

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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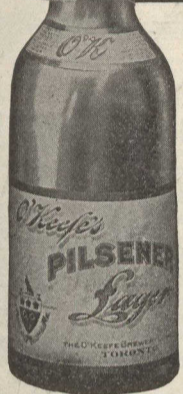
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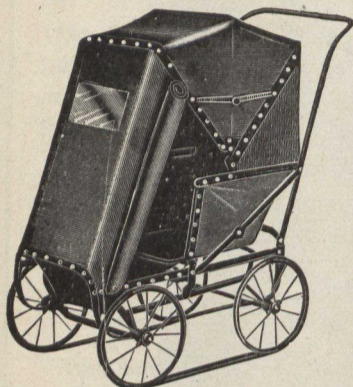
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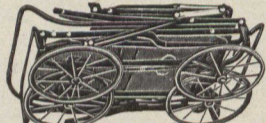
FOLDING GO-CART 7⁸⁵

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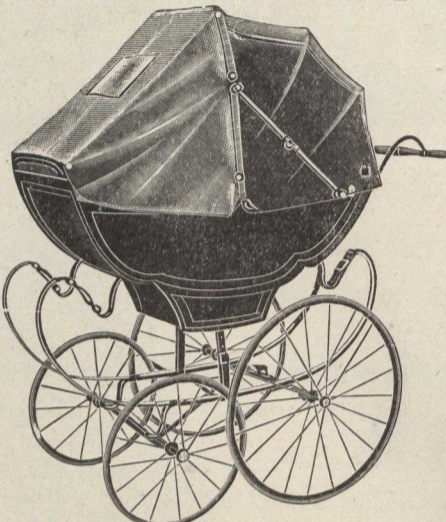
A5-J16. One motion collapsible cart has enamelled steel frame and handles, padded spring seat, double axles and braces, reclining back and adjustable dash for sleeping purposes, size of body 14 1/2 ins. wide and 24 ins. long, height of cart to top of handle 33 ins., back 13 1/2 ins. high, seat 13 ins. wide, wheels 10 ins. with 3/4 in. rubber tires, folding hood, detachable wind shields front and back. Weight of cart complete with runners, 25 lbs.

Sale Price 7.85



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A5-J18. An English Baby Carriage, particularly built for comfort in the winter. Has storm-proof apron with transparent celluloid window, giving child lots of light and protection from the storm. Best strap gear and 1/2 in. rubber tire wheels. Size of body 25 x 13 inches. Highly finished in dark green only; upholstered in best leather cloth.

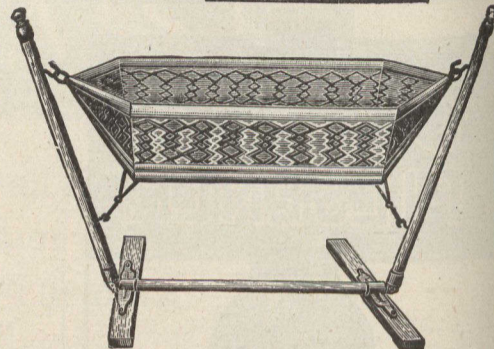
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With runners \$2.00 extra.

3⁷⁵ CRADLE HAMMOCK

A5-J19. Baby Cradle Hammock. A strong closely woven swing for the little one, giving health and comfort. Closely woven in desirable colors with an adjustable stand. Can be folded up when not in use. Complete with frame as illustrated.

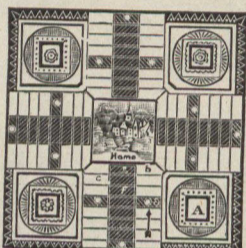
Sale Price 3.75



PARCHESI A HOME GAME

A5-J20. The game of Parchesi is an ever popular pastime for the home; consists of paper covered folding board, dice, cups and men for playing the game.

Sale Price 25c



25c SIR HINKLE FUNNY DUSTER

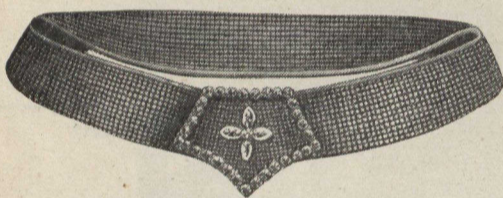
Bright Enjoyable Entertaining

A5-J17. Sir Hinkle Funny Duster. A very funny and interesting game for two or more players. Box contains 20 comic cards with directions for playing the game.

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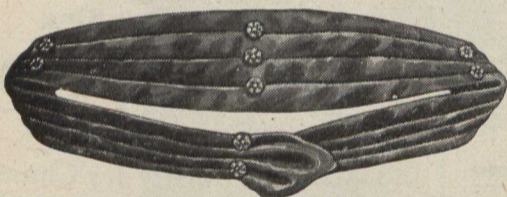
IMPORTED BEADED BELT



C4-932. This Beaded Elastic Belt at 19c is another instance of SAVING by EATON foresight and personal buying direct from the manufacturer in Europe. The beaded elastic is the most comfortable of belts, and in style is suitable for young and old. For this universally popular belt this price is the best we've offered. Black only. Will fit any waist from 23 to 30.

Sale Price 19c

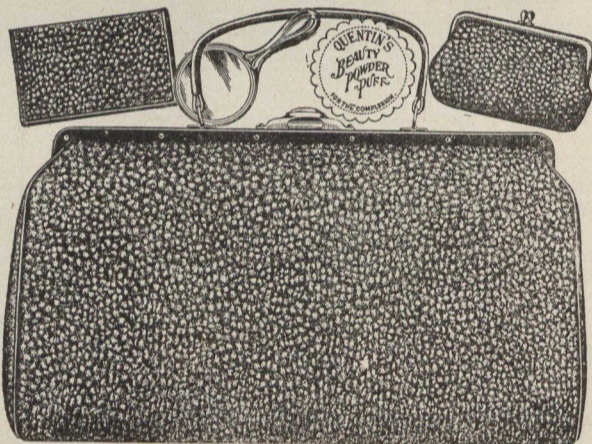
JET TRIMMED SILK BELT



C4-933. Owing to the prevailing demand for jet trimmings on all wearing apparel, this Black Silk Belt with fancy jet buttons is strictly in keeping with fashions' latest demands. Sizes 22 to 36.

Sale Price 23c

A 12-INCH LEATHER HAND BAG, LEATHER LINED, FOUR INSIDE FITTINGS, FOR 1⁷⁷



C4-937. This bag is without any doubt a wonder. We have had our buyer make special efforts to get a hand bag for this Sale that would eclipse everything we have heretofore offered our Mail Order customers, and the handsome one illustrated is the result. This bag has a 12-inch rivetted frame, serviceably covered, a real leather bag of fashionable seal grain finish; it is leather lined, and contains card case, change purse, hand mirror and a complexion powder puff. As this bag will be on sale during the months of January and February only, we would advise taking advantage of the opportunity thus given. It comes in black only.

Sale Price 1.77

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C4-934. The material for this dainty Wash Belt is imported direct from Switzerland (the home of fine embroidery) and manufactured in our own factories, thus securing the advance styles and special savings. It has a lined back and detachable pearl buckle. Sizes 22 to 30 only.

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C4-935. All Black Leather Belt, neatly trimmed with black enamelled studded steels. It is perfectly straight, close fitting and light in style. For this comely and fashionable belt we are asking only 28c. Sizes 22 to 36.

Sale Price 28c

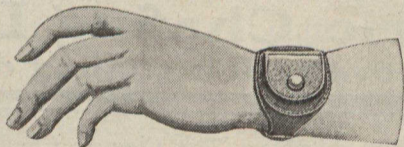
LEATHER BAG AND FITTINGS 87^c



giving strength and durability to the bag. Remember you have the option of returning at our expense if it does not meet your expectations, but we think that it is a marvel for

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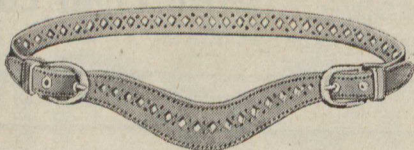
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C4-936. Child's Real Leather Buster Brown Belt, perforated design, very becoming and pretty. Your choice of black, brown or red, in sizes from 28 to 36. Special purchase for our Little Mail Order Friends.

