever heard; and yet he is a highly nervous one. Watch him closely, especially in those opening moments when he has yet to get hold of his audience and command of himself; and you will see traces of nerves in a score of little things. For one thing, his hands are never quiet. At one moment they are grasping the lapels of his coat; then they rush down to his trousers pockets; then one of them is left in one of his trousers pockets while the other seeks his watch chain, and so they go on, eloquent though mute witnesses of all the internal emotion that is hidden beneath the frigid face, the cold even voice, and the composed manner.

These little self-betrays, however, are not palpable to the majority of Sir Edward Grey's listeners; they are obsessed by the appearance of perfect, detached, Olympian calm. Indeed from the first moment almost that Sir Edward Grey rises to his feet to his last word, there seems to come over the House of Commons a strange spell. Now and then there is a cheer; but not often even that. The House listens in that rapt and almost thrilling silence—if I may use the contradiction—which is infinitely more impressive and to the true orator more flattering than the loudest cheers. It means that the nerves of the House have been so stirred to the very innermost recesses that there is no time or thought for anything but absorbed attention; jealous listening to every word and phrase.

## HIS INFLUENCE

What is the strange secret of this man's immense influence and power as a speaker? There are doubtless some aids from historic position. Sir Edward Grey belongs to one of the most ancient and most historic of English governing families. Prouder in their simple baronetcy than if they were called dukes or marquises, they represent that sturdy squiresarchical class who have been for centuries the hereditary law-makers and rulers of England. In my day there was another Grey among the chief colleagues of Palmerston; and though I am not sure of it, I have little doubt that a Grey was in the Civil Wars and, I should expect, on the side of Hampden and the other advocates of the rights of the nation against the prerogatives of the sovereign.

And Sir Edward Grey is in every inch of him the very embodiment of his class. The figure, slight, agile, that of a well-trained athlete, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, is one you would associate with the young university man who rowed stroke in the boat race; the nose has the aquiline curve of that sturdy Norman race which now for nearly a thousand years has preserved its leadership of the race it conquered at the Battle of Hastings; and the high cheek bones, the ruddy cheek, the cold reserve of the air—all these things make up the typical English aristocrat as he has figured in every scene of English political life. You might well imagine that Sir Edward Grey was cunningly fashioned by Nature in one of her most artistic moods to be the speaking and unmistakable embodiment of a class so marked in its characteristics, enduring in its traits, as that of the governing English squiresarchy.

## A TYPICAL ARISTOCRAT

It is one of the characteristics of this class that it should at once be modest and proud. No man has ever heard from the thin, well-chiseled lips of Sir Edward Grey, I am sure, a word that might be

regarded as even an approach to egotism or self-glorification. Such a thing as a boast, or perhaps even a personal allusion, might be regarded by a man of such a temperament and of this class as an unmistakable offence against good manners. In all the speeches he has made there is not to be found a trace of self-consciousness, or arrogance, or self-satisfaction. And yet few men, I am sure, are prouder. He is proud enough, indeed, to regard every personal success, however great, as not worth troubling about, and certainly as not worth purchasing by any sacrifice of principle.

Emphatically Sir Edward Grey is a straight man. Indeed the great defect of his character, up to a few years ago, and the permanent obstacle to his political success was his indifference to personal success. His friends of that earlier epoch of his life used to quote a saying of his: "I am told that the ball is at my feet, but I don't care to kick it." I don't know when the transformation took place; perhaps it was when as Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs under Lord Rosebery he first realised all the momentous work that lay before the Foreign Minister of this great country. At all events, in recent years Sir Edward Grey has worked hard, and has even forced himself into a prominent position in the councils of his party.

## METHODS OF WORK

And yet even to-day he remains in the House of Commons, but to a certain extent, not of it. He is never to be found on the benches of the House unless when he has some questions to answer, or when his department is under discussion. When the division comes, he seems to rise up from the ground, and to pass, spectre-like, through the throng of members that are passing through the turnstiles to record their votes. Even then he is in the lobby and not of it. He seldom stops to speak to anybody, does not, like Gladstone, sit down at a table and hurry off a letter, but passes quickly, alertly, and silently, as if he wanted to get out as fast as he can.

## AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

I am told that Sir Edward Grey's working day is sometimes seventeen or eighteen hours. And thus it is that he has to rush back to the Foreign Office or to his room in the House of Commons instead of loitering in one of the smoke rooms, or even listening lazily to the debates on the floor of the House. But apart from this excellent reason for his detachment from the ordinary life of the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey's absence from its comradeship and its common life is due to disposition. Shy and reserved except to intimates, taciturn unless when his heart is opened by sympathetic surroundings, Sir Edward Grey is little fitted for any of the hail-fellow-well-met spirits of the House of Commons.

Other ministers also absent themselves from the House except when their work is being discussed; but most of them do drop in now and then, listen absent-mindedly, of course, but listen to what is going on; then drop out again, and drop into the smoke-room, and have a chat with the rank and file. But Grey never. The smoke-room has never known him; I have never seen him dine even in the House of Commons, though I have no doubt he does so occasionally, and so far as the general work of the House of Commons is concerned, he seems to be as remote from it as if he were not of the assembly at all. If he were not so unmistakable and distinctive a personality, and if he had not to answer questions almost daily, it is possible he might not be known even by sight to the majority of his fellow-members.

One explanation of this detachment is, of course

the terrible burden of his office. I remember once after a dinner party at Lord Rosebery's house being brought by the host into a small room off the hall, and there I saw a wild array of dispatch-boxes—it looked to me as though there were a score of them—some black, some red, like so many jewel cases; and Lord Rosebery told me that these dispatch-boxes had come to his house during the short period since he and his guests had sat down to dinner. If that were the tale of three hours of an evening, one could guess what was the total of a whole day. And thus it is that our Foreign Secretaries, if they attend to their work, have to be the busiest men in this country of hard workers.

## STYLE OF SPEAKING

To return to his speaking; if I am asked to explain its extraordinary power, I should say that it was mainly due to its perfection of style. One might be tempted to say at first sight that there was a complete absence of impressive diction. Sir Edward Grey utters no *mots*, is incapable of epigram, would probably distrust any phrase which was alliterative, as defective either in taste or in sense. It is difficult, when he has sat down, to recall at once a single one of the phrases he has used. And you might be disposed to regret that you did not carry away with you some such thrilling, burning or noble phrase as is to be found in almost every speech that Lord Morley utters.

However, when you think it over, you will discover that this absence of art is a case of that highest art—the art which conceals itself. I would compare Sir Edward Grey's speech to the speech of the ordinary, and above all the ornate, orator, as I would the prose of Addison or Goldsmith to the prose of Carlyle or of Macaulay. The perfect naturalness, the ineventableness, and the simplicity of the language are part of the power, are the real secret of the immense impressiveness.

Or shall I take another literary example, and say that when Sir Edward Grey speaks, you have the same sense as when you read "Robinson Crusoe," the very simplicity of the language for the moment kills all spirit of criticism, you are so much under the spell of the story that you forget the great story-teller who is behind it.

## A QUESTION

And yet—and yet—I often ask myself after Sir Edward Grey has sat down, and when I reflect enough to get away from my first impression, whether any story can be so perfect as he makes it to appear. I ask myself whether, after all, it is not like "Robinson Crusoe"—fiction so deftly handled as to appear more real than reality. Perhaps I am a little prejudiced, for I differ profoundly from many of Sir Edward Grey's points of view; his gospel is not mine. And, therefore, I never find myself able to accept what he has said till I have had time to think over it and examine and analyse it, and probe to the realities which underlie the beautiful, simple, stately sentences.

There are those who think his foreign policy is perilous, and a failure in important points. But I do not stop to discuss these differences of opinion; it is the man and his personality that I discuss in these non-partisan columns, not his policy. And I therefore wind up this description of him as an orator, by saying that he is, to my mind, the most perfect official speaker I have ever heard. The reticence and the frankness, the dignity and the self-restraint, the courage, and the polite but stern defiance to all powers and principalities which should be the equipment of the ideal British Minister for Foreign Affairs, have never found, in my time at least, an exponent more perfect than the present Foreign Minister.

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# KLONDIKE SKETCHES

LOVE COVERETH ALL SINS

By EDITH TYRRELL

IN 1903, while travelling up the Pacific coast from Vancouver to Skagway, and afterwards on the White Pass Railway, and on the Yukon River steamers plying to Dawson, the most noticeable passengers were a very old man and woman. At first it was hardly possible not to view them with disfavour, for it seemed terrible for them, at the ages of 81 and 79, to be going into a country where all were going in search of gold, and where "only the strong may thrive."

They were apparently of the farming class, and appeared to have every necessary comfort. The tenderness of the old man for his wife was quite pathetic. How carefully he would wrap a little shawl about her head if the wind blew the least bit cold! Then he would always pat her shoulder and say, "There, mother, are you comfortable?" He would peel her an orange, or bring her a cup of tea and a biscuit, but in doing so he always seemed to emphasise the fact that it was for mother, as if he wanted constantly to remind her of her motherhood, and she would look at him with a look of trust and hope in her dim old eyes whenever he spoke to her in that way.

As we were going over the White Pass I went and sat beside them, and the old woman told me a little of their history. They owned a farm in one of the middle states, and had been able to save quite a bit of money. They had been married for ten years when their only child was born, a boy, Charlie she called him. He had been the joy of their lives, but twenty years ago there had been some trouble, and in a fit of anger he had run away from home. Since then they had heard nothing directly from him. Occasionally a report would come to their ears of his having been seen in such and such a place, and immediately they would go or send, but in every case only to meet with disappointment. They had followed every clew that had presented itself, and at last, in despair, had consulted a fortune teller who, while in a clairvoyant state, professed to have seen their son working in a mine in the Klondike. He was poor and in trouble, so she said.

With hope once more aroused these trembling old people undertook unshrinkingly that long and wearisome journey to Dawson. With hearts full of love they closed their house and started on another fruitless search for their boy. The old woman said to me with such a look of hope on her face. "Is he married and has he children? We have room enough and plenty for all, and love enough to take him in, broken down, sick or penniless though he may be." By this time all the passengers began to take a great interest in these old people, and promised to do what they could to help them find their Charlie.

On reaching Dawson they went to the Cecil Hotel, and for about two weeks this sort of notice would appear in each of the daily papers, "If Charlie ——— would call at the Hotel Cecil he would hear of something greatly to his advantage," or "Father and mother here, come Charlie," or "Everything forgotten, all is yours, come and go home Charlie," and again "Charlie, mother is here waiting for you."

Each day notices of the same kind appeared, but alas no Charlie came in response to these loving and pathetic appeals, so the old people turned again sadly to their home.

Though I have never heard anything more of my old friends, yet I feel sure that already they have found their Charlie, if not here then there, "where none are sick or sad or lone, the place where we shall find our own."

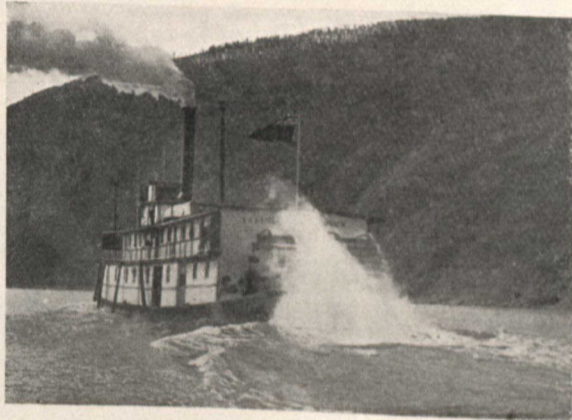
## EDNA ELDORADO

IN the early days of the Klondike, when there was a great rush, or as they say in the west a stampede, from all over America to that far northern country, and every person who went there expected to find a fortune ready made, which he or she had only to pick up, many people totally unfit either in constitution or by training joined the rush and reached the "golden" country.

In this latter class were two from some little Canadian town. They were almost boy and girl, ages 21 and 19, but their imaginations were fired by the glowing accounts which they saw in the newspapers, of the mines where gold was plentiful beyond all imagining. They married and spent what little money they had in an outfit, which might rather have been termed a misfit, for it was like



The Hotel Cecil—Dawson City's Early days.



