

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



H. W. MCCREA

"HOLIDAYS! HURRAH!"

Drawn by H. W. McCrea.

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



Hot Weather Costumes

☞ It is a pleasure to shop in a cool, airy department like our Cloak Department. The fact is borne in upon us since the weather turned so decidedly summery.

☞ Come and buy your holiday dresses to-morrow. It won't be any cooler next week, when Dominion Day shopping begins. Come before the rush. Take it coolly.

LADIES' WASH SUITS

Ladies' Summer Suits, of splendid washing materials, in grey and white, blue and white, fawn and white, stripe effects and some in plain white, coats are semi-fitting, trimmed with self-strappings and buttons, skirts trimmed to match coats..... **\$8.50**

Ladies' Wash Suits, of fine linen in white and soft shades of green, pink, blue and lavender, coats are made in medium length, semi-fitting back, some trimmed with insertions of guipure lace, others with black collars and pipings of black around cuffs..... **\$10.95**

LADIES' DRESSES

Ladies' Summer Dresses, of French mulls and fine muslins, in mauve, sky, pink, fawn and blues, made in princess and empire effects, trimmed with Val. lace and insertions, some have the new Dutch collar **\$5.00**

Ladies' Dresses, copy of an expensive New York model, made of finest mull, in white only, in princess style, trimmed entirely back and front with rows of Valenciennes insertions, skirt is trimmed around bottom to match waist. **\$10.50**

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Ladies' Smart Lace Coat, in cream and tan shades of hand made braid and lace, regular \$8.00 to \$12.00... **\$4.95**

Elaborate Hand Made Lace Coats, in white only, trimmed with ornaments, exclusive designs, only two or three of a kind, regular \$35.00 value... **\$25.00**

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Ladies' Separate Skirts, of fine quality crisp voile, in black only, trimmed with black taffeta strappings..... **\$5.75**

Ladies' Separate Skirts, of chiffon Panama, in black and navy, trimmed with self-covered buttons..... **\$5.00**

GIRLS' DRESSES

Girls' Jumper Dresses, of fine chambray, in pink, blue and fawn shades, jumper trimmed, strappings of white, pleated skirts, sizes 10, 12 and 14 years. **\$1.95**

Girls' Jumper Dresses, of fancy prints, in stripe effects of pink, brown and blue tones, trimmed with strappings in harmonizing colors, pleated skirts, sizes 10, 12 and 14 years..... **\$1.95**

Midsummer Suits for Men

☞ We are strong on two-piece Suits this summer. But we don't believe in an expensive "two-piece." A suit which is only going to be worn during the two months of hottest weather doesn't need to be as expensively made as a suit for a whole fall and winter season. The materials must be good, however, or we don't want to sell them. And the style must reflect credit upon this store.

☞ In this connection we mention three suits at \$8, \$10 and \$12 respectively.

Two-piece Suits, made from Hewson's tweeds, an all-wool summer weight fabric, in light and medium grey and fawn shades, coats half-lined, pants finished with belt straps and roll bottoms..... **\$8.00**

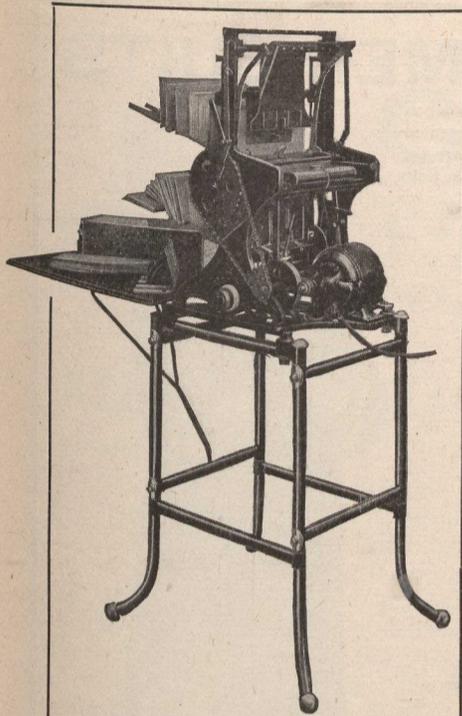
Men's Two-piece Suits, in flannel-finished English light weight homespun, medium greys, with neat invisible green stripe, single breasted, quarter-lined, shoulders nicely

moulded, finished in newest style. **\$10.00**

Men's Two-piece Suits in smooth Saxony finished brown and fawn tweeds with green stripe, handsome effects, coats two-button, long roll lapel, single breasted, half-lined, fronts lined with canvas and hair-cloth, highest class workmanship and finest grade trimmings..... **\$12.00**



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Classes in Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Shorthand, Typewriting and kindred subjects will continue during the summer months.

Special rates of \$6.00 per month or \$10.00 for the two months, July and August, will afford an excellent opportunity to get first-class instruction at small cost. Class hours from 8 to 1 o'clock.

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CHAS. E. SMITH, T. F. WRIGHT,
Shorthand Instructor Principal

The Canadian Courier

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Editor's Talk

SOME subscribers are generous and some quite critical. We confess that we like the generous kind, though the others may be better for us. The following letter, with several others of a like hue, was a help on our last "blue Monday":

"The Canadian Courier,
"Toronto.

"Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed \$3.00, amount due on subscription. We enjoy the Courier very much and although we take other papers, still I feel that I can get general news from your paper with less reading than any other.

"Wishing you every success, I am,

"Yours faithfully,
"BENJ. FULLER."

"Nipigon, Ont."

THIS week's story is from the pen of a young Nova Scotian who was just making his earliest mark in journalism when the Grim Reaper reached out his sickle. It has a greater interest on that account. For itself it is direct evidence of the peculiar effect which the story of Captain Kidd still makes on the Nova Scotia imagination.

THOSE who go on holidays should bear in mind two points. The first is that if they do not send in a change of address, they will surely find The Canadian Courier arriving late. Secondly, they should remember that the editor is always in need of unusual and attractive photographs.

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For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario.

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Matriculation Examinations will commence on June 14th and September 23rd and Examinations for Second Year Exhibitions and Third Year Scholarships, will commence on September 23rd.

Lectures in Arts, Applied Science, and Commerce, will begin on October 1st; in Medicine on October 1st.

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Registrar.

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Kingston, Ontario.

12

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A residential hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated on Sherbrooke Street, in close proximity to the University Buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating rink, tennis courts etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually.

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That old, time-honored expression "Know what you are buying" does not apply to the T. Eaton Co. It isn't necessary when buying from us. We guarantee the clothing listed below to be right, in both quality and price, and be exactly as represented here. Send us your order and the goods will be forwarded to you immediately. If, when you receive them, you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, send them back and have your money refunded in full, plus the transportation charges both ways. Why hesitate when such an opportunity is offered you?



MEN'S TWO-PIECE SUMMER SUITS

E3-A. (Coat and Pants only), the coat is made half lined with nice shaped lapels, fronts slightly rounded, the material is an all wool fabric in a neat pattern effect with colored stripe, medium light brown with green stripe. Trousers have side and hip pockets, belt straps and cuffs at bottom. Sizes 34 to 44.

Sale Price

6⁶⁹

MEN'S SINGLE BREASTED TWEED SUITS



E3-C. Men's Suits (Coat, Pants and Vest), the style is single breasted sack shape. The material of one is a brown and grey stripe with green pin stripe, the other is greyish ground with green and blue stripe effect. They are lined with good Italian cloth. Sizes 36 to 44.

Sale Price

6¹⁹



E3-F. Men's Trousers, made of medium light and dark striped English Tweeds, side and hip pockets, good strong trimming and well put together. Sizes 32 to 42 inches waist measure.

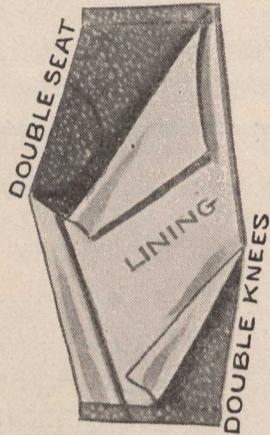
Sale Price

1⁴⁹

E3-G. Men's Worsted Trousers, solid English materials, in medium grey striped patterns, side and hip pockets, well made, good strong pockets and trimmings that wear well. Sizes 32 to 42.

Sale Price

2²⁹



E3-103. Boys' Knee Pants, made from durable tweeds, in neat patterns, made with double seat and knees and silesia linings, good strong holiday pants. Sizes 24 to 28.

Sale Price

58^c

Sizes 29 to 33.

Sale Price

68^c



MEN'S RAINCOATS

E3-E. Something that is always useful for cool evenings, as well as being shower proof. The material is a cravenetted covert cloth in a dark grey shade, nicely made and finished. Sizes 34 to 44.

Sale Price

8¹⁹

MEN'S D. B. SUITS, SACK SHAPE



E3-B. Men's Suits, double-breasted sack shape, three buttoned, the coats are 31½ inches long with nice broad lapels. The material is an English tweed in medium weight, dark olive tinted grey shade with colored pin stripe. The coats are well made and lined with strong Italian cloth. Sizes 36 to 44.

Sale Price

7⁹⁸

BOYS' THREE PIECE SUITS

Sizes 29 to 33



E3-102

E3-M101. Boys' Three-Piece Suits, double-breasted style, made from neat patterned tweeds, seasonable weights and colors, lined with strong Italian body linings, knee pants, lined throughout.

Sizes 29 to 33.

Sale Price

3⁸⁷



E3-M101



E3-M100

BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS

Sizes 28 to 33

E3-M100. Boys' Two-Piece Norfolk Suits, plain double-breasted style, with belt in loops, made from a good wearing imported tweed, in a neat medium grey shade, small pin check pattern with green stripe, Italian body linings, knee pants. Sizes 28 to 33.

Sale Price

2⁹⁵

BOYS' BOX PLEATED NORFOLK SUITS

Sizes 24 to 28

E3-102. Boys' Two-Piece Norfolk Suits, made from good wearing English tweeds, in medium grey shades, with neat striped patterns. Coats have box pleats back and front, belt at waist, Italian linings, knee pants, collars are buttoned close to neck. in sizes 24, 25, 26, and have lapels like cut in sizes 27 and 28.

Sale Price

2²⁵

MEN'S S. B. WORSTED SUITS

E3-D. Men's Three-piece Worsted Suits, the material is a summer weight fabric smooth finish, the colors are dark olive, also dark drab with colored pin stripes of red, very pretty designs. These are made up into three-buttoned sack shape, the vest is five-buttoned with four pockets, linings and trimmings are of good wearing qualities. Sizes 36 to 44.

Sale Price

10⁹⁵

We do not send samples of Boys' and Men's Clothing catalogued here. We do not fill orders for special sizes. The longest trouser leg is 34 inches, inside leg.

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TORONTO - - - CANADA

Write for our Midsummer Sale Catalogue to-day.



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, July 3rd, 1909

No. 5

MEN OF TO-DAY

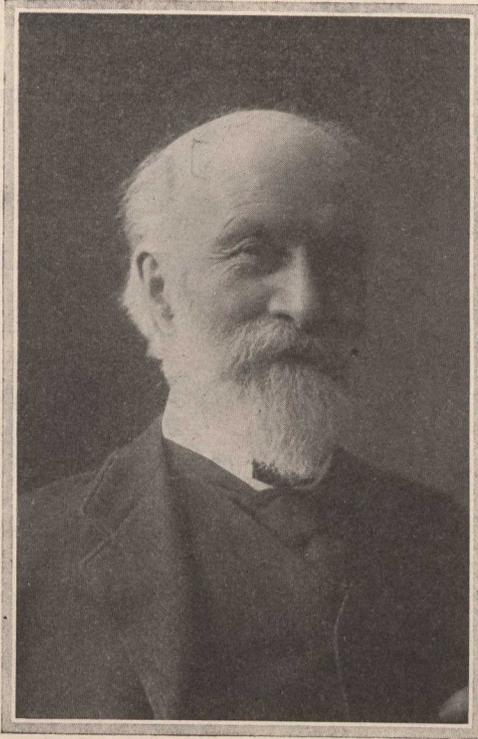
A Millionaire of Ideas

THE number of millionaires in Canada who spend part of their time on the evolution of ideas outside of finance is probably as considerable as can be found in any other country. Philanthropy—a much-abused thing—has not been forgotten by some of our kings of finance. Sir Sandford Fleming is a notable example. Sir Sandford has ideas. He is an Imperialist—which nowadays is often a mere catch-word. He is a student of history. Recently he delivered an address at the historic gathering of the Waegwoltic Club on the Northwest Arm at Halifax; speaking about the memorial tower to be erected in commemoration of the founding of representative government in the ancient colony of Nova Scotia. Sir Sandford was well qualified to become eloquent on that subject—for a number of reasons. The most compelling reason from a practical point of view is that the former townsman of Halifax gave one hundred acres of land for a national park about the memorial tower to be erected, besides one thousand dollars in cash. He told the people of Halifax that millionaires could build the tower without any trouble; but that it was better for the people to do it. Nova Scotia is particularly proud of Sir Sandford. He was one of the ten great Canadians adjudged by readers of the Canadian Courier last January. A man of eighty-two—almost as old as Lord Strathcona—he has been one of the great builders of Canada; a potent practical force in engineering and railroading, and now in these later times an exponent of art and of national ideas. Canada owes more than she will ever be able to measure to such Canadian Scotsmen as Sir Sandford Fleming.

* * *

Educators Past and Present

THE Dr. Ryerson of New Brunswick has retired—Dr. Inch, Superintendent of Education in that province, being succeeded by Mr. W. S. Carter, formerly Inspector of Schools in St. John. A great responsibility devolves upon Mr. Carter. In succeeding Dr. Inch he in a manner interrupts history. Dr. Inch has been an up-builder of educational life in New Brunswick for nearly sixty years. What the educational affairs of New Brunswick are, Dr. Inch very largely has made them. He has been through all the grades and has studied problems of education from almost every angle. He began with the public schools away back in 1850; four years later going on the staff of the Mount Allison Academy. Thirty-seven years he spent in the Mount Allison institutions, fourteen years of the time principal of the ladies' college, and from 1878 to 1891 President of Mount Allison University—seeing and helping the institutions grow from scattered beginnings to a consolidation. Then he became Chief Superintendent of Education for the province and for eighteen years he has filled the office with distinction. He retires full of years and



Sir Sandford Fleming.

honour. Mr. Carter succeeds. Mr. Carter is well qualified to succeed. He is partly an Englishman; partly a Loyalist. Born in Kingston, Kings County, he was educated there and at Hampton; taught two years under a local license and attended the Normal School at Fredericton. After a few more years pedagogy he entered the University of New Brunswick, winning two gold medals and a microscope and graduating second in his class with high honours in 1881. For five years Mr. Carter was a mathematical master in the St. John High School. Then he became Inspector of Schools for the city and adjoining counties. He has therefore gone through all the grades in his day and generation, just as Dr. Inch did in his. He will wear the mantle honourably and well. Progressive and modern though he is sure to be, he will not go back on the traditions so worthily initiated and maintained by Dr. Inch—which is no slight matter; for there was something about the education of the former times which modern people are prone to overlook.

* * *

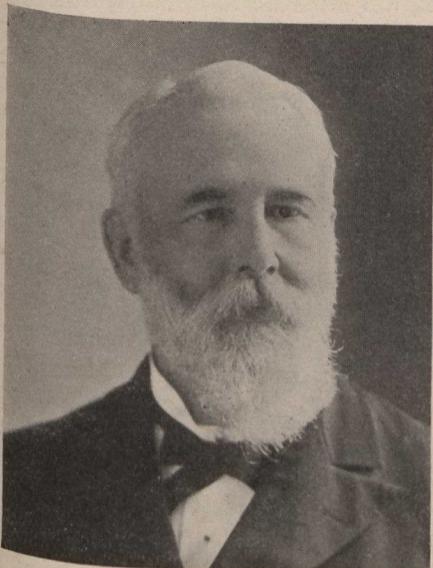
Westward, Ever Westward

THE University of Saskatchewan has come to McMaster University, Toronto, to fill its chair of History and Economics. Professor E. H. Oliver, who gets the new position, is an Easterner who ought to develop into a good Westerner. He is young—barely over thirty—vigorous, and his scholarship entitles him to a place among the rising leaders in his department. Professor Oliver is a native of Kent County, Ontario. He early came into prominence by his scholastic achievements at Chatham Collegiate. His record there did not suffer later in 1902, when he graduated with brilliant honours in classics at the University of Toronto. The next year he took his master's degree. From then until 1905 he studied political science at Columbia, of which institution he is a Ph.D. During 1905 he received a lectureship in history at McMaster. Professor Oliver has not taken many vacations. His summers have been strenuous. Some of them he has put in at work under the eminent economists Loop and Haupt at Halle; others he has utilised spelling out the past on archaeological and historical expeditions to Asia. He is the author of an excellent work on "Roman Economic Conditions."

* * *

A New King's Knight

HON. R. W. SCOTT, the venerable ex-Secretary of State, is now a full-fledged knight. Sir Richard Scott, as he will hereafter be known to his admirers, has earned the honour bestowed upon him by His Majesty. Fifty-seven years of faithful service he has given to the public life of this country. Ottawa has been the scene of the greater part of his political career. He began work there in 1852 as mayor, when the capital was only a dot on the map, and its Parliament Hill had never been heard of. He was a member of the Parliament of Canada between 1857 and 1863. From Confederation till 1873 he was the Ottawa representative in the Ontario Legislature.



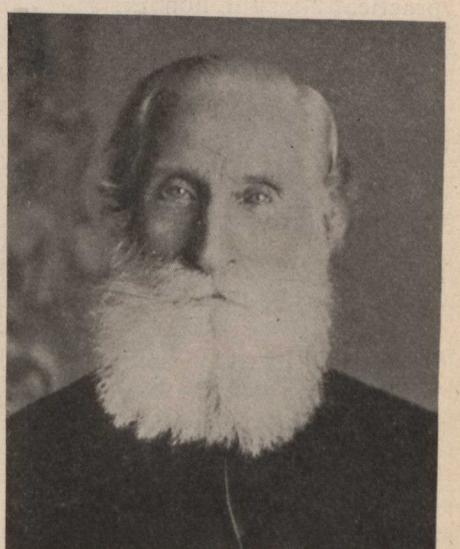
Mr. James R. Inch, LL.D.,
Former Supt. of Education in New Brunswick.



Mr. W. S. Carter,
New Supt. of Education for New Brunswick.



Prof. E. H. Oliver,
University of Saskatchewan.



Sir Richard Scott,
Who has just received a K. B. from the King

Then the wider sphere of Canadian politics called him, and he joined the Mackenzie Government as Secretary of State. A year's experience of this office, and in 1875 he produced his monumental work — the framing of the first temperance legislation of note—the famous Scott Act. When, during 1896, the Liberals under Laurier swept the country, Sir Richard again resumed his old position as Secretary of State. He continued steadfastly to exert active influence in that capacity until, at last, recently his great age compelled him to resign in favour of younger blood in the shape of Hon. Charles Murphy.

* * *

A Student of Economy

AMONG the young men who, in addition to the university men, have contributed more or less to the knowledge of the West, Mr. H. M. E. Evans, brother of the Mayor of Winnipeg, must be counted as one of the most hopeful. A few days ago he delivered an address before the Associated Boards of Trade assembled in Saskatoon—on the conservation of natural resources. He took for his text the Conservation Commission of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Perhaps he said more about this than about the actual problems of conservation in the West; but at any rate he emphasised the truth, that people in a new country are apt to forget—that in the conservation of natural resources the surest way is not always to develop them, as has been said by an eminent railway authority. The West is in no danger of neglecting to develop. It is in danger of developing too rapidly. Even land is being starved by cropping. This is a prodigal age. Counsel such as Mr. Evans gives is very well worth heeding.

