

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

EFFECT OF THE BORDEN TOUR

How the West May Vote at the Coming Election

BY HUGH CLARK, M. P. P.

GETTING A LINE ON THE WEATHER

What Weather Is and How It Is Forecasted

BY DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE HYDROPHOBIAC

The Tale of a Man Who Longed for a Dry Country

BY ARTHUR STRINGER



Read in
Nine
Provinces

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000; Rest, \$8,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.
ALEXANDER LAIRD, - - - General Manager.
JOHN AIRD, - - - Assistant General Manager.

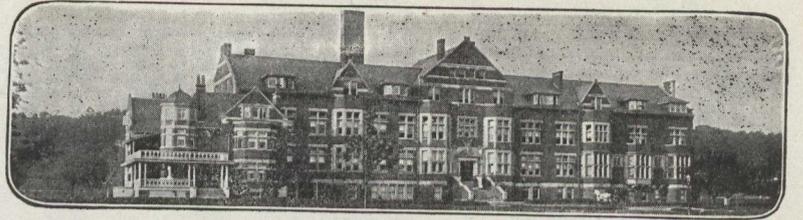
241 Branches in Canada, United States, England and Mexico

DRAFTS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES

This Bank issues drafts on the principal cities in foreign countries drawn in the currency of the country in which the drafts are payable. These arrangements cover over 500 of the principal cities and towns throughout the world.

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT

These Letters of Credit are issued for the use of travellers and tourists and may be obtained available in every part of the world. The holder can draw whatever sum he requires when needed without risk or difficulty.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences September 13th, 1911. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster. P146

Most Folks Crave a Wheat Food

The craving of the normal system for wheat food is natural. Wheat is the most perfect food given to man—his "staff of life" for four thousand years. The whole wheat berry contains ALL the elements needed to build the healthy human body.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit is the whole wheat prepared in its most digestible form. Nothing added—nothing taken away.

The crispness of the shreds compels thorough chewing and a thorough mixing with saliva, which is the first process in digestion.

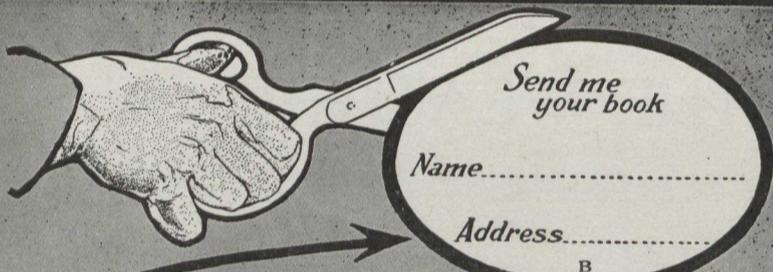
Shredded Wheat Biscuit every morning for breakfast, served with milk or cream, will build sturdy, robust bodies—best for children or grown-ups. Delicious in combination with fruit. Your grocer sells them.

ALL THE GOODNESS OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT.

Made by

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

D65



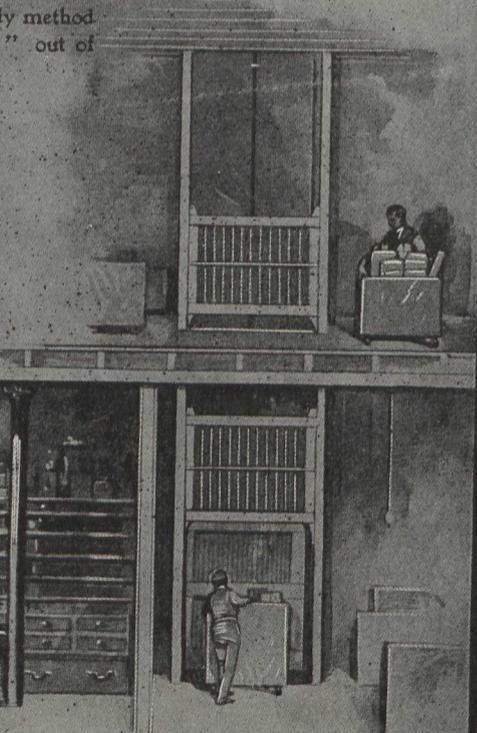
Clip The Coupon

For Our Book

DO YOU REALIZE the extent to which a freight elevator will aid the growth of your business?

Forming a direct and speedy method of keeping the "superfluous" out of your customers' way, an elevator thus makes your shop more inviting. It allows of storing needful things in your upper storey, and yet places you in a position to reach them in a minute's notice. In a word, no matter what class of business you are engaged in—modern methods demand that you call to your aid the use of a freight elevator, to facilitate the storing of, and the access to, reserve stock and merchandise.

Mail us the above clipping and afford us the opportunity of sending you our handsome illustrated booklet. It tells the great possibilities, the freight elevator has in store for you.



Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Ltd.
Traders Bank Building, Toronto

"How is it heated?"

THAT is about the first question the owner or agent is asked by the prospective purchaser or tenant. The question of pure, healthful warmth is of vital importance with most people buying or renting a house. A house will rent for more, sell for more, hold its tenants longer, be disposed of quicker, and give greater satisfaction to the owner or tenant if it is equipped with



King Boiler and Radiators

The exceptional endurance, efficiency in operation and fuel economy of the King Boiler is secured by the construction of the firepot. The fire chamber has been made deep enough, so that perfect combustion of the gases is ensured and the highest temperature obtained on a minimum of fuel.

It would be impossible to give you here full details regarding the manifold

advantages of the King Boiler and King Radiators; so, to meet this need for complete information on the subject of hot water heating, we have prepared a little booklet, "Comfortable Homes," a copy of which we'll be glad to send you on request. You'll find it packed with facts on the heating question, and all of them live and interesting. Simply address

STEEL and RADIATION, Limited

Head Office: Fraser Avenue.

Showrooms: 78-82 Adelaide St. E.

TORONTO

Branches in All the Principal Cities and Towns

1 7



The Gelatine in this package of

KNOX
PURE PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

is divided into two envelopes, and makes two full quarts. Each package also contains a packet of pink color, for making fancy desserts.

Knox Gelatine is uncolored, unsweetened, pure, wholesome. It is granulated and dissolves quickly.

Send for the **KNOX Recipe Book** of many appetizing summer dishes

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, Candies—illustrated in colors—sent you upon receipt of your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
510 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal, Canada

O'Keefe's
PILSENER



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

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 9

CONTENTS

- The World in Picture
- Men of the Day
- Effect of Borden's Tour By Hugh Clark, M.P.P.
- Getting a Line on the Weather By Donald B. Sinclair.
- The Hydrophobiac, Story By Arthur Stringer.
- Topics of a Troop Stable By F. J. Dee.
- Reciprocity in Fenians By Augustus Bridle.
- City of a Thousand Islands By D. C. Nixon.
- A Page for Juniors By Estelle M. Kerr.
- Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

CHOOSING a serial story is a harder problem than deciding on the demerits of poetry. We have been frequently asked—What sort of people read your serials? Sometimes we think we know. As a general thing probably most men don't read serials. It seems as though the only kind of people that have faith enough to carry over one week's instalment of a story to the next are the women, who read nine-tenths of the world's fiction anyhow.

But whether women or girls or busy men are the serial readers we expect to have a serial in hand very shortly that will bring in a true bill of unappreciation against any "Courier" readers who are not able at a moment's notice to give a resume of all the foregoing chapters and a theory of probabilities for the remainder. The name of the writer we shall not disclose, for the simple reason that as yet we don't quite know it ourselves—though we have our suspicions.

* * *

In this issue the most important article is by Col. Hugh Clark, who sums up his impressions of what the Borden tour meant to the West and the country at large, and the Conservative party in particular, as none but a trained newspaper man could have done. Hugh Clark was one of the Borden party. He is one of the characters of journalism; as great a character as Adolphus Smiff, of the Bobcaygeon Independent—which in the matter of personal journalism is some tribute. Clark bears some not too remote resemblance to the late Bill Nye. He is a humouristic journalist who never rises to speak outside of the Legislature without having the effect of making some dried-up soul crack his face into a healthy laugh. You will notice that he begins his article with a joke on Bryan. That there are no other jokes in the article is due to the nature of the subject. Reciprocity is no joke.

NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

J. W. Flavelle,
PRESIDENT

W. T. White,
GENERAL MANAGER

CAPITAL AND RESERVE, \$2,500,000

Wills naming the Company Executor may be left for safe-keeping in our Deposit Vaults free of charge. Write for Booklet containing forms of wills.

OFFICES

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG EDMONTON
SASKATOON REGINA



PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

35

Pleases people hard to satisfy

EUROPE

Tours for the late Summer and Fall, the most delightful seasons abroad. Complete range of routes, prices, etc. **PASSAGE TICKETS** by all ocean lines, and for rail travel to all parts of Europe, with or without hotels, etc. **ROUND THE WORLD** tours leave August to January. Send for program desired. **THOS. COOK & SON**
65 Yonge Street
Traders Bank Building, Toronto
530 St. Catherine Street, Montreal
Cook's Travellers' Cheques are good all over the world

Absolute Protection

Think of 1916 NOW!

WHAT is your prospect for five years hence?

Let me show you how to own a **BEARING ORCHARD** in a few years by **ACTING NOW**.

I will sell you a five-acre fruit farm near Mission City, B.C., undertake to plant it to apples, pears, peaches, plums or other trees you may desire, and look after it for **FIVE YEARS** for \$600 per acre, \$100 CASH and the balance spread over **NINE YEARS**.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction in 1916, or every cent of your money back with 7 per cent. interest.

SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS NOW

W. J. KERR, Limited
614 COLUMBIA ST.
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

Reference, Royal Bank of Canada

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Is The ONLY Cleaner For

Marble Tops, Basins, Columns, Floors, Steps, and Statues.

Because *nothing else* cleans marble without dis-coloring it. Old Dutch Cleanser not only pre-serves the whiteness and purity of marble, but also restores its original beauty when turned yellow from soap-cleaning.

Wet the marble and sprinkle on a little Cleanser, then rub over carefully with a cloth or brush, getting into every crevice. Then wash in clean, warm water and wipe dry.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Grand Stove.—A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners, and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks, and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply. "And dat air gas stove—oh my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire ain't gon out yit."—Sacred Heart Review.

Much Cheaper.—"So you wish to marry an actress?" "Yes; I fell in love with her voice after hearing it in a phonograph." "Better go slow. You can buy the record for 50 cents."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High School Fiction.—The freckle-faced boy who was about to be emancipated from high school thralldom was writing his graduating essay.

"I suppose I ought to wind it up," he reflected, "with something touching and sentimental about the leather-headed, snub-nosed, squeaky-voiced, conceited old snoozer that runs the shebang." Thereupon he wrote: "And now, our dear and honoured principal, we turn to you," etc.

A Rash Remark.—Diner: "Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?"

Restaurant Proprietor: "It is my wife."

Diner: "Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune."

R. P.: "She is accompanying herself!"

Those Girls.—"Your fiancee doesn't seem to have much to say for himself," remarked the first Sweet Young Thing. "I presume you have found the 'little self-contained flat' you were after." And now they do not speak.—M. A. P.

Stiff Penalty.—"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter!"

"There's a penalty for that, too."

"I'd like to know what it is?"

"Hard labour for life."—Houston Post.

Ready For More.—Missionary—"And do you know nothing whatever of religion?"

Cannibal—"Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."—Toledo Blade.

Then He Fled.—"On your way," shouted the lady of the house. "I aint got no wood to chop. There aint nothing you could do around here."

"But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reasonable Restraint.—Jones—"Is it necessary for you to send your daughter to Europe to complete her musical education?"

Brown—"Yes—I can't stand the infernal racket here any longer."—Portland Oregonian.

Neighbours.—Mother: "Don't you know, darling, that we are commanded to love our neighbours?"

Little One: "Yes; an' I s'pose that's 'cause we can get along with most everybody else."—Boston Transcript.

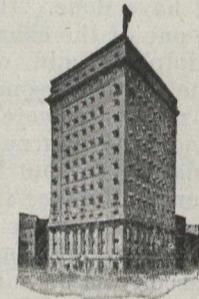
Is There Danger In Your School ?

If your school is ceiled with plaster your children—and many others—dwell under a menace. For plaster ceilings may crash down and kill or maim at any moment. Cover old plaster ceilings with PRESTON Steel Ceilings—light, strong, beautiful, sanitary (because washable) and fire-proof. Do this without removing the old plaster—we will tell you how. The cost is NOT high; yet these ceilings will outlast the building itself. Have SAFE ceilings. Send for the illustrated book. Write this very day to

METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., Limited
PRESTON, ONTARIO

Branch Office and Factory, Montreal, Quebec

Preston Steel Ceilings



HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$6,650,000
TOTAL ASSETS \$47,000,000



The Traders Bank OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1885
113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

The time it takes to go to the Bank is often long enough to make a man change his mind about some unnecessary purchase. It gives him a chance to consider whether he would sooner have the desired article than his interest-bearing deposit. The money is safe in the Bank too.

THE

Canadian Courier

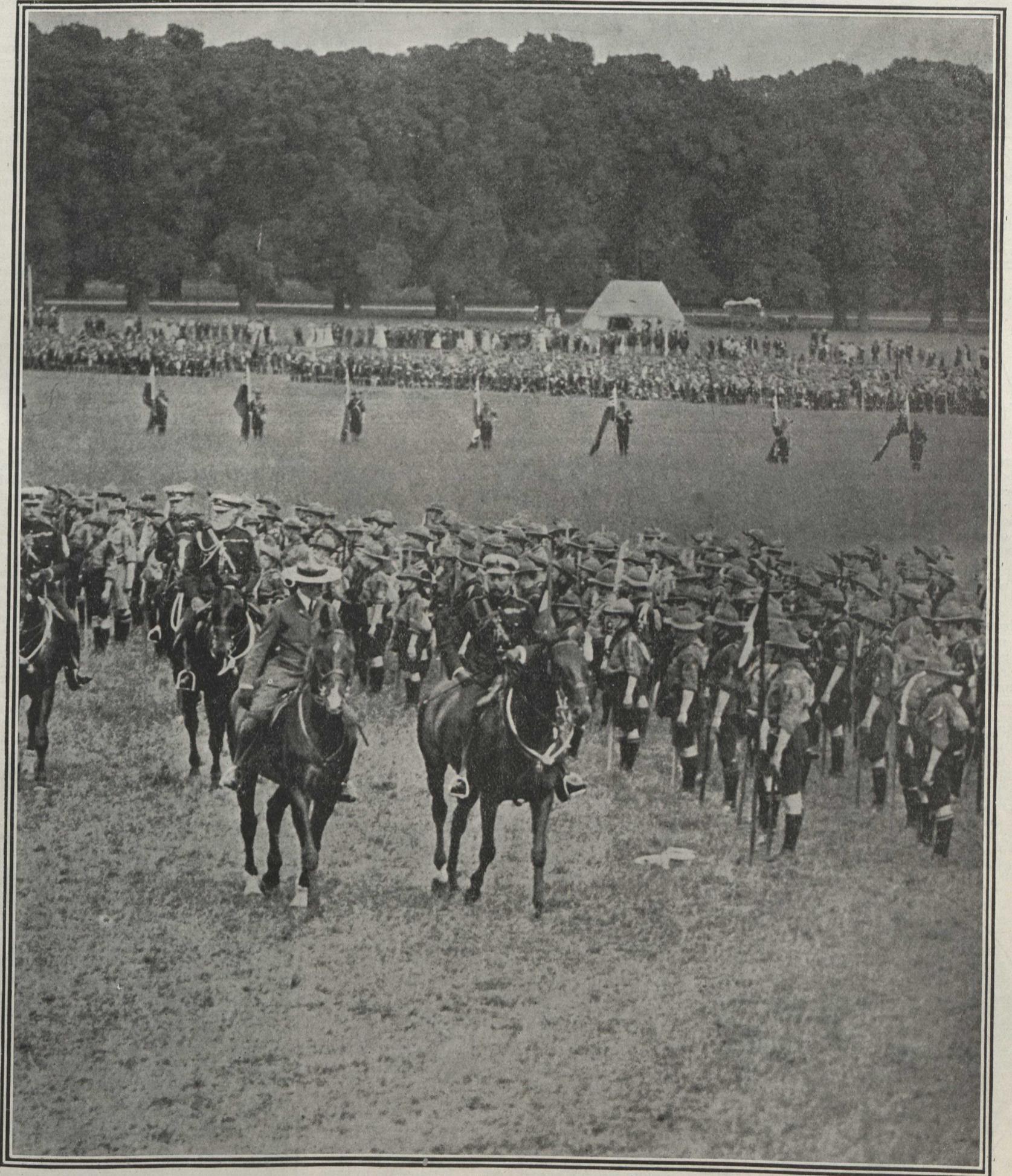
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol. X.

July 29, 1911

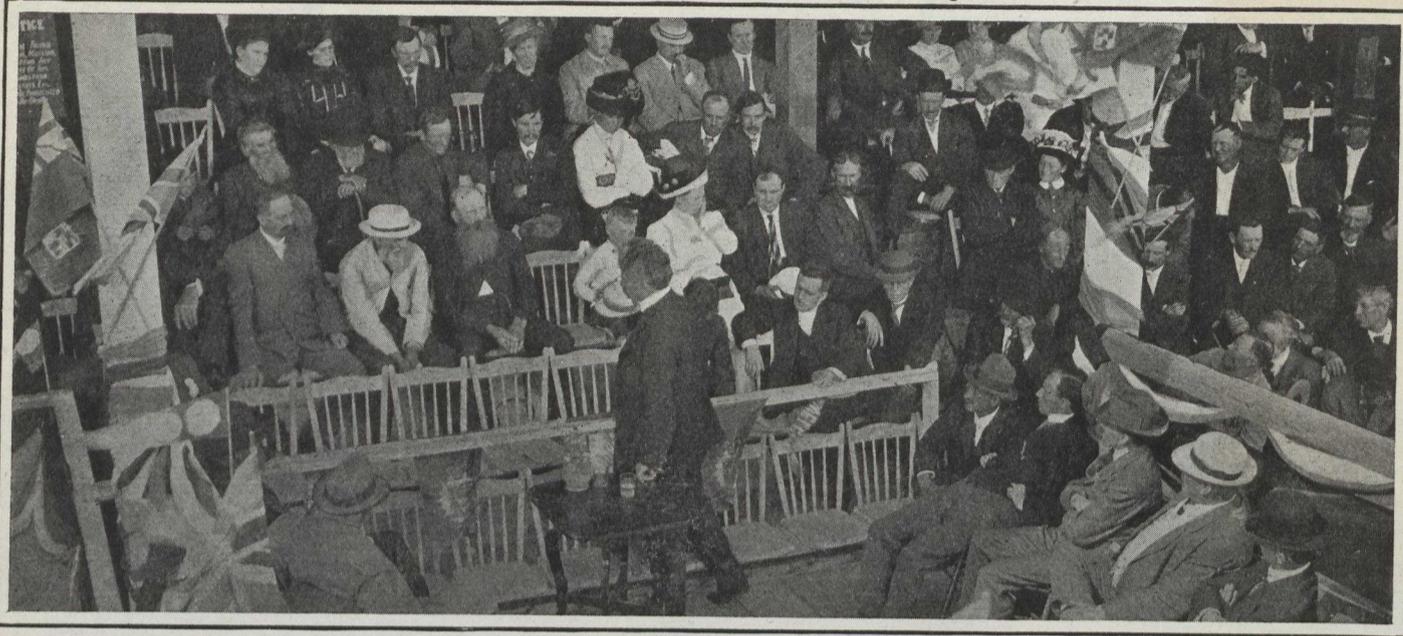
No. 9



KING GEORGE AND SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL REVIEWING BOY SCOUTS OF THE EMPIRE

Photograph by London News Agency.

Quite the greatest episode in the lives of these young trail soldiers who had never been inspected by anybody they considered a greater man than the hero of Mafeking, the organizer of the Boy Scout movement.



GRAIN-GROWERS HEAR R. L. BORDEN IN OPEN-AIR MEETING AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. On the platform sat Arthur Meighen, M.P., thumbs in his vest pockets; Col. Hugh Clark, against Hon. Hugh Armstrong, Provincial Treasurer for Manitoba; W. S. Middleboro, M.P., with his arms folded; opposite side, T. W. Crothers, M.P.

WITH BORDEN IN THE WEST

Effect that the Tour may have on the Coming Election

By HUGH CLARK, M.P.P.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN tells a good story at his own expense. He had delivered his favourite lecture on "The Prince of Peace," at a town in Georgia. After leaving there he had a letter from the gentleman with whom he stayed while in the town telling him of a farmer who drove twenty-eight miles to hear the lecture, under the misapprehension that it was on "The Price of Peas." If he had attended the meeting held by Mr. R. L. Borden in the three prairie provinces, he would not have been disappointed. If he did not hear a lecture on the price of peas, he would at any rate have heard a good deal about the price of wheat and of barley.

If it were not for these two cereals, Westerners would take but little interest in the reciprocity pact. Grain growers near the border see their neighbours across the line getting from six to ten cents more for hard wheat than the Canadian grain-grower gets. Some Canadians get the same price by driving across the line at night; so at least the story goes. Conservative orators have endeavored to show them that local conditions are solely responsible for the difference in price, that the Pillsbury mills must have one bushel of hard wheat to mix with several bushels of soft wheat to make the best grade of flour, and they pay the premium to get the hard wheat in the limited area where it is grown in Dakota. These Conservative orators have shown them that with free trade in wheat the premium will disappear when the limited market is flooded with the unlimited wheat from the native home of No. 1 Hard; that the Dakota farmer will lose and the Canadian farmer will not.

recently they have secured further corroborative testimony from no less a personage than President Taft. Andrew Broder, M.P., candidly informed them that if they must have this premium they must continue driving at night. Some grain-growers have been convinced by this reasoning; others have not. Those who drive by night would rather drive by day and take no chances.

They take the difference in the price of barley as indicating a general difference in prices favourable to the United States, although malting barley is not grown in the West, and, I am told, cannot be grown successfully. The Canadian quotation is for feed barley, and many Canadian farmers inform me that they get more than the American price for their feed barley by selling it in the form of pork. That does not appeal to the Western farmer, who does not go into mixed farming to any extent. They have a get-rich-quick business in grain-growing and it will have to play out before they think seriously of raising stock. The final stand of the supporters of the pact is being made on the wheat and barley question. They have practically abandoned all of their other positions.

