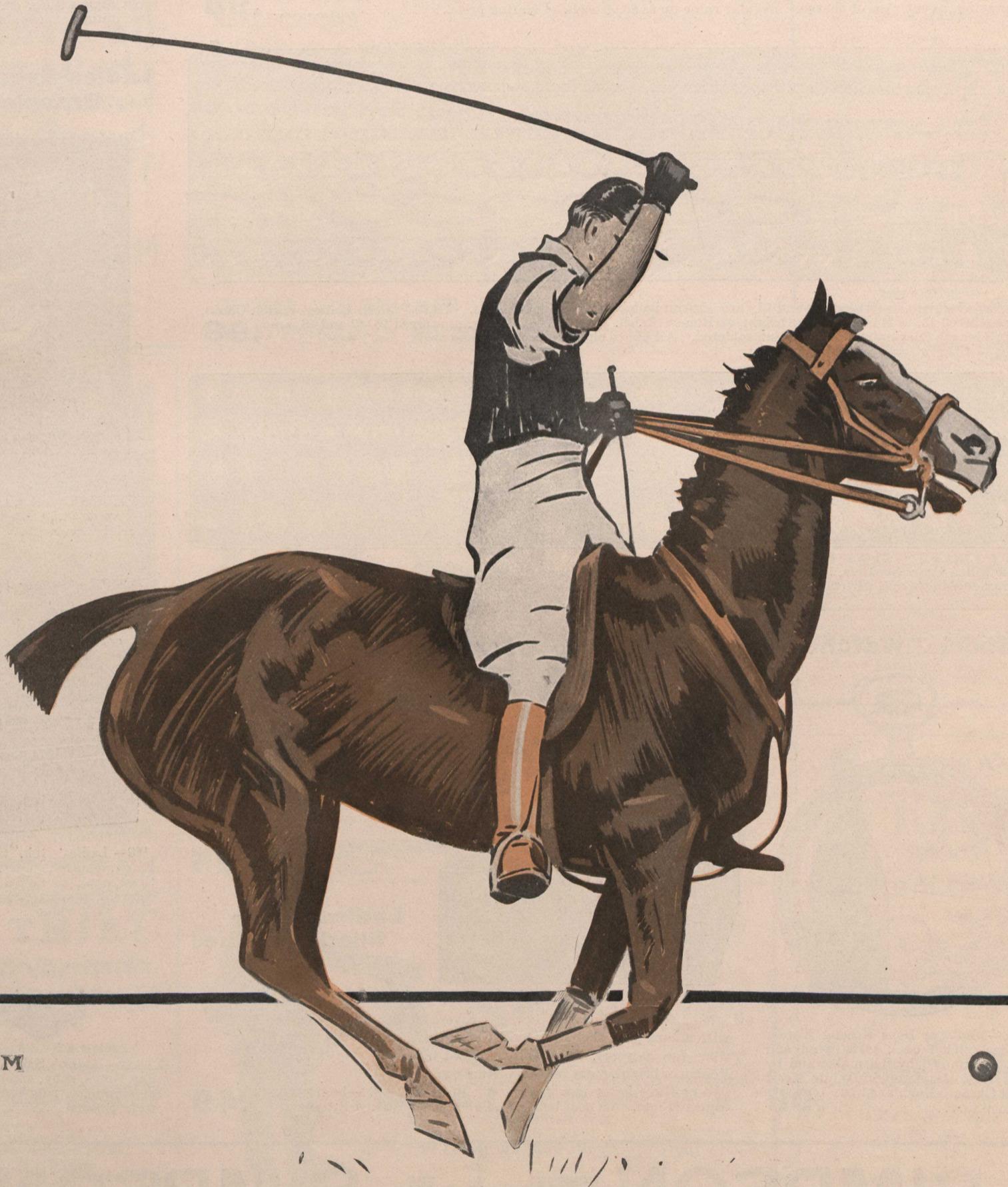


# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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

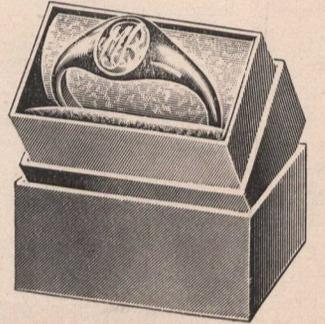
# JEWELRY BARGAINS



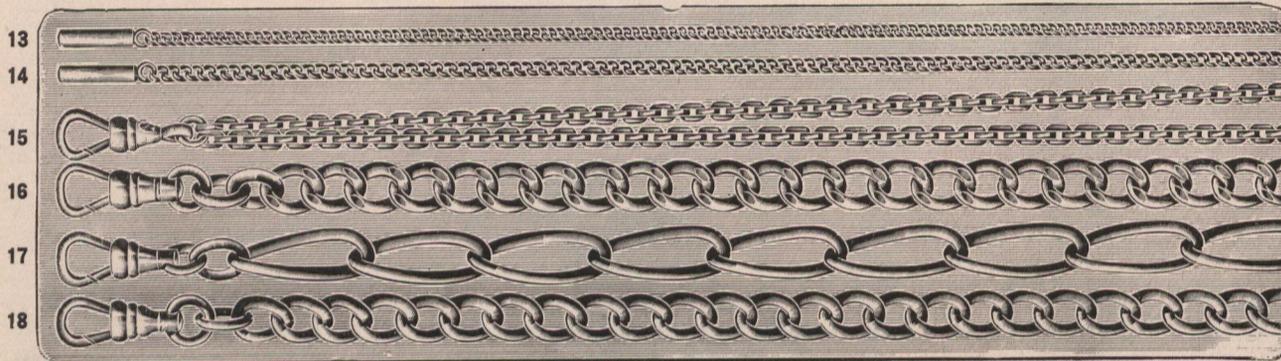
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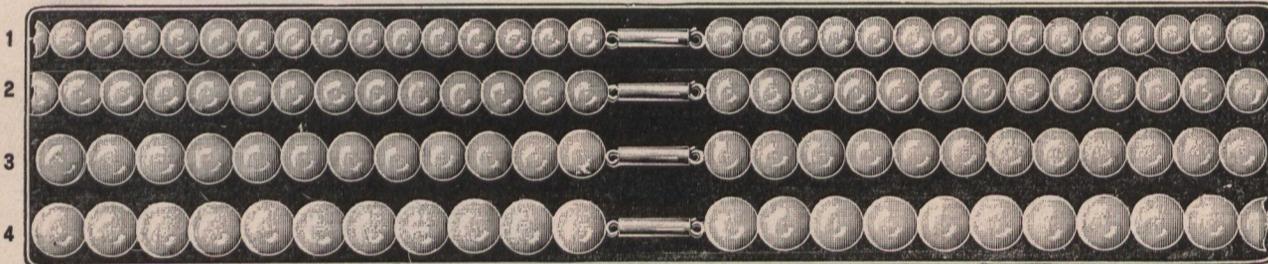


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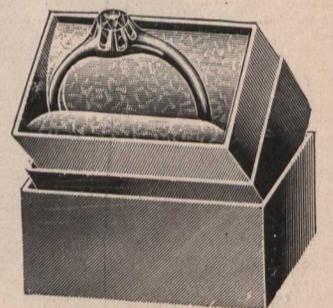


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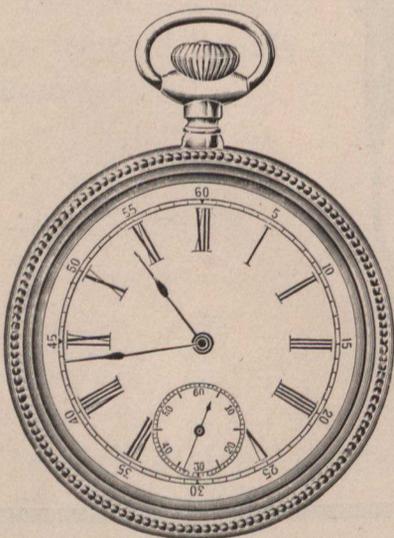
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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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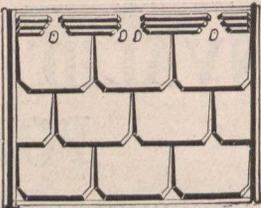
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A National Weekly

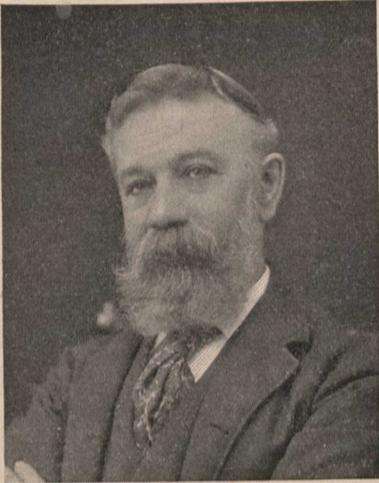
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, June 27th, 1908.

No. 4

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. Robert Meighen, Montreal,  
President Lake of the Woods Milling Company

In time the lumber king will be a memory; but the man who buys and grinds and ships Canadian wheat from the great grain areas of the West will never be able to retire. Mr. Meighen knows as much indirectly about the present condition and future prospects of transportation in Canada as any industrialist can know who is not directly concerned with the building and operation of railways. And Mr. Meighen has a likable and whole-souled personality to boot.

\* \* \*

WHILE there may be a few thousand Canadians who do not care a button whether Taft or Bryan becomes President, there is one Canadian in California who is working tooth and nail for Taft. That is Hon. D. E. McKinlay, member of the California House of Representatives. Mr. McKinlay has been stumping for Taft and will stump a little more for him during the campaign. He is an Ontario boy; born in Orillia, which he left a quarter of a century ago for California. In those days there was more movement from Ontario to California than from anywhere in Canada to the Northwest Territories. Canadians who got tired grubbing on a clay or stump farm, or running a business in a small town with only half a railroad, went to the land of the orange grove and the gold mine. Mr. McKinlay has lived to see a big change come over Canada. Back in Orillia last winter he took a keen interest in the old town where the inhabitants were able to tell him stories of progress that made it unnecessary for the California Canadian to coax his chums to pack their trunks and go to the southern Pacific slope. Mr. McKinlay is an eloquent speaker and a good man on the stump. He is expected to tour the east as well as the west on behalf of "Big Bill."

\* \* \*

THE Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. McEvay, whose consecration took place last week, has succeeded to a charge that has done a great deal for constructive Roman Catholicism in Canada. Before the present Episcopal head was Archbishop O'Connor,



Clerical Procession at Installation of Archbishop McEvay, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, June 17th.

who entered his charge at St. Michael's in 1889; an era of building up that followed well after the more eventful and picturesque career of Archbishop Lynch. The present Archbishop is the sixth to take charge of St. Michael's and the third Bishop of London to succeed to the dignity of the See. He is a native of Lindsay, Ontario, and has spent the whole of a useful constructive life in Ontario between Peterborough and London.

The installation of the Archbishop was brilliant and impressive, the spectacle presented by the procession of celebrants and visiting clergy being such as these prosaic and colourless days seldom afford. A detachment of the Knights of St. John formed an escort and guard of honour. The address of the clergy, as presented by Dean Harris of St. Catharines, showed that the jurisdiction of the new archbishop extends over a Catholic population approaching fifty thousand.



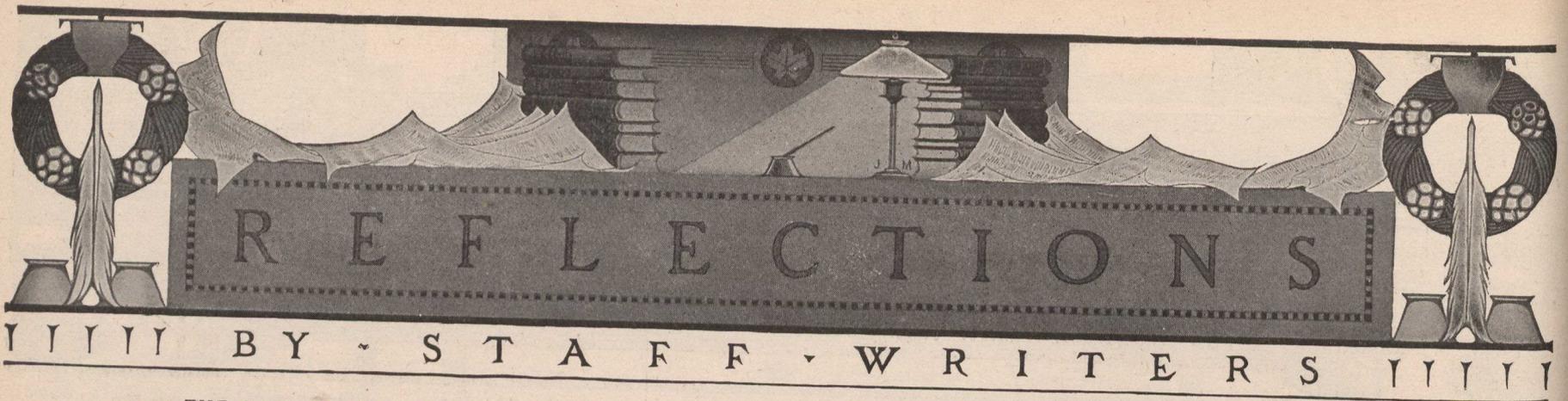
The Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER bond between Canada and Newfoundland has been established by the appointment of Chief Justice Sir Charles Fitzpatrick of the Supreme Court of Canada as the joint ambassador for the Dominion and the Crown Colony at the Hague. Fisheries are the common question for which the ambassador will stand at the Hague tribunal; the old outstanding Atlantic fisheries disputes with the United States. The British Government has approved of Sir Charles as the joint representative of the two countries. It will be as delicate a matter for Sir Charles to draw the line of demarcation between the fishery interests of the colony and the Dominion as it is for politicians of either country to define exactly the reasons that will long keep Newfoundland out of the Confederation. Mr. R. N. Venning, Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries, will in all likelihood accompany the ambassador to the Hague.

\* \* \*

THE Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion Cabinet, was wisely chosen to introduce the Civil Service Reform Bill in the House, as the Department of which he is the head is seldom involved in party strife. Mr. Fisher is an amiable and hard-working public official, whose only spectacular complication was his interrupting the course of the Earl of Dundonald's appointments just four years ago, when that gallant G. O. C. made a public stir with his alleged grievances.



### THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM BILL

THE inevitable has happened. On June 17th a Civil Service Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, Hon. Sidney Fisher performing the ceremony. The bill establishes an independent Civil Service Commission, which will hold examinations for admission and promotion. The Commission shall consist of two members of the status of Deputy Ministers. The service is divided into three classes. The first consists of deputy heads, their assistants, chief and lesser technical officers, including chief clerks; the second division consists of those qualified by their duties and the third consists of those engaged in copying or routine work. The old act, however, still applies to outside service and this flaw has already been noted by the searching gaze of the Leader of the Opposition.

Salaries are stated with mathematical brevity and the increases shall be statutory yearly advances of fifty dollars if record justifies it, also an additional fifty dollars on certificate of merit by the commission. All promotions are by certificate of this body which will be guided as to conduct by monthly record kept in the department.

A heavy silence hung upon the House after the introduction of this promised bill. Its friends and enemies are beginning to assert themselves but after a somewhat lukewarm fashion. There is a certain degree of genuine reform in the proposed measures; but it is not of a thoroughness to please the Independents, while it is sufficiently advanced to alarm the party-at-any-price members. The Deputy Minister status of the Commissioners is a doubtful proposition, since the true reformer holds that the office of the latter should be as untrammelled as that of the Auditor-General. There is no reason satisfactory to unprejudiced citizens for the outside service being subject to patronage control. The people of the Dominion would undoubtedly approve of a more radical change in the management of this service and will look for something more salutary than the measures which the Minister of Agriculture has already announced.