REFLECTIONS

THE Hon. Mr. Brodeur, Minister of Marine, is reported to have announced that the Government favoured a Canadian navy rather than a present of battleships or a cash contribution to the British exchequer. Three months of steady discussion seems to have brought the whole nation to the same conclusion. There is scarcely a newspaper in the country, other than the *Montreal Star*, which supports any other policy. The *Toronto Globe* seems to have modified its first utterances, as have some of the leading Conservative organs. The *Toronto News*, now one of the keenest Opposition papers, has declared for the policy which apparently is in favour with the Laurier Government. In the closing paragraph of an editorial on "Canadian Naval Policy" it says:

"It follows that the *News* is in favour of Lord Milner's policy of developing fresh centres of strength. Unquestionably the danger of the moment from Germany is serious, and it is to be regretted that the Canadian Government did not see fit to give a *Dreadnought* to the North Sea fleet, as a reminder to the power which is aiming at universal domination that the British Empire has reserves of strength and good will which are outside of Britain. That, however, would have been an incident. Our settled policy must be to prepare for the long years which await us, for the day when Canada will be a country, not of seven, but of twenty—thirty—forty millions, for the whole future and not for one crisis two or three years ahead. Our Canadian navy will take at the very least twenty years to develop, so that we should lose no time in commencing."



THE Birthday honours announced last week comprise one retired cabinet minister and four civil service officials. This is the greatest compliment to the service which it has ever received. When all the ambitious millionaires and politicians are overlooked and practically all the honours given to tried public servants, it seems as if the authorities were anxious to encourage merit among those who serve their country faithfully for a small annual salary. The policy so manifestly adopted by the Ottawa Government and the Governor-General, is one which does them credit and one which should meet with the highest appreciation from those who desire to see the civil service purified and strengthened.



THE *Kingston Whig*, usually a sane and sensible journal editorially, was most unfair the other day when it declared that, although the cost of separate school readers had been reduced, "the government had nothing to do with it." Sir James Whitney must in all fairness be given the credit for all recent reductions in the price of school-books whether in Ontario or elsewhere. The publishers had got into a rut. Their profits were large and because of this there was no reason why any advance should be made in manufacturing methods. Sir James declared for up-to-date methods and secured publishers who are giving him public school readers at wonderfully low prices.

It was inevitable that the price of separate school readers should follow, and it did. The publisher was wise enough to recognise the inevitable and to volunteer the reduction. It is not worthy of the *Whig* to try to rob Sir James of credit which is justly due him.



SIGNOR CATTAPANI'S protest in the Toronto press against our treatment of Italian railway labourers is one which should be heard. He justly points out that a people which is so anxious to send missionaries abroad ought to be more anxious about the "heathen" at home. We give freely to send missionaries to China and Japan but withhold the funds necessary to send missionaries into the construction camps at home. The criticism is fair.

He makes another suggestion worthy of consideration. He says that many of these Italian labourers would settle on the land if the immigration authorities were to educate them as to the agricultural possibilities and opportunities which are open to them. A majority of them labour for a few years here and return home, and he believes that if the case were properly stated to them they would settle here and invest their accumulated savings in a homestead.



HAS it occurred to you, that it would be interesting to know how many mothers there were among the delegates to the Quinquennial Congress? Also, the average number of children in their families? These suggestions are not made in any antagonistic spirit, but simply because they will not do. A careful examination of the list of delegates and speakers shows that seventy-five per cent. of the women are married and presumably are mothers. This is an indication that most of the women have the necessary experience and training to fit them to discuss sympathetically the great social and racial questions of the day. At least one British delegate had two grown daughters with her, and the leading Austrian delegate is accompanied by her son and a son-in-law. Most of us prefer to listen to the mothers.



FROM the man's point of view, the unmarried woman may have a splendid mind and broad sympathies, but she cannot have a perfect knowledge. The average man has more prejudice, indeed, against the preaching of the unmarried woman than against that of the bachelor. Perhaps the prejudice is unfair; in some cases it must inevitably be, because there are women who are not entitled to that blessed term "mother" and yet are not to blame. In most cases, however, the woman who is childless has deliberately chosen the role and such a one cannot be a social reformer in the broadest sense.



THE world's future depends upon the mothers. Other good women may do something, but in the end the mother is the factor which counts. How to produce, train and develop good mothers is the greatest of national problems. At one session Dr. Louise Martindale told the story of Ada Jurcke, who was a drunkard, thief and general vagabond and died seventy-five years ago. Her descendants were 836 in number, of whom 700 were located. Of these, 106 were illegitimate children, 144 beggars, 64 kept by charity, 181 were prostitutes, and 76 criminals, of whom 7 were assassins. In 75 years, this family had cost the state \$1,250,000. If a bad mother means so much to the race, the greatest aim of a nation must be to eliminate the bad mothers and encourage the good.



AT no stage in the world's history has the importance of the mother been more fully recognised. When our lives were more simple, population less dense, and fashion held less stringent sway, mothers lived more perfect lives. That simplicity and that perfection of the mother's life made up for the lack of the scientific knowledge which the modern mother possesses. The home of the middle ages may have been small and ill-ventilated, but it was set in an open space and fresh air was always available. The most squalid home of a first-year settler on the western plain is a better place in which to raise a family than a three-room tenement in the crowded sections of modern cities. If modern civilisation has given some mothers better homes, it has given many of them worse homes. If it has given us much knowledge of the value of cleanliness, of disease prevention, and of scientific mind-culture, it has also given us a knowledge of how a woman may exchange the pleasures and troubles of wifehood and

motherhood for the excitement and so-called pleasures of a life filled with dances, operas, summer resorts, social functions, Parisian gowns, late suppers and alluring wines. The best dressed woman on the street may be the woman who is the least valuable to the race.



THE recent Gould separation case in New York gives some idea of the life which the wealthy women of that city are leading. A head waiter in one of the leading hotels declares that "nowhere in the world do wealthy women drink so freely and so audaciously as in New York." The moral effect of such conduct on the women of the United States must be the opposite of beneficial. In London, as in all other large cities, the same state of affairs exists to some extent, though the stern attitude of Royalty, especially in Queen Victoria's time, has held intemperance and other social vices in check among the wealthy persons of Great Britain. A Canadian professor recently remarked that monogamy was getting so rare in New York that it was almost fashionable, but such a sarcasm could not reasonably be applied to London. The Church of England has steadily set its face against the re-marriage of divorcees.



THE mothers of Canada are probably the equal of any in the world, though they are manifesting tendencies to ape the pleasure-seeking practices of wealthy Americans. Our divorce laws have restricted the freedom of those who are inclined to be careless and the atmosphere of all classes of society has been in favour of the maintenance of honoured motherhood.

The influence of the Congress on woman's position in society and the state must, nevertheless, be for good even in a country where women are of so high a type as in Canada. It must add a note of greater seriousness to the work of those who aim to improve the condition and opportunities of women and children. It has impressed upon us all how great a work is being performed in this direction by women themselves and how beneficent the influence which these national councils are wielding in behalf of a higher civilization.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION

TO the man from Toronto or Hamilton, the city of Montreal on the holiday of St. Jean Baptiste, June 24th, is a foreign metropolis which he is likely to regard with some bewilderment, inasmuch as the Anglo-Saxon is disposed to patronise the picturesque. The holiday belongs to French Canada, and French Canada knows how to keep festival or observe ceremonial, abandoning itself to devotion or gayety in a fashion impossible to the descendants of the Saxon. It is a gay and impressive spectacle on a sunny morning in late June, when the greatest city of Canada keeps holiday with hills and river for majestic blue setting. Flags are a-flutter everywhere and the crowded cars bound downtown or uptown flaunt the merchant flag of Great Britain or the Tricolour of the land of *La Marseillaise*, while from several towers may be seen the bright folds of the Stars and Stripes.

The great reception at the Monument National on the eve of St. Jean Baptiste Day, attended by Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, marked the social importance of the festival; the procession of the next day was a bit of religious pageantry and the laying of the Lafontaine monument foundation on Friday showed the memorial spirit in national and artistic form. When the Saxon spectator is reminded that this is the seventy-fifth anniversary kept by the St. Jean Baptiste Association of Montreal, he is properly chastened and feels that Western Ontario is a mushroom in comparison with the communities of Quebec or Nova Scotia. He picks up a morning paper to find that Mr. John Boyd has written thirty-three glad stanzas in honour of the day, to show that the mere Anglo or British-Canadian appreciates the poetic side of French-Canadian devotion.

The spirit of the celebration is what "gives one to think," as the French would say. It is difficult for the Britisher to grasp the idea that gayety and goodness are quite compatible, that devotion and dullness are not chosen companions. Hence he is likely to consider these bright blue ribbons and dazzling pink roses, this merry laughter and air of good comradeship entirely out of keeping with a saint's day and to wonder if these holiday-makers have any sense of the solemnity of the open air mass or the uplifting harmony of the music. Let him look closer and come nearer to these crowds who swarm to the Lafontaine park and he may become convinced that sincerity and

sadness are not bound together and that a long countenance is not especially acceptable to the Creator of this world of flowers and June sunshine.

It is a procession of gladness and tenderness, with its marshals and allegorical cars, its clergy, members of the *Chambre de Commerce* and Saint Jean Baptiste car, bearing the little lad who represents the forerunner of our Saviour. The military splendour of a regimental parade is forgotten as one sees the boyish face, lighted with innocent pride in the spectacle, turned towards the symbolic lamb beside him. Peace and gentleness are the qualities enthroned in this celebration on St. Jean Baptiste Day, and it is good to be near the crowd, to hear the music and to feel the spirit of good-will which makes Montreal on June 24th a scene of brilliant festival.

FRITH.

Montreal.

SHOULD THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL BE A CANADIAN?

SHOULD we ask for a Canadian Governor-General, and when? The question obtrudes now and again. No one will deny that there are a number of Canadians of parts, standing and dollars who could fill the distinguished office with honour to their country and to themselves. But tradition dies hard. Many naturally hesitate to impugn the old order. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, I think, is reported to have recently expressed the view that Earl Grey, who has proved such an excellent representative of His Majesty, was the first governor-general who seemed to study our problems from a Canadian standpoint. Apart, however, altogether from personal considerations, the query is as to whether the official link of a British peer as our nominal head continues to be fitting or is out of date? Certainly the ties that bind Greater Britain together are quite other than what they were in the days of the trading companies, or even twenty or thirty years ago; and one may be forgiven if one enquires whether the Empire's hopes for the future are not pinned rather to vigorous local development of each Dominion-over-Sea and to the possibilities of inter-Imperial community of interests and support.

We may take for granted that the measure of success of a Canadian governor-general would necessarily depend upon the ideals and vigour of the man chosen. The present system enjoys in contrast the distinct advantage of holding before each appointee the prospect of diplomatic or other preferment at home. It stimulates in proportion. What spur could there be to a Canadian? Could he earn a further reward this side Jordan? If not would he incline to drop back into the inconsequential innocence of a provincial lieutenant-governor? Or would popular commendation be a sufficient incentive to a man whose worldly ambitions one may assume must be practically gratified? Or are we to look forward to peerages in this country (what does our democracy say?) or how otherwise are we to reward or slay our ex-governors? Or may we brush aside these considerations in the simple faith that our Canadian governors would measure up to past standards, which all said and done have not been pitched high, whatever the explanation.

On its face, to open the office to a Canadian seems a very natural development. It would certainly mean the widening of the horizon of honorific public life; possibly, too, to some extent the stimulating of non-partisan consideration of national affairs. It might do more; it might secure a gubernatorial head familiar with our national problems; and it might also go towards satisfying the natural and healthy ambition of an optimistic and democratic people to enjoy exclusive control of its own local politics.

The glamour of the post may incline us to over-rate its importance. After all, is not the position little more than the social head of our political society, a rôle perhaps few Canadian gentlemen and their wives could fill with equal graciousness and éclat. Granted even that this view is mistaken, and that a Canadian nominee would make the office of greater consequence, do we really wish for a governor-general who would be a species of second premier, keeping tab on his less honoured but more nimble and effective brother? For with us, what public matters of moment can be handled independently of party politics?

"British connection," let us agree, must be safeguarded—preserved as an indissoluble part of our national life. Though subscribing to this canon, an English student of affairs, an eager imperialist, with whom the subject was being discussed the other day, gave it as his opinion that we would see probably not more than two or three more governor-generals cross from the motherland, and that he himself would enjoy very much being the last. Whether or not we would care to strike a bargain with our friend on this basis, may we not at least venture so far as to say that British connection would not be weakened if His Majesty in selecting his Canadian representative should act only on the nomination, for example, of a combined sitting of our Senate and House of Commons. But is the change worth while? Is there not a real advantage in having in our midst a distinguished British ambassador, a living symbol of our Imperial relationship? And is the present arrangement not in harmony with present tendencies?

S. MORLEY WICKETT.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE CITIZEN AND THE CABLE.

CHEAP cable communication is one of the most important modern links of Empire. The Imperial Press Conference did wisely to make consideration of this question its chief business. It is the contribution of greatest value which journalists as journalists can make to Imperial defence. Opinion, after all, rules the world; and nothing makes opinion like the "news" we get of each other's doings. A distorted account of what the colonies are saying or doing can put the mother country all wrong; and the mother country would be very apt to then take action which when cabled back here would set us "up on our ears." Nor can mail letters cure the mischief. I care not who writes your mail letters, so long as you let me write the cables—the first news which has opinion deflected and inflamed before the mailed explanation comes to hand. It is of vital importance that the cabled news between the colonies and the mother land should be copious, cheap, and controlled by ourselves. It should be written by Britons and for Britons; for, with the best intentions in the world, men who write to suit the tastes of other peoples are certain to miss many of the things which matter to us, even when they do not add flavoring which may give our palates a faulty education. Of course, as we all know, the fear in our case is that we may be Americanised. The costliness of getting our news direct leads us to take what we can from the far cheaper services offered by American agencies.

* * *

WOULD it be a matter of indifference to those who hope that the bond between the mother country and the colonies will grow stronger and not weaker, if, at one blow, the press of Canada were to disappear and the Canadian people were to be compelled to watch passing events through the glass of American journalism? The feeling that such a state of affairs would very greatly retard the progress of Imperial unification, implies no criticism of the American press as such. It conveys, indeed, a compliment to that exceedingly and, at times, flamboyantly national journalism. For the patriotic American newspaper man, the United States is naturally "the greatest nation on earth"; its aggrandisement is, in his opinion, not only pleasing to the American people but is an incomparable blessing to the human race; and, consequently, he cannot think of a better fate for Canada than to become a part of the Republic. So much for his politics. In his selection of news, he studies only the tastes of his American constituency. What interests them, he supplies; what they care nothing about, he omits; what they are hostile to, he presents in as bad a light as he can persuade himself that the facts warrant.

* * *

NOW what would be the effect upon the Canadian people if, by some such calamity as is indicated in the foregoing surmise, they were driven to limit their newspaper reading to the American product? It could only be followed by one of two results—the exasperation of the pro-British Canadian reader, or the gradual infiltration

of American opinion into his mental fabric. He would have presented to him constantly the contrasts between the British and American social and political systems in such a way as to show the superiority of the latter; he would find those phases of British politics which interest the United States magnified so as to hide far more important questions; he would learn constantly with what pathetic eagerness the British Lion was striving to win the approval of the American Eagle; and he would never hear that any British public man spent an odd five minutes in considering the position of Canada. He might be forgiven if, at last, he longed to become an American citizen so that he should enjoy some attention at the hands of his late fellow British subjects who dwell in the United Kingdom. Of course, if he were well informed as to the true state of affairs, and realised the fidelity with which his paper was written for its American subscribers his would be the "exasperation" of the first alternative. But if we may imagine another miracle and suppose that he did not know that it was an American paper which he was reading—suppose that it was presented to him as a Canadian publication, and that he believed this to be true—then his cause for "exasperation" disappears, and he can only mourn the blindness of the mother country to the filial affection of her sons.

* * *

THIS is a fanciful way of putting the situation; but it is not wholly aside from the truth. A very great deal of the cable news of most Canadian papers comes to them through American channels. It is only fair to add that the bulk of it is continental where there is not likely to be flavouring of any sort; and that, in continental politics, the American paper of to-day is usually pro-British. But the fact remains that our channels of news supply are in foreign hands and could be turned against the British Empire of the foreigners who control them thought wise. In the case of Britain, several of our more enterprising journals have correspondents in London who send them special news; and the Canadian Associated Press strives to look after things Canadian. But, in spite of these provisions, much of our British news is still foreign in point of view.

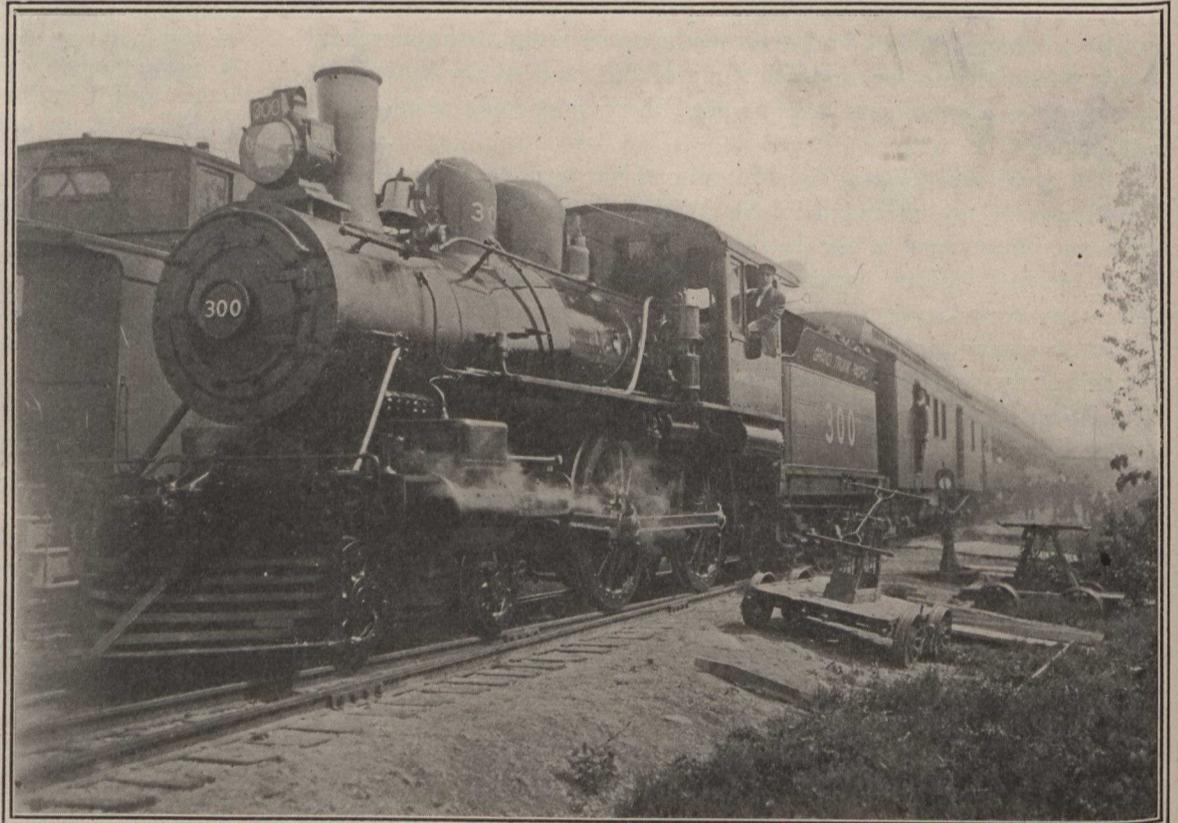
* * *

THE governments concerned should certainly do what they can to assist the colonial newspapers in their earnest and patriotic effort to get "home" news through "home" channels. In some time of crisis, it may mean much to the Empire to have the news services which supply the food for opinion from Halifax to Melbourne in wholly friendly and dependable hands. It is not, as some may imagine, a mere matter of newspaper business. The newspaper proprietors are not simply trying to get their news cheaply. They get cheap news now, and it is interesting enough. They can sell their papers just as well with the New York cables which they can buy at "bargain counter" prices as with direct cables for which in any case they are certain to pay more. But it is a genuinely patriotic desire on the part of the press of Canada to be put in a position of journalistic independence in which they need depend upon no foreign service for their "news from home."

THE MONOCLE MAN.