Shrewd tactician as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is, he missed a glorious chance to stampede the Western provinces. If he had accepted the challenge of the Opposition and gone to the country, he would undoubtedly have swept the West. Where there is one in favour of the pact now who was opposed to it at first, there are a score against it now who at first were favourably disposed towards it. The name reciprocity is captivating. It suggests neighbourliness and mutual good-will. Besides there was a tradition in Canada that it would be a good thing for us if we could only get it. We had emerged from that condition unconsciously, but the tradition still lived. Sir Wilfrid gave the people time to see that the average market prices of most of the things we produce are higher than the average prices in the United States. He gave us time to recall that last century was the boom century of the United States and that they took good care to see that we did not get a "look in," while now they recognize that this is to be the boom century for Canada and are anxious to participate. He gave Mr. Borden a chance to make a tour of the West and win back most of the Conservatives who had been attracted by reciprocity. Many of these are members of the Grain Growers' Association, which is a strong organization in the wheat-growing provinces. They had shown some spirit last year when Sir Wilfrid Laurier toured the West and had confronted him on many occasions with reminders of his delinquencies. They asked for many things, but reciprocity was not one of them. That appears to have been an afterthought, and there are Conservatives who believe it was suggested to the great farmers' deputation which besieged the Capital in December last, and that the suggestion came from the Government after a beginning had been made on negotiations with Washington for reciprocity.

It was a shrewd stroke of political business. A trip through the West had convinced Sir Wilfrid that his Government was discredited among the farmers. They had asked for half a dozen things, none of which he felt disposed to grant. He would give them something else they had not asked for and they would forgive him his refusal of the others. He showed shrewdness in this and he would have succeeded gloriously if he had followed it up with a general election. Even yet the value of his action as a political manoeuvre is apparent, for Liberals who were in open rebellion last year have been won over. Mr. Borden may promise them all they asked of Sir Wilfrid last year. That makes no difference with them. They renew their allegiance to him because he gives them something they did not ask for then. It must be conceded that Mr. Borden won over but few Liberals by

promising them government construction and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway, government control of terminal elevators, state aid to the chilled meat industry; the demanded amendments to the Railway Act, and legislation to allow greater freedom for co-operative trading. They take only a languid interest in these now; their affections are centred upon reciprocity, which, they think, would prove beneficial to their interests.

The Borden tour did, however, have a remarkable effect upon Conservative members of the G. G. A., who were favourable to reciprocity, and also upon an element strong in Alberta and Saskatchewan—the truly independent voter. They gave Mr. Borden his opportunity. The leaders of the G. G. A. are strong Liberals and are suspected by Conservatives of trying to use it to aid the government. Their object in having deputations meet Mr. Borden at most of his meetings may have been to embarrass him, but, if so, it did not work that way. It allowed him a chance to meet the organized farmers face to face. The memorials they presented at all other points were evidently copies of the memorials presented first at Brandon, slightly revised in some cases. Most of them contained the same misrepresentation respecting the Opposition attitude toward the Hudson's Bay Railway and Western representation in the next parliament. Mr. Borden was at his best in these interviews. He was frank in his replies to all questions. His blunt "No" to the reciprocity question gave added value to his candid "Yes" to all the other questions. Where the memorials contained misrepresentations, he lectured the men who drafted them. Many who



On Coronation Day platform when Mr. Haultain spoke.

gain; that the price will come down to the export basis. They quote Hugh Guthrie, M.P., and Dr. Mulloy, M.P., in support of their contention, and



Getting a Civic Welcome from the Mayor of Lacombe.

heard him went away convinced that he was a strong, capable leader, sincere in his convictions, who could not be intimidated. As one man put it, "Well, there's no shenanigan about it, anyway." Those meetings with the organized farmers were the most successful feature of the tour. They were kept up to the end, evidently to show the strength of the organization in all parts and the strength of reciprocity sentiment.

It was the best thing that could have happened for the Opposition leader, for, outside of the fact that it gave him a chance to define his position clearly to men who were alleged to be against him, it was a stimulus to him. He is a careful, studious man and he weighs and measures his words before he utters them. When prodded by an interruption, or a memorial containing an unfair representation, his response never lacks fire or animalism. I have heard him make many speeches, but none so critical and convincing as those he delivered to the organized farmers. He made converts at each of his meetings. They went away convinced, at any rate, that he was an honest man with a forceful personality. Their memorials spoke of him as a "possible Prime Minister." That itself is significant. Four years ago, the gentlemen who drafted these memorials would have scoffed at the suggestion; in point of fact, they would not have bothered themselves to lay before him their views, and draw from him a declaration of his principles.

Speaking generally of the effect of the tour, I believe that when the elections come on the voters in the Western provinces will vote as they usually did. The Conservative grain growers will vote for Borden because he concedes them all they asked for a year ago. The Liberals will support Laurier in spite of this, and because he offers them reciprocity. The independent voter will go one way or the other according to his idea as to which is the paramount consideration. Of course, it is difficult to say what will happen. The prospect of a redistribution has prevented the nomination of candidates, and political conditions may be complicated by the G. G. A. placing candidates of their own in the field. While they are not pleased with Borden's rejection of reciprocity, they are not pleased either with Laurier's side-stepping of the other issues placed before him, and they may select candidates pledged to all that both Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Borden offer them. They are generally men of sound intelligence who can express their views freely and forcibly. There are, however, a few among them who would place the East against the West and would destroy every industry and interest in Canada except their own. According to one of them, the gory hand of the Eastern manufacturers is elbow-deep in the life-blood of the Western farmers. Men like these would be dangerous if they were as influential as they are noisy. The great bulk of the organized farmers is composed of sensible, intelligent men who are broad-minded enough to see that the various provinces and interests of Canada are interdependent, and that the success of each is necessary to the success of all.

The Borden tour has succeeded in stemming the tide that was flowing favourably to reciprocity and the Laurier Government. Most of those who were favourable to it at first were attracted by the magic of the name. There was, too, a deal of misinformation respecting its terms. This is not surprising when we recall Hon. Mr. Paterson's definition of talc and Hon. Mr. Lemieux's dissertation on the advantage of the Maritime Provinces of free trade in lobsters which had been on the free list many years. Mr. Norris, leader of the Liberal party in Manitoba, expatiates on the advantage of free trade in oranges and bananas, although they have been on the free list for four years. This misinformation is, therefore, not current among its rank and file exclusively.

It was not surprising that many learned for the first time at Mr. Borden's meetings that manufactured articles and particularly agricultural implements are not put on the free list under this pact, and many others heard for the first time that a dozen other nations are allowed access to Canadian markets on the same terms as the United States without giving similar advantages to Canada. Needless to say, they went away with a different view of the question, and they will carry Mr. Borden's arguments to others who may be similarly misinformed. I was with Mr. Borden for one week, but since then I have visited places where he held meetings and am assured that personally Mr. Borden

created a very favourable impression in the West, and that as a result of his visit, reciprocity will not

reason for lugging it in against reciprocity. At any rate the Premier rose to reply. He did not say to Mr. Middleboro: "My honourable friend from North Grey is a joker. He knows very well that he is not interested in Fenians; as well as he knows that this Government and this country are interested in reciprocity." He did, however, point out that the matter was some forty years old even in Parliament; that the Government of Sir John Macdonald had dealt with the matter and so far as he knew the country was not disposed to worry much about the results.

As a matter of form the Premier recollected that he himself had been a Fenian Raid veteran; though he had never received a medal and did not deserve one, since all he had done was garrison duty.

This was a severe blow to Mr. Middleboro, who probably did not know that Sir Wilfrid had ever been a soldier.

The Premier sat down. So far as he and his Government were concerned the Fenian Raid was all over.

Not so Mr. Middleboro's brigade. The member for North Grey read interesting and enchanting passages from Hansard of 1875; being the realistic story of a famous passage at arms between Sir John Macdonald and Alexander Mackenzie on that very topic. Remarkable! Here were the very words used by those historic politicians thirty-six years ago! The House sat back, folded its arms, tilted its hat over its eyes and listened.

It was a thrilling episode. It seemed as though the shades of two great statesmen were in the House. The visit of the Sheffield Choir a few months ago, when they sang to the House of Commons, had not been so supernatural an incident. With much feeling the member for North Grey read the famous words. They were the echo of a day when oratory had been the custom; when the martial spirit was in the air; when even Col. Sam Hughes could have brought the House to a cheer.

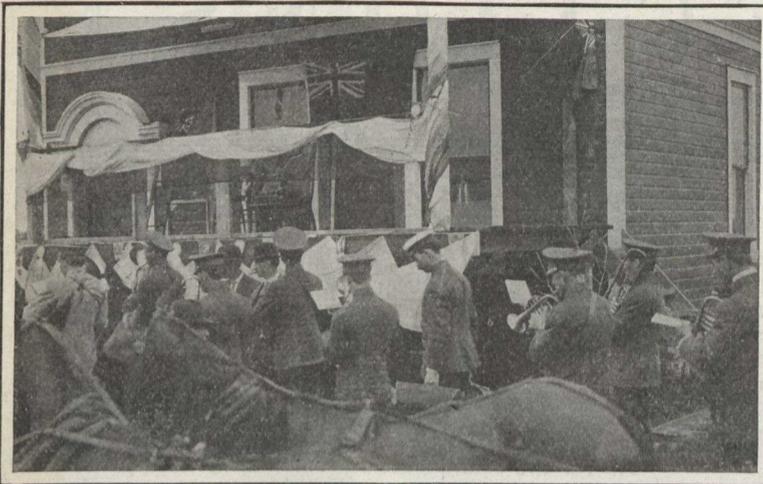
How different now! Here was a House assembled merely in the name of the country's business. Here was a Government which seemed to have lost its sense of history and its veneration for the heroes of old. It was a time for a Macaulay to have taken the dry bones of Hansard and at the clerk's desk to have written then and there the ballads of the Fenian Raid, that a degenerate, unsentimental and commercialized government might be thrilled away from the path of commercial intrigue to the contemplation of deeds of valour and heroes of old.

Hour by hour Messrs. Sproule and Barker, Reid and Lancaster, Lennox and Boyce and Sharpe—and even Borden himself—dilated and expatiated solemnly and earnestly upon the duty of the House and the Government to remember the graves of their fathers and the heroism of a vanished age.

And then plumb in the midst of this most solemn and impassioned crisis in the history of parliamentary debate—what did some irreverent and materialistic Liberal members do but interject loudly—"Vote!" and "Carried!" These irrelevant interruptions had a marked effect upon the antiquarians. They were observed to wince and to glance audibly and appealingly at the Speaker. Surely these flip-pant gentlemen opposite understood that this was no laughing matter. Surely they had perception enough to see that the discussion of the claims of the Fenian Raid veterans was itself part and parcel of the subject of reciprocity. Were not the Fenians of 1866 the very scoundrels who at that time tried the absurdly impossible and chimerical task of annexing Canada to the United States. Were not the Fenians of 1866 the restricted reciprocitarians of 1911 in another guise? Were not the reciprocity-pacters of 1911 just Fenians in another form?

Hour by hour the clock ticked away under the gallery and the members dribbled out to smoke. Towards six o'clock the benches on the Government side were deserted save for a bare quorum. Only the Premier and one or two Ministers were left in the Treasury benches. Never in the most dismal days of Dr. Sproule lambasting Mr. Pugsley's sawdust wharf schemes, or Mr. Foster unraveling the iniquities of patronage, had there been known such regrettable apathy and lack of patriotism.

It was one of those sad moments that sometimes unearth the true condition of a people. The member for North Grey discovered that he and his party had fallen upon evil days. And as he went to the lobby he was heard to mutter with something betwixt a sneer and a sigh, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria moriri."



Band at Lanigan, Sask., waiting for Mr. Borden to appear.



Open-air meeting at North Battleford on June 30th.

cut such a figure, particularly if the tour is followed up by a more general campaign of education.

The Government still holds the advantage of controlling the land agents and homestead inspectors who do valuable work during elections, particularly with the foreign element. It will probably secure, too, the votes of English and Scotch free-traders who left their homes in spite (or because) of the fact that it is the ideal of a free trade country. They like the idea of reciprocity, and will therefore vote for the only government in Canada that was ever offered and that ever refused free trade with the United States. These will probably be offset by an element of Britishers who are not at all pleased with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude at the Imperial Conference. The American settlers in the prairie are, I am told, generally favourable to reciprocity, although I met a number who are very much opposed to it.

Reciprocity and Fenians

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

MR. W. S. MIDDLEBORO, of North Bay, must be one of the humourists among the Conservative party. Having just got back from the Borden tour, and being deeply convinced that when the House opened it was the supreme business of his side to talk out reciprocity, he perpetrated a sample of grand humour.

It was on Tuesday of last week that Mr. Fielding gave out that it was Government's intention to get busy with the reciprocity discussion postponed for the Coronation. He moved that the House go into a Committee of Ways and Means. When he knew very well that a whole brigade of tactful members opposite had been lined up to evade reciprocity. Mr. Middleboro rose with an amendment. Then began the farce-comedy.

The amendment of Mr. Middleboro called upon Parliament "to recognize in some substantial manner the services of the Fenian Raid veterans of 1866 and 1867."

The latter, it will be remembered, was the year of Confederation; which may have been an historic

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Are We All Robbers?

BECAUSE the annual crop of honey in Ontario will show a falling-off amounting to a million pounds, the executive of the Ontario Bee-Keepers' Association will advance the price of honey. Are the bee keepers robbers? Why should they put up the price and make the consumer pay more simply because the crop is smaller than usual? Has the consumer no rights?

Small fruits are scarce in Ontario, and the fruit grower puts up the price. The consumer must pay more for his cherries, raspberries, gooseberries, tomatoes, pears and peaches. Are the fruit growers robbers?

The crop of wheat the world over is not too large. In Canada it will be excellent. Yet the Canadian farmer puts up the price and makes the Canadian consumer pay more because wheat is scarce in Russia, France and Germany? Is the Canadian farmer a robber?

The number of expert carpenters needed in several of the large cities is large. The carpenters know that and up goes the price of carpenters. Again the consumer of carpenter work must pay the increased cost. Is the carpenter a robber?

The makers of rubber goods find a huge demand for their goods and raw rubber is hard to get. Up goes the price of rubber goods. The consumer of rubber goods, the wearer of rubber shoes and so on, must pay. Is the rubber manufacturer a robber?

The demand for good industrial stocks is large and the broker, the financier and the merger-man discover that. Up go the price of industrial stocks. Instead of paying \$90 a share for certain stocks, the investor who is the consumer in the case must pay \$120. Are the brokers and financiers robbers?

The banker and the merchant think the farmer is a robber if he puts up the price of his products and the farmer comes back and says that the banker and the merchant and the manufacturer are robbers because they have a protective tariff to keep up the price of their wares. Are we all robbers, or are none of us robbers? Isn't it rather the result of a competitive system which none of us may avoid?

The state robs us by making us pay more for bad government than we should pay for good. There is really robbery, because there is no competition. The city robs us when it makes us pay more for bad water than we should pay for good water. There is real robbery, because we are compelled to buy from the city. The telephone company robs us when it makes us pay an exorbitant price for a service which we must take or go without. There is no competition in telephones. But when there is competition there can be no robbery.

The farmer who declares that the manufacturer robs him and the manufacturer who declares that the farmer robs him are either fools or liars. And this includes the *Toronto Weekly Sun*, the *Grain-Growers' Guide*, and the other respectable agricultural papers which are trying to carry reciprocity by setting the farmer against the manufacturer. If reciprocity can survive such miserable arguments and such miserable methods on its behalf, then it deserves to win.

* * *

Well Done, Mr. Lemieux.

SOME critics have hinted that Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux is fond of travelling and fond of meeting the "big people" of the world. Perhaps so. But of all the departments of government in this country, none seems to be administered with greater care, greater thoroughness, and greater efficiency than the Post Office of Canada. Furthermore, there was never a period in which greater reforms have been undertaken and worked out with less fuss and feathers than during the Lemieux regime. Remember, also, Mr. Lemieux followed Sir William Mulock, one of the finest administrators that ever drew an inadequate salary on Parliament Hill.

Within the last fortnight, Mr. Lemieux announced an early reduction in cable rates. Twenty-five cents, the present general rate, for urgent messages; twelve cents for non-urgent messages; and six cents for press messages. This has been offered to the British and Canadian Postmasters-General, but they hope to do better. If the present companies will not give further reductions, then a British-owned cable will be built from Canada to Great Britain.

During the same period, Mr. Lemieux has announced that a new parcels post system is being considered and that if the country merchants did not object too strongly it might be adopted. Such a system is sorely needed to make the express companies more reasonable. There should be competition, and the post office alone is in a position to give it. The express companies perform an admirable public service, but they have not shown that sweet reasonableness which makes public utility corporations popular.

As for the country merchant, his fear is groundless. Interurban railways were once thought to seal the doom of the country merchant along these lines. Everybody would go into the city to shop. Instead of killing the country merchant, it doubled his business. The customer has no account in the city, and the country merchant has, therefore, the country merchant telephones in his order and the goods are ready for the customer in a few hours. It would be the same with a parcels post.

If Mr. Lemieux will push these two reforms a little faster even, he will find a solid public opinion behind him.

* * *

Naughty Premier Fisher.

PREMIER FISHER says there is no British Empire—now what do you make of that? It makes one want to lean a weary head on a tired hand and wonder if thinking is worth while. "We are not an Empire; we are a loose association of five nations." Alas and alack! Shades of Cecil Rhodes and Richard Seddon!

OUR NEW SERIAL.

Next week we shall begin a new serial story. This time it is a Canadian story by a Canadian writer. As its background it will have Cobalt and the new mining country. As its theme it will have a modern phase of the struggle between good and evil in love and life as it came to one young college graduate.

It is well that Premier Fisher has gone home to Australia by the other route. If he had been passing through Canada when this news leaked out, he might have been throttled by Colonel Sam Hughes, or Colonel Denison, or even by Premier Roblin. I feel quite certain Mr. Borden would not have attempted to do him bodily harm, but I am convinced that the others would. The fact that Premier Fisher is an ex-miner and stands six feet clear would have made no difference.

"There is no necessity for us to say that we will or will not take part in any of England's wars." Surely these are the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, not of the Premier of Australia. Yet one hesitates to believe that even Sir Wilfrid would be quite so frank. Mr. Bourassa might, but he counts not.

Perhaps when he gets back home and gets a note from some of our ardent imperialists, Premier Fisher may repudiate this interview which Mr. Stead secured for his once great publication. It seems incredible, at this critical juncture in the affairs of the "Empire," and just when a general election is imminent in Canada, that Mr. Fisher could have been so brutally "unpatriotic." Yet the despatch appeared in the *Mail and Empire* and other reputable imperialist newspapers. One doesn't know what to think.

It may be that Premier Fisher merely intended to distinguish between loyalty and imperialism, and to make it clear that he could be a good Britisher without sacrificing his standing as a good Australian. But he has certainly out-lauriered Laurier.

* * *

New Brunswick Joins the Others

AFTER the last day of September in this year of grace, the pulpwood policy of New Brunswick will be the same as that of Ontario and Quebec. The United States may put pulp logs on

the free list if it so desires. It may confer with Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson about getting our pulp logs if it wishes. It may offer all sorts of reciprocity in exchange. Yet after that date, not a pulp log cut on the crown lands of the three great spruce provinces will be exported.

This is a proper "conservation" policy. We had the policy in Ontario long before President Roosevelt told us what to call it. His naming of it helped it perhaps. His and other support made it popular enough for Premier Gouin, of Quebec, and now has given it sufficient vogue for recognition at the hands of Premier Hazen. Save nature's endowment and manufacture your own product at home—is a policy to which every Canadian will subscribe in the matter of pulp wood. With regard to wheat, barley, vegetables and fruit there may be room for two opinions, because our supplies of these are annual. Pulp logs, on the other hand, are harvested only once in fifty years. Destroy the present supply, and there may never be another.

The United States papermakers have our sympathy. They love their country, and it is not pleasant to be forced to get up and move to another country. We hope they will not feel it too keenly, and we assure them of a hearty welcome. Our advice to them is to come over before it is too late.

* * *

The Lords Are Beaten.

AFTER a strenuous battle lasting three years and involving two general elections, the House of Lords must yield its veto power. It may revise, it may suggest, it may consult, it may temporise, but when the British House of Commons says "Yea" three times, the matter is settled. It will now be almost as useless as the Canada Senate, and both bodies will be in strong contrast with the Senate of the United States, which is probably the most powerful second chamber in the world of nations. The battle ended when Mr. Asquith, on Friday of last week, sent a polite note to Mr. Balfour and told him that the King had agreed to create the peers necessary to overcome all opposition to "The Parliament Bill."

Divine Right of Kings as a doctrine passed away; the birthright of peers must also pass away. A new House of Lords, in which brains, achievement and influence alone will count, must come into existence. It may be more dangerous and even more conservative than its predecessor, but it will not be founded upon a principle which is opposed to modern democratic ideas. Cromwell was a dictator and cried, "Take away that bauble"; Asquith and Lloyd-George are his modern counter-parts. Cromwell succeeded because the people were behind him; Asquith and his colleagues are undoubtedly in the same position.

King George has been wiser than the Peers. He has yielded gracefully without sacrifice of prestige. The peerage has lost and monarchy has gained. The King has again admitted that he is a constitutional monarch enthroned to do the will of his people.

* * *

The Final Act of Reciprocity.

THAT delightful international drama, entitled "Reciprocity," is almost concluded. In Act 1, at Washington, last April, the international troupe introduced the play with considerable skill and artistic ability. The work of President Taft in this portion of the play was exceedingly well done, showing that he had profited much by expert advice and advance training. Mr. Fielding seemed a little in need of experience and coaching, but performed well, making only one or two slight slips.

In Act II, the scenes were laid wholly in Washington, with Congress supplying a goodly number of strolling players. The act was lacking in brisk action and was therefore somewhat tedious. Nevertheless most of the actors played their parts so earnestly and conscientiously that the general effect was impressive. The last scene of this Act closed on Wednesday, when President Taft spectacularly signed the tariff reform bill which he has carried through Congress at the point of the "personal influence" bayonet.