### PURE WATER SUPPLY

THOSE who thought that the agitation begun by Toronto women last December for a purer water supply was a passing outburst of civic and domestic indignation were shown their mistake last week when the meeting in support of the filtration and trunk sewer by-laws was held under the auspices of the Local Council of Women. Dr. Amyot of the Provincial Board of Health stated that more than two hundred and fifty citizens have died in three years from typhoid fever directly due to bad water. The total number of deaths from typhoid in Toronto during that time was nearly four hundred. The meeting was attended by representative citizens, whose advanced views were voiced by Mr. H. Baker, secretary of the Riverdale Business Men's Association, when he declared that the health of the citizens, whatever the immediate cost, should be the first consideration. There is a curious indifference in many communities regarding matters of this nature, each man seeming to wait for his neighbour to agitate. So long as his household is not affected, the average citizen is likely to conclude that there cannot be much the matter. The public spirit which seeks to make conditions healthy and right, so far as they can be secured by civic authority, is a valuable sentiment and the possessors of such a spirit need infinite optimism, for complacent ignorance is too apt to write them down as busybodies.

In this connection, it is encouraging to mark the unselfish and public enterprise of the various organisations included in the National Council of Women. In the maritime provinces the local councils have recently busied themselves in arousing interest among women in the exhibitions of provincial industries and manufactures and have also aroused the authorities to the necessity for proper protection for

the feeble-minded. Their efforts in various Canadian cities have been exerted with dignity and effectiveness and it is altogether probable that the task which has been undertaken in Toronto will be carried out. When the intelligent and unselfish women of the community are fully convinced that certain conditions are a menace to health, reform is likely to follow.

### RELIGION AND AMUSEMENT

CONFLICT between religion and pleasure is a characteristic of all civilisations in all centuries. When Bishop Berry arises in the American Methodist Conference to declare that the church dare not abandon her old-time opposition to all worldly amusements, he is not preaching any new doctrine or sounding any new tocsin. It is the same old drum. The religious reformers of the past two thousand years have all preached similar doctrine. The monastery and the convent are based upon it in its extremest form.

If the world were to abandon worldly amusements altogether as Bishop Berry and his enthusiastic applauders advocate, what would be the result? If the theatre were closed, the playing card abolished, and dancing became a lost art, what effect would it have upon our lives? Would we all be more religious? Would we cease to lie and cheat and steal? Would we stop worshipping the gods of Success and Wealth and Rank? Would the social evil vanish? Would we cease to be envious and covetous and selfish? Would we be more likely to love our neighbour as ourselves? These are questions which some people will answer one way and some another, but they are questions which must be answered before the majority of people will give up these worldly amusements.

In the Province of Quebec, the people must go to church on Sunday morning. If they have done so, they may go visiting or play baseball in the afternoon. Or if it be the harvest season, and the cure decides that the weather looks threatening, he may advise the habitant to go straight home and bring in his hay or his grain. But whether it be playing baseball or harvesting wheat, the people go about with the religious sanction and supervision. The cure looks on and is a continuous protest against evil tendencies. This sort of conduct would not suit the Methodists of Ontario, but who will say that the habitants are less devout, less religious or even less righteous than the mechanics or farmers of Ontario? Can any one deny that the family life of the French-speaking Canadian of the Province of Quebec is more admirable from the social, religious and national standpoints, than the family life of Ontario? Have the childless women of the Protestant communities any reason to be exalted above the mothers of the Roman Catholic communities?

There are evils in the theatre. The plays that come to Canada, and the majority of the players, are unedifying. That, however, is not the fault of the theatre but of the people who control it. If the church desires reform, let it take hold of the theatre and give us moral instead of immoral amusement; let it be constructive instead of destructive.

There are evils in the card game. The cards themselves are innocent; it is the players who bet and gamble who are evil. So with the dance, which under natural circumstances is as innocent as the cooing and crowing of the infant learning to speak. If people are pure-minded their amusements will be innocent and good. Would it not be better, therefore, to preach purity of mind and thought and speech and conduct, so that whether a man is at work or play or worship, he may be always living the higher life? Are not the reformers preaching against the effect when they should be battling with the cause?

## A WESTERN JOURNEY

Rainy River, June 18th, 1908.

WHEN an editor goes travelling he is expected to record the impressions of the journey. The difficulty is that one gets so surfeited with impressions that unless one is skilled in the work of recording them and has the attitude of mind necessary for the purpose, the writing is supremely difficult.

The writer was the first journalist to travel over the new C. P. R. short-line from Toronto to Fort William. A pleasant experience it proved to be. Two trains had gone before I was ready, but I caught the third. It landed me in Fort William in exactly twenty-five hours. So far as the smoothness of the road is concerned, there is nothing to indicate that the route is new. A little extra dust was the only indication, if we except the inability of the trainmen to answer all the questions the passengers asked about the stops, the names of the stations, and the progress we were making. The new road seems to have been so well built that the train rides as smoothly as on the older parts of the line. The eleven million dollars which the C. P. R. expended on the new line from Toronto to Sudbury was apparently well spent.

The C. P. R. is not like a little railway near Port Arthur about which a resident of that town was telling me. He said it had a tri-weekly service. A train ran over it one way each week and tried to get back the next week. The C. P. R. now has reached a point in its development where it can compare with any other railway in the world. It is the only real transcontinental railway in North America—the only one which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I met four men travelling over it who were going from Philadelphia to Portland, Oregon. I asked them why they came up this way, and they stated that the route was not much longer and was more pleasant. The scenery was grander and the weather was cooler. I must confess the answer somewhat surprised me.

That long reach of the C. P. R. from Sudbury to Port Arthur is as indescribable and as hopeless as ever. In 500 miles there are three railway villages, an odd sawmill, a few fishing streams and the rest is rock, lake and muskeg. There is no farming community. It is a peopleless waste. It will not even grow trees. What nature ever intended it for remains an unsolved riddle. Our train showed the sublimest contempt for it. In one run without a stop we made 60 miles; in another 72 miles; and in a third 119 miles. Just think of 250 miles with only two intermediate stops. Truly this is a district of magnificent distances.

There is some exquisite scenery, without doubt, especially where the railway skirts the island-bounded shore of Jack Fish Bay. The brakeman told us about the curved tunnel, where the passenger looking out of the rear window of the rear car of a ten-car train may see the engine emerging at the other side of the rocky puncture. He also drew our attention to the portion of the road which goes eight miles around a deep inlet of the lake to make only one mile of progress. That the country is not all rock, we were told of a hill which flowed down upon the track not long since and covered it fifteen feet deep for a distance of "three pole-lengths," or about 450 feet. This reminded the writer of a similar occurrence which held him up once on the Crow's Nest Pass branch in the Selkirks.

I was sorry I could not finish the 36-hour trip to Winnipeg at one sitting, but the claims of Lake Superior's twin harbours were not to be overlooked. Hence I broke journey at Fort William. Next morning I went down to Westport, a little village which antedates Fort William and which was once the divisional point for the C. P. R. Here I saw the Grand Trunk Pacific's Lake Superior terminus. The present terminus is temporary on the north side of the river; the real terminus is to be on the other bank of the Kaministiquia. Until the partially constructed bridge is completed, the development work on the old Indian Reserve cannot be carried on. This bridge is to be about 400 feet wide, to accommodate street-cars, foot passengers and vehicles as well as trains, and is to have a swing span at one side. From this point the G. T. P. runs fifty miles west parallel with the C. P. R. and Canadian Northern, and then turns north 150 miles to its junction with the main line of the National Transcontinental. Of this 200 miles, 150 miles is now being ballasted; beyond there is trouble with clay hills and muskeg. But that is another story.

Returning to Fort William, I made a tour of inspection and then took the inter-urban street-car over to Port Arthur, where I did likewise. Afterwards I sat down and cursed the real-estate agent—the whole race of him. They have spoiled both town sites almost irretrievably. The two sites combined are about as large as New York, and if completely built up would accommodate a population of a couple of millions. They have so scattered the population of both towns that the sewage and water-supply problems are almost impossible. They have induced workingmen to buy lots and build houses on land which is only eighteen inches above the lake level and which can never be drained. The municipal fathers who aided and abetted these real estate boomsters ought to be impeached at the bar of the Legislature for conduct unbecoming to Canadian citizens. Their attitude has been almost criminal. Mr. Whitney should appoint a commission to investigate the situation and its history, and if possible punish the guilty. If this cannot be done, then such wrongs as are possible of being righted should be righted and possible future wrongs provided against.

These two towns ought to be among the finest in Canada. They

will be among the largest. Fort William especially has great prospects, though Port Arthur has the finer site. However, they will be unsanitary, illy-served by public utilities and conveniences and breeding places of fever and disease, if some strong power does not step in and reorganise both municipalities. Moreover, the Government should act quickly, since every month that passes will make a solution of the difficulty more difficult and more expensive.

Last night I left for Winnipeg on the Canadian Northern, but of that there will be another chapter.

J. A. C.

## THE BATTLEFIELDS FUND

AS the twentieth of July draws near, the claims of the Quebec Battlefields Fund are being pressed upon public consideration with an enthusiastic belief that Canadians will rise to the patriotic occasion, open their pocket-books in the month of Confederation and show that "we also are a people" with a pride in our own places of heroic achievement. It can hardly be repeated too often that the Tercentenary and the Battlefields Park undertaking are entirely distinct. Those careful souls who are reluctant to contribute to pyrotechnics and pageantry may be assured that their money goes direct to the commissioners for the national park, who have been chosen with the utmost discretion and are gentlemen with a fine historic sense of the fitness of the movement. Names of France are on the committee, as well as those of the British Isles and the appeal to the Canadian people is made to the descendants of the Ste. Foye victors, as well as to those whose forefathers celebrated the triumph of Wolfe.

The West has shown its appreciation of the national character of the movement after a fashion in keeping with a land of broad, sunlit space. Edmonton was one of the first to send in a handsome cheque from the Canadian Club and the Legislature of Alberta is contributing ten thousand dollars to the fund. The City of Toronto is also on the patriotic move and is likely to show that the capital of Ontario is entirely undeserving of the unpleasant nickname occasionally whispered in the agricultural province, while Mr. Whitney, with a vaster majority than has been, is to be one of the rejoicing premiers at the Tercentenary. The July of 1867 saw four provinces united in a Confederation which seemed of doubtful strength; the July of 1908 will see a stalwart Dominion of nine provinces confident in the power and hope of youth and proud to keep sacred for the generations to come the spot where Canadians of old proved "the mettle of their pasture."

The part which England is taking in this movement is significant of historic ties. From the school-children of Great Britain to the distinguished noblemen who have represented the Sovereign in this country, a practical appreciation of the meaning of Battlefields Park is being manifested, for the people of those little islands do not forget those who made "the dominions beyond the seas."

## ENGLISH FICTION IN CANADA

THE publication, *The Author*, known as the organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors, recently discusses the question of colonial sales of English fiction. The editor of this English publication has received a letter from a Toronto publisher in which the latter states that in Great Britain the publishers do not give as much attention to getting the book up attractively as we do. The Toronto correspondent concludes: "Our book market follows very closely that of the United States, and books that are big sellers in the United States are sure to be so in Canada. Why? Because of the advertising."

It needs only a glance at the counters of Canadian book-shops to discover that the works of United States writers of fiction are presented in much more attractive form than those of Great Britain. The New York publisher knows that the public is, as Dr. Chalmers once impatiently exclaimed, a "great baby" and advertises accordingly. Pretty pictures, arresting posters and all the expedients of the great modern art are employed in order to sell mediocre yarns of cheap sentiment and these books fairly flood the street-cars, the boats, the verandahs and the lake shores. It is true that the serious student will not look for attractive covers nor be seduced into buying a "best seller" which is positively the most charming love-story which ever captivated two continents; but the serious student, who regards Dr. Crozier as the greatest writer whom Canada has produced, is hardly to be counted in estimating sales of current fiction. The English publishers, if they wish to increase Australian and Canadian sales, must devote practical attention to the market and be willing to make use of modern methods in advertising the latest thing in a Zenda imitation.



**"BIG BILL TAFT"** will have a chance to show us whether fat men make good runners. There is hardly a doubt that Taft would be taken more seriously if he weighed a hundred pounds lighter. There is a prejudice against fat men as too easy-going for responsible public positions. They are excellent in second place, but not in the camp of the commanding officer. Taft would make an ideal candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with Hughes running for the Presidency. But it was not to be. Fate—which bears the brand of "T. R." in this case—willed it otherwise. Taft will have to look serious and important and dignified, when all the world would think him more natural if he were jolly and good-natured and careless whether school kept or not. As an understudy for the strenuous Teddy, he will be a good deal of a joke; though he will gain strength from Wall Street's feeling that so weighty a man will not take the trouble to keep the "trusts" on the jump, and chase the "bulls" and "bears" out of the pasture.

**HAS** Canada ever had a fat statesman whom we took seriously? I cannot recall one. Sir John Macdonald was tall and thin and wiry. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is tall and thin and dignified. Sir Oliver Mowat was none of these things; but he was not fat. Whitney and Gouin are "comfortable"; but they are not in the "saft" Taft class. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Tupper, Edward Blake, Sir George Cartier, George Brown—none of these men were fat. Alonzo Wright—"The King of the Gatineau"—was fat; but he had a fat man's reputation. He was not strenuous; but jolly, the soul of good nature and the prince of hospitality. "Mine Host" should always be fat; but then Taft is not going to keep hotel at the White House. When aldermen were thought of chiefly as the eaters of big official dinners, it was deemed proper that they should be fat; but since the Frank Spence-Hocken style of alderman came in, they are not usually encumbered with an aldermanic girth. Taft will certainly find that he is "carrying weight" in the coming race.

**THIS** would be a good time to say something about the stupid American system of turning their political leaders out of doors just as the people are getting to know and like them, if it were any use to repeat the familiar complaint. Our neighbours may recover from this folly some day; but they show no signs of it now. In this case, it is not the people but the politicians who have been faithful to the hoary precedent. The people would elect Roosevelt if they had the chance. They want Roosevelt. He is just the sort of President that the great majority of them feel that the nation needs under existing conditions; and they would like him to keep his job. But Roosevelt says "No." This probably does not mean that he is unwilling to serve his country, or that he does not believe that he could give it the sort of service it requires; but is rather an indication that he knows the political world about him, and feels that a "third term" Roosevelt would be rendered nearly powerless by Senate cabals and a rebellious House of Representatives. His second term has been more noted for "messages" than for measures; and there would be danger that in his third term he would come to look like an ineffective "scold."

**THEN** there are the "predatory interests." They do not want any more Roosevelt. And they cast a big vote at the polls, and a far bigger one in the councils of the party. If Roosevelt had been anything but a most positively pledged "outsider" in this Presidential business, these interests and their organs and their "hounds" would have been yelling at his heels for a year back. We say now that he could have been nominated by simply raising his hand. But is it certain that he could have been named if he had been a candidate for the position all along, and had been subject to this subsidised "fire"? The people are a great power, and they fondly imagine that they rule the universe; but when "predatory wealth" starts out to fight a man it has a way of making him look undesirable to the very people whose battles he has been fighting. If we could look down deep into Roosevelt's heart, we would probably find there that he has had his doubts

about the permanent fidelity of his beloved "people." He did not know how they would stand such a campaign of ridicule and slander as the "kings of finance" could turn against him.

\* \* \*

**WE** see what "predatory wealth" has done to Bryan. Now you are a clear-headed, disinterested citizen—an outsider as far as American politics go. By "you," I mean You—as Sam Jones used to say. You know that the good Deacon Bryan is an honest, sincere, single-minded champion of popular rights. Yet—honest now—have not the attacks upon him, and the sarcasm poured out on his head, and the knife-thrusts in his side by his professed party "friends," and the constant rain of ridicule, belittlement and insinuation drizzled upon him from the paid spouts of "predatory wealth," affected your judgment of him? Do you not think less of him by reason of these deluges of depreciation? You know, of course, whence they spring. You are not deceived on that point—as are many of the plain people. Yet they influence you. Think, then, how they must influence people who are in no position to know why he has so many enemies. I tell you the man who can stand up against organised "predatory wealth" in such a community as that of the United States, must be a very Napoleon for invincibility. Possibly, in spite of San Juan Hill, Teddy did not feel sure that he was a Napoleon.

