

The Canadian **Courier**

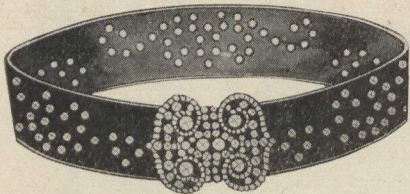
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



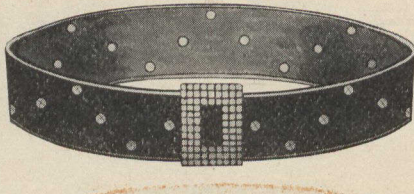
EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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WOMEN OF GOOD TASTE APPRECIATE SUCH GIFTS AS THESE

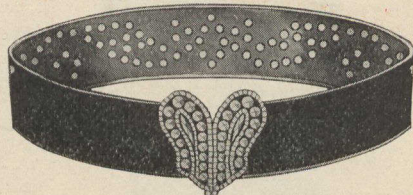
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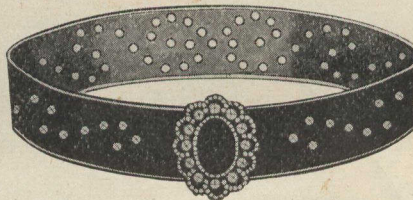
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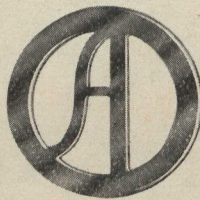
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THE
Canadian Courier

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

AS next Monday will be a Scottish anniversary, St. Andrew's Day, this issue of the "Canadian Courier" contains a historic article, "The Last of the La Guayrians," the account of an early Guelph settlement, which will be especially interesting to all Scottish-Canadians. The writer, Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, is an enthusiastic student of Canadian history and is known in scholarly circles of the Dominion for his patient research and luminous presentation of historic results.

THE second issue after this will be our Christmas number. We hope that it will be found satisfactory. It may not compare with some of the fifty-cent Christmas numbers but it will be a full ten-cents' worth. The contents will be lighter than usual and the whole number will be put together with a view to producing a Canadian souvenir suitable for sending abroad.

WITH next week's issue, we begin Volume Five. We have some regrets about the first four volumes, but no excuses to offer. We are proud of the sympathy and support which have made the impossible possible.

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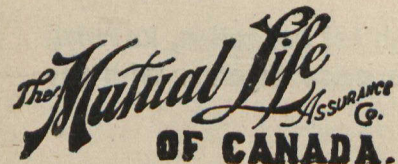
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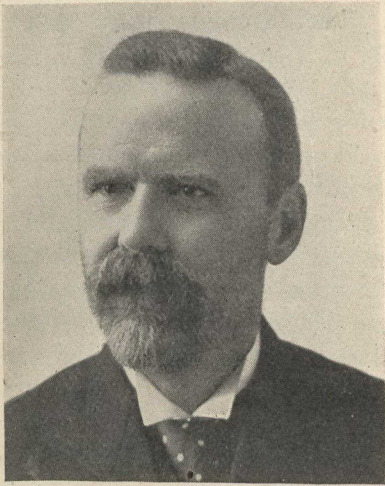
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, November 28th, 1908.

No. 26

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C.,
President Mutual Life Assurance Co.

PRESIDENTS of life insurance companies should be grand men and most of those who have occupied such offices in Canada have made excellent records. Bank presidents go wrong occasionally, but seldom the president of a life insurance company. For which, the public and the business should be thankful and proud.

Of all the life insurance companies in Canada none has a finer record than the Mutual Life Assurance, with its headquarters in the town of Waterloo. Being on the side-line has not retarded its growth, though it may explain its successful frugality. Mr. Melvin, its president, recently passed away and he is succeeded by one who has been twenty-one years a director, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. Son of a Methodist

minister, an old U.C.C. boy, a Toronto law student under Dr. Larratt W. Smith, a barrister in Berlin, a King's Counsel, a junior judge, first vice-president of the Mutual Life, now its president—there is his record. A leading Methodist, a trustee of the Y. M. C. A., a member of the hospital board, he has not overlooked the social activities. Broad in his sympathies, painstaking in his duties, he seems an ideal man for this important position.

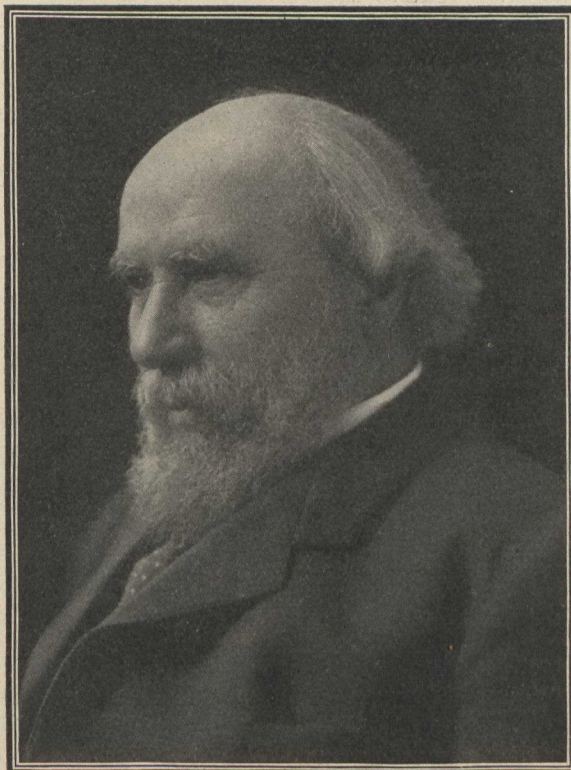
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OUT in the West, or in Central Canada to give it its newer name, an industrial commissioner is an important municipal officer. New communities need advertising, systematising and developing, and that is the commissioner's office. He meets the visitors, the possible investors, the new wholesalers and manufacturers, all sorts of moneyed men, when they come to town. He is the go-between who arranges for anything new in the commercial or industrial line.

Winnipeg has one of the best of these commissioners in Mr. Charles F. Roland. Keen, courteous, active, productive of a new idea for every new day, Mr. Roland has kept Winnipeg's possibilities and advantages in the foreground. Banquets, fairs, excursions, and all sorts of advertising shows have resulted from his initiative and the progressiveness of the city is largely due to his brain and organising ability. He has been the working member of a large committee of business men who are determined to keep Winnipeg what she is, the leading commercial and industrial centre of Western Canada.

* * *

AMONG all the million and a quarter of people that Canada has expatriated to the United States, none is quite so able to get the ear of both Canadians and United Statesers as James J. Hill. When Mr. Hill talks about railways, or the port of New York, or the future of Western Canada he is sure of an audience. Lately he has been talking to the Chamber of Commerce in New York, about Canada. Mr. Hill knows a good deal about Canada; although when he was a young shaver round the little bleak town of Rockwood, Ontario, Canada looked so much of a forlorn hope to him that he decided to leave it for good. His career in the great Northwest



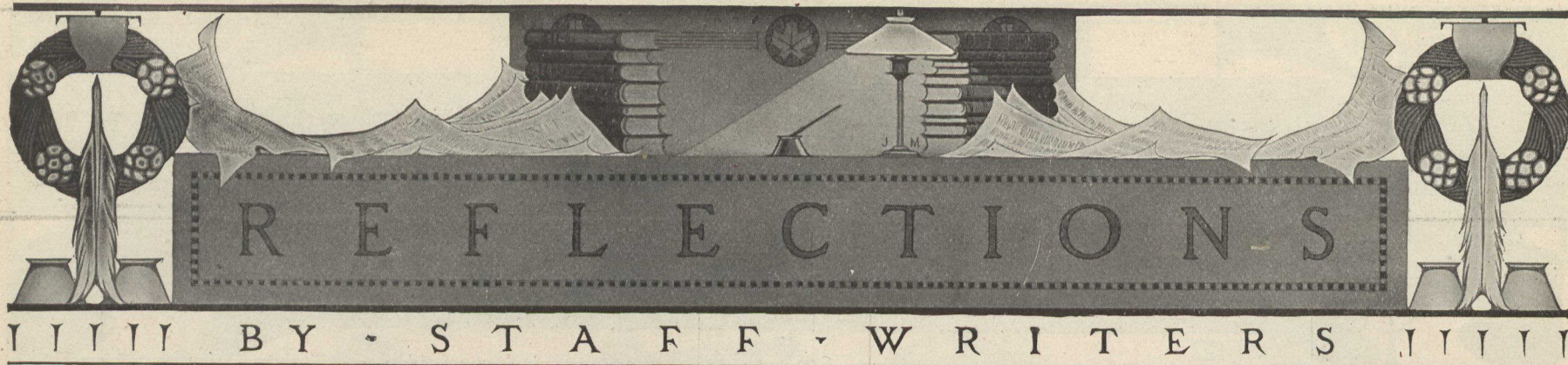
Mr. James J. Hill,
President of Great Northern Railway.

needs no reviewing. He has never been far from Canada. The interests of the Great Northern were always very near to those of the C. P. R. The evolution of the Great Northern country has much in common with the development of the Canadian West. Both are great wheat lands. Mr. Hill's roads are great wheat carriers; so is the C. P. R. Both are engaged in developing wheat cities. So that when Mr. Hill draws parallels between Canada and the United States and does it so eloquently as he did in New York the other night, he is likely to speak with more authority than any other man in the United States whether Canadian or American. He believes in reciprocity. Thirty or forty years ago it is quite likely Mr. Hill saw very little to reciprocate. Now there is a prime reason for Mr. Hill's belief in reciprocal trade. Tariff walls are awkward things for railways that try to run over them. Mr. Hill has made his fame and fortune out of roads that follow the parallels of latitude. He is now said to be contemplating lines that follow the meridians. In that case it would be vastly easier for Mr. Hill if tariffs running east and west were abolished. No doubt he is quite reasonably sure that he might get a good share of the wheat to carry south from Canada, and he would be equally sure of a large proportion of United States manufactured goods northward. When Mr. Hill pays a glowing tribute to Dr. Goldwin Smith, calling him the "master mind of Canada," he means that he fully endorses Dr. Goldwin Smith's doctrine concerning the future of Canada as a part of the United States. But no one will accuse Mr. Hill of any particular sentiment in the case. Railway builders as a rule do not deal in sentiment. Neither is Mr. Hill addicted much to the promulgation of pure ideas, although in that regard he stands for a great deal more than any other railway man in the United States. He is a broad-minded, big man, is James J. Hill;

a much wiser man perhaps than the present day and generation give him credit for; but Canadians are not prone to set as much store by what he says as by what other Canadians do who have stayed in Canada and helped to develop the country.

* * *

DR. BYRON WALKER also spoke at that banquet. Many of his remarks were not quite of a piece with Mr. Hill's. Dr. Walker has a mind of his own. He is one of the biggest Canadians; a man who, born in Canada, has spent his whole life and energy in the country and has become a factor in its development. Dr. Walker does not believe in the present form of reciprocity by means of which Canada buys from the United States twice as much as she sells to the United States. He believes in fair play. Canada sends her bills of exchange to pay for United States goods; at the same time she goes to England to sell debentures. This Dr. Walker considers one-sided. Of course he cannot complain that United States capital has not been largely invested in Canada. As a matter of fact more American than English capital is invested in Canada, but that capital is mainly for the development of enterprises the stock of which is held in the United States. When it comes to selling debentures or borrowing money for public works and railways, it is the English capitalist who is asked for negotiable paper.



WORK FOR THE CANADIAN CLUBS

MUCH may reasonably be expected from the Canadian Clubs in the fight for "Civil Service Reform and the Abolition of the Patronage List." There is no party politics in this work and it is at once federal and provincial.

At Ottawa, Civil Service Reform has commenced. On September 1st, the whole inside service passed under the control of the permanent Civil Service Commission. Every appointment and promotion since that date has been reviewed by them. No man or woman over thirty-five years of age can enter the service. The man with a "pull" has no easier road to a position than the man without a "pull." The recommendation of a member of Parliament has no more effect than the recommendation of any other good citizen. This system will be extended to the Outside Service as soon as the Commission machinery is in good working order. No further legislation is required. Any portion of it may be transferred from the old system to the new by an Order-in-Council. The great work along this line is to be done at the provincial capitals where the civil services are still a portion of the party spoils. And it is here where the Canadian Clubs may use their influence.

As for the "patronage list," this evil exists at Ottawa as well as the provincial centres. Mr. Brodeur is the only minister, if we mistake not, who has appointed a general purchasing agent and announced the abolition of the patronage list. There are over fifty cabinet ministers in Canada who have not yet made the same announcement, and here again is where the Canadian Clubs may be useful. Everything which the governments buy should be bought in the cheapest market, whether the seller be a Liberal or a Conservative. The tender system obtains in all large contracts; it is in the small contracts, the day-to-day purchases, and the "rush" orders that patronage creeps in and the waste of public money occurs.

The Canadian Clubs do not need to pass resolutions on these subjects. By having discussion of them, they may greatly assist in educating and forming public opinion. There are thousands of good citizens who are not yet awake to these evils and the easy remedies available. There are prejudices and habits to be broken down. The Canadian Clubs have a duty to perform in this respect. Next to the press, they have become the chief forums for the open discussion of public questions of a non-partisan character. They thus have a responsibility as well as an opportunity.

THE DOLLAR IN EDUCATION

TORONTO has suddenly awakened to a consciousness that its educational system is bad. The critics say the reason is plain—the schools cost too much.

Better ventilated schools; larger supplies of school books, drawing materials, maps and other accessories; kindergartens; manual training workshops; domestic science paraphernalia—all these cost money, and Toronto has been adding these features at a rapid rate. The result is that the average cost per pupil has risen considerably. The teachers are paid much higher salaries and a higher standard of pedagogical qualification is demanded. This is another item of the increased cost. The educational reformers have been exceedingly busy and they appear to have gone farther than the average citizen realised, until some active person began to compare the cost of educating a child to-day with what it cost twenty years ago.

It would seem unwise, however, to condemn any educational system, simply by a reference to the cost. And here is where the Toronto tax-payers are likely to go wrong. "Cost" is only a relative term after all. For example, in the days when the parents bought

all their own text-books, scribblers, slates, pencils, drawing-books, writing-books, paint-boxes and other supplies, the cost was partially borne by the taxes and partially by the individual purses. In the old days a father with three children attending the public schools paid out from ten to fifteen dollars a year for books and supplies. He also paid, say, fifteen dollars a year in school-taxes. Now his taxes have increased to twenty or twenty-five dollars a year, and his children get all their text-books and supplies free. The parent is really paying no more than before. Indeed, the father of a large family who is not a property-owner is paying less.

Again, the schools are doing more for both parents and children than they ever did. The kindergarten has relieved the pressure on homes where there is a family of small children. The manual training and domestic science departments are doing something for the boys and girls which gives them a better start in life. Surely this should be taken into account. Before 1850, education was so expensive that only a few parents could afford to provide it in any considerable degree for their children. Now every child is given fair educational equipment.

Toronto should hesitate before it allows any such reactionary movement to gather headway. It may be true that too much money is spent in "frills." It may be true that the interference of teachers in the election of members of the Education Board has had a tendency to make salaries unnecessarily large. These are not a sufficient justification for abolishing everything in the school curriculum but reading, writing and arithmetic. They do not prove that the advances of recent years were uneconomic or unwise.

ONTARIO AND TEMPERANCE REFORM

ONTARIO is having its annual campaign of temperance reform. "Abolish the bar" is the cry everywhere. In the country sections and in the towns and villages it takes the form of "local option." In Toronto and other cities, it is merely "license reduction." In all cases, it is a fight against the liquor traffic.

The greatest condemnation of the liquor business is its refusal to obey the laws. It seems impossible to get license-holders to refrain from selling during prohibited hours, from supplying liquor to minors and drunkards and from infringing the laws in other respects. These difficulties have led the temperance people to enter upon a fight, looking to ultimate prohibition of the whole traffic. Such a fight is a natural result, when restrictive regulations are found to be impossible of enforcement.

On the other hand, the temperance reformers do not give sufficient credit to the license-holders for the improvements which they have effected. The character of the hotel-man of to-day is much superior to that of twenty-five years ago, averages considered. The liquor sold is of better quality and less harmful. There are fewer drunkards. The drinking is moderate indeed as compared with a period three decades past, and the license-holder has been a considerable factor in promoting this moderation. Furthermore, the quantity of mineral water, light beers and light wines sold is in great proportion to the quantity of ardent spirits.

Moderation and temperance are steadily gaining ground. It is questionable, however, if the people are quite prepared for as much "reform" as the temperance party think. If that reform is pressed beyond the bounds which common-sense will justify, then the inevitable reaction will occur as in the days of the historical Scott Act. The temperance portion of the public must be careful not to go too fast lest their machine jump the track and come to grief.

There is one thing for which we may all plead—a broader discussion of both the economic and moral elements. Owners of hotel

property and of breweries are entitled to some consideration. They have been encouraged to invest their money in improved plants and hostelrys. This property should not be destroyed without some justification and without fair warning. This is the economic element. In addition, there is the moral element. If prohibition or local option is forced on a community before it is ready for it, there will be much illegal selling. Illegal selling, without regulation and in secret, must always be more harmful than well-regulated, legalised selling. In Toronto, there are comparatively few licenses—only about 145, and yet there must be at least 245 places in which liquor is regularly sold. To decrease the licensed places in face of an increasing population will be almost certain to increase the number of unlicensed places.

The question is one which must be decided by the people of each locality. No general rule of conduct may be laid down. Local option may be fully justified in one municipality and not in another, and so with license reduction. The agitation must go on, but every broad-minded citizen will give all the aspects of the question careful consideration before he follows the extremists on either side.

TWO DINNERS

LAST week in Toronto there were two rather remarkable dinners. The one was held in the National Club, and two hundred business men met to do honour to one of the most successful of Canada's younger merchants, on the eve of his marriage. It was purely personal, but in it was a desire to eulogise and honour a young Canadian who had done things, one who had foresworn all the softer things of life to make a great success—and had made it. The other was a smaller affair with only about one-quarter as many persons present. It was held in the main office of a publishing suite, on the sixth floor of a modern warehouse. It too was in honour of Canadians who had done things—the men who had made a set of books. The one dinner was personal and non-commercial; the other dinner was personal and commercial. The contrast but indicates the breadth, the variety and the complexity of our national life.