A. T. Freed, Esq., Grand Master of the Masonic Order laying the Corner Stone of the new Young Women's Christian Ass'n. Bldg., Hamilton, June 19.



The first regular Grand Trunk Pacific Passenger Train leaving Winnipeg for the New Town of Scott 569 miles west. Previous G.T.P. Trains left from Portage la Prairie.

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION

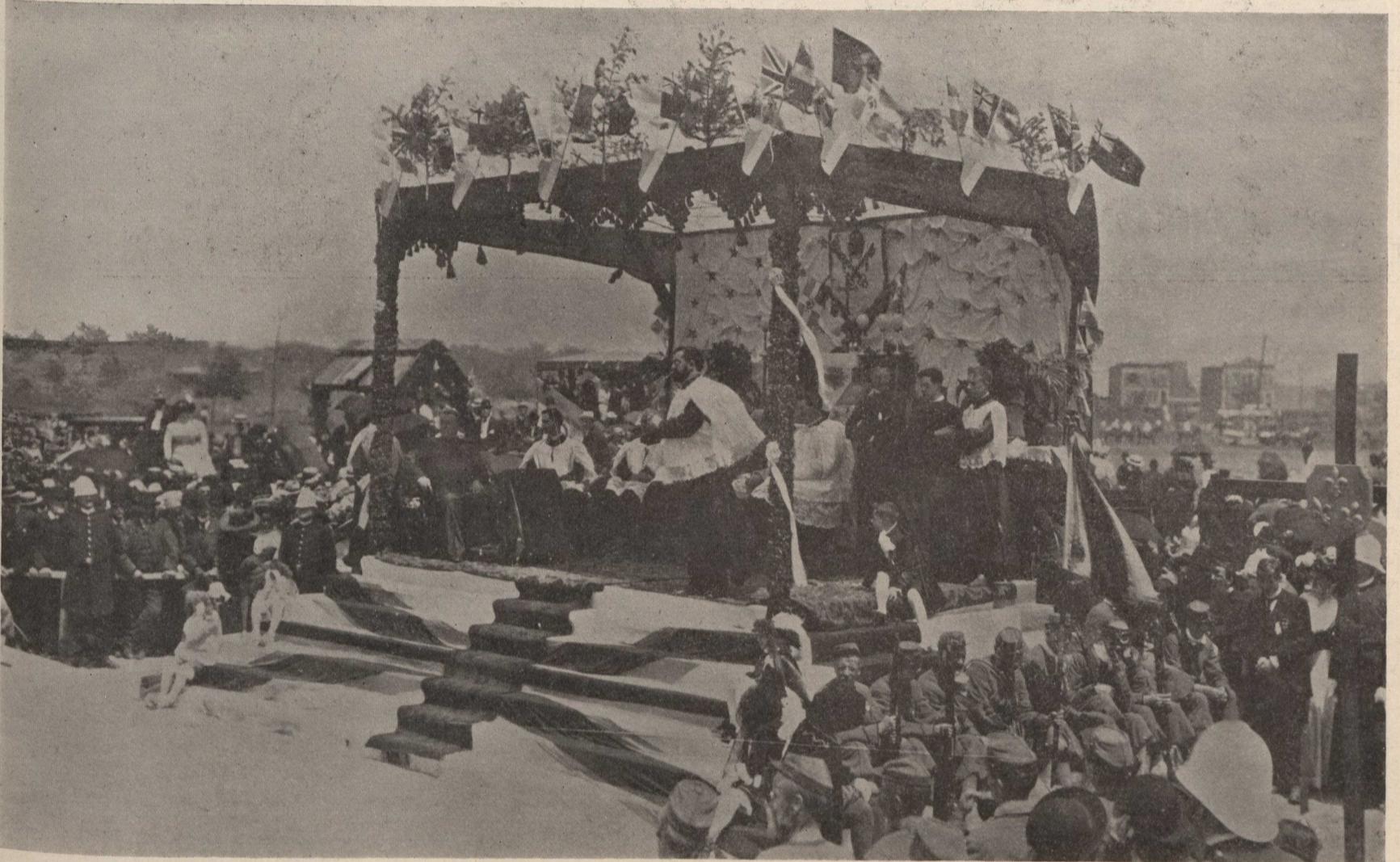
AT MONTREAL, JUNE 24th, 25th and 26th.



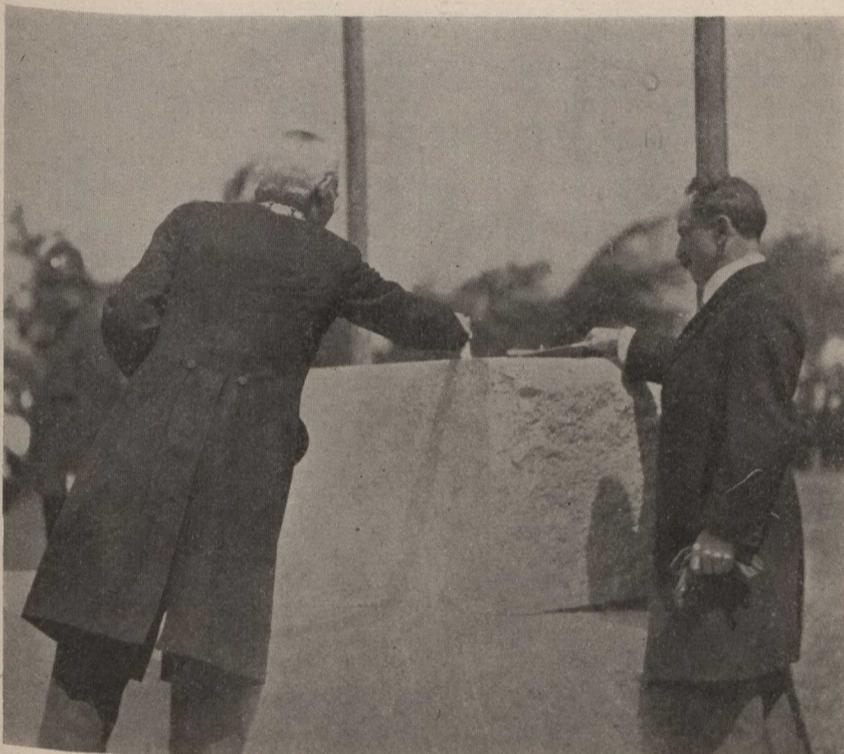
The St. Louis Cadets and their Canadian Ensign.



A Typical Float in the Parade.



During the Special Open-air Mass in Lafontaine Park at which fifty thousand people were present.



Laying the Corner Stone of the Lafontaine Monument.



Capt. Pelletier, A.D.C., Sir Charles Pelletier, (Lieut.-Gov.), Hon. J. D. Rolland and Mr. Beauchamp, (Pres. St. Jean Baptiste Society)



Opening Session of the Quinquennial Congress, University of Toronto, Lady Aberdeen Presiding.

Photograph by Galbraith, Toronto

THE QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS

By KATHARINE REID

WITH the opening of the Quinquennial Congress in Convocation Hall on Thursday morning last, life in the vicinity of the University of Toronto assumed a different aspect. The business of the International Council was finished; the air was permeated with the spirit of expectancy, and the invisible force of thought and imminent discussion. The signs were auspicious. Nature was at her loveliest and the audience bore the impress of culture and of intellectual, moral and spiritual vigour.

Upon the platform were their Excellencies, Lady Grey and Lady Aberdeen; Lady Edgar, Mrs. (Hon. J. M.) Gibson, Lady Evelyn Grey, and a number of delegates. The words of welcome extended by Lady Grey, as Vice-President of the Council of Canada, were most kind; and very appreciative were her remarks upon the work of the Council. Especially valuable would the Congress be to Canada at this time when the lines of her national life were being drawn, for the people had heart enough to apply the knowledge gained by international experience and wisdom. Her Excellency hoped the visitors would carry away with them a bright picture of this favoured land. Lady Aberdeen's words were few, appropriate and hopeful, and the brief ceremony was soon over. Then came dispersion. The campus was brilliant and animated for the moment, only to be deserted for the nine separate halls in which the work of the Congress was to be carried on.

"Who is the lady in grey?" some one was asking as a person of distinguished appearance in a soft, pale grey gown and trimmed hat with plumes passed through the entrance. "The President of the Council of Great Britain, Mrs. Edwin Grey," came the reply. Mrs. Grey has not only a personality of exceptional charm, but she is thoroughly awake to the importance of the work, and has been studying conditions in Toronto. In the overcrowding of certain portions of this city Mrs. Grey sees an alarming situation which ought to receive attention before it produces results which have caused England so much suffering.

One of the chief topics of the day was Public Health, and much interest was aroused over the struggle with tuberculosis. The Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, whose department deals with quarantine, cases of leprosy, the provision of hospitals, medical attention and proper measures of sanitation on works of a public character, recognised the close connection between the health of the animal and that of the human being; but he believed it was an entirely erroneous idea that the majority of tuberculosis cases was due to polluted milk. Per-

haps five per cent. of the cases might be traced to tubercle bacilli in milk, but the great majority was due to infection from one person to another. Mr. Fisher, however, strongly advocated the tuberculin test, and believed that no milk that reacted to the test should be used for food.

Sir William Thompson thought it would be difficult to fix the percentage of tuberculosis cases arising from diseased milk, but it was believed now to be greater than was supposed a few years ago. The disease contracted in this way was slow in developing. Lady Aberdeen stated that the possibility of infection between cattle and human beings was undoubted, and the prevailing opinion now was in favour of a rigid inspection of farms, dairies and persons engaged in the milk trade. The pasteurisation of milk has been followed in Dublin and elsewhere by a decrease in the death rate. The measures advocated for extirpating the plague are compulsory notification, sanatoria for cases in early stages of the disease, hospitals for advanced cases, dispensaries and the teaching of hygiene.

Mr. Fisher spoke also of the pollution of the water supply, and thought women could do an excellent work in educating public opinion, without the support of which the restrictive measures of the Government were largely ineffective. The purity of food supplies was emphasised as a preventive. The fly, mosquito and rat were condemned as disease carriers, and the accumulation of refuse doubly denounced. But the greatest of all preventive measures was the education of the mass of people, and the instruction of the young in practising the laws of health. Dr. Montizambert, Director General of Public Health, Canada, urged upon mothers the responsibility of training their daughters to protect the upper part of the chest, not to squeeze the waist, to have nothing tight below the knee, wear thick soled shoes and short skirts. Indiscriminate kissing was absurd, and the knowledge should be spread that tuberculosis is not heredity, but that it is infectious, preventable and curable.

For mentally defective children all hope is centered in prevention, not in cure. Canada is undoubtedly right in rejecting immigrants of the weak-minded class, and she has still the opportunity of protecting herself against the unfortunate conditions which have entailed so much misery in old lands. This could be made the sanest country in the world if it is undertaken in time. But upon inquiry it was found that Canada has more cause for alarm than was supposed.

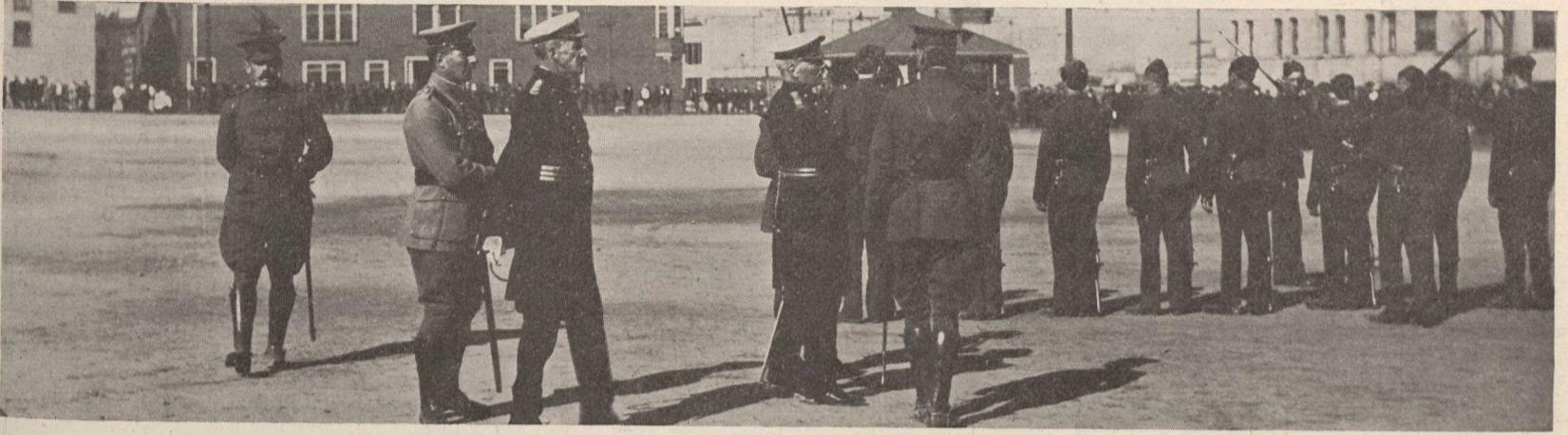
Valuable suggestions were given in the Art section for providing organised employment as a

means of utilising energy that otherwise would be wasted. There are numbers of people who hunger for more than mere, hard, unremitting toil, said Mrs. Helen Albee's paper, people who long for some employment that will bring into play the mind, and the spirit and the beauty of the soul. In isolated districts where opportunities for education are very restricted, and where people touch the very depth of that loneliness that helps to fill insane asylums, Arts and Crafts Industries could be started, qualified teachers employed and small salesrooms established in places where the products could be sold. This would maintain agricultural conditions and keep the people in the country, prevent that great rush to the cities, where already the supply of labour is greater than the demand, and supply remunerative employment which would be an expression of the soul, which would not be a deadening routine, but would produce joy and contentment. Idleness, not leisure, was never meant to thrive in a world where "nature" works continuously and mere manual labour without the co-operation of head and spirit must lead to ultimate degradation. As an evidence of the commercial value of such an undertaking it might be stated that the products of a newly developed territory along this line in Hungary amounted at the end of ten years to \$9,000,000 annually. The women workers outnumbered the men nine to one, and the principal work undertaken was hand spinning and weaving, basketry, various utensils in wood and metal required for domestic purposes, embroidery, leather and bead work, pottery and furniture. In Great Britain and Ireland the industries include in addition art needlework, dressmaking and designing, wood carving, book-binding, lithographing and lace making. Italy, the cradle of art, has brought the handicraft to great perfection, and when the subject was finished one felt as Mrs. Albee expressed that "this touches the very heart of the most perplexing economic question of our time in all countries."

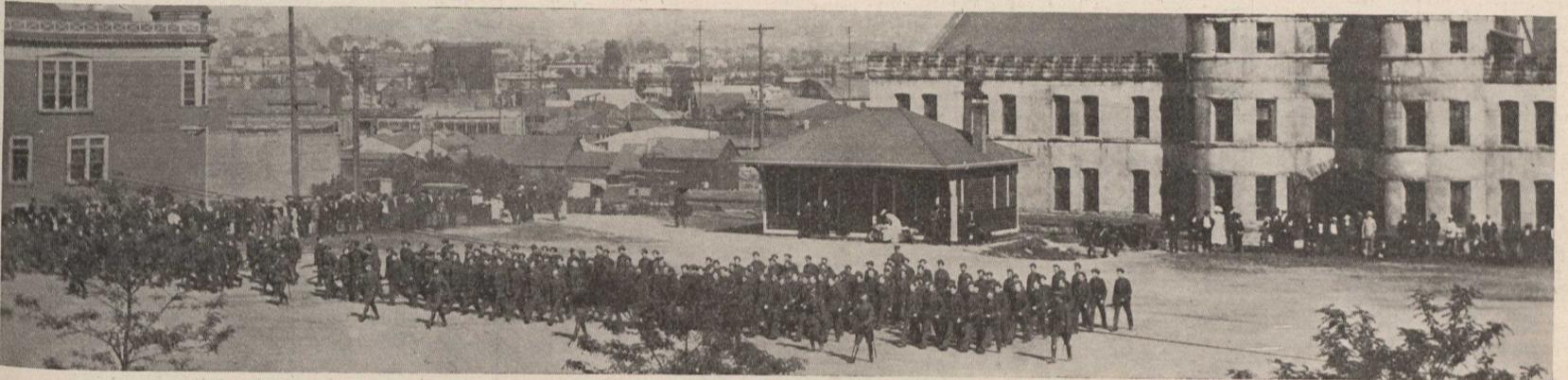
We are living in an age of unrest among men and also women. Even the women of the East are awakening to the need of being something and of doing something. Women want to vote, and their divine gifts of insight and intuition eminently fit them to rule in large ways. Woman suffrage is one of the advance movements most earnestly advocated by the Council, not as an end, not as the outcome of mere vanity, but as the only means by which most of the great reforms advocated by the Council can be accomplished. There is no disposition to act in opposition to men, but encouraged and supported by their co-operation, the desire is to work with them for the betterment of the race.

The Congress is over, but everyone that has come in any degree under its influence will henceforth be broader in mind, greater in spirit and better equipped for both the duties and the enjoyments of life.

MILITARY ACTIVITIES IN THE WEST

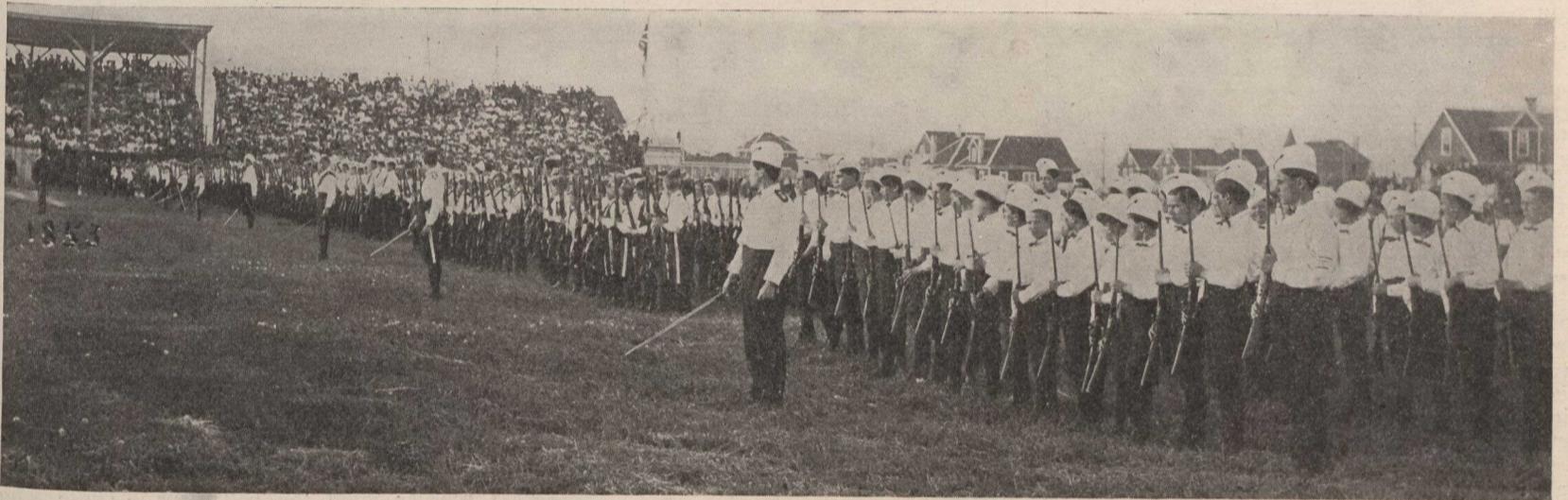


General Otter visited Vancouver recently. He is the fourth figure from the left.



Sixth Regiment, Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, Vancouver, paraded for inspection by the General.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMMS, VANCOUVER



Winnipeg Annual Inspection of the School Cadets. They paraded 1200 strong on June 17th in the presence of 15000 spectators.



Col. Steele, C.B., M.V.O., D.C.O. District No. 10 and Staff at Cadet Inspection.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. B. FOOTE, WINNIPEG.