N'IMPORTE

## The Fire at Three Rivers

**JANUARY**, which is usually the month of disastrous fires, seems to have changed places with June this year. Burk's Falls, Ontario, suffered early in the week from an extensive conflagration, which was eclipsed Monday by a two-million-dollar fire at Three Rivers, Quebec. Even in Montreal or Toronto such a disaster would be noteworthy; to a small city like Three Rivers the loss is almost overwhelming. The greater part of the lower town, containing the business section of the city, was swept by the flames which started in a carter's stable at noon and were aided in their work of destruction by a tempestuous wind. Six hundred buildings were destroyed, and one thousand people were homeless by Monday night. The fire departments of Montreal, Quebec, Three Rivers, Sherbrooke and Grand Mere were all engaged in the fight with the flames. Outside the town is the camp of the Sixth Military District and soon after the fire started a thousand men were sent in to help the local brigade which was pitifully unequal to extinguishing an extensive blaze. The post office, customs house, city hall, churches, eleven hotels, telegraph offices and telephone exchange were destroyed before evening.

Three Rivers, which is 96 miles east of Montreal, is one of the oldest cities in Quebec province, having been founded in 1634 by Lavolette, under orders from Champlain. The historic old parish church which was destroyed was originally built in 1664. The estimated population of Three Rivers this year is 12,300. The lumber trade forms the principal industry. The Radnor Forges are only three miles distant and the famous Falls of Shawinigan are three hours' drive from the town. That there was no loss of life is largely due to the exertions of the men of the 85th Regiment and the 11th Argenteuil Rangers. It is estimated that it will be fifty years before the city will recover its former commercial standing but there will be many hands to help in the re-building.



Moose Mountain Iron Mine, thirty miles from Sudbury, to be opened up by the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. The extension of the line from Parry Sound to Sudbury will be opened for passenger traffic July 1st.

# THE NIAGARA CAMP AT WORK . . . . . AND PLAY . . . . .



Afternoon Tea.—Officers in their hours of ease. Colonel Pellatt at left, Brigadier-General Cotton in centre and General Otter seated at right.

## THE CUP THAT CHEERS THE SOLDIER



After a Hot Day.



The Commissariat Department.



The Mississauga Horse at Drill.



Montreal Team at Toronto Hunt Club

# POLO IN CANADA

An Eastern Game in the West

By H. J. P. GOOD

POLO is one of the most ancient of games. According to historians it was played under the name of changau by the Persian kings of the Median period—600 B.C. From Persia the game spread to Tartary and to India. In the British Museum are drawings that identify the modern game of polo with the ancient game of changau. One of these plates shows four richly arrayed ladies riding astride in pursuit of the ball. It is generally believed that the original home of the game in India—whence it travelled to great Britain—was the country of the Munnipoories, in the north-east corner of India, on the border of Burmah. There it is played by boys who call it Kan-jai-bazee. Ponies twelve to thirteen and one-half hands high are used, and the customary number of players is seven as against four here. The Munnipoories ride bare-back and their game is described as fast and furious. Major-General Sherer, a veteran Indian player, took a team into their country in 1865, after a series of victories in Calcutta, and, according to his own account, his men were simply "nowhere," never winning a single game. As stick handlers the Munnipoories are without peers, having a lot of fancy strokes and at times hitting the ball in mid-air. It is their national or tribal game, and, unlike our Indians in the case of lacrosse, they have not allowed the white man to wrest their superiority from them. Polo was first introduced into England in 1870 and into America six years later. It was 1889 before it appeared in Canada. In that year some young Englishmen and local military officers took up the game and established teams at High River and Calgary.

Gradually more teams were organised, among them one each at Sheep Creek, Cochrane and Pincher Creek, the advance guard being usually young Englishmen who had taken up ranching. Before long Canadians took kindly to the game and at the present time Alberta alone can boast fourteen strong teams. Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, commander of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, was one of the earliest to display a penchant for the game and when in 1900 he found himself in Winnipeg he at once proceeded to organise a club there. Unfortunately this club was not of long duration, but a couple of years ago another club was formed in the Prairie City and this year it is proposed to hold a tournament, if not on as ambitious a scale as the bonspiel held at the Manitoba capital annually in the winter, at any rate in a manner more liberal, even generous, than has characterised any tournament in Eastern Canada.

Teams are also to be found at Qu'Appelle, Indian Head, and one or two other places in Manitoba. The western clubs have held a tournament annually since the introduction of the game. New blood is continually coming in and the country being well adapted for the sport, young men of the territory soon acquit themselves well and, as we have seen on several occasions, have rather the best of their friendly rivals in Ontario and Quebec. On several visits to this part of the world, Calgary and High River teams have come out ahead.

In 1901 Colonel Lessard, C. B., then commanding the Royal Canadian Dra-

goons, determined to organise a club, and, having a pronounced disposition to put his ideas into practical and business-like formation, proceeded to the West in search of the requisite ponies. He returned with about thirty, which were speedily taken up by gentlemen who had been attracted by the new game. As in all matters involving equestrianism, the Toronto Hunt Club immediately fell in with the Colonel's views and formed, if not a numerically strong branch, at least an organisation that made up in enthusiasm any deficiency in numbers. Mr. J. Kerr Osborne became the first president of the Toronto Hunt Polo Club and Colonel Lessard the first captain. In the same year Montreal organised a club with Lieutenant-Colonel Meighen as president and Doctors C. Simard and Mignault as strong supporters. Mr. Alfred O. Beardmore was kind enough to present a cup for play between the Montreal and Toronto clubs. This competition has taken place annually since 1902, Montreal having won the trophy twice and Toronto four times. In 1903 the Toronto Club organised an International Tournament and presented a trophy to be known as the International Cup. This cup was played for by United States and Canadian teams annually, but Rochester, N.Y., proved the best by beating Toronto three years running and winning the cup outright. Another gold cup was presented by the late Mr. J. G. Averil, of Rochester, N.Y., to be competed for on the same conditions as the International Cup presented by the Toronto Hunt Club. This trophy has been won two years in succession by the Toronto Hunt Club team and it is now in their possession.

In the 1902 tournament, held in Toronto, High River, Rochester, Montreal and Toronto competed. High River, the members of which team played a spanking resolute game all through, won tolerably easily. In 1905 the second tournament was held in Toronto, with the same teams competing and Buffalo as an addition. The High River quartette again proved themselves expert at the game and again won. During this tournament a match was made between Eastern and Western players and the latter won. In 1906 a tournament was held in Montreal, the competitors being Calgary, Montreal, Toronto and Kingston. The Limestone City team,

it should be mentioned, organised by that ever unwearied enthusiast, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, made its debut at this tournament, and, although the gentlemen of the team gave a creditable account of themselves, Toronto came out victorious.

I should have mentioned, prior to the foregoing, that in 1905, the year the Kingston Club was formed, a second club, called the Back River, was organised in Montreal, Major George Hooper being the moving spirit. Last year Montreal beat the Toronto Club and won the Beardmore cup, making that city's team a second time winner.

In 1904 the Eastern Canadian Polo Association was organised, with Lieutenant-Colonel Williams as the first president. The Montreal and Toronto Clubs were the sole members at first, but since they have been joined by Back River and Kingston and have some hopes of Hamilton and Ottawa falling into line. All polo tournaments in Eastern Canada are held under the auspices of this Association, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Williams is still president, Lieutenant-Colonel Meighen, of Montreal, vice-president, and Major Elmsley, secretary-treasurer. An executive committee is formed of two members from each team.

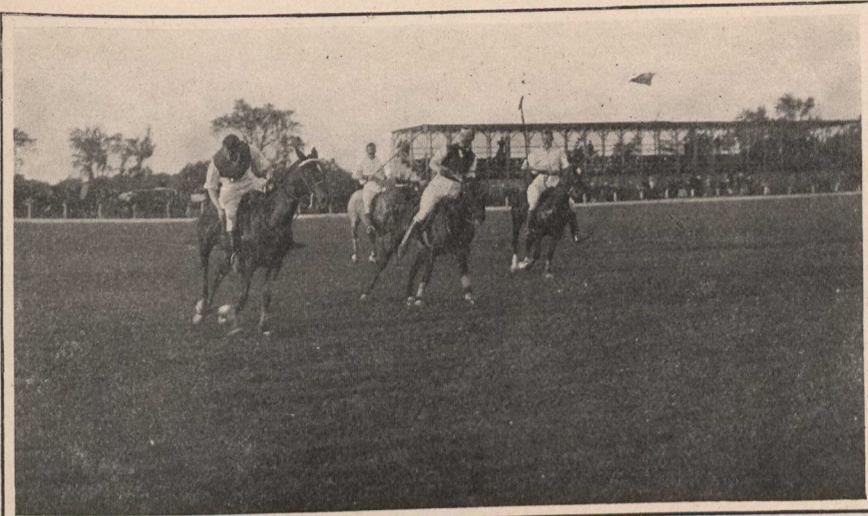
Colonel Lessard, whose removal from Toronto to the Military Headquarters at Ottawa everybody in the former city greatly regretted, at latest advices was taking an active part in forming a club at the capital. An organisation is also in progress at Quebec. Up to 1906 Quebec, although a strong military centre, had not seen the game, but in that year two Montreal teams went to the Ancient Capital and played an exhibition match before two thousand people. Toronto's first experience was somewhat after the fashion of Quebec's. In 1892 a couple of teams, under the direction of the late Harry Hamlin, visited the city and played an exhibition game during the holding of the exhibition in the old horse ring. It is rather singular, considering the enthusiasm that was manifested then, that eight years should have been allowed to elapse before anything was done to organise a polo club at the capital of Ontario. However, now that the game has got a firm hold here and is in the hands of men like Colonel Williams, who are indefatigable in anything they undertake, the game is bound to push rapidly ahead.

A polo tournament will be held in Toronto in the latter part of September; in addition two other matches will be arranged for a beautiful cup presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Meighen, of Montreal, to the Toronto Hunt Club for annual competition on their grounds, which by the way experts declare are among the most beautiful and best adapted on this continent. The Toronto Club will present pewters to the winning team. The Ontario Jockey Club has also shown an interest in polo by having a ground laid out in the eastern section of the enclosure formed by its splendid mile track. Undoubtedly during this and coming years this new field will be the scene of many important matches.

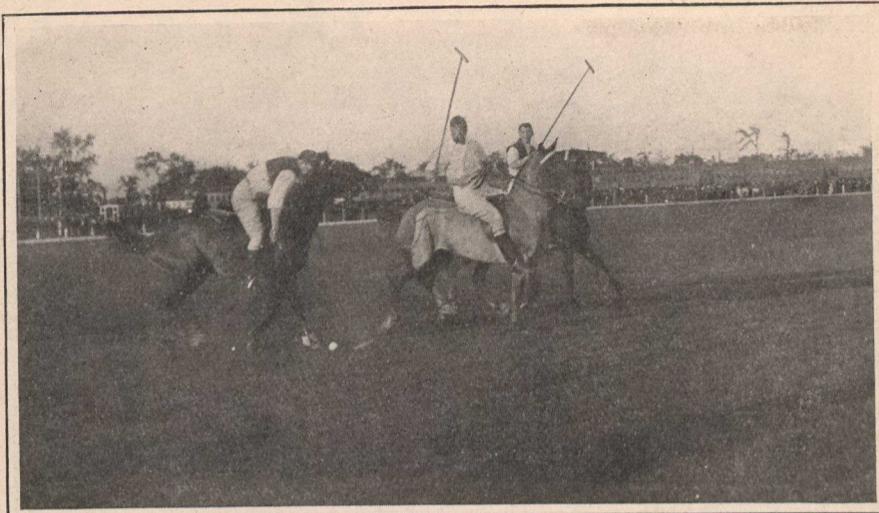
Montreal, in 1907, had a most successful season, winning nine matches out of eleven played, including the Canadian championship from Toronto and the "Grand Union" tournament at Saratoga, N. Y. Colonel Meighen's



Montreal Polo Team, Champions of Canada. From left: Captain Pickering, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Freeman, Lieutenant-Colonel Meighen.



An interesting moment in a Montreal Game of Polo.



Montreal vs. St. Lambert



The Toronto Team at Sunlight Park

quartette also just missed winning the "United States" tournament, being but three-quarters of a goal behind the victors. They, however, had the good luck to secure two most excellent players in Messrs. Henry Robertson and Justine Freeman, gentlemen who acquired their knowledge of the game in the West and who had previously figured on victorious teams representing High River at tournaments both in Toronto and in Montreal. Captain Pickering is another splendid player that the Commercial Capital has had the good luck to enlist. These three and Lieutenant-Colonel Meighen made up the team that won at Saratoga as well as in the other matches in which Montreal successfully competed in 1907. Montreal, it should be mentioned in passing, was the first Canadian club to send a team to take part in a regular American polo tournament held under the auspices of the American Polo Association. In a letter to me, Colonel Meighen, speaking of his experience at Saratoga, says: "We were given the most cordial welcome, and every facility was afforded us, the officials of the Association, especially Mr. W. A. Hazard, making our visit a most pleasant one." The Colonel is of opinion that the trips to Toronto and Montreal of the Calgary and High River clubs have greatly helped the game in Eastern Canada. The Montreal Club has a strong playing membership, and this year expects to have two new playing fields laid out and in good order for this summer's play.

The Western Polo Association has a vigorous existence and can boast more clubs than any other polo association in the Dominion, its membership being fourteen or fifteen. Under its auspices a tournament was held in Winnipeg in 1907, when High River, with unrivaled consistency, won. The competitors, besides Winnipeg and High River, were Qu'Appelle, Indian Head and Souris.

At present the president of the Toronto Hunt Polo Club is Mr. Alfred Beardmore, who presented the first cup, with Colonel Williams, captain; Captain Douglas Young, secretary-treasurer; and Major Elmsley, Captain Straubenzie, Messrs. D. W. Baxter and Ewart Osborne, members of the executive. A moving spirit in the progress of polo in Toronto

has been Dr. Campbell Meyers, to whom, and to the Hunt Club, admirers of the ancient game in the Queen City of Canada owe a great deal.

## When You Go Shopping

IT has long been a weakness of womankind, and of Canadian women in particular, to equip their wardrobes from centres of fashion in other countries. The "fad"—for in most cases it is nothing more—has grown until to-day, society circles in our larger Canadian cities thoroughly believe that unless the dainty apparel worn by their leaders has been purchased in Europe, or in some of the larger American centres, it deserves no mention in the columns of the society paper.

We mention this not only because the tendency discriminates against the high-class stores of our own cities, but chiefly because a number of shrewd American shop-keepers in border cities like Seattle, Minneapolis, Detroit and Buffalo, have developed as an important part of their business, an organised campaign to take advantage of the foibles of the Canadian society woman. Lists of well-to-do Canadian families are compiled, and as the seasons change, the postman delivers to Canadian homes the "Announcement" or "Clearing Sale" circular of some American firm. Then follows the cashing of a cheque for American currency and the inevitable trip to Buffalo or Detroit.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits of these so-called "fashionable places" when compared with our own Canadian cities as shopping centres. We are quite as well off as they are for good shops and "exclusive designs," to say nothing of the fact that we pay lower duties for any foreign importations and are to that extent able to benefit the purchaser. Nor do we believe that Canadian women, if they knew how often the cute American saleslady "saw them coming," would be satisfied to buy what has been "left over" by the expensively gowned women of the United States.