The third and final Act will be played in Canada. The chief parts will be taken by Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. While it would be unfair to describe it in advance, we are unofficially informed that the denouement will be satisfactory to both "stars." The Liberal majority in the House of Commons may be decreased sufficiently to allow Mr. Borden to claim a moral victory. The reduction, however, will not be sufficient to prevent the triumph of Sir Wilfrid and reciprocity. Thus both actors and their friends will be fully satisfied and the dignity and honour of the nation will again be saved by a noble band of 220 heroes.

MEN OF TO-DAY

Our War Ministers.

WHEN Sir Frederick Borden leaves the Cabinet to become High Commissioner for Canada he will leave a picturesque blank in Ottawa. The Minister of Militia is nothing if not a personage. Barring Sir Wilfrid he is the erectest man in the Cabinet. When he walks it is the march of a militia. Style irreproachable; dignity without a slur; a smile of extreme unction—no statelier man ever sat in a Cabinet than Sir Frederick. When he gets to the vicinity of Westminster no lackadaisical stroll of Mr. Balfour, no bellicose gait of John Burns, no stout circumstantiality of Mr. Haldane in his morning coat, will be able to surpass Sir Frederick. With a Field Marshal's white plumes to overtop those impressive side-burns, and a sword to clank at his boot-tops, he would be quietly superb. In a frock coat and a topper he will be unimpeachable. Upon occasion even a monocle would suit him. He will adorn the High Commissionership with a grand manner not possessed by the incomparable Lord Strathcona or Sir Charles Tupper, the "grand old man" from the Province where Sir Frederick was born.

Assuredly there is no member of the House of Commons able to present the grand front at the desk of the Minister of Militia in comparison to Sir Frederick, who has been Minister of War since 1896, and with Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Fielding, Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Paterson, is one of the five survivals of the 'Cabinet of Premiers.'

And if Sir Wilfrid had searched the House with a microscope he could have found no man less like Sir Frederick than Mr. E. M. Macdonald, who seems slated to succeed him. Mr. Macdonald is almost all that Sir Frederick isn't. The only common feature to both is that they are both Grits from Nova Scotia. The man from Pictou is not stately. He is rather stout. In the House he is frequently one of the liveliest of members. In the Railway Committee he is occasionally pugnacious and formidable. A soldier he has never been. But as Charles Sumner once remarked, "a man who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat." When Mr. Haldane became War Minister in the British Cabinet he scarcely knew a field-gun from a carbine. He was a philosopher. Mr. Macdonald is a lawyer—and a good one. He is also a first-rate student of politics and of people. On the platform he is somewhat ponderous. In conversation he is jovial and sometimes humorous. He knows how to laugh and tell a story and indulge in political observations—for he thinks politics—as a true Blue-nose always should. But when he rises in the Railway Committee to "put a crimp" in an opponent he knits his brows and thunders like Jove. If he becomes Minister of Militia he will probably learn the ethics of his portfolio as quickly as Mr. Haldane learned his; and when he rises in his seat to answer any slurs of the Opposition on the affairs of the Militia the House may expect a deal of extra plain speaking, which is not particularly like Sir Frederick Borden.

The military problem of Canada may not be of such burning political importance as the Canadian navy. But with forty thousand militia and a peculiarly heavy expenditure, Mr. Macdonald will find himself quite busy enough. It is now seven years since the Lord Dundonald episode brought the military department to the front row of interest. Our militia department may be somewhat lacking in the matter of sensation.

A Popular Secretary.

RECENTLY, in Winnipeg, the Board of Trade presented their Secretary, Mr. C. N. Bell, with a massive cabinet of silver. Twenty-five years Charles Napier Bell has been Chief Executive officer of the Board. No man has seen more romance in trade than Mr. Bell. He was at Fort Garry as early as 1870, when he used to go out hunting and trading with the Indians. From a cluster of shacks, a depot for furs, he has watched the evolution of the third greatest city of a nation. And seated in his office all these years playing his part in the drama of Winnipeg, the Secretary of the Board of Trade, has noted the fading of the trail and heard the hum of the street car.

Mr. Bell got prairie fever about the time of Confederation, when he went west as bugle boy of the Perth Rifles in the Fenian Raid. After some more

soldiering in the Red River affair, he got connected with railroad and grain interests and stuck to Fort Garry. In 1887, he became Secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade. He has been a protagonist of nearly every public or business movement in the Western Metropolis in the last thirty years. For instance, note his interest in transportation, one of the big problems of the Canadian people, particularly in the West, where the farmer is so anxious about the quickest haul for his wheat. Mr. Bell is somewhat of an authority on Western transportation. He has seen it in all its phases from the prairie schooner slipping through the grass to the transcontinental freight. In 1904, he was secretary of the royal commission on national transportation.

* * *

A Greek Lawyer.

D. N. NICHOLSON is his name Canadianized. But in Hellas the dark, suave young man, whose picture appears on this page, is Demetrius Nicholas Nicholakakos. He could never get all that on a shingle; and as Mr. Nicholson desires to be as practical a young lawyer as they have in Canada, he cut his name down a little.

D. N. Nicholson is the first citizen of Greece to be called to the Canadian bar. He got his call this Spring at Montreal. In celebration of this event all the Greeks in Montreal banquetted him recently. The young Canadian Demosthenes is a trite example of what a down-at-the-heels foreign youth can do with industrious effort in Canada. Nicholson came to Canada a lad from Molaous, Greece. He knew no English. His uncle, a candy vendor, helped him to a Montreal school. Demetrius paid most of his way by the scholarships he took. He got to McGill. And now he is a full-fledged member of the Montreal bar.

* * *

A Sporting Imperialist.

AT Weston-Super-Mare, in the west of England, lives a big, jovial gentleman. He is Mr. Henry Butt, who runs the stone quarry, the lime works, and a few other of the institutions which support dozens of workmen in the pretty town of Weston-Super-Mare. Now, if you were to ask the citizens of that town the secret of Mr. Butt's jolly disposition they would tell you that he is a good sport.

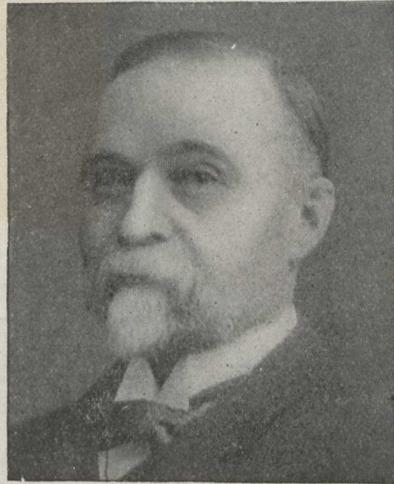
So he is—quite literally. Two years ago Mr. Butt sent out to the Dominion a Loving Cup competed for by the bowling clubs of Canada. This year he sends us another in memory of Edward VII. Mr. Butt first met Canadian bowlers touring in England. They came to his town. He liked their play. An ardent Imperialist, he thinks nothing can foster that sentiment like the good fellowship of sport. As he says on the cup he has presented:

"May God bless the dear land of the Maple Leaf with wealth and prosperity, grant good luck to its sportsmen, long life and happiness to our colonial brothers. May they ever bless the name of the trophy (King Edward the Peacemaker) as they do in Old England."

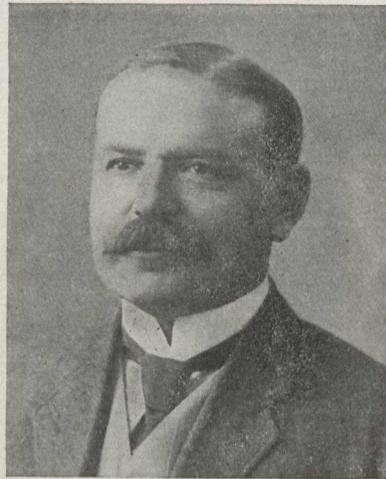
* * *

The Man of Iron.

THE recrudescence of Lord Kitchener, who for a few years since his retirement from the commander-in-chiefship in India has been the enigma of the army—revives the perennial interest in this great man of affairs. He goes to Egypt—which more than any other man he conquered—to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as commander-in-chief of forces. Lately the world that reads pictorial papers has been treated to a number of pictures of the great soldier dressed as a plain English gentleman—which was no way for an iron man of camps. Since his retirement from the Mediterranean sinecure he has been quietly unobtrusive; never appearing where he was not wanted. When Col. Roosevelt last year rose at the Guildhall to tell England how to govern Egypt, the conqueror of the Soudan probably had his opinions; but he said nothing. When on his globe-trotting expedition last year he discovered that he was not needed in Canada where millions of Canadians would have been as glad to see him as they were to see Lord Roberts three years ago—he stayed away and said nothing. At the Coronation he quietly took hold of the management of troops and did it as he always did—thoroughly. At the presentation of medals to the overseas troops he appeared among the Field-M Marshals—a mere figurehead. At Bisley last week he distributed the prizes and shook hands with the Canadian winner of the King's Prize. Now he goes back to the land of the Fuzzy-Wuzzy, who gave him so much trouble, to the land of Gunga Din. But now 61 years old, he is perhaps not anticipating any great war.



MR. CHARLES N. BELL
For twenty-five years Secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade.



MR. E. M. MACDONALD, M.P.
Pictou, N.S., who may enter the Dominion Cabinet.



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN
Who may succeed Lord Strathcona as High Commissioner for Canada.



MR. HENRY BUTT
The Englishman who has presented a cup to Canadian bowlers.



MR. D. N. NICHOLSON
Montreal, the first Greek to be called to the Canadian bar.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE ETHICS OF SPENDING MONEY.

WHAT I want some political history "sharp" to show me is a case in which a Government, or a majority in a City Council, or even the leaders of a County Council, in a growing community have been hurled from power because they "spent money." There may be such cases, but I do not know of them. I am seeking information on the point. I am ready to believe, of course, that there are school boards which would rise in their might and pinch to death any one of their number who proposed to pay the teacher a decent salary. They would be especially vindictive if it happened to be a lady teacher whom it was sought to enrich and make proud by adding ten dollars a year to her stipend. But, apart from school boards, do you know of anybody in a progressive and prospering country which ever became unpopular by spending the people's money? If so, I would dearly like to have their names and addresses; for I would cheer their hearts by sending them copies of Hansard containing the annual "growl" by the Auditor-General's brigade in the House of Commons over the travelling expenses of Cabinet Ministers.

* * *

WE have always had men in Parliament who thought it their duty to see that the Ministers did not "get gay" with the hard-earned taxes of our poverty-stricken and penurious—not to say, parsimonious—people. The Liberals had them, and now the Conservatives have them. There seems to be no way in which a working Opposition can escape them. They think that they make a great point for their party when they show that the reckless and riotously extravagant Minister of This or That took a cab from the station to the hotel when he might have got there for five cents on a public street car—good enough for anybody—and carried his suitcase with him. But, as a matter of fact, they only succeed in arousing the apprehensions of the country as to the capacity of their own party for the government of a rising young nation. If there had been any notion among the Canadian people that the Liberals would have turned the financial control of the country over to the "peanut" section of their old Parliamentary party, they would never, never have got into power.

* * *

THE Canadian people are not "mean." They do not travel in a "mean" way themselves, and they do not want their representatives to do so either. When Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson went down to Washington last January, every last man of us in Canada hoped that they stayed at the best hotel and had just as many cabs as they could comfortably use. If we had heard that either of them tried to save a few cents by carrying his "carpet bag" to the depot, it would have hurt the Government more than to have put 23 bad items in the reciprocity schedules. We want to be proud of our officials; and we want them to give us the best opportunity for this enjoyment of a sinful pride. One of the reasons we like Sir Wilfrid Laurier to go to London is that he looks so well and acts so well when over there. Canada does not have to take "a back seat" to the biggest Peer in the puddle when Sir Wilfrid arrives amidst the plaudits of the company.

* * *

NOW we pay our Cabinet Ministers far too low salaries. We do not want to do this; but Cabinet Ministers have shown an astonishing reluctance to take the responsibility of raising their own wages. And, under the constitution, no one else can raise them. I believe it would be a popular move for a group of confirmed "back benchers," who can never hope to attain Cabinet rank, to get together and press upon the Front Benches of both parties the wisdom of increasing the pay of members of the Government. If the "back benchers" on both sides of the House joined in this effort, they could succeed; and the people would thank them for it. Men of such broad vision might, indeed, induce the people to think that they were too good for the "back benches" after all. Certainly they would stand a far better chance for promotion than members who cavil at the cab fares of our official representatives.

* * *

THE judges are another class of public servants who should be paid better. We cannot afford a cheap judiciary; and that is precisely what we would have, if so many of our best lawyers were

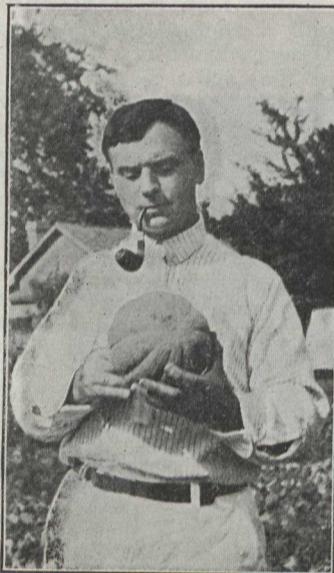
not willing to count the honour or the position as worth a very considerable amount. Still this country is not asking for charity from its public servants—we should pay them in cash what their services are worth. I would like to see our cities pay their rulers a good salary—I mean a really good salary which would attract the best talent. We could get along with fewer of them; but the few we had should be capable of sitting down and doing business with the heads of railways and the biggest brained men in the country. The people cannot afford to be more poorly served than the corporations which they have created. Reverting to the question of the judges again, we cannot afford to have more legal ability at the bar than on the Bench. That is not the way to get justice.

* * *

OF course, when it comes to school teachers, I know it is useless to waste words. We have decided in this country that the job of least importance is the education and training for life of our children. We insist that they shall have good food.

THE POET AND THE MELON

A WEEK or so ago we made reference in this paper to the alleged muskmelons being grown by Arthur Stringer on his fourteen-acre farm in Kent County, Ontario. There may have been a note



"Alas poor Yorick! I knew him well. A fellow of infinite jest."

of scepticism regarding the allegation that the said Montreal melons were already well-torn. At any rate the author has found it necessary to furnish a photograph of himself and a Montreal melon which he has sent to the office for corroboration. It is said that photographs, like figures, never lie. Unfortunately figures are frequently made to lie; and a photograph may also lack veracity. For instance, there is the matter of focus. A year ago the Toronto *Globe* published a camera reproduction of Lord Northcliffe holding out a fish at arm's length in front of the lens, so that the fish looked half as large as the Lord. Notice that Stringer keeps his Montreal melon well to the fore. Still it is a very pretty melon. Its corrugations are well defined. It fits the poet's hands very admirably. No doubt long before this the same poet has found a much more fitting spot for the contents of the melon.

But we require to be convinced that the camera which took this picture of a poet and a melon did not take that picture in August, 1910, instead of July, 1911. In the interests of nature-faking in general and Canada-faking in particular we must have explicit testimony on this point. There may be such a thing as poetic license extended to muskmelons. How far is this justifiable? Where does it cease to be a principle and begin to be an expedient? And above all what license has any poet to raise melons which other people cannot eat? If an author can raise melons maturing in July that retail in New York restaurants at a dollar a slice, would be not be conferring on humanity a greater boon than by writing poetry at a dollar a line, or stories at ten cents a word? Would he not be keeping closer to nature?

We speak with premeditated apology. People differ so confoundedly in the matter of taste when it comes to stories and poetry. They agree so much better on melons. None but a man of no taste would prefer a plain watermelon to a muskmelon of the

We will pay all sorts of money to get them startling clothes. They must be as well dressed as the little "kids" next door, or else Daddy's credit will flatten out. We want to be proud of them when they walk out on the street. It would be terrible to see them in shabby hats—but, as for shabby brains, why, who will ever know? And "failed" business men or "plucked" candidate for a profession, or boy or girl looking out for a better job, are good enough for school teachers. That is our creed in Canada; and it is useless to kick against the pricks.

* * *

IN Germany, it takes a genius to be a school teacher. He must be carefully trained; and he regards it as his life work. But then the Germans are "over-educated." That is what the English youth say when young Germans come over to London and take their jobs away from them. I noticed a gleeful paragraph in an American paper to the effect that Germans, when they settle in America, lose their studious habits in one generation. This is much more comfortable for the other Americans—they do not feel so ignorant. But some day we will be confronted by German competition on this continent; and then we may realize that our industrial and commercial "Waterloo" was won years before in the school-rooms of Germany.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Montreal variety—especially when cultivated by a poet who makes most of his money writing stories and plays.

This is a mere suggestion.

Even Hamlet, were he living to-day, might as lief contemplate a real live muskmelon as the skull of a dead Yorick.

William J. Clifford.

A YOUNG mechanic living in Toronto, a member of the Tenth Royal Grenadiers, went over to Bisley this year for the second time and set a new world's record in rifle-shooting. There has been much talk of the ability of the Boer riflemen in South Africa, but if any of them think that they can beat this little Canadian, a match may easily be arranged. Private William J. Clifford won the Prince of Wales' and the King's Prizes in the same year, a feat unequalled in the history of the National Rifle Association. And Canada is proud.

In the first stage for the King's Prize, Clifford did nothing remarkable, making only 93 out of 105. Nevertheless he qualified for the "three hundred" to shoot in the second stage. Here he did much better, scoring 95 of a possible 100. Even then he did not look to be a winner, as there were quite a number of scores above 188. Two other Canadians had more. In the third and final stage, Clifford showed his mettle. At 800 yards, 49 is a wonderful score. At 900 yards, 45 is an excellent score. At 1,000 yards, 37 is an average score. Totalling it all up, Clifford had 319 out of a possible 350, and was six points ahead of the next competitor.

Hayhurst and Perry, our other two King's prizemen, were English-born, and Clifford is Canadian-born, but all three have added to Canada's glory as a nation of marksmen.

Long Time

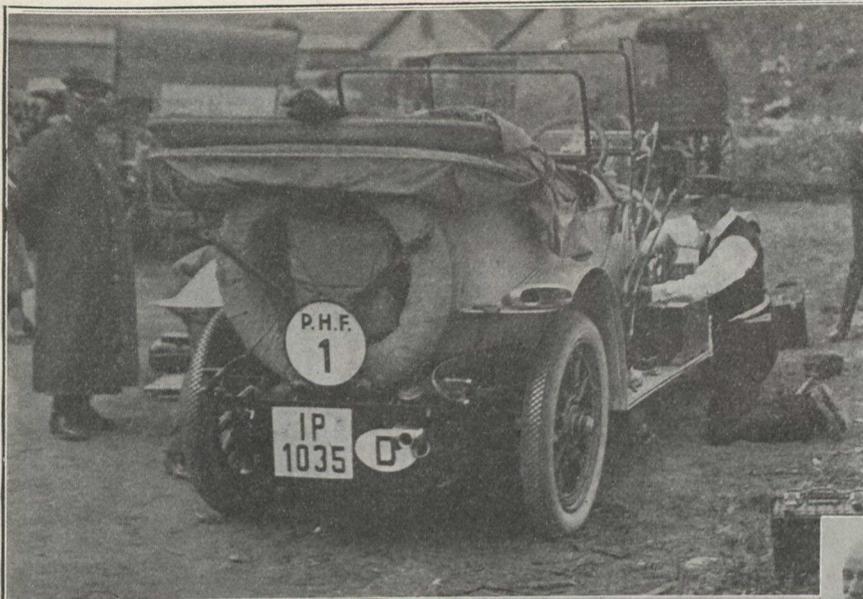
To S——

By RODEN KINGSMILL

GIRL of the True Heart, you and I
Have waited long through all the years.
We've seen the tide of human tears
That ebbs into eternity.
But what care we for mortal fears—
The present love will always last.

Our bark will ride the billows whether
The gales of life breathe loud or low:
Our sail will stretch to sunny weather,
Love holds the helm; though storms
may blow.

But you and I through ev'ry clime
Shall voyage till the tide is low
And anchor in the Port of Time,
'Tis love enough; and this we know.



Prince Henry of Prussia tuning up his car at Southampton before starting on his motor trophy tour.



Canadian team of 1911 who have won the McKinnon Cup, and came within a few points of the Kolapore.

CANADA'S interest this year in the great sporting competitions across the water equals the brightest year in the history of all international sport. The memory of thousands living goes back to the proud home-coming of Ned Hanlan, the world's greatest oarsman. Lou Scholes, with the Diamond Sculls from Henley; Private Perry, with his triumph from Bisley; Longboat, from the world's marathon; O'Neill, of Halifa, with his single-scull championship of America; Bobbie Kerr, from the Olympic games; now we have Tait and Halbhaus, winners in the 100 yard and 220 yard, respectively; the Ottawa eight beating the crack Belgium crew at Henley and only beaten by Magdalen; the entire Canadian team at Bisley winning the McKinnon cup, and by a hair's breadth missing the Kolapore cup which they won from Great Britain two years ago; last and most personally interesting of all—



VETERAN OF THIRTY N.R.A. MEETINGS GIVING HINTS TO CANADIAN BOYS. Sergeant John Deslauriers, time-honoured veteran and mascot of the Canadian team at Bisley, was one of the escort to King Edward when as Prince of Wales he toured Canada and the United States in 1860.

Private W. J. Clifford, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, who comes home with a greater record than Perry, winner of the King's Prize, the Prince of Wales Prize, and the Standard of Empire Trophy.

Despite the Toronto Mayor's wish that our champions should come home unheralded by the corporation, it will be a miracle if Clifford gets home without a more spectacular roar than ever greeted Hanlan, Scholes, Perry and Longboat. In the group picture on this page of Canadian marksmen at Bisley, Pte. Clifford stands second from the right in the front row of those standing. He is thirty-three years of age, born in Brantford, joining B Company of the Royal Grenadiers shortly after moving to Toronto from Richmond Hill; married in 1910; always addicted to the rifle both in field and rifle range. The King's Prize nets him \$1,250 in gold, the N. R. A. gold medal and a gold cross; the Prince of Wales Prize \$500 and a badge; the Standard of Empire, a gold cup.