PUBLIC OPINION

Exclude the Chinese

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir: A solid wall of exclusion should be raised against the Chinese immigrant along every inch of every confine of the Dominion. No matter where he comes from, whether from China, the British Empire, or the United States, he should be made to stay outside Canada. There must be exceptions to this rule, provided for the temporary sojourn of statesmen, scholars, merchants and others bearing an Imperial commission, but the common herd must be driven back.

Experience has proved that the Chinaman is of no value as a dweller in a land of western civilisation. He comes, a rusty horde of male animals. He brings no women with him. His only aim is to amass a miserable pittance which will enable him to go back home and spend his declining years in that which to him spells plenty. He lives his own life of devious narcotic debauchery. Even if he dies, his bones, a couple of thousand of him at a time, are shipped to the Flowery Kingdom to find a final resting place in his ancestral burial place. His point of view never changes. His disgusting habits remain the same. To the end he is the same old slant-eyed, felt-soled, opium-smoking, rat-eating Chink.

If he is the same, dead or alive, to the end of his stay with us, what was he before he left the Chinese shore? Reminds us of the historic couplet concerning the felon in Australia:

"True patriot he, for he it understood

He left his country for his country's good."

He may not have fled from the avenging arm of an outraged law, but there are a thousand agents of Chinese vengeance of which the law wots not or winks at. And yet we let this fleeing Chink invade us on payment of a tax which he must grovel many years to repay, and generally does repay, to some far away Celestial Shylock. We do not get the money he earns while with us.

Living on a mere nothing, he takes the bread out of white workers' mouths whenever he gets the chance. He cannot do a real man's labour, but he can and does force to accept low wages both men, women and girls in many lines of work. A white man can defend himself, but the women can not—often true in more ways than one. Your Chinaman is a fruit-picker, a washerman, a cook—the same old gum-shoe Chink, no matter whether in British Columbia or Ontario. We need, in this twentieth century, all the work, at living wages, we can get for our own girls and women, let alone our men. Must we allow the Chink to underbid them? Australia bars him. South Africa will have none of him. Uncle Sam drives him back with a club if no other weapon is handy. Yet for a few dollars we welcome him. Verily Canada is as great an asylum as Rome ever was.

Heathen from the dawn of history, despite the beautiful teachings of Confucius—teachings breathing the true spirit of religion which makes men good—heathen he remains, wedded to his disgusting

habits, sucking up our substance; a perjurer who reckons not the value of an oath save as the red axe of vengeance may bring it home to him; a suborner of perjury; a defiler of white women—in short, a Chink first, last and all the time, citizen never, a menace ever.

From New York comes the story of the diabolical murder of Elsie Sigel. In Toronto we find the same mistaken effort to proselyte the Chink. A young, perhaps romantic girl detailed to Christianise

The King of the West

By ALBERT S. BATEMAN.

HO! I am King of the wide-cast West,
And a glorious empire mine!
From the southern line where the prairies roll
To the lands where the trapper takes his toll,
And the north-lights dance and shine.

From the mountain pass of the Yellowhead
To the shores of the Hudson Bay,
Afar from the Crow's Nest to the Red
I hold my court—my sceptre spread
Where a thousand currents stray.

With a regal touch my hand reveals
A town where wild prairie lay.
I see where the hungry coyote steals
From the crack of whip and the stir of wheels
And the sound of children's play.

I ride on the Chinook o'er the plains
At the first fresh dawn of spring.
I watch where the sturdy ploughshare strains,
And frees the earth from cold winter's chains.
Hark! how the seeders sing!

On the ripening crests I oft careen
As they surge in yellow seas;
And I laugh as the gold grows o'er the green,
While the weary wheat ears earthward lean
And bow beneath the breeze.

I list 'neath the fall sun's slanting rays
To the binder's ceaseless song;
With a monarch's pride o'er the plains I gaze,
For a golden harvest well repays
The toil of the reapers strong.

From the waters where the Red runs out
To the slopes where the foothills rise,
I watch where the separators spout
The straw-smoke from each sky-thrust snout,
And the chaff to windward flies.

Ho! I am King of the youthful West
And I rule an empire grand;
Where the golden grain does well attest
The fruitful soil that yields her best
For I give with lavish hand.

a Chinaman, essentially of a much lower order of humanity, is a mighty poor way to inculcate virtue in the average Mongolian. Elsie Sigel's case is not the first. No doubt, speaking plainly, such a method of obtaining salvation is deliciously attractive to the rusty coolie. Churches and Sunday Schools could be filled to overflowing with Caucasians under a similar dispensation. If the essence of good government is the consent of the governed, the essence of Christianity's spread is the sincere desire of the heathen to be Christianised. When a Chinaman is Christianised he ceases to be a Chinaman, and that is the last thing most Chinamen seek to achieve. The benevolent assimilation advocated by the late President McKinley was accomplished by the Gatling gun. Chinamen never have been assimilated. They have been made to be good and stay good, but never by the saccharine route with young and pretty girls as the sugar-plum bait.

Bar the Chinaman absolutely. He has brought no women with him. His race must die out in a few years. Make miscegenation a crime and enforce the law against it. Withdraw the pretty teachers, and if the Chink must be converted allee samee, place his conversion in the hands of men of strength, courage and determination enough to teach him Christianity with a baseball bat if he will absorb it in no other way.

J. H. S. JOHNSTONE.

A Different Version

Editor Canadian Courier.

Sir:— In a recent issue (May 22nd) under the heading "At the Sign of the Maple," is a paragraph on old china, at the end of which are some lines purporting to be the poetic description of the willow pattern plate. I learned the lines from my mother, who in her young days was in the crockery trade, in the following form:—

Two birds flying high,
A little ship sailing by,
Wooden bridge with willow o'er,
Three men on it, if not four;
Chinese temple with a gong,
Orange tree with oranges on,
Wooden pailings: I have done.

Yours truly,

WILL H. KIDNER.

Banff, May 26th.

Civil Service Reform

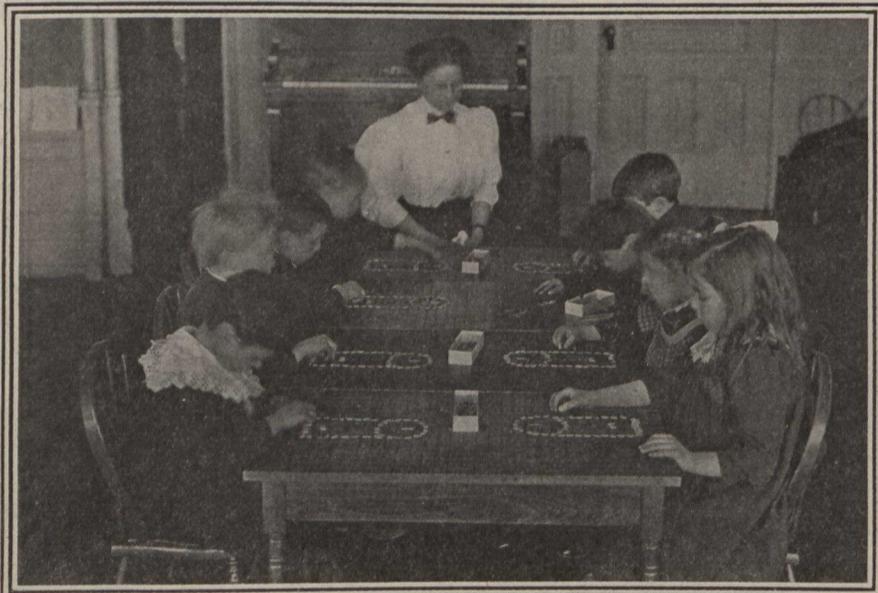
Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir: I have not seen much about Civil Service Reform in your recent issues. Don't grow weary in well doing. Many of your readers appreciate the good work you have done in advocating the abolition of the spoils system and we want you to persevere. Never mind the politicians. Those who oppose Civil Service Reform at every provincial capital and in the Outside Service of the Dominion will not long hold out against the growing public opinion. Canada is getting too big to be ruled by these little fellows.

Yours sincerely,

ONE INTERESTED.

TWO INTERESTING VIEWS IN TORONTO PUBLIC SCHOOLS



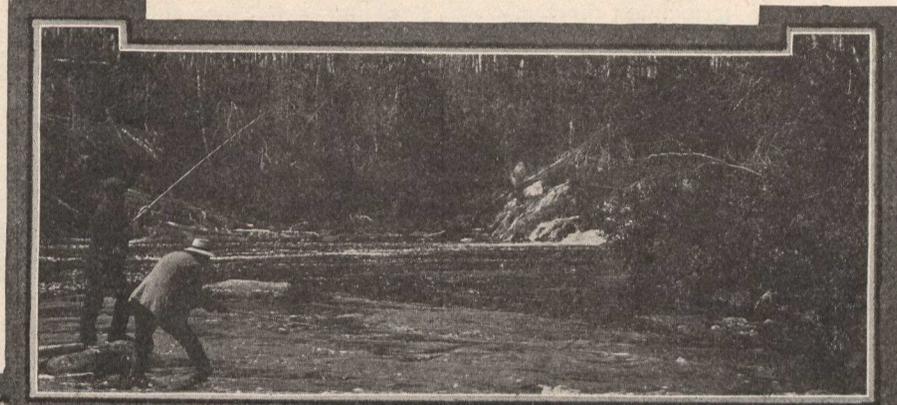
The Kindergarten which is playing a larger part in the modern public school. Designing clocks with seeds.



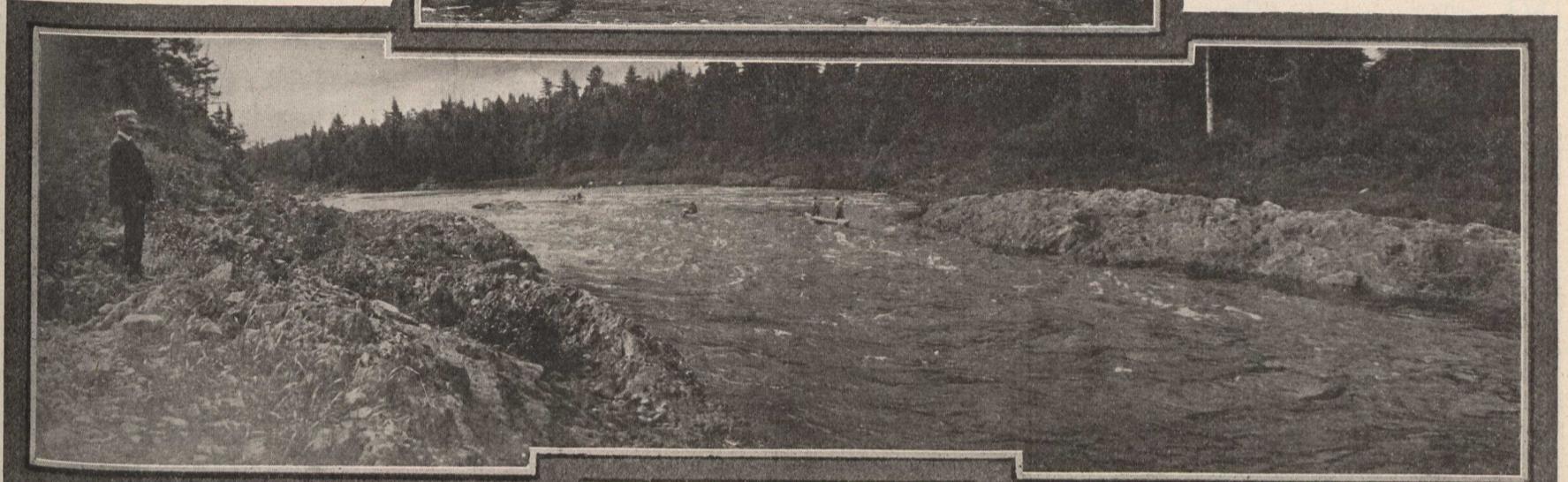
A crowded School-room, in spite of many new schools. This teacher had 157 on the roll, and on April 23rd. when this photograph was taken there were 114 present.

AMID THE
GRAND
CASCAPEDIA'S
GORGES

Landing a Salmon on Gander River, Newfoundland.



Where the Salmon is
King of Kings
By
DOUGLAS
WETMORE
CLINCH



A Fishing Camp.



On the Nepisiguit River,
New Brunswick.



Another Fishing Camp.



Bonaventure River.

Canoeing up the
Miramichi River.

Of course "there's a reason." Still again we wonder why. Our morning despatches herald the birth of a mighty trust, our afternoon wires announce the "unanimous vote" of the convention. But interested, we read further. Once more we marvel at the master-stroke of a world-famous capitalist, the steel-like grip of a far-seeing "kingmaker." To the layman, the inner working of such delicate machinery is baffling. It defies the average intellect. We have long ago realised the impossibility of the Socialist ideal; all men are not equal, intellectually. Granting such is the case, that the Almighty must be justified in His choice of those whose responsibility vouches for their immense holdings of this world's goods, how many of us connect, in our reasoning, the vacation of the millionaire with his later movements before the public eye. It may involve the ride home from watching a morning "work-out," a tramp through a southern "cover," the rush of spray over a "lee-rail," or the "strike" of a tarpon or tuna. But in many cases the "north woods" can justly claim her share, for the ripple of the salmon pool, the call of barren lake or hardwood ridge can not be gainsaid, and of these the salmon is king and the king of kings means Eastern Canada, and the reason.

And of these salmon rivers none is more famous than the Grand Cascapedia, famous for its monarch fish, whose record battles have contributed their modest share to that still more modest reason.

To those to whom the perfume and the sighing of the spruce means nothing, to whom the white shore and clear water of a lake or laughing brook, springing into life as it were beneath the glory of an August sunrise—for truly does not the very word sunrise in its lispings bespeak but certainty to the analytical optimist—are mere blotches, the Eden-like charm of the north woods is a waste of time. But the great majority it satisfies when all else fails, and the most satisfying of its charms is the evening fishing.

It is perhaps in order to relate the experience

of one to whom such fishing was the most gratifying potency. Not long since he has passed to the camp fires of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

On a certain Wednesday a few years ago he left camp in company with a life-long friend. Each man with his two boatmen worked their way up river towards the Escuminac Falls. Two days previous the record of one 45, one 42, and two 29-pound fish, caught by a single rod with fly in one day, had been established and which is considered the Atlantic record for such fishing.

But that evening was steeped in such sport which made up all it lacked in volume. On the way up river two salmon were hooked, one on the "Peter Cool Pool," which broke the hook, and another at "The Ledge," which was landed, causing the head boatman to remark, "We will show you a fish on the Big Curley to-night."

We are all more or less children when the Great Mother has spelled out for us the sign-boards of the forest. Does not the very word "Big Curley" suggest for us more infinite possibilities than the most vivid fairy tales of our youth? To sit waiting for the sun to sink so we may cast no shadow over the clear, placid pool, seems like eternity.

Our guides occupy the highest pinnacles of our minds, and, as the forest changes from an outline of dark green to a shapeless mass, as the gleam of the river assumes an oil-like appearance, gliding noiselessly away in the direction of which we are sure there is a rock in the daytime, and the steady roar of the rapids beats upon our ears, we feel that Scott knew something about the subject when he spoke of "The land of mountain and of flood." But then, we are here to fish.

Slowly the expert angler begins to play out the ever-lengthening cast, and, as the western horizon turns red for the second time, a mighty fish strikes and is hooked. All six of that party—there are two canoes—are hardened campaigners, and yet, as the thirty-pound salmon shoots down stream through rapids swirling a full twenty miles an hour, and the two tight-lipped men guide the canoe through

the roaring water with never a miss, we must agree that the north woods breeds a skill, unclassified and unclassifiable.

But not for a second do they lose their heads. Not a false eddy deceives their eye. No unnecessary movement does the fisherman make. Not for a second does the strain relax. Finally into

an eddy is the king of game fish run and ere the remaining three men can steal into their canoe and guide it in the wake of the fisherman, the salmon is gasping on the stout cedar planks.

Without a hitch do the stalwart canoemen guide their charges through the four miles of boiling water. Fainter and fainter behind them becomes

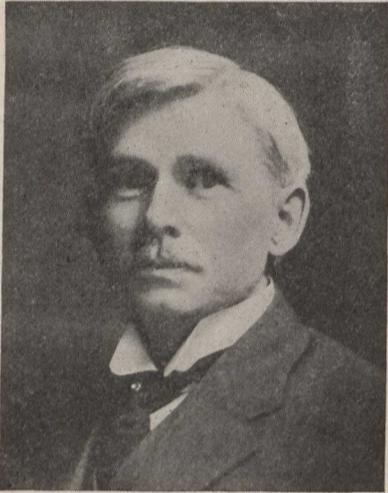
the roar of the Escuminac Falls. Gradually they drop still further behind and night has long since cast her mantle ere the bows rasp on the shore and cramped limbs are hastening toward the welcoming gleam of the cook's lantern.

The night shadows thicken, the narcotic weed has done its best, and gentle sleep is gently wooed.

THE TALBOT CORRESPONDENCE

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

MR. JAMES H. COYNE, F.R.S.C., of St. Thomas, Ont., has added another book to the long list of publications which bear his name. He writes of history—so there are a good many people who will pass his volume by on the other side. Worthies, who carry their



Mr James H. Coyne.

intellectual stimulus like their chocolates, done up between handsome board covers, will find Mr. Coyne's paper-covered "Talbot papers" rather dull. They are missing something—that is all.

Mr. Coyne has been fortunate in choosing Colonel Talbot as his subject.

He has had access to material at first hand. Ever since he could lisp he has heard tell of the gallant colonel's doings, for his ancestors were among the first Talbot settlers. These traditions and substantiated facts he has woven into a gossipy sketch of the colonel's life to form a preface to the mass of Talbot correspondence which occupies the second half of the book.

This correspondence consists of letters exchanged between Colonel Talbot and the most prominent men of Upper Canada—personages like Francis Gore, Sir Peregrine Maitland, General Brock, and Hon. W. H. Merritt. In that it reflects the characteristics of these men, and sheds light upon several aspects of Canadian affairs, Colonel Talbot's correspondence possesses a distinct historical value. This, Mr. Coyne holds as his one excuse for laying bare private matters of the colonel's life before the public gaze.

By far the most interesting portion of "The Talbot Papers" from the ordinary reader's standpoint, is the review which Mr. Coyne provides us of Colonel Talbot's career. The romance of that career, as Mr. Coyne points out, is Colonel Talbot's chief claim to distinction in Canadian history.

Colonel Talbot was born in the year 1771 at Malahide Castle, near Dublin, Ireland, the son of one of the best known houses of Western Europe. He hobnobbed at St. James as a youth with the greatest of the land. Naturally, official positions for him were easily gained. He was a lieutenant in the army at sixteen; shortly afterwards aide-de-camp to the Duke of Buckingham; and later on the staff of Governor Simcoe in Upper Canada. But for a remarkable circumstance which altered the course of his life, he might have attained the remotest of ambitions. He appeared to have the same opportunity as Arthur Wellesley, his bosom friend in Ireland:

"They had set out in the same profession with brilliant careers opening before them. Their paths had separated widely. Each had worked out his destiny in his own way and achieved his aim. The one became the 'hero of a hundred fights who never lost an English gun,' conqueror of Napoleon, commander-in-chief, duke, prime minister. The other had opened up for settlement a portion of the almost endless forest of Upper Canada, and had seen the wilderness blossom as the rose. They died within a few months of each other. One was buried in imperial splendour in the great cathedral at the very heart of the empire. The other lies far from the hum of men, in a lonely, rural graveyard on a high cliff overlooking Lake Erie, where around him the earliest of his pioneers rest well after long

and weary toil, the silence broken only by the song of birds and the murmur of the great inland sea below."

What was the hand that Fate played in Talbot's life which induced him to forsake St. James, and neglect opportunities that come to but few men, to seek the Canadian wilderness, Mr. Coyne can not explain. He repeats the reasons which Ermatinger suggested when he dealt with the question. Talbot, a commoner, had been disappointed in aspirations to the hand of the king's daughter; he disliked military service; or "he was surfeited with a society which, unconcerned about daily bread, prayed only for daily scandal. He was yet at an age when young men dream dreams, and like other idealists hoped to realise his Utopia in a new world. The calling of the West was continually in his ears, and he could resist no longer." Mr. Coyne also quotes Colonel Talbot's Irish reply to someone who was concerning himself as to his existence in Canada. "Charlevoix was, I believe, the true cause of my coming to this place. You know he calls this the paradise of the Hurons; now I resolved to get to paradise by hook or crook, so I came here."