Sometimes we forget that all the great men are not in politics, nor on the stock exchange. The man who can impress his personality on a two-race people and bind them more closely together in a spontaneous national outburst of activity, confidence and enthusiasm is a great statesman and no one will deny his right to honour and fame. The man who lays two shining threads of steel across half a continent and makes a country out of a wilderness and thus adds to the possibilities of the human race, is worthy of praise and glory. Yet the man who has learned to make umbrellas on a large scale, in a country where umbrellas were not made before, is also worthy of some recognition, because he is one of the makers of national industries. And what of he who makes books—the author and the publisher—are they not as great as he who makes umbrellas, as he who builds a railway, as he who captures a nation's imagination? If Canada is to be great, she must have her own newspapers, her own periodicals, her own books. She must not overlook the publisher and the part that he plays in nation-making. She must not forget the writer who delves down into the about-to-vanish past and reads the records made by the pioneers and the ancestors. A nation cannot be constructed out of authors and publishers alone, but neither can it be made of umbrella-makers, railway builders, bankers and statesmen alone. The intellectual and the commercial, the political and the industrial, the imaginative and the practical—these must be combined in carefully measured quantities.

A NATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT

THE *Smart Set* is the name of a very excellent magazine published in New York City. Here is one of the paragraphs which it sends out to advertise its Christmas number and an author who prides himself on his Canadian stuff:

"Canada has become a favourite field for American novelists, who find in its historic features, its old world leanings, and its glistening, exhilarating winter life a constant source of inspiration. Emerson Hough, in "The Warrant," in December *Smart Set*, has passed by the interesting St. Lawrence region and has written a strong romance of the bleak Northwest, where Doukhobors and Galician immigrants drag out their narrow lives, their hard, sordid monotony broken only by occasional expeditions on the

part of the Northwest police. Out of this unromantic material Mr. Hough has evolved an excellent story."

And would you believe it, that paragraph has appeared in several Canadian papers of repute! The editor of the *Smart Set* knocks us, and our own editors are not patriotic enough to kill the knock. Rather sad, is it not?

THE COBALT BOOM

MINING engineers, mining experts and mining journals are all deploring the present boom in Cobalt stocks. One Toronto newspaper refuses the advertisements of the boomsters, but all the other dailies are assisting in the "boom." The newspapers are great believers in caveat emptor. They say "It is not our business to educate the public as to the foolishness of buying wild-cat mining stocks." The Minister of Mines says: "It is not my business to tell the public which mines are real and which are myths." The Provincial Secretary says: "Any person who has the necessary fee may get letters of incorporation for a mining company with as many millions capital as he desires. It is none of my business whether he owns a mine or not." The Banker and Broker and Trustee say: "It is not our business to ask our customers whether they are defrauding the public or not."

And who, then, will protect the public? No one, gentle reader, no one. The public is not destined to be protected. A public is the legitimate prey of the plunderer. If you stopped the plundering, the brokers would go broke, the hotels would sell less champagne, the automobile agents would sell fewer motor-cars, the theatres would miss many gay guests, the restaurants would have fewer midnight supper parties, and the diamond merchant would find large sales quite uncommon. Indeed, general business would be much flatter.

Then heigho, ye rural lambs that are ready for the shearing, come to town and be welcome. We need your money to help us keep up the red-hot pace which so distinguishes our pretty palaces of pleasures from your crude hostelrys and theatres. Come one, come all, for the printing-presses are busy and Cobalt stock certificates are being created by the thousands every day. Do not be afraid, kind friend and sympathiser, the presses will turn so long as the public have any savings left. Come, ye simple-minded, we need you!

THE CANNY SPEECH OF LORD MILNER

NOW that our imperial visitors have left us, the critics are expressing themselves, with more or less vigour, on the subject of Lord Milner's delivery and Lord Northcliffe's bluff remarks. The former's reticence has been a matter of surprise to some of his Canadian hearers who evidently had expected an imperialist to be a loud-mouthed gentleman, given to expressing his convictions in season and out of season, with an extravagant bombast, such as our neighbours in the United States associate with Fourth-of-July oratory. Lord Milner, on the contrary, was most careful to avoid "such boastings as the Gentiles use" and picked his phrases with a delicacy which showed the scholar and the statesman. Now, the very citizens who would have been the first to condemn any suggestion of imperial interference, are complaining that Lord Milner appeared careful in his choice of epithets and his suggestion as to colonial navies and unified naturalisation. Are not such critics in danger of mistaking bluster for conviction? The impressiveness of Lord Milner's Toronto utterances, coming, as they did, after the strident clamour of election day, lay in that very thoughtfulness, that absence of brag or pretence. He had no need to speak of his own services, for they were written in clear character during a stormy time and were such as only a man, equal to imperial responsibility, could have rendered. It is quite true that he did not proclaim loudly what he had done, that he gave Canadians no patronising directions as to their immediate duty. He spoke with a modest simplicity, such as certain cross-roads orators would consider unavailing, with a profound realisation of the great issues he touched, which is none too common among latter-day patriots, and withal a gentle humour such as does not irradiate our Saturday supplement. Lord Milner's canny speech, like that of Drumtochty, was welcome to many of us who had become wearied of the obvious promises and unbridled charges of the political gentlemen who conducted the recent campaign.



I NOTICE that some of the Conservative papers are accusing the Provincial Governments of "starving" the Opposition at Ottawa. That is, they keep the big men in the provincial service when they would otherwise journey to the Federal Capital and do battle with the Dominion Ministers. The verdict on this charge will be a "true bill"; but the offence is covered by time-honoured precedent. Provincial governments of the same party colour as the Federal Opposition have always "starved" that organisation. When Mowat reigned in Toronto, he not only stayed out of the Dominion field himself; but he kept out of it such sturdy fighters as Mr. C. F. Fraser of Brockville, who could have made quite a dint in Sir John's "solid Ontario East," Mr. A. S. Hardy of Brantford and Mr. G. W. Ross of Middlesex, whom he actually kidnapped from Mr. Blake's slender lines at Ottawa. "Uncle Thomas" Greerway did the same thing in Manitoba. The Federal Liberals were strikingly weak in the West while Greenway had himself, Martin and Sifton. Fielding and Blair both tarried in the provincial arenas until the Federal battle was won; and Mercier was never seen at Ottawa at all.

* * *

SO it is no new crime of which the provincial parties are guilty. And they may plead in defence that they cannot help themselves. As a rule, the big men will go where there are big things to be done. In the Provincial Government, there is actual work to be accomplished; in the Federal Opposition, there is only criticism of work. Hon. Mr. Graham exhibited the same spirit when he left the leadership of the Provincial Opposition of Ontario to take a portfolio in the Federal Government. Sir John Macdonald was wont to "starve" his local parties in the same way. He brought Chapleau in from Quebec, for instance. Still it is undoubtedly true that the local Conservative Governments to-day are absorbing men who would greatly increase the chances for victory of the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa. If Roblin and Rogers were to come down from Winnipeg, if Whitney, Foy, Hanna and Beck were to go down from Toronto, if Hazen were to come up from New Brunswick, things would look different.

* * *

PREMIER McBRIDE of British Columbia seems to have been able to deliver his province without personally accompanying the consignment. Mr. McBride seems to possess the confidence of his people to an extraordinary extent, though I cannot quite forgive him for having—apparently—turned down Sir Hibbert Tupper. Just why the services of a man like Sir Hibbert should be lost to the nation is not clear, especially when our greatest lack is men. Undoubtedly the most striking success as a Conservative provincial administration is being made by that of Sir James Whitney, which is giving the Province of Ontario a progressive government, with radical trimmings, which quite belies its inherited label—"conservative." In fact, party names have become absurdities in this country. Sir Wilfrid is, if anything, more conservative than Mr. Borden, while "Billy" Maclean is the champion Radical of Parliament.

* * *

SIR WILFRID and Mr. Borden have meantime gone off to the South to recover from the strain of the campaign. Just the other day, Sir Wilfrid was sixty-seven. This is nine years younger than Sir John Macdonald was when he fell on the field, his sword still in play. Why anyone should imagine that Sir Wilfrid will retire before another four years have passed, passes my comprehension. He is still in buoyant health. There are no signs that a few years "Parliamenting" will wear him down. He never fought better than in the last campaign—physically, I mean. And his party needs him as a drowning man needs a plank. Mr. Fielding may have his ambitions; but one of them is hardly likely to be preference for leading an Opposition over the possession of the Finance portfolio. Then the rest of the party have their ambitions, too, chief among them being a passionate desire to stay in power. If the word were to be sent

along that Sir Wilfrid was thinking of retiring, the storm of protests that would sing about the ears of the Premier would soon disstade him from his purpose.

* * *

OUR political life is so much a question of men that it is a wonder both parties do not take more pains to seek out promising young chaps and train them for public life. They seem to accept their representatives in the most haphazard fashion. Whatever the constituencies choose to send them, they take and are thankful. That is not the way that public life is recruited in the old country. There, constituencies are found for young men who promise to be of value to the party. The leaders think more of the effect on the nation and of the future than they do of satisfying the ambition of every local magnate whom they meet. Such a selection as that of Mr. Mackenzie King was on British lines; but he was practically in a class by himself at the last elections. Now I myself know several young fellows, attached to both parties, who are excellent raw material for public men, and whom the parties ought to get into Parliament. They might not set the river on fire the first session; but, with training, they would become better leaders of public opinion and better workers in Parliament than most of the veterans who are to-day dozing in the "seats of the mighty." But these young men as a rule cannot get constituencies without help. They lack the local "pull." This is where the party organisations should come in and secure them seats. They would be worth ten times more than "back benchers" to begin with, and might turn the tide of victory at some future election.

W. D. M. P. O. T. E.



IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS: SUFFRAGETTES CHAINED TO THE GRILLE BEING REMOVED BY ATTENDANTS.

The action of the two Suffragettes in chaining themselves to the grille of the Ladies' Gallery, and demanding votes for women, had at least one curious result that does not seem to have been much noticed. When the grille is in place, the ladies behind it are not technically within the House, but so soon as the grille is removed they are in the House. Thus the two Suffragettes in question were actually placed in the House by the attendants of the House. The chains used by the ladies were bound with wool, that no noise might be made while they were being fastened round the grille.—Illustrated London News.

TURNING THE FIRST SOD FOR THE MUNICIPAL POWER LINE



Mr. J. H. Fryer of Galt.



Mayor Oliver of Toronto, and Sir James Whitney.



Hon. Adam Beck.

Municipal Power Line

IN October, 1902, there was a meeting in the town of Berlin, at which municipal representatives discussed the question of electric power from Niagara Falls and the effect it would have on the various communities. During the ensuing six years there have been many meetings and much agitation. "Cheap Power" was the cry. In July, 1905, a permanent Hydro-Electric Commission was formed with the Hon. Adam Beck, of London, as chairman. Representatives of the Western Ontario municipalities formed an association known as the Niagara Power Union. Both these bodies have given much attention to the problem and wisely waited for private enterprise to prove that Niagara power could be economically and scientifically carried long distances and sold at a reasonable price. When this was demonstrated, they undertook, with Government backing, to build a transmission line of their own which will take power from Niagara and distribute it to a selected list of municipalities "at cost."



Mr. Fryer, President of the Niagara Power Union of Municipalities, turning the first sod for a power line, which is to distribute Niagara Power all through Western Ontario.

The undertaking was formally begun on Wednesday of last week when the president of the Power Union turned the first sod on a park in the city of Toronto. A meeting was held in one of the Exhibition buildings and speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Beck, chairman; Sir James Whitney; Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P.; Mr. P. W. Ellis; Mr. Joseph Oliver, Mayor of Toronto; Mr. J. W. Lyon, of Guelph; and Mr. J. H. Fryer, of Galt. This is probably the first time in municipal history that a considerable number of municipalities combined in a financial undertaking whereby they take all the risks and receive all the profits of an industrial enterprise. It is expected to cost three and a half millions.

When the new transmission line is completed, all the municipalities which it serves will either construct local distribution plants or acquire those already in existence. In Toronto, the city will undertake its own distribution in opposition to the Toronto Electric Light Company. No person in the latter company seems greatly disturbed, however, probably because in five years there will be room for two.



Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey.

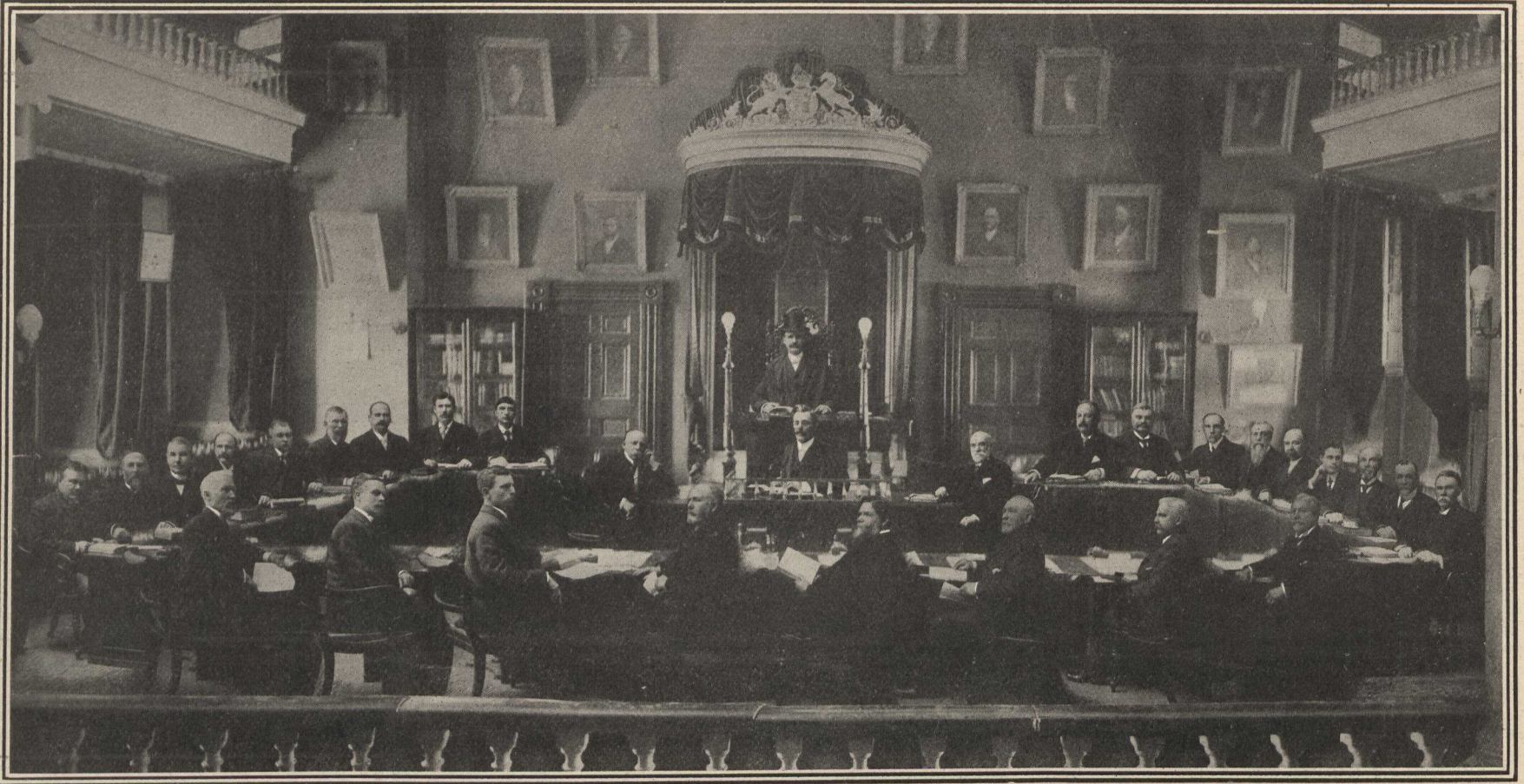
Senator Kerr.

Mr. B. E. Walker.

Mr. Morang.

Sir Charles Moss.

Dinner given by the Publisher to Editors, Advisory Board and Authors of "Makers of Canada."



The Legislative Assembly of Prince Edward Island in Session, 1908.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. H. COOKE.

Demands of the Island Province

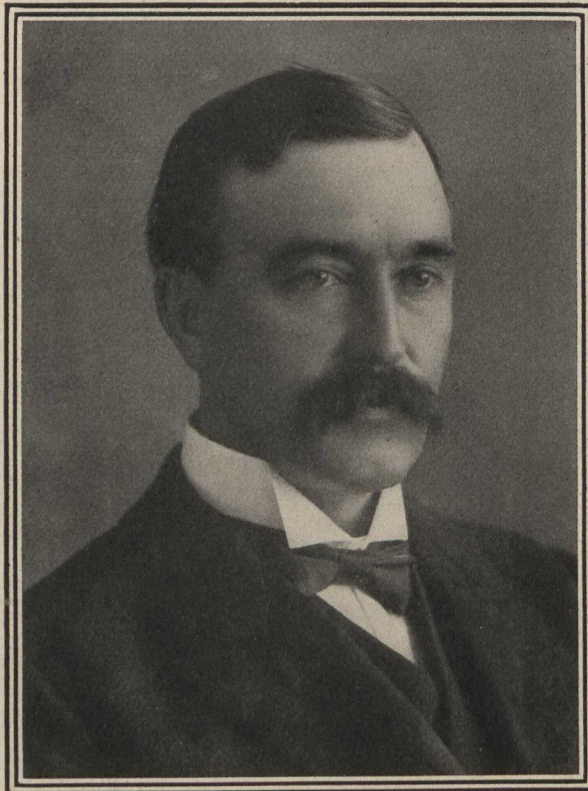
SINCE 1891, the Liberals have controlled the provincial government of the Province of Prince Edward Island—the tiniest province of Confederation, whose hundred thousand inhabitants are mostly busy farmers. Under Premier Peters junior and senior, and Premier Hassard, the Liberals have had seventeen years of supremacy. Now by a narrow margin, they are to have another four.

Prince Edward Island was six years late coming into Confederation, and when it came it brought some characteristics of its own. One of these was a two-house Parliament, an upper and a lower chamber. Later it was decided to abolish the bit of patronage known as the upper house, but this was also characteristically done. In each riding there are two members elected, one for the assembly and the other as a councillor. Not all those who vote for the assemblyman, may vote for the councillor. Only the property-owners have the latter privilege. Yet when the gentlemen are elected, there is no apparent difference in their privileges or their importance. Moreover, the two houses now meet as one. It was thus, by a temporising measure that this province with one-fourth the population of the city of Montreal, merged its two important Legislative Bodies.