Steamer on the Yukon River going to Dawson.



Working in a Mine in the Klondike.

so many of the outfits sold to prospectors, which proved to be merely bundles of useless burdens.

They confidently expected to make a large fortune, but as they were unfit to contend with the new and strange conditions which surrounded them on every side, and as they were unable to find work that they could do, they had a very hard time of it.

At last they went to Eldorado Creek, where the husband was able to procure some work with pick and shovel. The poor young wife, in no condition to work, succumbed to the cold and exposure, and died at the birth of a baby girl.

There were no women on the creeks at that time, but the men, rough, dirty and uncouth as many of them were, appearing only to be possessed with a lust for gold, showed quite an unusual side to their characters. They proved once more that true human hearts beat under the roughest exteriors, and that nothing can so quickly reach those hearts as a little child.

They decided something must be done at once. Dressing the baby in the pitiful little garments that the mother had already made from some of her own clothes, they bundled it up in their rough blankets and hurried into Dawson City. Here they called for volunteers to care for the baby among the few women there. Most of these women had plenty of work to do caring for their own families in that hard northern climate, yet sixteen of them offered to take the motherless little one. There was then some difficulty in deciding who should have the baby, but after much consultation a woman who had been a nurse was chosen. As all food was very expensive in those days, milk being a dollar a glass, the men raised three hundred dollars among them to pay for the baby's milk during the winter.

One Sunday, in February, 1899, the people in the Presbyterian Church in Dawson were surprised at a christening, and more so at the name given to the child, which was Edna Eldorado. All the men from the mines were present, and the baby was held by one of them.

When the long winter came to a close, and navigation opened on the Yukon river in the following spring, more money was raised to pay for the passage of the baby and its nurse to the "outside," where it was received by its parents' relatives.

I have since heard that the little one is living, and is still regarded by her early friends as their baby, Edna Eldorado, the first white child born on Eldorado creek in the Klondike.

## The Whales of Edmonton

WHALES are now regarded as one of the raw materials in the vicinity of Edmonton. At least a writer in one of the western papers refers to the whale fisheries at the mouth of the Mackenzie as one of the industries of Edmonton's hinterland. Now the distance between the southernmost whale and the most northerly part of Edmonton is not less than two thousand miles as trails and rivers run. So there is no probability that live whales will ever be seen in the metropolis of the Saskatchewan—though they have caught sturgeon in the river there. But people go to market in Edmonton who pack up their goods to-day and arrive within three months. When the new navigation system gets opened up down the Mackenzie, when Edmonton school teachers begin to take the Mackenzie trip for a summer vacation; when they get electric lights at Fort McPherson and a public debt at Fort Norman; when the Yellow Knives knife no more and the "huskies" are no longer husky—the storekeepers of Edmonton may go in for whale-bone and blubber as now they deal in furs and musk-ox robes. There is always something wild that may be discovered in Edmonton's hinterland—even if it be not woolly. Meanwhile the whales of Edmonton's hinterland go to the United States. Since 1889 nearly fourteen million dollars' worth of whale-bone has been exported, to say nothing of the oil. Total catch in that period, 1,345 whales; average per whale, 2,000 pounds of bone, at five dollars a pound. Just about all Canada has to do with the whales is to supply mounted police at Herschell Island to keep in order the whalers when they winter in Canadian waters.

## His Highness the Hooligan

"THE Bad Boy of Europe"—that is popular nickname which Prince George of Serbia has earned for himself by his extraordinary exploits. His "pranks" have been as mad and cruel as they have been many, and if his recent renunciation of his rights to the throne of Serbia was received in the country with great astonishment, it was received with even greater joy.

Hurling apples and pears and a syphon at the head of his tutor, boxing the ears of the Court physician, belabouring palace footmen with a hammer—such, for him, were mild exploits, comparatively speaking. On one occasion he had a passage of arms with his own father. On another he presented a sentinel with a live mouse, and ordered him to bite off its head. When the soldier refused, the Prince beat him, and threatened him with a revolver, for disobeying his military superior. More horrible than all, however, was the shooting-out of a peasant's eye during a hunt, merely that he might prove the accuracy of his aim.

## The Motherly Queen

WHEN a girl, Wilhelmina of Holland possessed a family of dolls, of whom she remained particularly fond long after her skirts had been let down. She was a motherly little person, and could not bear to put away her pets.

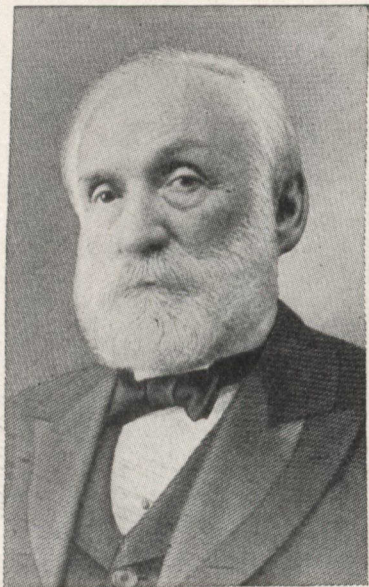
One was the Queen of Doll-land, and was dressed in miniature robes of royalty. It had also a tiny throne, and other dolls appointed as attendants.

One day, after coming home very tired from the celebration of her own birthday, Wilhelmina got out her queen doll, and made her bow and bend till her veil and crown were terribly awry.

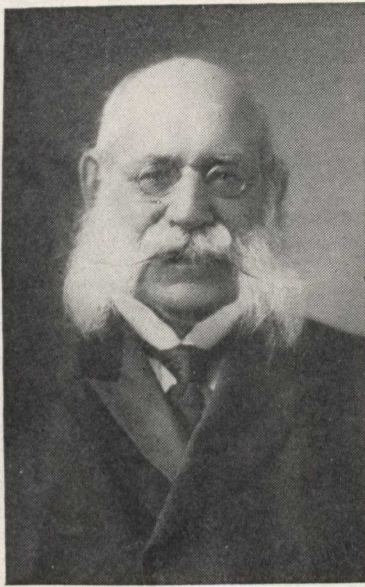
"Now," said the little girl, pettishly, "how do you like being a queen? Doesn't your back ache, and don't you feel horrid?"



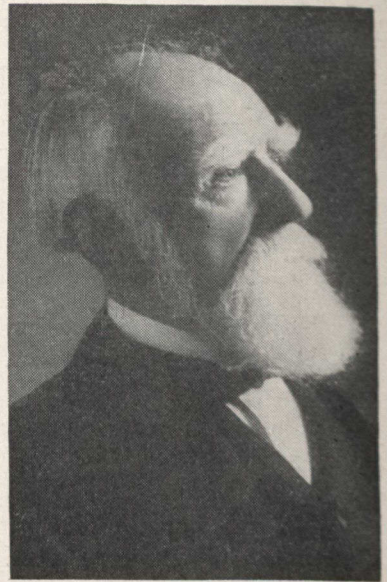
Senator William Ross



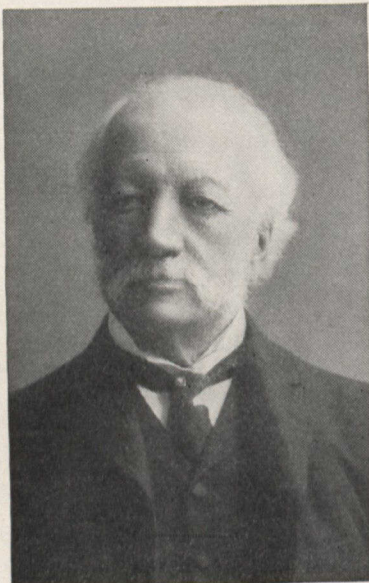
Sir Mackenzie Bowell.



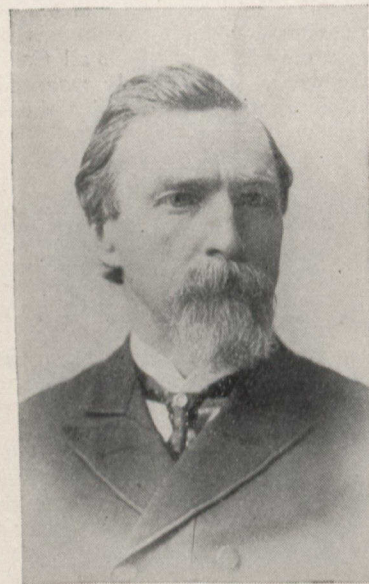
Sir Richard Cartwright.



Lord Strathcona.



Sir James Grant.



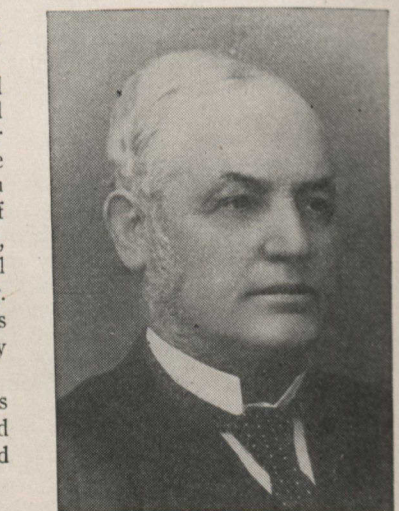
Hon. James Young



Hon. Edward Blake.



Senator William Miller.



Sir John Carling.

## HONOURING THE PATRIARCHS

### *Banquet to the Old Guard*

**L**AST week's banquet by the Canadian Club of Ottawa to the surviving members of the first Dominion Parliament was well designed, but unfortunately only eight of the twenty-four guests of honour were able to be present. Nevertheless, there were about two hundred persons present, some important communications were read, some excellent speeches made, and much honour paid where honour is due.

The occasion recalls the two-fold difficulties of Confederation—those which hampered its consummation and those which made its realisation no easy task. In connection with the former, Sir John Carling wrote as follows:

"It was in the early sixties, and the situation in Canada was serious indeed. Elections had been held, but neither party was able to secure a working majority. Party feeling rose so high that the two leaders—Hon. John Macdonald and Hon. George Brown—ceased to be on speaking terms. Statesmen and political writers seemed to have given up all hope, for matters were going from bad to worse. 'Whither are we drifting?' was a standing head-line in the newspapers, and there was talk in some quarters of throwing in our lot with the neighbouring republic. I happened to be on my way to Quebec to attend my parliamentary duties one day, and when the train reached Toronto, George Brown, the leader of the Reform party, came into the coach in which I was seated and sat down beside me. We soon got into conversation, the subject naturally being the political crisis. Finally Mr. Brown brought his hand down on the arm of the seat with some force and vehemently exclaimed, 'Carling, John A. has the chance of his life if he will only avail himself of it.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'Let him go in for confederation,' was the reply. 'Would you support such a movement?' 'Most decidedly I would,' he returned. Mr. Brown consented to my making known to the cabinet the attitude of the Reformers on the Confederation question, and the news was most welcome. The assurance of support gave the party in power courage, the outcome being negotiations ultimately leading to the consummation of Confederation."

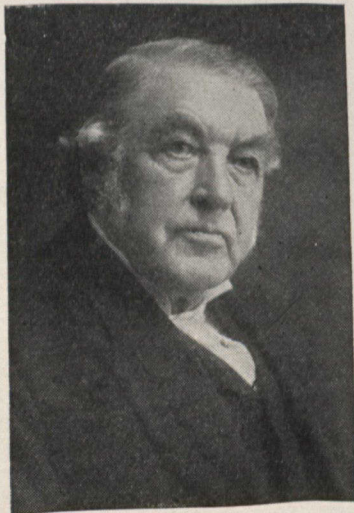
The history of the negotiations, the differences of opinion on many phases of the new constitution, the difficulties with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the withdrawal of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, are familiar facts to constitutional students. But even when the B. N. A. Act was finally worked through the British Parliament and July 1st, 1867, proclaimed as the first Confederation Day, there was much hard work to be done. To change from one form of government to another is not an easy task for any nation. The new Constitution had to be studied, interpreted and made to work practically. The reorganisation of all the branches of government, and the centralising of administrative and judicial authority at Ottawa presented many difficulties. However, the men of the First Parliament did well and to them be all honour.