Talbot arrived in Canada in 1801. He immediately set about exerting influence that a grant of land might be made to him. The Duke of Kent did some royal lobbying on his behalf, and, in consequence, he was allotted 5,000 acres of the Township of Dunwich in what is now Elgin County, Ontario. The Government required him to encourage immigration. For every family brought out, 200 acres was to be set aside. Fifty went to the settler and the colonel gathered in the rest—not a bad rake-off. The total amount of land which might be held by him was fixed at 20,000 acres. Mr. Coyne illustrates that before Colonel Talbot was finished with the real estate business he exerted suzerainty over 65,000 acres of territory.

Colonel Talbot continued in settlement work in Canada until his death in the year 1853. "As founder of the Talbot Settlement he attached his name to one of the richest and most prosperous agricultural regions in the world, extending from Long Point to the Detroit River. The Talbot Road is the longest and was for many years the best, as it is still one of the best in the province. The prosperity of the Talbot settlers was systematically and extensively advertised. The Government made use of it for the purpose of attracting immigrants to all parts of the province. Throughout Upper Canada the settlement was held up as a model for imitation." This passage is Mr. Coyne's estimate of Colonel Talbot's work.

Concerning his conduct of life he says:

"His eccentricities of dress, employment and conduct, the curious collection of log huts which grew up around him at Port Talbot, and which he was prone to dignify jocosely with the title Castle of Malahide, the semi-royal state and exclusiveness which he maintained amidst sometimes sordid surroundings, the visit of provincial magnates and eminent nobles and gentry from the home-land, were never failing themes for gossip in palace and cabin. On the other hand, in his winter visits, to the provincial capital at York, divesting himself of his far-famed sheep-skin coat and cap, and broad-striped trousers, of red and black homespun, he resumed with ease at the gubernatorial courts of Mrs. Gore or Lady Sarah Maitland, the cocked hat, ruffled shirt, silk stockings, and other paraphernalia, together with the formal airs, old-world manners and courtly speech of the eighteenth century gallant."

It may add interest to this brief review of the volume to add something about the editor. Mr. Coyne is a lawyer, historian, and something of a politician. He has kept pegging away in these three spheres of activity ever since he left college, and has won considerable renown in all. As a lawyer, his name recalls to mind the stirring Stilwell and Piggott murder trials of several years ago. Mr. Coyne's historical work is scholarly and original. By the contributions from his pen—a full score in number, of which "The Talbot Papers" is the latest—and, too, by the initiative and executive ability

which he has displayed in the councils of the Ontario Historical Society, and the Elgin Historical and Scientific Institute, he has clarified and enlivened the romantic story of Upper Canada. Mr. Coyne's political fervor dates from the days of early youth, when, as a stripling of barely twenty-two, he stumped West Elgin in the interests of the late George Case, M.P., his college classmate. In 1886, he stood forth in the arena himself as the Liberal candidate for that county for the Ontario Legislature, but was overthrown by 43 votes.

Mr. Coyne traces his descent back to Erin and to Henry Coyne, a hardy pioneer from the Emerald Isle, who migrated to Canada with the "Gay" Tom Talbot, the founder of the Talbot Settlement. He was born in 1849 at St. Thomas. He got his first inkling of books and learning at the Common and Grammar schools of his native town. He matriculated when but sixteen years of age. He did not go to college immediately. That was the time of the Fenian Raid, and he was off to the front trailing a heavy musket against the enemy. Then, when the excitement quited down, Mr. Coyne put in four years at the University of Toronto. He attained high honours on graduation. He was called to the bar in 1874, and for fourteen years continued to practise his profession assiduously. Since 1888, Mr. Coyne has held his present position of Registrar of Deeds for Elgin County. This post affords him the necessary ample time for his literary pursuits, and enables him to render aid to the numerous projects, philanthropic and educational, which interest him.

The Future of Our Wheat Lands

THAT the Canadian Northwest by the year 1920 will be producing five hundred million bushels of wheat seems a startling statement, but when it is made by such an eminent wheat authority as Mr. James Carruthers, one of the largest wheat operators in Canada, it immediately becomes worthy of a good deal of attention.

Last year the Canadian West produced just about one hundred million bushels and that there should be in the next eleven years an increase to five times as much, means that the West will have to advance even more quickly than even the greatest optimists had expected.

Discussing his statement with THE COURIER, Mr. Carruthers, who has just returned from an extended tour through the West, stated that he based it mainly on the fact that there was absolutely no obstacle in the way of the wheat acreage being increased. The prairie lands were all there and it was simply a case of running the plough through them. Then again, new kinds of ploughing and seeding machines were being invented all the time and these would permit of greater and more rapid progress being made than ever before.

Mr. Carruthers is even satisfied that the progress will be so rapid that in some years the total wheat crop in the West will be fully double that of the preceding year. A big factor in the increase that would be shown was the influx of farmers from the American West. These men were thoroughly acquainted with the conditions they had to meet and used the most modern machinery to secure the greatest and best results possible.

At an average of 80 cents a bushel, which experts say will be much below the price that will prevail, a crop of five hundred million bushels would mean a monetary return to the farming community of \$400,000,000. Mr. Carruthers in concluding pointed out that the railways and big mill companies were already getting ready for a tremendous increase in the wheat production, the former by building myriads of branch lines into new country and the latter by constructing new elevators along all the new lines and even at points not as yet touched by the railways. Mr. Carruthers has right along been on the bull side of the wheat market and says he does not expect to see wheat at least.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

A RELIC OF REBELLION.

PROGRESS in the West is so rapid that people are inclined to forget even the romances and the tragedies of development. There are some hundreds of thousands of folk on the prairies who do not know that such a man as Louis Riel ever lived. They are aware of the Hudson's Bay Company because it still exists; they see the mounted police and may be interested in their history; here and there a Red River cart forerunner of the railway. But the big little war in the Saskatchewan valley; the Rebellion of 1871 and that of 1885, is very largely in the memory of those old-timers who were on the scene, or such of the militia as went to the West twenty-four years ago. The capture of Louis Riel, the little half-breed Napoleon; his imprisonment at the mounted police barracks in Regina; his trial and execution as a murderer and a rebel against government in Canada, were swift scenes in a rather lurid and romantic drama which had a huge country for a stage at a time when Indians, half-breeds and a few traders were most of the population. There are left but few of the landmarks associated with the Rebellion; but of these the little shack behind the court-house in Regina where the notorious rebel leader had his meals during the trial is by far the most interesting. Unfortunately it has not the pleasant association that would make it a good feature for a national park or a museum. Its interest is melodramatic; but at least it recalls an epoch in Canadian development when the vast interior of Canada was a very mysterious limbo of a place.

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THE PRAIRIE MISSIONARY.

REGINA is to be created a new diocese of the Roman Catholic Church in the West. It is nearly a century since the Church began to organise parishes in that country. The early vicariates were huge in extent. They have since been subdivided and raised to dioceses and arch-dioceses, chief among which is the archdiocese of St. Boniface at Winnipeg. Much of the romantic story of the West has been the story of the Roman Catholic missions as well as of Protestant missions, which in many cases side by side have spread everywhere under conditions the most unusual. At first concerned solely with the Indians and half-breeds, the missions have now the majority of their constituents among the new peoples who have come in from Europe. It is claimed by Bishop Pascal that forty per cent. of the population of Saskatchewan are Catholics. Many of these are German Catholics, who already have three newspapers in the province. No possibility of the Church losing ground in the West.

The missionary, however, is becoming a remote figure as civilisation advances. Some of those who were missionaries long ago are still among the most conspicuous of history-makers. Two or three of these, respectively Anglican, Methodist and Roman Catholic, are situated at such far-asunder points as Morley in the foothills, Onion Lake, Saskatchewan, and Duhamel on the Battle River in Alberta. Of these the story of Rev. Marchmont Ing, Methodist missionary at Morley, was written in the *Canadian Courier* two years ago. The Roman Catholic missionary at Duhamel—whose name for the present has slipped from memory—is a personality that cannot easily be forgotten. He has been in that mission on the Battle since before the Rebellion. He has still the same little church with the moose-skull at the gable, has the same half-breeds, who were once famous buffalo hunters in that valley; one of the most hospitable and benevolent men that ever wore a gown.

Then there is the Anglican missionary at Onion Lake—a short sketch of whom was given on this page last week. En route from Edmonton down the big river by scow—is the best place to observe this missionary, who is not only a preacher of the gospel but a community-builder and a trader. The missionary scow is one of the poetic remnants of the day when the Saskatchewan was more used for navigation than it is now. A remarkable craft; starboard amidships the team and buckboard in

which the missionary with his half-breed mate has driven over the trail to Edmonton. A canvas-shrouded rampart of bags, boxes and bales—goods for trading to the Indians at the mission. Two hundred miles of crooks and rapids to Onion Lake; at the bow sweep the half-breed man; at the stern pole the missionary close by, his wisp of tobacco smoke mingling oddly with the trail from the fire-box. Croaking and crawling round the curves of the crooked river, this gospel scow on her six-days' glide keeps green in the missionary's imagination the days when from Edmonton to the head of Lake Winnipeg the only settlement not a half-breed colony was old Battleford on the right bank. Past Pagan and St. Paul's de Metis—the grey humpty shacks with the mud chimneys the sixth day out—and the half-breed mate repeats wearily that he has seen not a moose swimming the river as it used to be at the beginning of the century before the railway came; even the moulting wild geese are scarce; and alongshore the bald gleaming dots of settlers' houses spangle the fat round domes of the splendid hills. A few years ago—nothing of this; the unweary solitude unbroken by even the flat-bottom steamers that went off when the branch railways pushed up from the old line south; and before that the long York boats that plied to the fur posts from Hudson's Bay.

When the missionary lands he is greeted by a company of Crees; the red men whose souls and bodies and children he shepherds from the mission hill seven miles north. Busy as beavers under the

half a dozen Crees may be found congregated here. Some to buy goods and some to beg; many to smoke and jabber of the hunt and the fish baskets and the doings of police. And if a Cree is sick but able to visit the mission, there he airs his symptoms; profoundly pleased to note the pack of hospital stores fetched with the cargo of goods—packs of gauze and lint; bottles of chloroform; bottles of whiskey and brandy; sundry medicines—not least among which are the bottles of cod-liver oil which to the Crees is a sort of grand medicinal beverage. The missionary's wife compels the wondering awe of the natives. They verily believe that all craft and knowledge of healing belong to her. Once she was a missionary in India—then an undergraduate in medicine. Since her advent at Onion Lake she has completed her examinations for the degree of M. B. besides bringing up a family of children.

* * *

PRESTISSIMO! A TOWN.

HEAVEN knows where Zealandia got its name; but this little town with the unusual handle to it is one of the most remarkable in the whole wide West. Eight months ago there was no Zealandia—sixty miles south-west of Saskatoon. All that the traveller's eye could see as the railway crawled in was a few sod shacks of settlers. In November the new little town began to be. It was a town made to order; site chosen and lots put upon the market—a community launched within a few weeks; packing cases arrived; shacks whacked up for temporary accommodation. And in eight months, five of which were winter, the town of Zealandia has come to the status of a real live civic community with more than eighty buildings. A topographical census of the new little city shows that it has gone into business in the most cosmopolitan way. In a few months this town has more of the things that go to make up civilisation than some Ontario towns used to have after forty years of paying taxes. Here is a list of the businesses in Zealandia:

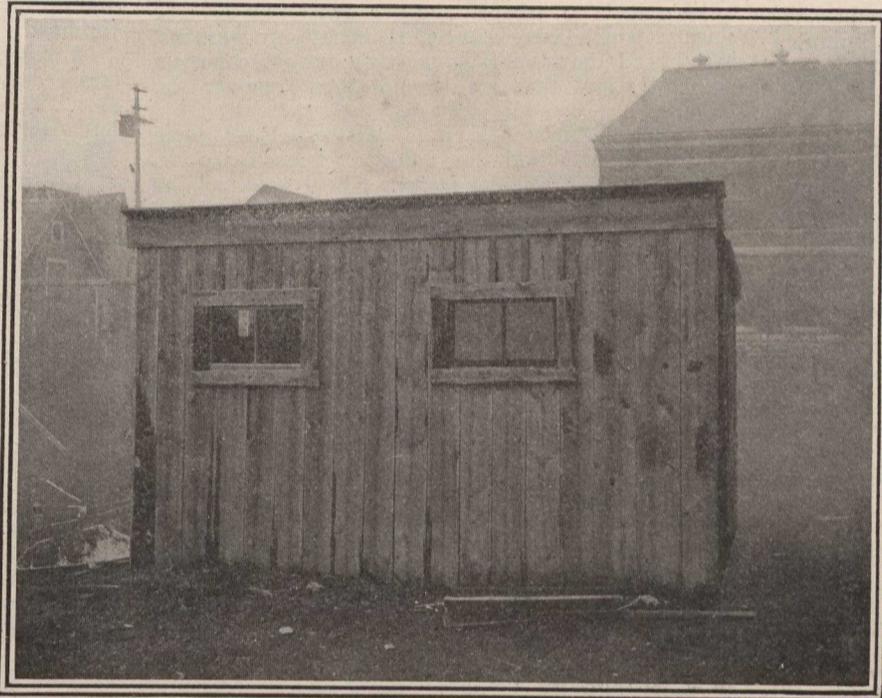
Three large general stores, two hardwares, one furniture, one book store, one printing office, one butcher shop, one jeweller, two tinsmiths, one harness maker, one barber, two pool-rooms, one shoemaker, five restaurants, four boarding houses, one bake-shop, four large lumber yards, half a dozen insurance and land agents, four implement agencies, one hotel nearly finished (forty bedrooms), two doctors and one dentist. There are two grain elevators completed, capacity 40,000 bushels each, and three more to be built.

This is the new kind of progress that makes the Canadian West the most unusually commercial big area in America. Henry George in his picture of community-building in "Progress and Poverty" never dreamed of Zealandia.

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THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS A FOOT.

FOR one foot frontage of land in the City of Edmonton a well-known mercantile firm in that city has been offered three thousand dollars by one of the banks. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars was offered for the entire lot. The offer was refused. There is a three-storey store on the property—just as there was nine years ago; but as the store could not be used by the bank, it was not counted of any value in the estimate. The land on that corner—at three thousand dollars a foot! Well do I remember that corner; nine years ago mainly a bluff of little poplars from which a few years before the Edmonton boys used to chase jack-rabbits. Up and down the whole length of that dog-leg, fine wide street lined with its little shacks of trade and commerce one might see the wild prairie roses hanging through the wooden fences along with the bluebells. Vacant lots everywhere; here and there a relic of the Klondike—some outlandish rig that had gone the trail and come back or had not gone at all. For the old fur town then was a reminiscence of the huge busy time that opened up that whole west to the eyes of the world—the delirium of the overland route.



A Regina Landmark destroyed a few days ago. This house stood just behind the old Court House, and in it Louis Riel took his meals during his trial in 1885.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. ROSSIE.

thumb of the over-lord they lug ashore the sacks, bundles and boxes. Down come the waggons and soon the cargo crawls in a slow caravan over the hills headed by the missionary in his buckboard—somewhere in the rear the police rig of the red-coated sergeant whose yellow barracks are two miles from the mission.

But the mission settlement is the metropolis. There also is the Agency house; one store of the Hudson's Bay Company; shack of the telegraph operator—and two little churches. In the wall of that heterogeneous aggregation of wings and annexes and lean-tos, known as the mission, are the decks and hold timbers of a score of scows built in Edmonton and broken up at Onion Lake for the lumber and nails. Log stable crammed with prairie hay; wagon-loads reeling in from the sloughs and the uplands—slough hay in the dry season and upland in the wet. In the yard a mob of Cree lads shooting arrows; some with football. Out of the mission comes a pale careful woman—the missionary's wife. She is a doctor, in charge of all the Crees; and the two women in her household are both teachers and nurses, according to the needs of the case.

Unloading of goods brings a pack of idle babbling Crees; hunters and women—a blanketed woman—and babies in laced-in cases. The missionary's room is audience chamber, office, study and storehouse for dry-goods. Almost any time of day

THE END OF KIDD'S TREASURE

The Story of a Strange Adventure

By E. M. YEOMAN



AK ISLAND, about three miles from Chester, in Nova Scotia, has long been held by the people of those parts to be the place where the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, buried the vast treasure accumulated in many of his piracies. That some persons have been strongly convinced of the

truth of this tradition is readily proved by the expensive shafts which have been sunk on the island, and which may be seen to-day, and by the rusty old pumping-engines that lie about; for when these shafts reached a certain depth, they invariably filled with water, necessitating the use of pumps.

I had always considered this an idle tradition, until the day when I visited the wigwam of Joe Abraham, the Micmac Indian. Whilst walking one day near Chester, I met this Joe, and strolled with him to his wigwam, to talk of trout-streams and the woods; and it was whilst so talking that I noticed a strange little stone jar in a corner of the wigwam.

"Is this a tobacco jar?" I asked, picking it up. "No!" said Joe, sharply snatching it from me, and putting it in its corner again.

My curiosity thus being stimulated, I questioned Joe about the jar; whereupon I learned that it had been in his family for generations, and that it had never been opened, and that it never would be opened. Moreover, Joe deemed the jar sacred.

These facts were not of a nature to reduce my curiosity; so that, to be brief, after many minutes' persuasion, I finally beguiled Joe to permit me to open it, winning his permission by the aid of a little money.

The jar was carefully sealed with a hard, resinous substance, which I removed with some difficulty. Within the jar, there was a packet, wrapped in soft leather. This packet I opened, and found to contain four large sheets of discoloured yellow wrapping-paper, covered with a multitude of words written in some brown fluid. I could make nothing of the words in the darkness of the wigwam; but when I went out into the clear afternoon sunshine, it was with no little interest that I found the writing to be as follows:

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN DALE, OF HUNTLY HALL,
IN SURREY.

Written in September, 1699.

My good friend, old Wejek, has promised to deliver this packet to the first worthy Christian he meets; and let that Christian, as he respects the supplication of a heart in anguish, deliver it again to the nearest British settlement, to be sent to Jeremy Dale, of Huntly Hall, in Surrey, or, if he be dead, to Sir Tobias Burton at Portsmouth.

In the last week of August, in the year of our Lord 1699, I sailed from Virginia in the ship *Black Bird*, 400 tons burthen; and with me there was Rose Burton, daughter of Sir Tobias Burton, of Portsmouth, but who was then in Virginia inspecting his great estates.

Heaven knows we were happy in that day, for we were faring to England to be married, and to live with my old father, whose last days I had hoped to brighten with affection and attention.

Rose, my betrothed, carried with her prodigious wealth of jewels, which her good father had bought of a Mexican Spaniard. Where this Spaniard came by them I know not; but their great value was known through all Virginia; and ere we sailed, a thousand times were we warned to keep them about our persons, for fear of robbery.

Our ship, being laden with great store of costly merchandise, sailed in consort with the *White Arrow*, sloop-of-war; and together we ploughed through the curling waves towards Portsmouth.

In the second day out, we saw a strange ship standing off and on, far away to the south. She flew no ancient, and seemed to be watching us; so that we had had some misgivings had the *White Arrow* not been with us.

But the precautions of man may not prevail against the purposes of Providence; and in the night of that second day, a mighty gale sprung up from the south-west, and raged for two full days; and in the night of the fourth went away as speedily as it had come.

But in the morning we had small cause to be thankful for aught, for the *White Arrow* was not to be seen, and a league astern was the strange ship

we had seen in the second day out, coming up with us swiftly, with the black flag at her masthead.

We had trusted to the protection of the *White Arrow*, and had not a gun on board; so that, an hour later, when the pirate came up with us, and sent a shot across our bows, we had no choice but to commend ourselves to God's care and come to.