Neither will we do more than mention the natural and evil consequence of "smuggling" which in

many cases is resorted to, and afterwards whispered with pride.

If our Canadian women, and men, too, purchase their "best clothes" in the United States they surrender the control which they should possess over the purchases and prestige of our large Canadian stores, and their influence is exerted in a direction which is unpatriotic in its tendencies, and generally disappointing in its results.

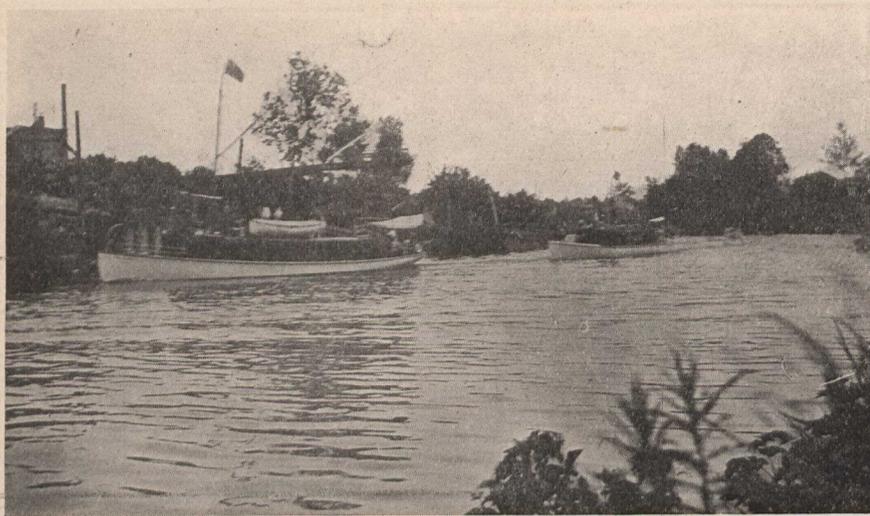
## A Nova Scotia Fishing Village

By W. GORDON. (See page 15)

SAILING down from Halifax harbour along the coast you look up at the rugged rock where York Redoubt keeps constant guard. "Spion Kop" crouches on another bluff, and for miles the cliff stretches high and steep, apparently unbroken. But the smugglers of the old days knew better, so does the yachtsman of to-day who realises the value of an ideal picnic spot. The untrained eye does not notice the break in the cliff; the port is hard to make, especially if the wind be squally, but the effort is well worth while. A quick "come-about" at the critical moment, and the boat glides into the narrow inlet, where the water is as calm as it is rough outside, and where the fishing craft lie easily at anchor.

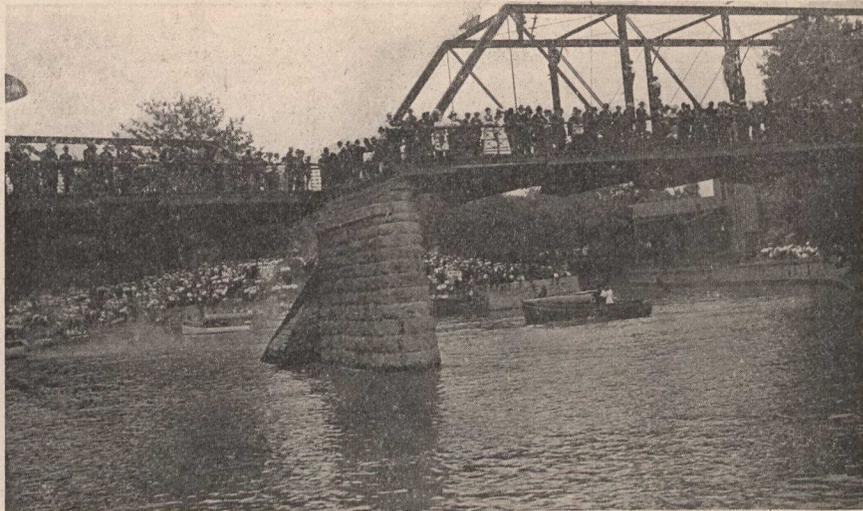
This is Herring Cove, a quaint little fishing village, with an old-world expression. The cottages cluster along the banks of the inlet, for it is by the sea that these people live, not by the rocky, profitless soil. Here an occasional summer visitor comes for a week to find rest and quiet; often in the bright days of spring or autumn the strenuous Haligonians walk the five miles here or the luxurious ride and the less energetic drive.

High up, the protecting cliffs look down on the quiet fisher folk and the boats that come and go and the beating, restless sea. Winter would be bleak enough, but it is good to lie on the cliffs in the August sun when the water is as blue as the sky, and listen to the beat of the breakers on the shore below.



Detroit Motor Boats approaching Chatham

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. LAURISTON.



Chatham Citizens welcoming The Invaders

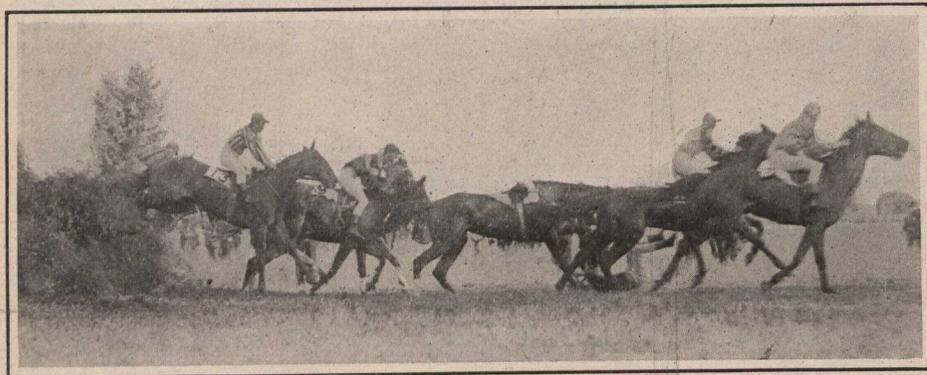
# Visit of the Detroit Motor Boat Club to Chatham

By VICTOR LAURISTON

**N**INETY-FIVE years ago this autumn, the Canadian Thames was the scene of the disastrous British retreat, culminating in the battle of Moraviantown in which Tecumseh, the famous Indian chieftain, fell. On June 13th, 1908, the waters of the Thames were a second time stirred by the keels of an invading squadron. The invaders, comprising the craft of the Detroit Motor Boat Club to the number of several dozen, large and small, were met at the

mouth of the Thames by a delegation of Chatham motor boats, and by them escorted up the river to Chatham. As the invaders crossed the city line, they were welcomed by the shrieking of dozens of factory whistles, in answer to which the flagship of the invaders, the *Wilanna*, commanded by Captain C. W. Kochter, fired repeated salutes. The bridges, wharves and other vantage points were black with eager watchers, and Tecumseh Park, Chatham's

favourite pleasure resort, was crowded with a large throng. Ninety-five years ago Tecumseh, standing on the self-same spot, vainly urged General Proctor to make a stand against the pursuing Americans under Harrison. As the visiting squadron drew up to the park landings, the 24th Regiment Kent Battalion band struck up "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," amid the cheering of the crowd. The invaders were right royally entertained during their stay in Chatham.



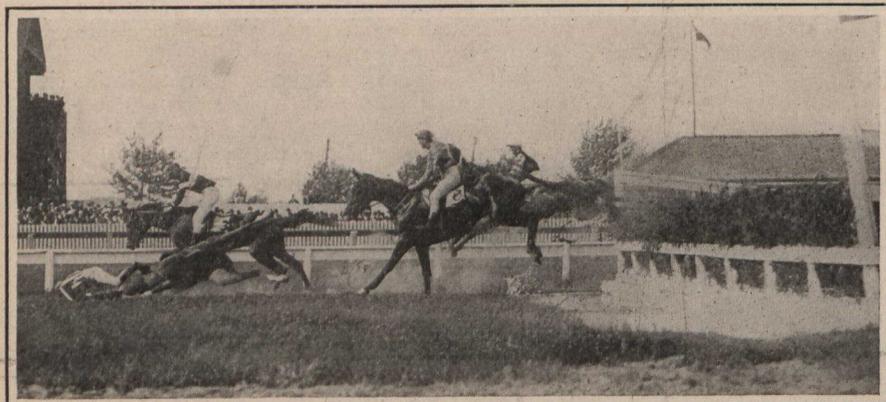
Over the Hurdle in a Bunch



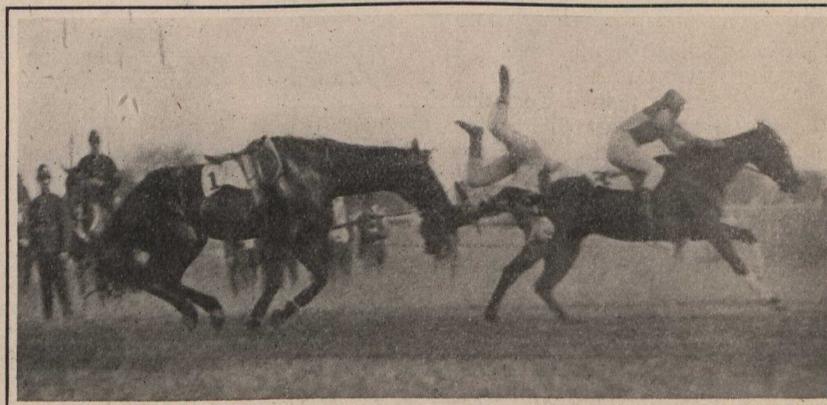
Coming a Cropper



The Survival of the Fittest, following a Hurdle Test which unseats all but the Surest Jockeys



The Water Jump



A Critical Moment

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLEASON

## SCENES OF THE CANADIAN STEEPLE-CHASE

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

DONALD McLELLAN of the River Denys station in Nova Scotia has a name that ought to rank with Roderick Dhu for poetic charm. But Ronald in plain prose is able to do a few things that Roderick would have found a little awkward up on Loch Katrine. Ronald twists a horseshoe with his hands; not an old, worn-out, fag-end of a shoe either, but a brand-new set of corks fresh from the blacksmith's anvil. He is twenty-five years of age, six feet two inches high and weighs over two hundred pounds; he is an athlete and a Canadian by two generations—forbears from Morar, Scotland.

ON the other hand, there was a student at the Ontario Agricultural College who last week got so weary of being a miserable derelict that he bought fifty morphine tablets, went to a hotel, took dose after dose and set in to watch himself die. He also made notes of his condition at various stages, the test lasting nearly an hour. The suicidist had evidently been a farm hand at one time, for his first written observation on the case was: "Am sweating as though I were pitching hay on a hot July day." His last writing states: "I have just taken five more tablets. It won't be long now."

WADA, the Jap musher extraordinary and marvellous, has just set out on another Arctic run. Not long ago he returned from a pleasant little hoof-jourant to Herschell Island and back. This time he undertakes a circuit of five thousand miles. He is racing with the steamboats. He goes down the Yukon two thousand miles in a small boat to Nome—oh, sometimes the miles pile up fast in that country—but anyway Wada's business is to get from Nome on a whaler to Firth River, which is not the Firth of Forth but a neighbour of Herschell Island. It is on the Yukon that Wada expects to beat the steamer. He is going up after gold; a baby brown man of one hundred and thirty-six pounds, born in Shikoku island, southwest of Japan, has been most of his life at sea and has a passion for whalers, whence his familiarity with the Arctic waters and trails.

THEY have a Niagara problem at Fort Frances on the Rainy River. Navigation in that river is none too good by reason of rocks and shallows. The Canadian Section of the International Waterways Commission propose to dam the rapids of the Long Sault and raise the level of the river high enough for both navigation by locks and for a constant head for power.

MR. BONAR LAW, the New Brunswicker, one of the slowly growing band of young Canadians in the British House of Commons, seems at present to be rather overshadowing either of those other aggressive candidates for the Imperial spot light—Messrs. Hamar Greenwood and Sir Gilbert Parker. Mr. Law has made his great speech to full benches—speaking on the hackneyed topic of tariff reform; whereby the London *Standard* regards him as the legitimate successor in authority to Mr. Chamberlain. That paper also says of Mr. Law:

"Unemotional, but with swiftness of delivery and with never recourse to a note, except to quote an opponent, Mr. Law poured into the ministry the shot of deadly argument. He had a full House, closely knit in attention. He showed how, with a reduced revenue from sugar, owing to the lowering of the tax, a smaller return from income tax, owing to bad trade, and the necessity to provide for old age pensions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would next year be faced with a deficit of something like seven million sterling. He easily demonstrated how Mr. Asquith had vacillated. Further, he reminded the House of Mr. Asquith's promise that the strength of our navy must be kept proportionately ahead of the German navy, and, knowing the German naval programme, the expenditure of millions on naval construction would have to be faced next year."

THAT Canadian maritimers know something about railroading as well as about ships is well attested by the recent appointment of Mr. William Cunningham, a Carleton County boy from New

Brunswick as lecturer on transportation at Harvard University. Mr. Cunningham is a young man to be teaching the young idea in Yankeeland how to run trains. He was formerly in the employ of the C. P. R. in St. John city and later in the Boston office of that company before he became statistician of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. By this company he was recommended to Harvard. This remarkable rise to a high practical position has been made in twelve years by this progressive Canadian—another proof that when Canadians get hold of things in the United States they get hold hard.

AARON DE SILANS at home might have been sipping claret, riding after the hounds and wearing a peruke at a stately ball. Baron de Silans the aged miner, has just gone north on the mush trail from Vancouver to his remote claim on the Ten-Mile concession in the Sixty-Mile district. Tall and slender, the old man has wrinkles for age; but he has all kinds of animation and energy in the west land and he is not moping about the faded, fickle grandeurs he left in Europe. Such is the effect of the West on the imagination.

CONCERNING CANUCKS, a Canadian writing in the *New York Sun* has this to say in a recent issue:

"There seems to be a great deal of misapprehen-



Cochrane's Camp, Upper Canada College, Temagami Region.

sion hereabouts concerning the significance of the word Canuck. For myself and my fellow expatriates I wish to protest against the term. Most New Yorkers seem to have the idea that all persons hailing from Canada are Canucks, and many of them use the term as if it were one of opprobrium. Now a Canuck is a French-Canadian or habitant, and the samples of that type who have drifted across the border into New England certainly have done little to make the title one of good repute. But the Canuck in his native Quebec village is a pretty decent sort of citizen, as those who have read Sir Gilbert Parker's stories know, for Parker has recorded the habits and traits of these people with faithful exactness. Canuck means French-Canadian and nothing else. Will New Yorkers please remember that?"

PASSENGERS from Lesser Slave Lake are announced as blandly in the Edmonton papers as though Edmonton were Halifax reporting the arrival of an ocean liner. The port of landing for these north-faring passengers is Athabasca Landing, which is the first seaport town north of Edmonton, distant one hundred miles. The steamer *Northern Light* and her mate the *Midnight Sun* are two of the liners that ply between Lesser Slave and the Landing, which so far as the imagination of Edmonton and of J. K. Cornwall, the owner, is concerned, is but a link in the future all-water route from Athabasca Landing to Herschell Island at the mouth of the Mackenzie.

A SCHOOL trustee who can neither read nor write English has been discovered near Winnipeg Beach in Manitoba. This trustee is a Ruthenian, one of the band which the educational authorities are trying to teach English to in Brandon. He is able to read and write Ruthenian, but as that does not seem to suit some of the English ratepayers at Winnipeg Beach, he is in danger of losing his seat. As yet it is not known whether or not he can be removed legally.

WHITE porpoises off Father Point are playing havoc with the cod in the Father Point waters. Porpoises which are exceedingly beautiful to look at have succeeded in almost exterminating the useful and edible cod. Porpoises are of no use to eat. The hide and oil of a porpoise, however, is said to be worth about forty dollars; and there is talk of a bounty on porpoises—dead ones—in order to save the cod.