In the House of Assembly there are fifteen assemblymen and fifteen councillors. These are divided into Liberals led by the Hon. Francis Hassard and the Conservatives led by Mr. J. A. Mathieson, a son-in-law of the Hon. David Laird. These two parties met in December, 1904, in mortal combat and the Liberals won. Hon. Arthur Peters led the victorious party in the conflict, Mr. Hassard succeeding him in January last. The quadrennial battle occurred again in November, and again the Liberals won, though with a small majority. Whether Mr. Hassard's slight numerical superiority will enable him to withstand Mr. Mathieson's attacks for another four years remains to be seen.

The Liberals in the campaign which has just closed promised if elected, to press vigorously for the long-delayed fishery award, for a restoration of the Island's parliamentary representation at Ottawa to its original standing, for more equitable transportation rates, and for *The Tunnel*. The Conservatives were equally ingenious and vigorous in promising to ask Father, in fact to demand from Father, much and more. They would ask for the fishery award, for the ancient representation, for the lower transportation rates, for the fifteen-million-dollar Tunnel and also for a few other favours. These consist of the small sum of three million dollars which was spent on the Prince

Edward Island railway before 1873, with interest since that date. They would also ask for several million dollars compensation for non-fulfilment of the terms of union regarding keeping continuous communication between the Island and the mainland. If a storm comes up and the mail boats get stuck in the ice for twenty-four hours, the people make a note of it and estimate how much damages they should get. Every winter there are delays of this kind, and they have whole ledgers full of estimated damages. Then these Conservatives would ask for the Island's share of all public domain granted to other provinces since 1873. This would



Hon. D. A. McKinnon,

probably figure out at, about twenty-five or fifty millions according to the basis of the argument. Also a special subsidy for Prince Edward Island such as was given to British Columbia, and for an increase in the regular subsidy.

In short, if the Conservatives had been elected they would have asked as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| Fisheries' award | \$ 1,000,000 |
| Tunnel | 15,000,000 |
| Cost of railway | 3,144,000 |
| Interest on same, 35 years | 5,000,000 |
| Damages non-communication ... | 5,000,000 |
| Compensation public lands | 50,000,000 |
| Increased subsidy (capitalised) .. | 10,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$89,144,000 |

If these claims could be made good, every man, woman and child in Prince Edward Island would get \$890. Every family of five would be entitled to \$4,450. Or if the provincial authorities did not make the distribution but simply paid out the interest to each inhabitant, it would mean an annual income for each man, woman and child of \$35.60 a year in perpetuity; or an annuity of \$175 for each head of a household.

In Prince Edward Island it is more blessed to ask than to give. Asking is part of the provincial business, and has not the Ottawa Government said, "Ask and ye shall receive"? Fortunately, the Liberal Government was returned to power and the Dominion should now be able to settle all these claims for fifty millions at the outside. If Sir Wilfrid will hurry, they might take twenty-five millions cash down. If he waits until Mr. Mathieson gets into power, it is eighty-nine millions at least—that is, if Mr. Mathieson is serious, which it is difficult to believe.

Who are the Canadians.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto, Ont.

Sir,—In your issue of November 21st you refer editorially to an objection raised in connection with your voting contest to decide who are the ten biggest men in Canada. I quite agree with you that it is well that we should keep in our mind and favour the youths who have gone out from Canada and made a name for themselves, but I echo the objection of your other correspondent. I considered the point when drawing up my list which you publish in your last issue. You asked your readers to vote on not "the Ten Greatest Canadians" but "the Ten Greatest Men in Canada." I contend that if a man is not domiciled in Canada he is not eligible for the category assigned by you. Dr. Osler, Sir Percy Girouard, Lord Mount Stephen, Sir Gilbert Parker are no more eligible for your category than J. J. Hill, Jacob Gould Schurman, Lord Elgin, Thomas W. Lawson, Bonar Law or others who have at one time been Canadians, and in a sense are Canadians now, but who are not in any sense in Canada. A man isn't a horse because he has been born in a stable.

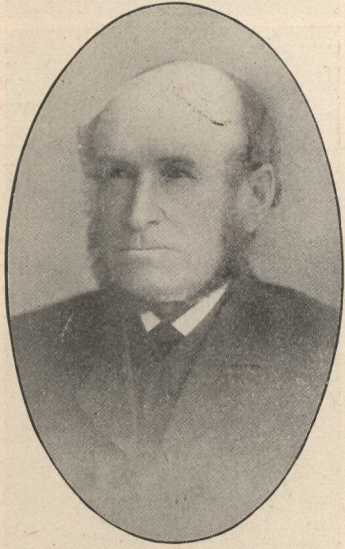
Yours truly,

J. W.

November 20th, 1908.

THE LAST OF THE LA GUAYRIANS

By C. C. JAMES



Mr. David Stirton.
1816-1908—The Last.

THE Canada Company had been formed to take over and settle a large area of land in Upper Canada. John Galt, the novelist, had been sent out to act as superintendent. One of his first acts was to lay out a town which has grown into the substantial city of Guelph. He wrote home to a friend an account of the inauguration of this work, dating his letter from Guelph, 2nd of June, 1827. By accident this letter some time later

came under the eye of the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and was printed in the issue of November 30th, 1830. As an introduction to this article we reproduce a portion of the letter as follows:

"The site chosen was on 'a nameless stream's untrodden banks,' about eighteen miles in the forest from Galt—a great future city founded by a friend of mine, with a handsome bridge over the Grand River, and of which I had never heard until it had a post office. Early on the morning of St. George's Day I proceeded on foot towards the spot, having sent forward a band of woodmen with axes on their shoulders to prepare a shanty for the night—a shed, made of boughs and bark, with a great fire at the door. I was accompanied by my friend Dunlop, a large, fat, facetious fellow, of infinite jest and eccentricity, but he forgot his compass, and we lost our way in the forest. After 'wandering up and down' like babes in the woods, without even a blackberry to console us—the rain raining in jubilee—we came to the hut of a Dutch settler, in which no English was to be obtained. However, after much jabber, loud speaking, and looking at one another with mouth, eyes and nostrils, in addition to ears, Mynheer gave tongue that he could speak French, which he did, no doubt, perfectly; as, in telling us that he had cleared a farm in the States which he had exchanged for his present habitation, he expressively said, '*Je swape.*' We hired him for our guide.

"It was almost sunset when we arrived at our rendezvous; my companion, being wet to the skin, unclothed and dressed himself in two blankets, one in the Celtic and the other in the Roman fashion—the kilt and the toga; the latter was fastened on the breast with a spar of timber that might have served for the mainmast to 'some great admiral.' I 'kept my state' (as Macbeth says of his wife at the banquet) of dripping drapery. We then, with surveyors and woodmen (Yankice, choppers) proceeded to a superb maple tree, and I had the honour and glory of laying the axe to the root thereof, and soon it fell 'beneath our sturdy strokes' with the noise of an avalanche. It was the genius of the forest unfurling his wings and departing forever. Being the King's name-day, I called the town Guelph—the smaller fry of office having monopolised every other I could think of; and my friend drawing a bottle of whiskey from his bosom, we drank prosperity to the unbuilt metropolis of the new world."

Accompanying the letter there appeared a sketch of the town showing a clearing, a bridge across the Speed, the stump of the maple tree neatly fenced in, the Priory facing the river, the market building, the school, and a number of houses. For a time, the Priory was Mr. Galt's residence. Later it was used for offices and for the temporary accommodation of new arrivals. Visitors to the Royal City will have noticed the picturesque log station of the C.P.R.—it is the Priory site preserved and welcoming as of old the newcomers to the city of John Galt.

Mr. Galt in his autobiography tells us

that soon after the beginning of the town he found it expedient to make his headquarters at some more convenient point and so he took up his residence at a house on Burlington Bay, thus locating midway between York and Guelph. He says: "I had not been long settled in this domicile, when one Sunday morning a deputation came to me, from a body, I think, in all, of fifty-seven emigrants, who had come from New York, where they had been landed from La Guayra, South America. . . . I considered that as the Company had work it would be doing service to Government to employ these people, accordingly directed them to proceed to Mr. Prior at Guelph, till I had time to consider their case."

This event in the early settlement of Upper Canada is recalled by the death of Mr. David Stirton of Guelph, who passed away recently in his ninety-third year. Mr. David Stirton was born in Scotland in 1816; came to Upper Canada in 1827; from 1858 to 1874, represented the county of Wellington in the Parliament of Canada; for nearly thirty years, from 1876 to 1904, held the position of postmaster at Guelph; and now, after being a lone survivor of the early pioneers, he has passed away at a fine old age. It is not of his interesting parliamentary career that we propose to write, but we remember that he was "the last of the La Guayrians," and in these days of revived immigration and of pioneering "made easy," it may be of interest to recall the story of the little band of Scottish settlers of which he was the last survivor.

Turn to the map of Venezuela in South America. You will find the city of Caracas in the north, lying a few miles inland from the coast. Its seaport is La Guayra. In 1825 the country, then known as Colombia, was in a state of unrest. The sovereignty of Spain had been thrown off by Bolivar. The old plantation proprietors were uneasy; they were anxious to dispose of their estates. Coffee was the chief crop grown for exportation, the work being done by slaves. These estates were advertised in Europe as most attractive properties, and the suggestion was sent abroad that here was the place for the industrious Scottish emigrant. Scotland was uneasy at the time. Her people were streaming out of the western ports across the Atlantic to the United States and Canada. There was, however, but little shipping from the eastern ports for America. This presented a new field for the promoter. A company was organised, a plantation purchased in Colombia and advertisements of most attractive nature scattered up and down the eastern shires of Scotland.

A London sailing vessel of 600 tons called *The Planet* was chartered to take out the settlers. The boat left the Thames with a few English emigrants and then picked up the rest of her passengers, 250 in all, in the Bay of Cromarty. This was in 1825. They sailed for La Guayra, calling at Madeira on the way to take on a cargo of wine. Twelve weeks out from Cromarty Bay, the party were landed at La Guayra. Disappointment met them from the first. The country was in disorder, life and property were insecure, the climate was unsuited to the Scotsman of the north, the estate that had been purchased by the company was composed partly of

barren mountains and partly of valleys that required irrigation. Transportation had been provided and land allotted by the company to the settlers who were bound by written contract to locate upon the land and to repay their debt in ten years. The poor, deluded people were thus left in a most pitiable condition. After vain efforts to make a living and to reconcile themselves to their inhospitable surroundings, they were gradually forced to abandon their lots and soon found themselves gathered together in temporary quarters at Caracas.

Here at least they had some chance of defending themselves against bandits and outlaws. They laid their case before the British consul, and with the help of Mr. Lancaster, the Quaker educationist, who happened to be there at the time, they sent home an appeal for help. This did not fail. A British frigate was despatched to their assistance. The captain in charge was a brother of Sir Peregrine Maitland, then Governor of Upper Canada. After consultation, they decided to accept the offer of transportation to Canada. They were taken north and landed at New York, where they were met by Mr. Buchanan, the British consul, who also acted as agent of the Canada Company. It should be noted here that Mr. Stirton's father reached New York by an earlier boat, as he had saved enough of his money to pay for passage for his family. Twenty-two families in all were sent forward from New York consigned to the care of Mr. John Galt who was building up the settlement in the County of Wellington. Mr. Stirton some years ago told the story of his journey. His father and family sailed up the Hudson to Albany, thence by canal boats to Rochester and by schooner to the head of the lake. Half a dozen houses stood on the present site of Hamilton; Dundas was somewhat larger; but Ancaster ("the pretty, breezy town of Ancaster on the hill," Galt called it) was the most promising town of the district. Over the primitive roads they made their way, reaching Guelph on September 8th, 1827, less than five months after the time of the cutting of the first tree. The Stirton family slept on the first night in the loft of the Priory.

Another chapter now opened in the history of the La Guayrians. Mr. Galt gave them welcome and made out a plan for forming with them a model settlement which was to extend four miles in length along the Elora Road. Their locations were laid out on paper, irrespective of the configuration of the country. The Company undertook to assist in the building of the houses. Winter came on before they were ready and the poor immigrants, dependent solely upon the assistance of the Company and unacquainted with Canadian pioneer life in the bush, suffered to the limit the hardships of backwoods life. For a year or more they worked along increasing their clearings and improving their houses, but still dependent upon the Company. A change then suddenly took place. Mr. Galt and the officials at home had a misunderstanding, the result of which was that he resigned and returned home and his place was taken by another. The work provided by the Company upon which they depended for a living was stopped, supplies were shut off, and in a short time the La Guayrians were scattered over adjoining townships and they had to begin once again the battle of life in the deeper recesses of the King's bush.

May the Twentieth Century bring as good citizens as the La Guayrians!



Guelph—From a Sketch made in 1828. One of the Towns Founded by Mr. Galt for the Canada Company.



Mr. John Galt.
Author and Pioneer.

A TRINITY OF MONARCHS



King Edward VII

FUTURE historians will have it to say that the opening years of the twentieth century were marked by the rise of three great kings—Edward the Seventh, Kaiser Wilhelm and Theodore Roosevelt. These are the monarchical trinity of graces and heaven alone knows which of the three is the greatest. In Germany—no doubt of this; in United States none; neither in England. All three are popular idols. None of them is to be candidate for beheading. The days of kingly heroism seem to have culminated in poor Charles the First.

However, to begin with the vanishing figure—exit Teddy, who has bequeathed to the world the Teddy bear and the big stick and a new President. The newspapers and magazines have cause to be grateful to him; he has furnished them with thousands of cartoons and photographs, besides endless copy. He is the first King of the United States to become a public figure in print. His predecessor was a quiet man—quite unknown to the Sundays and the yellows. But Mr. Roosevelt had regard for the publishers. He had passed a life that made good copy; had never been a quiet, meek one; always strenuous; began by a fight for health and got it. Since then he has got everything else he fought for—even Taft. He has been the irresistible. He has killed bob-cats and bears; now he will slay elephants—not having left the nation with a white one in shape of Taft, who is as large as a baby elephant. Mr. Roosevelt has demonstrated that a man does not have to wait till the hereafter to have more than one life. His biographer will have a hard time to show causes and effects, because mostly Theodore was *prima causa*; and the *ego* was very large. He had a large capacity for wanting. Also his brain was capable of adjusting itself to a large variety of conditions and problems. In this way he was mentally a democrat. Any hundred of the subjects upon which he has spoken or written would make a good nucleus for a new university library. One other was the manifest duty of the United States at one time to have owned and operated Canada. But for that we might have asked the ex-President to become Bishop of Montreal. In spite of it Canadians have adored Teddy. We have adopted his bears and read his messages to Congress—each of which is a test of patience.

Very truly this man has seen the measure of days; since ever he was Prefect of Police in Gotham, giving New York its first snasm of real government; assistant Secretary of the Navy; Governor of New York; head of the Rough Riders and alleged hero of Santiago; idol of cowboy camps; local preacher; lecturer; Vice-President and President; popular author of the word "strenuous"; always the subject of idolatry and of criticism—this king of a republic has stamped himself upon history as no other President has done in this century. The only man who ever stood up against him was President Eliot of Harvard—and he has since retired. More powerful than Premier Laurier, governing a larger people than the Kaiser and having more authority than King Edward, since the Emperor of all the Britains is not able to choose a minister of Cabinet—there was really no other kind of game left in the world that was large enough for him to hunt except elephants. When he gets back from Africa—where he will endeavour to locate the ancestors of Booker Washington—he will lecture at Oxford and lecture at the Sorbonne in Paris; afterwards he will become a plain editor. But he will again break out; he will erupt; such a man will smash a sanctum. Some say he will again be

President—the man who taught kingship to the United States.

The Kaiser—who some say has been model for Roosevelt—he is by all odds the strangest of the three. Emperor Wilhelm is the man who was able to refuse an interview to William T. Stead—probably noticing that the conjugation of two such tremendous Williams would have been too much shock for the nations. Lately the Kaiser has not been napping. Neither has the Reichstag—though that body has decided not to behead the monarch; contenting itself with a feeling of censure not definite enough for a vote. These interviews—they have made the Kaiser a terrible figure. The editor of the *Century* got one which he did not publish; had all the original copy, the proofs and the revises and the linotype metal and the stereotype plates all destroyed, so as to erase from the face of history the talk which a waiting world would have given millions to read. Such is heroism. But the brain of the compositor was able to recall that the Kaiser had said such and so; some hard things against the Pope—for which the *Orange Sentinel* would have deemed it the duty of the hour to pay large space rates. But it seemed he made no frontal attack upon England—which is by some considered strange; for it was only the other day that England took another convulsion in its process of Kaiserophobia, feeling sure that the nightmare of Europe had it in mind to cross the English Channel after the manner of the Flying Dutchman, not waiting for the aeroplane. Heaven knows how many warships the Kaiser has built for England. But the English people are paying for the same.

It is a good thing for such Kaisers that there is such a matter as politics, since no other game would have been large enough. Still it seems ironically cruel that the Kaiser must be circumscribed by mere boundaries. He would rule the sea

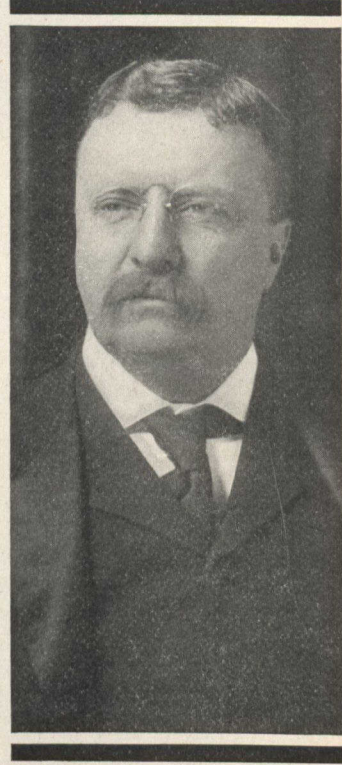


The Kaiser, Wilhelm II

and the lands over the seas as well as the Fatherland. Barred from that, the Kaiser would show his people and other peoples as well, that he knows how to precipitate crises at home. He is the Father of his people; and is it not the right of a father to pry into the affairs of his family? Hence the Kaiser becomes an authority on all matters affecting the nation; not troubling himself with remote problems like race suicide, he composes and conducts operas, imprisons obnoxious editors and dismisses directors of art galleries. Watching the manoeuvres at Kiel, he is able to see through a spy-glass that some officer has made a tactical blunder which repeated in the real game of war might have lost thousands of men to the Army; wherefore he dismisses the officer—being himself expert on the arts of war and of peace. Desiring fun—for he has theatrical spells when he becomes hilarious with the peasant and the soldier—he orders a young officer to ride a horse up a flight of stairs and to jump him over a table, breaking the horse's knees but pleasing the Kaiser, who otherwise would have dismissed the officer.