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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, January 15th, 1910

No. 7

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

SIR JAMES WHITNEY will celebrate, on January 25th, the fifth anniversary of the battle by which he won a premiership, fame and knighthood. He has chosen that date as the day on which Ontario's Legislature will assemble for its annual business session. What more fitting way in which to recall to the minds of men and politicians that the famous victory—the first Conservative victory in Ontario in thirty-three years.

Speaking seriously, it is an open question if any man in Canada has made greater progress during this half decade in the estimation of his fellowmen than Sir James. Before he became Premier many of his own followers doubted his ability to play the role of Big Chief. The Liberals were quite sure that he would never rank with Mowat, Hardy and Ross. Nevertheless, to-day Sir James is as supreme in Ontario as Sir Wilfrid is in the Dominion. His policy of "cheap power for the people," if not wholly successful, has touched the imagination of the people. He has been a modern and improved Robin Hood, taking from the rich and giving to the poor. He played much the same role in the school book question, and has given Ontario a set of school books unequalled in the world for meritorious cheapness. In the management of the Crown domain, he has shown an acute appreciation of business methods, somewhat unusual in Ontario political leaders.

In dealing with the relations of the Province to the Dominion and in considering the principles which underlie provincial legislation, Sir James has shown a considerable breadth of view. His neighbour, Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, is a Liberal, but this does not prevent Sir James and Sir Lomer from working together—along certain lines. There must always be a certain amount of conflict between the Provinces and the Federal Government as to their respective powers under the Constitution of 1867. New conditions are continually arising. All such conflicts have been settled in a friendly manner, but not without each side stoutly insisting upon its rights. Sir James has secured Sir Lomer's aid in certain matters. It is also said that Sir James will imitate some of Quebec's legislation concerning corporation and stock exchange taxation.

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN, president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, has come out in favour of the Government owning the wheat elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur. The Roblin administration in Manitoba has declared for Provincial Government ownership of elevators in that Province. These facts indicate that there is possibility of a revolution in the elevator situation.

The wheat grower of the West has received free lands. He has also been given free railways and low transportation rates. Then he got free loading platforms. Now he is to have free elevators. His interests are certainly being well looked after. No doubt it is important that this further reform should be considered. It seems strange, however, that the Dominion and Provincial Governments cannot get together and make such regulations as would ensure a fair deal to the farmers from the elevator interests and the grain exchanges. Surely it is not necessary to buy out this great elevator industry, at a cost of fifteen or twenty million dollars, just to ensure fair treatment for the grain grower. It must be a serious situation if such a radical remedy is necessary. Are the elevator men robbers and thieves? Then prove it and confiscate their property. Are they honest men demanding a fair price for honest service? Then pass regulations which will ensure that fair price and that honest service.

Canada is spending two hundred million dollars on a transcontinental railway which is intended, in part at least, to carry wheat to the seaboard and goods to the inland farmer. Canada has spent millions of dollars on her canal system and on her Atlantic harbour, partly for the benefit of the wheat grower. Canada is now face to face with a capital expenditure of at least twenty-five million dollars

on further canal improvements. Surely it is not necessary, in the face of such expenditures, for either the Dominion or Provincial Governments to embark on elevator ownership. We are all too busy just now telling the Dominion Government how to spend its great revenues. Let us be careful.

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD is a hero. The other night, in the City of York, England, where he is a parliamentary candidate, he was called a "foreigner." Then "amid ringing cheers" he said he was proud to be a Canadian. (What guff to send over a cable!)

Mr. Hamar Greenwood should indeed be proud to be a Canadian. It is his chief asset—though he is not a "Canadian barrister" as the cable asserts. Probably it was one of Mr. Greenwood's political friends who shouted "foreigner" in order to give our hero a chance to declare that "he was proud to be a Canadian." Mr. Greenwood always was a good actor, since the days when he reorganised a small dramatic company that had "gone broke" in a lake town in Western Ontario. His ability as a stump-speaker and his genius for keeping along the straight path to fame have transformed a penniless Canadian youth into a semi-imperial figure—a man destined to show to the ignorant voters of the City of York that "the people of Canada are as good Britishers as if they had been born within sight of Westminster Abbey." Our historians should record this heroic deed. Let us not forget that there are heroes in these days as there were in the Age of Chivalry—men who will never sacrifice their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

EQUAL in its supreme foolishness was the cable sent from Toronto to London by a number of enthusiasts in favour of Richard Jebb, parliamentary candidate in one of the London constituencies. Mr. Jebb is a member of the *Morning Post* staff, and is a Tariff-Reform Unionist. He is opposed by a Liberal, and also by a Free Trade Unionist. His friends on the *Post* have been doing their utmost to have the Free Trade Unionist candidate retired, but Mr. Balfour and Lord Hugh Cecil were not agreeable. As Mr. Jebb has written much on colonial affairs, and has paid us many compliments, it occurred to his friends in London that Imperialist Toronto might be stirred up on his behalf. Accordingly a petition was circulated in this city and three hundred odd signatures secured, including senators and cabinet ministers. This petition was sent in the form of a cablegram to the *Morning Post*, asking that Mr. Balfour help Mr. Jebb. Apparently Mr. Balfour heard of the possibility of such a cable and twenty-four hours before it arrived he publicly endorsed the Cecil candidate, Mr. J. Boyton.

It seems surprising that these Toronto imperialists should so far forget themselves as to commit such an impertinence. There has been far too much interference by prominent Canadians in this British election. If each portion of the Empire begins to meddle in the purely domestic affairs of the other portions, then the beginning of the end will be in sight. It is natural that the Tories of Canada should sympathise with the Tories of Great Britain and that the Liberals on each side of the ocean should feel for each other, but this sympathy is something which should be severely restrained. It is not real patriotism. It is in fact a partisan sympathy which, though possibly excusable under our present system of political government, is not ideal and not in the best interests of an Empire which can only rest on the highest form of patriotism.

WHEN Mr. W. K. McNaught, Conservative member of the Ontario Legislature, proposed the health of Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the National Club banquet last week, he made a strange comment. He said that though Sir Wilfrid Laurier had been in the limelight of

political life for over a quarter of a century, no breath of scandal had ever been connected with his name. Does Mr. McNaught intend to convey to a listening world that this is unusual? Or does he desire to emphasise merely the fact that most Liberal statesmen have been celebrated by one or more scandals? We must leave the decision to our readers—and Mr. McNaught.

Strange it is that public opinion in this country should regard political life as likely to lead to scandals. Many a man who desired to perform public service has been discouraged by his wife and his intimate friends because of a fear that he would be ultimately tainted by some dishonour. Many a rogue has escaped punishment for a disreputable act by pleading that it was done with wholly a political motive. Surely there must be something sadly awry in the body politic when such a form of public opinion can exist. Surely an honest and honourable electorate has a right to demand the punishment of political criminals and reprobates, large or small, in order that the good name of public service shall be preserved.

IN his Toronto addresses, Sir Wilfrid Laurier struck several high notes, chief among which was his claim that Canada's success depended upon Canadians. He commented on the omnipresent patriotism of the United States citizen, though deprecating its tendency to exaggeration. He appealed to Canadians to be more enthusiastic, more confident, more optimistic. Incidentally he delivered a jolt to the railway men who refuse to advertise the glories of the Canadian winter. He painted in glowing colour the beauties of a snow clad landscape, when the Winter Sun bedecked it with sparkling jewels. He asserted his pride in a cold northern climate which produces strong men and strong women.

This sermon has been preached before by Sir Wilfrid, but never better than it was on that occasion. He unfolded once more the tale of how the Great West was once considered a barren waste, and how even ten years ago western lands, now producing great crops of grain, could not be given away. He predicted a new Ontario and a new Quebec, north of the Laurentian range, so long considered to be the northerly limit of civilisation. "Everywhere we have found it better than it was thought to be."

When he turned to ask that greater praise be bestowed on those who have helped to upbuild this new nation, especially those distinguished in science, art and letters, he struck another high note. He praised the scientific achievements of Logan and Dawson, the artistic sculpture of Hebert and Allward, the musical qualities of Madame Albani's voice, and the eloquence of such men as Mr. B. B. Osler and Hon. Edward Blake. Their achievements he would preserve in book and tablet, their praises he would have sung continually. In this respect he thought Ontario was more backward than Quebec.

