

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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



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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 17th June, 1910.
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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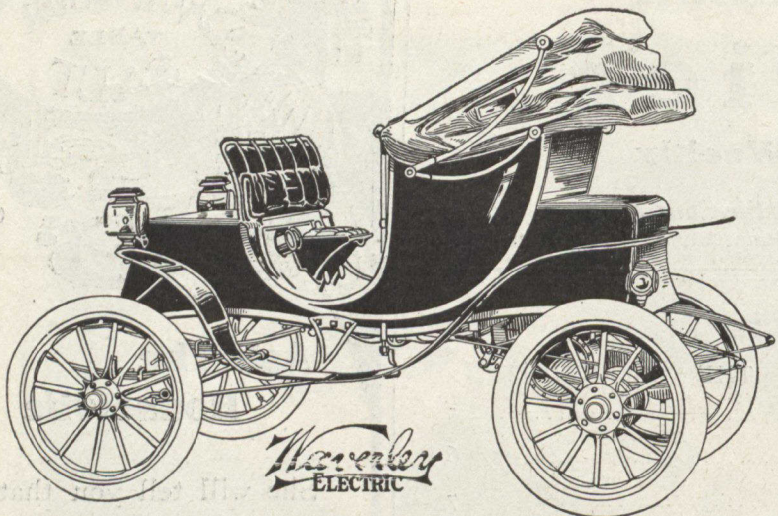


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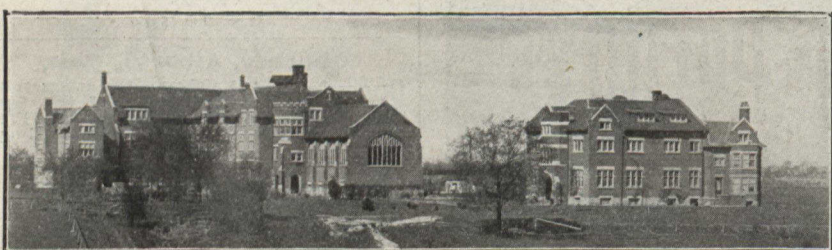
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A STARTLING STATEMENT!

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS TO THINK ABOUT

We have been endeavoring to draw your attention to the fact that all jams are not pure, and that the use of Salicylic Acid, a preservative, and Analine Dye (used to make decomposed fruit look like fresh picked) were very detrimental to health. Read this startling statement by one of England's foremost physicians, which is copied from a despatch in the Free Press, in the issue of May 26.

SPREAD OF APPENDICITIS

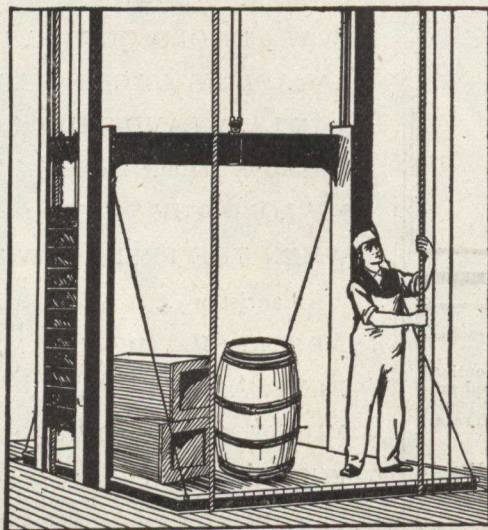
Is due to use of decomposed foods treated with preservatives.

London, May 26.—A remarkable statement regarding the spread of appendicitis was made yesterday before the Farnham Rural District Council by Dr. F. Tanner, who said: "The increase, general all over England, I believe, is greatly due to preservatives in foods. Not that the preservatives themselves do harm, but the presence of decomposed foods which they disguise does. I have attended thirty cases this year held to be due to this cause."

E. D. SMITH JAMS are assured to you by the Government Bulletin on Jams, No. 194, to be free from preservative and dye, which is the reason we use a sealed package. E. D. SMITH'S are not made to please the eye with Analine dye, they're made to eat without harmful results.

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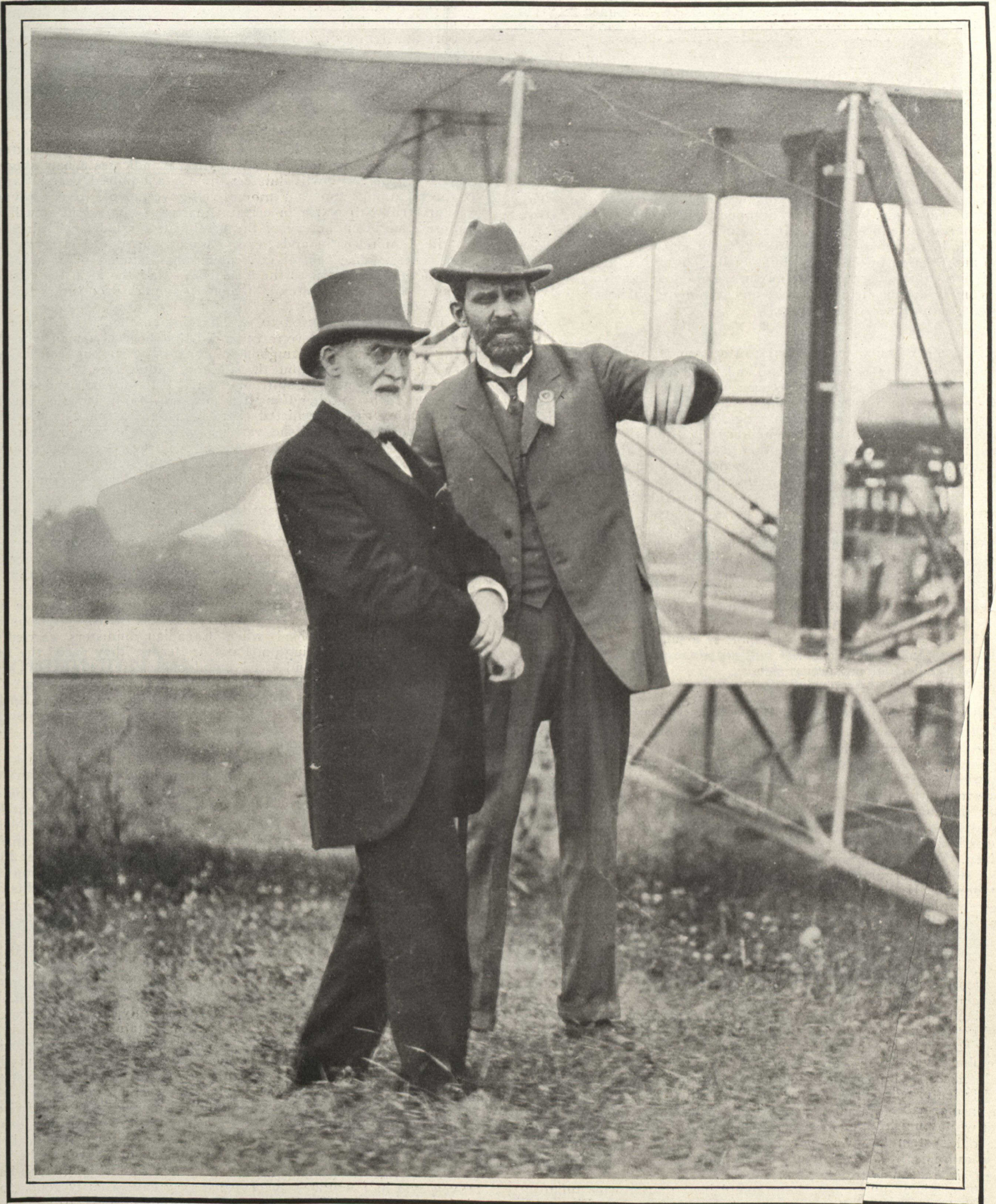
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No. 6



FROM THE NINETEENTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

This unique snapshot of a man who has not been photographed for thirty years, shows Sir William MacDonald, millionaire tobacco manufacturer, benefactor of McGill University and founder of MacDonald Agricultural College, listening to explanations given by Mr. Carrington at the Montreal Aviation Meet. Sir William was born in 1833, before the first railway was built in Canada.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SIR EDMUND WALKER has given us much advice in the past ten years. Giving advice is almost as popular a pastime among bankers as it is among journalists. A banker is never a boomster—on paper, and a journalist is always a boomster—on paper. This is the difference between the two. But it is a difference more apparent than real. Who has boomed the price of real estate like the banker anxious to own the best corners in the growing cities and towns? Who has in private life been a more thorough-going pessimist than the average journalist?

Sir Edmund Walker, better known to us as Mr. Byron E. Walker, has been preaching conservatism for ten years and practising the opposite. However, it is interesting to find that his Dominion Day message bears a new appeal. The accustomed flavour lurks among the words and sentences, but there is a tremendous difference in the general tone. The new Knight rises over the purely material plane as becometh one who has advanced another step in the aristocracy of democracy. Not that Sir Edmund has ever been a materialist. His interest in education, in civic beautification, in authorship, in music and in art has stamped him as a financier with ideals and a deep appreciation of the finer things of life. But this latest message is of finer fibre, more delicate texture and more elusive colouring than any previous dictum. It is an argument on behalf of "the supreme importance of character."

ONCE Sir Edmund was speaking of certain fellow financiers in a somewhat free and easy way, and he described one as a "vulgarian." It was not so much the term used as the manner of speech and gesture which surrounded and accompanied the epithet. In describing his contemporary as a vulgarian he was but epitomising the difference between his contemporary and himself. As one servant differs in character from another, as one merchant differs from a fellow merchant, so there are differences between financiers. In the spending of their gains, these differences show more clearly than at any other time. One spends his money on vulgar show, another on art, literature and music. One gives his spare time and spare energy to selfish pleasure and gaudy parade; another devotes his time and brain to the elucidation of the problems which affect the community, the nation or the world of humanity.

Sir Edmund does not disapprove of money-making, but he distinctly states that "too much devotion to money-making" has made the United States a "nation of discontented people ruled by a few plutocrats." He believes that the man who cannot read books, appreciate works of art, or indulge in sport is a failure even if he be a millionaire. Industrial prosperity will not alone make a nation; there must be intellectual prosperity also.

EARL GREY is to remain another year as governor-general, and the announcement has given considerable pleasure. His Excellency has done admirably as the appointed ruler of a democratic people. If he has insisted rather strongly on imperial duty and imperial obligations, his attitude is condoned because of his evident sincerity and his impersonal enthusiasm. He hath not vaunted himself. Moreover, his keen intellectual interest in Canadian affairs, his sympathy with Canadian ambitions and aspirations, have been so marked that he has seemed less like an outsider and more like a citizen. While attempting to swing our judgment to his, he has done it in a mild, argumentative, persuasive way which aroused no antagonism. He has the qualities of true leadership, and he is reaping the rewards which are the due meed of him who shows consideration for the feelings of those who differ from him.

IF John Howard, prison reformer, could come back from the spirit world to the city of Guelph and see the new Ontario Reformatory Farm he would marvel. The idea of putting prisoners to work on the land, living in ordinary houses, wearing ordinary clothes, and under the guidance of guards without weapons, is startlingly novel. A prison walled by the ordinary country road and domed only with the blue sky of heaven seems to change the old order with a vehement suddenness. The basis of it all is that a man who has done wrong and is sentenced to serve a term under surveillance is not necessarily an unreformable criminal; therefore it is the state's duty to reform him while punishing him by a certain amount of confinement. Under the old system there was punishment without reform; under the new there is little punishment, much physical development in the open air, reasonable training and a general social reform.

The labour unions have long complained that it was unfair to have prisoners, not earning wages, make goods in competition with men who were trying to earn decent rewards for their labour. After September, no prisoner in charge of the Ontario authorities will be employed in making factory goods of any kind. They will produce only stone for road-making and agricultural produce. They will in

the main be farmers. There will be schools for such as need it, and technical education for those whom it would benefit, and all the secondary aids which a philanthropist and an educationist could devise for erring boys and men. There will, in short, be a daring system of commonsense for the purpose of turning bad citizens into good citizens, for the creation of a new opportunity for the individual who has gone temporarily astray.

Every other province in Canada should immediately send a representative to see the good work that is being done under the authority of the Hon. W. J. Hanna, and upon the advice of a provincial commission of which Mr. J. P. Downey, M.P.P., was chairman. To abolish enforced idleness, the competition of prison labour with free labour, the dark cell and the cropped cranium, should become the immediate aim of every provincial government. As to whether the system is applicable to Dominion penitentiaries, that is another question.

WHEN the Earl of Crewe, secretary of state for the colonies, goes so far as to admit that Canada's independence now extends to international negotiations and treaties, it indicates a new stage in colonial history. Slowly but steadily for a hundred years, Canada has been gaining more and more of self-government. Every advance was greeted with alarm in certain quarters. "You will smash the Empire" has been the cry of the pessimists for half a century, and yet the Empire withstands every assault upon its integrity and cohesiveness. The central government has handed over more and more of the local work to the local body—and the local body grows stronger and more grateful. It is a simple proposition, simply worked out.

The writer once tried to explain this to the Boston Canadian Club and the audience were convinced that he was a man who was trying to break up the King's Dominions. The lessons from history were clearly set forth, but the auditors didn't care about history. With the true American spirit they said, "History be hanged." He was followed by another Canadian speaker who, in more eloquent if less logical periods, predicted that the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's policy would soon glue the various parts of the Empire into one indistinguishable and indivisible mass. And the cheers that followed rocked the electroliers of one of Boston's finest dining-halls. That was ten years ago. Perhaps they know better now—perhaps they have forgotten.

Also there are many Canadians who are like these Bostonese; they fear every move forward in colonial development. They would prefer to see the colonies remain undeveloped rather than see them advance and expand into mighty nations. They would sooner see the people of the colonies remain ignorant and unambitious than to attain autonomy and equality. They shudder every time a Canadian Prime Minister expresses an opinion on a matter of importance outside the boundary lines. They wept when the British garrisons left our shores; they trembled when Canadian ministers carried on negotiations with Washington, Paris or Berlin; they paced the floor when General Hutton and Lord Dundonald were "affronted"; they wring their hands because Canada is to have a navy of its own. Yet, for their comfort let it be widely proclaimed, that Lord Crewe, speaking for the British people, is absolutely satisfied that Canada is sound to the core.

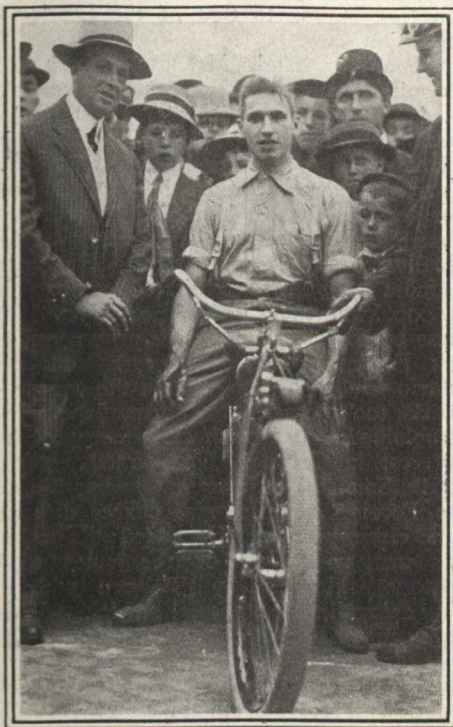
CANADIANS who refused to be stampeded by the German war scare which roused a certain section of the British public attention last year are finding much comfort in the recent despatches from the German capital. If the English and American correspondents resident there are to be trusted, Germany has lost confidence in her navy and its fighting capacity. The Germans are in a greater funk in this respect than the British were last year. An impression has got abroad in the Fatherland that Germany's early Dreadnoughts are decided failures. As proof they point to the fact that the German admiralty is arranging to sell two of these to Turkey. They also add that the cruiser *Blucher* is a rank failure.

Of course, it is very unpatriotic of the Germans to speak so slightly of the great navy which was expected to crush the British Empire in one swift battle. When these men go so far as to point out that Germany has only eight submarines as against Britain's sixty-three and that the German fleet is decidedly inferior in torpedo craft and other small boats, they should certainly be indicted for lese majeste. Nevertheless, this is the attitude of a certain portion of the well-informed German public. They publicly proclaim that the much vaunted German fleet would have little chance against the British fleet if there were an early meeting of the two.

Canadians who have refused to follow the naval agitators of Great Britain would be equally wise to refuse to believe these pessimistic reports from Berlin. It is not likely that the German fleet is in as helpless a condition as the correspondents would have us believe. German designers, armament manufacturers and shipbuilders have proven by a half century's success that they have a fairly good grasp of their business. The German fleet may not be as strong as the British extremists have declared, but it is certainly a fair fighting force. That it is half as strong as the British fleet no well-informed person, unbiased by political necessities, has ever believed. The German war scare was invented largely for political reasons. The



Ten thousand loyal and sport-loving Canadians sat in the grilling heat at Waterloo, Ont., to watch the athletic events on Dominion Day.



H. Kipp, Motor-Cycle Winner congratulated by citizens.



Gasoline Bicyclists: Wm. Andrews leading 1st heat



The Walk-Winners: Geo. Goulding (right) and E. P. McDonald

Dominion Day at Waterloo

THE Town of Waterloo, Ont., came as near a real celebration of Dominion Day as any place in Canada, when 10,000 people gathered from several counties in the little German-Canadian town to witness the races of the great bicycle meet with its host of athletic attractions. While the bird-men were flying in Montreal the wheel-men and the running-men and the walking-men were racing in Waterloo.