The eight survivors who were present at the Canadian Club's banquet were Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. William Miller, Hon. William Ross, Sir James Grant, Mr. Basile Benoit, Hon. G. B. Baker and Sheriff Hagar.

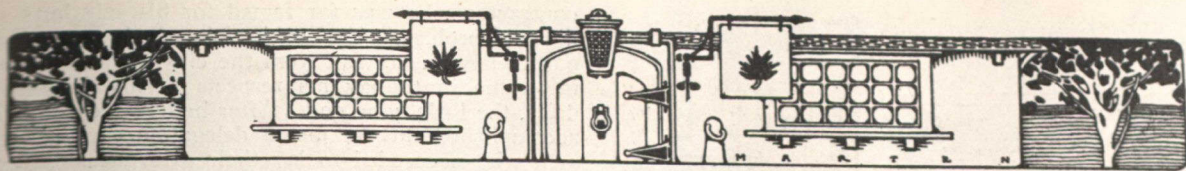
Writing in the *Canadian Magazine* in 1896, Mr. J. E. Atkinson described the careers of five men who had been in the old Parliament of Canada and were then still serving at Ottawa. They were: Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir John Carling, Sir Hector Langevin, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Bourassa. There were four others who had served continuously from 1867 to 1896: Hon. John Costigan, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. M. C. Cameron and Dr. Cameron. Of these nine veterans with unbroken records, only two remain in Parliament, Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. John Costigan. Of the other seven, all have passed to their reward except Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John Carling. Long may these four veteran parliamentarians live to take such enjoyment as they may in watching the upbuilding of the strong, young nation which they have helped to create.

The following is a complete list of the surviving members with the dates on which they entered Parliament. It will be noticed that Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir John Carling were in the old Parliament of Canada, and

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 26



Sir Charles Tupper.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### OUR SONG QUEEN.

**T**HERE was one link that connected Canada with the now ruined city of Messina. It was the voice of song, for in Messina Madame Albani made in 1870 the brilliant debut that launched her out upon the tide of an artistic career which has borne her triumphantly to the summit of fame.

Success comes easily to some, as if it were a birthright. So it seemed with Albani, but in reality she possessed an indomitable perseverance and an ambition which were strong, invisible forces behind the genius that made her divine voice a medium of revealing to the world the universal soul by which man recognises in man his brother man.

Madame Albani is not only a Canadian—she is a French-Canadian, and, although she has thrilled Paris, it is in London that she has for many years found a home and a congenial atmosphere in which her art has brought forth some of its choicest fruit. Albani has been England's favourite, and she has been more. At the royal palace she was beloved and received much on the footing of a friend. Some of the most treasured possessions of the great prima donna are gifts from the late Queen, and hers has been a prominent figure in many of the important functions of the nation. In the glorious pageants of the Diamond Jubilee, at the funeral obsequies when an Empire mourned, amid the imposing ceremonies of a coronation it was always the voice of Albani that was raised in song to represent the spirit of the nation.

But her conquest was not confined to England. All Europe honoured her, and America rejoiced in her glory with parental pride. The Emperor William I was so charmed with her singing of "Lohengrin" in German that he appointed her "Hof Kammersangerin." But above the voice and the genius and the ambition it has ever been the simple nobility of soul, the life irreproachable, and the fidelity to the highest ideals of womanhood, combined with the greatness of her art, that has won for Albani an enduring place in the hearts of her countrymen.

And could we be more critical? Is the summer ending, and are the once fresh and tender tints of springtime turning to autumn richness? We can still adore our own, knowing that the beauty of truth remains even though its medium of expression may change.

\* \* \*

### A YOUTHFUL ROYAL.

**A**PRIL 25th marked the twelfth anniversary of the birth of the Princess Mary, only daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The youthful princess is a bright, happy child, fond of pets and evinces a decided preference for out-door sports. Even now she is considered an excellent "horse-woman" and it is said that her royal mother, who supervises her education very carefully, has decided to place her in a school, instead of adhering to the usual custom of keeping governesses. In feature and temperament the princess resembles her mother, and is considered a very promising member of the Royal House of Great Britain.

\* \* \*

### OUR GREAT NORTHWEST.

"I'M glad I am a Canadian!" were the words with which Miss Agnes Deans Cameron opened her lecture before the Women's Canadian Club on the subject, "From Wheat to Whales," and it is safe to say that before the audience, travelling with the speaker, crossed the Arctic Circle where goldenrod and wild roses bloomed, where a sweet conception of home life prevailed among the Esquimaux, and a beautiful little church, decorated by the hands of self-sacrificing nuns, invited with open doors, the patriotism of each person present had received a dynamic stimulant.

At the outset Miss Cameron paid a tribute of praise to three great forces that have been influential in the development of the Canadian Northwest, namely the Hudson's Bay Company, whose dealings with the Indians prepared them to honour the word

of the white man, which was no small thing; then to the Northwest Mounted Police, whose fine characters are clearly silhouetted in the scantily populated regions; and to the missionaries, whose heroic devotion is unquestionable. After noting the difference between the conditions which greet the settler to-day and those with which he had to contend before steel rails penetrated the country, Miss Cameron led the way from the "melting pot" of the so-called wheat belt of Alberta where are gathered people of all nations and tongues, through Edmonton, the fascinating city of activity and youth, along the great lakes, down the great Mackenzie River and out upon the waters of the Arctic Ocean where the whale fisheries, a source of much wealth, are monopolised by the United States.

Vividly and with lantern slide illustrations, the lecturer described the journey of their scow flotilla as it drifted down the stream, encountering now and then wild rapids past which they had to portage, passing the abundant resources of the land in the



MADAME ALBANI

Somewhat of a sensation was caused by the announcement that Madame Albani had accepted an engagement to appear at a Variety Hall in Glasgow, where she was to receive a thousand pounds for an engagement of two weeks' duration.

form of magnificent forests, animals, tar, salt, oil and gas, touching upon romantic spots and visiting quaint settlements where life seemed to be one long day of contentment, varied, however, with an occasional scene of tragedy, divine or otherwise. It is not a barren land, this great "dream continent," but all good and livable, and replete with a rich experience of adventurous and self-sacrificing heroism. Daring and novel as the expedition seemed to be for a woman to undertake, it is evident that the travellers were well repaid for their ambition. No hardships, worthy of the name, were encountered and the greatest inconvenience was the "insistent mosquitoes" of Fort Smith, and the greatest regret, perhaps, the conscientious leaving behind of a coveted volume discovered in that far-away, unknown pathetic library at Fort Simpson, which contained original sheets of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. Surely some interesting tale is attached to the founding of that library. Too much consideration must not be lavished upon the material resources of that land of midnight sun, but no stars; it has a soul as well, and it was that that pervaded the picture story lecture with a richness, a pathos and a humour that held the audience entranced.

Miss Cameron is one of the leading figures of the Canadian literary world, and the Women's Canadian Club expect to receive in October another treat from another Canadian woman of distinction, a native of Winnipeg, now residing in New York—Miss Agnes Laut. Miss Laut is a very successful

writer of fiction who gathered much of her material from the region of the Rockies and the Selkirks, and her visit to Toronto in the autumn may be looked forward to with much pleasure and interest.

\* \* \*

### A MILLENNIUM OF ELECTRICITY.

**T**HE prophesies of old are being gradually fulfilled and this generation is coming in for a goodly number of the benefits. The latest, and in many respects the greatest, scientific advance of the age is the equipment of an electric villa at Troyes, France, where to replace the hand of man, electricity has been turned to account in a thousand ingenious ways and conveniences are multiplied a hundredfold.

In this paradise below no servant ever enters. The dining-table descends into the kitchen, and reappears with each fresh course. The kitchen, itself, is run by electricity, which prepares the food, makes the sauces, grinds the coffee, and does all the cooking. After the meal is over the utensils are washed, and the work all done by electricity. At night the curtains close of themselves and the lights go out, and if one requires the little night-table to glide towards the bed with the required petit breakfast all laid out upon it, merely touch the button and it is there.

It is a wonderful place, this Ferie Electric Villa, and the *Graphic* has devoted a whole page to illustrations of it which conjure up in the brain alluring visions of the approaching millennium, especially when such inventive genius will have penetrated the world of business. But our castles totter upon reading the comment which states that, beyond all praise as the villa is, probably most of us would prefer to rely upon the human agency after all. I wonder why.

The owner and inventor of the enchanted house is M. Georgia Knap, who is also the author of an important book on the manufacture of motor-cars. We shall hope to learn more of him.

\* \* \*

### THE EXPERIMENT.

**I**T seemed a frivolous thing and I told Maud so, yet she would persist in going. Aunt Jane supported my opinion and declared, moreover, that the motive was one of unpardonable vanity. "If women want complexions and eternal youth, the best way to secure them is by plenty of exercise and fresh air," she affirmed with a good deal of emphasis.

Mrs. Marsden asserted that in her day such a thing was unknown and undreamed of, and she couldn't see but that women then got along as well as any. To Mary Woodlands it was a profound surprise to think that a B.A. like Maud Marsden could stoop to anything so commonplace.

It was time for Maud to rise in self-defence. She explained, with a touch of hauteur in her manner, that it was merely an experiment, but she had made up her mind to try it. "However, I'll be home in time for tea," she called out triumphantly, and the door closed behind her and she vanished into the street.

In the evening her brother happened in. "Have you taken to snow-shoeing, Maud, or given up midnight vigils? You're looking better."

The next day Mrs. Fanning did stop in the middle of a sentence to say, "How well you are looking, Maud!—but then, you've been having a long walk!"

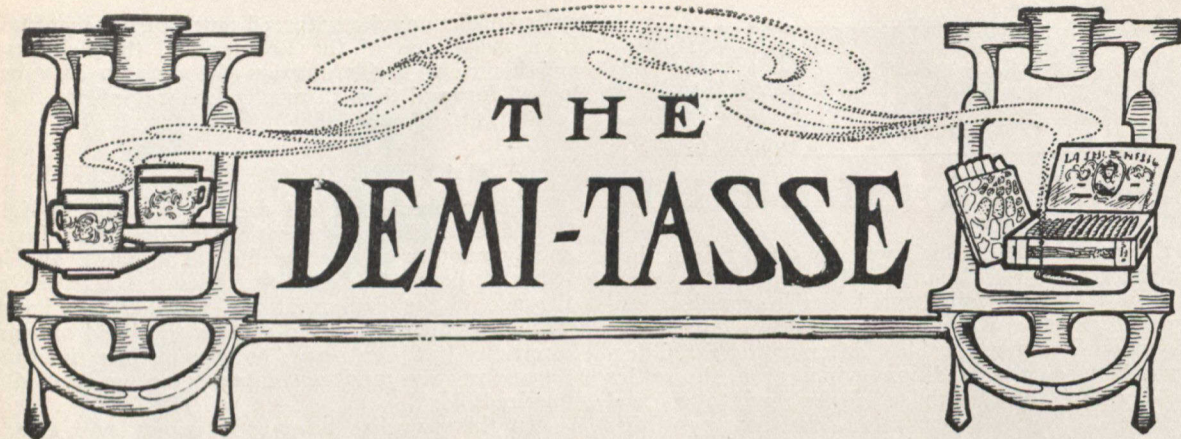
But when some one else remarked with a glance at the perverse one, that there were cases in which time enhanced rather than diminished beauty, it was the last straw. Mrs. Marsden became agitated, Aunt Jane never would have believed that a "face massage treatment" could so transform one, and Mary Woodlands decided then and there to go down the next day—"that is, if you are quite sure it is not painful, Maud," she added.

"No, no, I have arranged for a whole course—" "Oh, Maudie," ventured her mother, "but aren't you afraid that will be too much!"

\* \* \*

### SCIENTIFIC HEADGEAR.

**O**F all the fearful and wonderful creations displayed in the great emporiums of trade, has there ever been anything to surpass the hats of this season? One devotee to fashion declared that her courage failed in the mere attempt to try one on. One woman lifted up her voice in open revolt, another so trembled at the prospective loneliness of being out of style that she has trained her vision so as to enable her to embrace the change out of pure admiration.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## RUMOURS OF WARRIORS.