So all Europe has been a playground for this monarch whose like was never in the world before. In Germany they say he is eccentric and does strange things; but they assure the foreigner that his works are all for the good of the Fatherland, hence he is beloved. Some say he is possessed of a dual brain; and that one brain does things unknown to the

other. But there is no doctor able to say this to the Kaiser's face. Neither is there any statesman able to tell him that he is a maker of mischief and that he ought not so to be. He appoints all ministers—who are not responsible to the Reichstag but only to the Kaiser. He is irrepressible, just as President Roosevelt is irresistible. For there are some Socialistic folk in Germany who think mere resistance to the Kaiser too mild a matter. At the same time, while he churns up the war clouds that float across the North Sea and scare England, he is in a strange way able to elicit affection from millions of people who when they drink to the health of the Emperor sing: "Hoch der Kaiser!"

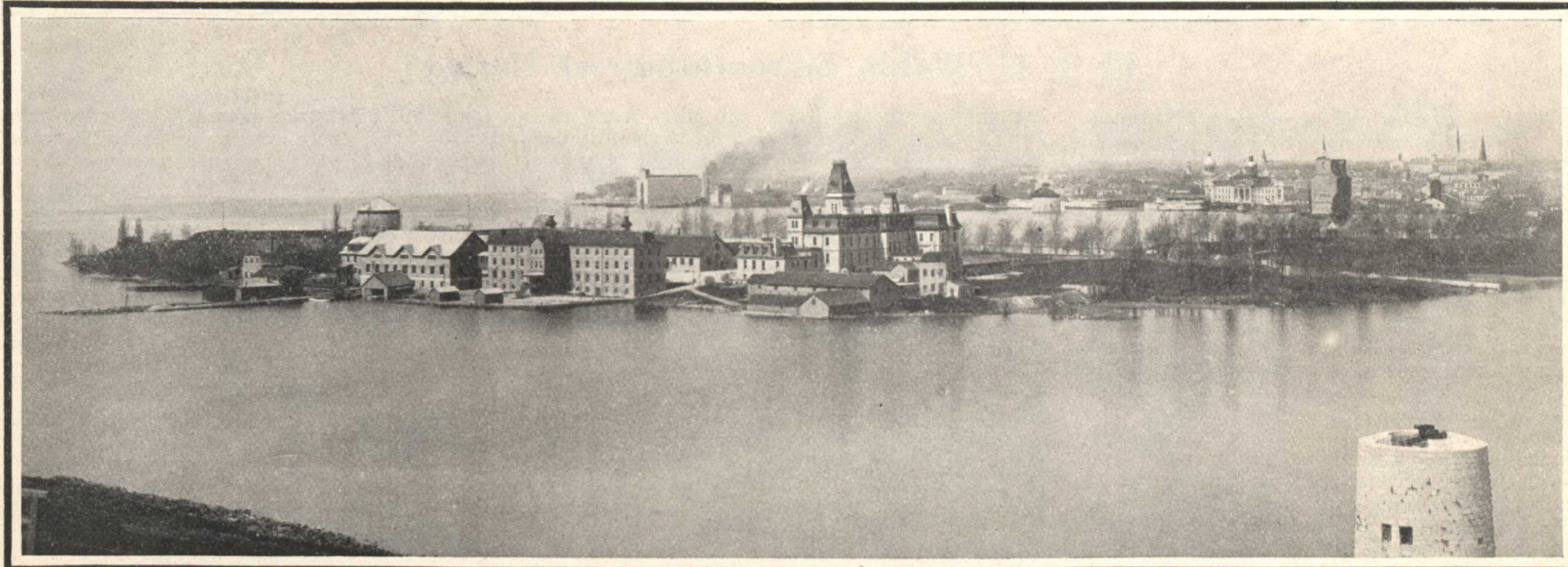


President Roosevelt.

Again, there is King Edward—the greatest constitutional monarch in the world. The King has just had a birthday. He is sixty-seven years old—having been seven years a king and sixty years a prince; and most of this time he has been the first gentleman of Europe. King Edward is the wisest man in the world. He has no particular convictions; he does not need such; has no theories about art and does not compose music—although his father was a composer. But King Edward is perhaps the greatest composer in the world to-day; beside whom Elgar and Strauss are only makers of minuets; for the greatest Emperor in the world is able to keep the peace of the world in spite of the caprices of his wayward nephew, the Kaiser, who speaks peace but thinks war. To compose Europe is a bigger task than to make a grand opera. King Edward is a great peace monarch. To him the Empire is a marvellous organism that thrives upon the plough-share and hates the sword. His empire has work in the world to do; not merely ideas to convey—for the great principles of statehood were enunciated by the British people long before King Edward was born.

The King—he is the prince of statesmen, who does not need to unbend to endear himself to the common man; does not need to go into vaudeville in order to show his people that he understands them in the commonest ways of life. For he is a homely man, is the King; he is a very human man; was at one time a very hilarious prince who found the tedium of princehood very tiresome and who went in for having as good a time as possible. But he has studied kingcraft. He understands that to be king is not to be a tyrant; knows very well what disposition England has made of tyrants before now; would not be an autocrat if he could. He is the constitution; more of a democrat than President Roosevelt. His reign, which is just about coextensive with that of Roosevelt, has furnished but little copy to the newspapers. He has been very significantly the power behind. Personal intrusion of King Edward into the affairs of the nation would be an anomaly; for he is the head of a democratic monarchy whose ministers of state are directly responsible to Parliament. As to theories about art, King Edward has too much art not to recognize that the artists themselves are best able to look after such matters. Besides, he has not time for dilettantism. He is a practical, hard-working monarch whose rule is the embodiment of common sense and tactful diplomacy. While he may have little directly to do with shaping the affairs of the Empire, the King has much to do in studying the Empire of which he is the greatest citizen. So that with more sincerity than rhetoric the subjects of the Emperor over the seven seas sing—not perhaps so much convivial "Hochs," but fervently from the heart—"God Save the King!"

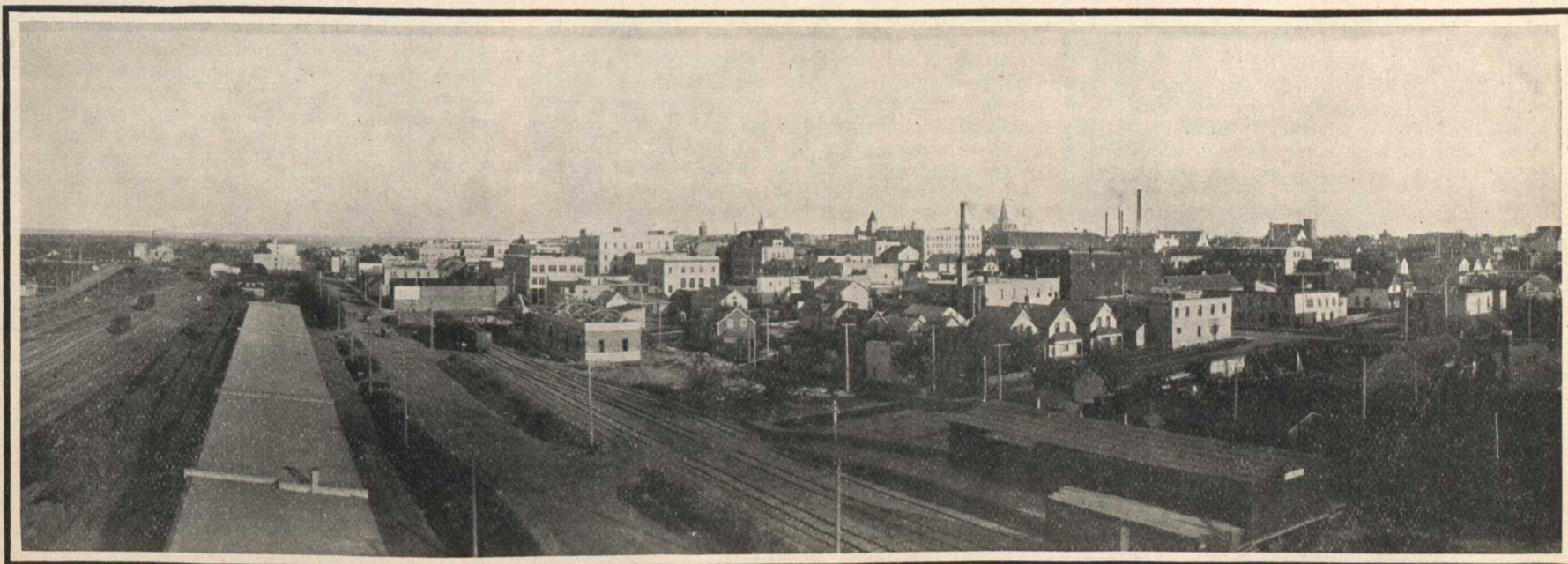
BALLOON VIEWS OF CANADIAN CITIES—THIRD SERIES



Kingston, the Limestone City, showing the Royal Military College, the sweep of the St. Lawrence River, with a glimpse of Lake Ontario and an old Martello Tower beyond.



The compact City of Peterborough, one of the great manufacturing centres of Ontario, with world-famous Lift-Lock, and Canoes that are known on every stream.



The stirring City of Brandon, Manitoba, where the grain-traffic from the farther West keeps the Railway Managers busy.

THE UPLIFT IN QUEBEC

By J. C. Walsh, Editor Montreal Herald

THE session of the Legislature at Quebec, which marked the year 1908, will deserve to be remembered for the way the Government has grappled with problems that have long called in vain for attention. Quebec has been, in some respects, a backward province. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that French-speaking Quebec is in an earlier stage of economic development than some of the other provinces. Intellectually, nobody has the right to claim that the people who compose the majority in Quebec are inferior. Their professional men, and their public men, have at all times shown themselves able to hold their own. In all the learned professions they have had opportunity, and in all they have distinguished themselves. They have not, until recently, gone extensively into commerce or manufacture, but the fact involves no reproach to them. They were not ready for that phase of economic development; it begins to look now as though they had grown up to it and were reaching out to take their share.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

At the conquest, as we are so frequently reminded, there were but sixty thousand or so of peasants left behind in Canada. For a hundred and fifty years there has been practically no infusion of new blood. The sixty thousand poor peasants, in a new country, working under the most primitive conditions, might well be forgiven if their sole contribution to the country, when they left it for good and all, was an increase in the number of strong arms and warm hearts. Commerce did, indeed, grow up in the midst of them, but their part in it was very humble. England wanted the lumber from the trees they felled, but it was men from England who came with the money and who conducted the operations. An English aristocracy of commerce at old Quebec city was the outgrowth of this condition. Later on, men brought ships to Montreal, stored with wares from Europe, with which to supply the wants of the English-speaking people who were going in their tens of thousands into Ontario. There was no place in all this for the man whose farm might be within sight of the ship, or even of the warehouse. He had not the capital, he had not the training, he had not the business connection where the goods were bought in Europe, and he could not speak the language of those to whom they must be sold in Canada. The current of trade swept past him, but it left him untouched. His aim, or rather his necessity, until very recently, was to make his own farm supply all his wants, food, raiment, warmth and shelter. His ambition was to settle his sons upon new farms, on the land just beyond what was in cultivation. For commerce he was restricted to the barter of live stock at the church door. For specialised industry he looked to his women-folk at their spindles. For his other relations of life he could command the services of the notary, the doctor and the priest.

SUCCESS IN COMMERCE.

Before the next stage of economic progress could be reached, numbers was the prime necessity. What use to be a lawyer, without clients? How become a merchant, without customers? The instrument of progress, all this time, was the classical college. Designed, undoubtedly, for the training of priests, these classical colleges had from the first the devoted and unselfish service of hundreds of men of fine mind and scholarly attainments. By their self-sacrifice poor young men were enabled to face the world with well trained minds. They studied law, and found their clientele in the thousands of their compatriots who had by this time been attracted to the cities by the provision of employment. When this latter class had become numerous enough, it was time for the next forward step, which was taken when men undertook to supply, in the ordinary course of commerce, the more common needs of their people. First in a small way, then in a larger way, they seized upon this opportunity. In Quebec, some of the largest and best known shops bear French names. In Montreal, the wholesale grocery trade has come to be almost wholly in the hands of French-Canadians, and any newspaper reader can see with half an eye how steady is the progress they are making in other branches of trade. Their little political journals have become metro-

politan newspapers. Long ago they made their entry into the field of finance by means of their savings banks. Now they are engaged in general banking business, and their efforts, for the most part conservatively directed, are producing encouraging results.

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT STEP UP.

It was a community in this state of economic development that Mr. Gouin found under his hand when he became Prime Minister. And there had been other conditions which had produced their effects. There had been periods of railway bonusing and other expenditures, which had left the province much in debt. There had been a long record of deficits in the provincial finances. It was a struggle to make ends meet. On the other hand, the development of the dairy export business, the building of railways, the activity in the timber areas, and the development of water powers, had brought the whole province under the influence of commerce, under the spell of skilled industry. It was evident that the time was ripe to encourage the youth of the province to grapple with its most inviting problems, all the more so because, thanks to electricity and the railways, Quebec is no longer a community set apart, but one whose interests are associated in a hundred ways with those of other parts of the Dominion, and with exterior countries. The time had plainly gone by when the humble classical college could serve all the needs of the community. Already a numerous corps had got themselves trained as engineers, as architects, as chemists. Nevertheless, the sustained impulse of many years was still driving unheeded hundreds of the brightest young men in the province into the study of law and of medicine. Mr. Gouin's first move was to endeavour to obtain, through the long deferred readjustment of the Dominion subsidy, a better financial establishment. His almost immediate success in this regard marked the beginning of the uplift. Not quite, though, for without waiting for that success, he had given a new impetus to the Polytechnic School in Montreal. It will probably surprise most people to learn that there are in this institution already fifty per cent. more pupils than follow the same applied science courses at McGill. Next came provision for the School of Higher Commercial Studies, and the Technical School, both of which will be under construction within a few weeks. It goes without saying that the influence of these three schools upon the progress of the community cannot fail to be here what the influence of such institutions has been elsewhere.

GOOD SCHOOLS AND GOOD ROADS.

With this ample provision for education at the top of the scale, the next step was to make better provision for primary education. Before the ultimate attainment in this direction has been reached many loose ends may have to be gathered in, but meantime a good start has been made. At this and previous sessions grants have been made for the improvement of school buildings in poor districts; for the special encouragement of school districts which strain a point to pay a decent salary to the teacher; for encouraging capable teachers to stay at the work; for improved and extended normal training of the teachers; and generally for the improvement of the system of primary instruction so far as the grant of money by the province can be expected to influence that result.

It is worth remembering, however, that it is not alone to education that the work of uplift applies. An important part of the economic equipment of the province is found in the country roads, the first and in some respects the most important part of the transportation system. It is easy to comprehend that the roads which did very well in the days of all-sustaining farms will not answer the purpose in these days when farm produce has to be shipped across the ocean. The Legislature has taken three important steps this season, at the instance of the Government. Provision is made to overhaul the municipal code, which in respect of its clauses concerning roads is based upon the conditions which existed prior to Confederation; financial encouragement is offered, in amounts that will probably be considered worth while, to municipalities that will improve their roads in accordance with up-to-date

plans; and grants are offered to encourage municipalities to substitute iron or steel bridges for wooden ones. With all this, goes an extension of the work of instruction in improved agricultural methods, and promotion of increased efficiency in agricultural colleges. When it is remembered that during the past ten or twelve years the farmers of Quebec have passed, as a rule, into the well-to-do class, it is not difficult to foresee what may presently be the effect of this kind of campaign in the older settled sections of the province.

SPREADING OUT.

Finally, an intelligent effort is being made to obtain the best results from the colonisation of new areas. In the past much of this has been left to haphazard, or to the initiative of the lumbermen and owners of timber limits, with the consequence that, following the line of least resistance, the boys who moved off the old farm went down to the New England factory towns. Hereafter, even though they chafe under the ruling, the lumber men are to receive only second consideration; their interests will be properly safeguarded, but the welfare of the settler is to be paramount. The pioneer will not be required to break into the wilderness by himself, or to wait until place is made for him around some lumber camp. Sections will be definitely set apart and surveyed, and roads will be made. The pioneer will always be within easy reach of the last settlement before his. Provision is made, therefore, for the steady, orderly extension of the province's inhabited area, as rapidly as the population required for such extension becomes available.

It is fairly obvious that in all this there is a coherent plan. As the years pass, and the revenues of the province are found to afford it, we may expect to see other phases of the work of uplift taken up. To-day nothing is more certain than that this old and populous province is finding new access of strength, and is equipping itself for the work the future has in store. With the finest timber areas left on the eastern slope of the continent, and with the greatest wealth of water powers, alongside which new towns are continually springing up, with a vigorous, industrious population and an inexhaustible reserve of wealth in its fine farm lands, Quebec may yet surprise those sister provinces which have got into the way of measuring her by the commercial standard and finding her efficiency relatively small. A little prosperity and a good deal of intelligent direction are all the situation calls for, and just now both are in evidence.

A Curious Tablet

A STEAMER from Shanghai recently brought to this continent the only replica of the famous Nestorian stone. This tablet, peculiar and mysterious, has been a subject of much discussion among scholars. The copy weighs two tons, and was executed by eleven Chinese artists. The young Danish explorer who brought it obtained the chance to have it made in the face of much opposition, and spent two years in the labour. The late Francis H. Nichols gave a description of the tablet in his "Through Hidden Shensi."

It is the only object in Sian which has considerably attracted the attention of the Western World. This tall granite slab, known as the Nestorian Tablet, has been discussed by such men as Voltaire, Renan, Legge, and so forth. An American professor pronounced it a forgery, but recent investigations have established its veracity as a truthful account of the first Christian mission in China. It stands as a proof that Christianity is not a new religion to China, but was introduced in 635, by the Nestorian priests.