SEEN ACROSS THE WATER

*British Royalty in Loyal Ireland.
Canada's Crack Marksmen at Bisley.
Scene at the Famous Henley Regatta.*

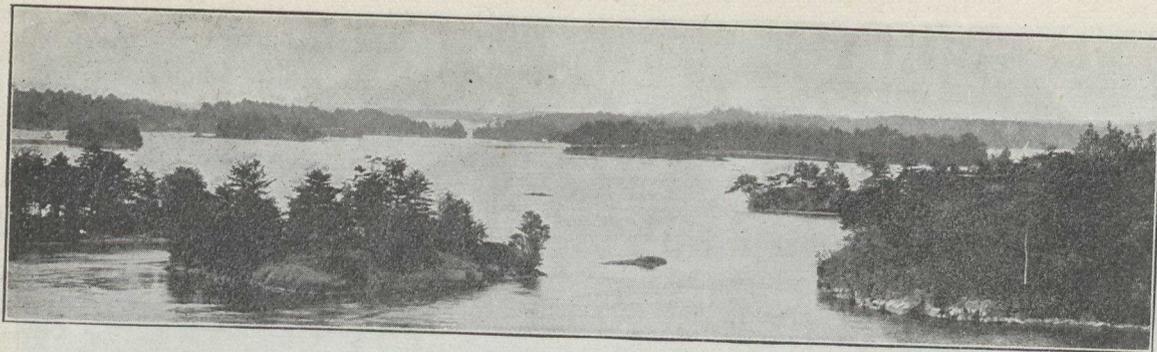


GRACE, BEAUTY AND FASHION AT HENLEY ON THE THAMES. Nowhere may be seen so lovely a picture of enchanted humanity as at the world's greatest rowing course.



KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY IN THE LAND OF "HOME RULE." The state entry of their Majesties into Dublin was a scene of wildest enthusiasm.

Photograph by London News Agency.



Panoramic Prospect of the Sea of Islands at the Front Door of Brockville.



The City of a Thousand Islands has one of the most prosperous and picturesque rowing Clubs in Canada.

CITY OF A THOUSAND ISLANDS

Brockville as the Gateway to a Tourist Paradise

By D. C. NIXON

THE St. Lawrence River and the Thousand Islands—the theme of poets. No one can realize the beauty that Nature has so lavishly squandered here without close personal contact—getting in among the islands either by big boat or motor boat—the latter much preferable. At the foot of these thousand or more islands stands Brockville. After a boat trip down the river, you suddenly emerge from among the islands and a city with its church spires serrating the skyline looms on your vision. You warm to Brockville at once.

From the boat to your hotel you pass the market, which any morning swarms with farm wagons piled high with fruit and vegetables. Strawberries that measure six inches around the waist are not more uncommon than the heavy-milking Holstein cow.

Brockville seems a town of hidden interests—like a slowly-rising curtain disclosing a stage set as if

Want Cheap Power, We Want It Right Away," everybody joins in the chorus and answers all encores.

Take any Brockvillian aside and casually mention cheap power, and he'll talk it, sing it, whistle it, do a catch-as-catch-can with it, and he'll get you doing the same thing. They have interested the Honourable Adam Beck, and it is a foregone certainty that international arrangements will soon be consummated whereby the rapids of the South Sault, which lie entirely in American waters, will be developed and Brockville and other Canadian towns will be given as much of one-half of the power generated, and perhaps more than their half if American towns on the river are not more progressive than they are to-day. The Ontario Government has made conditional contracts with other power schemes, and there are the water-powers on the Rideau and the Ottawa Rivers that may be called upon.

The people of Brockville have a mission; that mission is cheap power. Will they get it? Will they get it soon? They are betting a hundred to one that cheap power will be turned on inside of two years.

With the damming of the South Sault neither navigation nor nature will suffer, whereas, a city of circumstance will be created, and another metropolis added to Canada's century.

The city does not suffer from lack of industries. But the factories are experiencing a stringency in labour. Among Brockville's leading manufacturing plants may be mentioned: A carriage company, making carriages and motor cars, with markets all over the British Empire and throughout the Latin Republics; the manufactories of stoves and furnaces; cream separators and agricultural implements; gloves and suspenders; and milking machines; three motor boat companies, with an international market, and a healthy home demand. Motor boats in Brockville are more common than baby carriages in Brooklyn. Wholesale grocery houses and exporters of farm produce also flourish in Brockville. A Brockville aerated water concern opened a branch in Ottawa, supplying that city with uncontaminated St. Lawrence water.

Patent medicine companies there are, too, which have placed the postal receipts ahead of any city of

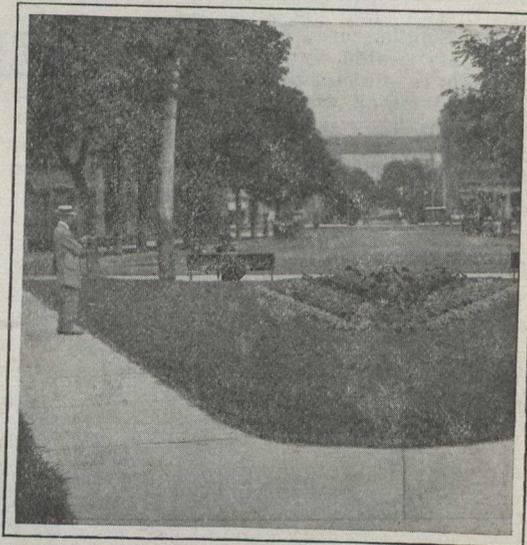
its size in Canada. Brockville is no mean city. Its people are industrious and happy—public spirited in a sense, but not really awake to its possibilities. Its public utilities are municipally owned. Its streets are clean, roads well laid. Its residences handsome, the humblest in spacious grounds. Its educational institutions are unrivalled, and it is the seat of St. Alban's School for Boys, with students from all parts of Eastern Canada. The Hospital for the Insane has an ideal location, just outside the town, overlooking the river. At the other end of the town is a newly-acquired natural park—an asset to any city, while numerous other breathing spots dot the city. Many of the adjacent islands are reserved for park purposes.

The first stretch of railroad acquired by the C. P. R. was that running from Brockville to Ottawa. The G. T. R. main line passes through the town. The Brockville and Westport Railway, that taps the beauties of the Rideau Lakes, is now controlled by the Canadian Northern, and a ferry to Morristown gives connection with the New York Central. The R. and O. and other boats call, and several small lines connect Brockville by boat, with down-river and Thousand Island points. Thus it can be seen that the town is well fixed so far as transportation facilities are concerned.

Brockville's water and railway facilities and its other advantages make it a splendid place in which to reside and to carry on manufacturing. Among other things it possesses a new theatre, erected by local, public-spirited men and designed by a Brockville architect. It is one of the best appointed theatres in Canada.

But Brockville lacks the civic spirit progressive towns must have. It is too modest about its advantages. Its tourist trade has not received the attention it deserves. Living in a beautiful town on a beautiful river its people do not realize what a heritage they have. Few places in Canada offer such advantages to the summer tourist and the man who wants a summer home as does Brockville.

Its own people will probably soon awake to the importance of their town, and, when they do, they will not be long in letting others know of the many and varied advantages that Brockville has to offer.

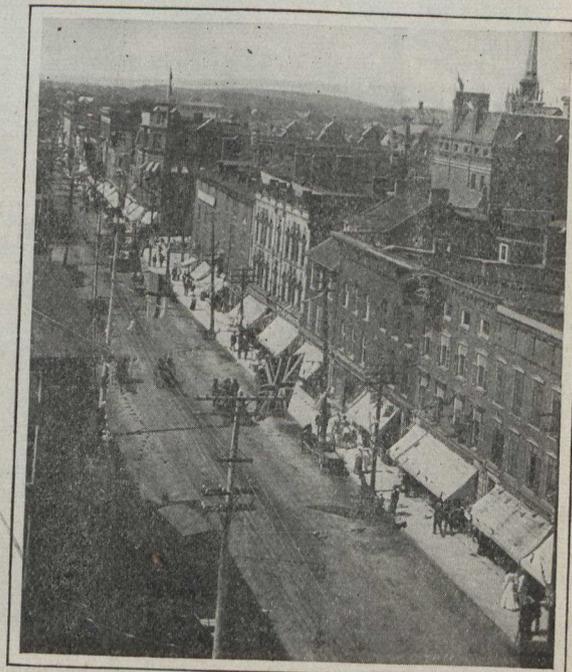


Court House Avenue and Public Square.



A PALACE BUILT BY PUBLICITY.
Residence of the late Senator Fulford.

for a fete, the busy mart on one side, the church on the other, the back ground dark with the smoke of the forges. The players on this stage are in everyday dress. They are undemonstrative—each acting his part as though unconscious of the success of the play—but when the orchestra plays, "We



The Main Street of Brockville.

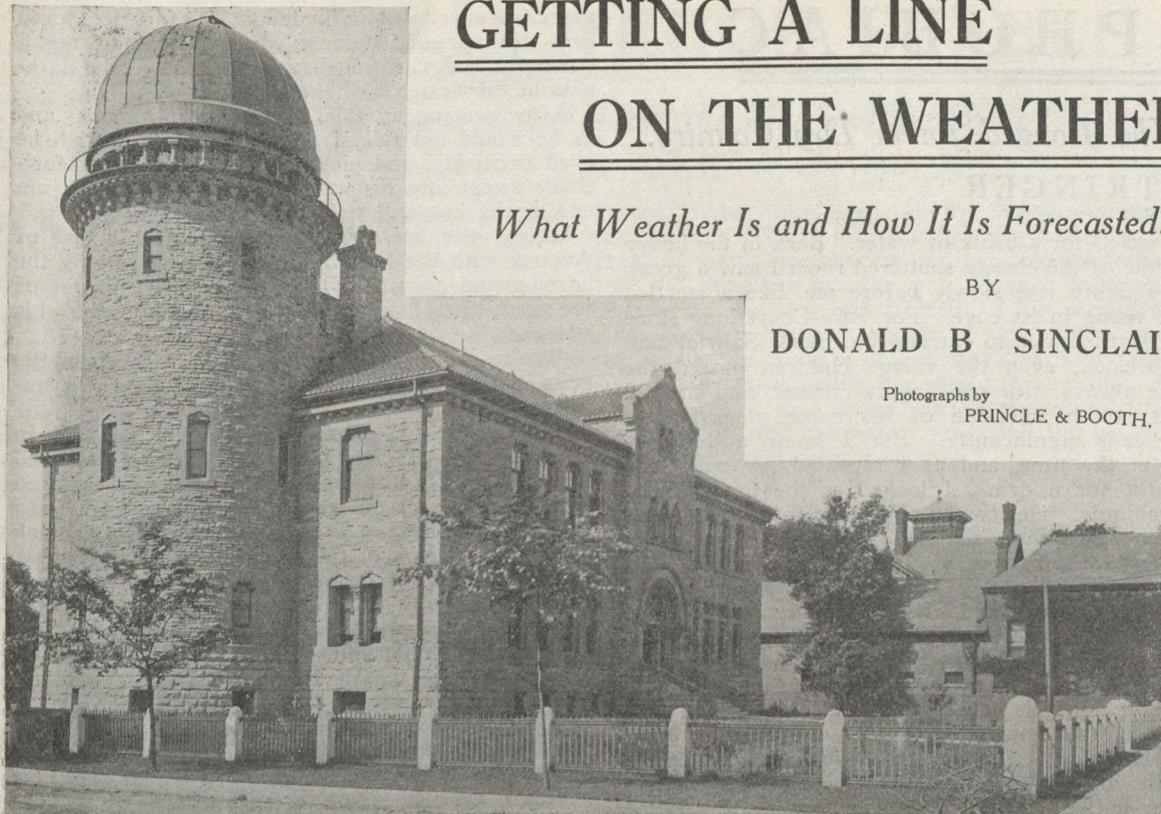
GETTING A LINE ON THE WEATHER

What Weather Is and How It Is Forecasted.

BY

DONALD B SINCLAIR.

Photographs by
PRINCLE & BOOTH.



Meteorological Office, Toronto, where weather reports are made for the Dominion.

IN a big, grey building on Bloor Street, in Toronto, sit a score of physicists, chemists, photographers and astronomers. They are the men whose daily business it is to tell a continent what is going to happen next in the drama of weather. To these men, day after day, hot over the wires caging the Meteorological Building, tick reports of the most universal and fluctuating stock in the world.

Back on the Canadian farm in the early days there was sure to be a chap, who had a name for sorcery because of the accuracy of his weather predictions. He was a famous rural character. He claimed that he could tell whether it was going to be a fine day for ploughing by the way the chickens ran through the yard and held their tails. The strangest part of it was that people trusted and believed him; and conducted their menage accordingly. But mention the methods of rural prophecy to the modern weather-man—a smooth-faced young citizen, a science graduate of the university, expert at tinkering with giant telescopes with which he observes the passage of the stars; barometers for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere on our heads; delicate clocks which never run down, and by which he sets the pace for hundreds of clocks throughout the Dominion. He will quietly laugh; but not in a high-brow, superior sort of way; for he admits that like the old-fashioned weather prophets, his predictions are often wrong, too.

To the scientific investigator, weather to-day is almost as much of a mystery as it was to the odd youth back on the farm, who had enough poetry in his make-up to speculate about it. It does not seem to want to settle down and be nationalized and unified like Doukhobors, and Slavs and Galicians. When, three weeks ago, you could fry an egg on the pavement in Toronto, you had to wear

an overcoat in Edmonton. It defies international laws and boundaries. You cannot keep it out by a duty—or we would never have imported that hot wave of famous memory from Uncle Sam. Often it gets marked down to bargain prices and there is a weather glut on the market of the kind you least expect and don't want. Weather seems to fall impartially upon the just and the unjust; upon the millionaire with a clinch on the stock market, or a shop girl with one suit a year, and the sky cloudy; the fisherman in his dory creaking out of Sydney Harbour way down in Scotia; the swarthy lumberjack, pulling on his sweater up in the Ontario woods; the prairie farmer, watching the dew glistening on his seas of No. 1 hard in the early morning sun; the trailsman among the muskegs of the Mackenzie.

One thing science has taught about what we call weather. Appearances are deceiving. The agile, clean-shaven young man who in a perfectly business-like manner at the Meteorological Service Building writes out a forecast for the wheat country about Melville, Saskatchewan, never glances skywards. Whether the moon has a ring around it, or how many stars may be inside the ring, is a matter of small concern to him; except that he tries to explain the movements which produce such phenomena as sun-dogs, moon-rings, dry-weather haze and so forth.

Weather is the condition of the atmosphere in a certain region at a certain time. Often it is fickle, capricious, moody and inconstant—to those who know nothing scientifically about it. But to the weather-man, the flow of the earth's atmosphere in what he calls its "definite currents" presents a mechanism of marvellous intricacy and beauty. The only way you can appreciate his understanding and sympathy toward weather is to talk it over with him. The other day I came across him at the Meteorological

Building in Toronto, telegram in one hand, tracing lines with his other over a large map scored with a network of red.

"How do I forecast the weather? Why the weather works almost according to law; it's monotonous when you get to know it," he announced, pointing to the map.

"There's the Eastern hemisphere, there's the Western. You see! Now in each hemisphere are found two principal zones of atmospheric action: a zone within and just outside the tropics, where the trade winds blow with remarkable persistency in one direction, and a zone in the middle latitudes, where the general movement of the atmosphere is from Westward to Eastward. It is within and with this Easterly drift that storms pass across Canada. Generally you will notice that weather changes come from the Westward. So much for that. The main part of the forecasting is to keep track of these zones. We have got instruments and equipment to do that. The amateur weather prophet did not have that advantage. He might make a shrewd observation on the weather, only to have his prediction upset by the advent of conditions entirely unforeseen and foreign to his constituency of speculation. Now we receive daily telegraphic reports in this Central Toronto office, at the same time from branch stations from Dawson City to Halifax and from Maine to California. We know all about the atmospheric pressure, the temperature, the direction and velocity of the wind in every cranny of the continent. If the barometer reading shows low pressure in a certain district, we know that more air is needed there. From the highest pressure district, to this spot, there will be a rush of air. By close attention to our maps and instruments, we can gauge the extent of the country to be affected by the movement. That's weather prediction."

To the weather-man, his subject is all regularity, all uniformity, all logical—even the great heat wave of July 1 and after.

"Why that heat wave! So many people ask me about that. It was this way: In the north of the continent was the region of low pressure—the region of cyclone. In the South, over the Mississippi, was the anti-cyclonic movement of high pressure. Out of this region of the anti-cyclonic, the winds from the south-west started a n atmospheric trek northwards. And they brought the heat of the Southern States along." He said this last in the most casual way.

I reminded him that the mercury sat down at 103 in Toronto planning misery for many.

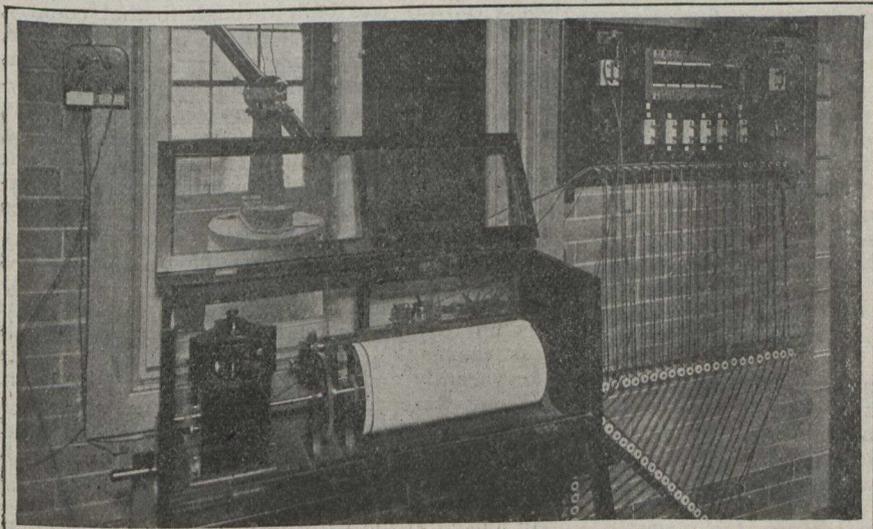
"But it was really cool in Edmonton," he said, "just a little over fifty."

"How was that?"

He explained that an opposite movement set in from the West and stalled the heat in Ontario. "Lucky West!"



The Barograph which records variations in atmospheric pressure.



In the Instrument Room—A clock and transit telescope; both necessary in the exact observation and forecasting of divergent weather conditions.



"The weather men whose daily business it is to tell a continent what is going to happen next in the drama of weather."

THE HYDROPHOBIA C

The Weird Tale of Black Sauriol, Who Longed for a Dry Country.

By ARTHUR STRINGER

NEVER had I known a man more out of place than was Black Sauriol in Pain-Court. Never had I known a human being more desolately cut off from the life around him, more isolated in spirit, more ill-fitted to the background from which he stood out so titanic, so grimly reticent.

One had only to know the sleepy little village of Pain-Court to wonder why so gentle a frame had ever come to hold so massive a figure. And perhaps it would be best to look first to the frame, and later to catch what outline one can of the figure itself.

In that most southerly and most sunny corner of all Canada, where the Great Lakes might be said to nurse in one gigantic arm the fruitful garden of Western Ontario, the lonely little French-Canadian village of Pain-Court stands shrouded and lost in the woody plains of Kent. Miles away on one side lie the long-redeemed marshes of St. Clair; miles away on the other twines and turns and wanders the slumberously uncertain River Thames. But unlike the cantons of the Lower Province, Pain-Court has no water and no water front. And just as it lies shut off from open water, so it lies shut off from the rest of the world. It is an isolated little colony of exiles, a century ago flung off in turn from an older colony of exiles—a colony which once gathered jealously together its cattle and grains and seedlings, and turned westward in quest of peace and quiet.

To-day they are the same as they were that autumn afternoon, a century ago, when their herds came slowing down the valley of the Thames and their diminutive French wagons creaked over the dusty plains of Kent. They have mingled little with the English who surround and hem them in. Their old French tongue has become strangely outlandish and alien; for they have taken up a dialect and idiom of their own. They have remained a tiny nation by themselves, with their own traditions, their own songs, their own folklore, and with even a language more or less their own. Some darker-eyed, merrier-hearted daughter of the segregated little settlement has at times, perhaps, taken unto herself a husband of the English tongue, but with her marriage she merged into the outer race and left the cluster of close-shouldered French homesteads still untainted and free of foreign blood. On the sunny side of each quaint little whitewashed cottage clammers a grapevine unknown to all the rest of Ontario, a grapevine still deluded into dreaming that it blooms on its old-time, sun-bathed slopes of France. The very geese and fowl are foreign-looking and diminutive. The village rosebushes bloom with exotic odours and colours. The cattle have not their like in all the country, so small and strangely marked and oddly named they are! And as in the Normandy and Provence of two centuries ago, the Angelus still rings out over the level summer fields, golden with grain, and the only busy hearts in all that sleepy, quiet, companionable, contented little country village are those of the bluebirds and the meadow-larks and the mad frequenters of those numerous little rows of hives which stand in so many dusky orchards.

This is the town to which Black Sauriol came, then, twelve long years ago, one brazen afternoon in late August, after a summer of unbroken drought had left the roads six inches in dust and the meadows pebbled with heat-cracks, with the cattle lowing about the half-dry wells and all the land as parched and dry and bleached as a mummy-cloth. That was the sort of country he liked, Black Sauriol declared, as his squinting aquiline, deep-set eyes looked out over the white fields swimming in heat. It was fine and dry—dry as any stretch of country he had ever seen, he repeated, as he rubbed his great, hairy hands hungrily together and sighed contentedly at the clouds of white dust that rose with every passing team. And after pacing the village for a few days, he made his home in a little whitewashed cottage on the outskirts of the town, unknown, uncomprehended, unwelcomed, asking only to be let alone, caring little how the countryside took him or what it said about him.