IT is reported that Lord Kitchener, the "Sirdar" of precious memory, will come to Canada in August, while Lord Charles Beresford may drop in to afternoon tea any day. If Dr. Orr secures these redoubtable imperialists to touch the button at the opening of the National Exhibition, will the Society of Friends boycott the Great Show? Also, will the teachers and trustees of Dufferin County decide to stay away from an exhibition tainted with militarism? The directors ought to be careful in these days of *Dreadnoughts* and their foes.

\* \* \*

## AN UNPLEASANT CONTINGENCY

A CANNY Scot and a Yankee of the "lick-all-creation" type were discussing armies, fleets and all possible complications which might arise in the event of a great war.

"I can tell you this," said the latter, "that if John Bull ever gets too gay and tries to fight a naval battle with us, we'll tow the whole British fleet into New York harbour."

"Maybe," said the Scot placidly, "but, man, if ye do, it would take a better man than Christopher Columbus to discover America."

\* \* \*

## TROUBLES OF HIS OWN.

HE was a Hamilton young man who discoursed sadly on the mysteries of the Eternal Feminine.

"I can't understand them, at all," he groaned. "You can't please girls—it's no use trying. Now, I was calling on Kathleen Ferguson the other night and I thought that, as she's a pretty girl, it would be safe to praise the fluffy-ruffles style of woman and make out that I couldn't stand the girl who takes a university degree and goes in for brains. But Kathleen didn't seem to like it at all and I heard afterwards that she complained that I treated her as if she were a fool. Then there's Margaret Blake, who has a big nose and wears spectacles. I supposed that she was given to books and serious problems. So I told her the looks didn't count with me, that I believe that every woman ought to vote and that intellectual companionship is the finest

thing in the world. But Margaret gave me a frosty stare and told my cousin Helen that I needn't let her know how utterly homely I thought her. Now, if any kind friend will tell me what to say to girls—"

"You'll never learn, George," was the comfortingly reply. "It's a gift."

\* \* \*

## MATTERS OF FACT.

DR. WILFRED CAMPBELL thinks the novels of George Meredith and the latest romance by William De Morgan are not the kind of literature to be desired for growing Canadians. But he didn't say a thing about the *Calgary Eye Opener*.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has written the "Sorrows of Satan," and other blankety-blank biography, has indicated that if Mr. Joseph Martin, late of Canada, disturbs the rest of William Shakespeare, she will make the candidate the hero of her next best seller. Joseph is reconsidering his decision.

It is entirely untrue that M. Henri Bourassa has joined the party of the Young Turks. The Sultan breathes freely.

\* \* \*

## AN ODE WITH VARIATIONS.

I sing a song of April,  
(Excuse me while I sneeze)  
Of lovely, smiling springtime  
(Was that a polar breeze?)

The soft, blue skies of April!  
(My shoes are in the mud)  
Just lend me an umbrella,  
This rain is like a flood.

I sing a song of April,  
(By Jove, I'm awfully hoarse)  
The earth is looking somewhat green,  
For spring is here, of course.

And April's ways are fickle,  
With days of grey and gold.  
In fact I think I'll take quinine—  
I have another cold.

\* \* \*

## SAFE GUESSING.

TWO Irishmen were talking of their experience in making application to the police force and the first deplored the fact that he had not been able to answer the astronomy question.

"Astronomy?" said the second. "What did they ask?"

"How many stars was there?"  
"An' why did ye not tell them?"  
"How many wud ye say?"  
"Six million, four hundred thousand."  
"But how cud ye be sure of that, Dinnis?"  
"An' how cud they be sure I was wrong? Faith, it's too little imagination ye have for the force!"

\* \* \*

## OPPOSED TO SLANG.

DONALD had been to Sunday School, and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then they killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—"

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was, too," he insisted. Then he added: "The teacher said 'kid,' but I don't use words like that."  
—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\* \* \*

## A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

A GROUP of customs officers in this city were discussing the decisions of a certain unnamed judge when one remarked:

"His decisions remind me of Nolan, the G.T.P.

contractor who was far famed for his solutions of difficult problems. The said Nolan had a grading outfit at work not far from the city and one evening came in to pay his respects to his favourite deity, the little wine god. After he had successfully accomplished this he met a delegation of his own men who proceeded to lay their grievances before him. Some objected to the wages paid, others to the food, but two men in particular had a further complaint that there were no spare blankets at the camp for them.

Nolan considered and said: "Now, I will take ye one by one. Ye have no blankets of yer own?"

"No, sir."

"Nor is there anny at the camp for ye?"

"No, sir."

And to the other complainant:

"An' ye too, have no blankets nor there be none out there for ye?"

"No, sir."

"Then we can aisy fix that Ye two sleep together."

The others sadly faded away without waiting for the decisions coming to them.

\* \* \*

## A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

DURING one of the banquets of the Church Congress in London, a certain bishop had as his left-hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the bald-headed vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the bishop, who was talking to his right-hand neighbour, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned, and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said: "No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple!"

\* \* \*



THE MOTOR SEASON

"I'm very sorry, madam, but under the circumstances, you'll have to be identified."—*Life*.

\* \* \*

## A DROP TO EARTH.

OF the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine, the former's style was gorgeously verbose, while the latter's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout way: "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that you brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."  
—*The Argonaut*.

\* \* \*

## INSPIRATION.

PAT had been delegated by his fellow-employees to tell Mrs. Casey the news of her husband's accidental death. On the way to the Casey home, Pat pondered on how to break the news to the widow. Finally he hit on what to him seemed a most humane way of preparing Mrs. Casey for the sad news. Knowing the violent hatred which Mrs. Casey, as well as all loyal Irishmen, have for the A. P. A., he said on greeting the woman: "Ah, Mrs. Casey, it is bad news I have to bring you. Your husband, Mike, has turned an A. P. A." Mike turned A. P. A.! The scoundrel, I hope he is dead." "He is," answered Pat.—*The Argonaut*.



Possible Employer: "But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men."  
Applicant: "The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, guv'nor."  
—By Thomas Downey.—Bystander.



# M I W A S A

## A Vision of the Future of the Northwest

Truth is the most amusing thing in the world.

—Steele Caybourn.



THE magazine lying in Mary Strangway's lap by a coincidence strange to her, contained side by side with her latest published paper, "A Better Order of Things," a much illustrated account of Miwasa, the city beautiful of the Northwest, which owed its inception and all its beauty to the meteoric

young captain of industry, Steele Caybourn. Mary rose and went to her desk. From an open drawer she took a photograph and looked long at it. Out of the faded, yellowed card smiled a boy's face: a curiously attractive, plain boy with poignantly eager eyes. She turned the card over, and on the back was scrawled in an execrable boyish hand: "To Mary, Steele Lawrie Caybourn"—and a date, twenty years old.

The arrival of the disturbing magazine had interrupted Mary's work. On the desk lay a page of her strongly-marked, angular handwriting, broken off in the middle. Now, the thought of her work as compared with the brilliant achievements of her old friend was causing a bitter little smile. Socialism a la mode, Mary was calling it, diluted, sugared socialism that society liked the taste of and paid for well. In the early days she had been carried away by the wonder of the new beliefs; and the reading public had clamoured for the ardent young apostle—possibly relishing the youth and ardour in mistake for the socialism. Since that time her mind had travelled far; but her readers were still demanding what she had first given them; and she had to accede to the demand; for the girl who had embraced socialism on a safe five thousand a year, had by one of the plays of that inveterate practical joker, Fortune, been reduced to what socialism earned her. She found her point of view altered.

Mary was in one of her black moods. In every avenue of her mind she was confronted with a sickening sense of failure. She told herself bitterly she was only a sham socialist; her softly-nurtured body had begun to look for pretty, foolish things and lazy days and frivolous amusements from the very moment they had been taken from her. Worse than this, it was whispered to her with damnable iteration that she was not an intellectual woman at all, that she had chosen the wrong path and was starving her better self. She felt terribly alone. True, she had kept her old friends who came to see her and gossiped endlessly about their silly husbands and their spoiled children; likewise she had a number of newer literary acquaintances, who gushed over her to her keen discomfort; but her own self had sailed leagues from the former, and had never been within hailing distance of the others.

Mary thought these bitter reflections had been started by the obvious comparison in the magazine, of Lawrie's work and hers; but as she stared at the photograph a deeper thought obtruded itself, to be instantly banished with a frown for the blush which accompanied it. She would never have admitted it to herself that it was all due simply to a longing for Lawrie, the dear, headlong Lawrie of old, whether he were a thriftless rover or a billionaire.

They had graduated from college at the same time, agreed that the world was out of joint; and agreed that they were appointed to set it right. Presently they began to dispute about the means. Eager Lawrie had ever a new plan before the latest one matured; while Mary plodded, and won her little niche on the stairway before Lawrie mounted the first step. This had estranged them; Mary remembered with another blush, that she had patronised Lawrie the least bit. He commenced to wander; Africa, Japan and Athabasca. He had been actor, schoolmaster, farmer, editor by turn.

One day when he was thirty years old and Mary twenty-eight, he came tearing home in his old mad way to demand that she marry him out of hand. He had been in at the sensational discovery of coal, iron and petroleum in the Peace River valley, and was assured of becoming of the class they had united in despising, the plutocrats. Mary was furious at his assumption that wealth would tempt her to forsake her darling theories. There had been a royal quarrel; Lawrie had returned to the Peace River and Mary to her work. It was shortly

By HULBERT FOOTNER

after this her trustee died, and her little fortune was found to have vanished into thin air.

Seven years had passed since then; her life had been a quiet record of small successes; Lawrie's career one of exceptional brilliance. He became a great captain of industry as he promised; and immediately started the erection of his wonderful city. It was said he had surrounded himself with a school of young architects, painters and sculptors like a grand duke of the renaissance. One could hardly take up a periodical without reading of the wonders which had arisen under their labours.

Mary sought among the pages of the magazine again; not for the pictures of Miwasa, nor for her own paper; but for an advertisement which had caught her eye. It was the announcement by a famous tourist agency of an excursion to Miwasa to leave in a week for the mid-winter carnival. She pondered over it for an hour. Who shall say what course her thoughts pursued? At the end of that time she rose decisively and from its pigeonhole in her desk, took her savings-bank book.

The sleeping-cars bearing the excursion from New York pulled into the station at Miwasa towards the end of the afternoon, and the travellers gratefully trod the fixed earth after four days travel overland. Distinguished among those who alighted from the train was a graceful, black-clad woman, who glanced nervously about her as if, in the language of the detective stories, she were anxious to escape observation. Mary's heart was fluttering with an agitation which, under the circumstances, she told herself was perfectly absurd! As if the great lord and patron of Miwasa were likely to be at the station to meet a personally-conducted excursion!

Motor-busses were waiting for the excursionists in the court-yard. It was very cold; but as still as only winter days in the dry North can be. Mary and her fellow-excursionists had no hesitation in ascending to the seats on the roof of the bus, though the state of the thermometer would have surprised them. Leaving the station and turning into a bridge spanning the railway tracks and the river beyond, a full view of the city was spread before them; and exclamations of wonder and pleasure broke from the passengers.

It was that perfect moment in the lingering northern twilight when light enough remains in the west to reveal all the colours of earth subdued to a mysterious pearly loveliness; yet enough darkness to permit men's little lights making a brave show. The city raised its towers on a high bluff across the river, under a sombre glowing sky. Every street and every house was hung with the lights of the carnival, which sparkled through the gathering dusk like yellow jewels of a supernatural fire.

Here and there on the river were cleared patches of ice on which skaters disported themselves, with great bonfires for light and warmth. Down the river a long oval was marked out on the ice by more lights; and from here, people were streaming home from the races. Near the other end of the bridge was a slide on the hill, down which flew toboggans and adventurous persons on skis, while above the bridge, on the ice in the centre of the river, stood the loveliest object of all, a wonderful fairy castle with countless fantastic towers all built of pale green ice glittering with thousands of lights, the whole as beautiful as a dream.