Five minutes later a company of savage fellows put off from the pirate, and ere long clambered to our decks.

"Get to the bows!" cried the leader of the buccaneers; and thereupon our ship's company was roughly driven to the bow of the ship, and whilst some of the cut-throats kept guard over us, others examined the *Black Bird's* cargo.

It was not long before the leader, a bold, dark man, came from the hold, and advanced to us. "A pretty capture!" he cried, looking upon us. "Which of these ladies is Mistress Rose Burton? and which of these gentlemen Master John Dale?"

"I am John Dale," I said, boldly advancing. "And I am Rose Burton," said gold-haired Rose, advancing to my side.

"Ah!" said the fellow, "I think Mistress Rose has a present of jewels for me. I have come a long way to receive it."

"Pray, what do you know about my jewels?" asked Rose, quietly.

"Everything," he answered simply. "Please deliver them!"

We had no escape, and we gave him all the jewels, which were concealed about our persons. We hoped that the *White Arrow* would come up presently, and that we would then recover the jewels.

"And methinks I'll carry Mistress Rose away with me, too," said the fellow. "I need a wife, and I'll find no fairer. She'll grow to like me presently, and we'll marry. And as for you, Master Jack, we need men, and you can come along, if you will."

So enraged was I that I could not speak; but sweet Rose's voice whispered in my ear: "Jack, Jack, come with me! You will not leave me alone!"

Her words calmed me, and as resistance would have been vain, I answered quietly: "I will come."

"Well said, lad!" cried the pirate captain, putting his hand on my shoulder. "We'll make your fortune for you."

A few minutes later we were led to a longboat, together with three other men who had offered to join the pirate crew, including my honest servant, Blake; and we were pulled to the pirate ship, the *Quentagh Merchant*, that had been an Armenian ship.

Once on board, the captain led us below, and assigned Rose and me quarters very near together, in a corridor off the great cabin.

And six hours later, when a great part of the *Black Bird's* cargo had been transferred to the pirate, the ships stood away and parted.

As I write, my hand is weak and my brain grievously clouded, so that I must speak briefly of all things.

Our first day amongst the pirates was uneventful. The captain I found to be the notorious Captain Kidd, who, God grant, has suffered on the gallows ere this! He spoke genially to me at all times, and seemed glad of my company. Albeit I preserved a cold and haughty manner with him.

But in the third and fourth days of our durance he fell to uttering jests to Rose about their marriage, and he bade her presently choose a marriage-day.

My blood and temper were ever warm; and surely I had murdered the fellow with a knife, or my fist, had not gentle Rose often reminded me that if any evil befell me she would be left without any protector. So, for that reason, I forbore to call the fellow to account, and surely it is written in Heaven that it was not cowardice or lack of desire that withheld my hand.

Whilst at dinner in the fifth evening, this Kidd, with cold cruelty in his eyes, bade Rose be prepared for marriage in the next evening.

"I am at your mercy," she answered haughtily. "That you are," he replied. "But you'll grow to love me—won't she, Master Jack?"

For Rose's sake I forbore to answer him, and so kept silence. But that evening, when chance offered, I crept to Rose's cabin to persuade her to leap into the sea with me; for I knew that it were better to trust ourselves to the waves than to the whims of such a pirate dog.

"Jack, Jack!" she cried softly, when I entered the room; and leaning on my shoulder, she burst into tears. But soon she dried her eyes. "Jack," she said, "in the morning you must find me a dagger, and if he persists in this matter, I shall have an escape."

"That I will!" I said, with my hand upon her yellow hair. "But pray God some good thing will befall us before to-morrow evening!"

So, in the next day, as I walked about the decks, I looked for a dagger; but it was not until early evening that I found my quest, but then I came upon a drunken fellow asleep on the deck, and from his belt I took a jewelled dirk and a small pistol. This dirk I gave into Rose's sweet hand; and God knows the tears in our eyes were bitter as I did so.

Immediately after dinner that night, Kidd cried that the marriage-hour had arrived, whereupon a miserable creature appeared, one Enoch Minch, a captive divine, who sweated night and day in a perpetual ague of fear.

But when all was ready, sweet Rose suddenly raised the dirk that lay hidden in her bosom, and sought to pierce her heart with it. But Kidd was too quick for her, and grasping her slender hand, he wrenched the dirk from it.

"Not yet, my pretty!" he said, with a snarling smile.

"Then Jack!" she cried, stepping towards me, beautiful and supplicating.

Heaven has judged me, whether I did right or wrong; but when she cried to me, I whipped out my pistol, and sent a bullet through her fair forehead.

I expected to be murdered at once for my deed, and I craved no other fate. But it was not to be so. The captain drew a pistol, as if to slay me; but after a moment's thought, he put it in his belt again.

"Well done, Jack!" he said, with a cruel glint in his eyes. "Thou's a daring lad, and I like thee for it."

Nor was anything more said about the matter and I went to my room unmolested.

Let me not speak of the agony of my spirit that night!

In the next morning we were very near the coasts of some wild land, wholly covered with forests. And that morning we entered a great bay, and for three hours sailed amidst a multitude of wooded islets, finally dropping anchor half-a-mile from an island very near the shore, that had on it a grove of young oak trees.

"Come ashore with me, Jack," said Kidd, when we had dropped anchor.

I went with him and we were rowed to the island where the oak trees were. When we were arrived, we left the boat and the men, and Kidd led me along the shore, finally stopping before a great bank of earth and rocks.

"Lend a hand, lad!" said Kidd, bracing himself against a great rock; and when I did so, the rock rolled aside, and revealed a passage in the bank.

Then he took two candles from his pocket and lighting them, he gave me one, and descending to his knees, he crawled into the passage and bade me follow. Without speaking, I crawled after him for a few yards, when the passage becoming loftier, we were enabled to walk upright. And thereafter we went forward, through mud and water, for full thirty yards, when the passage ended in a cavern twenty feet in diameter, that the water had eaten out of the solid rock.

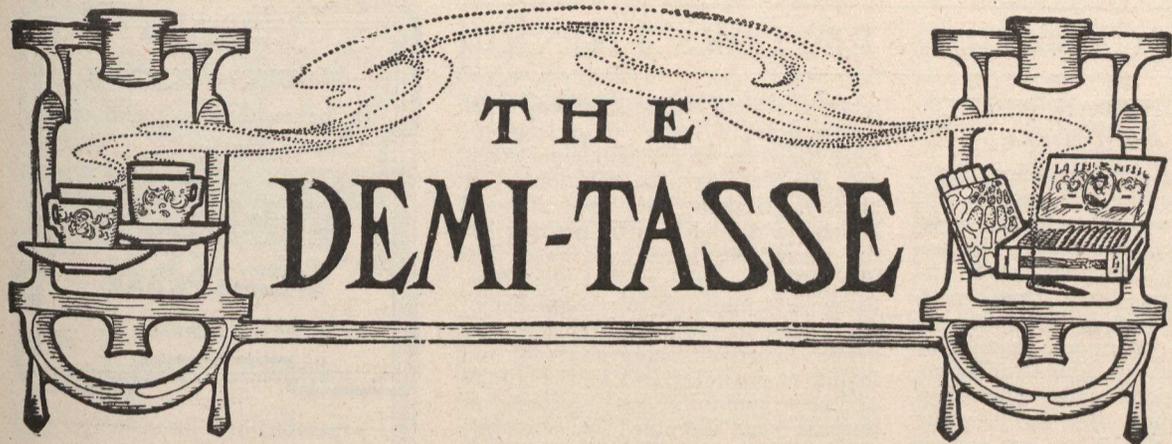
"Sit down, lad!" said Kidd, when we were come into this cavern; and when I had obeyed him, he likewise sat, and looked about him. "To-night, lad," said he, "I will hide a great treasure here—more pounds sterling, Jack, than you could count in a night. We will come at low tide, for the place is full of water at high. Then I'll light a barrel of powder, about five yards from here, lad, and the ceiling, which is full thirty feet thick, will fall, and make a pretty hiding-place for my fortune. You will help me, Jack, because I can trust you."

I made him no answer, and a minute later we returned to the boat.

And that night at two o'clock the captain called me. "All is ready, Jack," he said, and straightway led me to the deck, where, in the faint moonlight, I could see the longboat waiting for us, manned by only three men—my honest servant, Blake, and two fellows that had joined the pirate from the *Black Bird*. When we got into the boat, I found it laden with two vast iron chests.

"We'll all row, Jack," said Kidd; and handing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



MISTAKEN NATIONALITY.

IT was at the Quinquennial Congress that a Toronto woman of good and kindly intentions met an attendant on the meetings whom she took for a visitor from Holland. The Toronto woman talked volubly, putting in stray bits of French and German which might possibly appeal to the delegate from Queen Wilhelmina's domains. The alleged foreigner remained comparatively unmoved when the Toronto person dwelt on the benefits of the Quinquennial and the charms of Toronto, merely assenting in wearied monosyllables.

"Your English is very good," said the Toronto woman kindly. "You must have had excellent instruction."

"Not so bad," said the young person, looking up demurely from the shade of a poke-bonnet, "I have always lived on Bloor Street in Toronto."

The kindly inquirer gasped and retired in undignified haste.

* * *

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

MORE than a year ago, a book of short stories or sketches of Manitoba life, entitled "Sowing Seeds in Danny" was published by a Toronto firm and the author, Mrs. R. W. McClung, found that her chronicles of exceedingly human people had made many friends. An admirer of the book was telling recently of how he had met in Manitoba a farmer who utterly refused to share his views on the subject.

"That book!" exclaimed the honest farmer in scorn. "Why, it's nothing but a bunch of short stories. I sent for it, thinking I'd get the latest advice about grain and that 'Danny' was the name of a good agricultural district. But I give you my word, it was just a story book and I'm too busy a man to waste time on yarns like those."

* * *

NEWSLETS.

MR. MACKENZIE KING is once more the choice of Berlin and North Waterloo and the *Mail and Empire* simply cannot understand how the good people of this province are misled, while Hon. G. E. Foster is really amazed that the University of Glasgow should make Celtic Macdonald of the *Globe* a Doctor of Laws.

Those "overseas" journalists are having a perfectly lovely party, over in the British Isles. Garden parties, rose luncheons and dinners form such a whirl of gayety that they're going to wait for the last boat and really haven't time to send picture post-cards to Mayor Oliver.

The bold bad *Star* said that there was a difference of opinion over the International Council of Women elections, and Lady Aberdeen has been obliged to state that turtle doves are a noisy crowd in comparison with the women who have been talking in Queen's Park on two hundred and five separate subjects. But the *Star* just had to say something, since the *News* is the official organ and simply blossomed out in "scoops" every evening. But not one perfect lady spoiled a ballot and the wicked reporter merely dreamed about the fuss.

* * *

THE LITTLE WOMAN IN GREY.

MR. BROWN has a cheerful little way of telling his wife about other women's excellent qualities, especially their economy, in such a fashion as to make Mrs. Brown appear foolish and extravagant in comparison. Some time ago they were spending a few days at a hotel where Mrs. Brown took great pleasure in displaying a series of gowns, while Brown grunted over the expense of feminine raiment. He pointed out a quiet little woman who had appeared for two days in the same simple gown.

"Look at the little woman in grey," said Brown, "she looks better than any of you in that plain suit."

But on the third day, Mrs. Brown's turn came

and she triumphed greatly. The trunk belonging to the little woman had gone astray but it suddenly made its appearance in the hotel corridor, with the result that the little woman in grey bloomed in four different costumes in fourteen hours.

"Oh, you're all alike," was Brown's disgusted comment, as he retired behind the evening paper.

* * *

STRETCHING A POINT.

RIGGS and Briggs are two Montreal citizens, more or less interested in municipal affairs. They differ on several burning questions but unite in a strong dislike for O'Flaherty (which is not the gentleman's name). The same O'Flaherty has a positive gift for manipulating votes and is capable of looking after a larger band of the "faithful" than any other Montreal politician.

"It's men like O'Flaherty who give this city a bad name," said Riggs warmly. "He's got no principles at all. In fact, he doesn't think of anything but getting his man in."

"That's so," responded Briggs. "If I had a conscience as elastic as O'Flaherty's, I'd make it into a rubber trust."

* * *

UNDUE HASTE.

NO doubt Dennis appreciated to the full the excellent qualities of Celia, his wife, but he occasionally indulged in a sigh for the liberty of his years of single blessedness. "Yis, 'tis a good wife she makes me," he said to a returned traveller, during whose absence the wedding had occurred. "And we was coorting seventeen years. Aileen an' all o' the rest said 'twas time I married, or Terry Leahy would be getting the prize away from me."

"Well, man, you've no regrets, I hope?" said the friend, who had just enjoyed a delicious supper at the hands of Celia. "She's a fine woman."

"Didn't I tell you that?" said Dennis, impatiently. "The only thought I iver have is wance in a while whin it comes over me that I might 've waited another year, and still have got her; for Terry was not near so high in her estimation, afther all, as thim women made out t' me."

"A man in love is always hurrying, hurrying, ye mind."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

A NEVER FAILING SUPPLY.

THE fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their vacation in the country. As she got into the train, she said, "But, my dear, won't you take some fiction to read?"

"Oh, no," she responded sweetly, "I shall depend upon your letters from home."—*London Tatler*.

* * *

HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE OF IT.

TO the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in seven different states," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral. "Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader. "Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in military matters. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral." The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked. "Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died."

* * *

A NEEDED SHOWER.

"I SN'T that a lovely shower!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlour as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldenglows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of

rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not."

"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!" — *The Circle*.

* * *

YOUTHFUL OPINION.

WELL poised and calmly critical always of the large things in life, the *Delineator* is occasionally frivolous in its treatment of minor details. This is a recent paragraph from its household department: Helen, aged six, was telling Mary, aged seven, of her plans for the future. "I'm going to be married," she announced, "and have eighteen children." "Oh," gasped Mary, her eyes wide with amazement, "you mercenary wretch!"—*Argonaut*.

* * *

MIND READING.

Charlie Loveday: 'Um—ah—er—er—er! He—he—

Jeweller (to his assistant): Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

Voluble lady: Do you want to see me again, doctor?

The Doctor: I don't want to, but it's business.—*Life*.

* * *

ARE YOU A SPECIALIST?

AN applicant for a job who says he can "do anything" is generally requested to go and do it—somewhere else. There is no such thing to-day as an all-round man.

When the Pan-American Exposition was about to open its gates to the public, the walls of the beautiful Hall of Music, where the most famous musicians in the world were engaged to exercise their arts, were found to reflect a decided echo. Telegrams flew over the country at a rapid rate, and followed a small, insignificant-looking gentleman from Chicago to Seattle. Finally they caught him, and a week later he inspected the Hall of Music.

"What is the composition of this wall?" he asked the contractor. "What kind of wood is that in the sounding-board?" he inquired of the architect.

He asked a hundred questions, and then called for two pieces of steel wire, 18 feet long. These he stretched between two posts at one side of the hall.

"Now," he said, "you will have no more trouble. Make me out a cheque for a thousand dollars."

That man had studied acoustics all his life. He could not have earned £2 a week in an office; but he knew more about acoustics than anyone else, and was paid proportionately for his skill.

* * *



"George, dearest, we really must be moving; we're going to have a storm in a minute."

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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

SASKATCHEWAN JUNE.
(Prince Albert Herald.)

AFTER all there is nothing like a June morning. Especially the June morning in Saskatchewan when the early shower has fallen, the sun is breaking through the clouds and the earth gives forth that sweet-smelling odour that is more refreshing than any perfumes, odours or salvolatiles that you like to mention. There was a giant in the olden days who used, when he was getting worsted in battle, to lie on mother earth and immediately he regained his strength. That of course is only a myth, and yet like so many myths there lies underneath it a curious substratum of truth. For man has to get back to nature to find real refreshment and it is such a fine morning that gives it in abundance. It is just this sort of day that inspires a man to go out in the world and do something. It gives a feeling of the universal brotherhood and a sense of his responsibility towards mankind in general.

* * *
BUILD OUR OWN WARSHIPS.
(St. John Sun.)

THERE will be many who will regret Canada's formal assumption of the panoply of naval war. But the thing is inevitable. Peaceable and peace-desiring though our people are, we alone cannot change the spirit of the times. If we faced the world as a separate nation we could not go unarmed, flaunting our rich possessions before the eyes of the armed and aggressive powers. Remaining in the Empire we cannot in honour and decency refuse to take our share of the burden of Imperial defence. In the circumstances, national prudence demands that the policy we shall adopt shall give ourselves, as well as the Empire, the maximum of advantage. And since Canada must spend her money for warships it is obviously her best plan to build these warships in her own yards and as far as possible by her own men, keeping her money at home and making it serve as a new stimulus to the development of her material resources.

* * *
TARIFF NO BAR.
(Victoria Colonist.)

THE movement to and fro across the border, both of capital and the material which gives capital its value, is one of the most interesting industrial phenomena of the times. Uncle Sam may raise his tariff fences as "high as Haman's gallows," yes, as high as Jack the Giant Killer's bean stalk, but he can never check that movement. It will increase in volume with every succeeding year—and keen observers on the other side of the line declare with some alarm that we are already getting the cream of the population, the skimmed milk, in the form of all the immigration from southern Europe, remaining behind. In fact, Canada has now reached the stage from which she must go forward, and at a rate passing all anticipations. It was the great northern movement of people and capital that prevented us from feeling the hard times which were so manifest in every other part of the world.

* * *
CHEVALIER HENEY.
(Ottawa Citizen.)

ONE by one the pioneers pass. John Heney had been a By-Town man. He saw Ottawa grow from the military post to its present metropolitan activity. Though he had

large personal business interests, he found time to serve his fellow-citizens for years in the municipal council. He was given to an unobtrusive charity. He kept body and mind and heart sound, and died of nothing but the inexorable demand of age. His title of Chevalier, gift of the Pope, he wore proudly as a recognition of his service in the fight against strong drink. Through many years of toil in his own affairs and in the affairs of the community his sincerity of purpose was illumined by a plainly apparent love of his fellow-men. A man of affairs, he retained to the end of his days much of the exuberance of the clean-hearted boy. John Heney's place will be hard to fill.

* * *
ROSEBERY ILL-ADVISED.
(Kingston Standard.)

LORD ROSEBERY is a statesman but apparently he is also a politician. His speech at the Imperial Press Conference which has set Germany by the ears was, it seems to us, rather ill advised in the light of the already strained relations between Germany and England and certainly it was not calculated to make for peace. No speech, indeed, is likely to help matters that is menacing either in its terms or in its tones. If American politicians, for instance, were perpetually hammering at Canadians or if Canadian politicians were perpetually hammering at the United States, we fancy it would not take long to stir up unpleasant feelings and to make for anything but peaceful relations between the two countries. On the face of it, too, it seems rather unreasonable that any politician, while for himself and for his own country favouring naval expansion, should object strenuously to other countries expanding in a like direction.

* * *
VALUE OF TRUANTS.
(St. John Globe.)

THE effort, which is so readily resorted to in these days—which probably has always been too readily resorted to—to make people good by compulsion is a great mistake. The good that is sought is very often only that which some strong-minded persons think is good; and though they may honestly think themselves right, great may be their error. Ever since time began there have been truants, men and boys at least, neglectful of their duties, and there will be such until time shall end. No doubt we all wish it were otherwise. And yet many of these truants and vagabonds have done us good work in the legacies which they have left us in the literature of their time, and we must feel that to have converted them into ordinary fashionable society people would have spoiled them. Could we adapt ourselves to calmly take in the fact that little good is accomplished by force, we might save ourselves a great deal of trouble in the enforcement of laws which have no practical value, but before which we naturally bow because it is law.

* * *
A TARIFF WAR?
(Montreal Star.)

HYSTERICAL talk, such as the Toronto Globe indulges in, of a tariff war between Canada and the United States, if the new tariff preserves the upward course indicated by the Senate proposals, is surely not to be taken seriously. There has been something very like a tariff war in existence ever since the late William McKinley reported his famous tariff; and the firing upon our march-

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ing lines of exports will not be very much heavier in the future than it has been in the past, even if Senator Aldrich and his colleagues have things all their own way. Now we have fought this war by ignoring it; and we could not have taken a better course. We have not attempted to meet high tariff with high tariff; but we have quietly met exclusion from the American markets by seeking out and obtaining other markets.