The message with which he closed his National Club speech was one worthy of the occasion and of himself. He recalled that in the midst of the Indian Mutiny, when the fate of English rule in India was trembling in the balance, Sir Henry Lawrence died. He desired that this should be his epitaph: "Here is Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." Sir Wilfrid desired an equally simple reward: "I desire from my heart no other mention in connection with my name than that I have tried to do the best that was in me for Canada, its prosperity and its glory."

SOME person who is opposed to the building of the Welland Canal is stirring up some of the newspapers to write articles against it. This is quite legitimate, of course, providing the material written has a reasonable basis in fact. The *Montreal Bulletin* of January 7th contains an article which thoroughly confuses the issue. The heading of the article says: "Americans Strongly in Favour of Deepening the Welland Canal, Claim it would offset the Georgian Bay Canal Scheme." This is a fairly reasonable point of view. It is probably quite correct to say that if a new Welland Canal were built and if it were thoroughly satisfactory to the shippers on the Great Lakes and the grain exporters of Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal it would certainly make the Canadian Government hesitate about going on with the Georgian Bay scheme. Indeed, if the new Welland Canal were wholly satisfactory to all the people in Canada interested in the grain trade, the Government would be foolish to spend one hundred and fifty million dollars on an alternative route.

Nevertheless the article in question does not support the heading. The quotations from American sources simply indicate that the people of Oswego are putting up a good campaign to have the Erie Canal

touch that port. It must be remembered that the Erie now passes through Syracuse, which is only a few miles from Oswego on Lake Ontario. A small expenditure would build a branch of the Erie between Syracuse and Oswego and it is quite natural that the people of Oswego should agitate for it. There is no authority in the United States so foolish as to think the new Erie Canal could be a serious competitor with the St. Lawrence canals. The Erie Canal will never be anything but a barge canal. The barges on the Erie Canal could not compete in carrying capacity or speed with barges on the St. Lawrence between Kingston or Prescott and Montreal.

There is no doubt that the deepening of the Welland Canal will benefit the United States ports on Lake Ontario. If the larger boats which now stop at Buffalo are able to continue through Lake Ontario to Kingston and Prescott, some of them will call at Oswego, Ogdensburg and Charlotte for return freight. The Welland Canal will always be of service to United States shippers because it is the only canal connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario. There was a time when the United States owned the only canal between Lake Superior and Lake Huron and at that time Canadian vessels used it just as freely as United States vessels. To-day there are certain portions of the Detroit River where the dredging and lighting are done by the United States Government. Canadian vessels used this channel as freely as United States vessels. With these facts in mind it would be quite unfriendly of us to begrudge United States shippers the benefit which they will gain from the use of the new Welland Canal. Indeed, if the Welland Canal should benefit Oswego more than Kingston or Prescott it would be a sad commentary on the abilities of Canadian shippers and Canadian wheat exporters.

MONTREAL, in spite of the opposition of the railways, is to have another winter celebration with an Ice Palace. The other day the *Canadian Courier* was favoured with a call from one of the men who have transformed Switzerland's tourist business from a three-months' season to a twelve-months' season. He related the story of how that had been accomplished and declared that he would like to have an opportunity to tell Canadians how they could fill their cities with winter tourists. At one time, the Swiss Chalets were open for a few weeks in the year as are the hotels of the St. Lawrence, Muskoka and Georgian Bay. In the winter months, the hotel-keepers closed up their hostelries and went to the Riviera or some southern district. Now all is changed. The Swiss Federal railway wanted continuous traffic and they set about popularising Switzerland as a winter resort. The success of the movement has been marvellous.

May we respectfully and humbly suggest to the managers of the great Canadian railways that they might send one or two intelligent officials to Switzerland to investigate the truth of these statements. Judging from the evidence offered, they would find that the tourist trade of Canada might easily be doubled by adopting such methods as have been successful in the Mountain Republic. We feel certain that the reports would at once destroy that illogical, though no doubt honest, opposition to winter carnivals which they displayed last year and which they are again exhibiting this year.

Political Notes from "Punch."

SUPERSTITIOUS persons are saying that a proof that death is hovering over the House of Lords may be found in the titles which the two newest peers have chosen. Admiral Sir John Fisher becomes Baron Fisher of Kilverstone, and Sir Arthur Godley is now Baron Kilbracken of Killegar. In each title there is a distinct suggestion of homicide. *Absit omen!*

Mr. Balfour is taking a fortnight's rest. His message to his colleagues: "You make the speeches: I'll do the rest."

"The dwellers in glass houses," said Mr. Birrell at Bristol, "have begun to throw stones at the Constitution." Does this figure of speech, we wonder, shadow the acquisition of the Crystal Palace by the Government as a home for evicted peers?

"If manners make the man, clothes make the woman," says Mrs. George Cornwallis West. Nothing was said as to what makes the militant suffragette, but we think it cannot be manners.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain expresses surprise that Mr. Asquith should have made no mention of National Defence in his pronouncement on Liberal policy. Mr. Chamberlain forgets that the Premier has to consider the feelings of his supporters, some of whom seem just now to prefer the offensive to the defensive.

Lord Curzon, speaking on the House of Lords at Oldham, exclaimed: "What cant it is, what humbug, what hypocrisy, to talk about an effete oligarchy when they are continually pouring Radical recruits into it!" This is praise from "Sir Hubert," and the Radicals are purring.

The Willesden Board of Guardians has completed a roll-call of the inmates of the workhouse, and has discovered among the paupers a Civil servant, a poet, a chartered accountant, a pianoforte maker, and a number of clerks and tradesmen. Peers are evidently too proud to give their correct designation.

MEN OF TO-DAY

A MAN OF RESPONSIBILITY

MR. T. H. ESTABROOKS, president of the Board of Trade in St. John, N.B., has one characteristic not always discernible in public men. He dislikes biographies; under which head he probably includes obituaries and autobiographies. He is an exceedingly modest man who has spent a good deal of his private business life in the merchandising of tea, but has reserved a good ample margin of usefulness for public affairs. He was born in Wicklow, Carleton County, N.B. Like many another successful business man in that province of great agricultural resources, he was brought up on a farm, in quite an old-fashioned way. There never was a farm-born New Brunswicker who when he broke away from the plough-handles and got into city life, made a failure of a public career. Mr. Estabrooks is no exception. He has succeeded in business and in public affairs because of a healthy love of both, not because of being inordinately ambitious. His education has not been of the ornate type. He has no degrees. The only place he ever got any liberal education of an academic sort was at the Sheffield Academy, which is not a university. He went into business in 1894. So far as is known he has kept out of politics, though his predilections are Liberal. Mr. Estabrooks has always given a good deal of time to public and charitable affairs. In his presidency of the Board of Trade he will have ample scope for all the surplus business energy he has. There are important problems in St. John, which should continue to be the leading city of the eastern coast on a basis of shipping and immigration. St. John has a national significance. Every little while some public man breaks out into predictions about the future of St. John. During the past ten years there have been more phantom fabrications about that city than about the most visionary city in the West. Most of these have a real basis in economics. Just how many of them get worked out into fact will depend very largely upon such bodies as the St. John Board of Trade and such men as Mr. Estabrooks.

* * *

POLITICAL BY HEREDITY

DR. Eugene Merrill Desaulniers, who was recently elected member of Parliament for the County of Chambly, Province of Quebec, is the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel L. L. Desaulniers, a well-known physician. He was born at Yamachiche, on the 5th of November, 1868, and is a descendant of Charles Lesieur, notary, and Solicitor-General. Dr. Desaulniers attended the Christian Brothers' School in his native village and later in Montreal, and completed his studies at the Leblond de Brumath Lycee, in Montreal; was admitted to Laval University in 1891, where he obtained his degrees in 1895, with the mention "Summa cum laude." The following year he took up his residence at St. Lambert, where his medical reputation soon won over to him a large practice. Although his medical occupation left him few leisure moments, Dr. Desaulniers always took an active part in the political and municipal affairs of his county. He was elected School Commissioner and afterwards Mayor of the town of St. Lambert. In 1900 he was elected president of the Liberal Association for the county of Chambly, which post he occupied to the 23rd of February, 1909, when he was chosen Liberal candidate. He is also a director of the "Montreal Reform Club."