Leaving the bridge, a street of small shops carried them to the top of the bluff. Everything was brilliantly lighted; and the sidewalks filled with holiday-makers. The buildings were no more expensive than those of the small streets of other towns; but the principles of sound design and just proportion informed the whole. The effect in a new town was surprising. Then turning into a broad avenue skirting the edge of the bluff, they encircled the capitol, a small but perfectly proportioned pile, springing as naturally as a flower from the highest point of the bluff, and found themselves in the famous Aspen Way, the thread on which the builders of Miwasa had strung their choicest gems. At the top of the Way stood the first of the famous groups of statuary, Heroism, represented by a splendid woman striding forward with a banner. On a lower plane, all pressing eagerly forward, were half a score of smaller men's figures:

Nelson, Wolfe, Canrobert, Sidney, Paul Jones, Gordon, Greville — glorious leaders of forlorn hopes! It was too dark to recognise the rest; or Mary's eyes were blurred. She remembered whose favourite heroes these were.

With more and more lights, the snow, the sleigh-bells and the exquisite buildings on which such loving pains had been spent, the Aspen Way was fairyland indeed. It was less than a quarter of a mile long, and all the buildings, dedicated whether to Education, Science, Art or Amusement, were part of the same scheme. At one end the vista was closed by the capitol; at the other end, an equally beautiful structure filled the eye; Mary presently learned it was the municipal building. One of the most interesting structures was the Auditorium, owned and conducted by the Public Entertainment Fund, a favourite scheme of the founder of Miwasa. "Crime," said Steele Caybourn, "is but the result of insufficient amusement." So the beautiful Auditorium held within its capacious walls everything that could be devised to furnish healthful diversion to the citizens.

Half-way stood another of the famous groups, an ideal conception of Miwasa, who was represented as a beautiful, grave housewife with a distaff. She could see it imperfectly in the gathering shadows, but something in the aspect of the grave seated figure stirred Mary strangely, and she resolved it should be the first spot to be revisited alone.

At the end of the Aspen Way they turned into a wide, semi-circular space before the municipal building. This was the brightest spot in the whole bright town; the arc of the circle all the way round was filled with fine shops. Five streets radiated like spokes from a hub; the hub itself was formed by the third of the great groups—Mirth. Redfield's, their destination, was the centre of gayety in Miwasa on the eve of the carnival. The hotel, built somewhat after the style of an old English inn, with an ample courtyard, occupied the farthest segment of the circle to the right. A wave of warmth and talk and music met the weary excursionists as they entered the hotel.

That night she saw him. It was at the Lieutenant-Governor's ball, for which the members of the excursion had been provided with tickets to the gallery. Looking on at other people's entertainments was not precisely to Mary's taste, but in the end her pride succumbed to the temptation of seeing him from such a point of vantage, and she went. It was a brilliant scene indeed; but Mary had no eyes for it: he was there; straight and tall and almost as boyishly eager as ever. The vivid glance of his eyes, which lent his plain face its peculiar attractiveness, was perhaps saddened; his blonde hair had turned a little ashy; that was all the change. He was talking as none but Lawrie could talk, to a brilliantly bejewelled lady, whom Mary thought was barely a lady. She was glad to observe he had not made the mistake of becoming fond of her; Mary knew the symptoms in Lawrie.

The other excursionists were talking about him, and presently Mary heard the question she longed and dreaded to have answered:

"Is he married?"

"Not yet. He is in mortal terror of match-making mammas!"

"Not yet, you say. Is that lady—"

"Bless you, no! That's Mrs. Yarbrugh. They say she's—"

The rest was lost in a whisper. Mary was not interested in Mrs. Yarbrugh. She waited with feverish impatience for the original inquiry to be resumed.

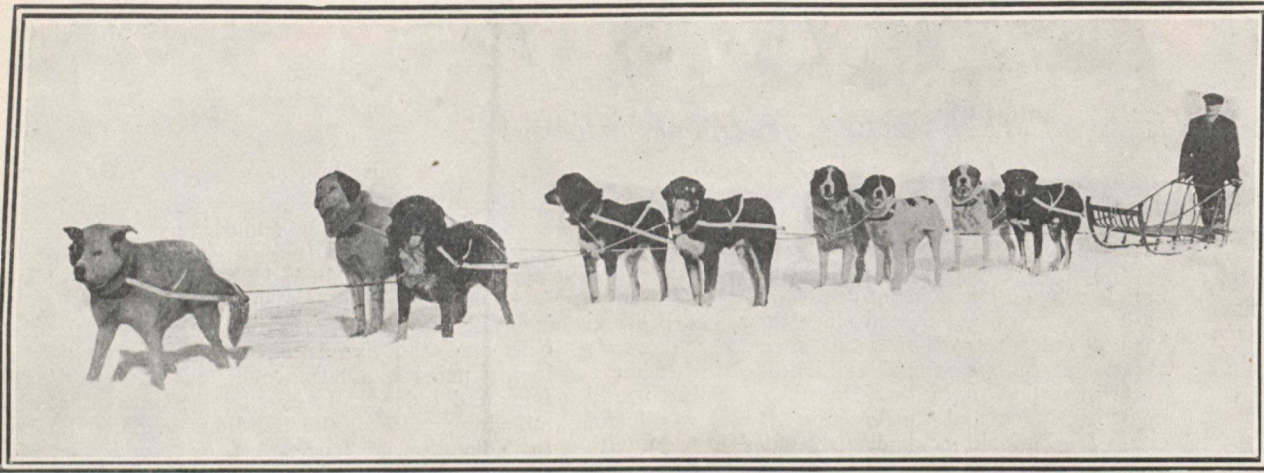
"Then who is it?" was asked.

"I don't know her name. They say he has an orphan in view."

Mary hastened home for fear of betraying her feelings. She was furious with herself for caring so much. She could not attempt to disguise the fact any longer. She did care; and that was the root of the whole matter. The admission that she had made the long, long journey simply to see him, was a bitter pill for her pride to swallow.

Later that night Mary, a little more resigned in mind, sat at her window gazing at the graceful figure of Mirth flinging her arms to the moon, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



Berger's Racing Team, First Annual All-Alaska Sweepstakes, Nome, Alaska.



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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

## A MARVELLOUS "MUSHING" OUTFIT.

NOT all the renown belongs to the Longboats and the Sherrings when it comes to covering distances on foot. The dogs of the North are still in the race. The cayuse is a memory. The Red River cart is a relic. But the dog here and there remains as great on the "mush"-road as he was in "The Call of the Wild." In a blinding blizzard, with the thermometer twenty-two degrees below zero, the team owned by Jake Berger, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, recently won the All-Alaska Dog Derby, covering the distance between Nome and Candle and return, 412 miles, in 82 hours, 2 minutes. The first prize was \$11,000 in gold and a massive gold tankard. Weeks previous to the race betting on the result commenced and many thousands of dollars in gold dust and nuggets changed hands over the result. A team of Siberian dogs, backed by their owner to the extent of over \$100,000, started favourites, but went snow-blind on the second day and failed to finish. Berger's other team took second money, being seventeen minutes behind the winners.

## THE LURE OF THE TRAIL-BOUND.

NOW are the days when the long trails on the prairie are alive with horses and men—and with oxen. The homeseekers' trek is on. Those who go beyond the railways are on the trail. They come from the south and they go north and west and not one of them has so much as seen the land to which he is heading. But in one of those conglomerate loads of household goods and of people—there is the whole story of the new West. Every spring sees its break out afresh. There are always trails. Some folk imagine the West is a gridiron of railways. The immigrant knows better. He does not want to settle on a railway. He wants the railway to get a move on and hustle in to find him. He will guarantee to make it worth his own while for the railway to follow him. He wants the cheap land—which has not the habit of lying along the railways; a very strange matter, since surely the roads want the land settled on purpose to get traffic without building more lines. But here and there they go, with the hulk-up big loads wabbling and creeping over the land in all directions; hitting out new trails where the old ones are worn out; spying out new hills for houses; new lakes for fish and new fields for the plough. There is no such movement on a grand scale anywhere else in the world.

## SWEET AUBURNS IN HURON.

THE county of Huron is not increasing in population fast enough to suit the editor of the *Galt Reporter*, who of course lives in a near-by county. It seems that Huron, which is one of the most historic and wealthy counties in Canada, has been decreasing in population in the townships, and increasing only a fraction in towns and villages; so that the population of last year was but three ahead of 1907. So asks the *Galt Reporter*:

"What is the matter. Ten out of its sixteen townships lost ground while four out of ten towns and villages recorded decreases. Why are the townships losing? And why are not all Huron's towns and villages growing? Why is there stagnation in so many of its communities? What is the matter with Old Ontario? Does it lack opportunities for its young men? Is it suffering from the exodus to the West?"

Then he goes on to find the reason; says the trouble is largely European and American manufactures that make it impossible for the towns and cities of Ontario to grow as fast as they might. He says:

"Is it too much to declare that the stupid fiscal policy permitting foreigners to manufacture for us annually goods to the value of \$90,000,000 is responsible for the stagnation? A Toronto of 500,000, a Galt of 20,000 and a Goderich of 10,000 would bring additional wealth to the Ontario farmer; would keep thousands of young men

on the farm; would split up many of our farms into small holdings engaged in supplying nearby markets with garden produce, poultry, eggs and butter. In this way only can rural Ontario be saved from decline."

## ELECTRIC CAR AS A HEARSE.

FIRST electric car funeral has been held in Halifax. The automobile hearse has become common enough, but the electric draped in purple and black for a catafalque is the most modern device in the equipage line yet employed in Canada—excepting of course some of the unusual funerals of the north country, where they have no horses. The funeral in question was that of Mr. W. A. Prindiville, superintendent of cars of the Halifax Electric Tramway.

## A POETIC TORY HEAD-LINE.

NEWSPAPER head-lines in Canada have been in process of blood-curdling evolution for some years, and every little while it looks as though the last word in real flash-light realism would be said by some of the headliners far from the madding crowd. At any rate, it will keep the *Toronto World* and the *Calgary Eye-Opener* and the *Christian Guardian* a long while sitting up nights to beat this one which appeared the other day in the *St. Thomas Times* regarding the budget speech of Mr. Fielding:

"Ripping the Clouds in Search of a Silver Lining."  
This is not only good head-linery. It is poetry.

## CITY OF RECIPRO-CITY.

AND in Detroit they have been discussing reciprocity. Detroit is a good place to talk trade with Canada. There are more people in Detroit who know Windsor, Ontario, than there are folk in any other border city knowing any other town on the Canadian side. Every little while thousands of Detroiters and Michigan talent cross the river to the races; greatest races anywhere along the border. During the tight money era some of the big Detroit firms were glad to send over the river for Canadian money to pay wages. There are hundreds of people living in Windsor who work in Detroit. Windsor gets some of its time and a good deal of its money from Detroit. In Windsor they have eastern time; in Detroit central, which is an hour later and a fine convenience. Windsor goes to theatre in Detroit; spends most of its surplus cash in that city; buys Detroit newspapers. The average Windsorite is a Detroitier in everything but his postoffice address; and in some cases he is nearer Detroit than the man that lives in Detroit.

## THE OBVERSE ORIENTAL.

VERY cunning Sikh that in a Victoria court not long ago. This Oriental was being sued or something. At any rate he was up against the law, which he did not like. He was something of a black sheep even among Sikhs. In Hong-Kong he had had a record. The other Victorian Sikhs knew about it. He knew that they knew. They would blacken him in court—if possible. He decided to use the fact to good advantage. He approached one of these turbanites and guilefully instructed him to see the prosecuting lawyer and to impress upon him what a dark, deep scoundrel he, the original, had been in Hong-Kong; how that he had been branded on the left arm by the Hong-Kong powers. This Sikh the second knew not that branding is not in fashion in Hong-Kong. He told the lawyer, who chuckled at the evidence—and when he rose to convict the Sikh he called out to the prisoner: "Pull up the sleeve on your left arm, and let the court see the brand placed there by Hong-Kong justice."

The Sikh did so. But of course there was no brand. The joke was on the white lawyer; and the dark-skinned Sikh got off.