STRAWBERRIES at Victoria and on Vancouver Island are an enormous crop. The local berries grown in British Columbia have been on the market for two weeks. They came in at fifty cents a pound but soon dropped to thirty-five cents. Twenty thousand crates each of twenty-four baskets have been sent out to the suburban growers, and the fill of these crates is expected to be only two-thirds of the crop close to the city alone. Victoria growers made three hundred dollars an acre out of strawberries last year. This year they expect to make six hundred dollars an acre.

THE Old Man River and the Belly River in Southern Alberta have been on the rampage. Macleod has been under water. The dry belt has for once become very wet. Houses in Macleod have been carried away. Telephone and telegraph lines have been put out of business. Freight and passenger traffic has been stopped for part of the railway has been under water. Bridges have been washed away. So that civilisation in that country is seen to carry some extreme penalties. Twenty years ago there would have been nothing to carry away in the cow country but cattle.

WILLIAM WILSON of Woodstock, Ontario, is a clever man. Just the other day he succeeded in congregating a hundred people in his town to prove to them that they were heirs to the city of Philadelphia— heirs of old Colonel Becker, who served in the Revolutionary War and is said to have had hundreds of acres given to him under a ninety-nine years lease—the present site of Philadelphia. In case Wilson proves his

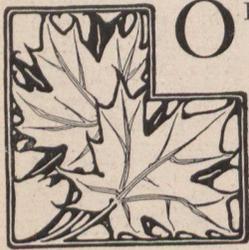
claims there may be another exodus of Quakers to Canada.

NOVA SCOTIANS are returning home from the United States. Trains into Truro are crowded with these returning exiles who went across the border years ago and are now coming back, not merely because of the financial slump in the United States, but because the prospects for good times in Nova Scotia were never brighter than this year. Crops in that province are looking better than ever remembered in the minds of inhabitants. The grass wintered well; rains have rushed it along; pasturage and dairy industries are humming along merrily hand in hand, and the acreage of crops is much larger than that of last year.

A NEW sawmill costing a quarter of a million dollars and capable of sawing one hundred thousand feet of lumber in a day is another of the lumbering enterprises launched by United States capital in British Columbia. This new mill is already being erected at the foot of Shuswap Lake by the Adams River Lumber Company. This firm is one of many United States firms who during the past three years have invested millions of dollars in sawmills on the Canadian timber belt. When the duty against foreign lumber is removed by next Congress—as is anticipated—British Columbia lumber may be shipped as far east as Buffalo and as far south as Kansas City.

# THE NEW SOAP

A Story of Luck and Lather, Ending in a "Bubble-Party."



OH! Good gracious! What-ever is it?"

An elderly lady gasped for breath and more words, thought for one moment of climbing under the sofa, and finally letting her cup and saucer slip to the floor, sat and gasped in helpless astonishment as a very dirty, dishevelled man seized the

hostess, Mrs. Clayton, and whirled her madly round the room.

The dirty man had suddenly appeared at the window, and climbing through into the dainty little drawing-room, had nearly frightened an old lady into a premature grave, and was now apparently trying to stand on his head in the corner.

"If you don't mind, I think I'll go before anything happens," gasped the poor lady. "I don't quite understand it all, and if you would kindly keep that person away from—"

"Now do let me explain," pleaded Mrs. Clayton. "My husband is always experimenting in chemistry, and he gets very dirty, especially if things are going well, and then he generally comes and tells me all about it—and I'm sure he'll apologise."

Mrs. Henshaw lifted up her eyebrows and mentally upbraided herself for having called upon the newcomers in the parish. Only let her get out of the house alive and she would never—

"I must apologise most humbly," broke in John Clayton, who had just returned—clean. "You see, I was so excited that I was obliged to come and tell my wife. After experimenting for months, I have at last triumphed, and if you are interested in chemistry, Mrs. Henshaw, you will know what that means."

Mrs. Henshaw, whose interest in chemistry was strictly confined to pills and an occasional bottle of cough mixture, murmured politely that it was most interesting, and that she rather thought she would go now.

"I'm most awfully sorry if I frightened you," went on Clayton; "but it was only a little exuberance of spirits, for I can assure you soap is a most difficult thing to get perfect."

"Quite so, exactly, of course, decidedly," agreed Mrs. Henshaw hastily, trying to pick up a palm instead of her umbrella. "Good-bye; you must come and see me soon when—when you're quite well."

In an agony of terror at having let the last words slip out, Mrs. Henshaw almost rushed from the room, shook hands with the servant, finally reaching the street in a limp state of bewilderment and terror, and with the firm conviction that Clayton was a lunatic and that this was one of his bad days.

From a window Mrs. Clayton watched her caller board a 'bus, and then she turned to her husband.

"You might have made certain there was no one here, John," she said; "you nearly frightened Mrs. Henshaw into a fit when you came in through the window. Such a sight you looked, too! I don't suppose she'll ever call again, and she'll go about telling people that we're both mad."

"I don't care," answered John gaily. "I've got my soap perfect at last, and there's going to be money in it, my dear, when I put it on the market—What's the matter, Jane, you look as if you'd broken something?"

"No, sir, thank you, sir," replied Jane; "but could you come and look at the soap? There's the old gentleman next door saying as he'll send for the police, and a lady in the opposite garden called out to me that it's killing her baby."

"Great Scott! It's boiled over, then," shrieked John, and, followed by Mrs. Clayton and Jane, he rushed out into the garden, where he had erected his laboratory. A thick, foul smoke was pouring out of the chimney and, to say the least, it was powerful.

An old gentleman with a bald head and a voice like a factory hooter was standing on a chair in his own domain using terrible language. When he saw Clayton he leant over the wall, and, taking a long breath, he called the chemist such a number of original and picturesque names that Clayton stopped to listen, in the hopes of learning a few for his own future use.

"Do put it out, John," implored Mrs. Clayton, searching for her handkerchief; "it's really awful."

John sniffed complacently and informed his wife and Jane that it was all right; the soap was boiling, not boiling over, and it was always like that.

"Then I'm afraid I must go, sir," said Jane. "I

By FRANK HOWEL EVANS

can't stand it again, sir, not if it was ever so. It's nearly killed Mr. Myers next door, I'm sure, sir, and I'm sure mistress ain't well."

Mrs. Clayton, with her handkerchief to her face, looked at the chimney from which the smoke had almost ceased pouring and then spoke in muffled tones to her husband:

"We shall be arrested, or something of the sort, John, if you go on like this. Can't you have your soap boiled where they don't mind this—this sort of thing? It's really made me quite ill."

"Oh! it's not so bad," said John airily. "Now trot away, dear, unless you'd like to come in and help me!"

Stifling the reply that she would sooner die, Mrs. Clayton hastily closed the door and returned to the house.

For months John had been bitten with the idea of producing a new soap, which he firmly believed would bring him riches, and now, after several failures, he felt sure he had triumphed. He carefully strained away the water, leaving a horrible-looking glutinous residue, which would eventually become soap; and then, leaning against the copper, he gave himself up to the pleasant occupation of thinking out a fancy name which would simply make people hanker for the new soap. At last he decided to call it Mayflower, and he was just in the act of handing a beautiful specimen box to Royalty when a knock at the door disturbed his dreams, and, with a start, his hat fell into the Mayflower jelly.

"Come in, confound you," he cried indistinctly, as he leant inside the copper for his hat. "The door's not locked; come in."

"I've just had a complaint lodged against the occupier of these—Great Scotland Yard, I should think so!" And the owner of the voice fell back outside the door, while Clayton carefully scraped the precious Mayflower off his hat.

"Do you mind coming outside?" went on the voice. "I don't think it's safe in there."

"What is it, then?" snapped Clayton, thinking his hat had greatly reduced the working assets of the Mayflower. "Has anyone been complaining about my soap?"

"Soap, is it? Well, I'm from the Sanitary Inspector's office, and we've had a complaint from a neighbour that you're making the street uninhabitable, and, upon my word, I can believe it. Do you mean to tell me that that's soap, soap that people wash their faces with?"

"No, soap that they clean their boots with, of course. Now look here, Mr. Inspector, chemical experiments are very often—what shall I say—rather gamey, and soap is rather notorious in that way, I know; but this is my last boiling, in future it'll be done outside. I'm sorry you've had the trouble of coming, but it shan't happen again, and when everything's in working order I'll send you a nice sample cake. I'm going to call it the 'Mayflower.'"

The Inspector made a careful note of the name and went home and told his wife that he'd heard of a new soap called the "Mayflower," and if she bought even as much as a pennyworth he'd apply for a divorce.

Two complainants called the next day and were interviewed by Mrs. Clayton. One gentleman, connected with the milk industry, asked to "see the gov'nor," and when requested to state his business, promptly and grimly replied that it was to knock "is bloomin' 'ead off." He declared that his milkshop was right in the line of fire of the smoke, as it were, and he'd never be able to 'ave the lids off while that there smoke was about, and if a poor 'ard-workin' man couldn't 'ave justice, etc., etc. Mrs. Clayton assured him that the nuisance would never occur again, and, giving him an order for an unnecessary pint of cream, thankfully saw him down the steps.

He was followed by an astute person who, halting near the gate, had heard the whole of the milkman's heated remarks. Wrapping his tattered coat close to his chest, he hobbled, rather than walked, up the path, and stretched out an imploring hand to Mrs. Clayton just as she was closing the door. In pity she listened to his tale, which, instead of a request for alms, resolved itself into a harrowing story of a worthy man, who had not eaten for days, and being nearly choked by a foul-smelling smoke, and that nothing less than half a crown and a pair of trousers would stop him dying on the doorstep. Mrs.

Clayton compromised for twopence and the offer of a day's work in the garden, which cleared off Weary William almost as quickly as if he had been threatened with a bath.

John worked hard all day and part of the night, and at last, at ten o'clock, he dashed into the house, waltzed his wife round the room with one hand, while in the other he waved a bar of soap!

"There it is, my dear!" he cried, "the soap that will make our fortunes! Put it up on the mantelpiece, light all the candles, and we'll drink to its health."

Reverently Clayton placed the small bar of soap on the mantelpiece, arranged lighted candles round it, and was decking it with flowers when Jane entered with the glasses.

"There you are, Jane; there's the soap!"

Jane bent forward and sniffed suspiciously.

"Why," she said in surprise, "it's all right. I never did!"

"Of course it's all right. Would you like a piece, Jane?"

"No, thank you, sir; I don't care about fancy soaps."

And fearful lest a piece should be pressed on her, Jane left the room hurriedly; and, like some heathen worshipper, John sat regarding his soap till his wife concluded the seance by putting out all the lights.

"I've thought of a splendid idea," he said at breakfast the next morning.

His wife choked a groan, fearing lest it might be another soap.

"I seem rather to have upset one or two people with the soap-boiling, so I thought I'd send them each a letter of apology and enclose a piece of the new Mayflower soap, pointing out that they are the very first to use the new soap which will soon be a household word."

"A very good idea," agreed Mrs. Clayton, who liked to live at peace with the world and longed to see the brown bar disappear from the mantelpiece. "We'll send them off this morning."

So Clayton wrote neat little notes to all those who had complained and to each he allotted a piece of soap, cut from the bar with the greatest care and nicety.

"That's all right," he said at length. "There's old Myers, the Sanitary Inspector, Mrs. Hampton, the lady who called, what's her name—Mrs. Henshaw, and I think that's all."

"Yes, that's all," said Mrs. Clayton; "but you'd better send a piece to Aunt Rachel, she'd never forgive us if she knew she was out of anything."

"All right, the old cat. Still, she may put up some money when the company's floated."

A piece was wrapped up for Aunt Rachel, and there remained one slab, which Clayton announced he was going to take to the city with him.

"And we haven't got a piece left for ourselves," complained Mrs. Clayton, who was beginning to feel faint stirring of interest.

"There's another cake drying now, and I promised old Martin the very first piece. He'll very likely find some capital if he thinks it's a good thing. Tell Jane not to waste those little bits. They'll do to wash Dash. I rather want to see if it's good for dogs."

Clayton duly called on Martin in the city, and the financier promised to try the soap and think over the money side of it; and the chemist returned to his home feeling that the sun was indeed shining.

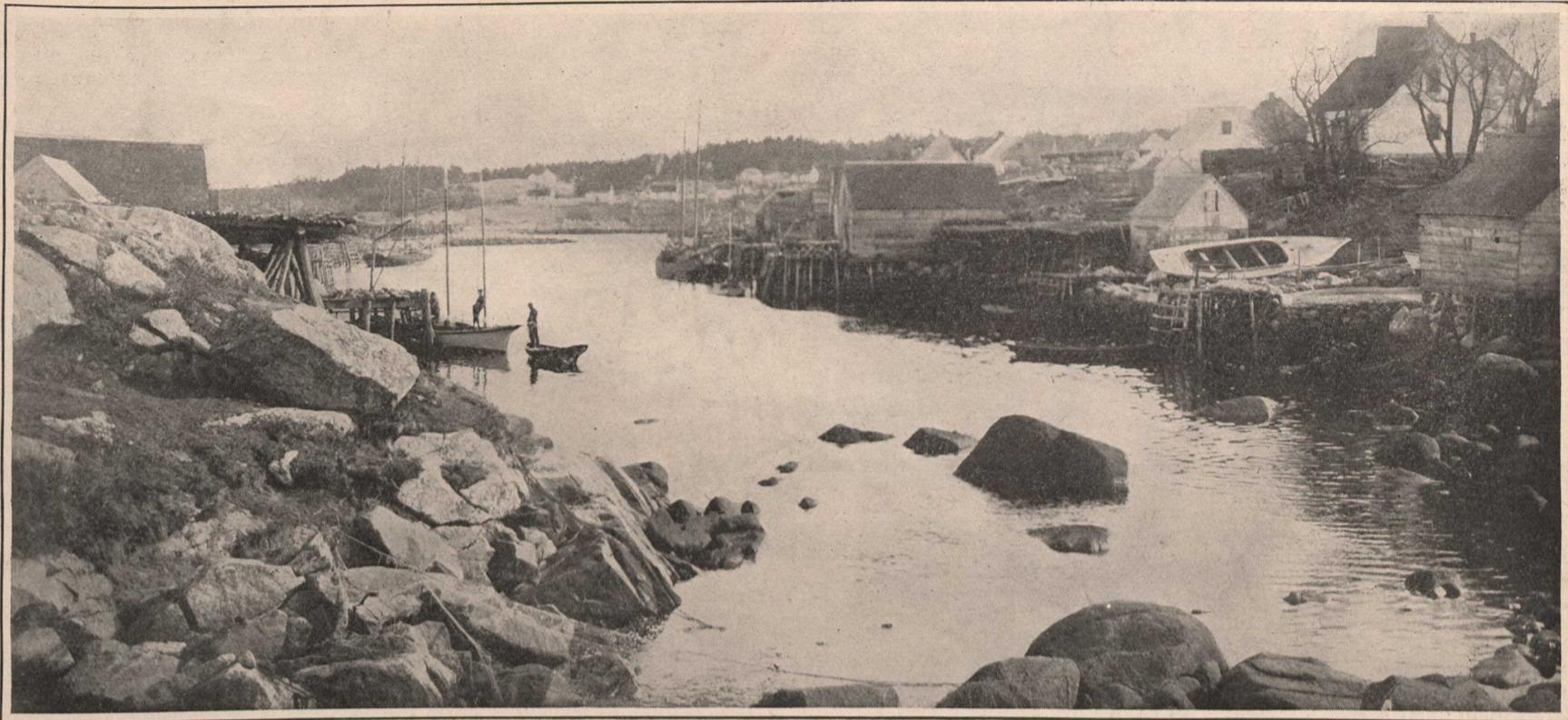
As soon as he entered the hall, though, the barometer fell. His wife rushed out of the hall with a white and scared face.

"Come and look at Jane and the dog, quick! I believe it's your soap."