It may be added that the new member for Chambly comes from a family which has figured with distinction in the political history of our country. His father, Mr. Leon L. Desaulniers, represented St. Maurice County, his native place, almost successively from 1854 to 1887. His grandfather, Francois Desaulniers, was member previous to 1837 and again in 1841. Upon the return of L. J. Papineau to Canada, he resigned in favour of the "Great Patriot" who was elected member for St. Maurice. His great-grandfather, Auguste Rivard Dufresne, was the first member elected

for St. Maurice. Mr. Edmond Desaulniers, notary, brother of the new member for Chambly, is the present Mayor of the town of St. Lambert.

* * *

MAKER OF WAYS AND MEANS

AN interesting election will be held next week in the city of Montreal for the presidency of Chambre du Commerce, the leading French-Canadian commercial organisation of the Dominion. One of the candidates for office is Mr. O. S. Perrault and he would make a worthy successor to Mr. Prefontaine, who has so successfully conducted the affairs of the association during the past year. Mr. Perrault is a big man, broad-minded, aggressive and magnetic. He has fought his way up from the position of a grocery clerk to that of a prominent capitalist. He was born in 1869 at Vauclose, L'Assomption, and when twenty years of age entered the grocery store of Messrs. Dufresne & Mongenais. After several years' experience with the largest grocery firms in Montreal he entered the service of the Imperial Tobacco Company where he has since remained. He is now managing-director of that company, the largest of its kind in the Dominion. In addition he is vice-president of the National Snuff Co. and a large stockholder in the new Quebec Light & Power Company. Perhaps his biggest success was in securing an early interest in the Black Lake asbestos deposits. When these were sold to the recently formed company he became one of the largest stockholders. In this transaction he is said to have netted a very large profit. In this undertaking he was associated with Mr. J. N. Greenshields, Mr. J. C. McCuaig and Mr. Rodolphe Forget. He has been a member of the Chambre du Commerce for a number of years and is said to be responsible for adding more new members to it than any other single individual. The membership is now 1,400. Whether Mr. Perrault is successful or not in his election he is a man of whom the public will hear more in the future.

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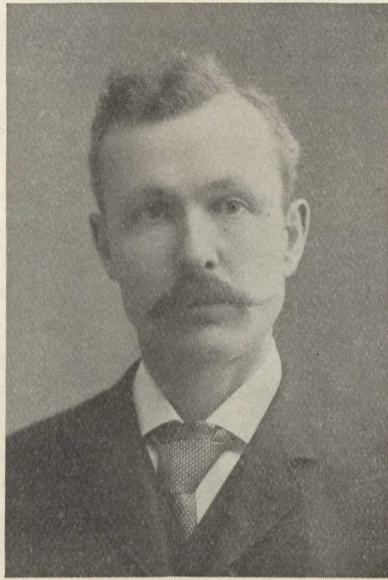
THE PERSONAL JOURNALISTS

THE Toronto *World* is engaged on a series of characteristically elephantine burlesques on the four journalists who have gone to England to study the elections. It is presumably bad form for these gentlemen to go to England. Not so long ago a gentleman very prominent in the *World* management said concerning W. F. Maclean, M.P.—who is the *World*—"My idea is that Maclean should take a trip to Europe. He should interview the crowned heads of Europe. Bryan has done the stunt. Stead has done it. Why not Maclean? He'd make a hit. That's the whole thing nowadays. Give the people something new. It's a mistake to say that personal journalism is dead. Signed articles are the thing. Let the people know who's who as well as what's what. That's the personal interest. This is an age of humanities. The cold, critical editor, as impersonal as a stoker down in a fire-hole, is out of date. We want nowadays the man who can make a noise in print that everybody will recognise as his noise, not merely the impersonal, dehumanised voice of an organ of public opinion."

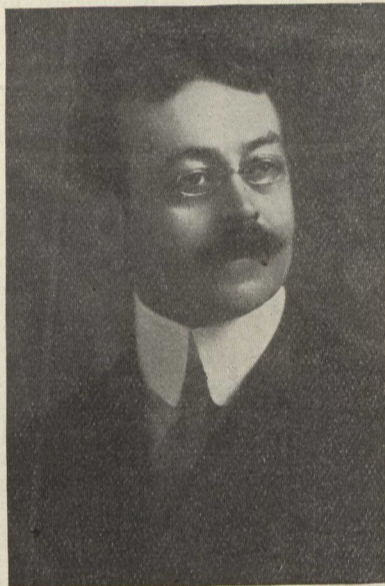
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A HUSTLING MANAGER

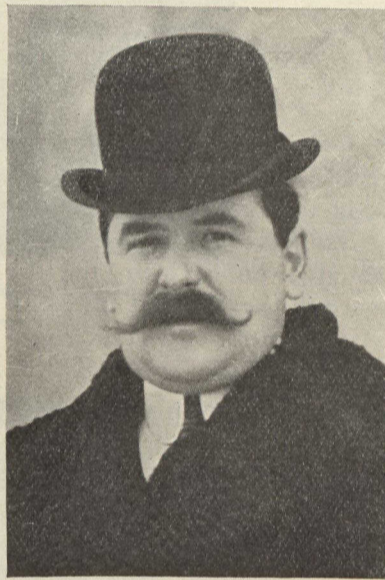
WHEN "Cap" Nicholson gets out to Vancouver, among the railway and shipping men, there will be more fun and not a bit less hustle. "Cap" will fit splendidly among those good fellows on the coast who manage the transportation business and he was a wise director who made the choice of the first manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific steamships in the Orient. "Cap" looks and talks like an American, but he was born at Belleville and is Canadian through and through. While he was rising from cabin boy to captain on the old *Magnet*, young Nicholson was busy with books—he would be a dentist, or doctor or lawyer and he actually qualified himself for a profession. But his business associates coaxed him back and the spirit of steamboat claimed him for her own. When Mr. Harry Gildersleeve went to Collingwood to reorganise the Northern Navigation Company, he sent "Cap" to Sarnia to be traffic manager. Between them they did wonders, which for enterprising Canadians is no new thing.



Mr. T. H. Estabrooks,
President Board of Trade, St. John, N.B.



Dr. Eugene Merrill-Desaulniers,
A new Member of the Quebec Legislature.



Mr. O. S. Perrault,
Managing Director of the Imperial Tobacco Co.



Mr. C. H. Nicholson,
New Supt G.T.R. Vessels on the Pacific.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

HAS anyone ever figured out in ohms, watts, volts, horse-power or whatever units of measurement should be used, the exact energy of an adult conscience? The question is asked because the few consciences that have given public exhibitions of their power have dealt with such trifling matters. Last week a man's conscience forced him to send eighty cents to the Customs Department in Toronto and the fact was brought out that the largest sum ever received in this way was thirty dollars. This may give some people the comfortable conviction that men are not given to cheating the government or one another of large amounts, but it may really mean that consciences do not act where sums greater than thirty dollars are involved. If the muck-rakers tell true there are malefactors of great wealth now living who would unbalance trade, make the financial centres feverish and precipitate panics if their consciences ever developed enough power to make them disgorge their stealings. It is just possible, however, that the operations of a conscience may be hampered by the diversity of its activities. If it be true that conscience makes cowards of us all it may be that the eminently guilty are afraid to make restitution. To be truly penitent is to be found out. There is certainly need of further investigation regarding consciences. If we are to have them at all we should have ones that are capable of meeting the needs of a strenuous age.

* * *

Suffering Husband (on Christmas Eve)—Here are a hundred dollars for you.

Suffragette Wife—Is this a present or conscience money?

* * *

A few days ago I received a letter from a Canadian journalist who was giving me good advice. He wrote:

"Do not make the mistake of thinking that personal journalism can be practised in Toronto as it is in New York and London. In those places you can have your say about a public man and the chances are a thousand to one that you will never meet him. In Toronto it is different. The man you write about may be your neighbour at dinner the day the article is published.

"Some time ago I wrote a character sketch of a distinguished Canadian for an American paper. I thought and still think the article was unduly flattering. My subject thought otherwise. A few days after its publication I was standing in the rotunda of a leading hotel when, as the nature-fakirs say, 'I felt that I was being watched.' Turning round I found the subject of my sketch regarding me with a bilious eye. Although we had met he made no sign of recognition and having heard his opinions I signalled for none. As he is a much larger man than I am I kept on turning round until I had resumed my original position. Then I went away from there."

A word to the wise, etc., etc. If at any time I feel moved to speak of Canadian public men I shall do so in festival terms.

* * *

A successful man is one who wants more than his share and gets it.