The monument was discovered in 1625 by some workmen. The governor of the province had it firmly placed on a pedestal. The inscription on the stone consists of three columns of Chinese characters, with a few Syriac paragraphs, the latter language being now unknown to China. It is a long exposition of Christian doctrines of the period.

Chinese antiquarians have long held the stone in great veneration. The style is terse, but not easily understood. Were one hundred Chinese students employed in the translation, probably each would give a different interpretation of some part of the inscription.—*Youth's Companion*.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By WILLIAM HENRY

HE was a tenderfoot. That was enough. From the moment his tall, lank, boyish figure appeared at Taylor's Camp we disliked him. Not a man had a decent word to say to him. John Taylor had been an easy chief—possibly too easy, but he knew the country, was familiar with the ways of the West, an Old Timer; and in those days that meant almost everything. It is still a pretty good recommendation west of Lake Superior.

That this young upstart, just out of swaddling clothes, should have been appointed our chief in succession to John Taylor was too much for human endurance. Doubtless he had some kind of college diploma, but a piece of paper could never make up for lack of experience on the plains or in the woods. I have seen Indians who had never been inside of a school district, knowing no more about an engineer's instruments than a blind cat, who could locate a road better than a professor of engineering with thirty letters tacked on to his name.

Well, as I was saying, the new chief had not a friend in the party. I do not think it was altogether because we thought so much of the man whose place he had taken. To be strictly honest, Taylor had made mistakes which had caused us a lot of trouble. It was the new chief's youth, more than anything else—and his name—Augustus Claude Simmers. Imagine Dan Brennan, Bill Gorman, Jerry Sullivan, to say nothing of myself, full grown men with years of experience in Western life taking orders from a man by the name of Augustus Claude Simmers.

Brennan was loudest against the new chief. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow who had been on location ever since the commencement of the survey. He was a bit of a bully and when he said he was going to drop Simmers in Red Deer creek I think he meant it. After the boy had been with us a couple of weeks there wasn't a man in the party that would have raised a hand to stop him. Up at five and slave till sundown, with only enough time to snatch three hurried meals, is no way to treat men working for a rich railway corporation. To make matters worse it rained, rained, continuously rained.

Certainly Simmers was green. He might have put it all over us in the East, but we had it on him in the West.

One night when we had all turned in with the exception of Brennan, who was putting a patch on his pants by the light of the lantern, the boy-chief suddenly jumped up in bed and nervously exclaimed: "What's that noise?"

"Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo" came from the distance. It was raining as usual, but otherwise this weird sound alone broke the stillness of the night.

"What noise?" grunted one of the men roughly, turning over in his bunk.

"There, there! Don't you hear it?"

"Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo" came out of the distance, though this time a little nearer the camp.

"Heavens!" shouted Brennan, jumping from his seat with an air that would have done credit to a tragedian in a ten-twenty-and-thirty dramatic outfit, "it's wolves!"

Only the day before we had word from Johnson's Camp that one of their men who had strayed from the party had been killed by wolves. The wolf was the only animal we feared. The poor fellow at Johnson's Camp was only one of the many victims of the fiendish, murderous ferocity of the wolf that summer.

"Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo." This time the noise was less than a stone's throw away. We turned to Brennan.

"Wolves, sure enough!" said he, excitedly. "What can we do? We haven't any guns. You shouldn't have left them behind at Witchwood," turning to Simmers.

"Well, who left them?" asked the chief in an angry tone, and for the first time showing signs of temper. During the two weeks he had been with us he had taken everything we had said to him, which was little enough, with the forbearance of a saint.

"But, what are we to do?" began Brennan. "You are responsible for our safety. Here you fellows," said he, turning in a tone of unutterable disgust from Simmers, "get up and protect the



"Augustus Claude Simmers."

DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERY

Camp." We saw that Brennan had something on to worry the chief, so we readily climbed out of bed to help along the game.

"Here," said he, tragically grabbing an axe and swinging it over his shoulder, "I'll sell my life dearly."

Simmers sat on the edge of the bed. "Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo" again came the noise. Any one but a blamed idiot from the East could have told that the sound came from a tree, and would have known that although wolves are devilish in their cunning they cannot climb trees.

"Come, get busy there, fellows," shouted Brennan. We all grabbed for the first thing that came handy, and began to take a real interest in the proceedings.

Simmers was excited, not to say frightened. You could see by the dim light of the lantern that his face had turned an ashy hue.

"Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo." The hoot of the owl came this time from above the tent. Simmers reached under his pillow and pulled out a wicked-looking gun, and turning to us in a deliberate manner, with a low determined voice, said:

"Men, I realize that as chief of the party I am responsible for you, as Brennan told you. There are only six shots in this revolver, and I don't know how many wolves there are. Each man must do his best. Now, Brennan, take the axe you have and stand outside the tent in front of the door. You are the biggest and bravest man here, and must be the first to take the attack. We will support you."

"Give me the gun?" demanded Brennan.



"The next shot won't miss," said Simmers.

DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERY

"I'll keep it," replied Simmers.

"Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo," came from over the tent.

"Get out at once," commanded Simmers.

"I won't!" sullenly answered Brennan.

Bang! A hole in the tent two inches above Brennan's head was the answer. "The next shot won't miss," said Simmers in a low voice.

I think I mentioned that Brennan was making repairs to his wardrobe that evening. You may surmise that he was not dressed for wet weather. He went hurriedly out into the rain, which commenced to fall in torrents as if the heavens appreciated the situation and were prepared to take a hand in Brennan's discomfiture.

"Now, you fellows," said Simmers, turning to us, "get into bed."

"It's only an owl," shouted Brennan, poking his head through the tent door.

"It's wolves," replied Simmers from his comfortable seat on the bed, "and if you move from that door I'll fire."

There is nothing that will take the spirits out of a man quicker than to stand in the pouring rain clad in a night shirt. After a few moments Brennan's voice called in a meek, respectful tone:

"Mr. Simmers, the—the wolves have all gone."

"Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo," came the answer.

"Stick to your post like a man," shouted Simmers.

We didn't know whether to be mad at Simmers or not. At one time or another we had all been the butts of Brennan's scurvy tricks—practical jokes, he called them—and it did not take us long to make up our mind to enjoy this one on him.

Only once in ten minutes did Brennan move and then, bang! went the gun. At the end of that time the hoot of the owl was again heard, but some distance away.

"Brennan, you may come in," said Simmers, comfortably settling himself down to rest. "Put on some dry things and get to bed."

The next day Brennan quit the camp, and after that somehow we got along better with the new chief. After all Gus Simmers was not a bad sort of fellow, and it was really remarkable how quickly he picked up the ways of the West.

About Charles Dana Gibson

WHEN Charles Dana Gibson was at Harvard, they thought a great deal of him as an athlete and good fellow, but turned up their noses at his drawings. Whatever else Gibson privately thought of his work, he probably knew it could be done better, and kept at it; but he got little encouragement when he put it before those who buy such things; and so, when the editor of *Life* took one of his pictures which he had called "The Moon and I" and handed him a cheque for it, Gibson, it is told, was made very certain that fortune was within his grasp. The cheque was for four dollars. Gibson straightway did a sum in arithmetic: if one such drawing was worth four dollars, five drawings were worth twenty dollars. To decide just what this meant in daily income he sat down and did five drawings in rapid succession. Early the next morning he took them to *Life's* office. The editor glanced at them and handed back all five, accompanied, it is said, by a reflection upon the workmanship they displayed which sent Gibson's castle in the air to the ground.

At the same time, however, the scales fell from the artist's eyes, and he was able to do his sum in arithmetic somewhat after this fashion: If one whole day of honest work, plus an original idea from observation of life, was worth a certain fraction of twenty dollars, then two days of similar work, plus an equally good idea, is worth more than double that same fraction of twenty dollars. This last proposition seemed to him the better one, and he proceeded to try it out, and it was on that basis he continued his work. It has proved a rather sound basis, too, judging by results; for not long ago it was reported that certain editors paid Gibson fifty thousand dollars a year for his exclusive services, and now he is abroad doing things with colours which will accomplish for him no one knows how much.

A BURGLAR ALARM

The Story of a Night of Surprises

By FRED. JAY, Author of "The Elimination of Mr. Bates"



"MY dear fellow," said Parlby, with an irritating wave of his hand, "your contrivance may be interesting—quite possibly it is ingenious; but you may take it from me that no electric alarm will keep out the up-to-date burglar." "As an electrician, your opinion should not be without value," rejoined Harding. "At the same time, I venture to assert that my little arrangement would frustrate even your scientific attempts to break through it."

Parlby smiled. "Does it ring bells?" he asked, "or jerk a cord fastened to your toe? Take my advice; convert your apparatus into a battery for your nerves—and keep a dog."

"It is scarcely becoming, old chap, to sneer at amateurs in one's own line," remarked Harding, reprovingly. "Personally, I always endeavour to avoid that not uncommon error in taste. You may remember that when you played Falstaff at the Charity Bazaar, I did not suggest that you should recite at Dorcas meetings—and keep a cat. As a matter of fact, I laughed heartily all through your performance, and made myself conspicuous by so doing. Now, look here! I'll wager you ten pounds you don't break into my house without disturbing me!"

"Done!" agreed Parlby, without hesitation.

"Good!" exclaimed Harding. "I'll give you a month."

"As a burglar, I wouldn't ask for more. I'll make the attempt one night shortly. You'd better tell your wife about it, she might be frightened, you know."

"Naturally. She has been looking forward to meeting you and Mrs. Parlby. Come to dinner next Sunday—not to-morrow, Sunday week, I mean. Kate is spending this week-end with a married sister."

"All right, many thanks." Parlby stopped and held out his hand. "I've seen you over the longest and loneliest half of the road, so I'll turn."

"Come up now and have a whiskey and soda?"

Parlby declined, adding with a smile that when he did come he would help himself.

"It would be just as well to make quite sure of the house, you know," urged Harding.

"That's all right. About the third up, stands invitingly isolated, cowshed-looking place with tarred chimney pots. There's no mistaking it. But, if you're feeling nervous, old chap, of course I'll—"

"Good-night," rejoined Harding, and they parted with a laugh.

A reflective walk up the hill to his new house convinced Harding that Parlby would take advantage of his wife's absence, and make the burglarious attempt that night or the next. Moreover, he had mentioned that he would be alone in the house, the maids having been given a holiday; consequently, there would be less fear of disturbance.

The "grandfather" in the hall struck twelve as he let himself in, and he started violently as a door upstairs opened with a creak.

"Is that you, Phil?" anxiously inquired a voice over the banister.

"Hello!" exclaimed Harding. "You quite startled me. Why, what's the meaning of this?"

"Cissie's children were down with the measles, so I thought it safest to come home at once. Fortunately I was able to find the cook in the village, or I should have been frightened out of my life alone in the house. As it was, I felt rather nervous."

"But there's the alarm, dear," Harding reminded her, with the inventor's pride. "That should have made you feel easy, eh?"

Mrs. Harding looked a little anxious. "It's—its out of order to-night, dear," she said, hesitatingly. "Out of order!"

"You see, I hadn't the latchkey with me, and you were out, and we had to get in somehow. So Emma forced the kitchen window. A sensible girl, that, Phil; such an idea would never have occurred to me."

"Sensible!" exclaimed Harding, wrathfully.

"Of course, dear, we might have slept in the

shrubbery. The evergreens have grown nearly tall enough to cover us, but there was a rather heavy dew."

"It's no joking matter, Kate."

"The alarm answered splendidly," added Mrs. Harding in mollifying tones. "I do wish you had been here, it made such a beautiful noise!"

Harding grunted.

"The idea is all right, but unfortunately, Phil, the construction was rather faulty. The sudden strain brought down the Leyden jars, and made an awful mess on the kitchen floor. After all, it had to be tested some time or other, so I don't see what reason you have to be disagreeable."

"It has cost me ten pounds—that's all."

"Ten pounds!"

Harding explained, detailing the conversation that led up to the bet.

"It's not losing the money I mind," he added; "but Parlby, a nice enough fellow in most respects, is a little inclined to be too dogmatic. The worst of it is I feel certain he'll come to-night, and instead of my taking him down a peg, he'll have the laugh on me."

Mrs. Harding puckered her pretty brows. "Not necessarily," she said thoughtfully. "There's no reason why you should not take him down a peg yet—two pegs, if you like. Oh, Phil, it would be a joke. Let him get in, and I'll go down and hold him up with a revolver. You told him I was away from home. He doesn't know me, and will think he's got into the wrong house."

"That's all right as far as it goes, but what are you going to do with him? Let him off with a caution?"

"No, send Emma for a policeman."

"Steady," said Harding, laughing. "That's carrying a joke too far."

"Not if you're the policeman! How dull you are to-night, Phil. You've got an old helmet and tunic."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harding, "so I have. We'll do it."

Now, that Providence which is generally supposed to safeguard the irresponsible steps of drunken men and children, does not invariably withhold succour to the less worthy, and Daniel Mole, as he crawled on all fours through the long meadow grass in the rear of the Hardings' residence, was not entirely devoid of gratitude when the moon, who for some time had kept her luminous watch upon his nefarious movements, became screened by a mass of opaque clouds. Dan, blessing their blackness, negotiated the fence in perfect obscurity.

He crouched awhile in the garden, mentally taking his bearings, and at length decided on the dining-room window as affording the safest means of ingress. To remove a small pane of leaded glass put no tax on his resources; it was yet an easier matter to insert his hand and unfasten the catch, to drop a piece of looped wire and release the hasp. Dan quite approved the revival of old-fashioned windows, although, were he a builder, he would increase their dimensions, for his huge frame was not got through the casement without some inconvenient compression.

He removed his boots and made a search in the kitchen, where a bottle of stout refreshed him after his exertions. Then he began exploring. Knowledge directed his attention to the objects of greatest value, while instinct prompted the selection of the smallest of the kind. The drawing-room afforded him a few specimens, and, with his sack over his shoulder, he felt his way back in the darkness to the dining-room. Here the moon, which was again clear, shone full through the window, and as a precaution Dan stepped forward to draw the curtains. As he did so his heart—for even burglars have hearts—stood still at the sight of a man on the path outside. The next instant he made swiftly and silently for the door, but a light footstep on the stairs deterred him. Both ways were barred; he must hide. A high-backed oak settle afforded the best retreat, and Dan crouched low with his sack behind it.

Presently he heard the voice of Parlby softly ejaculating in surprise at the open window: "Deuced funny!" exclaimed that astonished gentleman.

"Looks as though somebody's been on the job before me."

He crawled cautiously through the casement, determining to arouse Harding immediately and point out his alarming discovery. With that purpose in view he crossed the room, but nearing the door he became conscious of some stealthy movement outside, and, seizing a chair, he stood on the defensive.

The door opened softly, and a sharp click preceded a flood of light as Mrs. Harding, dressing-gown berobed, pressed the electric switch, and calmly and steadily extended her right arm in the direction of the intruder.

"If you move a muscle," she declared with cold-blooded ferocity, "I'll kill you!"

Temporary paralysis appeared to save Parlby's life. For some moments he stood absolutely motionless and inarticulate before the threatening apparition, the chair held high above his head. He recovered sufficient presence of mind at length to perpetrate what he fatuously intended as a reassuring smile.

"Er—Mrs. Harding, I believe," he said, with nervous politeness. "I will explain this—this intrusion, madam, if you will kindly lower the muzzle of that thing; it might go off by accident, you know."

"Oh, no, it won't," replied Mrs. Harding quietly, "not by accident."

"I—I do not wish to alarm you," continued Parlby, "but I have reason to believe that there is a burglar in the house."

"So have I."

"Pray don't misunderstand me; this is serious. I found the window forced and open."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding in uncompromising tones. "A little habit of yours, I presume, to take casual strolls in other people's back gardens at one o'clock in the morning?"

"I will explain everything later," urged Parlby, "or, better still, your husband will. Believe me, it is imperative that you should call him at once. He—he may be in great danger."

"Not half the danger you're in, my man," replied Mrs. Harding. "He is not at home—a fact you were doubtless aware of before you ventured in."

"He must be," declared Parlby desperately. "I parted with him only about an hour ago. He was under the impression that you had gone away for the week-end. And he—he invited me to—to break into his house. Just by way of a little joke, you know!"

"I see," said Mrs. Harding. "Now, just to continue this little joke of yours, you'll be good enough to step into that cabinet at once!"

The antique piece of furniture she indicated with her free hand was a large gentleman's wardrobe, which, on account of its design and carving, was accorded a position of honour in the dining-room—a not unusual circumstance in these artistic days. Parlby, glancing in its direction, hesitated to obey.

"Pardon me, madam," he said with dignity. "If you will not accept my explanation, let me ask you, do I look like a burglar?"

"I've never seen one before," replied Mrs. Harding, vaguely. "You certainly are not particularly awe inspiring."

"Then allow me to assure you," continued Parlby, hopefully, "although this little affair has unfortunately developed in an altogether unexpected and embarrassing manner, that I am a gentleman, and a friend of your husband. As a matter of fact, we had a little bet about—"

"All of which," interrupted Mrs. Harding, "is very plausible, but not quite good enough, my friend. Step in at once, or I fire!"

"Call your husband," pleaded Parlby. "He must be in the house somewhere. He will tell you that what I say is true."

Mrs. Harding smiled. With her disengaged hand she opened the door a few inches. "Call him yourself," she said, "if it will satisfy you."

"Phil!" cried Mr. Parlby, aloud. "Phil, old man!"

There was no response, for in the concoction of their plan for his discomfiture, Harding had arranged that on first hearing the sound of voices, he should get quietly into the road from his study window and

(Continued on page 23)

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LONGBOAT is a maker of surprises. He has been demigodized to a position among Greek heroes; has been mourned over as a sick man whose heart would not permit him to run more than five miles; has been poohpoohed as a dead Indian whose cigar store was no longer popular—and it was such a pity to have had such a hero all of our own production, a real simon-pure Onondaga, and then to have had him fall down at the Olympic Marathon the way he did. So the moral was, put not your trust in princes; also there was another verse of the Scripture expressing the vanity of having any faith in the legs of a man. We never would hero-worship so absurdly again; might have known that Indians are a decadent race anyway; perhaps if Tom had been left on his reservation and not been trotted round with the Y.M.C.A. and with Flanagan and his outfit he might have remained a great runner; though at the Olympic it was plain to see he was doped by the stimulants; perhaps twenty miles was his outside limit; anyway he came back to Canada and did some more fumbling—so it was plain that Tom Longboat was a false alarm and a very great enigma. So the talk hung till a week or so ago when Longboat won the Ward Marathon in Toronto, nineteen miles and a fraction, shaving a minute or two off the record and landing a mile ahead of anybody else; a week later he went to Montreal and did a similar thing, coming in seven minutes ahead of the man from Halifax, with all the other hundred and forty-eight straggled and dropped out and done for—when thousands upon thousands screeched themselves red in the face because they reckoned that the greatest runner in the world was Tom Longboat, the Indian who had been a back number for months. Now Tom is to turn professional and in true Indian fashion go straight after the scalps of Hayes, the nominal Olympic victor, and Dorando, the real winner, and afterwards Shrubbs, the English track-beater who for months has been whooping in the newspapers and brandishing tomahawks at Tom. So we shall all brush up our enthusiasm and cry "Evoe!" for Longboat; "Big Injun Tom," believing as we always did that somehow the noble red man is entitled to our admiration, though we can't explain why.