There was a deal of excitement. Much of the sensation was afforded by the motor-cycle speed-fiends who went a much giddier gait than anybody else at the meet. The bicycle champions came next. The running-men came a close third in speed. The walking-men brought up the rear—with

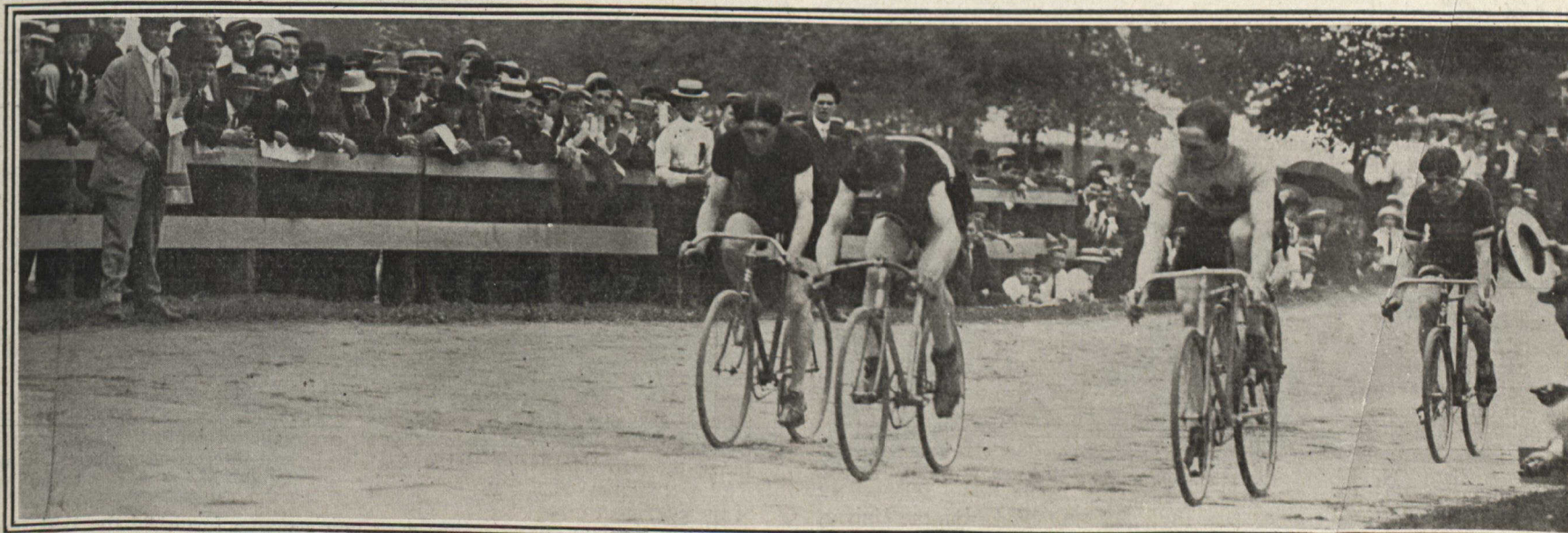


G. M. Brock winning half-mile open by a nose.

some fine performances, which the Globe cartoonist predicts will be a cage curiosity in the year two thousand.

It is encouraging to note that the majority of Canadians continue to be enthusiastic about locomotion on land; even though pert paragraphers may claim that in future Dominion Day celebrations may be all carried on in the air. The Waterloo event also emphasises the revival of interest in cycling which for a time lost much of its popularity to the automobile—already being eclipsed in point of spectacular interest by the airship.

If such events could be prefaced by a meeting in the Town Hall, presided over by the Mayor, at which short speeches were made explaining the significance of Dominion Day and inculcating the necessity for high civic virtues, the celebration would be more significant. There is an opportunity here which Canadian patriotism has overlooked.



In a close finish W. E. Andrews won the one-mile bicycle championship for Ontario; time 2.21 3-5; second J. J. Golden; third T. Bulger.

A MASTER MIND

HON. A. B. AYLESWORTH at the Hague is the representative of the Canadian Government in the fisheries dispute. At the same time he is and for some years has been one of the most talked-of men in Canada. The average Canadian if asked, "What do you know about Aylesworth?" might answer in a variety of ways according to the particular thing with which he has identified that eminent counsel in his reading of Canadian politics. There are merry mouths among the Conservatives who might allege the Newmarket Canal, colloquially known as the "Aylesworth ditch." But that is a matter of politics, and an exceedingly dry subject for hot weather. There are politicians and preachers who remember the Minister of Justice most vividly by the fact that he did more to settle the fate of the Miller Anti-Gambling Bill in one hour than had been done by the Gambling Committee in some months. Here again he was the master mind. That speech on the Miller bill goes on record as one of the most psychological in the history of Hansard. And that again is somewhat a matter of politics.

On the merely moral side — if morality can be treated merely — Mr. Aylesworth has come in for a deal of public comment for his leniency regarding the two vendors of alleged immoral books, regarding which the editor of the *Toronto Globe* said in a speech not long ago that if he found any man handing such books to any daughter of his he would shoot him on sight—which some allege was a mere figure of speech; but it brought Mr. Aylesworth considerable publicity, concerning which he had his own quiet opinions.

A little while before that the Minister of Justice gave a rude jolt to the complacency and the smug optimism of those interested in politics by declaring openly and roundly that he made no claim to being a statesman; that he was first, last and always a politician. This was a grave shock to idealism in public life. How are we to keep up the ultimate respectability of politics, asked the hopefuls, if the man who represents law in the Dominion Cabinet classes himself as a mere politician?

This was a new tack. Some said Mr. Aylesworth was failing of astuteness. Here was a man who had honesty enough to admit that after all while statesmanship may be the bulwark of a nation, the game of government is one of sheer politics; and he among others was out to play the game—as respectably as possible. Which again is rather a matter of casuistry than of morals; for if you play the game squarely there is no real difference between politics and statesmanship.

Members of the House of Commons recall Mr. Aylesworth vividly by the public grueling he gave Mr. Foster at the close of the insurance investigation a few years ago. For calculated intent to do grievous mental injury this speech was said to be a masterpiece. It was delivered in true Aylesworthian style; dispassionate, orderly, without a scrap of notes; a relentless anatomical operation that stamped the Minister of Justice as the bloodless surgeon of the House of Commons.

All these are mere intimations of the peculiar Aylesworth mind which in most respects has no parallel in Canada. Those who have had dealings with Mr. Aylesworth in legal matters found him a most unusual man. First above all was his tremendous faculty for listening. No matter how garrulous the other man or what a complexity of detail he had to befof the mind of the eminent counsel, Mr. Aylesworth sat as calm as a Sphinx, inscrutably contemplating his informant, himself a perfect study of expression by concealment. It made no difference how technical the case. It might be of turbine engines or of linotypes, the quality of printers' paper or the operations of a political machine; it was all a matter of cold, orderly perception to Mr. Aylesworth, who seldom or never troubled himself to take a note but trusted to his own mental machinery to record the devious details of the case in the way his own peculiar type of mind intended to deal with it.

A few years ago Mr. Aylesworth first came vividly into public notice when he was appointed with Sir Louis Jette to act as representative for Canada on the Alaskan Tribunal. It was freely predicted then that a mind so marvellously astute could never be hoodwinked by any casuistry of the United States. After months of acute deliberation the verdict was given out—adverse to Canada. Mr. Aylesworth came back. Most of his prophets had turned to critics. He faced a very angry Canada. He did it in true Aylesworth style; that impenetrable calm. The Canadian Club invited him to speak. He was supposed to utter his *Apologia*. He did nothing of the sort. He saw fire in the Canadians' eyes. But being Aylesworth and not easily stampeded he unfolded the case in such a way that he convinced the Canadian Club and those who read his speech the next day that with Lord Alverstone acting as mere judge or arbitrator and with three United States representatives against two from Canada no other verdict could have been expected.

But until the temper of Canada cooled down Mr. Aylesworth went about as a marked man. He may have been uncomfortable. He never said so. Perhaps he is unemotional. Certainly he is much less so than the average ardent Canadian. He has a mentality much more like that of an English judge. But he is a product of the Canadian soil and Canadian educational training. He was born at Newburgh in 1854, and graduated from the University of Toronto, Prince's Prizeman, in 1874. Four years later he was called to the bar. For some years he was a member of the firm of Moss, Aylesworth & Armour, of which Mr. Moss, now Chief Justice, was the head. Later the

firm became Barwick, Aylesworth & Franks, which gradually evolved into Aylesworth, Wright, Moss & Thompson.

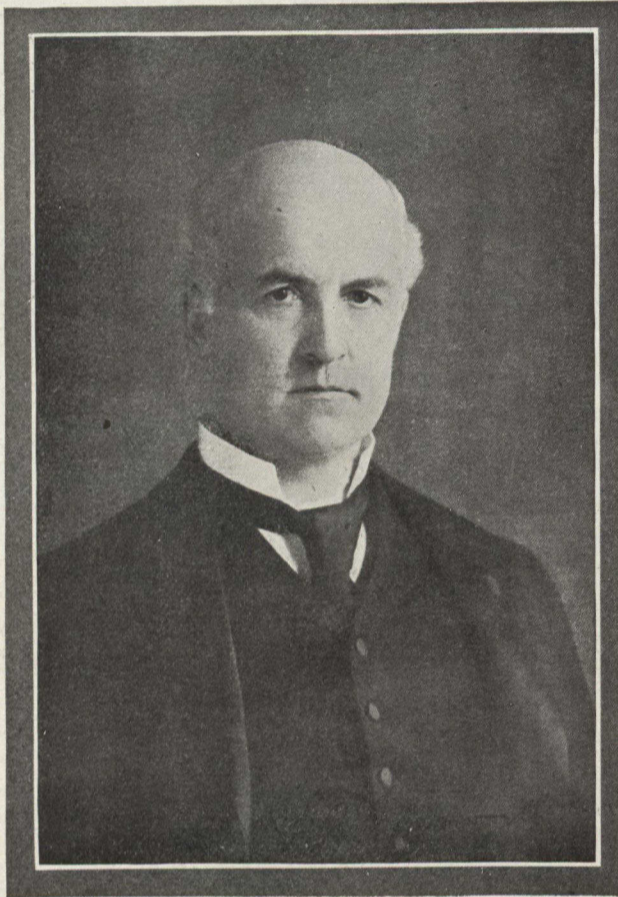
Mr. Aylesworth's earliest successes came from his ability as a common law counsel. Before either judge or jury, he was an effective pleader. Calm, judicial, mellow-voiced, his arguments carried great weight. When he left his practice to become a member of Parliament and Minister of Justice, which event happened in June, 1906, he sacrificed an income which must have been somewhere between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year. Such, however, is the price which many of our public men have paid for an opportunity to serve a people who are too often ungrateful.

Mr. Aylesworth as a politician may or may not have been a success. It depends on the point of view. Some of his Liberal friends in the Province of Ontario are somewhat doubtful. Analysed, this seems to mean that he takes too little interest in the petty details of constituency organisation and the distribution of local patronage. The party worker in the constituencies wants a political leader who comes around occasionally to shake hands and tell a few stories. Mr. Aylesworth is not of this type. Mr. Graham or Mr. Pugsley might do it, but Mr. Aylesworth could not. Not that he lacks affability, but as Minister of Justice he has been concerned with matters of judicial importance. The judge on the bench is not expected to crack jokes as if he were a police magistrate; nor should the Ruler of all the Bench be expected to be hail-fellow-well-met with the party workers in the wards and on the back concessions. Of course, if Mr. Aylesworth were less serious-minded he might have a reputation less similar to that of the Leader of the Opposition.

On the other hand, Mr. Aylesworth is a minister with a reputation. In the House he is well liked. The French Liberals, accustomed to stateliness and ceremony, find him approachable and friendly. Among the members generally he is respected and feared. His straightness does not get mixed with bluntness or gruffness, and when his opinion is tried by the test of fire, it is usually found to be pure metal. His growing deafness may have militated against his present popularity, but it has not affected the astuteness of his decisions or his arguments.

Last February, Mr. Aylesworth addressed the Ontario Club, Toronto, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to condemn the critics who complained that British statesmen took too little interest in Canada. He pointed out that the British Empire is a large one to handle, and that the Foreign and Colonial Offices did well under the circumstances. He added: "Thinking for a moment something of the issues to be taken into consideration by the men who are managing things in the Imperial service at Westminster, perhaps it would be a good thing for us in Canada to lose a little of our intense Canadianism and bear with the Englishman who doesn't know all about our geography." This quotation gives some idea of his attitude towards British diplomacy. He admitted the injustice of some features of British-American bargains but pleaded that Imperial interests were occasionally superior to Canadian interests, and that the British plenipotentiaries regretted when they were called upon to sacrifice the latter.

However, Mr. Aylesworth has Canadianism of his own. In the same address, speaking of the Navy Bill, he said: "I truly think it marks an epoch in the advancement of Canada, step by step, towards the rank and status of a nation. If Canada is to take her place in the family of nations, she must assume the responsibility that manhood brings." Putting this remark by the side of the one quoted above gives the man breadth of view. He is national and imperial—not the blatant nationalist nor the blatant imperialist. He has the attitude of mind which makes men Chief Justices or Lord Chancellors. He is of the type which we roughly label "English" as opposed to "American." Canada has more politicians than statesmen, and she can therefore ill afford to lose Mr. Aylesworth from public life. His legal attainments and diplomatic experience are a national asset.



Hon. A. B. Aylesworth
Minister of Justice, now at the Hague.

THE WINGED MEN AT MONTREAL

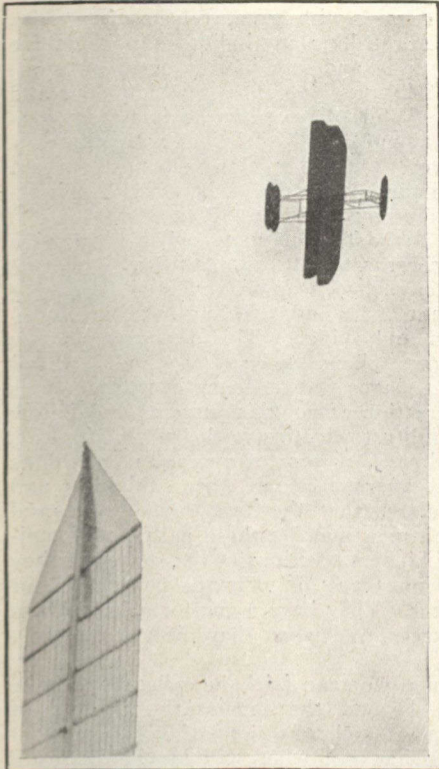
WHATEVER may be said as to who was the real champion at Reno on Monday—no one has any doubt that Aviator Walter Brookins was the hero of Montreal last week. The Dayton boy in a Wright biplane went higher and stayed up longer than any of the other winged men at the aerodrome tournament; higher and farther than Count de Lesseps, whom he took with him once. He went up 3,130 feet, which is 490 feet higher than half a mile; and he stayed up 45 minutes, 21 4-5 seconds. There is some suspicion, however, that Brookins had an American eagle hitched to his biplane somewhere. International complications may ensue. Meanwhile Canada is very glad to have been able to furnish the air and the altitude necessary for so great a performance.

Our own boys, Baldwin and McCurdy, seem to have been having a run of hard luck. Timberlake, another Canadian, broke the record by smashing the blackboard—clever man that! Ralph Johnstone's engine farked at 200 feet and he came down, the tail of his biplane doing a beaver act on the ground—smashing itself.

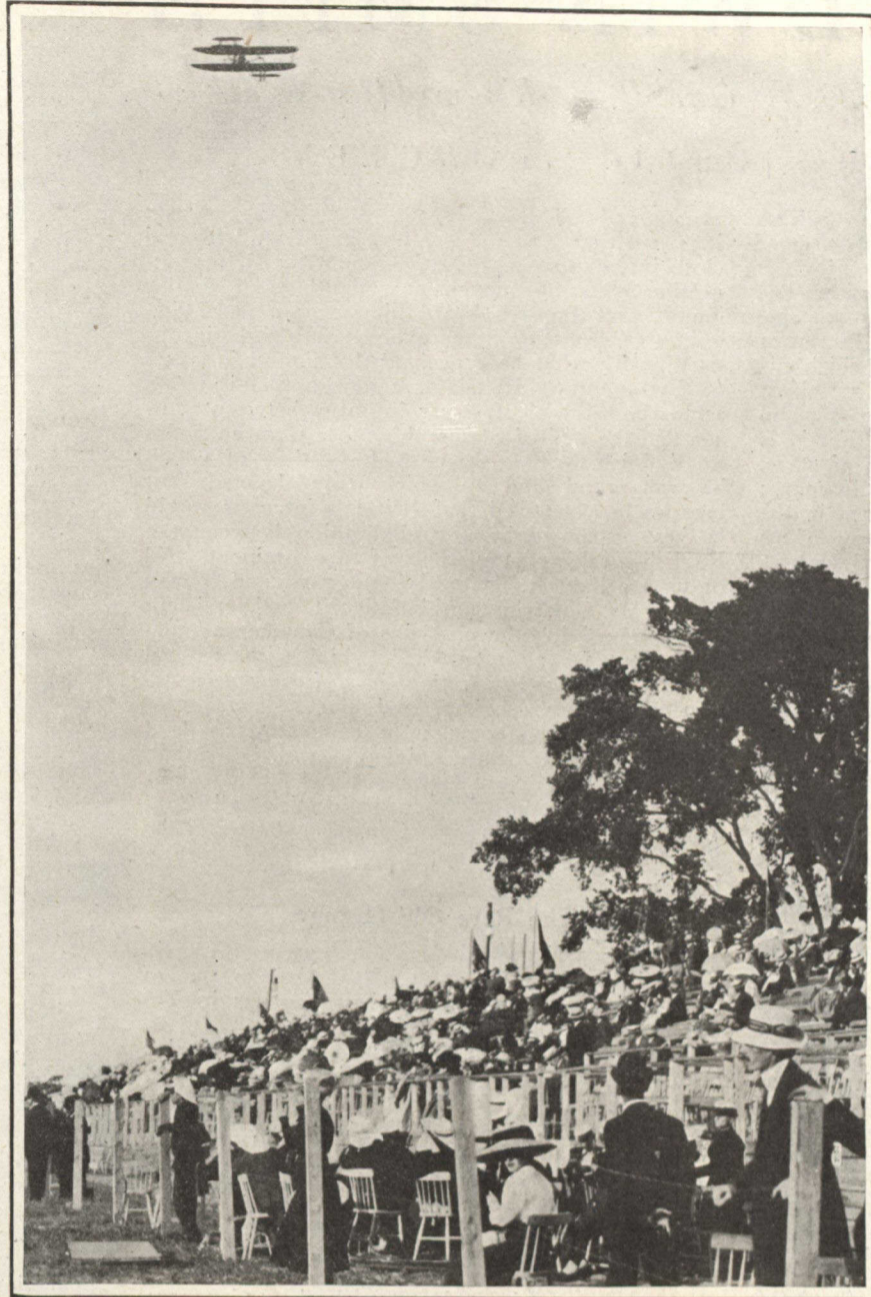
Count de Lesseps, rather restless over the prolonged absence of his across-the-channel Bleriot, did several lively and interesting scurries through the lower regions of the air, but ran into no clouds—owing to the grouchiness of an engine.