The new tariff may tax some of our products higher than they have been and some others lower; but so long as anything like the old Dingley rates are maintained, it is largely a matter of indifference to us. We have not been trying to bombard a path into the American market. We have calmly accepted its closed gates as a fact; and have annoyed the men who closed them far more than the highest Canadian tariff could have done by pursuing a policy which has made a British preference against American goods a possibility. Our answer, in a word, to American tariff hostility has been to enact a tariff no higher than is needed to protect our own industries, and then to cultivate trade relations with the world market of the United Kingdom.

PORTS AND PREFERENCE.

(*St. John Globe.*)

MR. BRODEUR is reported to have announced as a part of the policy of the government an important limitation of the preferential on British goods. The preferential rebate of duty will not, after the year 1910, be allowed upon British goods unless these goods are landed at British ports. A good many people will approve of this restrictive policy, as they have been crying out for it for some time. But the faithful adherents of freedom of trade will look upon it with dislike. It will operate against the English manufacturer, and against the Western importer; it ought largely to benefit Montreal, and somewhat help to enlarge the rather limited import business carried on here in the winter.

CANADIAN THRIFT.

(*Monetary Times.*)

THAT Canadians are thrifty as well as prosperous finds confirmation in the manner they are putting money away in the chartered banks and in the coffers of Ontario loan societies and the Post Office savings banks of the Dominion. In four years their deposits with the chartered banks have gone up from \$465,000,000, at which they stood in May, 1905, to \$670,515,000 in the same month this year. To this \$670,000,000 there falls to be added \$20,000,000 in Ontario loan companies and \$100,000,000 or more in Post Office savings banks and the Banques d'epargne of Quebec and Montreal and the woollen socks or other such receptacles for saving as our bucolic brethren may have, before we can estimate what has been called the "loose savings" of the Canadian people.

THE RAILWAYMAN'S HOME.

(*Ottawa Journal.*)

ONE thing which cannot fail of consideration in any discussion of plans for the increase of railway facilities in a city like Ottawa is the fact that the addition of a considerable number of railway men and their families to the population is the addition of an unusually fine kind of asset to the city's holdings. The *Journal* has taken occasion more than once to express its high sense of its appreciation of the general worth of the railway operative. These men,

locomotive drivers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, train-hands, machinists, members of all the many branches of this arduous business, live strenuous lives. They are in a very immediate sense the faithful and efficient servants of their fellow-citizens. The nature of their duties demands a high degree of intelligence and an unusually great measure of patience and courage. They are proverbially good home-keepers. The railwayman's wife and children live as a rule in a domestic atmosphere that would be ideal if it were not for the frequent absences of the breadwinner. Railway men as a class are among the best of good citizens and the more of them we can attract to Ottawa the better we should be pleased.

DOLLAR WHEAT BOON.

(*Victoria Colonist.*)

THERE is a special local feature to the high price of wheat that must not be lost sight of, namely, that it will increase a demand in the Prairie Provinces for the products of British Columbia, including those of the forest as well as those of the farm. It will also tend to increase from year to year the number of farmers, who will wish to seek a milder climate than that of the wheat-growing region. One of the most singular things about vegetation is the manner in which it yields more seed the nearer the place where it grows approaches the limit of successful production. It is a natural law that wheat shall yield more grain to the stalk in a cold region, where the season is short and the winters are cold, than in one where the season is long and the winters are not severe. The Pacific coast seems to furnish an exception to this general rule; but the areas available for the wheat along the coast are relatively so small that they may be left out of consideration when the world's supply is being treated of. Conditions on the Canadian prairies are ideal for the production of a high class wheat in abundance, except for an occasional off season, but these conditions are also such as to lead thousands of people to wish to make their homes in a region where the extremes of weather are not so great as there. Dollar wheat means a migration of more people from the prairies to the coast.

THE MAN'S THE THING.

(*Sydney Record.*)

THIS question as to whether Britain's naval prestige is in danger is merely a matter of opinion. That a few *Dreadnoughts* more or less is going to change the situation does not seem probable. The recent review at Spithead held for the benefit of the Colonial press men must have greatly reassured the timid ones. More than *Dreadnoughts* is needed to wrest from Britain her supremacy of the sea. Suppose Germany succeeds in putting more ships afloat than was anticipated, will she be able to man them? And if so, of what material? Will it be at all comparable to that of "Ye mariners of England"? We do not think so. And let us not make the mistake of thinking that the personal factor is no longer potent in warfare.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

(*Manitoba Free Press.*)

THE annual ploughing match of a district, once established, forms an occasion when farmers will gather together for the discussion of their problems in an informal and neighbourly way, while unconsciously having their standards of passable work



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raised by the study of land being ploughed so much better than they are accustomed to ploughing it. When, as in the case of Portage La Prairie, the townspeople contribute liberally to the prize list and also flock to the match by the hundreds, the community spirit must be strongly fostered, and a better feeling between townspeople and farmers engendered, by the interest shown in the work of the one class by the members of the other. The element of sport—of a contest—so dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, is not lacking and bulks large when the work is nearing completion. It was Principal Black who said that a good ploughing match was of more value to a district than a second or third rate fair. It is to be hoped that within a few years every agricultural society in the West will undertake as part of its year's work the holding of a ploughing match.

* * *

ALIENIST CHILDREN.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

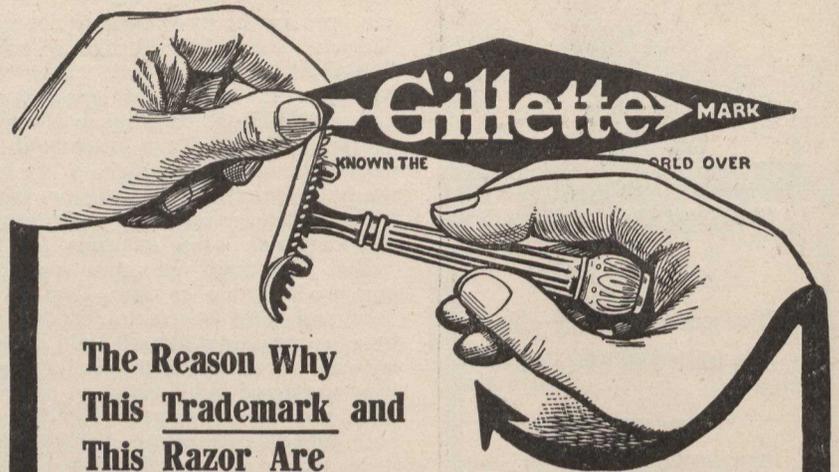
IN Wards Four, Five and Six there are 20,000 children of school age, and only 7,000 attending school. These figures were given by Mr. Hickok, secretary of the Playgrounds Association, at the public meeting held in the Walker Theatre only a few days ago. They only bear out the statement made previously by members of the School Board and other citizens who have interested themselves in the education of the children of the city. To keep the saloon or bar from the districts in which these children live is a very desirable object, but what will it avail if the children are allowed to grow up in ignorance of the English tongue, of the ideals of Canadian citizenship and of their duties as Canadian citizens? What can we expect of these children if in their childhood they are taught to revere the festival days of alien lands in preference to the land of their adoption? If they are to become good Canadians the birthday of Confederation should be to them the great holiday of the year and on which day the Canadian flag should be saluted and honoured. What steps are being taken to plant in the hearts of these children with vigorous bodies the germs of Canadian loyalty and of good citizenship?

* * *

EXTOLLING THE FARM.

(Fredericton Gleaner)

THERE are many attractions associated with rural life that make a home on the farm preferable to living in the city. Among these is the greater ease in which the family may be raised to be sturdy, healthy young men and women. In the city the children cannot be allowed to have the proper kind of outdoor life, the menace of traffic in the streets prohibiting their playing there, and the yards presenting a very small playground. The city dust and dirt also has a harmful effect on the child's health. In the country the conditions are directly reversed. The young folks have the whole country for miles around for a playground, and the air is clean and pure. With these conditions it is but natural that the health and vigour of country-bred children should be superior to that of city-bred. Country cooking, with fresh vegetables, eggs, milk and butter, far surpass in health-producing attributes the style of living in cities. Farm investment is the most stable of all industries. City industries are for the most part unstable and greatly influenced by every financial flurry. Not so with the farm.



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The Tray fits snugly on the base which raises it to desk height. The hinged covers drop down to the sides when it is in use, and when closed protect the contents from dust and rough handling.

With each outfit are supplied one set each of Daily, Monthly and Alphabetical Guides and 200 strong Manilla Folders, but these supplies may be re-arranged to suit your particular requirements, if desirable.

Both the Tray and the Base are made of Quarter Cut Oak, handsomely finished in a Dark Golden Shade.

Price of this combination—Tray and Base as described—\$11.10 f. o. b. Toronto and Newmarket, Ontario.

Tray Outfit alone - \$7.60 Base alone - - - \$3.50

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

MARKETS HAVE HAD QUITE A REACTION.

WHILE it may be another case of "I told you so" after the thing has happened, it may be allowed us to draw attention to the fact that only two weeks ago we pointed out to our readers the high point at which the stocks on the Montreal and Toronto Exchanges were selling and expressing the opinion that the high level had pretty nearly been reached. Since that time the markets generally have reacted on an average of from eight to ten points.

The lower prices that now prevail are a result of the technical position of the market, the many pools that were operating having been closed out. With these out of the way there was not any longer the same incentive for brokers to boost prices and when it was noticed that stocks were standing still quite a few holders decided to get out even though it should be necessary to offer their stock down in order to sell it. With a new crowd of traders coming in around present prices the market position should be much stronger for some little time to come.

* * *

PET SCHEMES OF LEADING CAPITALISTS.

WHILE the leading Canadian capitalists, when they have any big scheme on, like to secure the assistance of the Canadian public by getting them to take stock in their concerns, they also usually have some "pet concerns" that are such big money-makers that they never let the public have a chance of getting in on the stock. They rather make the corporation a close one and do not even list the stock on the exchanges.

One such institution down in Montreal is the Dominion Bridge Company, the enormous plant of which is situated a few miles out of the city at Lachine. Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. James Ross and a few other interests who induced so many of the Canadian people to invest quite a little of their money in the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal Companies, have always held on very tightly to their stocks in the Dominion Bridge and there is always an understanding that if any of the few shareholders might like to sell out, that they will first offer their stock to the other shareholders. The reason of this may easily be imagined when it is known that dividends at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. are usually paid by the company. Other concerns that enter the same class are the Canada Sugar Refinery and the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery. Although the number of shareholders in the latter concern is very limited, very few of them have the slightest idea of the showing the company makes because it does not issue any printed report and at the annual meeting the general manager reads over the report so quickly and in such a low voice that it is absolutely impossible to take down, even on your cuff, enough figures to enable you to form an idea of just how the concern is getting along. The shareholders need not worry very much, however, because for some years past they have, on an average, received twenty-five per cent. per annum in dividends and bonuses.

* * *

HOW FINANCIAL "NEWS" IS GATHERED.

PERHAPS no department of the daily press has shown such marked development during the past few years as the financial news department and the question is so often asked, "How do you get so many financial stories?" Where a few years ago the papers even in the bigger cities were content to publish the daily stock exchange sales and quotations, whole pages are now daily given up to financial news and gossip pertaining to various securities and companies.

The first answer to the question, "How do you get so much financial news?" that would be made by the financial editors of the bigger dailies would very likely be, "From the other fellow." That is, from the fellow who is not particularly interested in some deal that is being arranged and is therefore not so keen to have the facts kept quiet till the whole thing has been arranged. For instance, in most deals it will be found that at least a few brokers have been taken in with a view of attending to the market end of the deal after it has been arranged. The latter generally discuss the deal "in private" and "quite confidentially" with other brokers and it is usually not long before one of the latter will be chatting with one of the financial editors and will have mentioned to him that such and such a deal is being arranged and if he were to see so and so he would likely give him all the facts.

The case of the other fellow is also particularly true in the case of the leading banks. While bank managers and officials are not very much disposed to discuss the affairs of their own institution, they are usually, in the course of conversation, quite willing to tell you quite a few things about some other institution. This applies to proposals to increase capital, plans for new buildings, changes among leading officials, etc.

Then, as a rule, the big capitalists, almost without exception, are very approachable. When a financial editor gains their friendship and confidence they may be relied on to tell him when there is anything "doing" and in order to prevent the news from leaking out they will generally tell him the whole thing and have him promise not to use it until the whole thing has been arranged. Usually brokers who are directors of different corporations are always good friends of the financial news men. They always know a good deal about the corporations and when they want anything made public in order to help the market operations in the stock of the corporation they always know where to find the financial editors and have them handle the "news" to best advantage. As a rule the leading capitalists have a very keen appreciation of what is "live news" and a striking instance of this was given by a director of the Merchants Bank whom I met by chance one day just after the meeting of the Board of Directors. In passing he casually remarked "Go over and ask Mr. Hebden if he has been appointed general manager." Of course when I thought over his remark there was not any need of going over to the bank to see Mr. Hebden, the intimation the director had given being quite sufficient to make it clear that the appointment had been made.

In an active market there is always lots of news because every broker and trader along the "Street" has some news or gossip. When the market, however, becomes dull, there is always a great scarcity because brokers even if they have favourable reports do not want them to get out because the market will not show its appreciation of them.

In no other department has a man to be so careful in handling advance information because many a good deal has been spoiled by the "news" getting out a little too soon.

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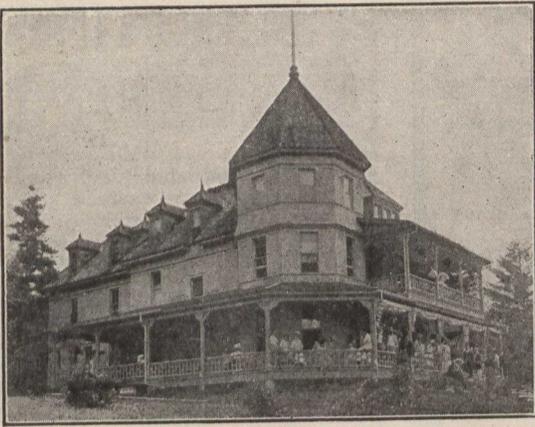
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And such a wilderness—Just at the terminus of civilization where every modern convenience is offered you—A district rich in the lore and the legend of the Redman and its Rivers and Lakes bear the soft sounding names of the Algonquin tongue. This is

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with its beautiful scenery bordering on the picturesque wilds of Canada—everywhere a picture to delight the eye, with its background of the famous verdure clad Laurentian Hills.

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Like a New York City Hotel—beautifully situated in Nature's garden—Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Bowling on the Green and Alleys, Billiards, Ball-room in separate recreation Hall, insuring quietness in hotel proper. Ice cold Laurentian water piped from springs in the hills. Hot and cold Baths on all floors, Sanitary Conveniences, Electric Lighting, Modern in every way—An Ideal Vacation Home near the Wilds of the North.

Pleased to send information and beautiful booklet.

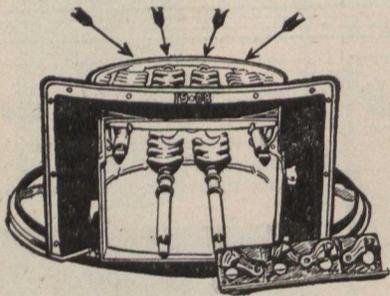
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

(A Lullaby Story for Very Little Children.)

BY MAUD LINDSAY

ONCE upon a time there was a little child who did not want to go to bed.

"The yellow chickens are all asleep," said his mother, as she undressed him. "I heard the old hen calling them, cluck, cluck, cluck, before you had eaten your supper."

"But I do not want to go to sleep," said the child.

"The pigeons are all asleep," said his mother, "up in the pigeon house. 'Coo-roo, coo-roo, good-night,' they said; and they tucked their heads under their wings."

"But I do not want to go to sleep," said the little child.

"The little red calf is asleep in the barn," said the mother; "and the lambs are asleep on green clover beds;" and she put the child in his own white bed.

It was a soft downy bed close beside a window, but the child did not want to lie there. He tossed about under the coverlet, and the tears were beginning to run down his cheeks when, all at once, the moon looked in at the window.

"There!" said his mother. "The moon has come to tell you good-night. See how it is smiling."

The moon shone right into the child's eyes. "Good-night, little child, sleep well," it seemed to say.

"Good-night," said he; and he lay still on his bed, and watched the moon while his mother sang:

"Like a bright angel's face up in the sky,

Baby is watching you, Baby and I,
Lovely moon, lovely moon, up in the sky."

"Can the moon see the lambs?" asked the child sleepily. His eyelids were so heavy that he could scarcely keep them open, while the moon looked in at the window and his mother sang:

"Tell us, oh, lovely moon, what do you see,
As you shine down upon meadow and tree?

"I see the little lambs, I see the sheep,
I see a baby child going to sleep."

The moon smiled at the child and his mother, and the mother smiled at the moon; but the little child did not see them, for he was fast asleep.—*Kindergarten Review.*

* * *

THE ENCHANTED PRINCE.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

I AM quite sure that you have all heard the story of the "Sleeping Beauty," and how for many years she lay in her silken bed in the tower of the great castle, sleeping the sleep of enchantment.

Well, now I am going to tell you the true story of a Prince of the Under World and how he was kept in an enchanted sleep. It was Mother Nature who wove the spell that sent him into this enchantment, but she did it only for his good, for his other mother had gone away.

To be sure, Mother Nature selected a very queer, and not at all pretty, place for him to rest in. She made for him a tiny, brown cradle. She sealed the cradle all up tight, and thrust it down into the waters of a bad-smelling pool. She took pains to make his little cradle water-proof, and she knew that nothing would disturb his sleep. Then she left him.

There he lay in that strange, dark castle, until one day when all was ready for her, Mother Nature came back to the pool and, lifting the

cradle out of the water, placed it up on the surface of a plant that was anchored near by, and fastened it there with a kind of glue.

Then, taking her magic wand, she tapped upon the cradle and said softly:

"Awake, Prince! Arise! Come forth!"

And suddenly there was the sound of something tearing or splitting, and the ugly, brown cradle was torn apart and out stepped the most beautiful little creature you could imagine! He had a long, slender body and two brilliant eyes and four great wings, gorgeous with every colour of the rainbow, and as transparent and delicate as the most wonderful lace that was ever made.

His wings were as strong as they were beautiful, for Prince Dragon-Fly lives only on the wing, and his legs are almost useless. They are intended to be used only as supports when he pauses to rest now and then. His wings are always outspread, even when he is resting, and so strong is he in flight that he is sometimes called the "eagle" of the fly-family.

Darting back and forth across some quiet pool, we see him ever in motion, and he keeps the insect world in motion, too, for the smaller flies and bugs are his prey and he will dart upon them in the twinkling of an eye. I think that you have often seen him flying about and I'm pretty sure you have exclaimed: "Oh, look out! There goes a Darning-Needle!" But really he is very harmless and would not sting nor bite you for the world.—*New Idea Woman's Magazine.*

* * *

FORGIVING.

BY WEBB DONNELL.

"NO, 'deed I won't!" scowled little Sam, when Jimmy asked him for his ball. "'Deed I won't lend it to you. You put burs inside of my coat last night!"

"I was awfully mean to do that, Sam," said Jimmy.

"All the same you don't get my ball," said Sam. He went out to the back yard with that article in his pocket.

He frolicked with Dandy for a moment; then he saw the milk-can setting on the back porch, and a moment later poor old Dandy was yelping about the yard with a dreadful clattering and banging at the end of his yellow tail. When the can finally dropped off, Dandy sat down on his hind feet and looked reproachfully at Sam, as if he would say, "That was an awfully mean trick you played on me—indeed it was!"

But the boy only laughed and went off to find amusement elsewhere.

Pretty soon Dandy heard a dreadful wail out by the duck pond, and faithful old fellow that he was, he rushed off to find out about it.

Sam had been trying to fly his kite across the little pond, as some one he had read about had done when starting a suspension-bridge across a great river. Now the kite was floating in the middle of the pond, the string broken.