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

*Where Big Financial Men Gather Together*

**N**O other meeting of a Board of Directors brings together such a strong crowd of leading Canadian financial interests as does that of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When men have achieved pretty near everything they want in the Canadian financial world, they begin to look with a great deal of longing to the Canadian Pacific, and the honour with which the members regard it can be accurately summed up in the answer Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, made to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy when the latter asked him if he would like to take a place on the Board. "Sir Thomas," answered Mr. Meighen, "I would rather be a director of the Canadian Pacific than Prime Minister of Canada."

The Board meetings are always held in the Board room at the Windsor Street Station at Montreal immediately adjoining Sir Thomas' private office. The Board meetings are held monthly, the bulk of the work being left to the Executive Committee of the Board, which meets in Sir Thomas' office once or twice a week.

Since the retirement of Sir William Van Horne, many have the idea that the C. P. R. has gradually become a one-man concern, the members of the Board only being too glad to agree to anything that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy may propose. Although this is pretty near correct, Sir Thomas has always been only too anxious to discuss all plans with every member of the Board and to try to get the views of every single director. No important plan, however, is ever brought before the Board before it is discussed very carefully with Mr. R. B. Angus, who is one of the members of the Executive Committee. Considering the important part the latter plays in the direction of the big railway, it is really surprising how little he is known among the thousands of employees and shareholders of the company.

Sir William Van Horne, although long since out of the direct management of the railway he planned and carried out, retains the chairmanship of the Executive Committee and always presides at any of the meetings of the shareholders. Sir William, however, very seldom discusses the affairs of the C. P. R. with the press, now always leaving any announcement to Sir Thomas.

Perhaps the most striking figure around the table is that of Sir Sandford Fleming, who has always been keenly interested in the transportation problems of Canada. The remainder of the Board are made up of men who have been directly or indirectly interested in the affairs of the Canadian Pacific. "Charlie" Hosmer established the C. P. R. telegraph system and besides is president of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, a concern that annually gives the C. P. R. enough business to pay annually over one per cent. on the entire issue of common stock; Mr. E. B. Osler, president of the Dominion Bank, and Mr. W. D. Matthews, the only two Toronto representatives on the Board, who in days gone by were among the largest owners of the Calgary and Edmonton and other lines sold to the Canadian Pacific, and always strong personal friends of Sir Thomas; then there is Sir George A. Drummond, the president of the Bank of Montreal, which has always attended to the banking of the C. P. R. and incidentally made piles of money out of it; Senator L. J. Forget, a protege of Wm. Angus who in the early days was commissioned to sell quite a lot of C. P. R. issues in London; Mr. Robert Meighen, who for years has been president of the New Brunswick Railway, which is under lease to the C. P. R.; he is also brother-in-law of Lord Mount Stephen, who was one of the original interests in the big Canadian railway and staked his every dollar in it; Hon. Robert Mackay, one of Montreal's merchant princes with a great love for honours, who has made his way not only to the Canadian Pacific but even to the Board of the Bank of Montreal as well; Clarence H. Mackay, head of the Mackay Companies of New York, who was invited to succeed his father, Mr. John Mackay, who for years took an active part in the development of the road; and Mr. David McNicoll, the general manager of the company, who was a few years ago invited to go on the Board because of what he had done in the management of the company. Lord Strathcona, although living in London, still retains his place on the Executive Committee, as well as on the Board of Directors, and keeps Sir Thomas accurately posted on the financial situation in London, and it has been largely due to his judgment that the C. P. R. has been so fortunate in picking out just the proper time for its many stock issues.

In point of personal wealth Lord Strathcona undoubtedly leads; Mr. R. B. Angus comes next, and then pretty well bunched together are Sir George Drummond, Hon. Robert Mackay, Mr. Robert Meighen and Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, and Sir William Van Horne.

\* \* \*

**Grand Trunk Stock Held in Canada**

**C**ONSIDERABLE surprise was occasioned in financial circles by the announcement made by Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson at the annual meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway in London that not \$5,000 worth of Grand Trunk shares were held in Canada. Sir Charles as president of the road should have known just how near such a statement, made at an annual meeting, was to being correct and yet the very day the statement was cabled to Canada a Canadian shareholder over his own signature stated that he personally held many times more than \$5,000 himself and that he knew of several other Canadian holders of Grand Trunk third preference and ordinary shares.

\* \* \*

**Banks Find it Hard to Make Money**

**T**HE Canadian banks are having a good deal harder time making money this year than they have for some years, mainly because the deposits keep pouring in on them at a wonderful rate while they find it very difficult to get half as much as they would like out as current loans. Merchants and manufacturers are not extending very rapidly just now and on this account do not need much money from the banks. In the absence of anything like a proportionate increase in the current loans to the increase in the deposits, the Canadian banks, more especially the larger ones, are lending greater amounts out on call loans in New York and London than ever before. For some years past Canadian banks could scarcely prevent themselves from making big money, but just now it is more a question of brains and ability and many of the banks are making short period loans and buying short term notes in order to add to their profits as much as possible.

The assets of the thirty-two Canadian chartered banks have again crossed the billion mark, now amounting to \$1,018,390,211, while the total liabilities are \$833,461,485.

COUPON.

**SAVINGS ACCOUNTS**

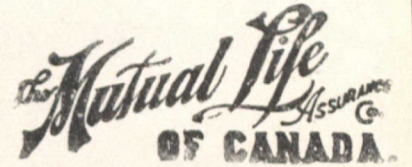
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Accounts are subject to cheque without notice. Interest added half-yearly. Sums of \$1.00 and up received. Special attention is called to the fact that interest is calculated on the **DAILY BALANCE**

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**\$54,694,882**

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



made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

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

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

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### MENDELSSOHN CHOIR TO EUROPE.

IT now seems highly probable that the Mendelssohn Choir will go to Europe—some time. There has been a deal of talk about this; somewhat by over-ardent critics who cannot wait. The choir management itself is not so anxious to go before the choir is ready. At present there exists no particular desire in the Old Land to hear the Canadian choir. Until there is some curiosity across the water there should be no headlong enthusiasm here—largely because here and there a financial magnate poohpoohs and says it would be no trouble whatever to raise the funds. The time for the Mendelssohn Choir to go to Europe is the time when it can go with the greatest possible degree of prestige from this side of the water, and to satisfy the greatest possible degree of interest on the other. There are plenty of worlds for the choir to conquer before it goes abroad. Perhaps it is foolish to talk of a choir in such language at all. As a matter of truth and art—perhaps the choir should go to New York and Boston and Chicago and the Old Country, not to show people how well they can sing, but in order to demonstrate a high degree of devotion to and interpretation of choral music.

\* \* \*

### CANADIAN OPERA SEASON.

MR. IVAN ABRAMSON'S project for a Canadian opera season may mean much or little. Canada already has a fair season of opera—though at times very intermittent. It would be a decided advantage to have more regularity and perhaps a better high average of performance. That is, a season of grand opera, so many weeks in Montreal and Toronto and Winnipeg and Vancouver, would be a good thing for those centres to have. But on the face of it are there cities enough in Canada to warrant an entire season distributed among them? Four weeks at the outside would seem for some years to be ample for Toronto; also for Montreal; half that time in any of the other centres, where there happen to be theatres big enough and well enough adapted for the purpose. This scarcely spells an entire season. Perhaps the matter could be played in circuit with some of the border cities on the other side. In fact there seems no reason why there should be a distinctive Canadian season at all, unless Canadian talent is to be largely employed. Now in the matter of chorus there is no difficulty about getting Canadian talent enough and as good as can be got anywhere. As for orchestra, there is less prospect. The Canadian orchestras already have difficulty in recruiting and find a great scarcity of material in Canada itself. As to soloists and principals, there is little likelihood of Canadians having more than a mere look-in. We have not the talent.

\* \* \*

### FROM LONDON TO TORONTO.

"AN Englishman's Home," the play which has set John Bull on the alert, which has created a host of volunteers and turned frivolous young members of fashionable circles into earnest nurses, has at last come to Toronto. That centre of imperialism, in which Colonel George Denison and Inspector James L. Hughes seldom let the public forget that the drum-beat of Britain encircles the globe, gave a hearty welcome to this play of such extraordinary success. The appeal of the play is neither artistic nor literary. It is a melodrama of a military emergency in the Old Land which comes dangerously near the line of absurdity. Its "lesson" is manifest from the first act—that England is living in a fool's paradise, so far as security from invading forces is concerned.

The play is another Du Maurier stroke of fortune, the dramatist being Major Guy Du Maurier, the son of the novelist whose "Trilby" created a craze for Latin Quarter romance about thirteen years ago. The Browns are a peaceful middle-class British household, absorbed in small business cares and petty amusements, with no patriotic fervour. Suddenly, into this quiet Essex abode, there enters an invading army, from across the Northern Sea. These forces, in their perfect discipline under the foreign Prince, are supposed to contrast painfully with the unprepared islanders, who have been indulging in the dream that Britannia rules the waves, so long as *Dreadnoughts* are somewhere within a few days' sail of the English ports. The first act is the only coherent piece of dramatic work in the play. The rest is a rattle of musketry and a confusion of bewildered Britons and calmly conquering foreigners. No wonder that the play created havoc in the breasts of theatre-goers "at home." It must have been simply maddening to John Bull to survey his castle as wrecked by the impertinent forces, "made in Germany." The moment for such a production was chosen with a discrimination which marks the playwright as an excellent salesman. Even to a Canadian audience there is something painful in the sight of a quiet household being upset in the midst of their bargaining and diavolo, even though Britain is finally triumphant. The company playing in Canada has several members of decided ability, whom Torontonians have met before—notably Mr. William Hawtrey and Mr. Ernest Stallard.

\* \* \*

### MUSIC IN EDMONTON.

EDMONTON is beginning a huge music festival to last several days. In this festival there will be more events than have ever been known on any such occasion in Canada before. In fact the affair much more resembles a Welsh Eistedfodd than anything else. There is abundance of enthusiasm in music in Edmonton, and a number of clever musicians. Among these Mr. Vernon Barford, organist and choirmaster of All Saints' English Church there, is perhaps the most conspicuous. Mr. Percy Hook, who has charge of the music faculty in Alberta College, is another of the pushers. There is also Mr. Howard Stutchbury, who has a choir there and who used to be prominent in Toronto as a singer of baritone. Miss Webster, who has lately returned from studying in Europe, has also gone back to Edmonton, where she made a good reputation three years ago. Ever since the Klondike rush there has been music in Edmonton. Years ago they had a clever amateur theatrical company that gave exhibitions in Strathcona, and a church choir that travelled the prairie giving concerts, and a men's quartette that went as far as Banff, which is the best of three hundred miles, and gave concerts. A good deal of the best talent is English and Scotch. There is also a good deal of Welsh; a men's chorus there they call by some highly musical Celtic name.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN



### THE STORY OF "GINGER."

By Winifred Ballard Blake.

AUNT PRISCILLA came tripping over to our house one morning, and as she came in she called out:

"Have you seen Ginger?"

Mother and I answered both together in a breath, "No. Why?"

"Because he's been out all night and hasn't come back yet, and he's never done such a thing before since he was born. And I don't know where he can be."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," said mother. "He'll come back all right before long. Ginger has found something very exciting to detain him, you may be sure—squirrels or mice or birds or something. But Ginger knows more than some people; he'd find his way home from—anywhere!"

"Well, I shall advertise, and send some one out to hunt for him," said aunty.

"Ginger" was a splendid, big black cat, not a white hair on him—all black from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

The next day when aunty came in she had a newspaper in her hand, which was shaking with excitement.

"Gladys!" she called. "Gladys, dear, I know where Ginger is! P. T. Barnum has him, and he's going round the country in a circus show!"

We looked at aunty as if we thought she had lost her wits. "Look at that," she said, and thrust the paper into mother's hand. "I was looking over some old papers before throwing them away," she went on, "when I happened to see it."

Mother looked at the spot aunty pointed out, and saw in big letters:

Wanted. For Barnum's Circus. A big black cat without a white hair on him. Will pay a good price.

"That's where he is!" wailed aunty, the tears running down her dear cheeks. "Some one stole him to sell to the circus, and I don't know where the circus is. It left here some time ago, and, oh, what will they do with poor Ginger, all shut up with lions and tigers and yaks and gnus and things! He'll be killed and eaten alive!"