Then the boy Dixon in his aeronautic sausage furnished the real sensation of the tourney when he leaned out of his dirigible to grab the controlling rope and fell out—just a few feet. Up shot the balloon without Dixon 3,000

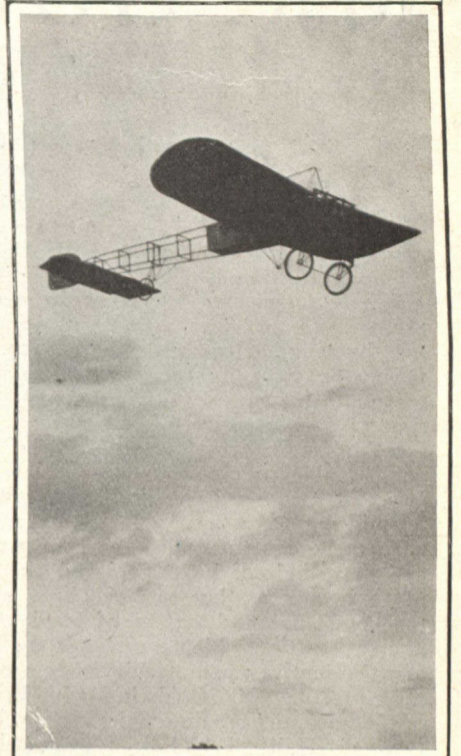
WITH THE FLYING MEN AT MONTREAL LAST WEEK



As the Wright Machine appeared when turning short curves. It is tilted over into an almost vertical position.



Brookins, in his Wright Biplane, rises to a height of about 4000 feet, making a Canadian record. Mr. Frank Coffyn was a passenger on the marvellous fifteen-minute ascent and descent.



Count de Lesseps in his Bleriot Monoplane sailed over the City of Montreal, covering 35 miles in 49 minutes.



Sir Frederick Borden, in his jaunty Panama was an interested spectator.



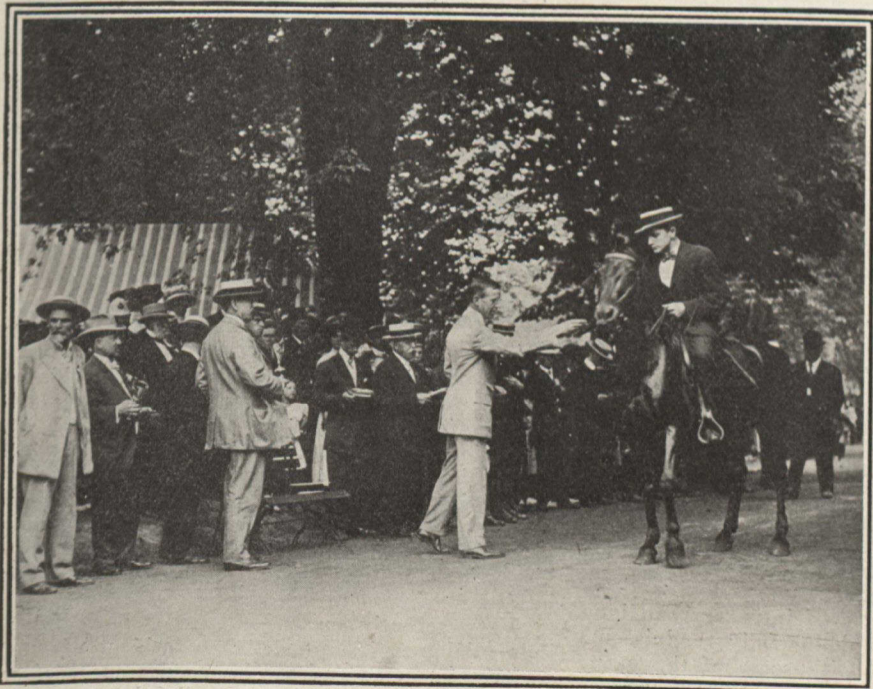
Mr. W. J. Bryan returning from Edinburgh spent an hour with the aviators.

feet; many people thinking the lad was aboard her when she burst and dropped like a brick. But Casabianca was on terra firma—very gladly.

This aviation meet is particularly remarkable for one thing—that though several machines were badly smashed no one was seriously injured: which could never be said of any automobile racetrack tournament, where a wrecked machine always means some chauffeur hurt or killed.

Already in England aviation has become a social fad. Women are credited with making the ethereal pastime as popular as they have already done with horse-racing, automobile competitions and bull-fights. The effect of aviation is discernible in costume and even in jewellery. Soon we shall have a new aristocracy based entirely upon the number of pink teas that can be given in an aeroplane.

AT TORONTO'S ANNUAL OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW



On Dominion Day Toronto holds its Annual Open Air Horse Show, designed to improve the quality of horses used for commercial and pleasure purposes. About 800 horses are shown each year, the prizes being cups, medals and ribbons. Our photographs show the prizes being presented after the parade through the streets.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH

Close Character Study by One Who Knew Him Well

A TRIBUTE BY JUSTICE LONGLEY

I COUNT it one of the most agreeable incidents of my life that I was permitted not only to have a personal acquaintance with, but to enjoy the intimate friendship of Mr. Goldwin Smith. Regarding him as one of the great men of the age, personal contact was always inspiring. In return for the many advantages and pleasures which his friendship gave, I feel impelled to pay a modest tribute to his memory. When most of us come to sum up the measure of our success in life, it is not the acquisition of wealth, the holding of office, nor the plaudits of our fellows which finally count; it seems to me we can find most assurance in the friends we have been able to make. Most of us have to be content with only a measure of success, and few, indeed, have achieved the full measure of their dreams, but to have been able to secure the confidence and regard of good and great men is a satisfaction which transcends the lesser, though more ardently sought, achievements of life.

I first met Mr. Goldwin Smith in 1875. I was in Toronto at that time finishing my law studies in Osgoode Hall. I had been extremely anxious to meet the Sage, whose daily effusions were commanding the attention of the world, but an unknown law student has few opportunities of approaching famous men, and I feared I should leave without this pleasure. It was brought about naturally and easily. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the late Mr. W. H. Howland, and, on my expressing a desire to meet Mr. Goldwin Smith, he very kindly offered to bring us together, which he did at his own office, and I had a long and delightful interview. At that period the Canada First Party was struggling for existence and recognition, weak in everything except intellect and ideals. Mr. W. A. Foster was one of the leading men of the propaganda, Mr. Howland was another, and Mr. Goldwin Smith was giving the movement his moral support. My sympathies were actively with the idea and we had common ground. "The Nation" was then established, to which I sometimes contributed, and kept up occasional correspondence with Mr. Goldwin Smith.

He Made Disciples.

This became more frequent in 1886 when the subject of Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity was beginning to take shape and form as a political propaganda. Mr. Goldwin Smith at the beginning was really the leader and chief upholder of the idea, and he sought assistance from those who were inclined to support the movement. Frankly, I was in full sympathy with the idea and made no effort to conceal my views. It is not necessary to say now whether the proposition was right or wrong, nor make profession of a change of heart brought about by fuller light and experience. I was eager to be his disciple and he was equally anxious to enlist my co-operation. In the summer of 1890, I received two invitations which related to this very topic. One was to attend a meeting at Niagara-on-Lake, which was being held under the auspices, if I remember correctly of the Canadian Chatauqua, at which Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Wiman and myself were to be the speakers, and the subject was Reciprocity between Canada and the United States. My way thither was *via* Toronto and I received a cordial invitation from Mr. Goldwin Smith to spend a few days at the Grange in advance of the meeting, to which we would go together on the day. The other was an invitation from Mr. Wiman to go with him after the meeting at Niagara to Washington to discuss matters with Mr. Blaine, Senator Sherman, Messrs. Hitt, Butterworth, Carlisle and other prominent men. I arranged to meet Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright at Montreal and ascertain the latest views of the party leaders, thence went to Toronto, where I spent three delightful days at the Grange.

The only feature which concerns this article is the visit at the Grange, which was succeeded by many others, the last being in May, 1909. The matter of the negotiations at Washington in respect of the Reciprocity movement, which culminated in its defeat at the polls in March, 1891, may form the subject of a special article when the time seems opportune. It only concerns this tribute to Mr. Goldwin Smith incidentally. His action in connection with the movement was called treasonable by many excellent people at the time, and I dare say

similar reflections were made on my own conduct; it is just that I should say that in all my long and close intercourse with Mr. Goldwin Smith in connection with this movement and others of similar import that I never heard him utter a word disloyal to Great Britain or express a thought inconsistent with what he conceived the highest interests of that country. If he was erroneous in his views as to the wisdom of closer intimacy between Canada and the United States, this arose from no desire to diminish British power and prestige, of which he was proud and to which truly devoted, but because he conceived that Britain's interests would be best promoted by a cordial union between the English-speaking populations of this continent. All of us are liable to errors of judgment and it may be that Mr. Goldwin Smith's favourite and persistent theory of solving the problems of Canada was mistaken, but let no man charge him with disloyal conduct or any other feeling than of supreme devotion to England's honour and glory. Charges of disloyalty are too common in this country. If I might venture a modest opinion, I would say that, while widely divergent views are held by Canadians as to the solution of Canada's destiny, all Canadians are at heart true to Canada and true to the Empire. The Canadians who are disloyal are few indeed.

The Rare Old Grange.

By his marriage with Mrs. Boulton, Mr. Goldwin Smith became the occupant of the Grange, one of the most beautiful and historic residences in Toronto. A spacious park, with magnificent old trees, is a fit setting for a picturesque old house, vine clad, well kept and attractive. Within, without pretention to grandeur it was furnished with elegance and taste. Ample in space, it always bore an air of refinement and culture. Fine old pictures adorned all the walls. The dining-room contained a beautiful polished mahogany dining-table; the library was spacious, containing a large and varied collection of books, and in the centre a billiard table, which was so seldom used that it became for the most part a repository for stray books and papers. At the further end was the fireplace, the Professor's writing desk and several easy chairs, and here, until a few months of his death, was the favourite resort of the Sage. Here his secretary, Mr. Haultain, met him each morning and most of his writing was done. Toward the latter part of his life he was troubled considerably with insomnia, and while he retired early, and often did not appear until nine o'clock the next morning, it was very common with him, when wakeful, to put on his dressing gown in the night and read and even write literary articles.

The household was in every way well ordered. The old English butler, "Chin" he was always called, his full name I never quite discovered, was the embodiment of order, regularity and attention. He took perfect care of the Professor and no less care of his guests. During the past few years, there was an assistant butler, a coachman and gardener, as well as a staff of well-trained domestics. The occupants of the Grange had ample means and without ostentation they enjoyed all the comforts that wealth is so effective in securing.

One can never undertake to judge of the actual state of mind between husband and wife—the presumptions are always, of course, in favour of devotion; all that can be said is that the daily and hourly intercourse between Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith was marked by the most delicate attention and all the tokens of warm affection. Mr. Goldwin Smith himself could scarcely be classed as a sentimentalist, and, while uniformly courteous and kind, he was always disposed to be reserved and free from emotion but nothing could be sweeter than his hourly deportment to his wife, never forgetting or omitting those little acts of attention and devotion which ought to be the rule in all married lives.

As a conversationalist, he had several sides all interesting. All history was at his fingers' ends, and he could bring this to bear upon most modern topics; he had a large circle of intimate acquaintances in England and was delightfully reminiscent of scenes and experiences with some of the most interesting characters of the day. Cobden, Bright, Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli (whom he disliked), Gladstone, Rosebery, Justin McCarthy and many

others of world fame had been among his associates, and his anecdotes of these men were always piquant and related with great relish, often with great glee when recalling any ludicrous incident. He was informed fully and intelligently on all present-day events and brought to their discussion clear and strong views. While disposed to be free from prejudices and eminently judicial it was not quite easy for him to avoid decided opinions on most current questions, and these he would express with epigrammatic and deadly directness.

If I were to venture to name what I conceive to be his highest attribute as a thinker—the one which I most envied—it was his power of disregarding environment and popular feeling in all his judgments of men and things. This I regard as one of the strongest tokens of a great mind. At all times and in all ages the tendency of most men is to note the direction of popular currents and follow them. The ability to do this is the reason for the, often extraordinary, success of average men. They say just what average people are thinking and everybody declares that they are sound, sane and sensible. Such men may by these paltry conformities attain the highest positions in the state, but they leave behind no trace of original conception or sturdy character. They have a comfortable, because a negative, career, and when they die are promptly forgotten.

The only man who can fairly be called great is he who can see beyond the temporary currents of popular sentiment and take note of not only what is now transpiring, but what will inevitably result from existing conditions. The man who foretells this is usually rewarded by almost universal contempt, because the multitude, seeing only what is now visible, are unable to apprehend the possibilities of to-morrow. This man is all astray, mad, say they, because he sees something beyond their vision. His real reward is the appreciation of posterity, whose laurel wreath is not for the smug conformists, who are popular and successful, but is reserved for the immortal few whose judgments project into the future. Some men there are who can see beyond the twilight judgments prevailing around them, but they lack the courage to challenge the adverse criticism of their contemporaries, and thus come short of the conditions of true greatness. Few people believed Mr. Carlyle's rugged philosophy until he was far advanced in years and his message had compelled attention, and, even now, most people would prefer the comfortable platitudes of forgotten writers, whose commonplaces disturbed no shallow conceptions upon which they have lived and fed complacently all their lives.

His Complaisant Critics.

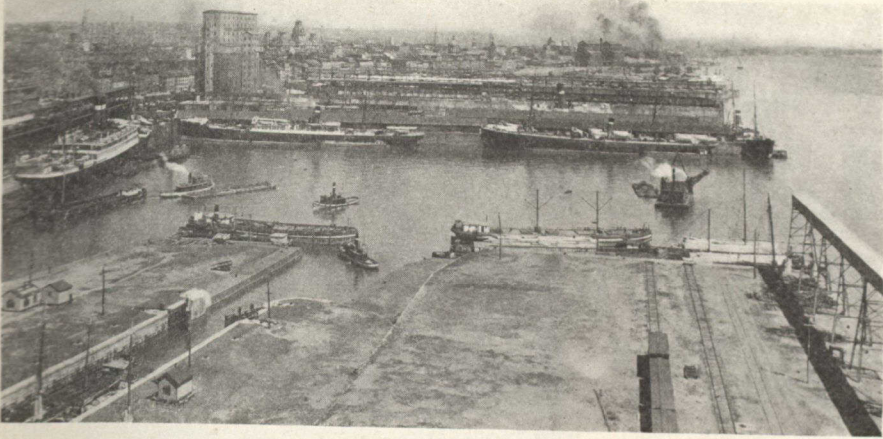
To me it was almost amusing to note the easy way in which the average newspaper editor brushed aside Mr. Goldwin Smith's views on public questions. The penny-a-liner who controlled the columns of a rural sheet, had no difficulty in disposing of the "wild extravagant utterances" of a mere theorist; and with equal facility did most of the politicians at Ottawa and elsewhere shake their wise heads at the untoward short-sightedness of Goldwin Smith. It was unfortunate, they declared, that a man of so much learning and ability should be unable to see the trend of events, and thus place himself at variance with the regnant (and, therefore, right) sentiment of the day.

No one will attempt to set up infallibility in respect of Goldwin Smith or any other mortal, however great, but it is a little too early to finally determine as to the soundness and wisdom of Mr. Goldwin Smith's views on current topics. He was unquestionably out of touch, during most of his life, with current political thought in Canada. His solution of the problems of this continent and Imperialism was not generally held by his contemporaries. He may have been wrong. It may be that the future will see no cordial alliance between the English-speaking communities of North America, and that Great Britain's interest may never be subserved by the friendship of both great communities on this continent; but nothing had been decided yet, and who can undertake to say what changes a few decades may bring forth? At all events we have this interesting phenomenon, that all through his life his letters were read and quoted throughout all the English-speaking world, and at his death he received the universal homage of the intellectual world. Does the prospect of any such tribute await any of his amiable critics who worried over his wrong-headed and impracticable views?

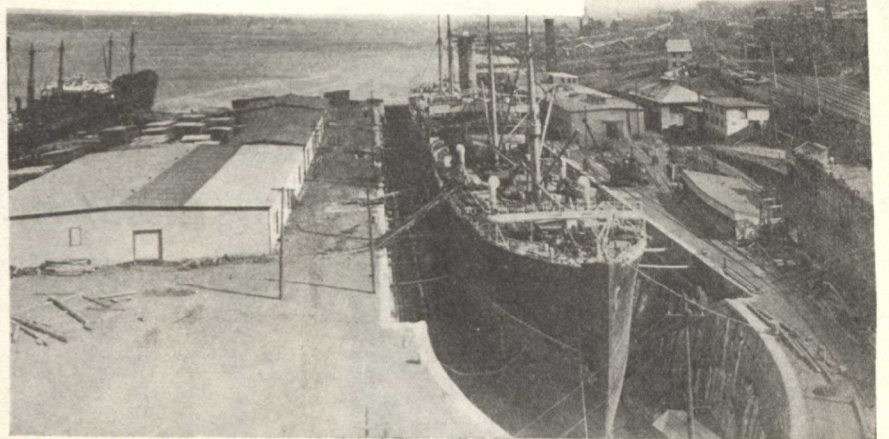
Very recently one of the most powerful and influential men in Canada, the president of one of our greatest corporations, in my presence referred to Goldwin Smith in the most slighting terms, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

SOME CANADIAN CITY CENTRES



The Harbour of Montreal ; nearly 3,000,000 tonnage of Shipping in a Year.



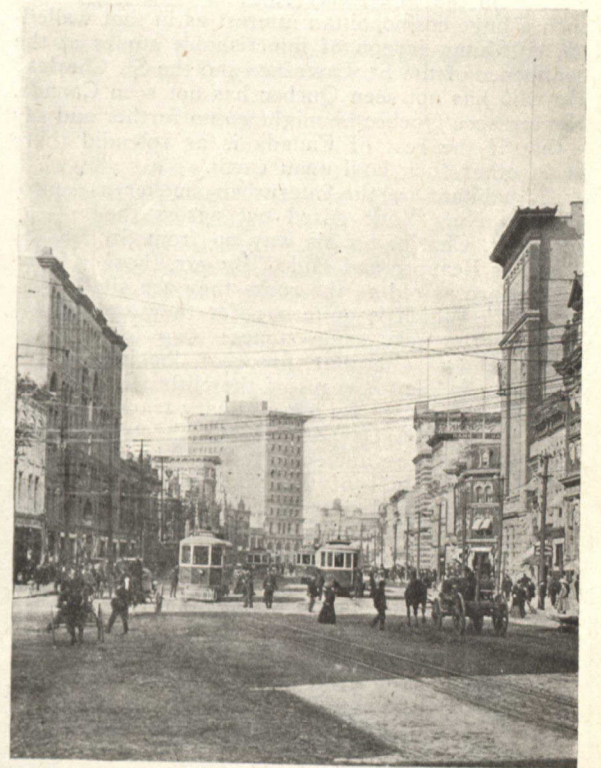
One of the Atlantic Ports receiving annually Immigrants by Hundreds of Thousands.