It was eight long years afterward that I happened into Pain-Court and first beheld Black Sauriol. It was a hot, stifling mid-August afternoon, so I stopped at the strange house on my way

and asked for a drink of water. Back in the heavy shadow of the closely shuttered room I saw a great, hairy figure rise slowly before me, like a startled bear rising in its cave. For Pain-Court long since had learned not to intrude on Black Sauriol and his silence; even the village children passed the place always with two fingers crossed, and the old folks, at the mention of his name, tapped their foreheads significantly. But I knew nothing of this at the time, and as I repeated my audacious request for a drink, I looked at the man more searchingly. He loomed above me three, even four inches more than six feet in height, his great gorilla-like arms reaching almost to his knees. His shirt was open at the front, and on either side of the hairy throat and chest I could see the huge muscles run, like water under a frozen rapid. His long, hungry-looking face was seamed and blanched, an unlikelike leathery swartheness still attesting to the source of his name. His small, black eyes were deep-set and animal-like, full of constant, furtive unrest, alert and watchful and unsatisfied. The flexile, bearded mouth drooped pathetically. The lower half of one ear had been frozen off, and the uncouth ruddiness of the bulbous nose, that once in the Far North had frozen and split, gave a mask-like touch of gruesome comedy to the otherwise silent tragedy of the face.

WHILE I noted these things he brought me a mouthful or two of tepid water in the bottom of a little tin dipper, the only words from his lips being a commending, half-articulate sound, half groan, half grunt, as I tasted the rancid liquid and flung it indignantly into the dooryard dust. I noticed, however, as I held the dipper to my lips that he closed his eyes in horror, as though, it seemed to me, I had been drinking warm blood.

In Pain-Court itself, the next day, I heard enough of Black Sauriol. Yet his fellow-villagers, after having him under their eye for eight long years, could not agree as to whether he was French-Canadian or English or a mere half-breed—not a few being of the conviction that he was the devil himself. They agreed in only one thing, and that was in holding that he was a little weak-headed. He talked much to himself. When he was away from home and rain came on, he paddled insanely with his hands as he walked muttering back through the mud. Outside of his own little orchard and garden he did no work, though he seemed always to have money. Once a year, in midwinter when everything was frozen firm and solid, he travelled on snowshoes to the town of Chatham, from whence, in some mysterious manner, he always returned with money in his pocket. But in summer he could not be coaxed to venture near the town; he did not, he protested, like the look of the river there. He had been a fur trader beyond the Abitibi at one time; still later he drove a dog team in the Athabasca brigade, and sometimes he talked wildly about the Far North, and the journeys he had made there and the sights he had seen. But he spoke very bad French, the village declared, and he was very light-headed, and told over the same things a thousand times. Perhaps he could say it better in English, for, *mon Dieu*, how he did talk to the English doctor, five years back, when he found Pierre Delorme dying of a sunstroke and carried him across his shoulder to Isadore Michel's, where he himself suddenly sickened, when he saw them douse the limp body with buckets of water from the well. And it was odd, too, how he had fallen in a fit, three years back, at the time of the spring floods, when the little dry swale that ran behind Pain-Court had become a raging torrent. And it was at nothing more than a dead pig, floating down the muddy current, with its four feet up in the air. Yet he had screamed like a woman at the sight of it, and fallen and groveled in the mud like a man possessed of devils.

So the garrulous and companionable little village of Pain-Court, finding in him neither friend nor companion, had left him to his own devices. When a *fete* took place in the little town the grim, silent figure of Black Sauriol wandered forlorn and friendless beyond the outer fringe of their merriment. When a village dance occurred he drifted like a shadow about the gloomy orchards, outside the pale of their lights and laughter, feeling now and then, with almost terrified fingers, to see if the

grass were yet wet with dew. His face had even been seen pressed against window-panes at night, gazing in hungrily, yet disappearing down the darkness at the first lift of the latch.

After hearing all this, I went to his house; and as he would not talk, I left him tobacco, which he eyed furtively, and picked over, and then as furtively swept into his ragged pocket. I went again and again, but still no word passed between us.

It was one hot, breathless night at the end of August, with the heat lightning playing low on the horizon and a bank of ugly clouds coming out of the west, that I found him first stung out of his silence.

"We're in for a storm!" I said, as I beheld the grim, titanic figure peering westward from his unlighted doorway.

"My God, it is more rain again?" he said in agonized but perfectly audible English. I followed him audaciously into the house at that, and watched him while he closed windows and door and lit a grimy, smoke-stained lamp. His great frame shook a little, I thought, at the sound of the rising wind. As the first heavy drops splashed against the windows he covered back in his corner like a beaten hound, with his knees drawn up to his chin and his huge, hairy hands folded tightly across them. It may have been merely the heat of the room—but beads of sweat came out on his leathery forehead and dripped slowly down his face.

I tried desperately to rationalize the man and his feeling, as I watched him there—to fathom the secret of his mad terror for such things—to account for this strange hydrophobic taint that made him the toy of climate and season. But the mystery seemed without a key to me, and I had to be content to wait my time.

The rain passed, and I looked out and saw a silvery moon through a rift in the clouds. The heavy-odoured night air, fresh and cool again, was like balm, and I stood in the doorway, drinking it in gratefully.

As I stood there I heard a whimpering voice over my shoulder. "This country is getting too wet for me," whined the huge man behind me wistfully. "I've got to get away from here, into a drier place!" I turned on him sharply.

"Why are you so afraid of water?" I demanded.

"Why?" he thundered back at me, and I saw the muscles of either side of his great bared chest stand out belligerently. Then he slowly raised his hand and drew it across his wet forehead. "Why? I—I don't know," he said in a weak and faltering whine, and fell to picking at his ragged shirt.

It was some ten days after this that I caught sight of him making his way home through the falling rain. As his ponderous figure splashed slowly down the muddy road he paddled with his hands, first with one and then the other, cautiously, unceasingly. On his face was a look that seemed half agony and half anxiety; and though he passed within a few feet of where I stood watching him, his furtive, deep-set, animal-like eyes did not see me.

WHEN the weather cleared again, though, this madness seemed to pass away, and he grew more and more willing to talk, of an evening, over our pipes. Indeed, from that time on, in dry weather, he became gradually a more interesting companion, telling me of his trips through the Sub-Arctics, of his years as a fur trader, of mishaps and adventures in the great North-West. He even talked, a little incoherently it struck me at the time, of gold-fields which he had staked out in the Far North, of miles of claims, all his. And when a railway was built through to that country, so that a man could travel all the way on dry land, he would go back and take up his claim. He was foolish to wait so long; there was gold there, everywhere, and it was all his—acres of it, miles of it, mountains and rivers of it! That was the trouble, he sighed—it seemed all rivers, that country. The only way to get at it was in midwinter, when everything was frozen up. Then there was no open water, and a man could travel in comfort.

"Sauriol," I said, with a sudden illuminating thought, "were you ever wrecked?"

"Wrecked?" he echoed thinly, as he drew his knees up to his chin and folded his great hands across them. "Yes, I was wrecked once." He spoke vacantly and slowly, like a man in a dream.

"Where were you wrecked?" I asked sharply.

"Where?" he echoed vaguely, drawing his hand across his blanched forehead, pebbled like leather. "Why we called it Hunger River."

"But who were 'we'?"

He looked at me with the peevishness of a child. "Why, me and the Kwakuitl men. We had to sit there, years and years, so, with nothing but water

(Continued on page 24.)

TOPICS OF A TROOP STABLE

Horse Sense in a Conversation About the Men and the Work.

By F. J. DEE

"VISITING Rounds," consisting of the orderly officer, sergeant of the guard and the sentry, had just visited No. 1 Stable of a certain Canadian Cavalry Corps. The stillness was broken only by the occasional rattle of a log chain and the sound of the sleek, contented troop horses, stolidly munching their hay. Suddenly from old No. 10's stall came a long drawn sigh. "Old Bill," as the Troops called him, was the veteran of the regiment, and he invariably opened the nightly conversation, just as invariably prefacing it with a long drawn sigh.

"Well, well," remarked "Bill," at last, "did any of you people ever see such a case as that remount that joined to-day. If he's up to standard, I'll eat my saddle blanket. He'll be in the sick lines before he's been here a week, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know," came from "A 27," on the other side of the stable, "good feeding, grooming, and regular work will do wonders with that youngster in a week or two. Give him a chance before you decide about him. You said exactly the same thing when "Jack" joined, and to-day he's the best jumper in the squadron."

"Where did the fellow come from, anyhow?" asked Bill. "He wasn't bred in this part of the country, I'll swear; he's too rangy for that."

"If you'll wait until I've pulled this blessed head collar over my ears, I'll slip into the 2nd troop and find out," said "A 44." "Old 'Rajah' was talking to this youngster, and he'll know all about him."

So saying, "44," or "Prince," gave another tug and, succeeding in slipping his head collar, calmly backed out of his stall and, walking to the door of the stable, nuzzled it open with his nose and proceeded on his errand.

"That fellow will get into trouble some night wandering round the way he does," remarked staid old Tom, the Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant's horse, "and I for one shall have no sympathy for him. He's too fresh anyway. Say, would you believe it, there's another beastly musical ride coming this spring. My groom told me this morning."

"Seems to me," commented "Old Bill," "that they are trying to turn decent service horses into a lot of skewball prancing circus plugs nowadays. It's enough to put one off his feed. What with musical rides, long distance patrols, aviation meets, and what not, the service is going to the dogs."

"I'd rather like these trips," broke in "A 19," "if it wasn't for the beastly railway journeys. They help break the monotony of barrack life."

"When you have as much service in as I have, youngster," gruffly declared "Old Bill," "you won't want the monotony broken any. You youngsters make me tired, always wanting to show off in front of a crowd. If you ever have to handle a real angry crowd you won't be so fond of 'em, I can tell you."

Here "Prince" returned with information that the remount had been imported from the lower provinces, was rising five, 15.2 in height, and was delighted at being sold into the service.

"He won't be so delighted when the roughs get after him with their long whips, in the school, I'll bet," prophesied No. 13, who had just completed his training, "I wouldn't do my lot in the school again for a field of clover."

Attention was here diverted from the remount, by a remark from "Baby, A 21." "Did you people see that Infantry Officer that they stuck on me on parade this morning. Say, he's the limit. Do what I would, I couldn't keep that man on. He fell off four times in the school, and I thought the Sergeant Major was goin' to have a fit. That man will never be able to ride—a spavined clothes horse, leave alone a troop horse. He's got hands like a farrier sergeant, and a seat—well a dirigible balloon's a fool to him for buoyancy. If they keep putting these people on to me, I shall hurt one of them one of these days, I know I shall. That's what gets over me in the service; if you're bad tempered, and generally ugly, you're cast to the young horses for another dose of schooling with lots of whip and spur as a corrective. If you do your work, and behave as yourself, ten to one if you're not picked out for attached officers to learn equitation on. Equitation be twitched—aggravation I call it."

Here the conversation was checked by the arrival at the stable of the relief and the changing of sentries. After the new man had walked around the stable and, readjusting "44's" head collar, had departed, the thread was again picked up by "Mike,"

"A 47," a big, intelligent, kindly, Western animal, remarking, "Well, I suppose there's a hard day in front of me to-morrow, for my man told me to-day that the signallers are for long distance work and he expected to be detailed for it. I like signalling rides, for they always take lots of oats with us, and we are resting, usually, in a farmer's barn or under some shady trees, while our men are working. It took me a long time to get used to those flags they wave, though, but my man is very kind and patient, and I don't mind them a bit now."

Here old "27," or "Dope," as he was more often called, said, "It's all very well for you people whose men are signallers, or scouts, or something, but how would you like to be an Instructor's horse. I have to go out into the field or school, day after day, with the same class of recruits, and listen to the same detail for drill, and dismounted service, advance guards, reconnaissance and so on, until we get 'em

off our hands; then there's another lot to train."

Here "Old Bill" chipped in with, "Dope, you are always grouching. If the Colonel took you over you'd grouse just the same. When you were a trooper's horse you didn't like that, then they put you on the transport and that didn't suit. You were then detailed to the signallers, and you still cribbed."

"Oh, you shut up, old hoss," fired back "Dope." "You think you've the right to lecture every horse in the stables, just because you've carried royalty, but that's so long ago that we've only your word for it now, and I for one don't believe it."

"If I could get loose, young fellow, I'd give you such a hammering as would put you in the sick lines for the rest of your service," wrathfully snorted "Old Bill." "I'd have you know, sir, that I have carried royalty on two occasions, and before you begin to talk to me you'd better do less grouching and pay more attention to your work; then your man won't have to use his spurs on you like I saw him doing this morning."

Completely subdued by this sharp rebuke from the old charger, and knowing he would receive no support from the other troop horses, who all respected and liked "Old Bill," "Dope" sulkily lay down in his stall, an example that was soon copied by all the other occupants of the stable.



OFFICERS OF THE 24th REGIMENT, CHATHAM, ONT., AT GODERICH CAMP

Back Row—Lt. W. A. Coltart, Lt. P. G. Morley, Lt. A. C. Woodward, Signal Officer, Capt. W. E. Gundy, Capt. G. W. Cornell, Quartermaster, Dr. C. C. Bell, Medical Officer. Middle Row—Capt. W. R. Hall, Paymaster; Major J. McLaren, Lt.-Col. J. S. Black, Capt. H. D. Smith, Adjutant Capt. O. L. Lewis. Front Row—Capt. G. J. L. Smith, Capt. N. Smith, Lt. E. N. Fremlin.

First City Regiments in Camp

DOWN in Chatham, Ont., and in Windsor, constructive spirit in military circles is strong. From these two cities this Spring went forth the first city regiments in Canada to go to under canvas with the rural corps since General French's famous report.

When General French sent in his report to the Militia Department, he strongly recommended that the city regiments of Canada should go to summer camps along with the rural regiments. It is understood that the military officials at Ottawa are going to act on his advice. The General's idea is said by militia men to be excellent. The city regiments who do all their manoeuvres in the drill hall, need to get out on the field and experience some of the conditions they would have to face in case they were summoned to actual warfare. But there are difficulties in taking a thousand men or so from their jobs for two weeks. Employers have to be consulted—endless trouble.

It remained to the two smaller cities of Chatham and Windsor to take the initiative in the matter. Four months before the publication of the French report, the 24th Regiment, Chatham, and the 21st, of Windsor, volunteered to go to the camp at Goderich. They went, Chatham under the command of Lieut.-Colonel James S. Black; Windsor headed by Colonel Laing.

It is interesting to note that the experiment was completely successful. Chatham had 215 men out of 232 in her regiment under canvas. Windsor was more than half strength. For one whole week these men were absent from their jobs in town. Wealthy manufacturers and eminent lawyers consorted with workmen in the comradeship of camp life. Co-operation made this feasible. The city soldiers learned from the rural corps how to rough it; which training they never get in the drill hall, and on the other hand, the rural soldiers who do their drilling on the timothy field, got some new points on marching from the city corps.



Colonel Hodgins, Commandant Goderich Camp.



Band of 24th Regiment on parade.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



"She finds farming congenial and male costume much more fitted to the work she does than woman's,"

The Woman Who Never Looks Back.

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN.

"We speak of the man who has opened the door,
Of the great teeming West, that has brought to the
fore

The wealth of the prairies—so vast and so wide,
But how many think of the one at his side,
The one who has made him a home in the shack,
His comrade—the woman who never looks back."
—Mary I. S. Schaeffer.

WHEN No. 1 pulled up panting at the station in Calgary, a turbulent mass of passengers avalanched on to the platform. And amongst them was "The woman who never looks back." She was smart and well proportioned, and might have been taken for a college youth. Her face was pleasant, deeply bronzed, inclined to be square with a broad mouth and forehead, over which a thick mass of auburn hair struggled from beneath her tweed cap. Brown eyes twinkled at you. Probably five feet three or four inches in height, she gave the impression of strength and endurance. Her costume—about which so much publicity has ensued—was certainly unique. A cloth jumper over a shirt waist, a cloth skirt, knee length, brown leather leggings and a three-quarter overcoat completed it. And as she strode across the platform with a grip in each hand and her cap set jauntily on the back of her head, one certainly would have thought, "A jolly good-looking young fellow." I did.

A good deal has been written about "The man in the Shack," but little about the Woman. The strong, courageous, hard-working wife of the early homesteader, who, in pioneer days, accompanied and roughed it with her husband, forty miles from no-



"Smart and well proportioned, she might have been taken for a college youth."

where. And in addition, there are to-day hundreds of wives scattered across the broad prairies of the West, who have left comfortable, even luxurious homes in the Old Country, "Down East," and across the border, who do more than a man's work, cultivating and improving the farms on which they live. But as yet, with the exception of the heroine of this article, Miss May, I have not heard of the out-and-out professional woman-farmer.

And yet, that's what Miss May is. Undoubtedly. And what is more, she is an expert at it. For the past ten years she has been following it, and has properly certified documents from farmers with whom she has been employed, which not only prove that she has made a serious study of farming in all its branches, but is eminently fitted to take it up in the West and make a success. And when the Customs officials who held her up at St. John upon her arrival recently, on account of her male costume, learned this, they swept their gold-embroidered caps from their heads and bowed low.

Amongst the many applications received at the London office of the Canadian Pacific Railway this past winter, for Alberta's "ready-made" farms, was one from Miss Jack May, of Norfolk. Miss May wrote that she had occupied almost every kind of farm position from that of ordinary farm hand to bailiff, or manager, and that she wished to try her luck in Western Canada. Her application was considered, her claims as a successful agriculturist investigated, and a farm at Sedgewick allotted her.

Miss May is the daughter of Admiral May, and farms because she wants to. Also she wears masculine garb because she wants to. One might wonder why she wants to, but it wouldn't do him any good, or bring him any nearer a solution. There's no argument open. She finds farming congenial, and male costume much more fitted to the work she does than woman's. And that's enough. Accompanying her is Miss I. M. Wittrick, a lady friend, also from Norfolk. Miss Wittrick will attend to the "house-keeping" end of the farm while Miss May superintends the farming.

* * *

An English Visitor.

THE Honourable Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, who has spent three months in a tour of Canada, sailed for England on July 14th, after having investigated conditions for the work of the Colonial Intelligence League. This English association, with a head office at 36 Tavistock Place, London, W.C., was formed on February 23rd, 1910. Since then it has prospered and increased its bounds of work, until it bids fair to do excellent service both for England and the Colonies.

Mrs. Grosvenor is chairman of the executive committee of this league and, during a recent visit to Toronto, explained fully its purposes and aims. Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein, an aunt of His Majesty, King George V., is president of the organization, and the list of vice-presidents includes such famous names as the Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Curzon, Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Lord Milner, the Marchioness of Salisbury and Lady Mount Stephen. The first colonial branch has been formed in British Columbia, with Miss Dorothy Davis acting as agent, 2, The Nicola, Nicola Street, Vancouver.

"Imperialism" is a word of unpleasing suggestion to certain ultra-democratic Canadians, who regard it as a synonym for jingoism. In its true sense, the word implies both rule and responsibility—and it is

in this sense that the supporters of the Colonial Intelligence League uses the high-sounding syllables. The object of the league is to assist educated women in the old lands to obtain positions in this country. Such women are very much needed in a new country, while the surplus of women of that class in England makes a large exodus desirable. The work of the Colonial Intelligence League is carried on by those familiar with the operations of the British Women's Emigration Association and the South African Colonization Society.

It has been generally admitted that there is a lamentable lack of definite information as to the nature of colonial opportunities for educated women. This the new association undertakes to supply. "The first and most imperative need," says the first annual report, "seemed to the Society to be the establishment in the Colonies of expert paid agents, who should report to the Committee here (England) on the openings for women at any moment in any given district, and who could foresee and send information with regard to any fresh developments in connection with women's work in the near future."

In February, 1911, the Head Mistresses' Association approached the Committee of Colonial Intelligence and offered them valuable help and influence, on condition that about half the Committee should be composed of their representatives. The Committee therefore accepted their offer, dissolved itself, and re-formed under the title of the Colonial Intelligence League. Head Mistresses, who are frequently consulted by the parents of their pupils with regard to their future careers, will be able to furnish them with reliable information, and at the end of the school course proper, to advise as to the different forms of training likely to lead to successful careers in the Overseas Dominions.



THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORMAN GROSVENOR.
Chairman of Executive Committee, Colonial Intelligence League.

Since April, 1910, applications have been received from 380 women of the educated classes requiring information regarding employment in the Overseas Dominions as home-helpers, nurses, teachers (elementary and secondary), dispensers, secretaries, dress-makers, horticulturists, librarians, etc.

Mrs. Grosvenor was decidedly optimistic regarding Canadian opportunities for the educated English girl and expressed the hope that she would soon be able to return to Canada. She insisted especially on the importance of having local officers under the management of those who would be acquainted thoroughly with Canadian conditions. Local interest has been aroused, particularly in the West, and there is every prospect for success in this latest effort of practical imperialism. J. G.

* * *

The only international feminist literature shop in the world has been opened in London, England, the enterprising proprietor being Miss Sime Seruya, a lady of Portuguese birth.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Hon. George E. Foster has delivered a rousing address at Birmingham. An overflow meeting was addressed by Dr. J. A. Macdonald.

Sir Wilfrid desires the country to follow his "white plume." But that is very different from showing the white feather.

The honey crop is likely to fail. Nothing to sweeten our lot this year.

A Toronto professor declares that one person in eighty thousand may be a fool. What an optimist he is!

Police Inspector Archibald, of Toronto, brought a young man to the police court for speeding while conveying a seriously injured citizen to the hospital. The young man got off with a compliment and the inspector was not called "Solomon."

A foot bridge across the Rideau at Ottawa was built in a night. Evidently this bridge player believes in spades as trump.

Sir James Whitney has returned from the scene of coronation festivities and says there's nothing like Queen's Park for real enjoyment.

Asquith says England is not dying. And King George adds that Ireland is very much alive.

Doctor Beattie Nesbitt is now alleged to be summing in Chill.

Permission to have bull fights in Toronto has been refused. Ice cream on Sunday and the festive matador are too much like frivolity.

Castro, the former president of Venezuela, is missing—very much. He may be spending a week end at Bobcaygeon.

A Man of the North.—In the north country, the men and women are proving worthy of Canada's best traditions in the way in which they are meeting the difficulties which confront the inhabitants of a devastated district. A man from the most afflicted section was telling of a cheerful citizen who has immediately started to rebuild his home.

"Hard luck, old man," said a passer-by, as he surveyed the charred stumps.

"Oh, well," said the cheerful citizen, "the old shack was full of draughts anyway, and this one'll maybe have a tin roof—and I'm thinking of a garage at the back."