Thoroughly alarmed by his wife's words, Clayton followed her to the window, and at what he saw his blood ran cold. Dash, the dog, was careering round in circles, trying to bite pieces out of himself. Then he would lie down for a moment, only to spring up again and pursue himself, as it were, round the garden, striving to bite inaccessible spots and performing feats of contortion never before accomplished by any earthly dog. After a vain effort to scratch himself with four paws at once, Dash gave a howl of disappointment and agony and disappeared through the back gate.

"He's been liked that ever since he was washed—and look at Jane. I can't go near her; I believe she'd bite me."

Near the kitchen door was Jane, considerably disturbed. She did not emulate the acrobatic feats of Dash, but she was clearly uncomfortable. She



Herring Cove, one of the most charming old-world spots in the Maritime Provinces.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS W. GORDON, KINGSTON.

stood opposite a large bucket of water, in which she had plunged her arms, and as she looked up to the window Clayton thought he had never seen such an evil face.

"It burns, sir, and it hiritates somethin' hawful; and the water seems to be makin' my arms worse. It's the soap—that's what it is, sir. Oh! do somethin', sir, or I shall go mad."

Clayton rushed into the laboratory and procured a large pot of cold cream. After its application to Jane's arms she declared that she felt easier, and was led indoors to be regaled with the best tea and the promise of a glorious purple hat which Mrs. Clayton had only worn once. As Mrs. Clayton was persuading Jane that a red and excoriated nose would be rather appreciated than otherwise by the milkman, Clayton burst in with an alarmed cry:

"The soap! We shall have to send telegrams telling them not to use it."

"Good gracious, yes. Send them quick! Here, Jane, you can take them."

But Jane, with cold cream on her arms and her nose, and with rebellion in her heart, refused to stir out till the next morning; and Clayton took the telegrams himself. Each one ran: "Don't use soap. Am writing."

But it was decided after all that only two need be sent—to Aunt Rachel and Martin, the financier, respectively, and the other recipients of the soap bounty should be advised personally.

So on the way back from the post office Clayton called on Mr. Myers. The soap had been delivered during the afternoon, and as Mr. Myers was going out to dinner, he had used it for shaving purposes, and the family were now thinking of sending for the police and a straight waistcoat.

"It's useless your coming here with apologies," said the eldest daughter coldly, in reply to Clayton's frenzied assurances that he had not meant anything unkind. You nearly suffocated us a little time ago, and we ought to have known better than to accept your soap."

"But," pleaded Clayton, "mayn't I see your father and explain?"

The daughter smiled darkly. It seemed to Clayton that everyone's smile that day was sinister, and as he followed her up the stairs he wondered whether he was being led into some cunningly-devised trap.

"Here," said Miss Myers, pausing at a door, "here is pa. We have locked him in, but I will tell him you are here."

Clayton's heart stopped beating almost, as he heard an angry voice threatening the whole household with murder and sudden death if the door were not opened.

"He's better than he was," said Miss Myers; but for the first five minutes after he had used the soap we went in fear of our lives. Father," she went on, "here's Mr. Clayton wants to speak to you."

A howl of rage like that of a zoo lion kept waiting for its meat was the answer, and as Miss Myers placed her hand on the door-knob, Clayton,

in precipitate haste, almost fell to the bottom of the stairs.

"Tell him to rub on cold cream," he shouted from the hall, and then, fearing pursuit, jammed his hat on his head and put in record time to the end of the street.

Feeling damp all over with the perspiration of fright, Clayton called at Mrs. Henshaw's.

The maid who answered his knock looked at him and then, with a little muffled shriek, disappeared.

In two seconds a big, bearded man walked into the hall.

"Mr. Clayton, I suppose?" he said.

The unhappy man nodded, wondering whether he was the doctor or the coroner.

The big man put out a large and irresistible hand, and threatening Clayton with physical unpleasantness if he uttered a word, dragged him into the dining-room and seated him with a bump that nearly drove his false teeth through the top of his head.

"Now," said the big man, "my name's Henshaw—James Henshaw, and I suppose I ought to just about half kill you for playing practical jokes on my sister-in-law. You're a deadly ass, that's what you are. I'm an analytical chemist, and as soon as Mrs. Henshaw came yelping to me I saw what was up. She's all right now; but when you made up that soap you must have left out something useful. I'd like to see the formula."

"Here it is," bleated Clayton, producing a crumpled piece of paper. "You can have it, and, as far as I'm concerned, soap of any description will never be used again in my house. As a brother chemist, I ask you to forgive me, and if you must kill me, do it painlessly."

Henshaw finally soothed the half-demented chemist and saw him to the tram, with the promise that Mrs. Henshaw would take no proceedings.

It was a limp and withered Clayton that descended to breakfast late the next morning, to find a telegram on his plate.

"I daren't open it," shuddered Mrs. Clayton. "It's only just come, and I believe it's a summons or warrant or something on account of that horrid soap."

With trembling fingers Clayton opened the envelope and read, with pallid face, and then handed the message to his wife, who recited the fateful words aloud:

"Aunt Rachel just had bath with your soap we fear the worst.—Tessie."

Clayton jumped from his chair with a burst of hysterical laughter.

"Can't you see Aunt Rachel," he shouted, "cutting us out of her will, and Cousin Tessie standing by with a grin and the ink-pot. Come in, Jane. Another telegram! That's splendid; someone dead, I suppose. Listen, my dear; another bit of luck for little Johnnie: 'Am calling; wait in for me.—Martin.' Martin is calling with a gun, I know. Kindly order my grave at once, and the hearse at

three, my dear, and when Mr. Martin calls, I'm in here."

Mrs. Clayton justly feared for her husband's sanity, and sat with him until, a little after ten, there was a knock at the front door, and Jane announced:

"Mr. Henshaw."

"I'll not beat about the bush," he said hastily; but you've invented a great soap. You left out the one ingredient that would have prevented it being harsh and irritating, but add that and the recipe is perfect. It's the simple thing that every soap manufactory has been looking for, and you have hit on it."

"I don't quite understand," said Mr. Clayton."

"Mr. Martin," announced Jane; and Clayton instinctively sheltered behind Henshaw.

"My dear fellow," said Martin, with outstretched hands, "I congratulate you; your soap's perfect." "Perfect!" gasped Clayton.

"Of course, I remember," said Mrs. Clayton, "Mr. Martin had a piece of the first boiling. I don't think I told you, dear; but there wasn't quite enough of the bar to go to everybody, so I gave you a piece to take to Mr. Martin that you made six months ago and thought no good."

"Old Crosland, the proprietor of Violet Soap, was dining with me last night, and he did everything to your sample but eat it. At last he said that if the recipe was going cheap he wouldn't mind buying it. If you like to let me have the handling of the business—"

"Certainly," said Clayton eagerly. "Get what you can for it. I shall be glad to get rid—"

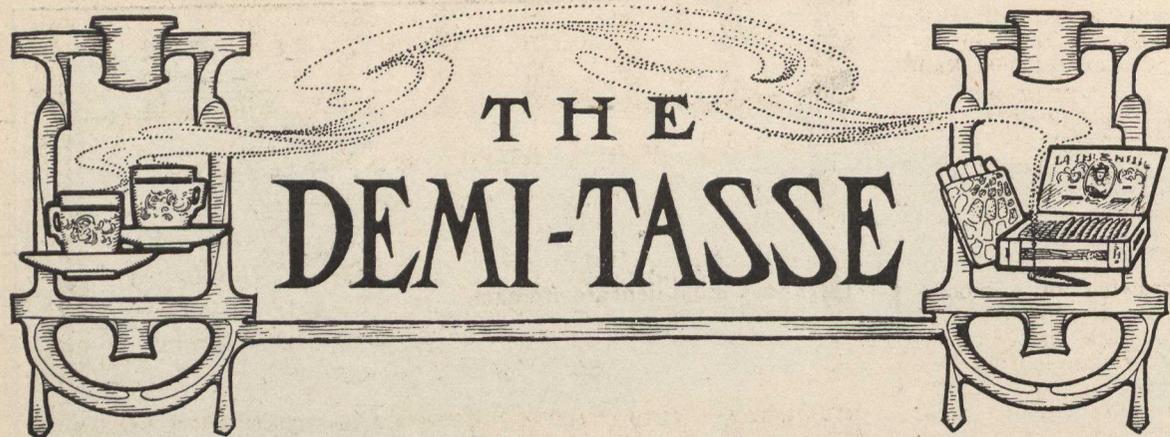
"Excuse me," interrupted Henshaw readily, "but I hold the formula, and as the consulting chemist and manager to Mr. Clayton, I think terms had better be arranged through me."

The big man winked at Clayton, who left the room with his wife.

"My dear," said the bewildered man, when they were in the hall, "so far, lunacy has not appeared in my family, but lest it should suddenly do so, I am going to put my head under the tap for at least twenty minutes."

Extract from the *Highbourgh Times and Mirror*, fifteen months later:

"Amongst those present at the banquet given to Mr. and Mrs. John Clayton to celebrate the first anniversary of the opening of 'The Mayflower' Soap Works in this town, we noticed Mr. Myers and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Henshaw, Miss Rachel Tarne, Mr. Martin, the great financier, and, of course, Mr. Henshaw, the popular manager. Mr. Clayton, in a touchingly modest speech, expressed his delight that his invention had brought prosperity to the town, and thanked his old friends—and especially the few with whom, in the past, he may have had some trifling differences—for the honour they had paid him and his wife. The proceedings terminated in the usual manner."



## STILL LIVING.

ON the evening of election day the Conservative faithful of Toronto were gathered in a certain club receiving the returns. A small boy was the intermediary, carrying the bulletins from the secretary's office, where a telegraph instrument had been installed, to the large assembly room. During the first half-hour there was little in the announcements to denote that the Whitney candidates had swept the province. Great anxiety was felt as to North Toronto. Hossack, the ex-clergyman, was running a close second to the veteran John Shaw. The excitement was intense. The small boy came rushing in glancing at his bulletin and before handing it to the announcer called in a shrill voice, "Hossack's beaten—" "Three cheers!" broke in E. Strachan Cox. They were given with gusto. "Tiger!" called Percy Bailey. "Double tiger!" shouted Home Smith. As the cheering subsided and all was quiet the little boy with a look of amazement repeated and finished "Hossack's beaten—Shaw." Our latest report of the event states the injuries sustained by the boy were not fatal.

## A BACKWARD PARENT.

THE other day at the circus a fond father and an admiring son of seven occupied seats in front of our party. The boy watched with wonderment the opening event in the ring opposite—a juggling feat. As it concluded he turned to his father and said with an air of superiority, "Dad, you can do that, can't you?"

"No, my son," admitted the father. Then came a slack wire walking act. When it was over the child turned again to the father, and while the superior air was gone his expression was expectant.

"Well, Dad, you can do that?"

The father shook his head. "I'm afraid not, my son." A bareback rider came jumping in through hoops, over bars, and performing all the difficult tasks set for the circus equestrian. As the rider and horse were both receiving the applause of the audience the little fellow turned anxiously to his father.

"Well, father, I guess you can do that all right, can't you?" The father reluctantly admitted that he could not, and then in an aside said to us: "This boy will think I'm a blamed idiot before I get him home." R. H.

## NEWSLETS.

An address on the Simple Life will be delivered before the Department of Marine.

The Man from Glengarry is Donald Robert McDonald by a majority of 251 votes. Some day an O'Flaherty will get elected in that Ralph Connor constituency.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has sailed for England. She did so enjoy the luncheon in her honour given by the Toronto Women's Canadian Club.

The Spodunk Literary Club has held a debate on the subject: Resolved, That it is better to be Mackay than Monteith.

Mr. S. H. Blake has refused to act as President of the Ontario Jockey Club.

## A WAYWARD WIRE.

SOME time ago a certain gentleman with the journalistic spirit went out to Western Canada, where he found nothing that pleased him. He wrote in caustic terms about the people, the climate, the soil and the railways—especially the railways, which he abused with a vigour in which he took pride. But a time came when this stormy youth desired to return to Montreal and he bethought himself of the C. P. R. officials. He went to the Vancouver office meekly asking about the prospects for transportation, and the western authorities telegraphed to Montreal for instructions.

A message came promptly and the transportation was given to the anxious journalist, who, on arriving in Montreal repaired to the railway officials to thank them for their favours. A well-known C. P. R. authority was amazed by the visit and exclaimed bluntly: "We sent no message authorizing transportation."

"You certainly did," retorted the young man. "It read 'Don't let K— walk.'"

The C. P. R. man almost groaned as he recalled a message to the effect: "Don't. Let K— walk." About fifteen minutes afterwards he was making pointed remarks to the sender of that ambiguous telegram.

\* \* \*

## WHERE HE LEARNED.

DURING the recent election campaign in Ontario, the candidate in a certain Whitney constituency made a speech of exceptional quality on the Friday night in the week preceding the fateful Monday. After the conclusion of the meeting, a curious acquaintance approached the would-be M. P. and asked: "Did you ever take a course at a school of oratory?"

"Oratory, is it?" asked the contemptuous gentleman, "never a school of it did I attend. Man, I was born in Tipperary."

\* \* \*

## HOW THEY DO IT.

AN Englishwoman who has recently come to Canada to enlighten our darkness on the subjects of literature and art was deploring in a recent address the lack of style in Canadian poetry.

"Don't you like Lampman?" asked a protesting young Canadian.

"I have not read his poetry," admitted the strenuous dame who had undertaken to talk on Canadian literature.

"Then I suppose you're going to lecture on him in Ottawa," said the crude young person beneath her breath.

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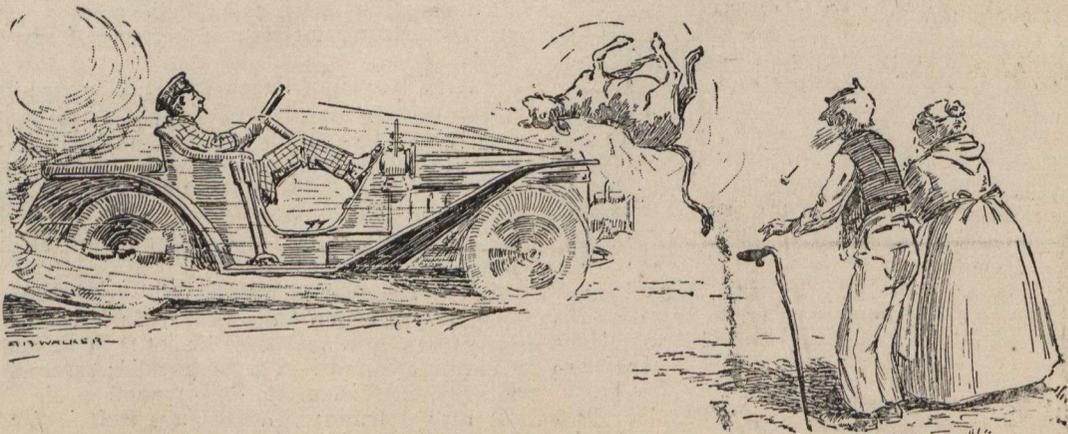
## A LIVELY MEMBER.

MR. SWIFT MacNEILL, who recently asked a strange question in the British House of Commons apropos the King's visit to Russia, has been aptly described as the possessor of "a warm heart struggling with a hot potato." Nothing delights him more, says M. A. P., than to be called to order by the Speaker, and he will say things about the members of the Opposition which, coming from him, cause much hilarity, but would be frowned at if uttered by any other man in the House. Mr. MacNeill's parliamentary years have been filled with regrets because he was not bold enough to emulate the example of Mr. John Redmond, and, like him, appear in the House of Commons, pronounce his maiden speech, and get "suspended" all in the course of one afternoon.

## WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

Consider lovely woman, how she keepeth up to date,  
How she striveth to be faithful to the changing  
fashion plate,  
How she yearneth for improvements in her mental  
attributes,  
How she writeth on the Ethics of the Whizzing  
Shoot-the-Chutes,  
How she talketh at the sessions of her half a dozen  
clubs,  
How she planneth for the helping of the maid who  
cooks and scrubs,  
How she painteth purple Cupids on the useless china  
plaque,  
How she fretteth that her garments are not pleated  
in the back,  
How she purifieth matters when election cometh  
'round,  
How she seeketh ever earnestly for mental sand to  
pound,  
How she goeth up and down the land in search of  
things to right,  
How she vieweth the show window with a murmur  
of delight,  
How she goeth bargain hunting at the hour of  
8 a.m.,  
How she garnereth some samples and returneth  
home with them,  
How she blocketh up the sidewalk after every  
matinee,  
How she weepeth when the jiggy music cometh  
in the play,  
How she hatchetizeth bar-rooms till the fixtures  
have to float,  
How she getteth up petitions for the privilege to  
vote,  
How she waiteth on election day till the closing of  
the poll,  
How she getteth off the trolley car and on the street  
doth roll,  
How she seeketh to rebuild the world upon a lovely  
plan,  
How she pointeth out the foibles of the meek and  
patient man,  
How she is the bearded wonder in the annex at  
the show,  
How she getteth in the barrel and adown the falls  
doth go,  
How she golfeth and she rideth and she playeth some  
at whist,  
How she writeth to professors who declare they've  
not been kissed,  
How she walketh with a hopping like the gentle  
kangaroo,  
How she changeth in a moment to another gait  
pursue,  
How she taketh half the evening to attire herself  
in haste,  
How she changeth every season the location of her  
waist,  
How she findeth it the fashion to be willowy and  
slim,  
How she groweth plump with suddenness at fashion's  
dictates grim,  
How she—oh, my son, consider—yea, consider if  
thou like,  
But when woman, lovely woman, cometh down the  
mental pike,  
Thou wilt find it best to vacate, to bring other things  
to mind,  
For she leaveth all our guesses in the dusty wake  
behind,  
Yea, we wonder what she planneth, what she doeth,  
what she thinks,  
But 'twas woman, lovely woman, was the riddle of  
the Sphinx.  
And we rub our brows bewildered, while we ponder,  
sore perplexed,  
O'er the question, "What will woman, lovely woman,  
tackle next?"

—Baltimore American.



The Return of the Prodigal and the Killing of the Fatted Calf.—Life.

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Preparations being made for entertaining guests from all parts of the continent and from parts beyond the seas

QUEBEC June 19th.—No money is being spared to make the Quebec Tercentenary an event that will live in history. The presence of the Prince of Wales and other distinguished guests and of the fleets of England, the United States and France will give great eclat to the occasion. The Celebration will last from July 20th to July 31st. A committee of prominent citizens have formed a company to erect on the battlefield a huge camp to be known as the Tented City which will have tents to accommodate 3500 visitors. Three dining tents have been provided with a seating capacity of 1500 at once, in which meals will be served to guests at 50 cents each. In another place meals will be supplied to guests and to the general public at 25 cents. The sleeping tents will be in three sizes. Class "A" to accommodate twelve persons comfortably will be rented at \$150 for the twelve days; class "B" tents to hold five or four comfortably will rent at \$75; and class "C" to hold three beds or two comfortably will be \$60. Separate beds will be sold for any number of days in all three classes at \$1.50 per day in Class "A" and \$2 per day in classes "B" and "C." Five great lavatory tents with good water supply drainage and all modern conveniences are being erected. Provision has been made for police patrolling and ordinary hotel services.

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**GUN AND ROD.**

A REAL picture gallery of out-of-doors Canada has been published by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in a recent booklet entitled "Fishing and Shooting." As the picture of a great country threaded in much of its area by the ramifications of a great railway, and as the work of Canadian writers, illustrators, engravers and printers, this little work is well worth picking up for perusal. An excellent drawing of a moose-shooting adorns the front cover. The inside illustrations are mainly reproductions of photographs; but they are wide-awake pictures very different from the average landscape monotony that afflicts so much railway literature. The book might be considered a small magazine of sport, so well chosen and arranged is the matter. An Englishman picking up this photographic and descriptive record of the out-door life of Canada would—if he had any of the big game and trail feeling left in his nerves—call at once for his gun, and his fishing-tackle. There are dead moose and prairie chicken; wild ducks from the prairie marshes and big-horn from the Lilloet valley; live moose abroad and in the river lands and wapiti in the mountains; Indians on trail after the mountain sheep and Krag, the mountain goat; the lonely, inaccessible musk-ox from the Barren Grounds of the Great Bear Lake, and the black bear from New Brunswick and Saskatchewan; grizzlies from the Stikine and wolves from Athabasca and lynx from the Okanaga—known to President Roosevelt as the bobcat. Then there are jack-rabbits and foxes and most of the feathered and finny tribes that inhabit a land where most things that have either fins or feathers worth while are to be found. No possibility of labelling any of these descriptions mere fish stories, for the pictures are to be seen large as life beside the disciple of the rod. The whole work is easy to read. The subjects are treated in a general way, so that a man who wants to go on a hunting trip may turn up the guide book and discover in just what provinces or by what rivers are to be found the kind of thing he desires to go after. The descriptive matter is written in a style which is interesting and instructive without being flamboyant.

**THE TERCENTENARY REGATTA**

A UNIQUE feature proposed for the Quebec Tercentenary is a great naval regatta on fresh water, in which it is intended that American, British and French sailors will take part. The regatta will be on Lake St. Joseph, twenty-two miles from Quebec, in the Laurentian Mountains, and the boats will be taken from the St. Lawrence by a special train.

Lake St. Joseph is seven miles long and has an ideal course. There is a fine summer hotel on the lake shore which is already open and which will be a great social centre during the Tercentenary, for visitors to the city will be able to spend their evenings and mornings among the mountains, and go to Quebec for the festivities during the day. A railway station is in the hotel grounds, and a special service will be run during the Tercentenary. All trains of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway stop at the hotel and the through trains of the Canadian Northern Quebec from Montreal to Quebec, which pass in sight of the magnificent Maskinonge Falls and the Grand Mere Falls, and traverse the delightful Batiscan Valley, also stop at the hotel, which besides being an ideal staying place for visitors to Quebec, is also an admirable vantage point for trips to the Upper St. Maurice, Lake St. John and the Saguenay.

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38	"	26	"
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42	"	29	"

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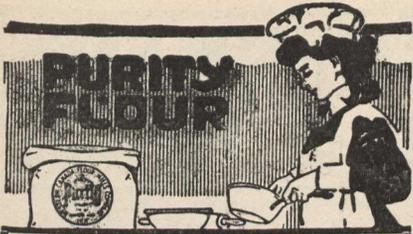


**J-A.C.X. Women's Jumper Style Suit of Fancy Imported Cotton Jacquard;** waist is beautifully designed and trimmed with torchon lace and edging, also tucking front and back; sleeves are trimmed with small cross straps of self and lace edging; skirt is made with tucks over the hips, giving extra fullness around the bottom, and trimmed with three wide tucks; colors sky, pink or green. Price of suit without underwaist. **5.50**

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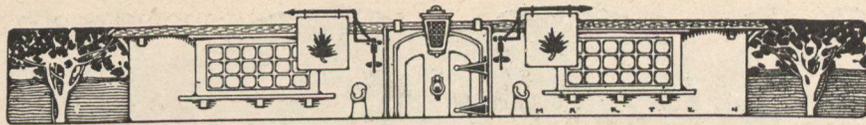


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**AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE**

AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT.

**T**HE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL,  
better known to British sub-  
jects as the Princess Louise,  
was once chatelaine at Rideau Hall  
when her husband as Marquis of  
Lorne was Governor-General of Can-  
ada. The Duchess of Argyll is known  
as the most intellectual of Queen Vic-  
toria's daughters. She takes an es-  
pecial interest in both painting and  
sculpture and during her residence in  
this country gave practical encourage-  
ment to artistic production. The  
Princess Louise always had a dislike  
for the camera and the only photo-  
graph of her seen in Canada was one  
of wintry aspect, showing the royal  
lady in fur cap and heavy "cloud,"  
not by any means such a picture as  
would advertise the summer charms  
of Canada.

The portrait reproduced on this  
page was recently published in *The  
Sphere*. It represents Her Royal



H. R. H. the Duchess of Argyll at seventeen.

Highness at the age of seventeen and  
was executed by Leon Noel. There  
is a decided resemblance in this grace-  
ful sketch to the well-known picture  
of Queen Victoria at the age of  
eighteen. The "white muslin girl"  
was a popular type when Princess  
Louise was a royal debutante.

\* \* \*

**THE SOULS OF WOMEN.**

**F**OR centuries and centuries, in fact  
ever since Eve changed her mind  
and ate the apple, woman has been  
accused of fickleness and insincerity.  
Proverbs have been manufactured in  
all languages regarding her volatility  
—but we must remember that men  
wrote the proverbs. Babylonian  
bricks, Egyptian pyramids and Greek  
temples are inscribed with masculine  
judgment on the subject of woman's  
unstable nature. It has remained for  
a philosopher of this age, a professor  
in a United States university, to ex-  
plain this strange weathercockiness.

This worthy professor, belonging to  
a nation noted for its gallant be-  
haviour towards the unvoting sex, de-  
clares that the seeming fickleness in  
woman is caused by the possession of  
two or more souls. In the Dark Ages  
it was decided by a solemn congress  
of masculine authorities that woman  
is without a soul and can hardly hope  
to obtain such an ethereal possession.  
The modern professor goes to the  
other extreme and insists that woman  
is positively embarrassed by her  
soular belongings and is not to blame  
for the many changes of mind and  
heart for which these manifold souls  
are responsible. It is not a comfort-  
ing theory for man, after all. It may

give the cause of woman's myriad  
moods but it presents a perplexing  
future to the lover who thinks he has  
been accepted by a sweet, amiable  
soul and finds he is being tormented  
by one which is capable of all man-  
ner of selfishness. Those weird pub-  
lications known as matrimonial agents  
may some day contain the advertise-  
ment:

Wanted: A wife with only one soul.  
Colour of hair and eyes not important.  
Apply Box 23.

\* \* \*

**SMUGGLED GOWNS.**

**I**F there was one childhood story  
more delightful than another it  
was that which was related of the  
smuggler's cave. There was a  
mysterious air about the ancient  
smuggling across the English Channel  
which made the man who successfully  
landed his French wines and silks a  
hero of the Robin Hood class.

In modern free-trade England,  
smuggling has lost its charms but in  
Canada the zest of the occupation has  
not gone. Only the sternest Canadian  
women can read without a thrill of  
sympathy about those fair citizens of  
Chatham, Ontario, who have been  
caught smuggling ball-dresses from  
Detroit and who must pay the cost of  
chiffon and silk for their hazardous  
law-breaking. Woman may do all  
manner of good by way of purifying  
politics but it will always be impos-  
sible to convince her that it is really  
sinful to smuggle. Of course, it is  
wrong for men to bring over boat-  
loads of cigarettes "unbeknownst" to  
the dear Government but it is entirely  
different for a woman to stow away  
gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes, silk  
gowns and any other foreign trifles  
as she crosses the border.

A social philosopher has said that  
women would stop smuggling if they  
were given votes, that the sense of  
political responsibility would prevent  
them from cheating the powers that  
levy duty. It is rather doubtful, for  
even the suffragette is fond of the  
dainty things of life and would not  
be able to see why the Government  
demands a payment on Buffalo  
blouses, Detroit shoes and Port Huron  
lingerie. It is a shabby trick for gen-  
tlemen at Ottawa to have anything to  
say about a woman's shopping, even  
if she takes the ferry to reach the  
desired counter.

Did you ever notice how kindly is  
woman's tone when speaking of an  
obliging customs officer who has look-  
ed the other way? She tells you of  
his manner with positive enthusiasm.  
"The officer was just lovely. I'm sure  
he's a perfect gentleman. Why, he  
didn't bother us one bit—just asked  
one or two questions and handed back  
the keys with the nicest bow. Some  
of those men are simply horrid but  
we're usually lucky."

The small boy who has just been  
enjoying stolen jam cannot begin to  
look as innocent as the little woman  
who is explaining to the customs man  
that she has worn all those fresh-  
looking blouses "for ever so long."  
Some years ago the Government em-  
ployed a woman detective on the ferry  
between Windsor and Detroit and, if  
you'll believe me, she was mean  
enough to tell about the articles tuck-  
ed neatly away in the crowns of high  
hats and used as extra frills for  
dainty skirts. The fury of those con-  
fiding women whose trust she betray-  
ed was something of an epic nature.  
Of course, smuggling is illegal and  
improper—but don't you feel sorry for  
the Chatham women who were found  
out?  
CANADIENNE.



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Fruit Jar**

You will enjoy complete freedom from fruit  
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Seal—Easy to Open**—absolutely air-  
tight. The Schram Automatic Fruit Jar  
never fails to give complete satisfaction  
every time.

No screwing or twisting with the Schram Auto-  
matic Fruit Jar—simply press the cap down on the  
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edge of a knife under a Schram cap opens the jar.

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Jars are complete and  
cost practically no more  
than troublesome screw-  
top jars. No extra rub-  
bers to buy. Schram Auto-  
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in themselves, and when  
you wish to renew them  
they cost 20c a dozen.  
Write us if your dealer  
doesn't handle the Schram  
Automatic Fruit Jars.



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**THURSDAY, JULY 2nd., 1908**

The Transfer Books will be closed from  
the 24th to the 30th of June, both days  
inclusive.

By order of the Board  
WM. SPITTAL,  
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London, Ont., June 8th, 1908.

N. B.—Out of an authorized issue of  
\$500,000 of the above Stock, there is yet  
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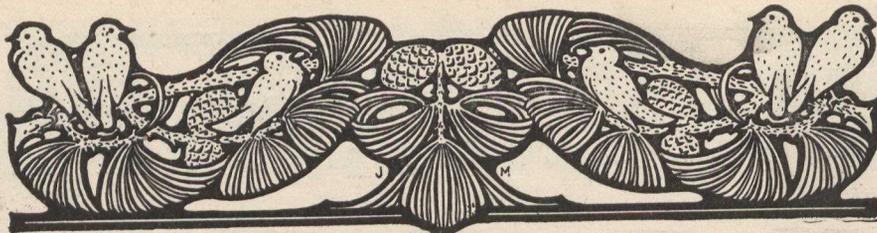
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE "BANANA BOY."

By ELIZABETH HILL.

LONELY little Ned Goodwin stood at the gate, watching for the "banana boy." Twice a week, at noontime, the banana boy turned aside from his route along the main road and pushed his cart up to the Goodwin gate.

Pretty soon the hand-cart appeared round the corner, and then Ned saw with surprise that the banana boy had a little one trotting beside him—a dark, curly-headed youngster, about as large as Ned himself. The little boy was chattering blithely, but as they drew near, he gazed at Ned with shy yet friendly eyes.

"My leetle brudder," said the banana boy, as he wheeled his cart up. "He play with you."

He took a box of food from the cart, and seated himself on the grass. "Come," he said to the child, and the little brother snuggled at the big brother's side and reached up for a piece of bread—never once taking his glance from Ned's face.

Ned felt excited and bashful. To have a boy to play with! What fun! But he was not very polite about it—he turned and ran as fast as he could to his mother.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted. "A boy! The banana boy's little brother."

Mrs. Goodwin went down to the gate to see the little boy who had come to play with Ned. When the banana boy saw her he stood up, pulled off his cap and smiled.

"My leetle brudder," he explained. "He all lona. Got no mudder—jusa me. I taka heem away from streeta boys. You leetle boy, he all lona, too. Dey playa some."

"What is his name?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"Tony," answered the banana boy. "An-to-nio."

"And yours?" she asked.