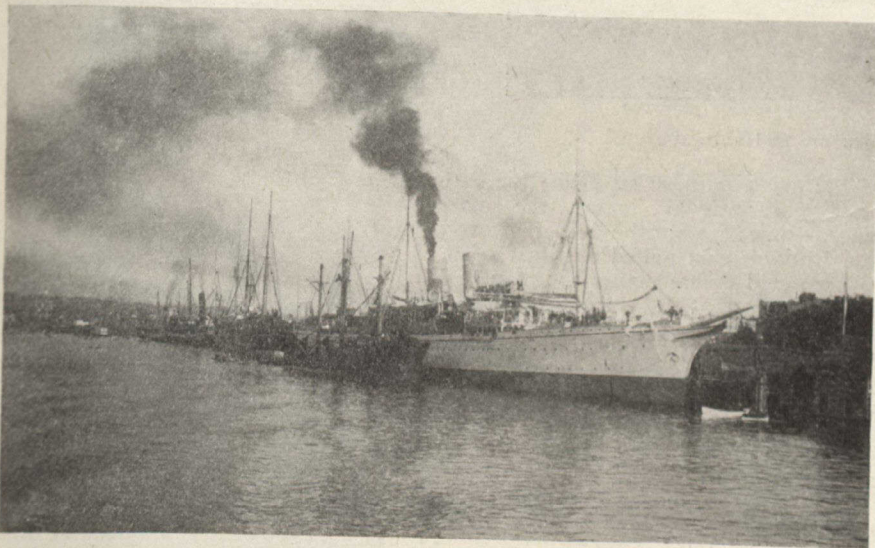
Hastings Street, Main Artery of Vancouver.



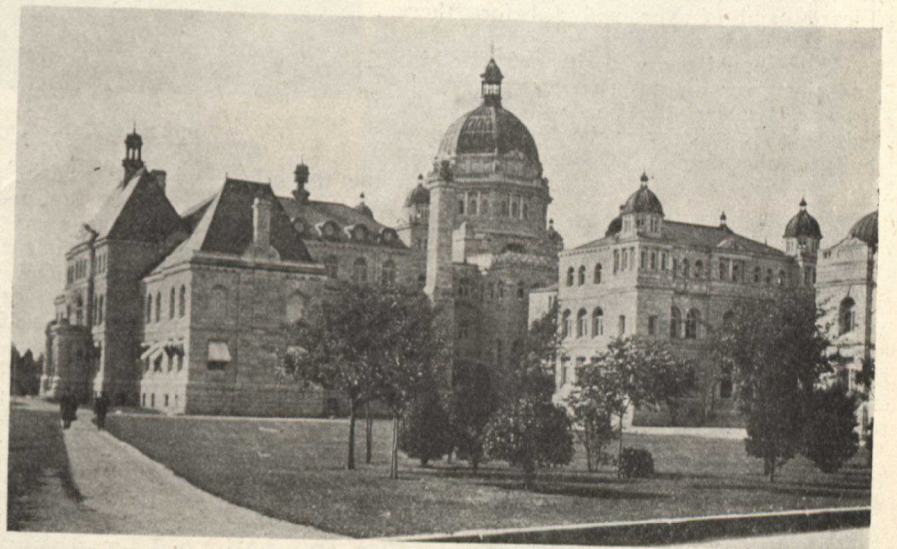
St. James Street, Financial Centre of Montreal.



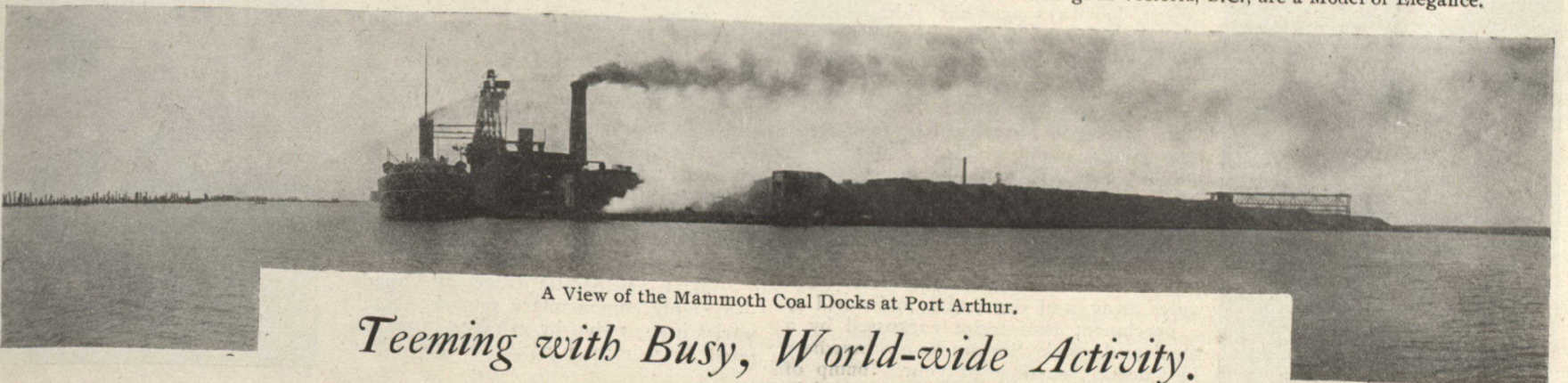
Main Street, the Heart of Winnipeg.



Vancouver Wharves are Alive with Cosmopolitan Traffic.

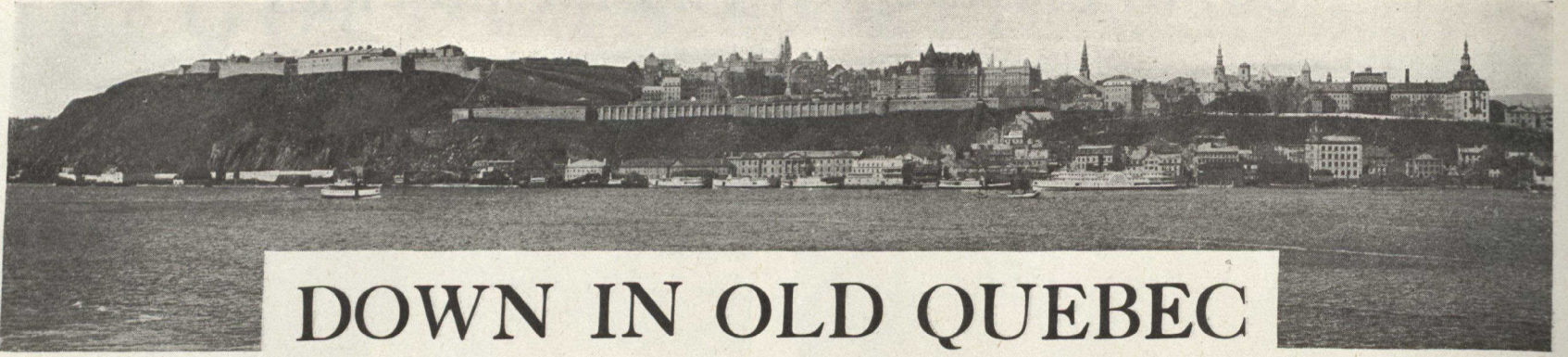


Parliament Buildings in Victoria, B.C., are a Model of Elegance.



A View of the Mammoth Coal Docks at Port Arthur.

Teeming with Busy, World-wide Activity.



DOWN IN OLD QUEBEC

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

QUEBEC has seven French to every one English; about nine thousand of one, and sixty-five thousand of the other—and where in the world may you find a little city with such a huge cosmopolitan interest as in that walled-up, cliff-hung jargon of imperishable stones at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles? He who has not seen Quebec has not seen Canada. Having seen Quebec he might go no further and say—that if the rest of Canada is as splendid there is no other such land upon earth.

A habitant on the interurban smoker as up-to-date as New York gazed out across the misty St. Charles on his way up from St. Anne de Beaupre and said: "By gar, those houses are as old as the rocks they are sit on, eh?" Which is quite so; for they are built of the very same stones; two feet thick, solid as Gibraltar, fireproof, looking down the indolent sweeps of the cliffs with a sublime contempt for the ordinary transitions of modern Canada. Along the two river sides of the ancient city there is the old city wall built of the same perennial stone and frowned over by a hundred historic guns, once the eyes of a military city.

It is a perfect stage; for just such dramas as used to be put on there centuries before the Tercentenary; in most respects the same Quebec now as it was then; will be much the same town in the year 2110 as it is to-day; French now as it was a hundred years ago. In some ways Quebec is more French now than Paris is. A Montreal Frenchman argued that the French of the Champlain Market is more French than that of the Paris boulevards. It is the language of Brittany and of Picardy and of Normandy; before there was any modern France.

Why should there be change? The hills and the river do not change; the stones are unalterable; the house where Montcalm died is still there; the English church built in the reign of George III. is still

there; the tin spires of nine parishes across the St. Lawrence perpetually remind you of the unchangeable way; the barefoot friar rides in the interurban car from St. Anne de Beaupre; the *caleche* goes careening over the highways—over the St. Foye road and past the Plains of Abraham—at a dollar an hour for tourists; in the markets of Lower Town still the herbs and the tobacco twist grown on the little farms that look like long green rugs flung over the hills. Here are the same eeries of battlemented dormer windows that blink out of the steep roofs over the valley just as they did at the time of the Conquest. Step off the little canyon of a street into one of the hand-carven doorways over the sidewalk and you are into the feeling of old France long before the Revolution. Walk up the *Sous le Cap* and you are in a cloister of grey walls of warehouses that were old when the ancient steelyard beam was an innovation; among children that mumble at your coat-tails with the same archaic *insouciance* that Oriental beggars have when they ask for "backsheesh." Listen to the evening bells of St. Sillery answering to the deep-throated mellow chimes of St. Romuald across the river and miles away, and you feel as old-world as a parchment manuscript engrossed by a mediaeval monk. Set out to go anywhere in Quebec boasting of your "bump of location" and see if you do not travel in more directions within an hour than a

man in an airship. Gaze up at the ancient citadel, in through the rifle slits, over the grass-grown crumbling moats—and you absently think you have a cloak with a plumed sombrero and a sword clattering at your huge bootlegs. Almost anywhere within the purlieus of that French-Canadian Rome you are tempted either to mumble a paternoster or to say "Who goes there?"

History; religion; war—these with sublime scenery are the warp and woof of old Quebec. The hankering optimist who tells you that Quebec is as modern as Prince Rupert or Edmonton is juggling

with casuistry. He would convince you that electricity modernises; points you to the sullen ruins of the Quebec Bridge; invites you up to the Chateau for a meal costing three dollars within sound of a small symphony orchestra; shows you town lots and lawns and new-fangled houses that a year ago were timothy meadows; the two-million dollar ocean liners that lie at dock below the town and contain a little of everything in civilisation; or he may show you the long-distance telephone directory, the factory on the Plains of Abraham where they make the best rifles in the world; the towers of the wireless station and the tailors' models at the citadel ball—informing you of all the hectic young citizens he knows who are playing stocks and races and wearing the most recent innovations in socks and ties. But even while he is speaking you see a group of young students go by wearing the same unconscionable togs of long blue tunic and green sash that the Laval students wore centuries ago. Then you are back with Champlain again.

Quebec may become a cosmopolitan city; a railway centre and the terminus of great ocean lines carrying half the commerce of a vast interior; she may be at the feet of the greatest water-powers and pulp-mill areas in the world; she may become a forest of factories sending out goods to half the known world; but old Quebec is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. She is the one place in Canada where sweet Oblivion waits for any man; the playhouse of a nation. No Paris boulevard is livelier—if more fashionable—than the Dufferin Terrace of a summer evening with the regimental band playing in the citadel. There under the Champlain monument—rather flamboyantly made by a Parisian sculptor—you may lean over the wall and watch the creeping lights of Lower Town; yonder the lights of parish villages across the St. Charles; behind them the exasperatingly indefinable curves



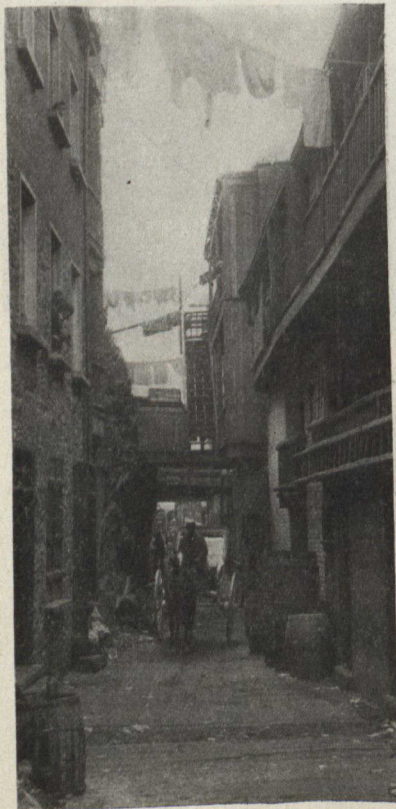
Montcalm Market, a rendezvous of Habitants.

of the great Laurentian Hills, the father of Quebec; down among the market places—quiet now; the last jag of hay and habitant cart pulled out, last wisp of tobacco sold—what makes the man beside you droon off into such a drizzle of poetry? He is dreaming. He talks about the tide; of Wolfe and Montcalm; shows you the place where Wolfe's boats lay when he recited Gray's *Elegy*; the ancient church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*—down among the dormers and the grey-stone walls; the—

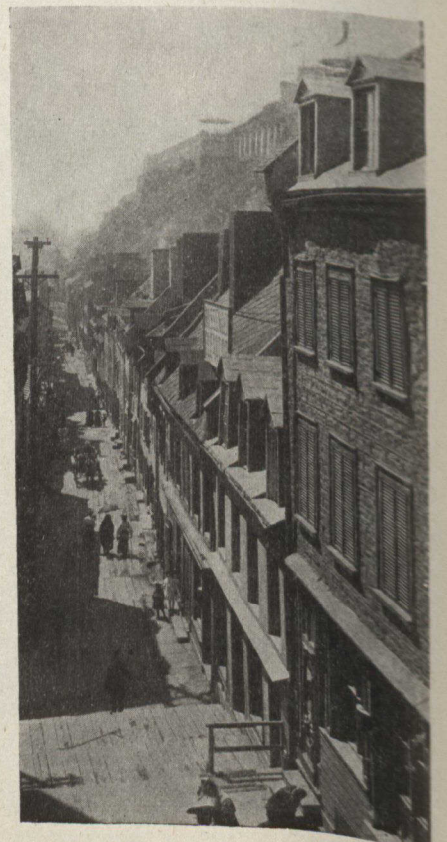
Burst of merriment from the terrace; band strikes up.

"Heavens!" he mumbles, craning his neck over a brace of old guns, "why doesn't somebody write a fantasia called the 'Lights of Levis'?" He wonders what the lights of Quebec would look like if viewed from Levis. Nudge him—or he will bore you with a postmortem rhapsody on the Tercentenary. Himself English-Canadian—Presbyterian, too—he magnifies the French. Having lived in Quebec and worked big for small pay on a newspaper there, besides playing three successive church organs in that city of religion, he knows the feeling of Quebec.

"Most aristocratic place in Canada"—a highly commonplace remark; but he varies it somewhat by gabbling in resuscitated French to a native at his elbow;



Sous Le Cap, the joy of Artists.



A Street in Lower Town.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 25.



Arbitrators Leaving the Court.
Mr. Lohmann, Holland; Judge Grey, U.S.; Sir Chas. Fitzpatrick.



Mr. Geo. F. Shepley, K.C.; with Mr. John Ewart, K.C., right behind him.



Hon. A. B. Aylesworth and Hon. Sydney Fisher, inspecting a Dutch Model Farm.

CANADIANS AT THE HAGUE

Several eminent Lawyers, including some of Cabinet Minister rank

ANOTHER Hague Tribunal is in session. As usual there are several Canadians present. The Canadian delegates are not primarily concerned with the abolition of armaments or the substitution of arbitration for gunpowder. As representatives of a country which depends upon the world's peace for its prosperous development, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Mr. Aylesworth

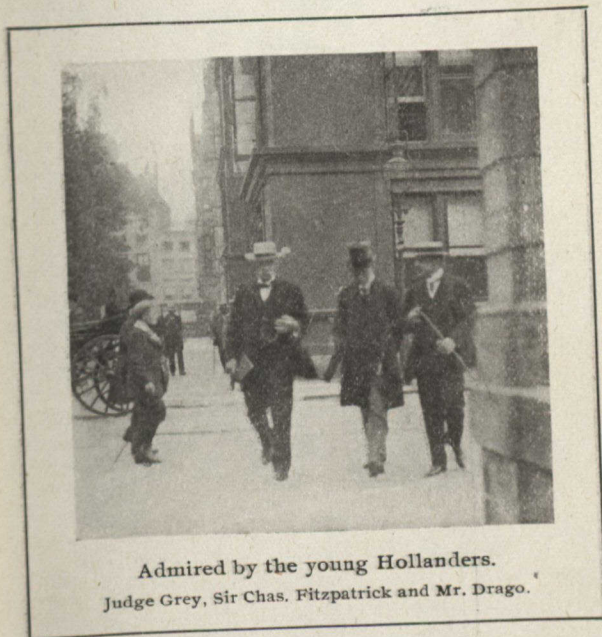
of Orange, who founded the Twelfth of July, was born there. Spinoza, the great philosopher, died there in 1677. Most that America knows about the Hague is that it is the capital of the country in which were born the people that founded New Amsterdam, now "little old New York," and of the ancestors of Theodore Roosevelt who was given an emperor's ovation in New York on June 18th; not less than in 1899 at the time of the Boer War when Dutchmen were fighting the British Empire including Canada, the Czar of Russia selected the Hague as the place of the first meeting of a world's tribunal for the settlement of international disputes without gunpowder.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is not a beginner on fisheries disputes. In 1897 he represented the Dominion Government in the fisheries case before the British Privy Council. He is one of the most famous Irishmen in the Province of Quebec, in whose capital he was born in 1853. Early in life he became one of the leaders of the bar in Quebec City, and he has as many famous cases to his credit as any man in Canada. He was chief counsel for Louis Riel at the time of the Rebellion; defense counsel for Hon. H. Mercier and Ernest Pacaud in the prosecutions that came after the fall of the Mercier Government. He defended McGreevy and

Connolly before the Privileges and Elections Committee at Ottawa. Years he was president of the Irish National League in Quebec. He sat for six years in the Quebec Legislature, at the end of which time he was called, in 1896, by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to become solicitor-general for Canada.