* * *

The British elections are being discussed with fervour in every part of Canada and the result is bound to be excellent. Not only are we learning something about Imperial questions but we are learning how to discuss political issues in the proper way. As the actors in the drama are merely names to everyone except "J. A. M." of the *Globe* and a few others, we have a chance to discuss the problems involved without having our judgment confused by personal sympathies. Few of us have drunk stone ginger beer with Lloyd-George or played golf with Mr. Balfour and comparatively few have visited the British Islands, either as pampered passengers on an ocean greyhound or as hard-working attendants on a cattle steamer. Consequently we are able to follow the course of the battle that is being waged with the detachment of "One that hath no friend or brother there." We know only in a vague way that conditions in Great Britain are different and that a large body of the electors are so attached to the old order that they would rather be wrong than be recent. We can roll that satisfying phrase, "the unearned increment"

under our tongues as if we understood it and weigh the issues with academic severity. In our home politics we are constantly being influenced by the fact that the candidate once slapped us on the back and called us by our first name. Moreover, it is hard to consider a question impartially when the man who is expounding it is married to a second cousin of one's wife. If we profit as we should by the present opportunity and a home election comes on before we have forgotten the lesson we have learned, we may be able to approach our own problems with due circumspection.

* * *

The unification of the Empire will not be achieved by drawing the Colonies closer but by spreading Great Britain wider: by scattering her needy legions to the waiting lands of plenty.

* * *

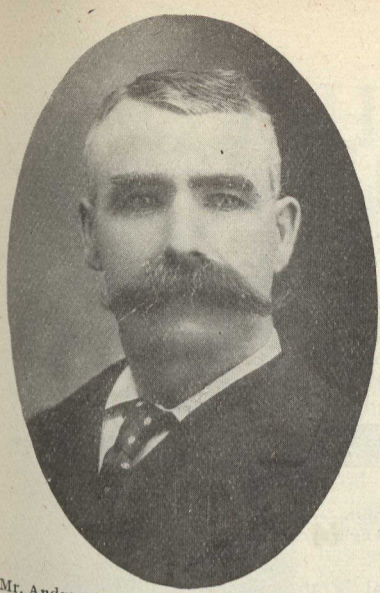
The illustrated papers, both daily and weekly, are giving prominence to a type of man who has hitherto languished in obscurity. It is only just to the papers to say that they do this unintentionally, but when the camera man is taking a snapshot of Sir Jingo McBore, Col. Strutwell, Mr. Whatawad and other prominent citizens in the act of laying a corner stone or starting a hockey match, there are always a number of men in the picture whose names are not given. They are not among those mentioned as being present. They are not even prominent enough to figure among the "also rans," yet they manage to crowd themselves into the picture. As a rule they are well-groomed men, thin-faced and aggressive-looking, but who they are no one seems to know. They doubtless enjoy seeing themselves so prominently displayed and derive much satisfaction from it in the bosoms of their families. It is perhaps as well that they are enabled to gratify their vanity in this way. If they were not they would probably get into the papers in the advertising pages, figuring as men who had been cured of something and so help to mislead hypochondriacs.

GLADSTONE'S CENTENARY

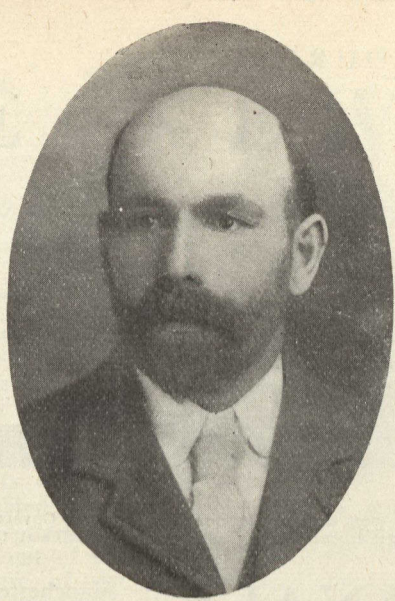


The occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, was celebrated in London by the Decoration of the Statues of Gladstone. The above photograph shows the statue in the Strand. Amongst the tributes there were some sent specially from Bulgaria in honour of the dead statesman.

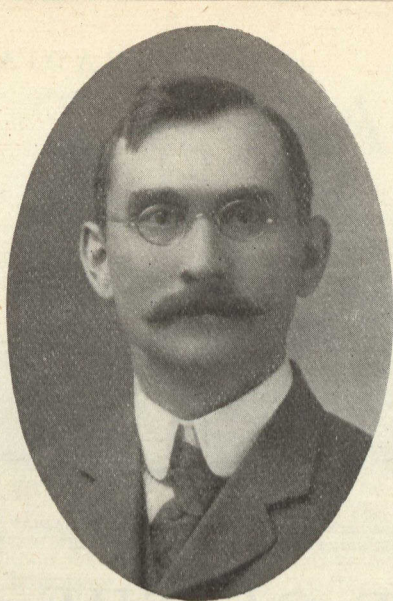
Copyright Photograph by Halftones, Limited.



Mr. Andrew Holmes, Mayor of Prince Albert.



Mr. David Milne, Mayor of Medicine Hat.



Mr. C. H. Bennet, Mayor of Battleford.

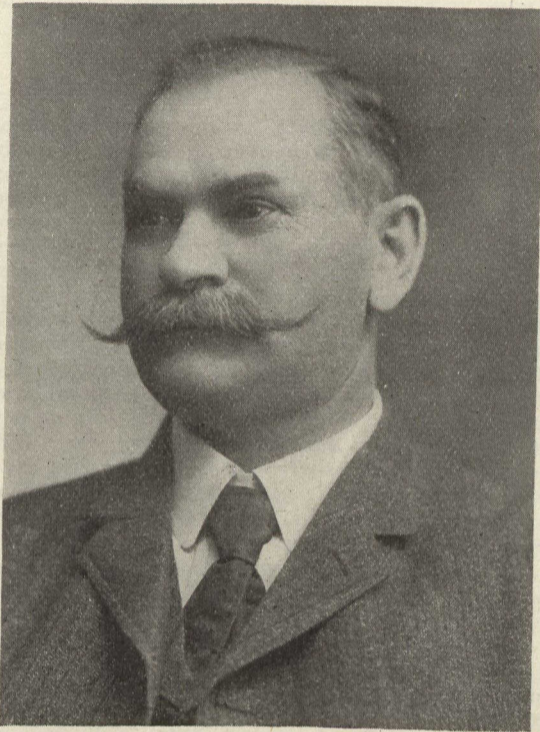


Mr. H. L. Adolph, Mayor of Brandon.

Western Mayors for 1910

MUNICIPAL development in the West is as far ahead as western land-speculation and railway fever. There are about one thousand towns and villages scattered between Kenora and Athabasca Landing; and in some hundreds of these civic elections have been held. They have brought out some exceptionally good men. In that country there is some inducement to bring out strong men. Municipal questions take rank there with business and politics. The municipal associations are highly organised in every province and civic problems are threshed out with an earnestness that would surprise the average eastern smug board of aldermen.

In most of the important centres, however, affairs for 1910 were left in the same hands that gave satisfaction in 1909. On nearly every occasion where a money by-law was submitted the money was voted. Winnipeg, of course, returned to power W. Sanford Evans in a contest which was no contest at all. A Socialist candidate stepped into the arena and must have known from the commencement that he had no chance of election. A Labour candidate stood for Board of Control and another for alderman, the latter stepping into the City Council by a narrow majority. Brandon, the second of the wheat cities, chose a professional man by acclamation. H. L. Adolph, of the firm of Adolph & McKay, has been practising law in Brandon long enough to be called an old-timer and since 1905 has been prominent in the municipal affairs of his city.