Poor mother did not know what to say.

"Well, aunty," I said, "he'll be taken good care of so as to look well in the show—you can take some comfort in that."

But she only shuddered, and replied:

"They'll make him jump through a paper hoop; they'll whip him till he does; they'll put him with the tigers; they'll be brutal to him and destroy his mind and his manners. That's what they'll do."

The days went on, and Ginger did not come back. Poor aunty was quite changed.

One evening we had been invited over to her house to dine, and there was no place I liked to go better, because the more you see of Aunt Priscilla the more you love her. She always had the most wonderful thin old china and silver on the table, and gave me the loveliest things to eat, different from anybody else's, and always had something new to look at or to play with. Well, we were sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner to be served, when the paper boy came along and threw the paper on the steps. I heard him, and ran out to bring it in. There on the front page, in great black letters, the first thing I saw was:

Great Fire in Bridgton. Barnum's big building, where his animals are housed for the winter, burned to the ground!

I don't know how I ever dared give the paper to Aunt Priscilla, I was so frightened. But I had to do it, and then we listened while aunty read the account in a trembling voice.

"Ginger's dead!" she declared, when she had finished reading. "He's come to a horrible end!" And that night she laid awake all night.

She came over the next morning to say that she was going to take the train for Bridgton and find out. She could not stand the suspense another minute, and she would rather know the worst at once.

"Why, my dear, he may never have been with the circus at all," protested mother. "It's eighteen

miles to Bridgton, and I don't believe I'd go on such a chase."

"I shall leave on the noon train," said Aunt Priscilla in a set voice, and when she spoke like that we knew it was no use to say more. So she went over to pack her bag to take the noon train for Bridgton, and I went over with her, and as we went into the sitting-room on the left of the front hall—what do you suppose we saw? Ginger, sitting up in the sunshine in his favourite old spot on the window-sill, calmly washing his face, and looking out at the landscape!

We could not believe our eyes, and aunty screamed right out. "Ginger," she gasped, "you darling, you wonderful! Where did you come from?" and she stared and stared, and no wonder. Then we rushed up to the window-sill. Round Ginger's neck was a big collar with the name, "P. T. Barnum," let in on a silver plate, and holes had been bored in his ears and great perky crimson bows tied into each one.

"I can't believe it," said aunty. And I'd like to know who could? But Ginger just must have walked home that eighteen miles all alone, at night, over a strange road. She began pulling the bows out of his ears, but I cried, "O aunty, wait a minute!" and I ran out of the room. I went and took the biggest grace-hoop, and I got a piece of tissue-paper and passed it over the hoop. Then I came in and held it up before Ginger, and I said, "Jump, Ginger!"

He looked at me and at the hoop a minute, then he gathered himself for a spring, and went head first through that hoop as prettily as you please! He laid down and rolled over, and then sat up on his hind legs and put his paws over his nose and made a little bow with his head!

"You certainly named him right, Prissie," laughed mother, for I had scamped over as fast as I could go to bring her. "He's got more ginger than any cat I ever heard of!"

"Ginger," sighed aunty, all in a daze of delight, "O Ginger!"

And this is how Aunt Priscilla came to have a trick cat.—*Youth's Companion.*

\* \* \*

### A SPRING-TIME WISH

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

O, to be a robin  
In the Spring!  
When the fleeting days of April  
Are a-wing,  
And the air is sweet with knowing  
Where the hidden buds are growing,  
And the merry winds are going  
Wandering!

O, to be a robin  
With a nest  
Built upon the budding branches—  
East or West!  
Just to swing and sway and dangle  
Far from earth and all its tangle,  
Joining in the gay bird-jangle  
With a zest!

O, to be a robin—  
Just to sing!  
Not to have the pain of hating  
Anything—  
Just to race the foremost swallow  
Over hill and over hollow—  
And the joy of life to follow  
Through the Spring!

—*St. Nicholas.*

\* \* \*

### SHIFTING THE BLAME

Little Grace went into her mother's darkened chamber in search of her doll. She ran out so very fast that her mother said: "What makes my darling run so? Is she afraid?"

Whereupon the little one exclaimed, "No, but my dolly is."—*The Delineator.*

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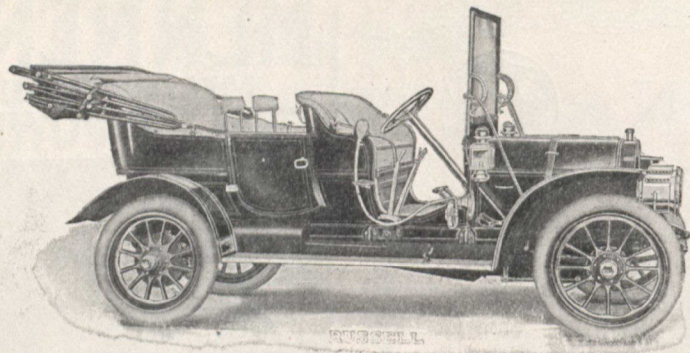
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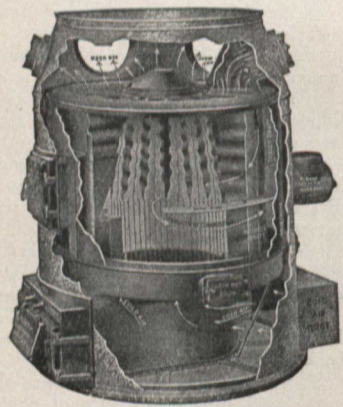
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## WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

### LIARS TO THE LIMIT.

(Vancouver World.)

**A**N ingenious countryman of George Washington has invented an extremely sensitive, but also deucedly uncomfortable, little instrument, which, by an arrangement of batteries, indicates whether a person is telling the truth or not. It seems to show, by the flicker of a flame, the momentary struggle in the two parts of the brain when, for a second, the tongue hesitates to pervert the truth. That is all very well, no doubt, when the tongue does so hesitate, or hesitates from no other cause. Perfectly truthful human animals, driven on a rare occasion to commit a terminological inexactitude, would, in all probability, register their uncomfortable state of mind on the psychometer; but, on the other hand, there are, among those of whom David spoke hastily, quite a number who habitually tell lies, and there would be no hesitation in their brain whatever, unless, for a change, they decided to speak the truth. Even truthful folk may hesitate in answering a question. On the whole, it looks as if, for purposes of justice, this latest product of inventive ingenuity will have about the same value as the old ordeal by fire.

\* \* \*

### CIVIL SERVICE BUGABOO.

(Renfrew Mercury.)

**P**ROF. ADAM SHORTT in a public address a few days ago advised Canadians to enter the civil service. The learned professor is but wasting time in speaking thus. Advice of the kind is entirely superfluous. The eagerness of young Canadians, both male and female, to take positions under Government pay is so marked that berths are always outnumbered by applicants. For every vacancy occurring at Ottawa or in any part of the provincial capitals, there are a hundred persons who would fain fill it; while it is a notorious fact that when through the ravages of time a "sit" in the outside civil service becomes open there are dozens of men after it, working might and main to secure appointment. When the author of "The Scarlet Letter" lost a position in the American civil service, he mourned as one having no hope, but pulling himself together he began a career in another sphere which made him famous.

\* \* \*

### UP TO GOVERNMENT.

(Kingston Standard)

**F**OR years the necessity of enlarging Welland canal has been apparent to every one engaged in the shipping interests. If it were possible for private capital to take hold of the Welland Canal, charge canal tolls sufficient to guarantee return for the money expended and get a vote of money as the railways do to aid in its enlargement, we should have had an enlarged Welland Canal years ago. But that is an impossibility. Private enterprise can have no part in the undertaking. It is necessarily a government work, and, being such, with no gain in the building of it to be made by private capital it has been neglected.

\* \* \*

### SOLDIERING IN CANADA.

(Bruce Herald.)

**W**HETHER we like it or not, conditions are developing in Canada that tend to make this country a military nation. We spend a large sum annually in training a militia force, the amount now running up to the neighbourhood of five million dol-

lars a year. In spite of this large sum the training does not extend to any great number of our people, and at best gives but a smattering of military knowledge to the comparatively small number who turn out to the annual camps. Outside the city organisations it cannot be said that an effective military force of any considerable strength exists in the country. The defects of our system are apparent to every one, but how to remedy them without involving the country in ruinous expense for a general military training of the youth of the country, is a problem more easily recognised than solved.

\* \* \*

### CANADIAN LABOUR.

(Kingston Standard)

**P**ROBABLY in no other country are labour conditions better than in Canada. Of course unskilled labour must necessarily be at a discount during a month or two in the severest part of winter, but skilled labour is always in fair demand. There is none of that pitiful struggle for a bare existence that is the prevailing condition in the old European countries. Every employee has before him the near prospect of being an employer. Good men are in demand, to be taken as partners, managers, etc. In Canada one does not work for an employer but with him. The man who regards his work as a drudgery and his employer an enemy is soon down and out. "Get out or get in line" is the motto.

\* \* \*

### FIGHTING YOUNG CANADA.

(Victoria Colonist.)

**W**E profess to know something about the point of view of young Canada, and it teaches us that, if there was need for the young men to come to the defence of their country, nothing would keep them back. The father or mother, who does not wish his or her son to become a trained militiaman lest he may some day have to take the field, ought to realise that thereby they are sentencing him to take the field as an untrained man, in such an event, for take the field he would. We are unable to understand why any employer of labour ought to object to his employees serving in the militia, especially as the arrangements which prevail in this city, at least, are such as call for no interference with business hours. Even if there were an occasional slight interference one would suppose that the patriotism of employers would be equal to such a slight strain upon it. Canadians have had so long a period of peace that they have come to look upon the possibility of war as utterly out of the question, and hence to regard time and money spent on military training as so much waste. There may be an awakening some day.

\* \* \*

### CANADIAN BANKING.

(Kingston Standard.)

**E**VERY nation is inclined to boast of its own particular institutions and class them as the best of their kind on earth. Canadians, however, and fortunately, seldom boast, and when they do they usually have reason for it. Once in awhile, though, we overdo it. A case in point is our banking system—for here is illustrated both our right to boast, and on the other hand perhaps a tendency to exaggerate. Lecturers on public platforms have time and again announced that Canada has the best banking system in the world, that it is absolutely flawless. Now, while this contains much truth it nevertheless has in it some of the elements

of untruth. Canada has a good banking system but it is not by any means free from defects. On the contrary it has many defects and some quite glaring ones, though our bank presidents will not admit them.

\* \* \*

**PUBLIC HOLD-UP.**

(St. John Sun.)

A MAN named Patten has made \$5,000,000 during the last few weeks manipulating the Chicago wheat market and bulling the price of wheat. And every dollar he made will come out of the pockets of the bread consumer the world over. Compared with work of this kind, the highway robbery business of men like Bill Miner is charitable and Christian.

\* \* \*

**QUEBEC AND THE FLAG.**

(Victoria Colonist.)

WE have to deal with the problem of French Canada as it is, not as it might have been under happier circumstances. We cannot expect of persons of French descent the same attitude towards the United Kingdom as is natural on the part of persons of British descent; but we have a right to ask of them equal loyalty to the British Empire of which they form a part and the prestige and protection of which they enjoy to the fullest degree. If we have no right to appeal to them on racial grounds, we have the right to do so by virtue of the tacit compact of 1774, as given effect on the part of the British Parliament in the Quebec Act of that year, and on the part of the clergy and people of Quebec by their attitude during the war of the American Revolution. The Union Jack is to-day, as it was a century and a half ago, the surest guarantee to the people of Quebec of what they hold most dear. This protection carries with it obligations and English Canada has a right to expect that those obligations will be fulfilled.

\* \* \*

**YANKO-CANADIANS.**

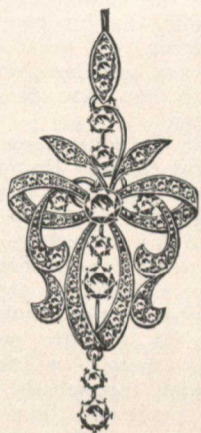
(London Advertiser.)