Mr. Geo. F. Shepley is best known by the fact that a few years ago he was chosen to conduct the famous inquiry into the insurance case before a committee of the House of Commons. He is a large energetic man who has a great deal of enthusiasm, much ability and a large practice.

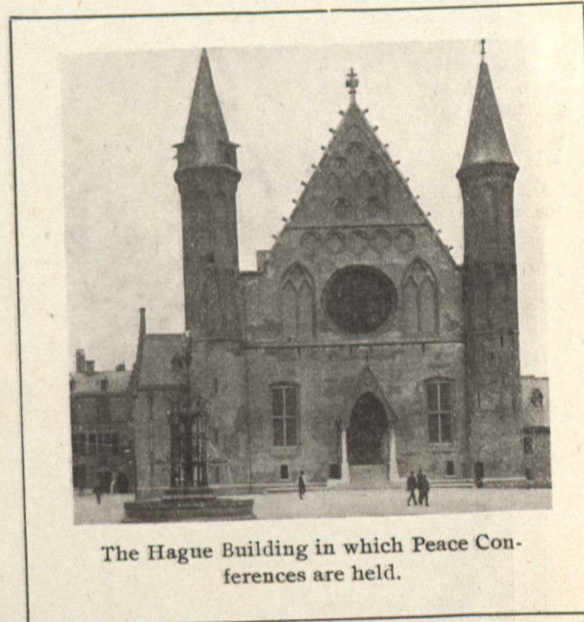
Mr. Shepley is an Ontario man; born in Blenheim



Admired by the young Hollanders.
Judge Grey, Sir Chas. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Drago.

and Mr. G. F. Shepley are perhaps as much interested in the peace phases of the Hague programme as the delegates from any other nations. But their immediate business at the Hague as the spokesmen for Canada is to readjust that apparently unadjustable and time-honoured dispute between Canada, the United States and Newfoundland regarding fishing privileges in the waters of the island colony. The pictures shown on this page were snapshotted by a Canadian who is at present in the Hague and will be for some time.

As an inviting place to spend a holiday the Hague is perhaps as good as any other place in the world. Centuries before the ancient capital of the Netherlands became the clearing-house for governments and civilisation it was one of the most historic places in the world. The very building in which the sessions of the tribunal are held was put up in 1250. It was for centuries the rendezvous for the cavaliers. Its main hall is now used for the opening of the Dutch parliament. The Hague is 13 miles from Rotterdam in South Holland and two miles from the German Ocean. Seat of government for the Netherlands, it is also the centre of justice. Away back in 1527 the Hague became the seat of the Supreme Court in Holland. It was afterwards the scene of many European settlements; a sort of general clearing-up spot for the whole of Europe. The Triple Alliance of 1668 and that of 1717 were held at the Hague. William



The Hague Building in which Peace Conferences are held.



A CERTAIN LOSER

Cod (eaves-dropping at the Hague). "I don't know why I should take any interest in the result of this conference. It's death to me anyhow."—Punch.

Township. At Victoria University he won the Prince of Wales gold medal in 1872; six years later called to the bar: at first a partner of the late Justice Ferguson; became a Q.C. in 1889 and president of the County of York Law Association in 1896.

An article on Hon. Mr. Aylesworth will be found on another page of this issue. He will be remembered particularly for the conspicuous part he played representing Canada before the British Privy Council on the much-talked-of arbitration over the Alaskan Boundary Award.

A recent correspondent to a Canadian daily newspaper complained that people are taking far more notice of the Reno prize fight than of the adjudications at the Hague. Whereupon the editor calmly assured the writer and all his other readers as well that the Hague has been sitting for a long while and the prize fight lasts only a few rounds; furthermore, that humanity is at heart a savage, loving a fight and not caring a continental about intercontinental disputes which are supposed to be settled as quietly as possible by experts whom the people pay for that sort of thing.

As a naive sequel to which we append the following clip from *Punch*:—

"A dear old lady having read of the intended fight between Jeffries and Johnson is said to have cabled to America begging them rather to lay the matter in dispute before the Hague Tribunal."



Arthur Heming

SCHOONERS THAT ON THE SKYLIN OF THE FOOT-HILLS SEEM LIKE SAILS

The railroads are fast obliterating many of the old trails beaten by the carts of the pemmican-men. Every summer, however, new patient caravans of homeseekers from across Parallel 49 into the land that lies under the eaves of the Rockies. They follow the ancient way, dog-legged among the buck-brush and the poplars and the plateaus of the prairie flowers, to the homesteads along the Saskatchewan. This man used his four horses to suit his fancy; four-in-hand, tandem, four-abreast, and unicorn.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ARTHUR HEMING

MY LORD THE TIGER

Judgment for the Marwari

By JOHN LEBRETON

THE air was hot and dense in the lime-washed Cutcherry at Hajipur. The window-mats of scented grass were drenched with water, and hung idly between the fierce sunlight and the inner gloom. High above the crowded common people, at the eastern end of the building, was the vacant seat of judgment, presently to be occupied by him who represented the might and majesty of the British Raj in this district of Central India—Syed Mehta, the Deputy-Collector.

In waiting was the plaintiff, Narain Ganesh, the fat Marwari money-lender, shining of countenance, and arrayed in spotless white. In waiting also was the defendant, Mirza Mahomed, one time a gallant soldier of the King, now old and grey, and very sorely troubled. The court-house was full and overflowing with lean, brown villagers of Hajipur, and they were all in the grip of the Marwari, every poor struggling soul of them. If the Deputy-Collector gave judgment against Mirza Mahomed, they were doomed even as he was doomed. Their fields would be taken from them! The hated Marwari would yoke them to his service, and mint their lives day by day, into the thick white rupees that made him like a god above them—needing naught, and fearing naught.

They knew the law of the British Raj, knew well that the Marwari had good cause to show a face that had no crease of care; but to-day, a little flicker of hope was arising from the ashes of their despair. There was no Englishman in the Court to deal out legal justice untempered by mercy. This Syed Mehta, whose father had been one of themselves, might stand between the rich man who wanted all and the poor man who asked but the right to live.

There was a stir in the Court, and a whisper that was like the fluttering of rapid wings. The Deputy-Collector Sahib had entered, and was taking his seat. Little did he seem like the brother of his piteous brethren, and their hearts grew leaden as they looked upon him. This was a Sahib, from the crown of his neatly cropped head to his well-shod feet. Clothed as a Sahib he was, in smooth, tailored linen, and there was the gleam of a plain gold signet upon his shapely hand. The thin, handsome face was cold and indifferent. The eyes had the Sahib's look that seems to see nothing though it sees all.

NOW, the Court was open. First to be tried was the case of Narain Ganesh, the Marwari, who claimed from Mirza Mahomed, a ryot, the return of moneys lent and payment of agreed interest. The papers were laid upon the table, and the Deputy-Collector, turning them over with the handle of his pen, satisfied himself that they were in order. He inclined his head toward the Marwari, who thereupon began to plead his cause.

"It is an obstinate debtor, Protector of the Poor, one who hath no gratitude for favours bestowed upon him. When he would not pay me that which he owed, I waited. I left my money in his care, though it might have grown better in mine own. Still, he would not pay me. Long-suffering is thy servant, and again I waited, until at length that which he owed me exceeded the value of all his miserable land! Then said I, 'The fields are mine. Give them unto me, or else pay me the sum which thou owest.' Neither of these things would he do, and so, diffuser of justice, thy servant seeks a remedy at thy righteous hands."

The Deputy-Collector turned slightly toward Mirza Mahomed. Idly he was twisting his signet ring round and round his finger and looking down upon it, so that his face was not to be seen. "What sayest thou to this, Mirza Mahomed?" he asked.

The old soldier, lean from hunger, weighted by misfortune, yet still full of pride because of a glorious past, came forward, and saluted.

"Sahib, the Marwari has spoken truth."

The wedged mass of humanity in the body of the court tried to move, and breathed hard. This was the answer of a man coming unarmed to meet a thrice-armed enemy. The Marwari threw out his hands widely, as though to grasp and hold all that he claimed.

"Behold! the debtor acknowledges the justice of my demand," he exclaimed. "Then who shall deny it? Now, thou watcher over the distressed, make over his lands to me. Sahib, I have waited."

The Deputy-Collector was looking at Mirza Mahomed, as though inviting him to speak. In the cold indifference of his face, his eyes suddenly lived

and glowed. They seemed to be the eyes of a friend and Mirza Mahomed opened his sad heart to the light of them.

"Sahib Sahib, if I lose my land, I, who was a soldier, will become a slave, to toil for this sucker of men's blood! My cattle are lost because the white Sahibs drove them from the grazing grounds that had fed our beasts since the Prophet walked the earth. Even then did I toil on, and starve so that I might repay this man his rupees—and then came the white Sahibs again, and took all, all for the tax! It is known that the Government will not by any means be denied, but surely this man may wait! Another year the crops will be better. Had he kept his rupees in hiding they would not have borne such harvest as that which he now demands from me. Let there be a new pledge, so that I may fight on yet a little! If in two years I do not restore to him the rupees which he lent, together with the interest which we first agreed upon, then let him take the land. Sahib, I pray you hold back his hand until two years!"

The Deputy-Collector glanced at the Marwari, who stood listening, a very image of contemptuous silence.

"Thou hearest, Narain Ganesh?" he said. "The security is good. The interest," he paused significantly, "is good. Thou art a rich man, and it is easy for the rich to be generous. The opportunity is given thee."

The Marwari's heavy-jowled face was convulsed with surprise and displeasure. Then he grew furious. Scores of similar cases had left him the undisputed victor. What had British justice ever demanded before but signed documents, and properly executed legal formalities? He scented an unholy attempt to tamper with the highest privileges which the Empire bestows upon her sons. Yet—yet—it might be wise to please a Deputy-Collector. The fate of Mirza Mahomed dangled in the balance for one moment. Then, aghast, the Marwari looked at the sea of eager, hollow-cheeked faces that stared up at him from the well of the Court. Not a man of them but would ask for generosity also. It was unthinkable! Favour may be bought at too high a price. He held up suppliant hands, and whined like a beaten cur.

"Light of the Universe, it cannot be! If this man enjoy my rupees, and my land for two long years, how shall I live? The justice of the law is all that I ask. Thy servant implores only that which is his right, and to so much even the humblest is entitled."

FOR one long breathless moment there was silence. Then, leaning his elbow upon the table, and shading his eyes with his hand, the Deputy-Collector spoke very slowly, and in such low tones that few of those who strained to listen caught his words.

"Then the law must take its course. The British Raj grinds the faces of the poor, and being blind, knoweth it not; but it is strange to see a brother eat up a brother. The Marwari seeth that which he has wrought. He hath eyes to see when he snatcheth food from the hands of the children."

The Marwari waited, a sour grin upon his insolent mouth.

"Judgment is for the plaintiff, Narain Ganesh, the Marwari."

Mirza Mahomed's head was bowed as he listened. Now he must starve, or till the land as the hireling of its new owner, and be only half-starved. Better had he fallen when death was seeding the battlefield and raining blood upon its shallow soil. Then would he have been honoured by all, and remembered by perhaps a few. Yet there was still patience in his heart.

"God is good," he said, and went his way.

That day the Marwari's victories were many. Famine had brought the people low. Their land had yielded nothing, and dust lay upon it. Afterwards came cholera that took away two lives out of every three, and kept the workers from the fields, so that again there was barrenness. Then it was that the Marwari found rupees to buy seed with, and rupees to buy food with, while the seed was growing. He required much for a little because there was only himself between the villager and death. When the Government had taken the tax, there was

nothing left for the Marwari, and so the debts grew and grew until they spread over all the land and made it forfeit. It was always the same accursed story—even to the end of it, which was:

"Judgment is for the plaintiff, Narain Ganesh, the Marwari."

When it was all over Syed Mehta, the Deputy-Collector, went back to his encampment, and sat alone in his tent a very long while. Then, of a sudden, he leaped to his feet, like one pierced by a cunning sword-thrust, and flung up his arms, his fingers clenched upon the palms as if in agony. He was the servant of the King and Emperor; it was his privilege and his duty to expedite the law that sold his struggling brethren to the bondage of Hell. Yet who should aid them, if not himself?

He cast the flap of the tent aside, and as he gazed out upon the darkening skies deep peace fell upon him. As in a vision he saw many things.

"Yea; God is good!" he said.

* * * * *

THE stars were golden sparks against the velvety blackness of the Indian night, and gave no light upon the slumberous earth. Like gold-dust, far-away worlds were sprinkled on the vast arch of Heaven: a sight to make a man marvel at unending glory and know himself as he is. A man, fiercely painted, came stealthily from the Deputy-Collector's encampment, and, looking upward, smiled. He plucked a leaf from a towering tree—one single leaf from all the myriad leaves—and crushed it in his hand.

"Even as I," he thought, "it is gone, and none knoweth where it has been."

Once he had dreamed that he would be a giant tree, a landmark even in a mighty forest. Now, he knew that he was but as a leaf, a thing to fall unobserved, and drift before the faintest breeze.

Down through the jungle he plunged, his bare feet deep in the dust of the narrow path that other naked feet had made. In the valley lay the homesteads of the village, all dark now, and silent. Upon his left wrist was a heavy chain, and with the broken, dangling end of it he smote upon the door of Mirza Mahomed's hut, and commanded him to come forth.

All the village might be asleep, but forgetfulness had not yet come to ease Mirza Mahomed. His deep voice sounded in instant response.

"Who calls?"

"Open thou, my brother, and see!"

The door was thrown open, and with a newly-kindled torch in his hand, Mirza Mahomed stood upon the threshold peering into the darkness. Beyond the circle of the brightest radiance stood the traditional man-tiger of the Mohurram. A limp, cloth mask of a scowling tiger-head concealed the face and head; the broad breast was barred with black and yellow; the splendid body was naked save for a loin-cloth. From the left wrist, the broken chain swung to and fro, and the voice of one used to obedience rang out upon the night.

"Come, brother, and rouse our brothers. There is hunting to-night! We hunt the Marwari, and the Tiger Sahib hath need of thee!"

"My Lord the Tiger!" shouted Mirza Mahomed, and straightway dashed out into the darkness to rouse his fellows, and drag them forth to glorious doings. All through the village he ran, crying the news, his twirling torch leaving trails of fiery sparks in its wake.

"My Lord the Tiger! My Lord the Tiger!" he shouted, and battered upon the doors until the people streamed out, and followed him in ever-increasing numbers. Magically, the darkness and silence changed to uproar, and flaming torches. Then, dangerously murmuring, and clustering like a swarm of hiving bees, suddenly they were all gathered together about the Marwari's hut. He was awake, and heard the soft trampling of many feet, and low cries that seemed to threaten. His door was very strongly barred.

THERE was a hush, and people drew closer to each other to make way. The Tiger-Sahib was coming. Twice before he had been heard of in the district, and once he had been in Burrapore, not thirty miles away, where the villagers affirmed that he had risen from the earth and vanished in a cloud. Always he had righted great wrongs, and the heart of the people lay at the feet of his deliverer who came to them in terrible, yet familiar, guise. Swiftly and silently from the darkness he came, up

into the red, quivering light of the torches. Thrice he struck upon the stout, barred door with his broken chain, and he bade the Marwari open. There were faint rustlings within the hut, but no answer was made.

Then, with an iron-bound *lathi*, Mirza Mahomed thundered upon the door, and cried very loudly and triumphantly to him who shuddered behind it.

"Open, thou swine! It is My Lord the Tiger who hath come to the kill!"

Again the broken chain rattled against the door. The wail of a frightened woman arose, and was hushed quickly. The Tiger man spoke a word to Mirza Mahomed, and pointed to the roof. A score of men sprang up, and hacked at the layered palm *jowlis*, tearing wide a gaping hole in the thatch.

Presently the thing was done, and the Tiger man had swung himself from the ground, and dropped through into the hut. A piercing scream greeted him. The crowd was stirred to its depths. The women clutched at each other, and cowered into groups, fearing what would be seen when the door was opened.

The bars fell, crashing, and from the opened doorway a hand pushed out a woman whose veil was wound about her head so that she could not see. Men received her, and led her to a tree, and fastened her hands behind her; and there she crouched, shivering and moaning.

Then, from the hut came a yell as of one surprised by Death himself. Again and again it tore through the night silence, and always the shrieks of the muffled woman answered. The yells broke into short, barking cries, and there were sounds of heavy falls, and of a desperate struggle. Only in one way could the conflict end, they all knew. Who should withstand my Lord the Tiger?

Out into the torchlight came the Tiger man, forcing Narain Ganesh before him. The Marwari's head was swathed in a cloth so that he was blindfolded, and his hands were bound. His big head jerked from side to side as he tried to catch and recognise the voices of his enemies. Only one voice was heard, and it said:

"Bring the spades, my brothers, and dig beneath the grain chest."

Then madness fell upon the Marwari, and gave

him the strength of ten men, so that he twisted out of the iron grip that had held him, and ran back to defend that which was dearer to him than his life. Blinded, and with outstretched arms, he blundered through the doorway, and cast himself upon the great metal-clamped chest. The men tried to pull him away, but he clung fast, frothing and howling like a maniac in the folds of the cloth about his head.

"It is forbidden! It is forbidden!" he bellowed. "Who diggeth here, dies!"

Blows and stripes could not force him away, though they were dealt out in plenty; but there was Mirza Mahomed, urged by many bitter memories to put a throttling grasp about the creature's throat, and drag him writhing into the open again. There the people fastened upon him, and he escaped no more.

WHEN the grain-chest was dragged aside, they broke up the freshly-plastered floor, and dugged; and finding that the gods were asleep, they dugged deeper, until they found great earthenware jars, full, and brimming with rupees. These they brought outside, and all the people saw them. It was like a dream, that wealth of shining silver. The Tiger man's voice awoke them—very soft and kind it was, speaking to Mirza Mahomed as a father to a beloved son:

"Thou, whom I name not, what owest thou to the Marwari?"

The old soldier straightened himself, and, giving the salute, made answer hurriedly:

"Take thou that sum, and no more. On the morrow wait upon the Court and pay the debt. My trust is in thee."

"*Barik Alla!*" exclaimed Mirza Mahomed, and bent himself to the counting. In tens and in hundreds he measured the little piles against each other, and the Marwari listened to the ringing of the rupees and groaned as though the pains of death were already upon him.