Entirely Candid.—A politician in an Eastern Ontario city was once accused in public by an opponent of having been fined ten dollars for attending a cockfight. The audience held its breath in condemnation, but suddenly recovered it when the accused calmly remarked:

"It's a lie, Mr. Chairman. It was fifteen dollars, and I paid it like a little man."

Answers to Correspondents.

Daisy: Please tell my character from my hand-writing. I am anxious to know if I have the artistic temperament.

Your hand-writing betrays a highly sensitive nature. The formation of the tail of the "g" would indicate that you have a tendency to rheumatism and musical talent. The dot over the "i" looks as if you would lead a long and uneventful life. You will probably succeed in any undertaking, if you display perseverance, endurance and other useful qualities. You have the artistic temperament, but only in a mild form, and it is not likely to prove fatal.

Maude: Can you tell me why I am unpopular? How shall I become charming?

Dear girl, you have not enclosed photograph; so, we cannot say whether your temper is all that it

ought to be. Perhaps you are fond of fried onions, or it may be that you talk too much about yourself. We only wish we could tell you how to become charming, but we have been trying ourselves, for many years without any satisfactory result. You might write to Lillian Russell or James K. Hackett about it. Charm resembles the mosquito in being extremely elusive.

Mabel: Would it be wise to marry a young man whose salary is seven hundred dollars a year. He has excellent principles and a saving disposition.

We see no reason why you should not be moderately, if not hilariously, happy. Principles are almost as good as cement to use for the foundations of a home, and a saving disposition is as valuable as it is rare. If the young man is also amiable, we consider that you have secured a matrimonial prize. Have a pretty but quiet wedding and lead the simple life.

Not Fond of It.—It is curious how the substitution of a single word or phrase will alter the meaning or suggestion of what is familiar.

A French-Canadian lady was recently declaring her aversion for politics and her desire that her husband should avoid political life.

"I do not like the light of the lime," she said emphatically.

"The lime! What has that to do with it?" asked the Ontario politician whom she addressed. Then it dawned upon him that the lady referred to that questionable halo known as the limelight.

A Natural Wonder.—A prominent Canadian who went to England for the Coronation was the proud father of two small daughters who consider that their father is beyond question the most wonderful subject in the British Empire. During the absence of their parents an aunt has been looking after these two small damsels and she has found it rather exhausting to answer their many inquiries. The other day, the elder one asked:

"Has daddie seen King George yet?"

"I think so."

"My, the King must have been glad to see him! I wonder what daddie thought of him."

Slightly Mixed.—An amusing stage "break" was made recently by Arthur Byron, the well-known leading man of the Baldwin-Melville stock company which was playing at the Princess Theatre. It convulsed the house, and Mr. Byron himself had to laugh.

The play was "Monte Cristo," and Mr. Byron had done very well until he reached the famous sea-swimming scene, where the hero, Edmund Dantes, reaches the rocky islet, and raising his hand towards the heavens, declares the well-known speech to the effect that the treasures of Monte Cristo are his. In his zeal to do the big scene well the actor slightly over-did it. He lifted his hand on high and shouted, "The treasures of Monte Carlo—"

Just as he said "Carlo" he realized the absurdity of it and, attempting to mend matters, he simply made them worse by correcting himself, so that his speech, when completed was, "The treasures of Monte Carlo—Cristo are mine!"

The house roared. The actor's wife, who was in the audience, laughed until she shook, and then hurried around to the stage door to "kid" her husband about his break. When he took his curtain call, Mr. Byron was laughing, too, for though an actor always feels it keenly when he makes such a mistake, the humorous side of this one was too apparent.

Acrobats in a Street Car.—"Skinning the cat" is hardly a proper performance in a street car, particularly when

the performer is an ex-alderman, school trustee, and an active Bible-class teacher. Yet such was the sport provided by Albert J. Keeler, a Toronto barrister, for the members of his young ladies' Bible-class attached to Wesley Methodist Sunday-school, when he took them picnicking to Scarboro' Bluffs recently.

There is nothing conventional about Mr. Keeler. When he's out on a picnic he's always busy inventing some startling original entertainment for the picnickers.

On the occasion in question Mr. Keeler's Bible-class was returning on a Kingston Road car from Scarboro' Bluffs about 10 p.m. They had had a big day—both boys and girls—and the leader was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. It would be a fine climax to a day's fun. He had noted that the hanging straps were strong. He whispered to a husky youth near him. On the instant they acted, hoisting a surprised young man and compelling him to grip a strap with each hand. Then they gave him a toss and neatly enough he "skinned the cat" while the sixty men and maidens gleefully applauded. Then it began. Every young fellow in the car had to "skin the cat," and the athletic leader took his medicine as gracefully as he administered it to others. The wonder is that the street car straps stood the strain.

Coming Events.

Sir Wilfrid has returned to town And R. L. Borden, too. They had a lovely time away, But now find lots to do.

They're full of grave anxiety About the farmer man And to relieve his dreary lot Each has a wondrous plan.

They show such sweet solicitude And are so kind to all, We shouldn't wonder if there'd be Elections in the Fall.

"Ain't it Awful, Mabel?"—The man who has never read the sporting pages in the newspapers would need to be educated before he could understand the baseball language. Look at the following chunks which are ripped out of the Toronto Globe's report of a recent game in which Rochester was beaten by Toronto, on the latter's grounds:

"Charley Tesreau . . . was Kelley's offering as heaver of the cork pill."

"Tesreau beaned Mitchell, and McConnell singled. Moran hit to Fitz and he juggled the bulb. That plugged up the sacks."

"Rochester pounded a counter around the circuit in their third with Mitchell's single, McConnell's double and Moran's clout good for one sack."

"When Tesreau walked the first batter in the fourth Kelley dragged him out of the scenery."

"O'Hara bounced the ball off the plate, and Mitchell, after grabbing the sphere and spiking the plate, pegged to first base ahead of the batter."

"The Leafs . . . tore right into McConnell at the next opportunity. Jordan fouled off a lot of good ones to start with, and finally worked his passage. Bradley was out to Alperman, but Kocher felt the sting of one of McConnell's fractious spitters. Jordan and Kocher worked the double steal of second and third, and Tim came home when Mitchell pegged low to get him at third, Kocher advancing to the danger station. Smith showed commendable patience at the platter and succeeded in coaxing McConnell into a walk after fouling away about six good pitches."

"Fitz tried to score Kocher from third with a squeeze play, but the pitch was wide and Eddie missed connections."

"McConnell got the gate soon afterward because Shaw whaled him for a single."

"Bachman kept turning the Rochester parade back to the bench."

"Bachman fanned. So did Shaw, and the pouches were left tenanted when O'Hara went out to centre."

"McMillan ran for Ward, but Alperman's pop was pie for Shaw."

Make Your Preserving A Certain Success

by using **ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED.** It is refined from cane crystals, and is really the highest grade of granulated on the continent.

Your Preserving is sure to turn out right if you order and use

St. Lawrence
Sugar

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited, MONTREAL 40

White Vaseline

Invaluable Internally for Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Etc.

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes Capsicum, Borated, Oxide of Zinc, Camphorated, Carbolated, Camphorated, Mentholated, Etc. Each for special purposes. Write For Free Vaseline Book.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. 1880 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

BENGER'S
FOOD

assists nature.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk and forms a delicate and nutritive cream which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

The Lancet describes it as "Mr. Bengers' admirable preparation."

BENGER'S FOOD, LIMITED, Otter Works, Manchester, Eng.

Bengers Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A Promising Shot.

CADET LIEUT. D. GALER HAGARTY, who has twice distinguished himself as the best shot sent by Canada to the boys' Bisley in London, England, is a native of Toronto.

He is a son of Principal E. W. Hagarty, of the Harbord Collegiate Institute. Born August 9, 1894, he is now only 16 years of age.

He passed the High School entrance examination when twelve years of age. Owing to his physique he was enrolled in the Harbord Cadets at the age of thirteen, and early distinguished himself as a good shot at the Toronto Armouries. In the summer of 1908, in the Canadian Rifle League competition, he made the score on the strength of which he was selected as one of two Cadets to represent Canada for the first time at the boys' Bisley on Empire Day, May 24, 1909, being



Lieut. Galer Hagarty.

then only fourteen years of age. On that occasion his mother accompanied him, and was the first woman to be taken for a cruise on the Dreadnought, afterwards receiving a handsome present, consisting of a case of French cut glass, from Lord Roberts as a recognition of her patriotism in accompanying the lad to England.

He got seventh place in the grand aggregate competition for the Princess of Wales' gold medal.

He has twice captained in Canada Lord Roberts' team at Ottawa for boys under sixteen years of age.

At the boys' Bisley of 1911 he captained the Canada A team who so distinguished themselves in the "knock-out" contest with the best Cadets in England, Australia and South Africa, and won the team aggregate for the meeting. He carried off as prizes three gold medals, a match rifle and a tidy little sum of money.

He is six feet in height, is a clever Rugby and hockey player, and also excels on the violin, being instructed in the latter by another distinguished Harbord graduate, Mr. Frank Halbhaus, the representative of Canada at Coronation in the 220 yards race.

* * *

Progress in Edmonton.

THE Edmonton Journal wants to know what is the matter with holding a national exhibition in Edmonton, say in the year 1914. This suggestion is thrown out apropos of recent vast changes which have been taking place in the capital city of Alberta. Edmonton is one of the western cities which has become more than a jumping-off place for get-rich-quick investors. People have begun to go to Edmonton, to see Edmonton, just as they stop off for a few days in Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto. Next

year two of the largest bodies which annually convene in Canada, will hold their gatherings in Edmonton—the Canadian Medical Association and the Presbyterian General Assembly. What is helping along this tourist and convention trek to Edmonton, is the railway boom taking place there. By this time next year the G.T.P. will be well into the mountains, perhaps tapping the Peace River country, where the C.N.R. expects to have landed. The road to Athabasca Landing should be in touch with the waterways of the north. Also, at the same date, it is possible that the C.P.R. will have run its first train into the city, and linked up Edmonton with Strathcona.

Berlin Advancing.

THE Berlin Board of Trade is proud —because the town has been getting along. There are to-day 14,600 people in Berlin, 936 more than last year. Of course, there had to be real estate activity to house these additional citizens, so hammers were quite loud during the past twelve months. 140 new houses went up, several factories, ten factory additions, and a fire-proof public school, which cost the city \$100,000. \$140,000 was put into local improvements. Hydro-Electric power from Niagara has just begun to light the houses and turn the wheels of industry in Berlin.

* * *

Gas Power in New Brunswick.

WHILE in Ontario electric light for heating, light, and power purposes is agitating the bosoms of city fathers, down in New Brunswick there are several large organizations exploiting natural gas. This development is mainly a feature in Albert county, where one company has opened a score of wells, and in two months expects to be pouring fumes into Moncton.

* * *

Edson's Birthday.

SEVEN months ago a dozen people cleared away a few bushes on the prairie and founded the town of Edson. Recently Edson, which squats down in the coal area of Alberta, celebrated that event. The exuberant, chubby municipality positively could not wait until it was a year old before it let loose and held a birthday party. The shine was a big success, too. Smith's band came down from Edmonton and made things lively. There was oratory—Rev. George Kenney, the only parson—and the first living man for that matter—who ever footed it up Mount Robson, delivered an address. Postmaster Griggs rivalled him in chin wind. Broncho busting was another tip-toe incident on the programme. Football—yes, there was football; and the home team scored a whitewash. By the way, they seem to think highly of the gridiron game in Edson. The president of the Board of Trade, who appears to be a hustler, has put up a \$100 cup for football competition.

Three Indian Heroes.

DURING the stormy days of the first week in April of this year, a big steamer called the Iroquois went down out on the Pacific coast. And when the waves were lashing the ill-fated Iroquois, and the fatal moment came, and men began to gently urge shrieking women into frail life-boats, three Iroquois Indians, William Tzouhalem, Bob Klutwhalem, and Donnet Charley launched their dug-out on the wild beach, and fought their way to drowning passengers. The story of how they rescued three out of the storm cauldron, at great risk to their own lives, was told before the justices who are investigating the wreck of the steamer Iroquois. The three heroic braves stood up in court and heard the encomiums of Mr. Justice Martin upon their conduct.

"We will recommend that they be given the Humane Society's medal as a token of the appreciation which all must feel at such an exhibition of bravery."

VISITORS TO TORONTO

Should not fail to spend a few hours at

Scarboro Beach PARK

One of the finest amusement parks on the Continent.

It is an ideal place for picnic parties, possessing a beautiful hardwood grove, a long sandy beach, and an athletic field and quarter mile track. Hot water is supplied free to picnickers, and dishes and other requisites can be rented at a nominal cost.

Free Open-Air Vaudeville Performances and Band Concerts Daily

NORWICH UNION FIRE

Insurance Society Limited

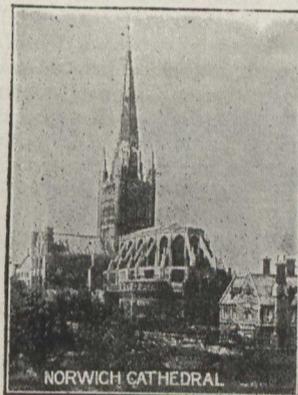
Founded 1797

\$125,000,000 PAID FOR LOSSES
\$496,900 DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA

Head Office for Canada, TORONTO

JOHN B. LAIDLAW, Manager

A. H. RODGERS, Branch Secretary



NORWICH CATHEDRAL

The Courier's Advertising Rates Advance August 1st.

Consistent with the Courier's large and growing circulation, and a paper vastly improved—in printing, in contents and in prestige—the advertising rates advance to 12c per line on August 1st.

Contracts covering one year, will be accepted at present rates if received before August 1st.

Present Rates:

10c per line. Contracts for 5,000 lines or more, 9c per line.

Further particulars as to rates and any additional information desired gladly furnished on request.

Reservations by wire (contracts to be arranged later) will retain our present rates.

The Canadian Courier.

McCuaig Bros. & Co.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A General Stock Exchange Business transacted. Investment securities a Specialty. Reports on any Canadian or American Securities furnished on application.

Our weekly Circular of Thursday July 20th, gives an analysis of the position of

PORTORICO RAILWAYS COMPANY, Limited
Copy Mailed on Request

17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

OTTAWA, GRANBY, KINGSTON,
SHERBROOKE, SOREL

Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De Provence

E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS

Trustees, Receivers and Liquidators
Ontario Bank Chambers
Scott Street TORONTO

INVESTMENT BONDS

Write for our investment list with Special Offerings of high grade Corporation bonds.

DOMINION BOND CO., LIMITED

TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA

Royal Bank Building Merchants Bank Building Citizens Building

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

WOOD, GUNDY & CO.

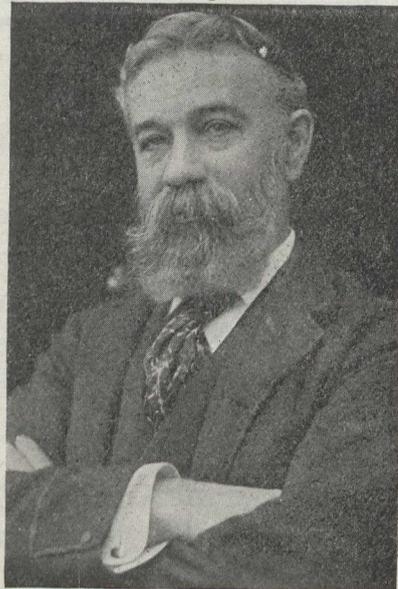
London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Made His Fortune in Land.

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN, the President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, who passed away so suddenly at his home in Montreal the other day, had made more money out of land than perhaps any other man in Canada.

His early association with his brother-in-law, Lord Mount Stephen, as well as with Lord Strathcona, brought him into the Canadian North-West previous to the time that the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway had taken tangible form. Mr. Meighen often told of how at that time he was sitting at Fort Garry, which is now a part of the city of Winnipeg, chatting with his associates, and even then he had, as a result of his confidence in the North-West country, made up his mind that he would acquire just as much land in that section of the Dominion as he possibly could. Later on, he became largely interested in the Canada North-West Land Company, which at that time was controlled altogether by the C. P. R. group, who realized that a great deal of the value that the lands of the company would acquire would result from the construction of the proposed first Transcontinental Railway. In later years the stock of the Canada North-West Land Company steadily went up to new high levels, as a result of the wonderful prices that the company was getting for its land holdings. And while a good many of the shareholders, from time to time, found it advantageous to take their profits, Mr. Meighen, on the other hand, whenever possible, took all the stock that was offering in the open market.



THE LATE ROBERT MEIGHEN.

Who was head of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co.

Therefore, a few years ago, when the company had so much money that it decided to gradually buy in its own capital, he was by far the largest individual shareholder in the company and perhaps owned 40 per cent. of its stock. This investment alone would have made him a millionaire many times over.

His close association with Lord Mount Stephen also resulted in his becoming very largely interested in the New Brunswick Railway, a company which received a tremendous land grant from the Government in return for the construction of the railway line. The land secured was covered with beautiful timber. In fact, when, a few years ago, it was leased to the C. P. R., Mr. Meighen and his associates kept the entire land holdings. With the enormous value that good pulp and timber lands have at the present time in Canada, it has been figured by some of Mr. Meighen's business associates that his proportion of the pulp lands in New Brunswick are worth anywhere from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

His home in Montreal, which is situated on Drummond Street, just above St. Catherine, was formerly that of Lord Mount Stephen, previous to the latter's departure to reside in Scotland. The mansion is surrounded by extensive gardens and a vegetable farm, and extends an entire city block from Drummond Street, practically right in the centre of one of the best retail districts of Montreal. In fact, many years ago, when he took the property over from his brother-in-law, it is understood that he paid something in the neighbourhood of \$100,000 for it, which even then was considerably less than its value, owing to the very magnificent house which stood on it; and today the property, without the house at all, at the prices that are being secured in the neighbourhood, must easily be worth over \$1,500,000.

One of the outstanding features of Mr. Meighen's career is the very close association that always existed between himself and Lord Mount Stephen. He was a staunch admirer of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and his appreciation of the C. P. R. group may well be gauged by the remark he made to Sir Thomas, when the latter, in tendering to Mr. Meighen an invitation to go on the Board of Directors of the C. P. R., received the answer from him that he would a hundred times rather be a director of the big Canadian railway than be Premier of Canada.

* * *

Son Succeeds Father.

FOLLOWING on the death of Mr. Meighen, his only son, Col. Frank Meighen, has been elected to succeed him as President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. Col. Meighen has been more or less in touch with the milling trade, and his general training will undoubtedly enable him to handle various enterprises successfully. Although he has already gone on record as holding his late father's views as against the merger of the larger flour companies, it would not be surprising to many if the developments that are likely to occur during the next few years in the milling trade of the country were such that some kind of a re-organization of the leading companies would be found mutually advantageous.

* * *

Improvement in Steel Trade.

THE steady improvement made in the general steel trade of Canada during the present year is reflected, perhaps, most of all by the marked strides that are being made by the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. Back a couple of years ago, recognized the big development that was bound to come and went steadily ahead making the extensions and improvements which would enable it to take full advantage of the greater demand there would be for its products. It is during the past few months that the benefits of the many improvements and extensions have been most evident, and, from present indications, Scotia will hang up new records in all departments for almost every

We have just issued our
July Bond List

containing particulars of bonds to yield from 4% to 6%.

A copy mailed on request.

A. E. Ames & Co.

INVESTMENT BANKERS
TORONTO, : CANADA

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

SOME VITAL POINTS

Mirroring the Distinguishing Features of the

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

MUTUAL CAREFUL PRUDENT ECONOMICAL PROGRESSIVE REASONABLE LIBERAL PROMPT JUST and FAIR

On the Full Legal Reserve Plan;
in the Selection of its Members;
in the Investment of its Funds;
in Management Consistent with Efficiency;
along Scientific and Popular Lines;
in its Policy Terms and Conditions;
in its Cash and Paid-up Values;
On the Settlement of its Claims; and
in All its Dealings.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

ASSETS \$8827-945

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,300,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

PELLATT Members
& Toronto
PELLATT Stock
 Exchange

401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
 also COBALT STOCKS
 BOUGHT AND SOLD
 ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with
 W. H. GOADBY & CO.,
 Members New York Stock Ex-
 change.

FOR SALE

160 ACRES, price \$1650.00, cash \$500.00, balance
 in three annual instalments, one mile from station
 on C.N.R., fifty miles from Winnipeg, good land, partly
 treed, adjoining land selling for from \$12.00 to \$20.00 and
 higher per acre. This will double in value. Must be sold
 this month.

A. J. BEATTY
 122 Phoenix Blk., Winnipeg, Man.

**The Title and Trust
 Company,** BAY & RICHMOND STS.
 TORONTO

Executor, Administrator
 Assignee, Liquidator



Here's
 Freedom
 From
 Collar
 Troubles

Note the
 Slip-On
 buttonhole
 which is a
 feature of
 the new

Derby 2
 for
 25c

It puts an end to all trouble and
 musing usually required to put on
 and take off the ordinary collar. The
 new Derby has plenty of room for tie
 to slide in, it sets comfortably close
 around the neck and excels in style
 and workmanship. Sold by best
 dealers—and made by

TRADE MARK
W.G.P.R.
 OF BERLIN 24

WATSON'S

No. 10

SCOTCH

month of the present year. As a matter of fact, the way the business of
 Scotia Steel is developing would seem to show very conclusively that the
 directors knew just what was coming for the company when they refused to
 entertain even such an attractive offer as \$150 a share from an English
 syndicate for the controlling interest in the company. It is to be hoped that
 it will not skyrocket and then react as badly as it did some years ago.

* * *

What's Doing in Old Erie?

THE report that the C. P. R. or one of its subsidiary companies would, in
 the not distant future, either acquire a large interest in the Erie Rail-
 way or effect some working agreement with it, has been spread around so
 persistently that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President of the Canadian
 Pacific Railway, while at his summer home at St. Andrews, sent out an official
 statement announcing that neither the C. P. R. or any of its subsidiary com-
 panies had any intention of, in any way, purchasing an interest in the Erie
 Railway. What led to the report was undoubtedly that it has been some
 of the principal C. P. R. interests in Montreal and Toronto, not including,
 however, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy himself, who, during the past few months,
 have been the largest buyers of Erie and evidently must know pretty well
 that something good is in store for the Erie Railway. For weeks past dif-
 ferent financial writers of the Wall Street papers have been bothering them-
 selves just to figure out what is behind the movement in Erie, and, after
 trying to size it up from every standpoint, have simply come to the con-
 clusion that the principal reason was that Erie had gradually worked itself
 into the position of being one of the strongest railways in the United States.