DURING the month of March, 485 cars of settlers' effects entered Canada over the Soo line, while since January 1st to the knowledge of the immigration officers, settlers and their families numbering 1,360 persons have left the Pacific states bound for Canada. Among them are no doubt many Canadians who fifteen or twenty years ago felt compelled by adversity to leave the land of their birth to seek homes under the Stars and Stripes, but the great majority are farmers who, though they have done well in the United States, realise that Canada offers greater opportunities to people of their class than any other country under the sun. They have the advantage over most European immigrants in that as a rule they possess considerable means, which not only adds directly to the wealth of Canada but will enable them the more readily to take a large part in the development of the country.

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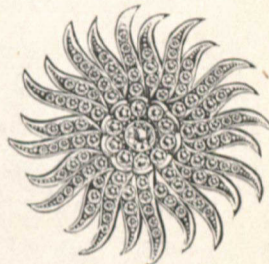
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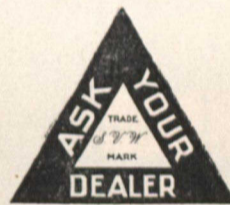


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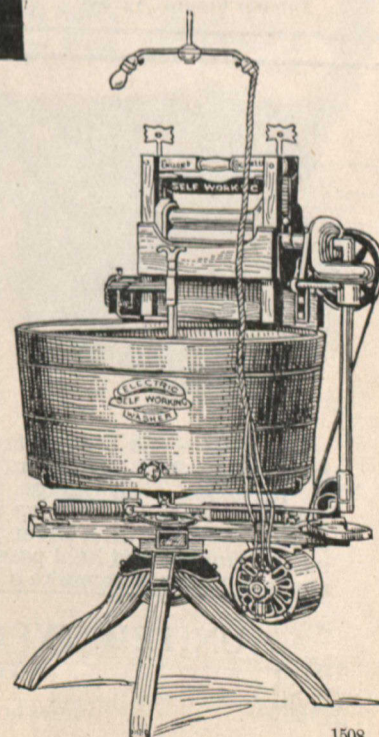
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1508

### Miwasa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

at the beautiful buildings behind, dark against the shining snow. The shops were all dark, the music stilled and the wide semi-circle empty except for Mirth dancing in the moonlight and a solitary constable on his rounds. Mary was pondering on what she had seen of Miwasa, and how much more it meant to her than to the ordinary sight-seer.

Scraps of Steele Caybourn's speech to the Sociological Society the year before, recurred to her mind; it was the only time he had ever been induced to speak of his projects. The speech was quizzical or not, according to his hearers. Stupid people took Lawrie in sober earnest, thought Mary; those with a little sense thought he was merely a joker; while the truly wise, through the veil of irony, clearly perceived the great heart. This particular utterance of his had caused a mighty discussion and various interpretations were put upon it. As she considered Lawrie's words and what he had accomplished, Mary realised that her mind and the mind of her old friend had been travelling towards the same goal all these years. Miwasa embodied many of her own truest ideas; but humanised—Mary frankly conceded it—by a broader experience. "An orphan!" thought Mary, bitterly—"young, of course, half-formed, uncomprehending! Would such a one be able to help him? Not likely!"

"I didn't expect my sociological experiments to benefit anyone," Lawrie had started his speech by saying, "but I was agreeably disappointed. They were of the greatest benefit—to myself!"

In referring to the workmen's council, which had assisted in formulating the plans for the new town, he said: "Unreasonably enough, the man who works insists on having theories as well as the student. He forms ideas of life merely from living it, and of men from mixing with them. I was curious to see what the working class would propose for the relief of the rich!"

It was in Lawrie's ideas of educating children that Mary perceived herself most clearly. "Schools are admirable," he had said; "but does it not seem as if education was still administered in stated doses like medicine? Children's brains are crammed while their five senses starve. A child's life is his education. In Miwasa our most ingenious authors devote their imagination to the creation of great open air games, simple dramas which are continued from afternoon to afternoon, and in which I have observed many a staid elder, surreptitiously taking part. There is a children's theatre too; fairy plays and sound melodramas in good English are provided."

"This is the extraordinary fact Miwasa has already proved," he said in concluding; "that the mass of the people when given a fair choice prefer the genuine to the flash. They actually take pleasure in well-designed houses and beautiful furnishings when brought within the reach of all. They know good songs, too, and well-written plays, and are developing a wholesome tendency to hiss the trash. Strangest of all, perhaps, they choose the newspaper which is reputable—so it is also sane and lively. All this encourages the hope, quixotic though it may appear, that some day instead of the richest man in town, the cleverest worker may become Miwasa's hero."

In the full daylight next morning Mary found the witchery of the grave, carved woman who represented Miwasa, more potent and quite as inexplicable. Looking at her critically she thought, while the workman-

ship was magical, the result was not wholly satisfactory; in the flesh she could hardly have called the woman beautiful. But she could not leave the spot; the statue seemed to evoke pictures of her early youth, the very smells and sounds of places she had not thought of in years. She observed after a while that the face was not really grave, but almost smiling. Her sympathy with the graceful, draped matron was almost a painful feeling in its intensity—yet she could not in the least analyse it. Finally she noticed people were beginning to stare at her curiously; she pulled down her veil and hurried away.

Three days later the personally-conducted excursion was comfortably esconced in its cars in the Miwasa station. There was a considerable delay in starting, but the excursionists hardly noticed it. They had enough to talk about all the way home and to spare; the fancy dress skating party, the wonderful pictures and statuary, the artistic plays they had seen, the storming of the ice-palace with fire-works, and decorations, the processions, the music, the sports and games—never did a personally-conducted excursion feel that it had received so much for its money.

Mary was the only unhappy member of the party. For the past three days she had scarcely ventured out of the hotel from a morbid fear of meeting the man everybody was talking about; when she did go, she was heavily veiled. The chatter in the car was hard to bear; as there seemed no chance of the train leaving at once, she pulled down her veil, and leaving the car, commenced to walk up and down the platform. She was feeling dead tired. Her pride had won; but to voluntarily put three thousand miles between herself and him had cost her a terrible struggle.

Across the platform stood a train of two cars and a huge throbbing engine, at which the excursionists from their windows were casting inquisitive glances. Mary regarded it absently; there being nothing else to look at. It was evidently the special train of one of the magnates who had come up to Miwasa for the carnival. Everything about the shining cars bespoke luxury, from the glint of snowy linen and silver up ahead, to the observation platform with its plate glass and shining brass rails.

A voice near Mary asked a trainman why the excursion train was delayed.

"The special has the right of way," he answered. "They are waiting for Mr. Caybourn."

At the same moment a well-remembered, tall figure appeared on the overhead platform, and came rapidly down the steps immediately in front of Mary. With what composure she could muster, she turned her back, and walked slowly towards the steps of her own car. She thanked her stars for the heavy veil.

Among all the other sounds of the station, she distinguished his quick, sure steps on the platform behind her. She passed the end platform of his train and thought she was safe. She heard him say, evidently to his conductor:

"Sorry to have kept you wait—"

Then the eager steps recommenced behind her, and her heart beat like a trip-hammer. He passed her, and getting between her and the steps of her car, turned and frankly stared. Mary put out her hand against the car for support.

"Mary!" he said softly. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken!"

Mary could not answer. About two hundred people were interested in the scene.

"To think of finding you here!" he exclaimed. "Come, we must get away from this where we can talk."

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He tucked her hand under his arm in Lawrie's old way.

"But my train—my luggage!" she protested, hanging back.

He swung himself on the car by way of answer, and presently reappeared with her little black valise.

"I recognised it!" he said, gleefully.

"I must go!" she repeated mechanically.

"You can have a special to overtake the excursion later," he said.

"But they're waiting for you," she protested.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, suddenly rethinking himself. Turning to the astonished conductor of the special, he said:

"I sha'n't go to-day, Walker. Please cancel the train order."

Mary felt herself being carried out to sea. She made one desperate attempt to reach terra firma. Quietly disengaging her hand, she said in a low tone:

"Really, Lawrie, you must not attempt to override me. I am going."

Instantly Lawrie shifted to the humorous appealing—obviously the years had not changed him; never would, thought Mary.

"Mary, Mary, don't turn me off in this way," he begged. "I'm not such a bloated plutocrat as you think. The railroad forces these distasteful luxuries on me"—with a wave towards the special train. "I've spent all my money. It's been a devil of a job; but it's all gone, every cent, honest! All I have to get along on are my salaries, and I reduce them regularly!"

What could Mary do? She put the best face on it she could muster, and said:

"I'll wait for the regular train, if you make the railroad take my excursion ticket."

The ladies on the excursion train almost pushed their faces through the glass in endeavouring to see the last of the couple, as they ascended the steps. There was not one of them but knew who the gentleman was. At the door of the station Mary and Lawrie found a cab. They drove over the tracks as the excursion train was pulling out underneath, then over the bridge and up the long hill beyond. Neither said much. Mary was intensely grateful that Lawrie did not demand any detailed explanation of her trip to Miwasa.

"How did you know me?"

"Oh, Mary! as if I could mistake that back, or those shoulders, or the dimple on the boundary of your cheek!"

"I heard you were going to be married," she said hastily.

"I hope so," he said with a grave twinkle. "Nothing is settled."

"An orphan, people said."

"Of the desired sex and marriageable age," he said. "I know but one orphan."

Mary made believe not to see the point. They had come to the figure of Miwasa on the Aspen Way; she leaned out of the window.

"Do you know, that figure attracts me strangely," she said, to divert the conversation into a safer channel.

To her astonishment Lawrie laughed outright. He turned on the electric light above their heads, and taking a little case from his pocket, snapped it open.

"I asked the sculptor to follow that," he said.

Mary looked and saw—herself!

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I have novel ideas on the subject."

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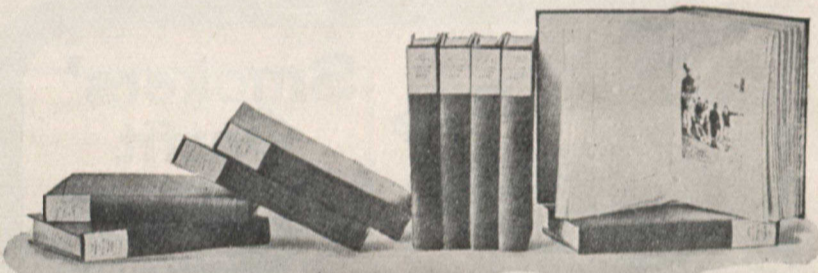
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

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With lyric mornings, frost and sun;  
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Auroral mild new stars are born.

And ever at the year's return,  
Along the valleys grey with rime,  
Thou leadest as of old, where time  
Can nought but follow to thy sway.

The trail is far through leagues of  
Spring  
And long the quest to the white  
core

Of harvest quiet, yet once more  
I gird me to the old unrest.

I know I shall not ever meet  
Thy calm regard across the year,  
And yet I know thou wilt draw  
near,

Nor stir the hour asleep on guard

Beside the orchard, when athwart  
The dusk, a meteor's gleam unbars  
God's lyric of the April stars  
Above the autumn hills of dream.

## Compulsory Education

(Manitoba Free Press.)

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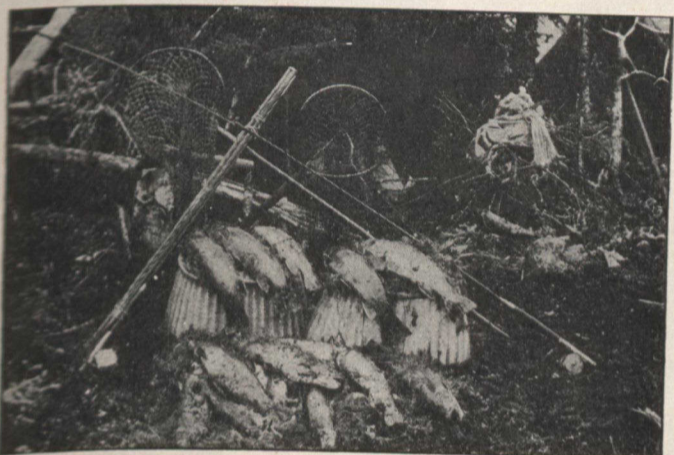
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