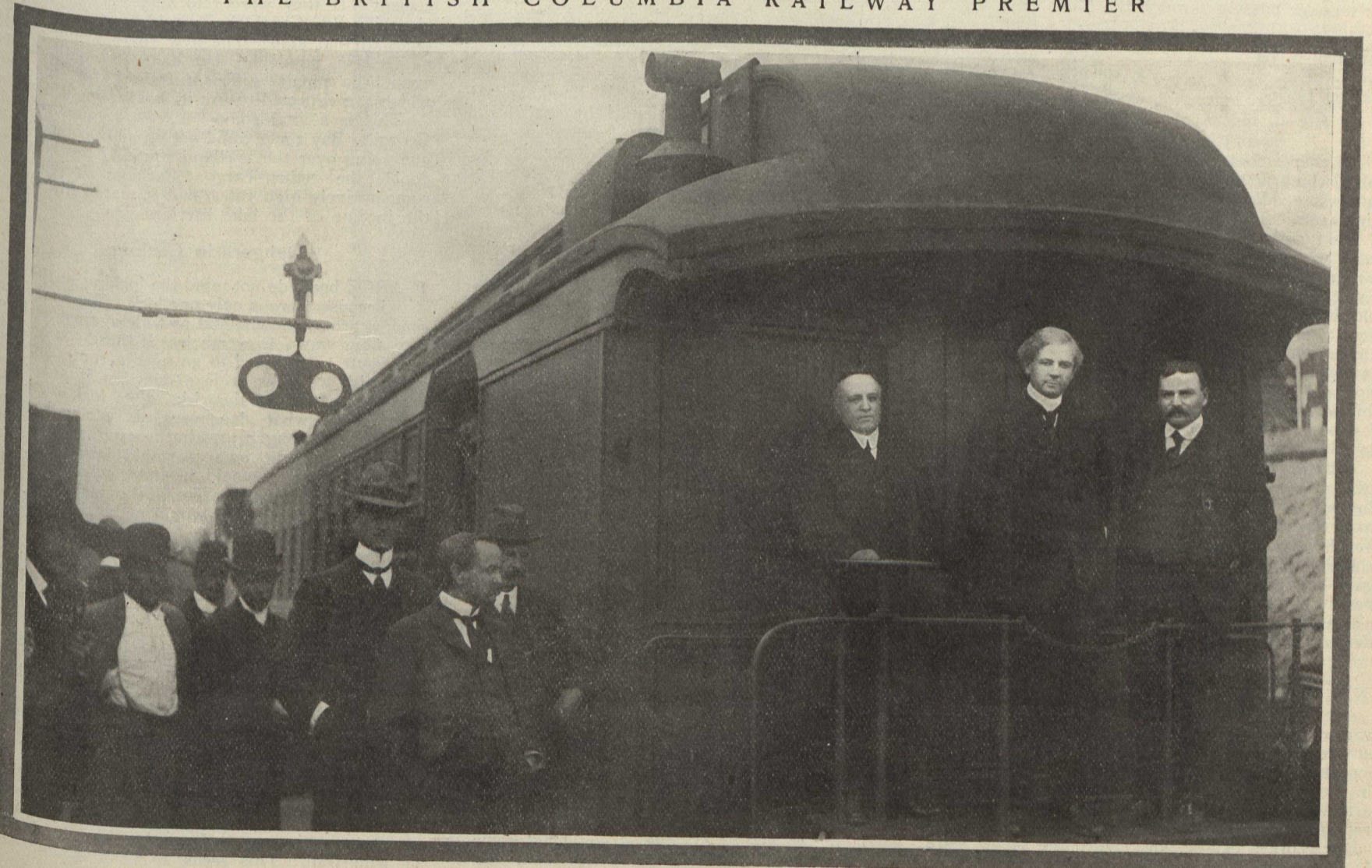


Mr. R. R. Jamieson, Mayor of Calgary.

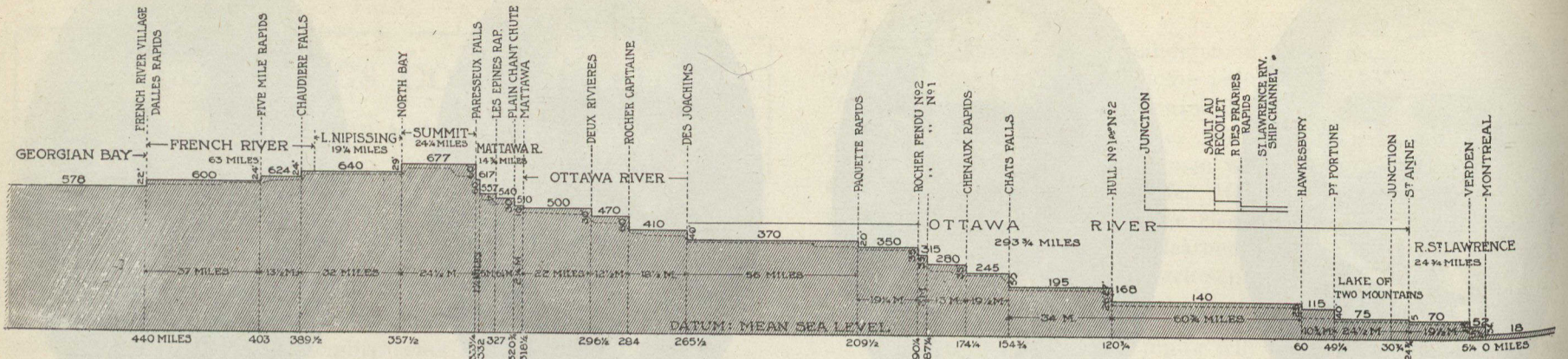
For four successive years he sat in the Council as alderman. Prince Albert selected a Scotchman who has lived there twenty-seven years and has been engaged in the building and contracting business for most of that time. For more than ten years Mayor Andrew Holmes has been a member of the civic governing body and as Chairman of the Board of Works, he has with the aid of his department, modernised Prince Albert.

R. R. Jamieson of Calgary came out ahead in a three-cornered mayoralty fight in 1909 and his administration has received the city's endorsement for 1910. As a prominent C. P. R. official for many years during a good portion of which time he was stationed in Winnipeg, he became a well-known personality in western activities. The highest municipal gift of Battleford fell upon a bank manager. For over twenty years C. H. Bennet has been in the service of the Bank of Hamilton and thirteen years of this service has been given in the West. For the past five years Mr. Bennet has had charge of the Bank of Hamilton in Battleford. Medicine Hat, in the centre of the ranching country, elected as mayor an old-time citizen. D. Milne was born in Fargo, Scotland, fifty-one years ago, and came to Winnipeg as early as 1883. In 1898 he settled in Medicine Hat as manager of the Medicine Hat Trading Company which was subsequently incorporated as the D. Milne Company, Limited. As president of the Board of Trade, alderman in the City Council and member of the School Board, Mr. Milne has had a hand in commercial, educational and municipal affairs as well.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA RAILWAY PREMIER



At Nakusp, B.C., just before election day, the Hon. Richard McBride serenely expectant of victory over his railway policy, stood on the rear of a train with Attorney-General Bowser on his right, on his left Mr. F. Abriel, President of the Local Conservative Association.



This Map of the proposed Georgian Bay Canal has been specially drawn for THE CANADIAN COURIER from the maps and data given by the Government Engineers. It shows the rise and fall of the land from Georgian Bay to Montreal. It indicates clearly how much lifting is necessary to get a boat up the grade. It also contains all the detail figures of the locks and distances.

THE BATTLE OF THE CANALS

The New Welland vs. The Georgian Bay Canal—Second Article

By NORMAN PATTERSON

LAST week, the history of the Welland and the arguments for and against a new and deeper Welland were presented. The question of the Welland vs. the Georgian Bay remains to be considered. Would a Georgian Bay Canal render a new Welland unnecessary and is a Georgian Bay Canal via Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa feasible?

The idea of a deep waterway from Montreal to Fort William and Port Arthur, wholly in Canadian territory, is not many years old. There has always been more or less traffic over that route since the days of the first fur-traders, but the natural obstacles seemed to prevent any possibility of a steamship route of reasonable dimensions. Nevertheless it came. The St. Lawrence Canals and the Welland were on a longer route and moreover they were hardly built before they were inadequate. A new and a greater waterway was sought for—and the Georgian Bay Canal was projected.

Surely there is no Canadian who would begrudge the expenditure of 150 million dollars on such a project, if it is practicable. The cost of water-haul is only one-ninth the cost of rail-haul, and happy is the country which has an abundance of rivers and canals. The Great Lakes are a wonderful asset to the people of North America. To get an idea of how the traffic on this great inland waterway is growing, it is only necessary to take the figures of the tonnage passing through the Sault Canals:

	1903	1907
Canadian Lock	5,502,000	15,585,000
Poe Lock	27,490,000	40,859,000
Weitzel Lock	1,381,000	1,772,000
	34,373,000	58,216,000

Of course there are many vessels on the Great Lakes which never pass the Sault, but these figures give some idea of the general growth of Lake shipping.