MOVEMENT of manufacturers westward is predicted by Mr. P. W. Ellis, the well-known manufacturing jeweller, member of the Hydro-Electric Commission and treasurer of the Ontario Power Commission. Mr. Ellis has been on an extended trip to the West. Speaking at Regina, he said:

"Let Winnipeg put in power at the rate they hope to sell from the Lac du Bonnet plant, and the manufacturers of Canada will leave Toronto and the eastern cities. At least they will have to start branch factories in the west, and the manufacturing business of Canada is destined sooner or later to be centred here on the plains. This applies with equal force to Regina, and before your city can ever hope to occupy a prominent position as a manufacturing centre, you must provide cheap power."

NOW Mr. Arthur Stringer comes in for a slating at the hands of a western newspaper writer who is able to perceive that when the author wrote so entertainingly about "Canada-Fakers," he was doing so because he was jealous of the success that seems to have come to these people. It is so easy to impute motives. We had imagined that above all people the poet would have been immune from attacks of this sort. But it seems not. At any rate, here is part of the argument:

"Following in the footsteps of those who so severely criticised Mrs. Humphry Ward because she allowed one of her characters while in Hamilton, or somewhere near there, to gaze on the waters of the St. Lawrence, or some other body of water a few hundred miles away, Arthur Stringer has taken it upon himself in a recent number of *Canada West*, to subject many of our leading writers to a wholesale raking over for giving, as he says, a wrong impression of Canada to the reading public. But after all, has Kipling, or Jack London, or Sir Gilbert Parker, in any of the novels referred to, posed as an historian? Are they not, first, and last, and always, merely story writers and entertainers? If so, what if they are guilty of certain inaccuracies? What poem, or work of art of any sort will bear the searchlight of a rival artist's merciless criticism?"

THERE is a man north of Edmonton who in thirty-four years has received only twelve letters. His name is James Riggs, formerly of Detroit.

Mr. Riggs went into the wilds in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. After a few years of fur posts he went into trapping on his own hook. But though he has trapped and skinned nearly every kind of animal grown in that country round Lesser Slave Lake, he has never once been out of the fur belt to see what civilisation has been doing until the other day he drifted down to Edmonton just to see if all the fuss the newspapers were kicking up amounted to anything anyway. In that ambitious city he saw his first electric light and automobile and spoke over his first telephone; he saw his first Galician and his first asphalt pavement; for the first time read about a pink tea and got hold of a daily newspaper west of where he came from; in short, this man found himself with the delectable task of beginning life all over again. He will be a long while getting the tired feeling; but the moment he gets it he will hit the trail north for the Lesser Slave and probably never come out again.

CAPTAIN COX is dead. Many Canadians knew nothing of Captain Cox, who had the distinction of having been a mariner on both the Atlantic and Pacific, besides having seen most of the seven seas. He died in Victoria and had been a well-known figure on the Pacific coast for twenty-four years. He was born in Maitland, Nova Scotia, where his father was a noted ship-builder. He went to sea in one of his father's ships and has been on the sea ever since. During the Civil War he made trips east to the Black Sea; afterwards he lived in the south of South America and in the city of Montevideo he met and married his wife. He was commissioned while there to look into the affairs of the Welsh colony as a result of which he opened up that colony to communication with the outside world. He lost three schooners down in those treacherous seas and returned home to Nova Scotia to outfit a fourth—but his father persuaded him to remain in the old town. That was in 1874. Ten years later he shipped for good to the Pacific coast, where he became a pioneer in the lumber shipping business and engaged in sealing. He bought the seal steamer *Sapphire*; became one of the best recognised experts on the sealing question—his evidence being called during the sittings of the Joint High Commission in both Washington and Ottawa. He died of appendicitis in Victoria.

MR. MORTE H. CRAIG, author of "The Klondike Valentine," a poem, in a recent interview at Vancouver said some highly characteristic things about Dawson. He says:

"Gambling has entirely gone and the festive sport has vanished like a mist before the rising sun. The swish of the dance hall skirt has lost its frou-frou, and what there is left of her is paying for ordinary meals out of her own little stocking. This is all very well and a consummation receiving general endorsement in the Yukon, but when they go as far as to enforce the very letter instead of the spirit of the Lord's Day Act upon the commerce of Dawson, impoverished as it is by a fierce, relentless climate and a rapidly vanishing population, they are doing an incalculable injury to the people to whom Canada owes much. To explain: During nearly eight months of a cold and gloomy winter, locked

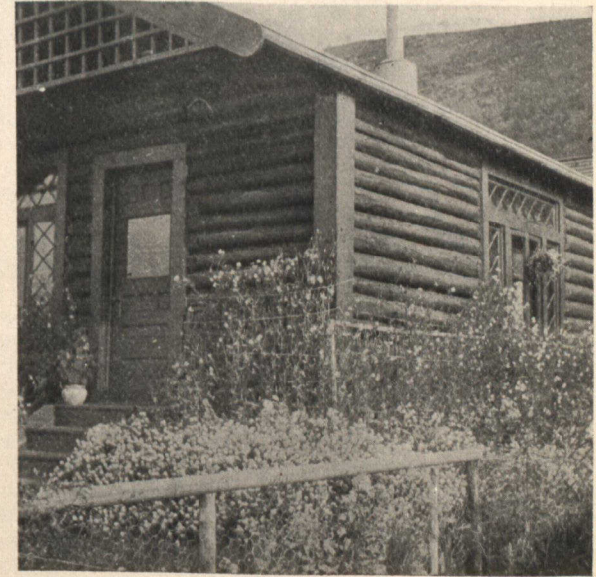
in the Arctics by long leagues of drifted trail and ice-bound river, over which almost fabulous prices must be paid for transportation, it has been impossible for the average merchant to make ends meet for the past few years. There is hardly a store in Dawson one half as warmly built as the houses of lower California and old Mexico. This is literally true. Fuel is \$10 per cord, going sometimes higher, and it is but conservative to estimate the cost of heating the home and store of the smallest dealer at \$500. Electric light, which must be turned on during a part of the winter as early as 1:30 in the afternoon, costs 40 cents per kilowatt. To the fruit, periodical and cigar dealer the most profitable day during a summer of barely eighteen weeks is Sunday. But Sunday is a closed day in Dawson."

ONCE in a while a man wanders away from the old fireside and disappears for the best part of a lifetime as though the earth had swallowed him. A few months ago two brothers were introduced to each other at an Old Boys' reunion in Guelph; they had not met since childhood and each thought the other dead. Not long ago a Canadian woman got a divorce from the name of her husband because he went away on a mining expedition and as he never came back he was thought to have fallen into the inside of a mountain. Now in Ottawa they have a romance rather sombre in outline—concerning a man who nearly forty years ago left home and went no one knew whither, coming not back and sending no word; so far as could be ascertained he was as dead a man as ever lived. He did a forwarding business in Ottawa and his name was Maurice Malone. One day thirty-six years ago he left word at his office that he was going to Brockville and would return the next day. The next day came but no Malone. Years went by and in spite of detectives and advertisements, no Malone. His friends and relatives gave him up. A few weeks ago an advertisement appeared in a Quebec paper asking on behalf of a legal firm down in Texas for information concerning Maurice Malone. One of these, a sister, happened to be living in New Jersey. She received word from her daughter in Ottawa concerning the item. Steps were at once taken to find the Texas lawyers. The sister went to Texas; she got there; found the lawyers; but she had no news of Malone. She found out, however, that her brother had died only a few weeks before while on his way back to Ottawa to find his relatives. He took sick on the journey and died in San Antonio.

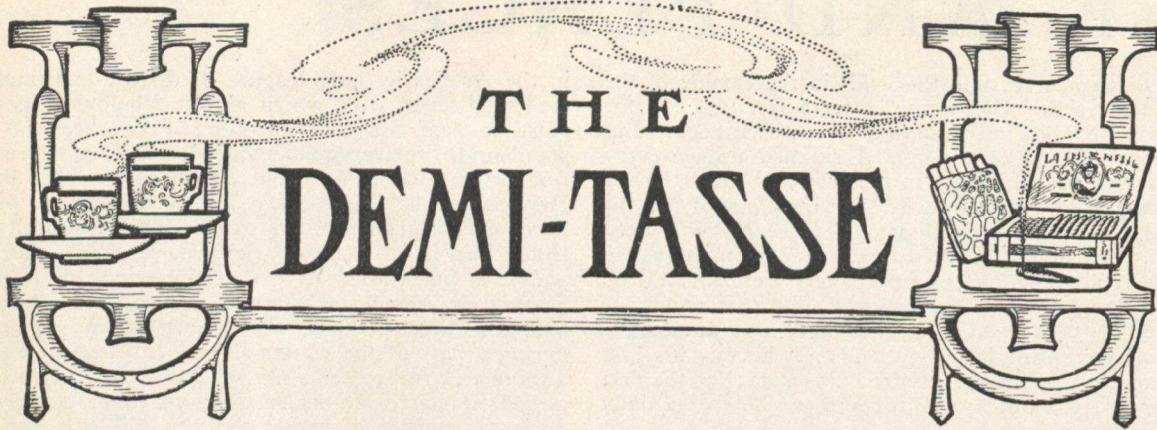
FOLLOWING letter has been sent to the editor of this page:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of Nov. 7th under the heading "People and Places," you have an article in which the name "Tete-Juan-cache" appears twice. I believe I am right in saying this should be "Tete-Jeune-cache," from the "cache" of an old prospector who had a camp on the headwaters of the Fraser River, and who was nicknamed Tete-jeune by the early French-Canadian "courier-du-bois" on account of his fair or yellow hair, and after whom the Yellowhead Pass was named.

Yours very truly,
GEO. J. PALMER.



Dawson is said to be a cold, hard place, but they have Greenhouses and Gardens in that city as well as sixty below zero.



THE DEMI-TASSE

ANOTHER ANCIENT FEUD.

THE story of 'An Ancient Feud,' which appeared in *The Demi-Tasse* of November 14th reminds me," writes C.R.W.B., "of a somewhat similar one told by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, who had it from Captain Percival, A.D.C. to the (then) Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada.

"Captain Percival, walking one day in the grounds of Rideau Hall, happened upon two big-plaided Scotsmen who were looking around the Vice-regal residence.

"Entering into conversation with them, he found out that they were Macdonalds from the County of Glengarry. He suggested that they should come in and pay their respects to His Excellency who would be glad to see his 'brither Scots.' This, however, they refused to do, and by no persuasion could they be induced to enter the house. For a long time he was unable to elicit the reason of their objection but at last one of them said: 'Ye're verra kind, sir, but div ye no' ken that the Macdonalds are at feud wi' the Campells ever since Glencoe?'

"The massacre of Glencoe took place in 1692 and this conversation in 1881."

* * *

A FRANCO-BRITISH PUN.

WHEN the St. Clair Tunnel was being re-opened, the other day, Mr. Harry Charlton gave a dinner at the leading hotel in Port Huron to about forty newspaper men, including Mr. Cy Warman, sweet singer and railroad raconteur. During the evening, a young man, under engagement by the hotel proprietor, sang several songs which were not fully appreciated by the convivial journalists. Mr. Elliott of the Grand Trunk Railway sent a note over to Mr. Warman which ran as follows: "Cy—Is this sung for you or some of the other old men?—E." Mr. Warman turned the note over and made this graceful pun, a tribute to the French-Canadians present—"Pour moi!"

* * *

O TEMPORA!

A school-teacher in Hamilton, Ontario, recently asked one of her pupils what William Lyon Mackenzie had been noted for. The youngster looked thoughtful for a moment and then said:

"Oh, yes! He's the grandfather of one of the new members of Parliament."

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Mr. R. L. Borden is going to Hot Springs, Virginia, and Mr. W. J. Bryan is going to Mexico. There's nothing like a southern climate for chills and ague.

The Marine Department of the Canadian Government is going to have a Tag Day. The poor thing needs a bath and a swimming pool and lots of soap.

Hon. G. E. Foster has challenged Mr. J. A. Macdonald to go moose-hunting in the north country, but the expedition is indefinitely postponed.

The Kaiser has just been climbing down. It's a sorrowful year for the B's, as we remarked two weeks ago—when Borden, Bryan, Bond and Bill of Germany find things won't come their way.

* * *

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER.

MR. G. T. BELL, general passenger traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, can lay claim to having won at least one enthusiastic admirer. Last spring, when Mr. Bell took a party of United States and Canadian journalists to the Lake of Bays district to help "open" the Wawa Hotel, he put forth every endeavour to give each member of the party a time worth remembering.

The crowning surprise of the journey was a sumptuous eight-course dinner, served on a private diner as the party were returning from Huntsville to Toronto. There was one Buffalo scribe who had been very modest and unostentatious. It was impossible to get him into "The German Band" or the "Gadsby Chorus" or any other of the impromptu organisations. But as the courses came and went, and the "Omar Khayyam" was encored, the retiring journalist raised his glass towards Mr. Bell and exclaimed in rich and ringing tones:

"Mr. Bell, you already own Canada. Allow me to add the United States!"

* * *

MRS. JONAH.

STREET-CAR conductors regard inquisitive women passengers with superstitious dread. The other day a fuse blew out in a car and that car was hitched on as a trailer to the one ahead. Presently a woman began to ask questions.

"What would happen," she said, "if the fuse were to blow out in that car ahead? What would become of us? Would the car ahead of that be able to drag both of these cars?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "But don't worry. We won't have a chance to find out. A double accident of that kind has never happened to a car of mine yet, and it isn't likely to happen once in a hundred years."

Just then there came an explosion ahead, and both cars came to a standstill. The fuse had blown out.

"Confound that woman," growled the conductor. "That is all her fault. This wouldn't have happened if she hadn't asked so many fool questions! She's a Jonah."—*Saturday Sunset*.

* * *

COMFORTING.

Husband: "It's a great thing—that accident insurance. I have taken out a policy so that if, for instance, I merely break my arm I receive \$2,500."

Wife: "Wouldn't that be nice! Then I could take a trip to the Riviera."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

* * *

A WARM REMARK.

"Rudyard Kipling, when he dined with me," said a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla.

"It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country.

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely, cool morning at Simla he was presented to a 'grass-widow.' They call those ladies 'grass-widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.



Which is Worse? An Englishman telling a joke to a crowd of Americans?

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness Kipling said:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?"

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learned afterward that she was a real widow."

* * *

HIS CHOICE.

There had been a brief and bitter debate in which Mr. Peck had been worsted. About half an hour afterwards, his wife remarked: "John Robinson has had a broken lily carved on his wife's tombstone."

"If his wife had been like some women," said Henry gloomily, with a flash of returning spirit, "he would have had a bottle of tobasco sauce on the stone."

* * *

THE NERVOUS CHILD.

("Americanus Sum.")

He harried the household cat,

He worried and whipped the dog,

He sat on his auntie's hat,

He caught and he killed a frog,

He lamed with a sizable stone

The best of his uncle's chickens,

He broke the bed, and it may be said,

With truth, that he raised the dickens—

'Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,

And murmured, "The Lord preserve us!"

But mother remarked, as she kissed the kid:

"The poor little dear is nervous."

He fidgeted, sulked and fussed—

So dainty about his meat,

He screamed that his mother must

Have something a fellow could eat.

He answered his auntie back,

He snapped at his uncle too,

He tortured and teased and did as he pleased,

And not what they wished he'd do.

'Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,

And murmured "The Lord preserve us!"

But mother remarked, as she kissed the kid:

"The poor little dear is nervous."

—Denis A. McCarthy in *Life*.

* * *

CHIVALROUS.

"What did Howard do when he found they were going to arrest the owners of motors, and not the chauffeurs, in all cases of exceeding the speed limit?"

"He put every car he owns in his wife's name."—*Brooklyn Life*.

* * *

UNANSWERABLE.

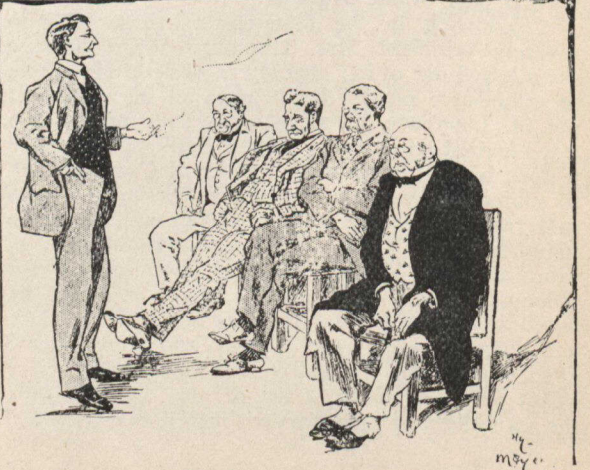
A REPUBLICAN orator concluded his speech with the announcement that he would be glad to answer any arguments put forward by the other side. An old Irish-American accepted the challenge.

"Eight years ago," he said, "they told us to vote for Bryan, an' that we'd be prosperous. Oi did vote for Bryan an' Oi've nivir been so prosperous in all me life, an' now, begorry, Oi'm goin' to vote for him again."

* * *

A BIG BATHTUB.

The tides run swiftly out in the Bay of Fundy. A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Ma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean."



Or, an American telling a joke to a number of Englishmen.—*Life*.

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MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE IN THE MONTH OF 'MUMS.