Assets of Royal Bank Cross \$100,000,000 Mark.

THE monthly statement of the Royal Bank of Canada, issued the other day,
 was of more than passing interest, owing to the fact that it showed that
 for the first time in the history of this progressive yet conservative institution
 the total assets crossed the \$100,000,000 mark. The achievement is certainly
 a notable one, because it is only a comparatively few years since the Royal
 rounded out its organization through the entire Dominion. It was, however,
 all the time building on a particularly strong foundation, and Mr. Pease,
 General Manager, and his associates, have every reason to be proud of the
 very marked co-operation they have received from the Canadian public.
 The success that has already attended the efforts of the Royal should enable
 it to make still greater strides in the next ten or twenty years.

* * *

Branch Banks Curtailing Loans in West.

RECENT reports from the West indicate that the leading Canadian banks,
 with a view of getting ready to handle the bumper wheat crop that is
 expected, are curtailing their loans just as rapidly as possible. Such action
 has already caused quite a little disturbance at some points because it has
 affected real estate booms.

To say that the action of the banks has been decidedly unpopular through-
 out the Western country is to put it mildly, mainly because the majority of
 the people out there have got so accustomed to trading on other peoples'
 money that they fail to realize that the banks have the right to curtail their
 lines of credit.

During the next few weeks the action of the banks will likely cause a
 good deal of inconvenience, but, as they figure it out, it is more important
 for them at the present time to get ready to handle the actual needs of the
 Western country, even at the cost of a temporary setback to the land boom
 that has affected almost every section.

* * *

Says Toronto Railway is Another Winnipeg Electric.

JUST how different the views of some outsiders are as compared with those
 of some Toronto people can be appreciated from the remark made by
 Mr. Rodolphe Forget to some of his personal friends after spending a day in
 Toronto last week—that he expected Toronto Railway to prove another
 Winnipeg electric as far as the returns which it, in time, would be in a position
 to pay to its shareholders. As Mr. Forget put it—after standing for a while
 on the corner of King and Yonge Streets—Toronto to-day had one of the best
 street railway systems in the world, while the city itself was spread out over
 such a large area that its earnings, large as they are at the present time,
 should go forward by leaps and bounds for a great many years to come.

* * *

New Home for Sterling Bank in Winnipeg.

THE Sterling Bank of Canada has completed arrangements for the erection
 of a large building of its own in the city of Winnipeg. Mr. G. T.
 Somers, the President of the Bank, has been in the Western city for some
 little time and has been greatly impressed with the business the bank is doing
 at that point. Following on the growth of this business in the Province of
 Ontario, the Sterling is also arranging during the present summer to erect
 new branch buildings in quite a few of the leading towns.

* * *

Montreal's Traction Deal.

THE negotiations that have been hanging fire for some months past tending
 towards the re-organization of the Montreal Street Railway Company
 and its subsidiary concerns seems to be now nearing completion. It is stated
 that the firm of Boston bankers, N. W. Harris & Co., are carrying through
 the re-organization plan, which will result in the practical consolidation of the
 four different traction companies now operating on the Island of Montreal.

A great deal of capital has been locked up for some time, and a satisfactory
 conclusion of the street railway deal should tend to greatly improve the tech-
 nical position of the market in Montreal, and at the same time relieve the
 Street Railway group from a financial responsibility which they have borne
 none too easily for many months past.

The traction business is comparatively in its infancy in Montreal as com-
 pared with the enormous development that has occurred in other cities having
 the same population, and it will surprise a great many if the Boston firm of
 N. W. Harris & Co., who have already made such enormous fortunes out of
 railway re-organization will not in the course of a comparatively few years
 make a very large profit on the Montreal Street Railway deal.

COUPON.

The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL.

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

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

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

TORONTO OFFICES:
 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West
 (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.;
 Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.



That Splitting
 Headache
 will vanish if you
 take
"NA-DRU-CO"
 Headache
 Wafers

Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee
 they contain nothing harmful to the heart or
 nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists'.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
 of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 26A



Baldness is a Handicap
 In business and social life.
Toupees and Wigs
 guaranteed to fit and match.
 made by experts from the
 finest materials
**Will give you an
 equal chance**

With Toupee
 Prices \$12.50 to \$18.00
 for a quality usually sold
 for \$25 to \$50.

Order from the manufacturer
 and save middle man's profit.

Call or write at once to
F. WEBER & CO.
 27 Gerrard St. W., Toronto
 Mail Orders carefully attended



Without Toupee

Hotel Directory

PALMER HOUSE

TORONTO, : CANADA

H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor

Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Toronto, Canada
 Geo. A. Spear, President
 American Plan \$2—\$8. European Plan
 \$1—\$1.50.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

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

H. L. Stephens, Prop.

HOTEL MOSSOP.

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
 European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.

RATES:
 Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
 Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW RUSSELL

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

LA CORONA HOTEL

(Home of the Epicure)
 Montreal
 European Plan
 \$1.50 up. John Healy
 Manager.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

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

NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

St. James Street, Montreal
 European plan. 150 rooms, with baths
 and every modern accommodation. Rates
 \$1.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one
 of the largest and best equipped on the
 continent.

A Dead-lock in Western Coal

ON All Fools' Day of this year a general coal mine strike was precipitated in British Columbia; in the mines from which not only that Province, but also the three prairie provinces obtain much of their fuel for household use and for industrial purposes. Up to date the strike is still unsettled. For weeks now, under the Lemieux Act, a Board of Arbitration has been sitting, with Rev. C. W. Gordon at the head. The preacher-author was chosen by the Minister of Labour, presumably because in his stories of the west he has settled a very large number of grave disputes right off the reel.

But there still seems no sign of settlement. Meanwhile, many widespread human interests are beginning to be aroused. The miners themselves find that they have lost millions of dollars. Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, a well-known Victoria capitalist, says in an interview:

"The actual loss to the miners by reason of their quitting work is about \$20,000 a day. This stoppage of work has now lasted ninety-one days, which figures up a loss in wages of about \$1,700,000. Apart from the loss sustained by labor by the reduction of train crews, in addition to the recent temporary closing down of mines and smelters, and the inconvenience caused to the whole west, there is an economic loss running into many millions which can never be regained. Then, too, this has a very serious aspect when one contemplates the possibility of its continuance later on in the year, with the prairie provinces unsupplied with fuel."

Besides the loss to the miners and operators over this colossal piece of leisurely stupidity, and the even greater loss to the industries and the business of British Columbia, an even graver menace hangs over the heads of people who, many hundreds of miles from the said mines, still depend largely upon the coal of British Columbia for household fuel. In this connection the Winnipeg Telegram very incisively says:

"The economic conditions which prevail make this dispute an absurdity. There is abundance of coal, and a large, growing, and exclusive market. In such circumstances a dispute between owners and operatives as to the conditions under which the coal shall be taken out must be due to curable selfishness or removable misunderstanding. People may regard with amusement the problem of what happens when an irresistible force strikes an immovable post. But when they happen to be between the force and the post their amusement turns to grave anxiety. It is there the unfortunate public dependent upon these mines stands at the present moment.

"The Lemieux Act has never proved itself of the slightest advantage in any real labor dispute. The disputes it has been claimed it settled would have been settled in just the same way without its operation, and where some good should have been accomplished it has uniformly broken down. In regard to this particular strike the Labor Department has exhausted its resources in a leisurely manner without any result."

At the same time municipalities are bestirring themselves, even on the edge of the greatest wheat harvest the west has ever known. They realize that even with a probable two hundred million bushels in the harvest fields, the west can't burn wheat for fuel. Calgary has set out to provide its own fuel. A committee has been appointed by Mayor Mitchell to search for coal. One Bob Jackson has offered to sell the city a mountain mine for \$14,000; coal that can be put on the car at \$1.75 a ton. Collieries up at Camrose along the Battle River are being exploited. These are hundreds of miles from Calgary; lignite coal, such as can be found in many parts of the Saskatchewan valley and in southern

Manitoba. Edmonton, of course, has a large quantity of such coal in the near vicinity; the city itself being built over some old coal mines.

It seems to be a problem in which civic corporations and boards of trade should unite to press upon both the British Columbia and the Dominion Government, that it is high time the dispute between stubborn operatives and equally stubborn mine owners in British Columbia should be settled by Government itself operating the mines in the interests of the people.

Imperialist Once More

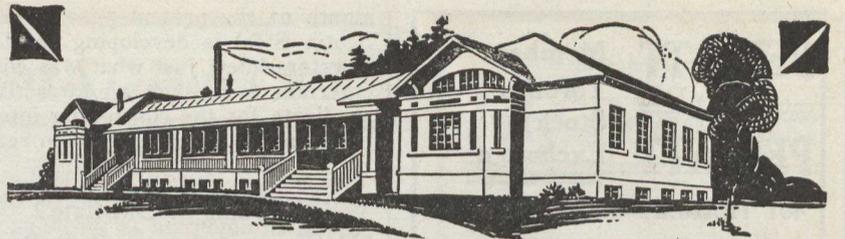
SIR WILFRID LAURIER has been saying things in public as a citizen of Ottawa which as Premier of Canada at the Imperial Conference he did not say. In his speech at the civic welcome tendered him by the citizens of Ottawa he shook off party politics and delivered himself with much of the old-time enthusiasm and eloquence that have given him such a reputation as a great commoner in Canada. He spoke with great warmth of the coming of the Duke of Connaught as the next Governor-General of Canada. Among other things he said:

"It will be our privilege, as I told you a moment ago, to have with us as our Governor-General a member of the Royal family. Let me tell you, my fellow-citizens, that when I left Ottawa two months ago I had an impression which had been formed by a course of history, by a study of the British constitution and by a study of recent events, that the Royal family of England, as representing the British Crown, was a bond of union between all the different classes of England. Now, I come back with that impression, nay, with the certainty that the British Crown is a bond of union, not only for the different classes of the United Kingdom, but that it is a bond of union for the whole of the British Empire.

"The Royal family of England is not only a Royal family of which we as British subjects have reason to be proud, but the Royal family of England from the King and the Queen to their children and all the collateral members have given to the world at the present time an example of those domestic virtues which so strongly appeal to the British heart and which are the foundation of the happiness, prosperity and grandeur of a nation.

"These examples, given to the people, from such an exalted source, are no doubt, one of the greatest assets which a people can possess. I do not say this in any spirit of sycophancy. I am out of the soil of England, but still in British territory. I say this as a deliberate conviction. When we have a member of the British Royal Family coming as the representative of His Majesty the King, it is due to us to make the event worthy of a loyal people.

"I was asked by the Duke of Connaught, by the Duchess and by the Princess Patricia what kind of a reception they would have. I told them and I am sure I was only repeating the conviction of your hearts that if the affection of a loyal people could make their stay happy in Canada they would be happy indeed while they were amongst us. They said to me that they were looking with keen pleasure and expectation to their visit to Canada. I am sure that they will not be disappointed. It is not as Prime Minister of Canada, but as a citizen of Ottawa, that I ask you to receive him. Four years ago, on a similar occasion, I stated and I have only to repeat, that if I should vacate the position I now occupy I want no other position than that your government should appoint me as a member of the Improvement Commission. That is work which I have had much at heart—the improvement of the city of which I have now been a resident for the last fifteen years, in which I shall live the rest of my days and in which I shall die."



From the Original Spring That Made Caledonia Springs Famous

MAGI the standard Canadian water, pure, wholesome and delicious, reaches you in sterilized bottles from the original spring which has made Caledonia Springs famous to civilized man for a century past—from the Spring which was the "Great Medicine" of the Indians for countless years before.



MAGI

THE WATER OF QUALITY

is not only good to drink, but does you good. For dyspepsia and other forms of stomach trouble, for rheumatism and similar uric acid conditions arising from disordered kidney, MAGI is recommended by many prominent physicians—in some cases as the sole treatment. Yet, bear in mind, that as a beverage pure and simple, MAGI Water is a rich, smooth and palate-pleasing drink with a character and flavor distinctively its own.

MAGI Water, bottled only at the Spring, may be bought "Sparkling" in splits, pints and quarts, or "Still" in quarts and half-gallons, at cafes, hotels, bars, drug stores, on railroad dining and cafe cars or at groceries, by the bottle or the case.

The CALEDONIA SPRINGS CO.
LIMITED
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, CAN.

Ontario Ladies College and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art



Whitby, Ontario, Canada

100 ACRES OF GROUND
Campus, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, etc.

Seven Resident University Graduates give instruction in the Literary Department, and other Departments are equally in advance of the ordinary Ladies' Colleges in staff and equipment.

Proximity to Toronto gives city advantages without distractions incident to city residence.

Offers the Highest Educational Facilities and an exceptionally pleasant home life under healthful and inspiring surroundings.
Send for Catalogue to REV. J. J. HARE, PH.D., PRINCIPAL.

The French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters

SWAT THE FLY!



"KEATING'S"

POWDER

REMOVES FLIES

A safe and effective remedy. Harmful only to insect life. Sprinkle it lightly on the window ledge and note the improvement.

196

AT ALL DRUGGISTS
IN TINS ONLY 15c., 20c., 25c.

15 Cents a line

Fifteen cents a line is our present ambition. Our advertising rate will be raised from time to time until it reaches that figure.

After August 1st of this year it will be 12 cents.

Of course we must justify every increase in rate by increased circulation. This we are prepared to do. During the past year our circulation has shown an increase greater than that of any other Canadian periodical. It more than justifies the small increase in rates which have just been made. If you have the slightest doubt, let us know and the proofs will be produced. (1917) 20

The Canadian Courier



**WINDSOR
TABLE
SALT**

**Ask The
Housewife**

She will tell you that Windsor Salt does not get "lumpy"—nor "cake" in glass or silver.

In homes of refinement,

**Windsor
Table Salt**

has long been the universal favorite for table and culinary use.

17



You can make good photos of the fastest moving objects with

Wellington

Xtra Speedy Plates

The Cut we show is a good specimen.

Write for free booklets.

Wellington & Ward

PLATES PAPERS FILMS
13 St. John St. - Montreal.

**Splendid Success
of the "Ross"
Rifle at Bisley**

Private Blood, of the Irish team, has won the "Bass," the "Edge," the "Halford Memorial" and the Wimbledon Cup, using a Ross Rifle and Ross Ammunition.

These are all long range competitions, the severest of tests on both rifle and man.

In the coming competitions a "Ross" will do best justice to your skill.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

The Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, P.Q.

The Scrap Book

Nearly in Trouble.—Hamilton Webster was elected sheriff in a Western town, and on having his duties explained to him was told that the law forbade him to keep a prisoner in solitary confinement. One night he had two men locked up in the jail. One of them escaped and the sheriff was disturbed to find one man in jail when he went down the next morning. He opened the door wide.

"Get out of here," he shouted to the prisoner. "Why didn't you go along with the other fellow? I suppose you wanted to get me into trouble about that solitary confinement law."

* * *

Wealth.—"Then you don't want to be rescued?"

"No," replied the man on the tropical isle. "I have already accumulated over 2,000,000 clam shells. What's the use of going back to civilization and having to start afresh?"—Pittsburg Post.

* * *

Disappointing.—"I'm afraid my wife picked out the wrong hotel."

"Too expensive?"
"Oh, no; but it's going to be hard to make expenses. There's a lot of other bridge sharps there besides herself."—Washington Herald.

* * *

Down the Line.

Snubbed by the Queen!
Gee whiz!
A jolt most keen
That is.
But Mrs. Koyné her thin lips bites
And snubs her lesser satellites.

Those dames in turn
Snub theirs.
Her blighting burn
Each shares.
They rush for solace to their hubs;
The atmosphere is full of snubs.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

A Wise Farmer.—"What's the matter? Made an election bet to let your whiskers grow?"

"No; but I dassn't cut 'em till fall. It would be a big disappointment to the summer boarders not to have some whiskers on the place to make jokes about"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

Useful Knowledge.—Mother (in the railway carriage): "Now, sit still, Johnny, or you'll have to be punished when we get home."

Young Hopeful: "Mamma, if you punish me I shall tell the guard my real age, then you will have to pay full fare."

* * *

No Use for Them.—"Charley dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you say that man stole a base?"

"Yes, that's what I said."
"Well, I'm glad of it. There were more than our men seemed able to do anything with."—Washington Star.

* * *

Realism.

There was a young man from Pall Mall
Who went to a fancy dress ball.

Just for the fun,
He dressed up as a bun,
And was eat by a dog in the hall.

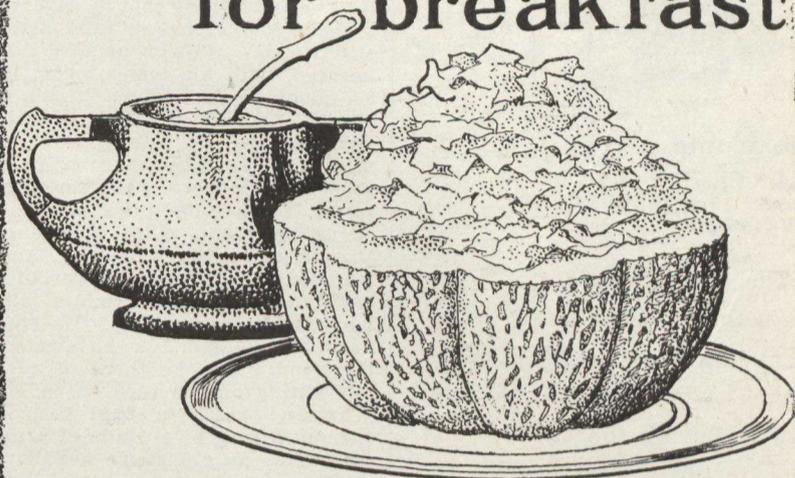
* * *

Sad Awakening.—Some wake and find themselves famous, but many more find themselves famous and wake.—Puck.

* * *

Cheaply Honoured.—There is a monument in Hempstead, Long Island, erected to the members of a ship-wrecked crew, who were drowned off Far Rockaway one stormy night. On three sides of the monument are ordinary inscriptions. On the fourth appears the best bit of humour ever found on a gravestone. It reads as follows: "This monument was erected by the humane people of Queens County to the memory of the shipwrecked crew—out of the money found on the bodies of the deceased."

**A real delight
for breakfast**



**Fill a canteloupe
with**

Kellogg's

10c.
per pkg.

Cut canteloupe in half; clean out centre; fill with Corn Flakes, adding a little sugar to suit the taste.

TOASTED

**CORN
FLAKES**

Made in Canada

32



**Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES**

W. K. Kellogg
BATTLE CREEK
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
LONDON, CANADA.

The sweet heart of the corn

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

**12 STORIES OF SOLID COMFORT
IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK**



HOTEL YORK
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Corner 36th St. and 7th Ave.
One short block from Broadway and New York's Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores, Fashionable Shops and Theatres.
2 Minutes from New Penna. R.R. Terminal.
10 Minutes from Grand Central Terminal.

Accommodations Better than Rates indicate
ROOMS \$1.50 and \$2.00 with Bath Privilege
\$2.00 to \$4.00 Private Bath
Where two persons occupy same room only \$1.00 extra will be added to above rates
Write Hotel for Map of New York
JAY G. WILBRAHAM, Managing Director

HOTEL VICTORIA
BROADWAY

Fifth Ave. and 27th St., NEW YORK



RATES

Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

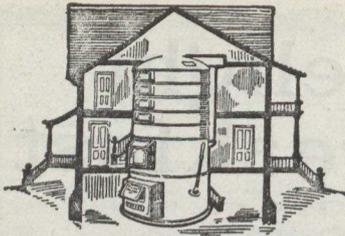
"Canadian money taken at par."

American Hotel Victoria Co

GEORGE W. SWEENEY, President

ANGUS GORDON, Manager.

Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.



The Home and "The Sovereign"

The heating apparatus is always the most important equipment in a home. A good boiler makes a home comfortable to live in during the Winter, and easy to sell at any time.

Houses that are heated by "Sovereign" boilers are always in more demand than houses that are not—any person who has lived in a "Sovereign" house always wants to go back to a "Sovereign" house again.

Let us send you the names of some of your neighbors who live in houses heated by the "Sovereign" hot water boiler—they will tell you how you may make yourself more comfortable indoors this next Winter.

Taylor-Forbes Company Limited
 Toronto Office and Showrooms, 1088 King Street West
 Montreal Office and Showrooms, 246 Craig Street West

WHITE HORSE WHISKY
 Established 1742.
 Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.
 Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.
 Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

When in
BOSTON, MASS.
 Stop at
HOTEL VICTORIA
 Corner Dartmouth and Newbury Sts.
 One half block from Copley Sq. Two minutes' walk to Public Library, Trinity Church and Back Bay Stations.
 In centre of the Back Bay District, and particularly accessible for automobilists.
 Surface cars pass within half block of Hotel, connecting in subway for all parts of city and suburbs.
European Plan
 THOS. O. PAIGE : Manager

THE HYDROPHOBIAC

(Continued from page 14.)

around us—a little round rock, with just room for four men."
 "Then why didn't you swim ashore, if it was nothing but a river?"
 He looked at me in mild and puzzled wonder. "Swim ashore!" he reiterated, with his insane echo. Then he chuckled deep down in his hairy chest. "Young Hotailub did try to swim ashore—he was a better swimmer than the other three of us. But that river is very wide, nothing but water, three long miles on one side of us, over two miles on the other. It was more like the sea. And we watched Hotailub, for he was to come back with a raft, and half a mile off we saw his hands go up. We couldn't hear him scream, for he swam with the wind. But the three of us were left sitting on the rock there, so, for year and years—a bald little rock without a twig or a blade of grass, as smooth as an old man's head!"
 "Then you were taken off—by natives?"

He shook his head slowly from side to side. "No; we were not taken off," he said vacuously.

"Then how, in the name of all that is holy, did you get off that rock?"

"I—I can't remember!" he whimpered pitifully. "I have a little trouble with my head, and it makes me forget things." And he lapsed into a dogged silence, from which I tried in vain to rouse him.