If fifty-six million tons of boats pass the Sault every year, up and down, there should be plenty of tonnage to keep a Georgian Bay Canal busy if it can accommodate the vessels and the route is suitable and economical. It is estimated by the engineers who have made the plans that at the least calculation, ten million tons could be locked through the most difficult part, the summit between Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa, in a season of 210 days. This would mean the passage each year, up or down, of 4,000 boats of 2,500 tons each. With larger boats, the tonnage would be increased.

What a glorious spectacle it would be, if such a thing were possible, to see 2,000 large boats leave Montreal every season, go up the Ottawa River, cross to Lake Nipissing and pass through the French River, Georgian Bay and Lake Superior to Fort William and Port Arthur, and pass down again bearing the golden grain of the Last Great West! It stirs the imagination to think of that vast traffic and the great saving which might be effected.

The Plans.

INFLUENCED by some such reasoning as this, the Canadian Government in 1904 appropriated a quarter of a million dollars for the purpose of a detailed survey of the proposed waterway from Georgian Bay to Montreal, a distance of 440 miles. On January 20th, 1909, a report, complete in every particular, was signed by a board of engineers and presented to the Hon. Mr. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works. Those who signed the report were Mr. Eugene D. Lafleur, chief engineer, and Messrs. A. St. Laurent, C. R. Coutlee and S. J. Chapleau. They averred that it was possible to create a 22-foot

waterway over this route for one hundred million dollars, and the annual maintenance cost would be a little less than one million. The rise from Montreal Harbour to the Summit is 659 feet, to be overcome with twenty-three locks. The descent from the Summit to Georgian Bay is 98 feet, to be overcome with four locks. There is sufficient water to operate a summit level above Lake Nipissing, but that an expenditure of ten million dollars would bring the summit level down to the Lake Nipissing level. Ordinary lift locks are to be used, 650 feet long, 22 feet deep. There would be 28 miles of canal excavation, 66 miles of canal dredging and 346 miles of river and lake requiring only a little dredging here and there. They estimated that a 12-mile freight boat could go from French River harbour to Montreal in 70 hours, exclusive of the time required in locking.

They provided for dams to store water at various points so as to maintain an even supply throughout the season. These dams would of course be useful as water-powers to develop the necessary electricity or to be sold to manufacturers. The total number of dams, large and small, would be 45, in addition to the dams at the summit.

Where the canal passed under railways and roads, bascule bridges would be required. These rise into the air on one base, instead of swinging on a central pivot. At least twenty-five would be required.

In 1906, over 80 per cent. of the freight which passed through the Sault Canal was carried by vessels which are too large to pass through the St. Lawrence River Canals. This is the chief reason for the building of the new Welland and the Georgian Bay Canals. The day of the small freight carrier has gone. In 1899 only 6 per cent. of the boats were over four hundred feet long; in seven years, this percentage had grown to twenty-four. Some of these great carriers are 600 feet long. For this reason, the locks on the new canals must be 650 feet at least, with a width of at least 65 feet. The Canadian Lock at the Sault is 900 feet long and 60 feet wide.

Such in brief is the plan which these eminent engineers have laid before Parliament. Presuming that they are no more fallible than the average engineer, and remembering that government work costs about one-third more than private undertakings, the cost may safely be placed at \$150,000,000. Indeed, there are rude men who say it will cost \$250,000,000.

Engineering staff	\$ 38,900
Operating staff	197,900
Other staff, lights, bridges, etc.	70,400
Repair crews	186,250
Reservoirs, wages and up-keep	90,000
Materials and machinery	300,000

Annual total \$883,450

They do not make any estimate of the revenue to be obtained from tolls of sales of water-power.

The Difficulties.

DIFFICULTIES face every undertaking, and the Georgian Bay Canal is not an exception. It has met with much opposition both from publicists, ship-owners, and shippers. The objections may be considered in order.

The first charge is that even if it were built it would create no saving which would justify the cost. In the matter of time, it could not compete with the Welland route. The Suez Canal has no locks, yet it takes a vessel 18 hours to navigate its ninety miles, an average of five miles an hour. The

Manchester Canal is 36 miles, and consumes seven to eight hours of a vessel's time. From Montreal to Georgian Bay, via the proposed canal is 440 miles. If the average speed is five miles, the time occupied would be 88 hours. To this must be added the time occupied in passing through 27 locks, mostly lift locks. This adds at least 20 hours. Therefore the total time would be 108 hours, or 4½ days. Add 1½ days from French River to Fort William and you have a total of 6 days, as against 5½ days by the Welland.

The engineers of the Georgian Bay Canal reduce this estimate of time consumed by one and a half days, which would make the total time five and a quarter days. The reader must take his choice of opinions. Whichever he may take, the saving in time will be an almost negligible quantity.

One critic goes so far as to say that most boats will lose time. He figures that there will be little return cargo. There will not be enough package freight to fill half the vessels. They cannot carry coal, because even to-day coal is going from Lake Erie and Lake Ontario ports to Montreal. If Cape Breton coal cannot compete in Montreal with United States coal, it cannot be carried up to the West to compete. Therefore many of these wheat vessels will have to return light to Georgian Bay, go down to Lake Erie for coal and then go on up to Fort William.

Whether or not there is much in this contention, there is no doubt that the return cargo is a great problem. Wheat boats going to Montreal via the Welland and returning by that route, pick up package freight at Brockville, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Port Colborne, and other lake ports. If they cannot get enough they may run into a United States port on Lake Erie and take on coal or cement. If they were returning via the proposed Georgian Bay Canal, they would have fewer advantages of that kind. The new route would develop new traffic, no doubt, but that it would develop enough to supply sufficient freight for the boats which are expected to use it, is extremely doubtful.

This is a vital point. A vessel going over the Georgian Bay route could not possibly compete with one going over the Welland route, if the latter got double the return cargo. Package freight pays comparatively high rates, and it materially adds to the income of the lake carriers.

Dangers in Locking.

LARGE boats do not mind the locking at the Sault because there is only one lock. They take their time, approach slowly, and provide against accidents in various ways. Nevertheless if these 500 and 600-foot boats were asked to go over a route 440 miles long with 27 locks, it is a question if any owner would care to take the risk. One lock on a trip, even if somewhat dangerous, is a small matter. Multiply the dangers 27 times going and 27 times returning and the owners would hesitate.

If the owners would hesitate, what about the insurance companies? Would the insurance companies ask a rate which would make the traffic unprofitable? Most insurance companies make a contract which provides that the loss must be over \$5,000 (in practice) before they begin to take the risk. In going through 54 locks, on a round trip, two or three collisions or bumps would eat up the owner's profits for the season. The larger and more unwieldy boat is more liable to collisions and bumps than a small vessel. When a large boat goes to tie up to a dock, there is always a danger of a bump. When the *Mauretania*, for example, docks in New York harbour, she requires the services of half a dozen tugs to keep her from smashing her pier to kindling-wood.

Large boats cannot enter a lock when there is a high wind. As the vessel slows down, the wind takes greater effect on her huge bulk and in a narrow passage is sure to bump her against the dock or wing-wall. This seems to be a danger which

THE NEW THEATRE

Whose Motto is "Art for Art's Sake" and not for the good of the box-office

By SYDNEY DALTON

In the past nearly every art has had its share of patronage by the millionaire — painting, sculpture, music; but the drama has been confined to the tender mercies of commercial managers.

This has hurt the dramatic art in certain vital respects, even if it has benefited it in others, and certainly it has stifled some of the best literature of the stage. The actor himself has been more fortunate under this system than the drama.

But the opening of the New Theatre in New York has created a new hope for the American drama, and if it stands consistently by its original scheme it will doubtless prove to be an institution which will foster a higher aim in dramatic literature, and give incentive to playwrights to produce a higher type of play.

The New Theatre was founded by thirty representative citizens of New York — men who, with unlimited wealth, were willing to devote millions to the

cause of the hitherto neglected art of the theatre. The list includes such men as John Jacob Astor, August Belmont, Henry Clay Frick, George J. Gould, and J. Pierpont Morgan.