A lad came and flung himself at the Tiger's feet, imploring, for he also was debtor to the Marwari. His little wife came faltering after him to look with big eyes upon the deliverer. The jars yielded them salvation, and they hurried away to hide the treasure.

Then came one and another seeking relief, and to each was given the amount of his debt—not one rupee less, nor one more. Some fell in the dust and kissed the Tiger man's feet. Others sobbed as their hands closed upon the coins that were the price of life and hope. Torch after torch left the flaming circle as those who borne them sped homeward rejoicing. Then, the crowd was all gone, and the red light was all gone, and only the Tiger man remained by the broken hut, looking down upon the heaving body of the Marwari.

He went and freed the bound woman, and she stood aloof, her eyes straying from the half-empty jars to the wreckage of her home. He stooped and cut the Marwari's bonds, and at the touch the man cried out in new fear, and groaned because the effort of the cry set many bruises throbbing.

"Narain Ganesh," said the Tiger man sadly "through many years thou hast taken the bread of the people, so that they have starved and died. It may be that others will be crushed under thy foot that never steps aside to spare. He who takes must also give—therefore thy life is justly forfeited. Yet the dead sleep, and know no sorrow, and revenge is no weapon for the wise, but rather a handleless knife for the use of the fool. To-night I have aided thee, no less than I have aided thy brethren, for I have given thee time for repentance. I counsel thee to seek no redress from the British Raj, O! Narain Ganesh! Death stands behind thee. Do not tempt him to strike!"

The Marwari cursed him venomously.

"This is thy night! The morrow is mine. There shall be fines, there shall be imprisonment—yea, none shall be spared."

He was writhing on the ground, and snarling like a maimed wild cat. His wife pulled the jars within doors, and then bent over him, whispering in his ear. Suddenly, he dragged himself into the hut, and she followed. The door closed and the bars rattled into place.

The Tiger man beat out the last torch for a lean moon had risen to give light in open places and turned the shadows to deeper blackness. Through the village he went, listening and looking. Where

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

WHEN THE FREIGHT WENT THROUGH

An Incident of the Rail and the Turning Point in a Man's Career

By VICTOR LAURISTON

THE men, grouped about the interior of the little, dingy ticket office, glanced up casually as Jack Stevely, his hands crowded into his trousers' pockets, strode gloomily into their midst.

"Tic-tic-a-tic!" chattered the sounder in merry welcome.

"There's the second gone, thank heaven," commented Allan, with a sigh of vast relief.

"I hate a night like this," muttered young Manning, nervously. "What the dickens is it inspires the Old Boy to send a whole lot of specials, crowded right through to the vestibules, whirling clear across the division with an army of picnickers at a dollar apiece. It may be business—but we've got ten thousand more people on our nerves to-night than we want. I'll feel better to-morrow morning, when they're all safe home again."

"We'll all feel better right now if you'll just cut out your caterwauling," interjected old Meagher, the "regular," his grey head bent attentively over the sounder. "Your talk makes me nervous. Cut it out! 'Lo, Stevely," he added, in a tone of worried cheerfulness.

The tardy greeting from the old operator brought all eyes once more to Stevely.

"What in sheol is the matter with you, Stevely?" demanded Manning, sharply. "You look as blue as—as the Tory ticket."

Stevely smiled icily, and drew a slender forefinger across his throat. The other men gazed at him, their faces glowing with a sympathy borne of experience. Old Meagher glanced up again from his instrument, whose nervous "tic-tic" grew intense in the sudden stillness.

"Is it the girl—?" commenced Manning, impetuously.

Stevely's sombre face grew suddenly radiant.

"No," he rejoined, in ringing tones. "Minnie is true blue. She's coming down on one of the specials from White Springs to-night."

"Then what the——?" ejaculated Manning.

Again Stevely resorted to gesture; finally, as though disgusted with the utter futility of gesture to portray his burning resentment, burst into vehement words.

"It's the Old Boy," he cried, sharply. "I'm thrown down—played for a sucker—that's what it is. After McCarron promising me half a dozen times that I was to have the Warrenville office, here some twenty-ninth cousin of the Old Boy suddenly imagines he's cut out for a railroader, and, just because he's related to the president of the line, they switch the job over to him. What d'you call that?" and he turned a pair of blazing eyes on the men about him. "I'm just going to chuck the whole blamed thing. The L. & R. can go plump to smash for all I care."

"Doubtless, they will," intrested Meagher, cynically, with the satiric smile of the man who has learned the heat of the furnace by journeying through it.

"I'm just going to chuck the whole blamed thing," repeated Stevely, vehemently. "There's livings to be had outside the L. & R., and jobs where I won't have to work myself to death for nineteen years, just to be made somebody else's scapegoat in the twentieth."

ALLAN, watching the young fellow gravely, glanced curiously from him to Meagher. Meagher had the reputation of knowing everyone on the line, from A to Z.

"Stevely—day operator at Wawa Falls," whispered Meagher, in response to the tacit query. "If you've never been in Wawa Falls, pray that you won't have to go there. A little, jerkwater station—you know the kind—where the water tank freezes in the winter time and stays froze, and the hayseeds come down to the station to see the trains go through—and they do go through," he chuckled—"straight through, without even hesitating. It's

next door to Nowhere. If a man's powerful smart, he'll likely be promoted from there to Nowhere itself by the time he's sixty." He concluded with a short laugh, typically cynical. Allan's answering look was still curious. The old man saw it; his lips parted a couple of times before he spoke.

"I don't suppose he ever had the ghost of a show for the Warrenville job," he muttered, huskily, "but I reckon he felt powerful certain it was coming his way. Was to marry a girl from White Springs this week—when his holidays came. She's coming down on one of the specials."

He glanced at Stevely, as though fearing the young man might have overheard. Stevely, though, his vehemence of a moment before exhausted, was gazing sullenly through the little window upon the dimly lighted station platform and the dark, shadowy line of track.

"Tic-tic-a-tic-tic!" sang the instrument; and in the silence which suddenly fell upon the party, its chatter seemed oddly loud. Even young Manning, who had been talking about wrecks and disasters all evening, was subdued and voiceless.

"Looks as if we aren't in for an all night session this time," cried Allan gayly to the old operator, as the third excursion train pulled out for the east. "Number 19 is on time."

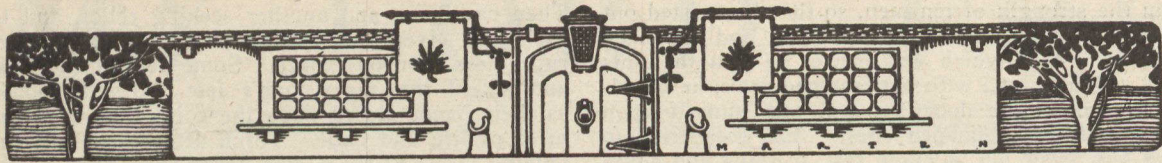
Meagher assented, with a laugh which was manifestly one of relief.

"Wonder if Stevely's girl came down on her?" queried Manning, with a touch of malice.

"Guess she's on the last train," rejoined Allan, as the young man returned alone from an anxious scrutiny of the crowd which had, a few moments before, poured forth from the special upon the station platform.

Stevely vouchsafed no enlightenment, but instead, resumed his old post by the window and his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Art of the Horsewoman.

WHAT a pity it is that the Scotchman who recently came to Canada and wrote Home such a slandering account of the women of our towns and cities, could not have reserved his judgment until he had witnessed a gathering of charming femininity such as the recent series of Horse Shows throughout Ontario have brought together. Had the poor man been allowed this privilege, it is safe to say his absurd and unforgivable impressions would have never come to light.

At St. Thomas recently when the Horse Show took place, the woman riders in their linen habits and panama hats made a very charming sight. That feminine interest in exhibitions of the kind has grown wonderfully in this country within the last few years, is shown by the constantly increasing number of women exhibitors. Of course, with many of us there is not the same inborn love of the saddle and the rein as with the women of England, but there is a natural tendency toward health-

The illustrations on this page include many of the successful women exhibitors at recent Ontario Horse Shows, including Mrs. Adam Beck, an enthusiastic horse-woman, who has very often carried



FEMININE EXHIBITORS AT THE ST. THOMAS HORSE SHOW.

From right:—Mrs. Roche, (on Day Dream); Mrs. Adam Beck, (on Sir Thomas); Miss Clewson, (on Grey Cloud).

off the honours by the splendid control of her mount and her perfect riding.

* * *

An Edmonton Writer.

ON a summer night in Edmonton last year one of a musical coterie of friends played the accompaniments of the tenor songs in "Our Miss Gibbs," then the latest London success in light opera, while another member of the same group sang them from the score. The incident is recalled only to show that Edmonton, at the gate of the Last West, is nearer to the heart of the Empire by wire and post than the north of Scotland was early in the last century. The Edmonton lady who played the songs was Mrs. Balmer Watt, whose weekly contributions, signed "Peggy," to the *Edmonton Saturday News*, owned and edited by her husband, Mr. A. B. Watt, have made her a reputation as a woman journalist of talent which is not limited to the west of Canada. Mrs. Watt attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club held in Toronto, representing the Women's Press Club of Edmonton. Her journalistic work began in Woodstock, Ontario, where her husband owned the *Sentinel-Review* in partnership with Mr. J. F. MacKay, now of the *Toronto Globe*. She is one of the charter members of the Canadian Women's Press Club, which was formed on a trip to St. Louis in 1903. Her two books, "A Woman in the West" and "Town and Trail," speak for the picturesque and stimulating life of the West. Space and freedom, a chance for everyone, men and women used hospitably for what they are and not because they may bring with them influential let-

ters of introduction, the zest of life which was there before the first settler and is ready to buoy up each newcomer, such is life in Edmonton and round about. Mrs. Watt as a writer has portrayed not a few of these qualities. Her books are regarded as possessing the genuine western note.

* * *

A Member of the C. W. P. C. from Winnipeg. WOMEN journalists in the West could not be more ably represented than by Miss E. Cora Hind, Commercial Editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, who attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club held in the King

Edward Hotel, Toronto, on the twenty-third of June. Miss Hind is one of Toronto's native-born. So were her mother and grandmother before her. Her father, a gifted artisan, whose work showed much promise, died young. Specimens of his carving in stone adorn Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and the House of Congress in Washington. Miss Hind went west as a girl when Winnipeg was a small town with its fortunes already golden in its hands. Having employment in the law office of Macdonald and Tupper, Miss Hind was not satisfied to do routine work. She learned land values from the mortgage work of the office. Agricultural life had kept her interest from the time when she had lived for some years on her grandfather's farm in Grey County. She opened an office of her own in Winnipeg as a public stenographer. About the same time she began journalistic work, writing for the *Manitoba Free Press* under the editorship of Mr. W. F. Luxton. To-day she is probably the only woman in the world whose forecast of the season's wheat crop commands the attention of wheat experts over a wide area of country. The women journalists of Winnipeg have taken a leading part in the national organisation of women newspaper writers. The Women's Press Club owes much to Miss Hind. Frank, downright, a tried friend, and possessing much initiative and energy, Miss Hind is one of the foremost women in the building of the West.

* * *

A New Amusement.

A subway amusement pier, consisting of an underwater chamber, with collapsible entrance and exit tubes, is proposed for one of the Atlantic coast resorts. The amusement seekers will enter the chamber through the tube leading from the shore, and leave it through the tube rising to the pier above the chamber. Portholes around the sides of the chamber will give a view of the bottom of the sea.

* * *

A Little Boy's Lullaby.

Little groping hands that must learn the weight of labour,

Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep—
Mother is thy life: that shall be to-morrow
Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow,
Now—sleep!

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a woman,
Little blind heart that shall know the worst and best—

Mother is thy love now; that shall be hereafter
Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter.
Now—rest!

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty,
Little lonely soul, new-risen from the deep—
Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying.
Time enough for living—time enough for dying.
Now—sleep!

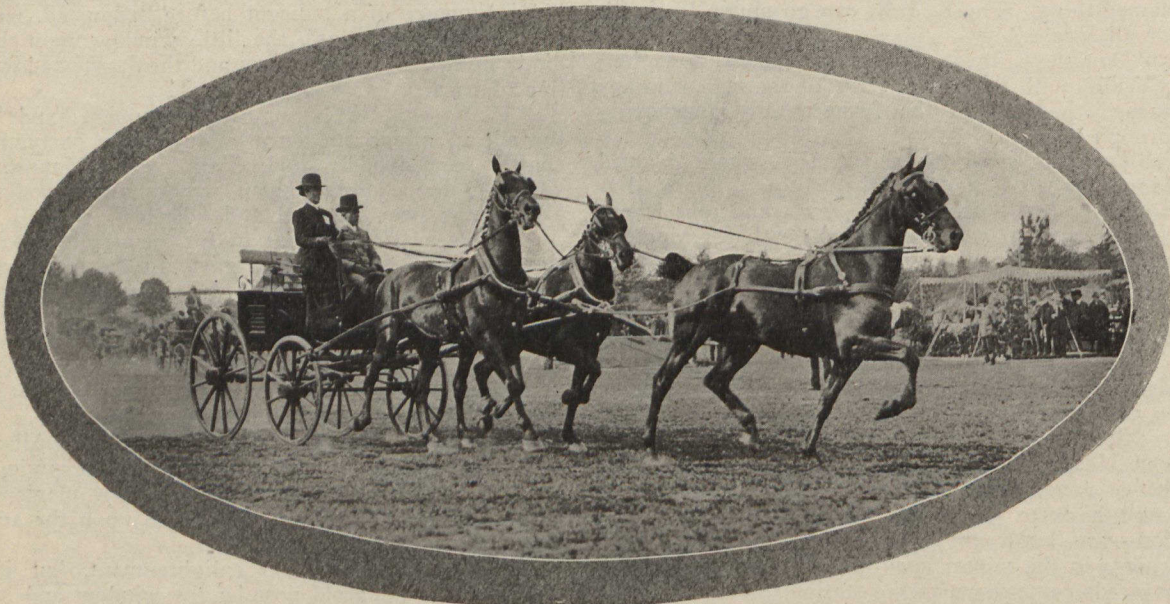
—Brian Hooker, in McClure's Magazine.



MRS. BALMER WATT,

Whose clever contributions to the *Edmonton Saturday News*, under the nom de plume of "Peggy," have won her a reputation of being a most talented Canadian woman journalist.

ful, outdoor exercise (although our Glasgow friend says not) which insures the popularity of the sport in Canada.



A SPLENDID TURNOUT AT A RECENT EXHIBITION
Mrs. McSloy, of St. Catharines, driving her Unicorn at the Galt Horse Show.

BOVRIL

THE GREAT SUMMER FOOD

In BOVRIL you get all the goodness of prime beef in a most easily assimilated form. No matter how it is taken—in Soup, in gravy or as a beverage, its benefits are immediate and lasting.

It Strengthens the body without overheating. (B-6-10)



China-Lac

Works Wonders About the House

It makes the old, new—the worn-out, fresh—the dull, bright—the commonplace, beautiful.

This perfect varnish stain covers all scars and scratches, and gives a beautiful, brilliant finish to Furniture, Floors, Chairs, Tables, Oil Cloth etc. One point about "China-Lac" that every woman will appreciate is, that the china-like finish is water proof, and can be washed when necessary without becoming dull.

14 colors for all woodwork. Remember the name and insist on having "China-Lac".

BRANDRAM - HENDERSON, Limited.

Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg. 73

DEMI - TASSE

ONLY twenty millions are pouring into the merger for leather. It is going to out-rubber rubber, say the wise ones of the financial world. Next thing we know Mr. Charles S. Hyman, of London, Ontario, will be hailed as the leather lord. Restaurant beef steak might properly be included in this leather trust, also the veal cutlets which bloom in the boarding-house.

* * *



She: How fragile it looks, Jim. I'm sure a puff of wind would smash it.
He (quite innocently): Nonsense! It would no more break than fly.—*The Tatler*.

* * *

Pigs is Pigs.

MAGISTRATE—You admit you stole the pig?
Prisoner—"I 'ave to."
Magistrate—"Very well, then. There has been a lot of pig-stealing going on lately, and I am going to make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."—*Tatler*.

* * *

Fly Time.

The bicycle is not the style,
The horse and gig are out of date,
For in this giddy century,
It's now the thing to aviate.

Let's have a spin across the sky,
The welkin let us now explore;
The earthly roads are dust indeed,
It's time to buy some wings and soar.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN rejoicing in the name of Closonis Soratrillo was recently fined in a Canadian city for throwing candy to the monkeys at the Zoo. Nothing like encouraging these Anglo-Saxons to come over and settle in this bright new country. Soratrillo is probably a countryman of Harry Lauder and can sing "Auld Lang Syne" in pure Glasgow dialect.

* * *

An Active Statesman.

Charles Murphy is a Minister
Of credit and renown,
He likes to have a cleaning day
And call officials down.

He likes to have the rooms all swept
And of reform he's hinting.
Just look at how he's dusted off
The Bureau known as Printing.

* * *

THERE is some talk of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt coming to Toronto to open the Great and Only

Exhibition. Now we will have a golden opportunity to learn how to govern the Dominion. Kindergarten classes in civic affairs will be held in the morning for the benefit of the mayor and aldermen. In the afternoon Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the members of his cabinet will receive political instruction. But wait until Colonel Sam Hughes and Colonel George Denison come up for little talks on military drill!

* * *

There's just one question burning now

In many anxious hearts;
It does not deal with politics
Or any foolish arts.

We scan the press with eagerness
And at the weather stop;
How is it in the Golden West?
Do tell us of the crop.

* * *

A Kindly Act.

A CANADIAN gentleman of benevolent tendencies was approached by an impoverished friend—say Smith—who declared that a little financial assistance "would set him on his feet." Smith was of the artistic temperament and in no time was spending the little loan in riotous living.

His benefactor was amazed one day to behold Smith riding a spirited steed and altogether having a most enjoyable time.

"Confound Smith," said the benefactor testily. "I wish I'd never lent the fellow a cent. I don't mind putting a man on his feet, but I certainly do not bargain for setting him on horseback."

* * *



Chaperoning on a Battleship.—*Life*.

* * *

Call Them "Murphies."

A TORONTO journalist was spending some days in Northern Quebec where he desired to air his knowledge of French. He arrived at a small inn where the occasional tourist found a resting-place. There was a waitress of the heavy-footed order, who attended sullenly upon a table of hungry sportsmen.