NOVEMBER, the dreariest month of the year, is, by way of compensation, brightened by the glow of the flower of Japan. Chrysanthemums, golden, white and russet, make the month an autumn flower show and incidentally give the foot-ball hero a suggestion for coiffure. The chrysanthemum, with its wholesome earthy odour and ragged petals, is one of the hardier children of the soil and flourishes bravely where the frailer blooms would die. In Canada, during the last ten years, there has been a wonderful increase in chrysanthemum culture, while that flower of autumnal splendour has grown to startling circumference. At the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition there was a brilliant display of all hues and sorts, from the yellow and white globes which look like "snowballs" which have strayed from the shrubs of May, to the spreading jagged petals of the largest purple blooms. One hardly realises the extent of the chrysanthemum's popularity until one sees a cellarful of these splendid flowers ready to be packed and sent all over the Dominion from the central green-houses. The "President Roosevelt" is one of the most impressive blooms in chrysanthemum land and, in keeping with its distinguished name, makes an extensive and gorgeous display. We must begin to have Canadian names for some homebred varieties:—a brilliant and bounteous golden flower might properly be called "Sir Wilfrid Laurier," a splendid pink production would blushinglly own "Sir Frederick Borden," while a soft bunch of snowy-white, shining in Ontario's conservatories, might be named "Sir James Whitney." It is a suggestion cheerfully made to Canadian fanciers of the chrysanthemum, who have become an army, during the years in which this oriental bloom has been developing its modern magnificence.

* * *



In the Month of 'Mums.—The President Roosevelt Chrysanthemum.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. T. W. DUGGAN, DALE ESTATE, BRAMPTON

* * *

A CURIOUS CLUB.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent in a letter complaining indignantly about the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. I sympathise entirely with her protest against this club's inertness. On Monday, November 16th, the members of this organisation actually had their first experience of a genuine address, although the club was formed and officers were elected when the daffodils were blooming last spring. Just after the organisation, Mrs. Humphry Ward came to Toronto town and the members, in the simplicity and gladness of their hearts, believed that they would be given an opportunity to hear and meet the distinguished English writer. Not so—although there was a luncheon given by the President of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. The members heard of that from afar—and wondered. Then, a few weeks ago, Lord Milner came to the capital of Imperial Ontario and once more the simple members of this marvellous club hoped that the officers would do their duty and have a few moments of informal talk from a man worth hearing. Once more this remarkably retiring club failed to make any appointment with the distinguished visitor.

In Montreal, the Women's Canadian Club, with Lady Drummond as the graceful chief officer, gave a luncheon, at which Lord Milner was the guest of honour. Why, oh, why, did the Montreal women succeed where the Toronto club failed? Someone will be so unkind as to say that the officers of the Toronto club are not as efficient as might be desired. Another member is so hasty as to remark that one of the officers does not know a motion from an amendment. However this may be, the Toronto Women's Canadian Club actually engaged Professor Colby of McGill University to talk to the members last week on the subject, "Bribery in Elections," although a report in a Toronto newspaper credited the lecturer with having a few words to say on "Canadian Types of the Old Regime." It was to be hoped that we had heard the last of elections on October 26th but the hope was vain. Mr. Byron Walker was called upon to introduce the lecturer. Why? Mr. Walker is a most estimable and gifted gentleman but, in his wildest flights of ambition, he did not dream of aspiring to the presidency of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. In the Montreal and Winnipeg clubs, Lady Drummond and Mrs. Sanford Evans have proved equal to the duties of their position. What is the matter with the Toronto club that the President of the Bank of Commerce must come to its assistance?

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Insist on having
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THE DEPTHS OF HUMAN FOLLY HAVE NOT BEEN SOUNDED IF ANY ONE DECLARES ---THERE IS A--- BETTER WHITE LEAD THAN THE "ELEPHANT" GENUINE

MADE IN CANADA

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are bestowed upon any who are at all troubled with freckles, moth patches, sallowness, rash, red nose, pimples, blackheads, etc., if

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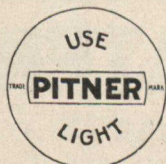
is used. It transforms a poor complexion, making it beautifully clear and fine.

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It is mailed free on request. Fall term now open.
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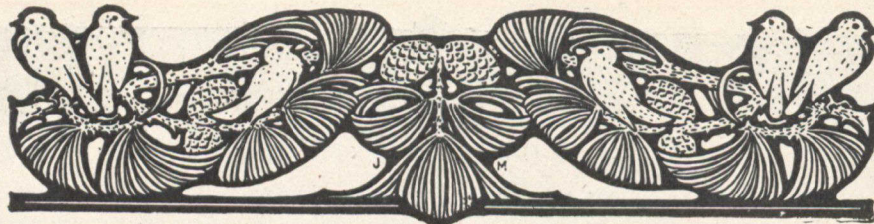
Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY AMELIA DE WOLFFERS.

THE flowers all go to sleep at night; the beautiful rose folds up her many petals, the violet draws her pretty dress about her until she looks long and slender, and the daisy is like a little ball. While they were sleeping perhaps you have looked lovingly at them, and perhaps when the sun rose in the morning you watched them waking sleepily—unfolding their petals very slowly, just as we often creep lazily out of bed. When the sun has been shining for a long time, and it is warm, the flowers are wide open, and the air is full of sweet perfume; then the butterflies and insects go to the flowers to get honey and all day the bees hum happily.

At night these little creatures sleep, just as the flowers do, but there are also many insects that go out only at night and sleep in the daytime. The moth is the night-butterfly—how can it get any honey if the flowers are all closed? And not only the moth requires honey, but many little night-beetles and insects need it also; and how do they get it?

There are flowers that bloom at night; a very beautiful one is called the evening primrose; it is pale yellow and loves the light of the moon and stars as the other flowers love the sun. It awakens in the evening and goes to sleep in the morning. On dark nights when there is neither moon nor stars this flower gives light and the insects see it from far off, shining like a little lamp, and they go scurrying along, greedy little creatures, to get some honey, each afraid that the other will get there first. What fun it would be some night to go into a quiet spot in the woods to see them. It is like a fairy party that must be over before the morning breaks, and the little creatures are buzzing softly and drinking dew and eating honey.

Perhaps when the little moths and beetles fly in at our windows and flutter around the light they think they have found a big evening primrose—poor things, they get their wings burned if we do not catch them quickly and put them out of doors, where they may fly to the woods to find the flower that is ready to give them sweet honey.—*The Circle.*

* * *

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT.

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable;
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for the camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sieek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy,
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

CHARLES E. CARYL, in *The Admiral's Caravan.*

* * *

AWFUL PRIDE.

The first time Johnny put on pants he was very proud, and after marching around and showing himself to us he went to the chicken yard and marched up and down before the chickens. Then, standing in front of them, he said, very straight, "Chickens, do you know me?"—*Delineator.*

* * *

MARRIED THEM ALL.

Esther and Baby Lois and mother were having one of their confidential talks the other day. "Is papa married?" Esther asked, suddenly. "Why, Esther!" mother exclaimed. "Don't you know who papa married?" Esther reflected for a moment, and then said, radiantly, "Course I do! He married us—you and Lois and me!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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LITERARY NOTES

SOME MACMILLAN NOVELS.

IN the autumn months the Macmillan Company of Canada has sent forth a goodly number of novels—and the greatest of these is "The Gentleman." Ever since the tale of "Bob, Son of Battle" was told, the world has known that Mr. Alfred Ollivant is among the elect story-writers. Wherefore, we took up "The Gentleman: A Romance of the Sea" with the assurance of brave company. But the hours passed—and passed—while all those gentlemen unafraid were at each other's throats—and then we came to the very last line—in italics: "I will answer no questions about this book.—A. O." Not since the time when one revelled in the sailors of *Westward Ho* has there come into the day's reading such a chronicle as this of 1805—for the reader who follows the fortunes of *The Gentleman* is swept away from all the modern grind of graft and bargains to the year of Trafalgar—to the summer which preceded that grapple of giants. Napoleon stands on the cliffs of Northern France, wondering, wondering why he cannot crush that "stubborn little land of Bibles and evening bells," and long before the tale is told the secret of the resistance is revealed. Ah! such writing as this has not come our way for many a year—not even in the glorious slaying of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Through all the tumult, there is one maimed figure towards whom the fighters strive, one set face whose purpose means the saving of England. Nelson, the "Saviour of the silver-coasted isle," Nelson, the Sinner, who was almost a traitor for the sake of a sordid passion, stands in the way of Napoleon and leads all such spirits as young Kit Caryll unto him. There are pages in the story which fairly drip with the slaughter—and yet the artist will not let the deck become a mere shambles. He treats his story as Brutus would have the slayers of Caesar deal with the great Julius—"Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

The writer's pen is as swift and as delicate as the sword of Fighting Fitz. Blood-stains there may be, in a plenty, but there is no stain of the spirit. After the hot-house emotions and the tiresome nastiness of the neurotic novelists, this romance of the sea fills one's weary lungs with the salt and saving breath of great deeds and stirring times.

Members of the Peace Society and officers of the Hague Tribunal will hardly look with favour on this chronicle of blood. The delightful feature about the narrator is that he does not offer the faintest apology for all the strife—in fact, the captain of the little *Tremendous*, "Old Ding-dong," is a Christian indeed, although he accounts for a host of the enemy ere the last fight comes. The final scene, after Old Ding-dong's great encounter, is written with the author's finest touch.

"About him was stillness, hushed waters, and the moon a silver bubble. "In the quiet cove, beneath the quiet stars, after sixty years of storm, his soul was slipping away into the Great Quiet."

The gallant, dare-devil figure of "The Gentleman," fighting with white bitterness and yet with unflinching Irish gaiety against the England which he hates consumingly, is a character to be remembered, as an embodiment of the Celtic tragedy. But through all the tumult surges the Sea

which Caryll, Ding-dong and Nelson love, and which holds the English genius, be he poet or "first-class fighting man." As the author's prelude song reminds us:

"New suns and moons arise;
Perish old dynasties,
For ever rise and die the centuries;
Only remains the Sea,
Our right of way, the Sea."

* * *

Another fighting tale, but of strongly contrasting style and aspect, is Mr. H. G. Wells' "The War in the Air." This book is highly — one might say wearisomely — modern, with aviation, socialism and other modes of progression and retrogression in full working order. It is the very latest word in fiction on aerial possibilities and perils.

Miss Zona Gale wrote a memorable book in "The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre," and that volume of delicate fancies is likely to be thrown in her face by the readers of her latest venture, "Friendship Village." This book is amusing—in patches—but monotonously moralising as a stretch of fiction. The world is fairly convinced that helping others is a good way of achieving happiness for oneself. But to preach this doctrine on every page, to allow that persistently cheerful spinster, Miss Calliope Marsh, to display her garrulous philanthropies in every chapter, is surely unworthy of the writer of such airy, subtle sketches as Miss Gale's earlier work. "Friendship Village," in its less agreeable tracts, reminds one of those ghastly mottoes hung on office walls—"Do It Now," "Be Kind," and other exhortations to industry and sympathy.

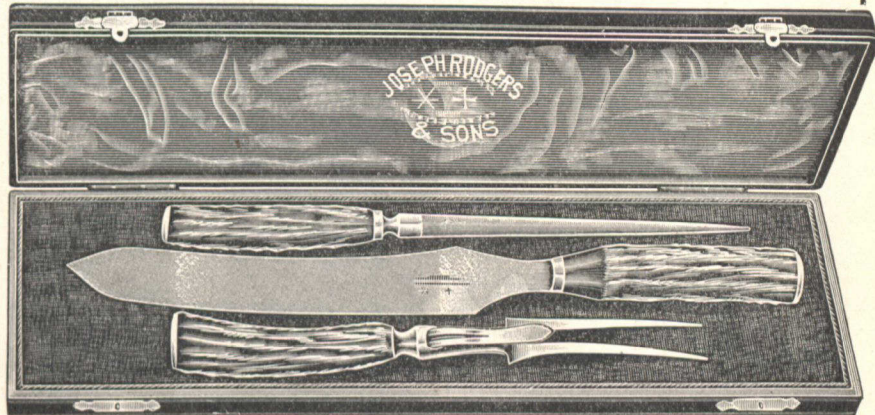
There once was a weekly publication in Toronto, known as *The Week*, of which the editor was Mr. Goldwin Smith. From one of the copies of that journal, found at the Public Library and dated twenty-two years ago, we learn that Mr. Marion Crawford was regarded as a remarkably prolific novelist in the year 1886. Yet in the autumn of 1908, there comes briskly along, "The Diva's Ruby," a new novel by Marion Crawford which completes the trilogy concerning the artistic and sentimental adventures of a charming prima donna. The story is of unusual entertainment and, if not one of Mr. Crawford's best, is yet in better style than the majority of the "good sellers."

The novels by Agnes and Egerton Castle are invariably of romantic charm and their latest chronicle of moving events, "Wroth," is highly dramatic. Indeed, one is almost certain, before the third chapter is reached, that the Byronic hero will be on the stage before another summer, with Mr. James K. Hackett in the role. The hero is really a high-minded villain who, of course, reforms and becomes a model landlord. The first scene of high revels at the old abbey, with the noble Juliana breaking unawares into the orgy, is a spirited piece of writing, while the novel plot is unfolded with a grace characteristic of these happy collaborators. The conclusion is none the less enjoyable because it is foregone.

The Macmillan Company of Canada has brought out some worthy novels this year, of which "The Gentleman" and "The Cliff End" are easily the most distinguished. The latter is the first production of a novelist, from whom we may hope for high things; the former is such a *tour de force* as surprises even those who expected much from the author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

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Canadian Courier, Nov. 28th, 1908.

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And all those who use it
Continue to choose it

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A Burglar Alarm

(Continued from page 16)

wait until summoned by the maid. Parly now turned in agitation to Mrs. Harding:

"He doesn't hear me," he said, pathetically.

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Harding. "Try calling Charlie."

"Charlie! Good heavens! Is it possible that I could have mistaken the house?"

"I must admit that it certainly looks a little like it."

"Unfortunately, madam," continued Parly, fumbling in his pockets, "I've nothing about me to establish my identity."

"Except those wire cutters and other implements which you appear to have left on the window sill."

"My name is Parly—Jack Parly" urged the other, frantically. "I have lived in this neighbourhood for years; surely you must have heard of me."

"I've heard quite enough of you, Mr. Parly," replied Mrs. Harding, readily. "My arm is beginning to ache, and I'll give you twenty seconds to do as I bid."

She advanced a step threateningly, and Parly, aware of the hopelessness of further argument, retreated backward to the cabinet.

"Close the door after you!"

He obeyed.

"You will be quite safe in there," said Mrs. Harding, turning the key in the lock, "until my maid fetches a policeman. It was brave of you to break into a house with only two women in it; perhaps you would have been braver still had you known that my pistol wasn't loaded. Keep still, the panels are very thick, and the lock much too strong to break. Ah!"

The exclamation and a frightened shriek that followed, resulted from the startling appearance of Daniel Mole from behind the settle.

"Stop that!" he demanded, with a menace. "Keep quiet and I won't hurt a hair of your head. I like pluck," he added admiringly and reassuringly, "and you've got plenty of it, lady. But it was silly to give the game away about the little pop-gun, eh? I've one 'ere that'd blow your pretty 'ead orf if you was so much as to open your mouth agin."

He produced a formidable-looking weapon, and handled it affectionately. Mrs. Harding, sick with fear, sank into a chair.

"Did you call, mum?" cried Emma from the landing.

"Not a word!" Dan whispered, hoarsely. "Ere, git in 'ere—sharp!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "anywhere but there."

But Dan, covering her with the revolver, held the key ready to unlock the wardrobe. "No words!" he growled. "It'll be company for you, and you can stop each other makin' a noise. Quiet, in there, d'you 'ear, or I'll put a plug through the panel. Now, lady!"

Mrs. Harding had no choice but to obey, and Parly, aware of his helplessness, made room for his friend's wife in as courteous a manner as the peculiar circumstances admitted.

The key turned sharply in the lock, and with a final muttered caution to keep quiet and snug, Dan advanced towards the door as Emma, directed by the sound of voices, appeared in scanty and hastily adjusted garments. Her mouth opened wide to emit a cry for help, but terror numbed her vocal cords. Moreover, Dan's big, heavy hand was soon clapped tight over her face.

"Hist!" he gurgled. "Make a sound and I'll wring your neck. Ah! That's all right," he added, as the poor girl relaxed what little resistance she was

(Continued on page 24)

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE Guelph Harmonic Society, assisted by Thain's orchestra, gave a creditable production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," in the Royal Opera House in Guelph on November 17th, 18th and 19th. Mr. W. Williams was musical conductor and Mr. George Phillips acted as stage manager. The performers were most warmly received and another operatic entertainment by local talent may be expected in the Royal City after Christmas. In these degenerate days of musical comedy and vaudeville, the county town of Wellington is fortunate in having citizens willing to devote time and care to a revival of genuine light opera. Mrs. Geddes Harvey, well-known in the city as organist and composer, was prominent among those assisting in the production.

* * *

AT the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, Toronto, the yearly course of lectures for the public has already opened. Professor Alexander has given a lecture of characteristic discrimination on Jane Austen, on Thursday evening of next week President Falconer is to deliver an address on "Greek Sculpture" and on December 10th Professor Carruthers lectures on "The Ancient Greek Theatre." The influence of this school has, from the first, been exerted in the direction of sane and sympathetic expression and the forming of dramatic taste for "the things which are more excellent."

* * *

THE first concert for the season by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will be given in Massey Music Hall on December 8th, when that magnetic artist, Madame Joanna Gadski, will be the assisting soloist. A programme of classic merit is announced by the orchestra, which has added considerably to its strength since last year, and, with the practical assistance of the new committee, promises to become an organisation of which Torontonians did not dream. Madame Gadski will sing an aria from *Tannhauser* and Schubert's *Erl King*, but those who heard her on her last concert appearance in Toronto will not be satisfied without the *Valkyrie* call.

* * *

IN this selfish old world, where prophet or singer is frequently without the honour which the native town should bestow, it is comforting to read in the *St. Thomas Times* a glowing account of the reception given Miss Gertrude Huntley, a violinist whose early career in Elgin County has been followed by several years of study in Paris. On Thursday night of last week her first concert on return to her native city was given in Central Methodist Church, St. Thomas, when fifteen hundred citizens, a record attendance, assembled to enjoy the ripened talents of one of "their own." The programme, according to all local accounts, was brilliantly executed, the "D Major Polonaise" by Wieniawski winning the most enthusiastic applause. Miss Huntley is evidently a conscientious artist who has made the most of her work, both at home and abroad, and who will probably be heard in concerts throughout the Dominion.