"My name Carlo. We 'Merican boys now. I talka 'Merican to heem all time." The big brother smilingly stroked the little one's curly head with a loving caress.

When the lunch was over, Ned and the little brother played together, and while they were running and shouting Mrs. Goodwin came down to the gate again.

"I hope you will bring him often," she said to the banana boy. "You might wheel your cart in at the carriage gate, and then they can play on the lawn."

So twice a week the two boys came to eat their dinner under the Goodwin elms, and Ned ate with them. Mrs. Goodwin saw that they had plenty of milk to drink, and the food that she supplied made it a feast to the visitors. After dinner there was always a half-hour of fun for the little ones; and for the next three days Ned could talk of nothing else.

At last, one day the banana boy came alone. His face looked troubled and he was absent-minded and sad.

"What is the matter, Carlo?" asked Mrs. Goodwin. "And where is Tony?"

"He ees seeck, ma'am. I hafa leave heem all lona."

"Isn't there any one to look after him?"

"No, ma'am. Da woman nex' door, she go away to worka. I musta go queeck now."

"Go right home and fetch him to

me," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I will take care of him until he gets well again."

So the banana boy brought his little brother to Mrs. Goodwin, and she nursed him. Carlo sat beside him for hours, singing softly sweet Italian songs, the folk-songs of his own home land, in a voice that was pure and sweet. Then, when the little brother began to mend, and the big one had to leave him by day to go on the banana route, always at evening-time the singing was resumed. "Sing, Carlo, sing!" the voice coaxed; and the sweet notes would swell and soar—gaily now, because the little brother was better and Carlo was happy. He was such a good brother; he could not do enough in every way for the little sick one.

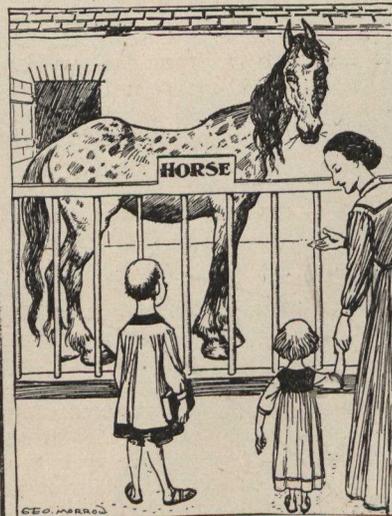
"How he loves that child!" said Mrs. Goodwin to the doctor. "It is like a father's, and how he sings to him!"

And the doctor agreed and said that such a wonderful voice ought to be cultivated.

"I think so myself," replied Mrs. Goodwin. "I do not think that anything beautiful should be wasted, and if Carlo has a voice, some way should be found to teach him. I will write a note to our organist, and ask him to call this evening while Carlo is singing."

So Mrs. Goodwin wrote the note, and the organist came; and before long Carlo was taking a singing lesson twice a week. And now he does not peddle bananas, but works for the doctor, and goes to evening-school. The little brother goes to school, too—with Ned, while both of the boys live at Ned's home.

\* \* \*



The Zoo, (A. D. 2600)

"Yes, children, that is a horse—one of those animals I told you about in the fairy stories."—Pall Mall Magazine.

\* \* \*

EXTINGUISHED.

"The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled"—When Tommy Gibbs stood up to speak he had it in his head, But when he saw the schoolroom full of visitors, he knew, From his weak knees and parching tongue, the words had all fled, too.

"The boy stood on the burning deck"—he felt the flames and smoke. His tongue was thick, his mouth was dry, he felt that he would choke. And from the far back seats he heard a whisper run about:

"Come back, Tom, and take your seat. They've put the fire out!"

—Youth's Companion.

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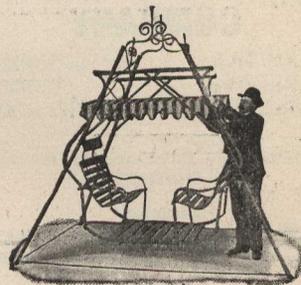
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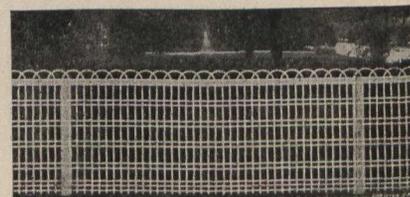
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## Hither and Thither

PROFESSOR COLEMAN, the geologist of Toronto University, has shown his quality of nerve and his scientific earnestness by several explorations which have not been without exciting features. In Mexico, not many months ago, he made a sudden and involuntary descent of a mountainside but seemed none the worse for the adventure. Now the professor intends to set out on a more interesting expedition than the Mexican tour, and Rev. C. R. B. Kinney of the James Bay Methodist Church has obtained an extended leave of absence in order to join him in an attempt to scale Mount Robson, the highest mountain in Canada. It is proposed to start from Edmonton about August and go in by way of the Athabaska. Mr. Kinney, it is reported, made an expedition to the foot of the mountain last year.

\* \* \*

MORE than forty years ago, a young Irishman, Robert Hart, who had then been for nine years in the service of the Chinese Govern-



Sir Robert Hart, Director of Chinese Customs.—Illustrated London News.

ment, was appointed Inspector-General of Customs in China. He has held numerous offices in the Far East and has decorations of all colours and styles. The Chinese have even ennobled his ancestors in the attempt to do honour to their notable "I. G." Sir Robert is one of the greatest men living, one of the few who have served for half-a-century "where East meets West." He has just returned to his own people and the papers are putting forth every effort to induce him to talk about the present problems of the Orient. But Sir Robert has not held high office in the diplomatic and customs service for ability to express his views in the popular magazines. Sir Robert has written one book, "These from the Land of Sinim," and he has come home to rest—not to talk.

\* \* \*

MISS Agnes Deans Cameron is a Canadian writer whose work is welcome in the best magazines of this continent. So far, Miss Cameron has not yielded to the seductions of short-story writing but has devoted herself to articles of a serious nature. Her description of the development of our wheat lands which appeared some months ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* was copied widely as a valuable contribution to current literature. Miss Cameron makes statistics vital and significant and is far removed from the spirit of that rustic to whom a yellow primrose was "nothing more."

About a fortnight ago, Miss Cameron with her niece, Miss Brown, visited Edmonton on the way to Fort McPherson. Miss Cameron is taking this northern trip with a view to "copy," and the columns of a Philadelphia weekly will probably be enlivened next autumn with letters from that far country. Miss Cameron was for some years a teacher in the west and recently left that unexciting profession for the less monotonous path of the "special correspondent."

\* \* \*

ENGLISH papers are beginning to weary of telling about the distinguished women visitors to Canada who have taken a ride on a C.P.R. cowcatcher. The latest yarn about wonderful feats accomplished by visiting British brethren relates to Lord Desborough, who it is declared, swam the Niagara River above the Falls, repeating the startling performance, "by request." One does not like to credit the daring gentleman with an extra supply of imagination but Canadians who have a fair acquaintance with Niagara Falls and its approach would like to know at what distance from the cataract this remarkable feat was performed. The day of "travelers' tales" is not over and the swimmer is brother to the angler, so far as an accurate diary is concerned.

\* \* \*

ON June 2nd, Miss E. Helen Begg and two of her brothers, Alexander and Roderick, went to Washington and were admitted to practise before the United States Supreme Court. When a reporter of the *New York World* called at the Begg residence he found the fair Helen arguing a case with the dressmaker. Miss Begg is a Canadian by birth and is a native of the picturesque town of Orillia where she was born in 1881. She studied law at New York University, graduated with the degree of bachelor of laws in 1903 and was admitted to practise in the same year. Miss Begg is the secretary of the Women's Association of the Bar and also of the "New Yorkers," and was the first woman delegate to the State Convention of the New York State Bar Association. According to the *Orillia Packet*, Miss Begg is to give up her legal career next month and enter upon the estate of matrimony.

\* \* \*

THE quiet services of the most valuable sort of citizen have been recognised in the unveiling of a tablet in honour of Dr. William Bayard in the new operating department of the General Public Hospital, St. John, New Brunswick. Dr. Bayard, who was born in 1814 and who died in 1907, led a life of public usefulness and service during his long career. His death last year at the advanced age of ninety-three removed one who had long been a familiar figure in the community. Dr. Bayard was the founder of the hospital and its honoured president from 1863 to 1902 and this memorial erected in the new wing provided through a bequest of \$10,000 by the late Owen-Jones of St. Andrews, is a deserved tribute to a faithful citizen.

\* \* \*

IN a new province the man who came to it as settler in the seventies is a pioneer indeed. A Manitoban who has been regarded as one of the builders of the province, Mr. Walter Lynch, chairman of the Manitoba Agricultural College Board, recently passed away. He went to Winnipeg in 1871 from Middlesex, Ontario, and became famous as a breeder of fine cattle. He saw the great agricultural possibilities of his new home and devoted his energies to promoting advanced study in that pursuit.



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# What Canadian Editors Think

## UNITE AGAINST GRAFT.

(The Shareholder.)

WITH the growth of the country there has also sprung up a class of men whose only aim is to make the most out of the country, and, to do so, all forms and descriptions of graft are resorted to. This result can not fail to become, eventually, a danger spot on the political horizon, unless lovers of their country unite in an honest effort to crush out. Such a union will bring to the front men who will shudder at the thought of robbing their country, and, as a consequence, such men will themselves become the nation builders that the country now stands in need of. We trust that the reign of speculation and graft which has made such rapid advances and threatens to sap the foundations of this promising portion of the British Empire will be speedily crushed out of existence. Now is the time to prepare for such action if the councils of the country are to be purged from the fungi which have grown upon the parent tree. We want nation builders and these should be brought to the front without delay.

\* \* \*

## THE ACQUISITIVE BROWN MAN.

(Vancouver World.)

MEASURES of exclusion notwithstanding, the Oriental problem is likely to crop up in various ways in British Columbia for a long time to come. This is the penalty to be paid for the lack of foresight which has permitted large numbers of Asiatics to settle here. The latest example of the perplexities in which we continue to be involved is the movement of Japanese to the land. We have been familiar for many years with the Chinese market-gardener, but the Chinese have contented themselves with small holdings in the immediate vicinity of cities and have shown no disposition to invade the rural districts and establish themselves after the manner of the white settler. The Japanese act on different lines, and judging by the experience of California their recent purchases of farms up the C. P. R. is the first step in a process of gradual occupation which will end in whole districts becoming Asiatic colonies. No more than cattle and sheep can occupy a grazing ground at the same time can the Oriental and the white man live side by side. The former drives out the latter as sheep drive the great herds off the plains. The pressure exerted is partly economic and partly social. The Japanese have captured the fishing industry; in the Queen Charlotte Islands they have made a beginning in the conquest of the mining industry, and they are largely employed in getting out shingle-bolts and in other occupations which used to provide labour for the white man when work in the mills or elsewhere was not to be had. Are they now to go on and take possession of the agricultural resources of the province?

\* \* \*

## LUMBER AND THE CROPS.

(Victoria Colonist.)

IT is said that the lumber yards of the prairie provinces are practically empty, and we know that many of the British Columbia mills are idle. If there is to be a bumper crop in the prairie provinces there will be an enormous demand for lumber, which it will be difficult to supply, if the yards there remain empty until after the farmers realise on their crops. All the available rolling stock on the rail-

ways will be needed to move the grain and not much of it will be free for the transportation of lumber. Now, if it were possible for the lumber dealers to stock up in anticipation of the fall demand, it would be an excellent thing for all concerned, and it might be worth consideration by those who are in the best position to judge of such matters, whether or not the wheels of the lumber industry might not be started up a little in advance of the movement of the crops.

\* \* \*

## THE NATIONAL BULWARK.

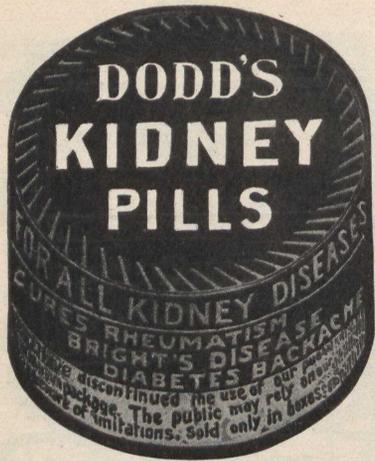
(Montreal Star.)

EDUCATION is a field in which Canada could well afford to lead the world. We are not hampered as they are in Britain by ancient precedents and the covenants that go with endowments. We have a people of more uniform earning capacity than any nation on the Continent of Europe; and hence a people in a better condition to take advantage of educational facilities. We are free from the "blood tax" of military service. We can spend on education what most other countries must spend on an army or a navy; and we are at least as well off; on an average, as most of our rivals in a general capacity for tax-paying. We have less wealth in few hands; but we have less poverty to bow many heads.

The only people in a position to compete with us, if we were to take this matter up seriously, are the Americans. They, too, are without much grinding poverty, and they have a people who would take a high average "polish" of education. As yet, it is only the simple truth that neither of us are as serious over the matter as we should be. It is not only that we do not provide the schools and colleges, but that our young men do not apply themselves to the opportunities which they offer with an earnestness which is typical of Europe. It may be that the European student is too earnest. It may be that he would be the better man if he mixed more play with his work. But we can hardly expect to compete with him in scholarship while we have neither the facilities which he enjoys nor the zeal which he displays.

## YOUNG MEN AND PUBLIC LIFE.

DR. PARKIN says that in the administration of the Rhodes scholarships the most disappointing thing he has met is the reluctance of young men from the United States to enter the public life of that country. They claim that it is exceedingly hard to find a straight road into public life. He claims, also, that a similar difficulty meets the young man in Canada. He referred to a young Canadian who was skilled in a particular line, and said that there was an opening in Canada for which he was probably the only one who was qualified. But, instead of the man being appointed to the position, his name was promptly referred to the local member to find out his father's politics. Now, it is certain that if Canada wants the best young men in her service she must deal differently with them. Young men of talent and force of character are not going to fawn upon politicians in order to secure positions, and they will not seek to enter public life through back-stairs influence. Canadian public life to-day needs an influx of patriots, and we would gladly say good-bye to that brand of politician whose patriotism can see no harm in his own party, and no good in his opponents.—*Christian Guardian.*



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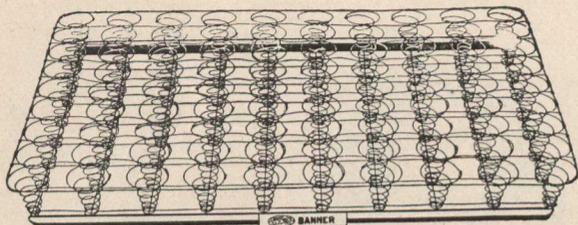
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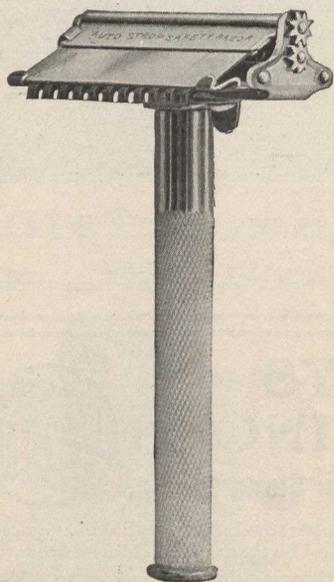
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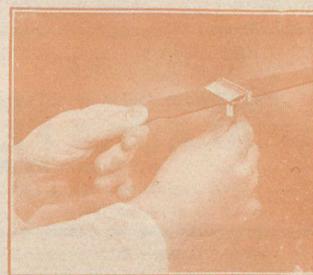


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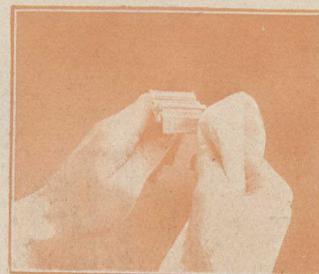
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