On the following day I spoke to the cure about Black Sauriol and his ways. That rotund and gentle little pastor of a rotund and gentle little flock had long since given up worrying about the man and his madness. To his mind it was all due to rheumatism; he had known a man once, on the lower St. Lawrence, taken the same way, who had suffered so much and grown so afraid of the wet and damp that it went to his head, and in his old age he was almost as bad as a man who had been bitten by a rabid dog, hating the sight and touch of water. But I felt at heart that if it was rheumatism with Black Sauriol, it was some strange rheumatism of the memory, of the spirit, and not of the flesh. I tried to forge some link of continuity between his terror at the sight of the dead animal and his insane paddling with the hands, between his hatred of water and this strange wreck about which he had forgotten so much. But I could make nothing out of his tangle of irrationalities.

When next I went to visit Black Sauriol I found him with his huge hairy arms bared, hard at work, making a painfully laborious copy of what seemed to be a ragged and blackened old chart. He looked up from his slow and clumsy drawing, when he saw me in his doorway, with an unusual expression of relief.

"I hoped you'd come," he said, in the solemn guttural of his more lucid moments. "Before I left," he added pointedly.

I asked him where he was off to. "Out of this cursed country of rain—getting too wet for me! I'm going to travel, to try the Southwest. They call it, I find, the Country of Little Rain."

"But how about your claim, your miles of gold-fields?"

"That's all come out clear to me—last night, in a message!" He looked at me with his burning, deep-set eyes. "You are going to put in my claim for me!"

I tried to laugh at him, but the creeping tide of madness that seemed rising and inundating the very house in which we sat, as he went on gravely with his drawing, choked the laughter out of my throat.

"But where is this claim?" I asked, to break the silence.

"Wait ten minutes, then you'll see the map," the deep guttural replied. And during that time he bent in silence over his chart, breathing heavily, tracing in the lines with unsteady but infinitely cautious fingers.

Then he sat back and looked at his drawing, mumbling in his throat, still with furtive side glances at me.

"Mine! That's all mine!" he



You Can't Leave the Beard Behind So Don't Forget the Gillette

The hearty open-air vacation life seems to makes the beard grow as it never grows at home. To the man without a GILLETTE it becomes a downright nuisance.

Cleanliness, comfort and self-respect demand the morning shave. But boats, trains, summer resorts and camps provide scant shaving facilities.

That never worries the man with a GILLETTE Safety Razor in his grip or his pocket. In lurching cabin or swaying Pullman—on the back porch or beside a convenient stump—wherever the morning finds him—he can enjoy his regular three-minute GILLETTE shave in solid comfort, with a lordly independence of place or circumstance.

Pack your grip with discrimination. Travel light. Leave out the "unnecessaries" of life. But whatever you do, don't discount your holiday by starting out without "The Razor of To-day."

Standard Sets \$5.00.

Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.50.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.

At your druggist's, jeweler's or hardware dealer's.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng. and Shanghai, China.

Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.

267

TENDERS



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 1st September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between WOODVILLE and WOODVILLE 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 Woodville, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
 Mail Service Branch,
 G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
 Ottawa, 15th July, 1911.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 18th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week each way, between JERSEYVILLE P. O. and T. H. & B. RY. STATION and ALBERTON and TRINITY (RURAL MAIL DELIVERY), 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 Jerseyville, Alberton, Trinity, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
 Mail Service Branch,
 G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
 Ottawa, 5th July, 1911.

COSGRAVE'S



—A rich, ripe, happy, tasty, healthful Ale that quickly banishes the cares and worries of the day. Your home needs a case.

Bottled only at the Brewery by the Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

PALE ALE

growled passionately, as might a dog over a bone, planting his huge, hairy hand in the centre of the paper.

At a peremptory movement from him I went over and studied the little map. At first sight it meant nothing more to me than the frivolling of a sadly unsettled mind. Yet something about the tangle of lines looked oddly and indeterminately familiar. Even the rough turtle's head, which two of his rivers outlined, seemed strangely suggestive. And it was just above the nose of the turtle, where contributory streams ran into the darker line of the big river, that his great hand was planted authoritatively, as a sign that it "was all his." I studied the map once again, this time more seriously. Then suddenly, as I pondered over it, a flash-light of intelligence illuminated the whole mystery.

"My God, man—that's the Klondike!" I gasped.

He looked at me with careless and uncomprehending eyes.

"This is the Yukon here," I explained, "this darker line; the upper line of the turtle's head is Stewart River, the lower is Macmillan River; this eye is one of the Reid Lakes. And here, see, here where the Klondike empties into the Yukon, is Dawson City!"

"It's all mine!" he repeated in his majestic and solemn guttural. "I found it, year and years ago. I saw the gold there, and paid for it all, in good blankets and tea. That was to the Hoochi tribe, and to a few of the Stick Indians. I should have gone back sooner—but there were reasons, there were reasons!"

He turned to me fiercely.

"Now you shall do this for me! There is gold there, in plenty—gold enough for twenty kings. But men will be finding out. It's getting late, getting late! And there are reasons!"

The flame in his smoky little lamp, for want of oil, paled and sank lower on the wick, leaving the room in twilight.

"My God, man, you'll be paid for it," he cried confidently, as he looked in my startled and hesitating face, "paid like a prince!"

He rummaged through the odds and ends on his dirty sleeves for a bit of tallow candle. When the unwilling wick had caught up the flame it shed a thin and wavering half-light through the room.

I humoured him, in my weakness, and as he planned and explained and dictated his mind seemed to grow more lucid. He sat back in the dusk, with the dignity of a king who had come into his own.

"But one thing I must know first," I insisted, hoping to overtake him while sanity still clung to him. "Why are you yourself afraid to go back? And what makes you such a fool about open water?"

He repeated his old vague cry: "There are reasons!" And his majesty ebbed mysteriously from him, leaving him there, a limp and bent and withered old man. I turned on him sharply.

"And those reasons have to do with how you got off the island—in Hunger River!"

"They were only two Kawkuits," he whimpered piteously, "and I had to get home with my secret! I had to get home!"

"Then how did you kill them?"

He laughed softly down in his throat. "It wasn't the killing; it was what came after!" He drew his hand slowly across his wet brow.

"Go on!" I insisted.

He shook his head slowly from side to side.

"It's too long ago—and you wouldn't understand. You would listen, and walk out, and leave me, like the other men have done."

"Go on!" I still insisted, wiping the sweat from my own face.

"It has turned them and sickened them, all of them, from the first," he wheezed huskily, folding his hairy hands across his upthrust knees.

"And it was two to save one!"

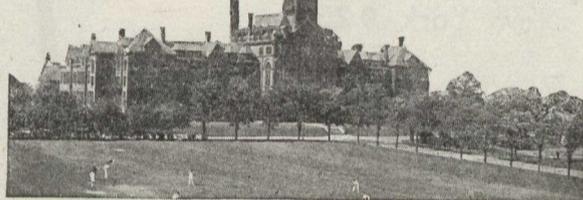
"Everything—tell me everything!"

He paddled with one hand, crazily, like a trained mastiff reaching out with a forepaw. Then he clinched

GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

Baiting His Trap

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
TORONTO FOUNDED 1829



Autumn Term begins Thursday, September 14th.

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, September 16th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, etc.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate building. Every modern equipment.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A. Principal

Bishop Strachan School 45TH YEAR
WYKEHAM HALL
College Street TORONTO

President—The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO

Principal—MISS WALSH Vice-President—MISS NATION

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Full Matriculation Course, also elementary, with domestic arts, music, painting. Centrally situated in large grounds. Tennis and other games. Skating Rink and gymnasium.

Reopens after Summer Vacation SEPTEMBER 11th, 1911

HILL CROFT SCHOOL
BOBCAYGEON, ONT.

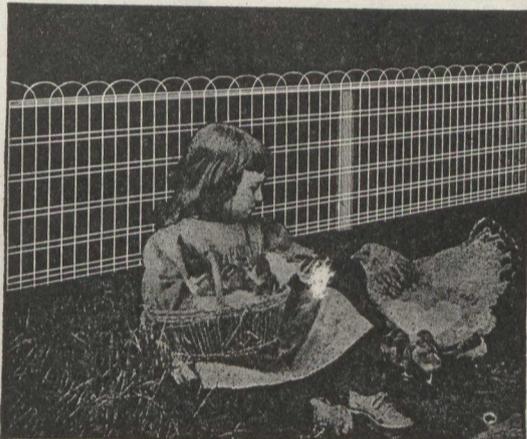
A RESIDENTIAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

IN THE KAWARTHA DISTRICT

Among wholesome country surroundings. The buildings are new, and fitted with all modern conveniences. Careful supervision out of school. Small classes. Graduate masters. Boys specially prepared for the Royal Naval College, Halifax.

School re-opens Thursday, Sept. 14, 11.

Apply for all information to W. T. COMBER, B.A., Oxford Headmaster



A fence of this kind only 16 to 23c. per running foot. Shipped in rolls. Anyone can put it on the posts without special tools. We were the originators of this fence. Have sold hundreds of miles for enclosing parks, lawns, gardens, cemeteries, churches, station grounds, etc., etc. Supplied in any lengths desired, and painted either white or green. Also, Farm Fences and Gates, Netting, Baskets, Mats, Fence Tools, etc., etc. Ask for our 1911 catalog, the most complete fence catalog ever published.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., Walkerville, Ont.

Branches—Toronto, Cor. King and Atlantic Ave. Montreal, 505-517 Notre Dame St. W. St. John, 37 Dock St. The largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada. 505

BALMY BEACH COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND ART

A Residential School for Girls. Five miles from the centre of the city. A healthful and beautiful location with good street car service. Write for prospectus

MRS. A. C. COURTICE, Directress
BALMY BEACH, TORONTO.

St. Alban's School A Residential School for Boys

Three miles from Toronto. Visitor—Lord Bishop of Toronto. Large and beautiful grounds. Boys prepared for the University and Royal Military College. Special attention given to juniors and boys entering commercial life.

For prospectus apply to M. E. Mathews, Head Master. Opening date, September 12, 1911. Phone St. Alban's School, Weston.

Trinity College School

Port Hope, Ont.

Residential School for Boys. Healthy Situation, Fireproof Buildings, Extensive Playgrounds, Large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and business. Special attention given to younger boys. Next term begins Sept. 13. New boys must report Sept. 12.

For Calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster, REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D., Port Hope - - - - Ontario

DUNLOP DUNLOP

PUT ON 50¢ THE PAIR RUBBER HEELS

TORONTO

NEW YORK

New York Trains

Operate over the cool, comfortable "Water Level Route"—gradeless, insuring a perfect night's sleep.

Through Sleeping Cars

Lv. at 5.20 p. m. daily Lv. at 7.10 p. m. (ex. Sun.)
Ar. New York 7.50 a. m. Ar. New York 9.25 a. m.

A convenient DAY TRAIN leaves at 9.30 a. m. connecting with the EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS (except Sunday), arriving at New York 10.10 p. m., and with the New York Special (Sunday only), arriving New York 11.02 p. m.

Tickets good on Hudson River Steamers, Albany to New York, without extra charge.

For Railroad tickets or additional information apply to Ticket Offices, Canadian Pacific Railway, 16 King Street, East, or Union Station; or Ticket Office, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge Street. FRANK C. FOY, C. P. A., Toronto.

Telephone, Main 4361

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

STAMMERS

The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure Natural speech. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
Berlin Ontario Canada

Use 'New Brunswick Kraft' Wrapping Paper

The New Brunswick Pulp & Paper Co., Limited.

145 Wellington St. W., Toronto Millerton, N.B.

This Magazine is Wrapped
In New Brunswick Kraft

WHITE LABEL ALE



Dominion Brewery Co.
TORONTO Limited

Electric Home Comforts

In the Dining Room the *Toaster*.
In My Lady's Room the *Curling Iron*.
In the Nursery the *Heating Pad*.
In the Laundry the *Iron*.
For cleanliness the *Vacuum Cleaner*.
All over the house the *Best Light*.

Call Main 3975 for trial proposition

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY,
Limited

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

his fingers together over his knees, and his body rocked a little, from side to side.

"There were three Kwakuil guides—all the rest of them had died. We struck through to the Mackenzie—yes, it must have been the Mackenzie, but we called it Hunger River. Hotailub said that if we got down to sea water before the frost set in, we could beat down the coast to the land of his people. We had a shell of a birch-bark, with a moosehide sail. There was a white mist that morning on the river, and we struck the heel of a bald little rock, as smooth as an old man's head. We all floundered out and scrambled for land. And then the fog lifted, and we looked for the boat; it was gone. We were alone in the middle of the great river, the four of us, with just room to squat on the rock, so.

"On the second day Hotailub said he would swim for it. But he was weak, and half a mile out we saw him go down. Then the third day came. And still we waited and waited, and nothing happened. And we sat there, chewing buckskin clothes and moccasins.

Then the fourth day came, and after that I lost track of time. I only know that long afterward it came to me, like a vision—it came to me, the way I was to get off!"

The deep-set, animal-like eyes searched the gloom of the half-lit room furtively, then he drew up his knees, gorilla-like, and went on.

"In the dark, when the two Kwakuils were sleeping, I raised each head in my hand, quickly, and beat it down against the rock—each head, until it was soft and the hands stopped twitching. I tied the two of them together, firmly, at the throats, and at the knees, and at the ankles. Then I rolled them down the shelving rock into the water. While they lay there I tied them to a little spur of the rock, twice, with double strings torn from my coat. And then I waited."

"Waited?—waited for what?" I gasped, suddenly sickened at the thick smell of the burning tallow.

"I waited and waited, watching them. It was only days, but it seemed years. And then I saw that the time had come. For they no longer lay dark and heavy under the water, but they floated and pulled at the double string, and swung round with each change of the wind. Then I watched for the breeze, and loosened them, and waded out into deep water."

"My God, man you don't mean—!" The horror of it was too much for me, and I stumbled out toward the open door, where the quiet country smells blew in, like incense.

"They were my ship of deliverance," intoned the hairy brute squatting on the floor. "They were the weak who died for the strong. And one arm I placed over them so, and with the other I paddled, slowly, slowly, for I was weak, and the rain set in, and I had no strength to waste. And when one arm ached I paddled with the other, paddled, and paddled, slowly, with the water to my chin. And I knew it was night, and then morning again. But still I had to paddle on and on, counting the strokes. Ten times I made ready to drop away and get rid of the hunger and the ache in the arms and bones. But after what had happened, I was afraid! It was years and years I paddled—years and years. And when the current swept us against a shelf of sand I lay there, too weak to crawl away from them. A chilkat squaw found me there, and dragged me to a fire."

The sputtering candle-end, as he spoke, burned out and left the room in utter darkness.

"She dragged me to the fire and gave me fish to eat. They fed me and took care of me, and I stayed with their tribe all that winter. But every night, the fools, they tied my hands with moose-hide. That was the only trouble—they tied my hands with moose-hide, so that I couldn't swim, when I lay there drowning."

Through the darkness I could hear the heavy wheeze of his great, panting chest and the soft pad, pad of his hands on the floor, as he paddled with first one hand and then the other.

Summer Time Table

OF THE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Takes Effect June 4th.

Canada's Summer Train the "OCEAN LIMITED"

will leave Montreal 7.30 p.m. daily except Saturday for Quebec, Lower St. Lawrence Resorts, Moncton, St. John Halifax, The Sydneys

Direct connection for Prince Edward Island. "Maritime Express" will leave at 8.15 a.m. daily for Quebec, Campbellton, daily except Saturday for St. John and Halifax.

Grand Trunk Expresses from Toronto make direct connection Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal.

French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

perrier

"The Champagne of Table Waters"

CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY

LIMITED

BUILDERS AND DESIGNERS OF ALL KINDS AND TYPES OF

Freight and Passenger Cars of Steel or Wood Construction, Car Wheels, Castings, Brake Beams, Bar Iron, Forgings, Bolsters.



WORKS AT

AMHERST, N.S., and MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HEAD OFFICE:

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING

MONTREAL, QUEBEC



Make your European trip a "Royal" one

Out on the upper deck where the cool, invigorating ocean breezes blow away the heat of a summer's day; where large roomy chairs in every line and curve tempt the traveler to repose—there in spacious resting places 'neath sheltering awnings one can sit in cool comfort and enjoy the picturesque beauty of the St. Lawrence as it passes in panorama before the eye. These are a few of the outdoor pleasures of the

ROYAL GEORGE and ROYAL EDWARD

Inside, the music room has for its motif the period of Louis XV. A charming decorative treatment similar to that of the famous Chateau Rombouillet has been accorded the library, and the Elizabethan smoking room is suggestive of the baronial hall of an English hero of the Armada. The cabins-in-suite with sitting rooms, bedrooms and bathrooms are each distinct in decorative treatment.

Travel the "Royal" way—the shortest route to London.

For rates and reservations apply nearest Steamship Agent, or

H. C. Bourlier, Gen. Agt.	- -	Toronto
Guy Tombs	" "	Montreal
A. H. Davis	" "	Winnipeg
P. Mooney	" "	Halifax



MUSKOKA

THE Lake Shore Line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway is the most direct and only scenic route to Lake Simcoe, Sparrow Lake, Lake Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound, Point Aux Baril and the Georgian Bay.

Get illustrated literature from the ticket offices, Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, Union Station and cor. King and Toronto Sts., or write R. L. Fairbairn, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.



POINT AU-BARIL

[Georgian Bay]

"A VACATION SPOT"

Easily reached from Toronto; 640 feet above sea-level; adaptability to all kinds of out-door sport; freedom from formality—The finest resort on the Georgian Bay. Obtain 1911 Literature.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



Most Direct Route TO THE

"Highlands of Ontario"

Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes

Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, Algonquin National Park

Temagami, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes

Spend Your Summer Holidays at One of These Delightful Spots

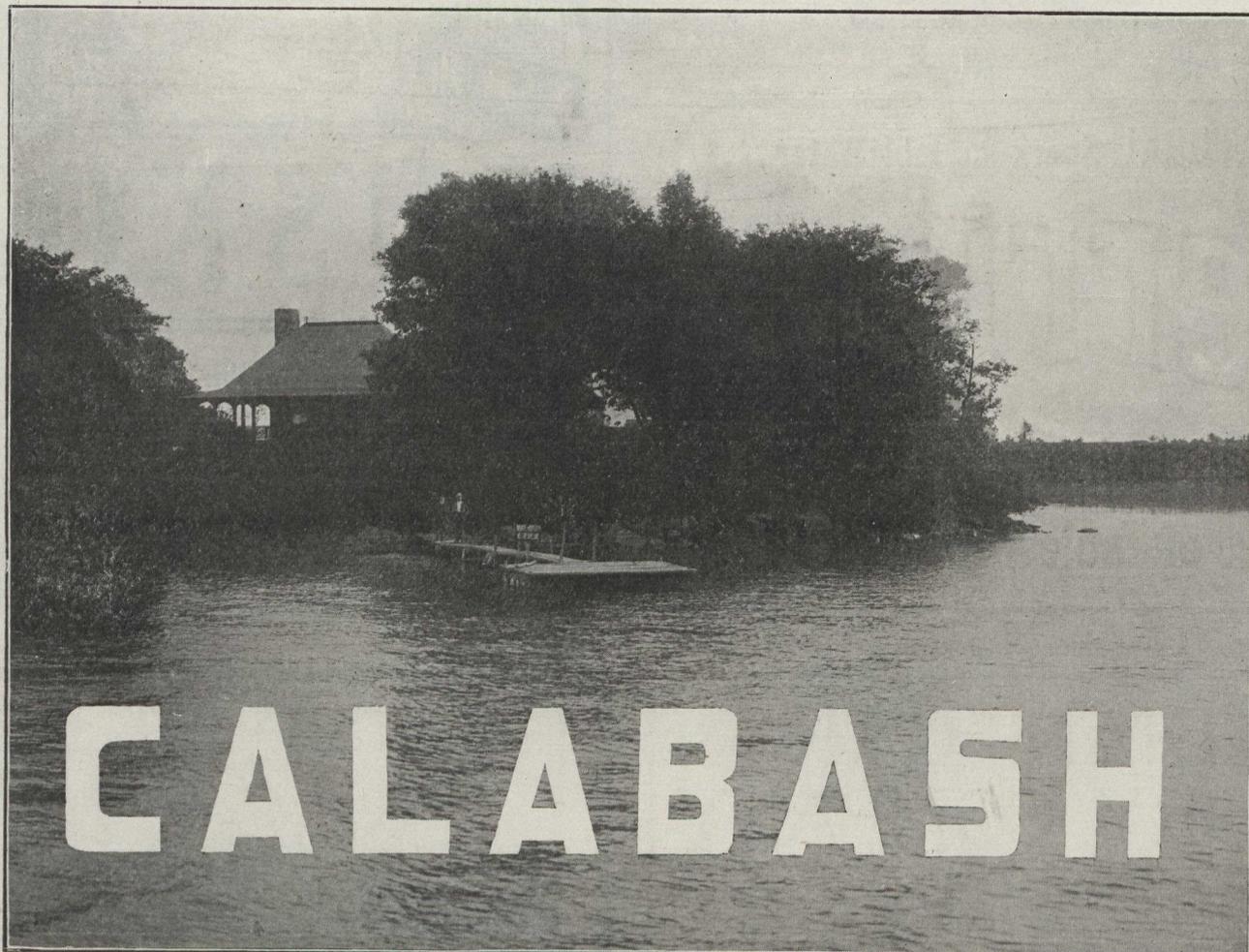
Finest summer playgrounds in America. Good hotel accommodation at moderate cost. The lover of out of doors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment, and send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out of the ordinary resorts.

All this recreation paradise only one night away from the leading cities of the United States, via the Grand Trunk. Palatial trains provide every travel luxury to your destination. Address—

A. E. DUFF, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont. J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent, Montreal, Que. H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal. G. T. BELL, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal. W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.

Going to the country for the week end or on your vacation ?

This is how to enjoy the real pleasures of the country, and a good rest. Sit down comfortably on your verandah or near the shore, and fill your pipe with



HIGH GRADE
Smoking **M**ixture

You can smoke this tobacco all day. You never get tired of it.

Sold in 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. humidor tins, and 2 oz. pocket tins.