"Avez-vous des pommes de terre?" asked the Toronto man in such French as he could muster. There was no response. Once again he said pompously, "Avez-vous des pommes de terre?"

The girl looked with impatience upon the would-be Gaul and said angrily: "Aw, go on—what's de matter wid the potatoes?"



Most Popular Of All Pianos New Scale Williams

New Scale Williams is not only Canada's finest piano—it is also the most popular musical instrument made or sold in the Dominion.

The world's greatest virtuosos and pianists—the most noted singers and teachers—all use the New Scale Williams Piano for public performances and individual use.

Would you not like to have one of these Pianos in your home? Write for full particulars about "our Easy Payment Plan" and "Shipping Pianos on Approval".

The Williams Piano Co. Limited, - Oshawa, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES:
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Montreal, Que., 733 St. Catherine St. W.
London, Ont., 261 Dundas St. 120A

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the Whole World's Skin

Positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn; deodorizes perspiration. For over a quarter of a century it has been the standard toilet preparation. Remember to ask for Mennen's, and accept no substitute.

Sample box for 2c stamp
GERHARD MENNEN CO. Orange St., Newark, N.J.
The Pioneer Makers of Talcum Powder



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go 'round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The talc we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box. SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.

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O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"
(Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited

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IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED
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Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

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Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6% per annum payable half-yearly.
4. They have a ready market and may be promptly sold if funds are required for other purposes.
5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5%
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Full particulars on request.

A. E. Ames & Co.

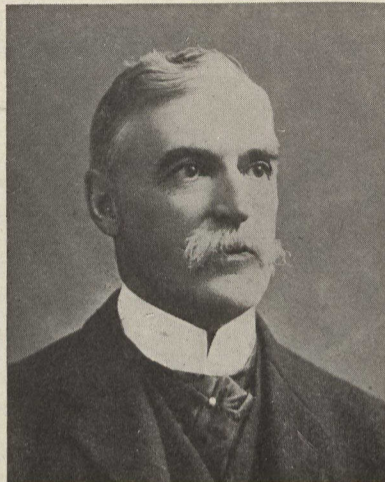
Investment Bankers Limited

7 and 9 King St. East, Toronto

MONEY AND MAGNATES

An Industrial Team that is Well Matched.

ELEVEN years in harness together and never the slightest indication of kicking over the traces is a record that very few men in Canadian industrial circles can lay claim to and yet it is that of Mr. Charles Seward Wilcox, president, and Mr. Robert Hobson, general manager of the Hamilton Steel & Iron Co. By the men who have been associated either directly or indirectly with them, they have always been known as one great team, who went along day in and day out helping each other to work out the various problems without ever a word that could ever be construed as unpleasant or unkind.



Mr. Robert Hobson.
Gen. Manager, The Steel Co. of Canada.

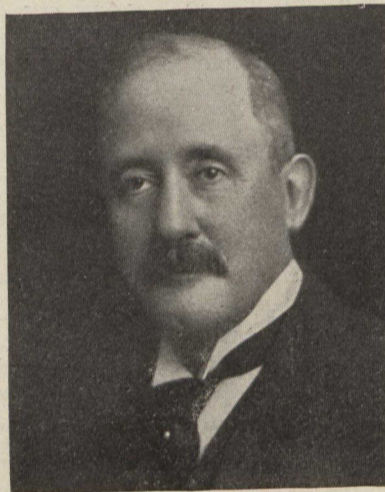
So it seems only natural that they should together have been destined to work out the larger problems with which the Steel Company of Canada will be confronted, more especially during the first years of its existence.

Anyone who has seen the two men at work together can readily observe that they have studied perhaps unconsciously just how to work in together and in a way one seems rather the complement of the other, and yet it is all done so naturally and gracefully that it all seems just a matter of course that it should be so.

What makes such a relationship particularly pleasant is that it is just as marked outside of the office as it

is in the office, and the two men are just as great chums on a holiday together as they are confreres when in the office together, trying to work out the different problems for their big iron and steel corporation.

The funny part of it all is that for many months after Mr. Hobson first went to Hamilton to become assistant general manager to Mr. Wilcox as general manager, he kept on wondering whether he would ever be able to stick it out, because as he used to say to himself on going home at night, he found it very difficult to understand Mr. Wilcox's character. As a matter of fact it was a good many months before he was able to get a real insight into it, because Mr. Wilcox was always so quiet and conservative about everything, but once he did, he felt certain that it was going to be all right, and an indication that Mr. Wilcox also held the same view was given a couple of years later, when Mr. Wilcox retired as general manager to become president and at the same time invited his friend Hobson to step up and assume the general management. For quite a few years past both of them looking at it from a practical standpoint, have held the opinion that great benefits would accrue from a consolidation of the different companies now included in the Steel Company of Canada and seeing that they do, it seems only right to give them the opportunity, one as the president and the other as general manager of the new concern, to show the people of Canada that they have sized up the situation correctly.



Mr. C. S. Wilcox,
President, The Steel Co. of Canada.

Big Leather Consolidation is Looked For.

DURING the past few weeks considerable headway has been made in the negotiations tending towards a consolidation of as many as fourteen different companies who manufacture leather exclusively for shoe manufactures. While nothing definite has been settled there is every indication, with the options that have been secured, that the deal will go through, and that it will include most of the larger concerns in this particular field, both in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

The company will be known as the Canada Leather Co., Limited, and will have an authorised capital of \$20,000,000. Of this \$17,500,000 will be issued at the present time, \$4,000,000 of which will be in bonds, \$7,500,000 preferred stock and \$6,000,000 common stock.

How and Where Corporation Flotations are Absorbed.

THE question is so often asked, "What parts of Canada absorb the larger amount of the public offerings of securities that are being made from time to time in Canada?"

A glance at the list of shareholders of the different new companies which have come into existence during the past year shows that different parts of the country take different classes of securities, that is where one issue may go very well in one part of the country, say for instance, the province of Ontario, another will meet with a very nice reception down in the Maritime Provinces, while still another will be quite readily taken in the principal cities, while it will be scarcely touched by the farming communities.

As far as one can make out there is oftentimes very little reason why most of the issues should go well in one part of the country and not so well in others, but it just so happens that they do, and that is all there is to it. Any definite reason would be difficult to find, unless it be that the particular corporation or firm of brokers that put the issue out happen to have a particularly good clientele in some particular part of the country and the fact

VERY SIGNIFICANT

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C.:-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

Head Office -

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The conservative investor will appreciate the liberal rate

OF **4 1/2 %** PAID ON DEBENTURES

Undoubted security. No trouble. Simply cut off the interest Coupons half-yearly.

WRITE FOR 17TH ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET

A. A. CAMPBELL

Managing Director



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CARRVILLE and MAPLE RAILWAY STATION (G.T.) from the 1st October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 1th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

that they recommend the issue is usually sufficient reason why quite a large percentage of the regular clientele become subscribers of the issue.

A rather peculiar development in connection with quite a few of the public offerings that have been made during the past year is that they have not gone so very well in particular parts of the country where some of the interests back of them expected they would, while at the same time there has been a very keen demand for them from other sections, from which very little response was looked for.

An interesting phase of the more recent issues is the rapid increase in the number of enquiries being received from the Western Provinces of Canada. Up to a short time ago this part of the country was regarded almost entirely as a borrowing country and that there was very little, if any use, trying to find any investors in it. The amount of money, however, which they have placed in different public utility and industrial flotations during the past year has made it clear, however, that that country must now be considered and that if the proposition is itself one that can commend itself to them, they can always be counted on to take a certain interest in them.

To say just what part of Canada is the best for such flotations would be rather difficult and would undoubtedly be a subject of some controversy. Looking over the last half-dozen large flotations, it seems to me that one would be justified in stating that that particular territory that lies between Toronto and London, Ont., is about the best there is in the whole country, chiefly because the people in the different towns and counties seem to know just about as much about bonds and stocks as they do about mortgages. The second best territory would likely be the Province of Nova Scotia, as there is a very large amount of wealth in almost every section of it and for many years past the general public have been acquiring quite an intimate knowledge of corporation securities.

It would be particularly difficult to pick out what section would be entitled to third place, because there are quite a few that figure very closely together, and any one of them would be entitled to the place according to the security offered. Some districts, for instance, prefer a bond which carries with it a stock bonus, other districts, however, have a decided preference for a preferred stock with which a liberal bonus of common stock is given.

On the whole it may be said that it has been a matter of surprise, even to the officials of our leading banks, to see how much stock has really been absorbed in this country during the past ten months, and quite a few issues have gone very well, even recently, after prominent bankers have stated that the public had had as much as they could absorb.

* * *

New Groups Form Their Own Securities Corporations and Trust Companies.

THE manner in which things are hopping along in a financial way in Canada is indicated by the many different groups who are now making arrangements to have their own securities, corporations and trust companies as well as their own particular banking connections with a view of being able through their own concerns to handle all the work that is involved by big financial deals and consolidations.

Following out such a line of campaign the announcement is now made that a particularly strong group of Canadian financiers who have important connections in London, Paris and Belgium are forming the Canada Securities Corporation and that even at its inception the company has shareholders in almost every section of Canada, all of whom are identified with other important concerns. The president of the new corporation is Hon. C. J. Doherty, K.C., M.P., a gentleman who has been coming along quite rapidly in Montreal financial circles during the past couple of years. The principal reason why Hon. Mr. Doherty had not taken a more active part in financial corporations previous to that time was that he was a Judge of the Superior Court for the district of Montreal and as such was prevented from identifying himself very actively with outside concerns. In the last couple of years, however, the benefit of the ex-judge's counsel has been eagerly sought for by different boards of directors and since that time he has been appointed a member of the board of directors of the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal, and besides played a prominent part in the legal work of one of the brewery consolidations and has been added to the Canadian Board of a large English fire insurance company.

The appointments of vice-presidents show how closely Montreal and Toronto are identified with big companies, the selections having fallen on Mr. Geo. H. Gooderham of Toronto and Mr. R. Forget, M.P., of Montreal.

The Trust Company, which will likely handle a large amount of the business that will be created by the new Securities Corporation will, it is believed, be known as the Prudential Trust Company of Canada, and it is understood that arrangements have been already made with one of the larger banking institutions by which the new Trust Company will be able to establish branches in the principal towns throughout Canada under very favourable conditions.

As the group of financiers behind the two new corporations have very important connections both in London and Paris, it seems only natural that there should be in the near future another channel through which Canadian public offerings of stock would be made both in England and in France.

* * *

A Canadian's Predicament in a Foreign Country.

A YOUNG Canadian recently had an interesting experience on the money order question. Coming in November to spend the winter in Monterey, Mexico, he had only a small amount of money with him when he arrived. In the course of a couple of months he sent to his relatives in Toronto to have some money drawn and sent to him. Being loyal supporters of the government institutions, they sent him word that they had sent him a Post Office money order. Not finding the order in the letter the young man concluded that they had overlooked inserting it or that it had been stolen. He wrote back to them telling them to send at once. The answer came that he would get the money at the post office in Monterey. On going to the post office he was informed that they knew nothing of it. More correspondence—at the end of three weeks he received a notice that the money awaited him, but the money order window was closed for the day. He went to a man he had met since coming down, explained the case, said he was "strapped," borrowed the price of a dinner, went to the post office the next morning and found that he could not get the order till he paid for a revenue stamp. He did not have the price and had to go out on the street and get three cents from another acquaintance.

COUPON.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited
Ingersoll, Ontario
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The Typhoid Menace At Summer Resorts

McGill tests prove that "MONTERRAT" Lime Fruit Juice will destroy Typhoid Germs in water.

The greatest danger one encounters in the summer vacation is contaminated water supply. Many persons, instead of improving their health in the country, enfeeble it by drinking water laden with typhoid germs.

The scientists at the Molson Laboratory at McGill University added two tablespoonfuls of "MONTERRAT" Lime Fruit Juice to a glass of water which was swarming with the germs of Typhoid. Within fifteen minutes, every germ had been destroyed. In order to be sure of this result, it is important to get "MONTERRAT", which is shown by the Inland Revenue Bulletin No. 197 to be "genuine Lime Fruit Juice".

When starting on your vacation, be sure to take a supply of "MONTERRAT" with you. You will not only guard against Typhoid, but also will be able to make many delicious, cooling summer drinks.

Your druggist or grocer has "MONTERRAT".

NOTE.—Drop a postcard to-day for our little recipe book showing how to make over sixty delightful drinks, frozen desserts, pies, cakes etc. with "MONTERRAT" Lime Fruit Juice. We will gladly send you a copy free.

33

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, Montreal.

Are you Fastidious about your Shirts?



JAEGER PURE WOOL NEGLIGE SHIRTS are greatly superior to cotton shirts.

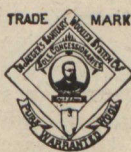
They fit so much better, feel more comfortable and have greater style about them.

They wear longer and as they absorb but do not retain moisture or perspiration, are healthier.

They are guaranteed to fit and are made from samples you may choose.

That leaves little to be desired in shirt requirements

Send for Samples and Price List.



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231 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

316 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL.
STEELE BLOCK, PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.



That your UNDERWEAR is "HEWSON" means just this

you're wearing a knitted garment of pure, soft, flexible wool; you have the guarantee of perfect fit and wear, and you couldn't have made a wiser choice in any event.

The Hewson label is only affixed to Underwear that is thoroughly inspected before leaving our mill and thus fully interprets everything we claim.

Hewson Underwear costs no more than other makes, whereas, its real "value" cannot be estimated. See that you get the best.

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited
Amherst, N. S.

Cosgraves Half & Half

is as mild as the lightest lager yet it does not have that lifeless taste that causes many to tire of lager quickly. The life and body of the pure malt and hops are there. It stimulates during the hot weather without leaving any drowsy after effects. Keep a few bottles in your refrigerator to be served at meal times, the whole family will be the better for it.

At all Hotels and Dealers.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto Ltd.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between COLDWATER and MOONSTONE from the 1st September next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 16th June, 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 5th AUGUST, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years eighteen times per week each way, between New Toronto and Grand Trunk Railway Station from 1st. October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 21st June 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent

Mr. Goldwin Smith

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

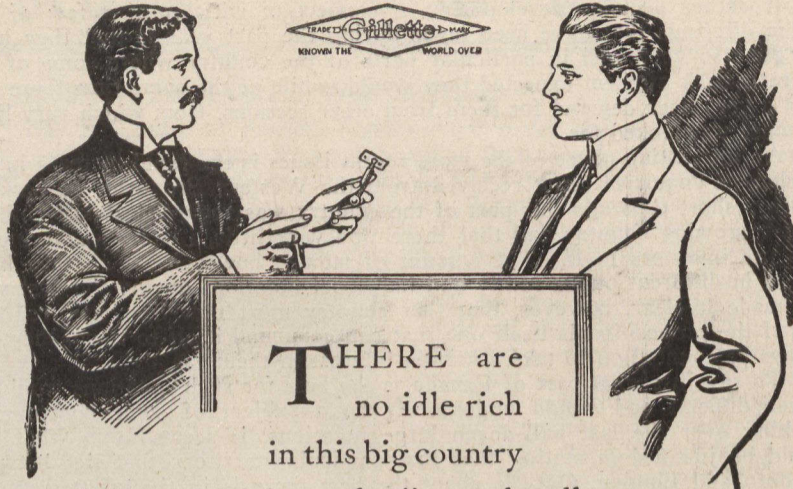
declared that he was in no way associated with the great progressive spirit of the age. Poor man! Fortunately posterity evens up all accounts. The successful commonplace person is quickly consigned to oblivion; the despised prophet enters into his kingdom.

While not free from weaknesses and faults common to humanity, Mr. Goldwin Smith was in every sense a man of the highest ideals and character. He loathed trickery, sharp practice and all methods which are not open, honest and above-board. He would condescend to take no mean advantage of any one or any occasion. His soul was lofty; his impulses were always great; he found it difficult to be patient with the sharp practices and ingenious tactics of the political parties. He wished all public issues to be considered judicially and decided upon rational and patriotic considerations. His persistent objection to the party system in political conflicts had behind it a large volume of justification. What his genius failed to discover was a practical solution, and he was always fair enough to admit frankly that if party lines could be obliterated by any superior power, other instruments for appealing to the lower instincts of mankind would be devised in the interests of designing persons.

In this age of moral cowardice, when nearly every one is seeking to gain popular favour by conforming to popular prejudices, is it not a splendid thing to have a man amongst us who disregards momentary clamour and fearlessly utters his convictions upon all questions? When both political parties were struggling as to which should be foremost in pressing Home Rule for Ireland, Mr. Goldwin Smith proclaimed alone, amid the din of clamouring appeals, that Home Rule for Ireland was in no sense Canada's concern, and that it would, at that time and under existing conditions, jeopardise the unity of the Empire. It is not to the purpose whether he was right or wrong; it is that he was a moral hero who was not restrained by popular clamour from expressing his honest convictions. When everybody was denouncing the Boers and clamouring for war, he declared without flinching for months and years that the war was unjust, had been provoked by greed, and rested upon no moral principles. When people were going mad on the making and enforcement of extreme sumptuary laws, he was the avowed champion of individual liberty and the dauntless advocate of moral rather than penal methods of abolishing or mitigating the evils of intemperance. When the people of the Empire were indulging in wild jingoism and making a fetish of an aggressive Imperialism, he was found proclaiming without reserve that boastfulness and self-assertion were as obnoxious in a nation as in an individual and that racial pride was the almost certain precursor of racial decline.

History had been his specialty in his early days, his department as a University Professor. His strength in dealing with all subjects on which history throws light, was not alone his intimate acquaintance with facts, but his mind lent itself naturally to profound generalisation, and deducing inevitable consequences from a given set of conditions.