Dandy looked at Sam a moment as if he had something in his mind; then he jumped into the water and swam out to the kite. When the dog got back to the shore, Sam's face looked as if he had something in his mind, too. He was red up to the roots of his tousled tow hair.

"Come, good old doggie!" he said, as Dandy wagged his wet tail. "Come, let's go find Jimmy. I guess he wants to play ball with us."—*Youth's Companion.*

Literary Notes

"CHILD OF DESTINY"—By W. J. Fischer. William Briggs, Toronto.

Dr. W. J. Fischer, having served considerable apprenticeship at verse-making, and having shown that he is no mean songster, now apes the example of Stringer, Roberts and Campbell, his brother Canadian poets, and aims at literary versatility by producing a novel. It would have been better for Dr. Fischer to have stuck to his verses. His reputation will suffer by his latest effort. Dr. Fischer, though he means well, will never be a novelist—just because he is a poet. He has poetic limitations. As evidenced by the "Child of Destiny," his book, the author's head is reared so far above the earth in the ethereal atmosphere of the clouds, that he sees little of what goes on here below. When he does get a glimpse, the world appears altogether out of joint—which it is not. The first essential of a novelist is a vision of the world of the lives, hopes and ambitions of those who comprise it. That does not come through a library window. A man must go outside and feel the pulse of the throbbing life there. You can dream poetically in a Morris chair, but novels are written better where the cushions are not so soft.

"Child of Destiny" is melodramatic and improbable. It is not a picture of life. The characters are intended for ordinary people, but some of them have a supernatural touch that is quite grotesque. The story itself is a hackneyed one, a fact, however, that would matter little if handled by a writer who understood something of construction; who would appear more convincing by having his character, Arthur Gravenor, do less cursing at remorseless fate in the disappointment of the love affair; by being careful that the Child of Destiny be kidnapped in a manner less open to suspicion that the author is the guilty party; and by avoiding the amateurish conclusion of "explanation letters."

Here is a love scene from "Child of Destiny":—

"You may think yourself an ordinary girl, Gracia," he interrupted, "but that is your humility. To me you are the greatest, noblest, sweetest woman I have ever known—an angel dropped from the skies, beautiful as the snow and lovely as the stars in the blue heavens. With you always near my life will be a path of roses. Without you it would have been cold and cheerless."

"Ah, Jerome, love is sweet when sanctified upon the altar of a noble heart like yours, and its rose-time is joyous. Oh, I am so happy—so happy. Yes, I love you, dear."

Dr. Fischer writes good poetry and prose-poetry, but the great Canadian novel will not be his contribution to literature.

* * *

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SILVER FOX"—E. Thompson Seton. Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

An animal story is agreeable during the summer vacation. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, our Canadian, has another one this spring. His subject is an old one, Renard, the fox, but he treats it in an original and interesting manner. There is no moralising—just the life history of the animal who is after all not so bad as he is painted.

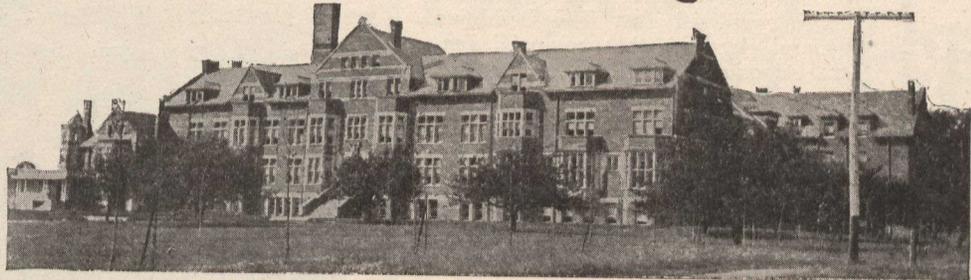
DONALD B. SINCLAIR.

* * *

THE ANNUAL REVIEW.

ADVANCE pages of *The Canadian Annual Review* for 1908, which appears this week, indicate a wealth of information regarding Canada in the volume as a whole. It is a verit-

St. Andrew's College = = Toronto



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Careful oversight of Athletic and Physical Training, with the object of fitting the boy for the work of life. Separate Lower School. During the ten years of its history, the College has met with remarkable success in attendance and efficiency of class room and general work.

Autumn Term Commences September 13th, 1909.

Calendar sent on application.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Principal

(1705)

No More Darning

You can now buy Guaranteed Hosiery. No need to wear any more darned hosiery. The day of the darning needle and mending yarn with its perpetual drudgery is at an end. Instead of the ordinary kind which you have been buying just try a box of

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Holeproof Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children, 6 pairs for \$2.00, guaranteed for six months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

The reason we can give this guarantee so freely is that all HOLEPROOF HOSIERY is manufactured in our own factory, under careful inspection through all the various processes. Thus we know just exactly the high quality of raw material that is used, and how carefully it is manufactured.

You see NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF HOSIERY is not the kind of hosiery that you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn.

It is made of specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns—the best that money can buy. We could use the cheaper single ply yarn but we couldn't guarantee the hosiery for six months, because the cheaper yarns, being short fibred, are weak—they break and split, and cannot resist washing or wearing.

Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery making it *extraordinarily durable*—but not heavy—and *very soft and easy on the feet*. The heels and toes are *doubly reinforced* so as to resist wear where the wear comes.

Our new process of dyeing renders the Holeproof fabric as *clean, soft, comfortable and strong as undyed* hosiery. The colors are absolutely fast, and positively will not rub off or discolor the feet.

NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF hosiery is the most clean and sanitary you can buy.

READ THIS GUARANTEE

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

This is the *guarantee* that goes with every box containing six pairs of Holeproof Hosiery. The guarantee means exactly what it says.

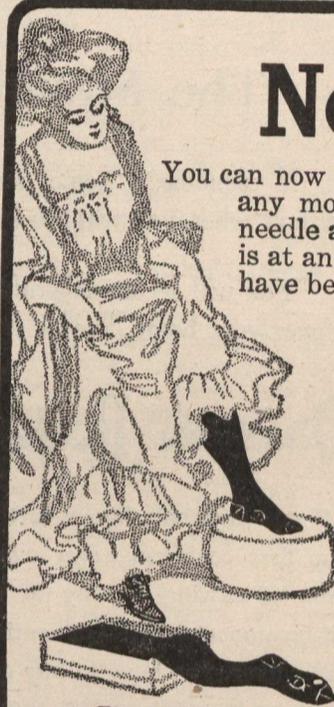
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State size and color, whether black or tan. Only one size in box of Holeproof Hosiery. If your dealer cannot supply you with Holeproof, we will supply you direct. Send \$2.00 money order or bills and dispense with darning drudgery right away—we will send you the hosiery by return mail prepaid.

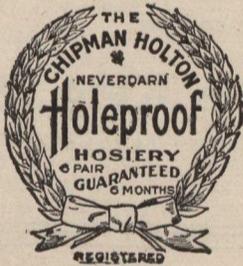
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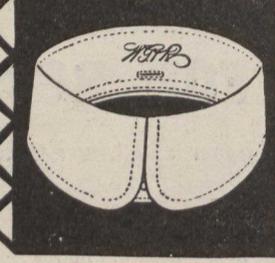
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able mine of facts and history and statistics but one in which an elaborate index and careful arrangement of material obviates the need for digging and delving. The Dominion general elections, the provincial general elections in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan are treated at length. It was essentially a political year and much is said in this volume of the *pros* and *cons* of argument, the varied and conflicting standpoints of party, the tendencies and results of these struggles. The Tercentenary Celebrations are dealt with as an historic event of the year and an illustration in colours of the Prince of Wales, affords not only a striking frontispiece to the volume but shows great advancement in this branch of Canadian workmanship. Parliamentary records, charges against the Government departments and the resulting commissions, labour interests, socialism, temperance, Canadian Clubs, provincial affairs generally, transportation, mining, financial affairs, relations with the Empire and foreign countries, are some of the other subjects dealt with by Mr. Castell Hopkins in the 660 pages of this eighth issue of his *Review*.

NEW VERSE.

AMONG the books recently published by Mr. William Briggs, are two volumes of verse; "Poems by a Pioneer," by Mr. William Johnston, and "Songs of Sentiment," by H. Gardner Cattapani. Mr. Johnston's work is Scottish and Canadian, and shows attachment to his native and adopted countries. Madame Cattapani's work is as full of sentiment as one might infer from its title. The lines which may be mentioned particularly as possessing some distinction are to be found in "The Angel of the Stars."

BUSINESS.

MESSRS. Frederick Warne and Company have issued a small, but valuable, help to commercial success in "Business! Practical Hints for Master and Man," by Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson.

NEW IRELAND.

MR. J. D. LOGAN, of the *Toronto World*, calls his recent contribution to the literature of Celtic Movement, "The Making of the New Ireland." It gives an interesting account of what effect the Irish Revival has had on Irish life and industry.

A BOOK FOR THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

A NEAT, well-printed little volume entitled "Heroines of Canadian History," has lately come to us from the pen of Mr. W. S. Herrington and the publishing house of Mr. William Briggs. The book consists of a collection of interesting tales of brave Canadian women whose acts of heroism and endurance have endeared their memory to us and the records of whose deeds mark the bright spots in the history of Canada. Among them is the story of Laura Secord, charmingly and simply told, and making very different reading from the prim statements set forth in our school histories. There is also a bright chapter telling of the child-heroine, little Madelaine de Vercheres who valiantly held the unprotected fort against the enemy until relief came. These are the romances founded on solid facts, that appeal to the younger people and make good reading for them. The book should have no difficulty in obtaining a ready entrance into all our schools.



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The End of Kidd's Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

me an oar, we put off and ere long reached the island.

Then we had a mighty task to convey the chests through the passage and into the cavern; but after an hour's hard toil, we accomplished our task.

"There are two more chests," said the captain, when we were done; and immediately we rowed to the ship again and returned to the cavern with two other chests, and a great barrel of gunpowder, which, at the captain's orders, we placed about five yards from the chests.

When this was done, Kidd took a large bag of powder from the long-boat, and laid a train of powder from the barrel in the passage to the shore.

"Ah," said he, when he had finished, "I have forgotten a matter. See, Jack," said he, pulling something from his pocket, "here be a necklace and a bracelet that were Rose's. Haste to the cavern, lad, and put them in one of the chests. None are locked."

I took the jewels from him. "And, by the way, what have you done with Rose?" I asked.

"We cast her overboard last night," he replied. "What else could we do?"

At that moment a mad rage, that had been growing all day, seized me, and I handled my pistol and thought to shoot him where he stood. But I could slay no man in cold blood, and I resolved, when I came from the cavern, to challenge him to a duel to the death, and if he refused, to slay him outright.

So with the joy of approaching vengeance in me, I went into the passage again, albeit resolving to hide the jewels about me, and keep them for a remembrance of one I loved.

I stood in the cavern and hid the jewels about me; and as I was so doing, I heard a call through the passage. But I did not hear clearly, and I cried: "What's that?"

The cry came again—it was Kidd's voice: "Farewell, Jack! I saved thee for this. Ha, ha, ha!"

My blood ran cold at the words and I stood rooted to the ground. But a moment later I smelt burning powder, and with a cry of dread I started forward. But I was too late for even as I moved, there came an overwhelming explosion, and I was hurled against the chests and fell to the ground, battered and senseless.

How long I lay there I know not, but it was surely hours, for when I awakened, I was lying in water, and I knew that the tide had risen much.

I knew that the water would fill my prison and that therefore I was facing death; but far from affrighting me, the prospect filled me with a great and soothing happiness.

Gradually the water arose, so that I staggered to my feet, and leaned against the chests. Finally it reached my waist, and I fell to making my peace with Heaven. But Heaven chose that I should not die then, and the water rose only to my shoulders and then began to sink. The great bank of earth that had filled the passage at the explosion doubtless kept the water from me.

As the water began to sink, a strange desire to live seized me with maniacal fervour, and I fell to feeling the barrier of earth that blocked the passage, and which was, so soon after the explosion, only loose earth and rocks.

Instantly I resolved to dig my way up to the daylight, and without hesitating I set to work and clawed at the earth until my nails were torn, and my hands sorely bruised. For three hours I toiled with a madman's strength. My mind seemed to have left me, and I was merely an untiring

machine. I was a madman, nothing more nor less.

Finally, when I had bored through full thirty feet of earth, I suddenly broke into the soft, golden sunlight, and with a cry I drew myself from the hole I had made, and threw myself on the fresh grass and instantly fell asleep.

I slept for perhaps two hours and then staggered to my feet, and the first sight that I saw was three dead bodies. They were my servant Blake and the two fellows that had rowed the treasure from the ship. Kidd had slain them that no man might know where his treasure lay hidden.

Sick in heart and body, I turned away and set off to walk about the island for food; for I was very weak; and nearby I found great plenty of raspberries, and many sweet blueberries.

Whilst plucking these berries, Heaven sought to use me for its good purposes, and breathed into me a mad desire concerning Kidd's treasure, that had surely caused untold bloodshed and suffering in its accumulation. God wot, I knew of one sweet life that had suffered for it.

I had been weary, but of a sudden my weariness passed, and a feverish vigour came upon me; so great, indeed, that when I set off to return to the cavern, I ran swiftly.

When I reached the narrow hole that I had bored, it was towards evening. But I sat on the grass and made a bag of my doublet, and without more ado, I crawled into the cavern again. And then I opened a chest and filled the bag I had made with an hundredweight of jewels, and bars and ingots of gold and silver. And thereafter, with infinite labour, I dragged the bag through the passage, and emptied it on the grass, and returned to the cavern and filled the doublet again; and so I laboured until it was near morning, and then I threw myself on the dewy grass, when my task was finished, and fell asleep.

At noon I awoke, weary and feverish. But the sight of the glittering treasures about me filled me with vigour, so that I hastened to the place where the berries were, and devoured good store of them.

Then I went to the treasure again, and as it was low tide I filled my doublet with great weight of jewelled ornaments and gold, and then I toiled to the shore and out on a long ledge of rock that ran into the sea, but which was not quite uncovered at low tide, so that I walked to my knees in water.

Then I laid down my doublet, and took from it a great handful of treasure, and with wonderful strength I hurled it far out into the sea; and so I threw all that I had brought into the sea.

Thus I spent two hours, casting away jewels, and gold, and silver, where they would nevermore trouble man. But when the tide turned, I forebore, and lying on the grass, I slept for nine hours; and thereafter, the tide being low again, I returned to my work in the moonlight, and before I slept again, cast away the last of the treasure.

When I had done, my vigour left me and I lay on the grass again and fell into a feverish sleep; and surely I slept for four-and-twenty hours ere, sodden with rain, I was awakened by a savage bending over me.

This savage, an aged Indian, had compassion upon me, and straightway lifted me to his shoulders and bore me to the other side of the island, where a canoe lay, in which he laid me, and then put off to the mainland, a few rods away, and bore

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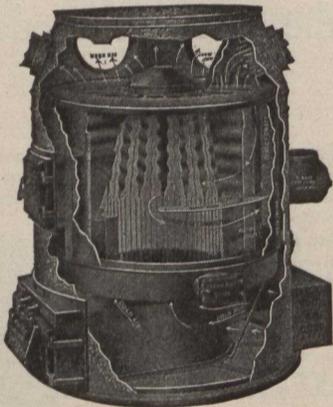
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WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA 222

me on his shoulders again to his wigwam, about one hundred yards from the shore.

This was eight-and-twenty days ago; and since then, old Wejek, my host, and his squaw, have cared for me as if I were their son. But they will not long be troubled; for the labours and suffering that I have written of brought upon me a grievous catarrh and fever, that give me no rest by day or night. Daily I weaken, and I write this now for fear that to-morrow I shall be too weak; and, God knows, perhaps the next day I will be with Rose again.

Whoso finds this, let him see that it is speedily sent to my father, Jeremy Dale, of Huntly Hall, in Surrey.

Royal Economies

THERE are no more successful economists than the King and Queen, for whilst they are never extravagant, yet they maintain the dignity of their great position quite as regally as the Tsar, the richest European sovereign, and most prodigal in his expenditure.

The secret of their Majesties' successful management of their income, which, in view of the tremendously heavy calls on them, is comparatively small, is that they are never wasteful. For example, her Majesty deems six or seven guineas sufficient to pay for a plain tailor-made yachting costume. There are many wealthy women who pay twelve or fifteen guineas for the same class of dress.

Six guineas is considered by many a moderate price for a hat. The Queen, however, seldom pays more than three or four guineas for one. Her Majesty's boots, made of the best kid, usually cost about two guineas per pair, a price very much below the figure which an extravagant woman gives for a pretty pair of shoes.

But Royalty always observes one golden rule of thrift. What they purchase may be, and often is, plain and simple, but it must be absolutely the best of its kind. No member of the royal family ever buys or wears imitation material of any sort. A celebrated Paris modiste announced a few months ago that no fashionable woman could dress on less than £1,000 per annum. The Queen does not spend half that sum on her ordinary attire, and yet her Majesty is admittedly the best-dressed woman wherever she appears. It is well known that neither the King nor Queen indulge in useless extravagances. Some little time ago, a celebrated West-End tailor introduced a new type of lining for morning and evening coats. It was a mixture of the finest linen and silk, and was made in various colours with a delicate pattern on the surface. This lining became very fashionable for a time, but the King refused to wear it for the simple reason that it did not possess any substantial advantage over the ordinary silk lining, whilst it was far more expensive.

State entertainments are a heavy charge on the purse of the Sovereign, but their Majesties, nevertheless, take care that money is not uselessly wasted in this direction.

Not long since, a well-known firm of florists suggested a certain extremely elaborate and expensive scheme of floral decoration at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of a state ball. In the contract which the florist submitted for the King's approval it was proposed to cover the walls of the ball-room completely with La France roses at a cost of close on £2,000. The contract was promptly refused, and the order given to another firm.

Since the King's accession, wasteful expenditure has been checked in every direction with the result that

their Majesties are able to contribute more to charitable enterprises than any other sovereigns in Europe. — Answers.

Old Favourites

AMONG the favourite poems of those who have been so narrowly patriotic as to study the work of Canadian poets, there is none more charming than the following homely ditty by the Reverend William Wye Smith. Mr. Smith was well known to the people of Brantford and St. Catharines. Several volumes of his verse have been published, but this is the poem of the lot:

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

John Tompkins lived in a house of logs

On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound;

The gable was logs, all tight and round;

The roof was logs, so firmly bound;
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground—

The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,

On the second concession of Deer;
None of your birch, with bark of buff,

Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff—

But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough—

The grandest old man in Deer.

But John had lived too long, it seemed,

On the second concession of Deer!
For his daughters took up the governing reign,

With a fine brick house on the old domain,

All papered, and painted with satin-wood stain,

Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain—
The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!

When he came in from his weary work,

To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,

Or out of the "company's" way to lurk,

And ply in the shanty his knife and fork—

The times were turned in Deer.

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer!

And out on the river-end of his lot
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,

And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not—

He was done with the pride of deer.

But the great house could not go at all,

On the second concession of Deer;
'Twas mother no more, to wash or bake,

Nor father the gallant steeds to take;
From the kitchen no more came pie and cake—

And even their butter they'd first to make!

There were lessons to learn in Deer.

And the lesson they learned a year or more,

On the second concession of Deer.
Then the girls got back the brave old pair,

And gave the mother her easy chair;
And she told them how, and they did their share,

And John the honours once more did wear

Of his own domain in Deer.

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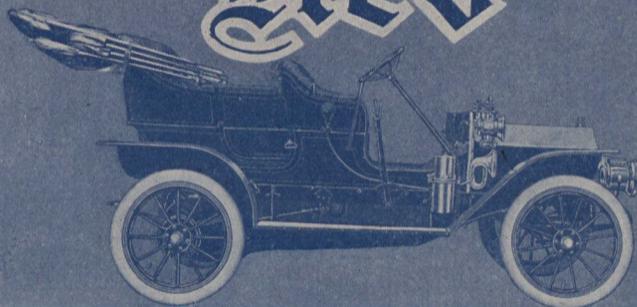
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