* * *

THE two Toronto theatres which do not supply vaudeville have entered upon a busy season. The Princess has had a divided fortnight with Mr. Goodwin's "The Test," M. Bour-

get's "Divorce" last week, and Mr. Olcott in "Ragged Robin" and the Abramson Grand Opera Company this week. To-night Bizet's "Carmen" is the attraction. For the week of November 30th, Mr. Edward Abeles is to appear as the hero of "Brewster's Millions," in a dramatisation of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's light novel. Toronto must merit Mr. Kipling's description of "consumingly commercial," for "Brewster's Millions" is decidedly popular in that thriving provincial capital.

At the Royal Alexandra, "Sergeant Kitty" has been the comic opera of the week with that favourite in the Lincoln green, "Robin Hood," beginning a week's course to-day. The "solid comfort" which patrons of this theatre enjoy has been the subject of general remark and reflects credit on the management. Miss Louise Le Baron, one of the members of the Imperial Opera Company, will appear later in the season in "Carmen," and in this role, a photograph of the popular contralto singer is presented in this department.

* * *



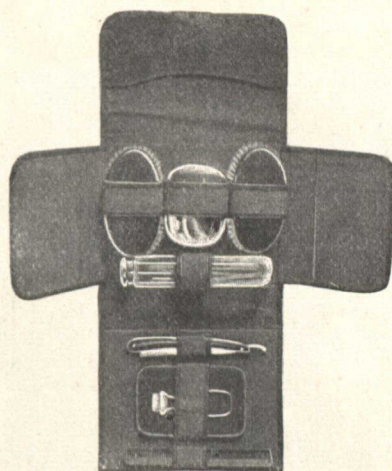
Miss Louise LeBaron,
Contralto, in Imperial Opera Company.

* * *

THE subscription lists for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts opened at the music stores and Massey Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday of this week. The dates are February 8th, 9th, 10th and 13th, 1909. The services of the Theodore Thomas orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Frederick Stock, have been secured again for the first three concerts of the cycle. The vocal soloists engaged to assist in the production of Sir Edward Elgar's "Caractacus" are Madame Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Mr. George Hamlin, tenor; Mr. Claude Cunningham, baritone; and Mr. Frederick Martin, bass. Miss Augusta Cottlow, pianist, has been engaged as soloist for the concert of February 13th. The programmes for these events have been announced, showing the breadth of choice for which Dr. Vogt is famous. The interest in the Mendelssohn cycle grows, year by year, until not only Toronto, but Detroit, London, Buffalo, Kingston and Rochester are concerned in the subscription lists. The Choir will go to Chicago this year but not to Buffalo, and 1910 may see the Mendelssohn luggage on one of the Atlantic liners.

* * *

THE Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Mr. J. Goulet, director, and Mr. Emil Taranto, concert master, will give a series of six concerts during the winter on November 27th, December 11th, January 15th and 29th, and February 12th and 26th.



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capable of, and fainted. "It 'ud save
a rare lot of trouble if more was like
you."

A renewed banging upon the ward-
robe panels directed his attention once
more to that quaint piece of furniture.
He endeavoured to reassure the pris-
oners that he would do the girl no
harm, finally uttering the direst
threats to all if the protest were con-
tinued. A more leisurely inspection
of the cabinet elicited the fact that it
was divided into two compartments by
a strong partition down the middle.
By good fortune, too, Dan discovered
that the one key fitted the locks of the
respective doors, and into the
vacant half, with a warning intima-
tion that any unseemly disturbance of
the lady and gentleman next door
would occasion her very considerable
bodily pain, he deposited the reviving
Emma.

Time was of no object with Dan,
now that all the inmates of the house
were comfortably accounted for. His
watch, a recently acquired gold
hunter, told him there were yet two
hours before dawn. He took another
refreshing pull at the neat spirit,
dragged his sack from beneath the
settle, and added a few choice pieces
of silver to its contents, cursing the
while a growing fashion that encour-
aged the collection of old pewter to
the exclusion of the rarer and more
portable metal.

Harding at last grew tired of wait-
ing for his call. Twice during his
lonely vigil had he to skulk ignomini-
ously behind a hedge as the genuine
custodian of the public peace passed
and repassed on his beat. Doubts as
to the success of the plan began to
trouble his mind, and more than once
a disinclination to precipitate an anti-
climax alone prevented his sudden
appearance on the scene of action. At
length his patience became exhausted,
and, deciding on a careful investiga-
tion of the continued silence, he
quietly made his way to the rear of
his premises. No sound issued from
the house, but a chink of light stream-
ed through the drawn curtains of the
dining-room, the window of which, it
would appear, Parly had left wide
open. By an effort he managed to
scramble up to the casement, and be-
gan crawling through the aperture
with as little noise as possible. The
position was unusual, his adopted
headgear two sizes too big; and at
the moment Daniel Mole entered the
room with the good-natured, cheery
words of adieu framed upon his grate-
ful lips, a policeman's helmet dropped
with a thud to the floor before his
startled eyes.

"'Ands up!" he commanded. "And
don't make a sound, or—"

A merry laugh from Harding inter-
rupted the threat. "By Jove, old
man," he said, removing a false beard,
"you've done us fairly. The make-up
is grand, too—why—"

"Phil! Phil! Is that you?" cried a
muffled, anxious voice.

"Yes, dear; where on earth are
you?"

"Locked in here, dear, with Mr.
Parly!"

"What!"

"Oh! Never mind about us. Don't
resist that man, he — he's a *real*
burglar."

Dan, on whose quick intelligence a
light dawned, kept his right arm ex-
tended. "He won't do nothin' so
foolish, lady," he said, favouring the
bewildered joker with an oily smile.
"Didn't 'e say jest now that I'd fairly
done 'im. 'E won't quarrel with
Dan'l, I swear. Put your 'elmet on,
sir!"

"Capital!" exclaimed Dan, critical-
ly, holding his head on one side.
"Capital!—and the beard, sir—thank
you. Splendid! A fair treat!"

"I must trouble you, sir, to git in—"

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side 'ere for a bit," he said. "You see, I don't want no alarm; it's a warm night, and I'd sooner walk quietly home with my luggage instead o' running. I ain't got quite the pace I used to 'ave, neither. Don't try to git out, my dear," he added to Emma.

Harding doggedly hung back. Admitting his helplessness, he gave his word of honour as a gentleman—not as a member of the force—that if Dan would leave the house immediately with his booty, no alarm would be given, no effort made to apprehend him. Dan, however, possessed not the required faith in human nature. He expressed his regret at the necessity of putting the other to any inconvenience, at the same time slyly remarking that most policemen would not make silly objections to such captivating captivity. Harding begged, he implored—and Dan lost his temper.

"Stow it!" he said fiercely. "Do as you're told, or by—"

As Harding bent low to enter the wardrobe, a pair of supplicating arms were extended to meet him, and clung about his neck. "Save me!" cried Emma, appealingly. "Oh! save me, constable, from that dreadful man."

"Calm yourself," said Harding, sharply, endeavouring to disentangle himself from the clinging yoke. "It is I, Emma, your master."

Dan closed the door on a little squeal of outraged propriety, and locked them in. Slipping the key in his pocket, he gathered up a few rugs and flung them over the cabinet with the object of muffling the noise which, he was aware, would accompany their efforts to escape so soon as he was gone.

Carefully fastening the window, Daniel Mole shouldered his sack and locked the door on the outside. He made his exit by the kitchen door, and cautiously hugged the back garden fence, urged forward by the subdued thuds which reached him from the house. He dropped over the fence into the meadows which lay before him bathed in a cruel moonlight; and with one look back at the dining-room window, he made for a place of safety.

The Voting Competition.

NO question of greater interest could be put to the Canadian people than the one the CANADIAN COURIER has asked its readers to decide, viz: "Who are Canada's Ten Biggest Men?" The votes that are coming in are giving a verdict which to many people must be surprising. When the poll closes on December 31st, the result will be of great historical value and interest.

On Monday noon (23rd) the first twenty-five in the list in order were as follows:

- Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
- Lord Strathcona.
- Sir William Van Horne.
- Goldwin Smith.
- Hon. W. S. Fielding.
- Sir Charles Tupper.
- William Mackenzie.
- Sir James Whitney.
- Dr. William Osler.
- Sir Sandford Fleming.
- R. L. Borden.
- Dr. A. S. Vogt.
- Hon. Edward Blake.
- B. E. Walker.
- Sir William C. McDonald.
- Sir Gilbert Parker.
- Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.
- J. R. Booth.
- Prof. Graham Bell.
- Ralph Connor.
- Hon. George A. Cox.
- Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.
- Sir Percy Girouard.
- J. A. Macdonald.
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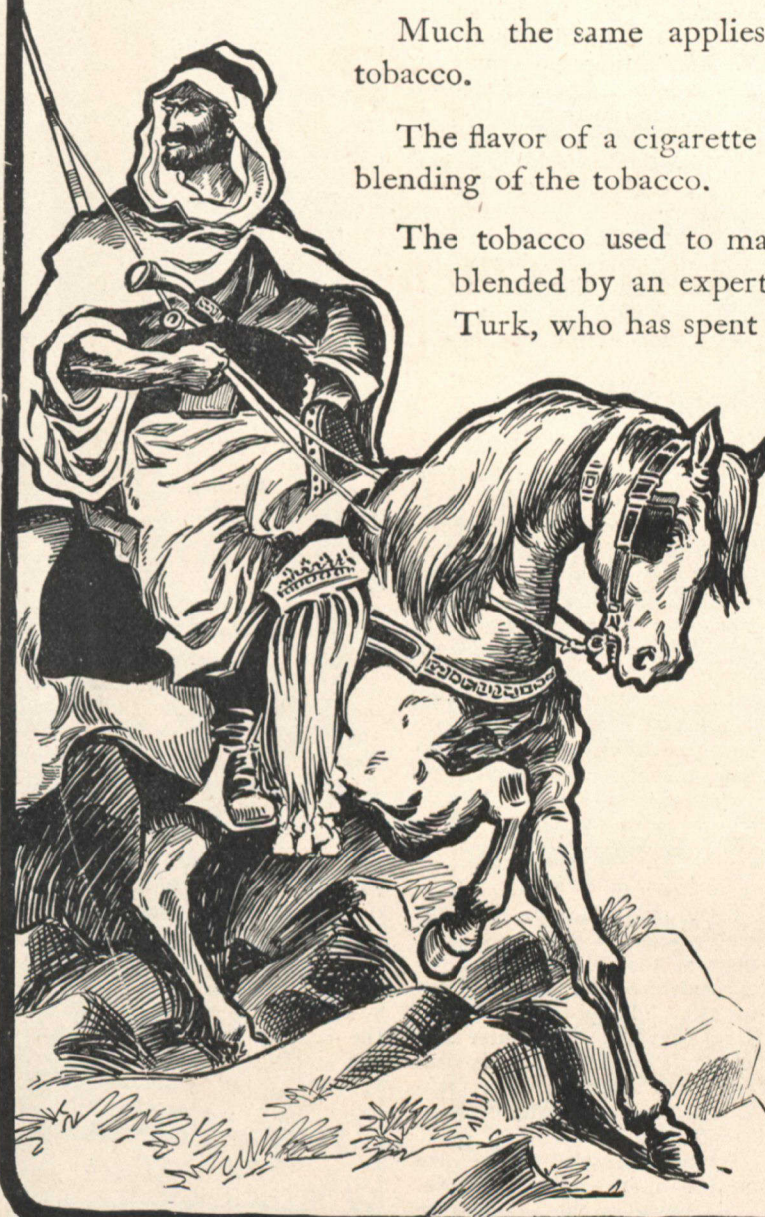
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What Canadian Editors Think

THE TARIFF ELISHA. (Victoria Colonist.)

THE ablest man in the public life of Great Britain to-day who advocates the Chamberlain policy unreservedly and whole-heartedly is, beyond question, Lord Milner. There appears to be little or no hope of the return of Mr. Chamberlain himself to the arena of active politics, in which he was so commanding a figure; his regretted illness has deprived the Empire of the services of a man of invaluable foresight and force. Already Lord Milner is spoken of as the man upon whom Mr. Chamberlain's mantle of tariff-Imperialism is likely to fall. This gives an added importance to the far-sighted utterances of Lord Milner to Canadian audiences recently. His address to the Canadian Club in this city was a real contribution to the work of Imperial consolidation. In his address at Montreal he has undertaken to speak, as he did not in Winnipeg, of Canadian tariff policy; and he has spoken with directness and force, addressing himself to the one point which is of most vital concern in connection with the Chamberlain policy.

TORONTO'S CHEAP WOMANHOOD. (Saturday News, Edmonton.)

IF the young women of a city feel that they need a swimming bath and enough people do not come forward with the money to build it, after they have set forth their need to those of means in a dignified, self-respecting fashion, why should they go about the streets, cheapening themselves, as they will in Toronto, no matter whether they are accompanied by chaperones or not, and making the lives of those they meet miserable? The whole proceeding outrages the sense of decency and fairness.

TORONTO FOR BRYAN. (Edmonton News.)

ABOUT the only place on the continent where the opinion seemed to be general that Bryan would be elected President of the United States was Toronto. The perpetual candidate visited that city last winter and took the people captive with his oratory, very much after the same fashion as he did the Democratic convention of 1896 with his "cross of gold" effort. To the citizens of the Ontario capital he was in the nature of a revelation. To those of the republic he happened to be far from something new. In fact they knew him too well, which accounts for his overthrow on Tuesday last. What they wanted above everything else was settled commercial conditions, and it didn't look like good policy to cause an upset at Washington and put in a man of Mr. Bryan's record. At time of writing it looks as if Mr. Taft's plurality will be one of the largest in the history of American politics.

AN IMPERIAL PARADOX. (Victoria Times.)

ONE can hardly take up a British newspaper without finding in it the grumbings of some particular "repatriot" who professes to have made a pilgrimage to Canada and to have found it wanting in almost every respect as a home for persons of his class. This criticism invariably concludes with advice to the British workman, whether mechanic or labourer, to stay at home and endure the hardships with which he is familiar rather than risk evils he wots not of. In the same newspapers

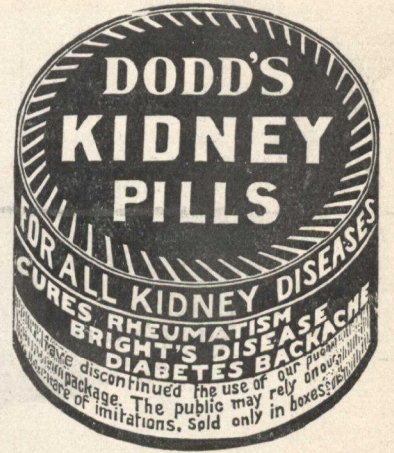
which contain such criticism and advice will be found accounts of hundreds of thousands of persons marching the streets of the great cities demanding bread or work. Parliament is even now considering a proposal involving a vote of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds to meet the immediate necessities of these starving armies. Other measures are to be taken with the object of affording relief. The post office is going to take on eight thousand extra men, the war office to create a special army reserve of twenty-four thousand recruits, to say nothing of the immense sums donated privately, in order to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of Great Britain at this period of dire extremity. Certainly these accounts of governmental action do not comport well with the general advice not to emigrate and take chances in new countries.

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER. (St. John Globe.)

A RECENT issue of the Bangor Commercial has a pleasant contribution on the harmonious relations which exist between the people who reside in the St. Croix Valley irrespective of nationality. The article has special reference to Calais and Milltown, Maine, on the one side and St. Stephen and Milltown, in this province, on the other. The Calais people get their water supply from St. Stephen. On the other hand, the gas works for the two towns are on the Calais side of the river, and so is the power for the St. Stephen street railway. The alien labour laws are lightly interpreted in the interest of the industries of both nationalities. The fire system is an interchangeable one. "It makes the blood of a stranger tingle a bit to see the St. Stephen apparatus come hustling over the bridge in answer to the Calais alarm," and in this, too, there is reciprocity. But on the Fourth of July, the 24th of May, and other festive occasions the real union of feeling is seen to be the best advantage. It can be no business reason, surely, which finds the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack crossed on so many days during the year; which sounds the note for the singing by mixed audiences of "America" and "God Save the King."

TIMES GETTING BETTER. (Victoria Times.)

WHETHER or not it be due to the skilful "creation" of public opinion by politicians or to causes with more substantial foundation, there is no question that times precedent to presidential elections are invariably dull on this continent. The crisis being over, business is already showing greater activity. Railway earnings in Canada are going up with a bound. The Toronto Star says: From all quarters come reports of improving business and financial conditions. The number of idle cars in the United States was only 150,000 last month, as compared with 413,000 a year ago; imports at New York for October were \$6,000,000 greater than in September, and the tide of migration, which was flowing outward in midsummer, has again set inwards. Canada also provides evidence of improving conditions. Customs revenues, which had been running behind at the rate of a million and a quarter a month for the last half year, showed a decline of only a little over half a million for October, while factories which had been going on short time or with reduced staffs are increasing their output.



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GLACIER, B. C.
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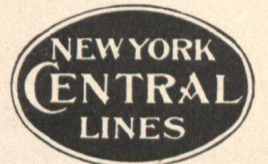
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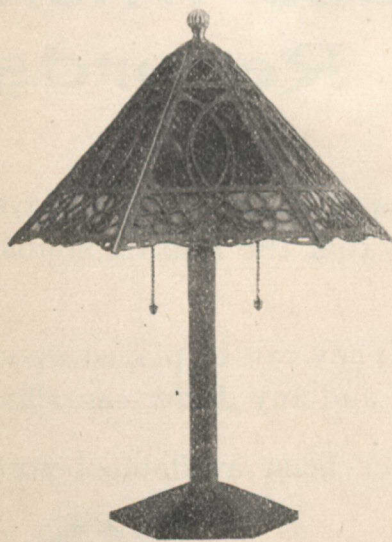
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A lamp is without doubt the most sensible and useful of gifts. Who is there that does not appreciate a good substantial lamp that has the merits of usefulness and durability rather than a trifle that is soon destroyed and forgotten.

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Edison Amberol Records are the same size as the ordinary Edison Records. They can be played upon any Edison Phonograph by the addition of an attachment which any dealer can supply and any dealer can affix.

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No Edison Phonograph outfit is complete without the attachment to play Edison Amberol Records.

You can hear these new Records at any dealer's. Learn about the attachment and equip your Phonograph with it to-day. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, you can now buy one which plays both styles of Records—the two-minute and four-minute.



NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 115 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey

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