The secret of his literary style is easy of explanation. Clear thinking and infinite painstaking in expression. He uttered no opinion on questions upon which he had not full and accurate information and had carefully pondered. When the time to speak



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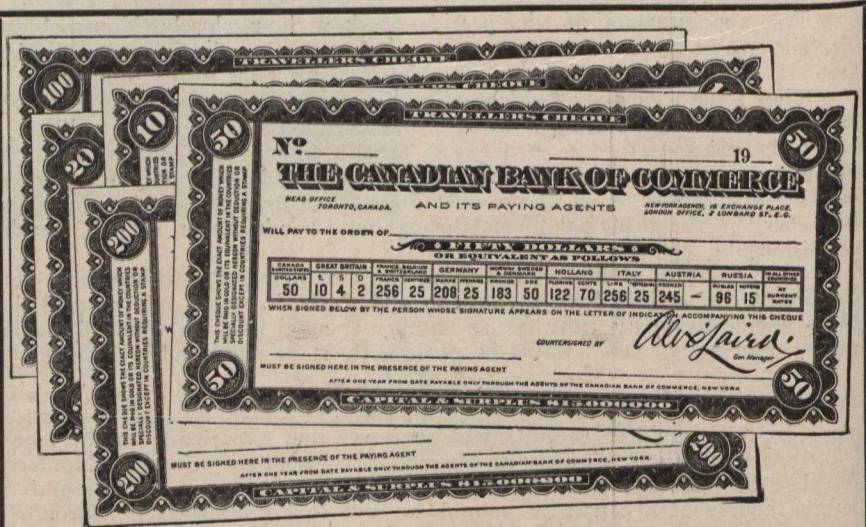
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came, he was supremely concerned that his exact thought should be found in his words. To this end he wrote with infinite care. I have seen it declared recently that he wrote with great facility when once the pen was in his hand. I have to say as against this that I have often looked over the M.S. of his weekly contribution to the *Sun* of Toronto, and almost every paragraph was full of erasures and interlineations and, sometimes even completely reconstructed. No sentence was allowed to go forth until it represented a perfect expression of the thought. He once told me that he had never been conscious in his whole life of seeking to ornament a sentence; if ornament it had, it was simply the outgrowth of the topic, the natural expression of a high thought.

Never again shall we have from his pen those evenly balanced sentences and those rounded periods which have long charmed, enlightened and inspired the intellectual life of the country. Though his pathway through life was strewn with opponents and detractors, his fame is safe in the hands of his countrymen. He has left behind him those who will never allow his character to be assailed without protest and defense.

My Lord the Tiger

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17.

he saw light he gave an order that it should be quenched, and it was done. To and fro he passed, like a sentry guarding their peace, until, at length, he came again to the hut of the Marwari, where there was neither light nor sound.

Beyond the village, beside the well, the faint moon shone upon a white-robed figure, squatted upon the ground, wailing softly, and rocking as though in grief. It shrank back as the Tiger man passed by, and put out hands to ward him off. He halted, at a distance.

"Why art thou abroad?" he demanded. "Hath thy husband forgotten thee, my sister?"

The head shrouded in the white *saree* was shaken, and a few words came between the moaning. The Tiger man went nearer, and stooped to hear.

With a frenzied shriek of triumph the figure sprang up, and fastened its hands upon the Tiger man's head, and tore away the mask. The woman's robe fell away from Narain Ganesh, the Marwari, and he pushed his fierce face forward to look; and he looked his fill, for the unmasked man never sought to draw away.

Then, the Marwari staggered back with a feeble cry, and his knees weakened so that he fell upon them. From the seat of justice in the court house of the British Raj this same stern face had looked upon him, not so many hours ago!

"Sahib! Sahib!" he whispered, and still stared upward.

The Tiger man thrust his hand into his waistcloth, and then the Marwari's wild eyes were glaring into the barrel of a pistol.

"The secret is thine," said the Tiger man; "take it with thee—whither thou goest."

A shot cracked out, and the Marwari fell on his face and died. The other man took the tiger mask from his loosened fingers, and went his further way. It was a way that led through the jungle and up to the Governemt encampment. It ended in the tent of him whom men knew only as Syed Mehta, the Deputy-Collector Sahib. Narain Ganesh, the Marwari, knew him also as My Lord the Tiger, but he was keeping the secret well.

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CAMBRAY and LINDSAY from the 1st October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 24th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.

Broderick's

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SCOTCH**

"MOUNTAIN DEW"

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

Public Opinion

University Faculty Union,
Toronto, June 29th, 1910.
Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—The writer on "Guesses at the Riddle of Goldwin Smith" in your last issue concludes his article as follows:

"Our political and social and intellectual life he freely criticised. Yet he had never seen our Canadian Parliament; had never visited the West; felt little or nothing of the big throb of life that came when he was an old man; and to the last he expressed warmer affection for Cornell at Ithaca on Lake Cayuga than for the University of Toronto."

Mr. Goldwin Smith visited Ottawa and saw the Canadian Parliament in session in 1872, as may be seen by reference to his article on "The Dominion Parliament" in *The Canadian Monthly* for that year. He visited the West in the autumn of 1884. I should recommend your contributor to read his "Notes on the Northwest," contributed to *The Week* of September 18, 1884, as evidence regarding what he felt "of the big throb of life that came when he was an old man." The last statement of all, I think you will admit on second thought, is unworthy of THE CANADIAN COURIER.

It is just as well to be just, even to the dead.

Yours sincerely,
W. S. WALLACE.

Toronto, June 29th, 1910.
Editor CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir,—In one of your recent editions you put the question, "If an annual surplus is wrong in Civic affairs, why is it right in Provincial or Dominion affairs?" and suggest that some of your readers might attempt to answer the same.

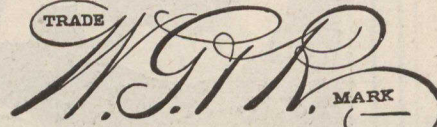
Were this not the request of the editor, I should not venture to make any suggestions in an attempt to answer this question, knowing what a difficult task it would be to cover a question like this in a short letter, but as there is at least one outstanding difference I would like to mention it as it will, perhaps, in some way clear up the apparent paradox.

The answer to this question appears to me to lie in the different methods of accumulating the funds for the respective purposes, the essential difference being that in Municipal matters the means of revenue is direct taxes and in the Provincial and Dominion systems revenues are raised largely by indirect taxation; the result is the amount of the latter is uncertain. In Municipal matters after the estimates of the expenditure for the year are in it is possible, knowing the assessed value of the business and real property assessments (and in the income from water rates and certain other definite sources) to fix a rate of taxation on such assessments which will meet the expenditure required, including in a proper system of accounting a sinking fund, making provision for accruing debts. Consequently, any surplus over and above this is simply an error and bad policy and poor business.

On the other hand, the revenues of the provinces and the Dominion being derived (apart from succession duties and excise duties), largely from import and export duties, it is impossible to state what may result therefrom in any given year, as the revenue depends upon the amount of imports and exports, or in other words, of the business transacted by

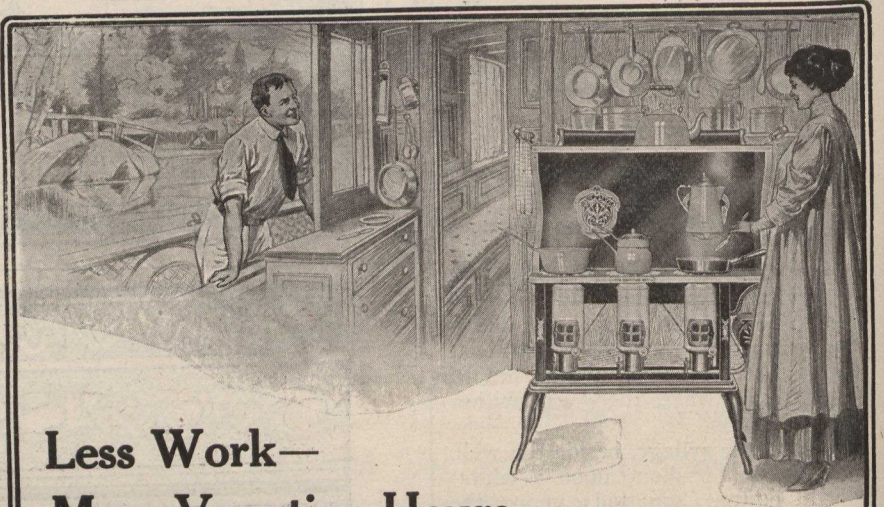
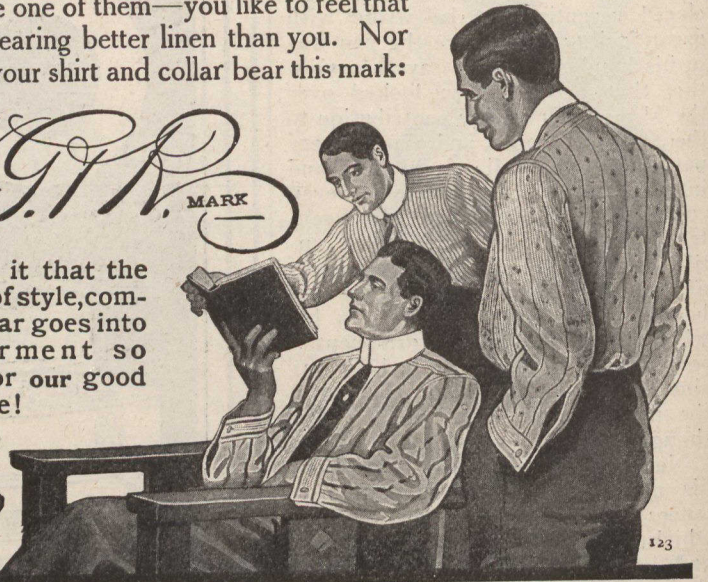
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And you are one of them—you like to feel that no one is wearing better linen than you. Nor will they if your shirt and collar bear this mark:



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has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot; drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between LAKE CHARLES and OWEN SOUND from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lake Charles, Owen Sound and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
 Mail Service Branch,
 Ottawa, 29th June, 1910.
 G. C. Anderson
 Superintendent

It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier—because you reach the best class of people in the nine Provinces of the Dominion.

the country. The larger it is the more prosperous the country is generally supposed to be and hence the desire for a surplus over and above the fixed annual charges of government. It is, however, not always correct to say that a large surplus resulting from such indirect taxation is necessarily a sign of prosperity as it might arise largely from the export of raw materials or from an inundation of imports in which case the balance of the trade would be against us and there would still be a large revenue. Of course on the assumption that the foreigner pays the duty this would be an ideal state of affairs (provided such surplus resulted from imports), but I am afraid we all cannot agree on this point, although I hope all will on the general proposition that a surplus in Dominion and Provincial affairs should indicate a general prosperity. If there is a large surplus in the provinces and the Dominion, foreign governments, as well as ourselves, judge that times are prosperous. As long as there is no complaint of over-taxation this seems to be absolutely sound, but with the growing prejudice against increasing surpluses by over taxation of ourselves in the necessities of life through higher protective tariff, I do not know how long the average consumer will remain content to allow the cause of the large surpluses to go unanalyzed and thus give ground for the common judgment that a large surplus is necessarily a sign of prosperity though in a sound economy it should be.

Yours truly,
 ANGUS C. HEIGHINGTON.

Down in Old Quebec

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19

translates for you if you choose. "You see it takes either a long purse or a high family tree to get in with the *bouton* English; and you must have the French language to get along with the French; *parle-Français* such as you hear at the Legislature."

"Hmh! Pretty good brand of French?"

"Finest in the world — perhaps. You see those French members have the ancestral touch. Some of them have lineages dating back three centuries—"

"Ha! Born aristocrats, I dare say?"

"Some with corn-cob pipes and Canada hunk," he adds irrelevantly. "But man, the ceremony of that House! An English-Canadian desires to address them — with such French as he has. He is ushered in — whole House rising like Roman senators, grave, ceremonious and solemn; he is announced; speaks — while the House profoundly sits; he is escorted bowingly to the exit — while the members rise in that majestic silence, and the last glimpse he has of them they are still standing as though petrified. Such is ceremony."

For two cents this ardent Quebec enthusiast would lug you out to the tiptop of the Plains of Abraham to the peak of Cape Diamond and there lying on his watch discourse to you of wars and of priests, of fur traders and of lumber kings; of the wooden ships built at Quebec in the days of old; of the new time coming — when Quebec will be older than ever and saner than ever; the Rome of the habitant and the priest; the charm of Canada; the glorious gateway to a great Dominion whose wealth and political future—

"Say," you interject quite flippantly, "how about a drop of Chartreuse — or of Burgundy?"
 "Ah! Agreed."

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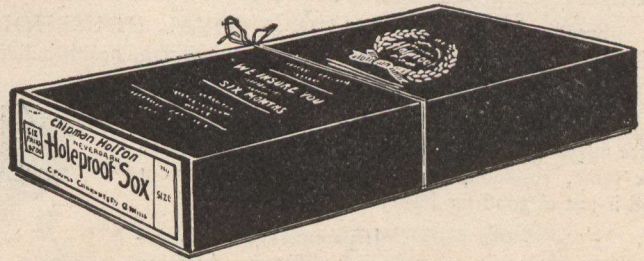
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6 Pairs Guaranteed 6 Months, \$2.00

Our Guarantee

If any or all of these six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

Neverdarn Holeproof Hosiery for men and women, six pairs to the box, \$2.00. Children's sizes, three pairs in box for \$1.00. Only one size and color in each box. Made in black and tan.

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WHEAT

When the Freight Went Through

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17.

sombre stare into the darkness. Long moments passed in silence. The men did not feel like talking. Even young Manning's exuberance was stilled.

"What the dickens is that?" ejaculated Stevely, suddenly.

As he spoke there was a roar, a flash, a blur. A brief head of light followed by a long, shadowy body swept across the outer darkness from east to west.

"Fast freight," commented Manning.

The tail lights on the caboose vanished into darkness. And then, suddenly, old Meagher gave an agonised groan, and sat up, clutching frantically at his throat.

Manning leapt to his side. There was no mistaking the symptoms.

"No. 28 from Warrenville," the old man muttered, when he could at last speak, chokingly. "The last special—I forgot."

"God!" ejaculated Manning.

THAT was all there was to say.

Even with the last word lingering on his palsied lips, the old man collapsed into a blessed forgetfulness of the havoc this one mistake of his long career had wrought, or was about to wreak. The men stared at one another for an instant, with blanched, terrified faces. Their looks told the ghastly story, better than any words. The fast freight, No. 28, had gone through, and the last excursion special, east-bound, had just left Warrenville, fifteen miles away. There was not a single station between Warrenville and Brentford; not a break in the L. & R.'s fifteen miles save the bridge over the Saranac. Fifteen minutes to do something—it might as well have been half that number of seconds for all the chance it gave of saving the trains, speeding on and on to their frightful catastrophe, trusting blindly to the operator who for the first time in his life had forgotten his orders—and let the freight go through.

Nobody said a word. There was neither need nor use. Manning cast a frightened glance at Stevely. The young fellow had collapsed against the wall, and seemed utterly bereft of sight or sound or feeling. The loquacious young operator knew; the others, those quick glances had instinctively followed his, knew also. The girl from White Springs—Minnie—was coming down to Brentford to meet Jack Stevely, to be married—was coming on that last excursion special, now hitting out straight ahead for the fast freight. Allan, armed with that calmness which trained men retain even in utter despair, had already tossed Meagher aside, and was at the operator's bench, hurriedly ordering the wrecking crew, and doctors. Manning raced away for doctors in Brentford, and outside, in the darkness, was the sound of a hand-car being dragged upon the track.

"Tic! Tic-a-tic! Tic-a-tic-a-tic!" the little instrument throbbed its message. "Tic-tic-tic!"

A wavering something staggered betwixt Allan and the light. The operator did not look up, but he knew instinctively that it was young Stevely. A moment later the tinkle of a bell clanged into the almost perfect stillness in which the only other voice, the ticking of the telegraph instrument, sounded tense and awful.

"Is that Central? Give me the Saranac Club House. I don't know the number. For God's sake, hurry, hurry, hurry, if you want to save lives! Hurry up! Hurry up!" Silence again, save for the relent-

less ticker. Stevely had leaned back against the wall; Allan, bent over the sounder, was uncannily conscious of his ashen face and unseeing eyes.

"What are you doing?" queried Manning, staggering in with a couple of doctors at his heels.

"She's ringing them," muttered Stevely, as though he had never heard the query. "Club House—fifty rods from the track! Noticed it on my way down—maybe somebody sleeps there. Maybe—hello!"

But Manning and the men with him were gone, and a moment later there came from outside the eerie sound of the hand-car clanking away into the darkness. Allan's face was white with pity.

"Hello!" cried Stevely into the telephone. "Saranac Club House? Get a lantern—get a lantern, quick. Run up to the track—stop the first train—stop a train, I say—any train!"

His voice quivered with the agony of suspense.

"Any train," repeated Stevely. "Stop 'em. Two of 'em running into one another right this minute. Understand?—under—it's up to you. For God's sake, run! You've got five minutes. Hello! Get a lantern that won't blow out, and run—run—"

"He's gone," the young man muttered; as, dropping the receiver, he turned a ghastly face upon Allan, his only auditor. After the nervous, quivering excitement of his voice, the ticking of the instrument seemed to burst forth with renewed force. Tic-a-tic! Tic-a-tic! It told the young fellow that Allan, experienced rail-roader, counted as infinitesimal the chances to averting ruin by the telephone.

FIFTY rods to the track. An old man racing against two trains, both whirling to headlong destruction at lightning speed. Allan's look grew tense, as though he expected every moment to hear, across the intervening miles of distance, the mighty crash, the sizzling, hissing steam, the cries of agony, to feel the impact and to see the red flames leap up. Stevely leaned against the wall, weak as from a fever. Old Meagher, prone upon the sofa, stirred fitfully, slowly waking to the ruin his forgetfulness had wrought.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!"

Stevely, swinging sharply, reached for the receiver. In the same instant he shot forward, utterly collapsed, against the operator's table. Allan caught the receiver, and listened intently for the distant message.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

And then, forgetful for the first and last time in his life of his immediate duty, he dropped to his knees and hugged the unconscious Stevely whom he could barely see with eyes that were dimmed by tears of fervent gratitude.

"God bless you!" he muttered, chokingly.

For the message told of the saved; of two trains halted, panting, red-eyed, within a few feet of one another, waiting orders—and told, too, for Stevely, oblivious of it all, that soon, very soon, the girl from White Springs would be at his side, safe and sound, welcoming the man whom the L. & R. could no longer disregard just as loyally as, half an hour earlier, she would have welcomed that same man when the L. & R. counted his value as nothing.

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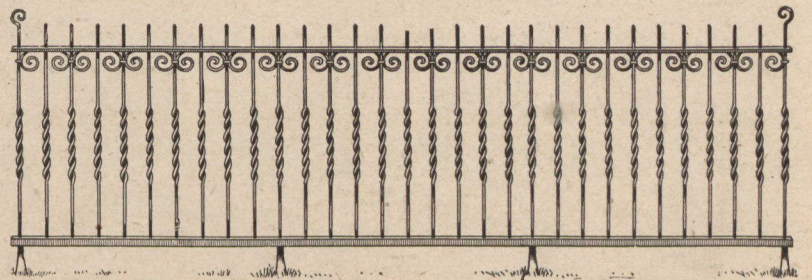
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