The building itself is a magnificent affair, the finest thing of its kind in the English-speaking world. It takes the place of the government-fostered theatres of Europe, such as the Comedie Francaise of Paris, and the Hof-burg of Vienna. Any description of the building and the interior arrangements and decorations must necessarily be of a most cursory and inadequate nature. The splendid layout of the main auditorium; the enormous stage, sumptuous hangings and seats; the elaborate decorations, and the prevailing colour scheme of grey and gold; the comforts and conveniences for the playgoer — all these things must be seen to be appreciated. The extensive foyers and promenades, designed by artists having a free hand to spare no expense; the gorgeous ceiling of the main foyer, given by Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt; the graceful winding marble stairways; the tea room, library, and smoking rooms — all would occupy too much space to describe with any approximation of exactness.

The actors themselves have had as much consideration for their comfort bestowed upon their quarters as the audience. They will have the advantage of a splendid library, in the first place, which will include the standard works and everything bearing upon the subject of the drama and its related arts. Dressing-rooms of much greater comfort than are afforded in other theatres; shower baths, elevators and a sumptuous green room are at the disposal of the players.

The building fronts on Central Park West, and extends from 62nd to 63rd Streets. It is the intention of the directors to utilise a plot at the back of the edifice for a school of dramatic art some time in the future. It is hoped, by this means, to train promising talent for the theatre itself.

But the point that is of chief importance is a consideration of the aims and objects of the institution—what it hopes to do for the drama, the actor and the public.

In the first place the institution has

not been launched with a view to antagonising, or even rivalling any of the theatrical managers. The New Theatre has its place and the other managers theirs, and the New Theatre is not in any way attempting to encroach upon the privileges of the others, because for one thing it would not fill any particular real want by so doing. It is obviously the duty of the institution to provide something that is not supplied by the other managers. For instance, it should be the home of classic drama; and it should produce the best type of drama of the present—plays of great merit which can not get a hearing elsewhere. Not that it should be a dumping-ground for cast-off plays whose merit is chiefly literary, at the expense of action and the essentials of success. But there are many splendid plays refused by the managers for the simple reason that, while possessing great merit, they lack the elements of popularity which are necessary for a financial success, and have no chance of enduring for a "long run." It stands to reason that managers are not going to expend from \$15,000 to \$40,000 upon a production unless they think it will prove good for an extended period of popularity—and the fact remains that many of the best plays, like many of the best books, are not the ones that make great financial successes, else would Shakespeare be the only popular playwright. But an institution like the New Theatre can afford to produce plays which will not necessarily pack the house for an entire season. It can present a play several times a week for a month or two, and after one season the play can be put into stock and given an occasional presentation, eventually paying for itself. Of course this is quite impossible in the ordinary theatre, where a manager expects a play to make him a profit of possibly \$20,000 or more a season. There is no individual on the New Theatre staff or board of management who will make or lose a cent by any great success or failure.

The theatre was opened with a production of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," the cast including Mr. E. H. Sothorn and Miss Julia Marlowe. The repertoire, of course, will be extended from time to time. This first season opened with the Shakespeare play above mentioned; "The Nigger,"

by Edward Sheldon; "Strife," by John Galsworthy; Sheridan's "School for Scandal"; "The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch, and two additions have since been announced, Maeterlinck's "Bluebird," recently produced in London with pronounced success; and "Don," by Rudolf Bresier.

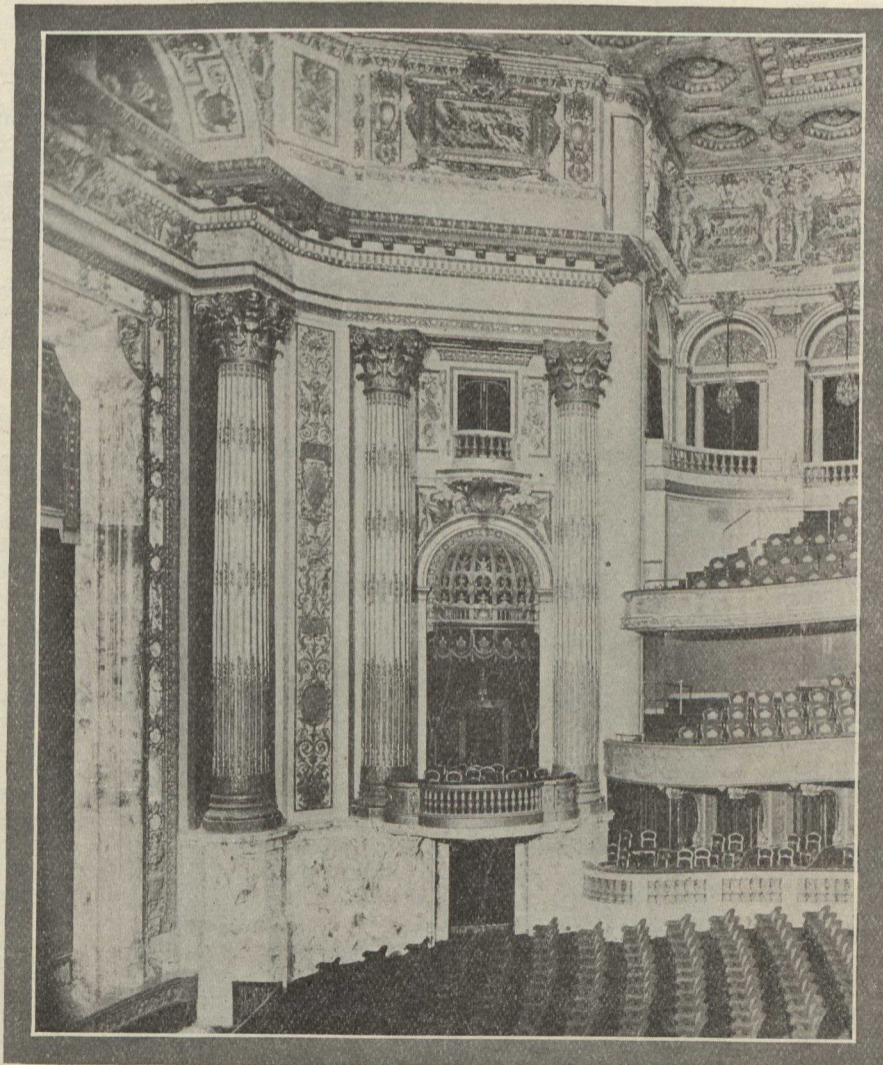
The only play of this list which I have yet seen is "The Nigger." Here, for instance, is an example of the good work which the New Theatre can do. "The Nigger" is a play which many managers would refuse, because it does not promise great popularity, yet it is a play of unusual merit, and deals with a very vital question in American life—the negro problem. Mr. Edward Sheldon—a young Harvard graduate of twenty-four who already has one success to his credit, "Salvation Nell," in which Mrs. Fiske starred—has handled the plot with great skill. He has presented many realistic pictures of the position of the negro in the South, and shows us the consequences a man must be prepared to suffer who has negro blood in his veins. Philip Morrow, a southerner of the best type, rises to the position of governor of his state, assisted by a relative, Clifton Noyes, a prosperous brewer. He wins on the Democratic ticket, defeating a prohibition candidate. After election his experience as governor convinces him that whiskey is killing the negro, and is at the root of most of the anti-negro demonstrations. He consequently determines to sign a prohibition bill which has passed the legislature. Noyes is furious, of course, and after unavailing arguments he unfolds to Governor Morrow the secret of his, Morrow's, birth, revealing the fact that Morrow's grandmother was a negress. If this secret is made public it means that Morrow will be ostracised, and will henceforth have to rank in all things with the black man. But even Noyes' threat of exposure in the event of Morrow's refusal to veto the bill does not deter him from doing his duty, and the final curtain falls as he is about to address the people from his balcony, telling them of his extraction.

It is not a pretty picture, and shows the undesirable condition of the negro in the South, and much of the prejudice, deserved and undeserved, which the white people have for their black neighbour. Mr. Sheldon has sounded a good theme in this play, and has built up a powerful drama which deserves the sumptuous setting and capable cast provided for it. It is, in truth, surprising that the negro problem has not been more extensively used as the basic idea for plays. It is a live question and should naturally attract the playwright as well as the preacher and the writer.

The development of the New Theatre will be watched with interest. There are those, in and out of the profession, who have raised their voices in protest, and have questioned the value and the motives of the institution, but the only way to silence these critics is by achievements. So far the performances, both dramatic and operatic—the latter entirely under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Opera Company—have been of a nature to gain the confidence of the public and the support of the backers of the undertaking.

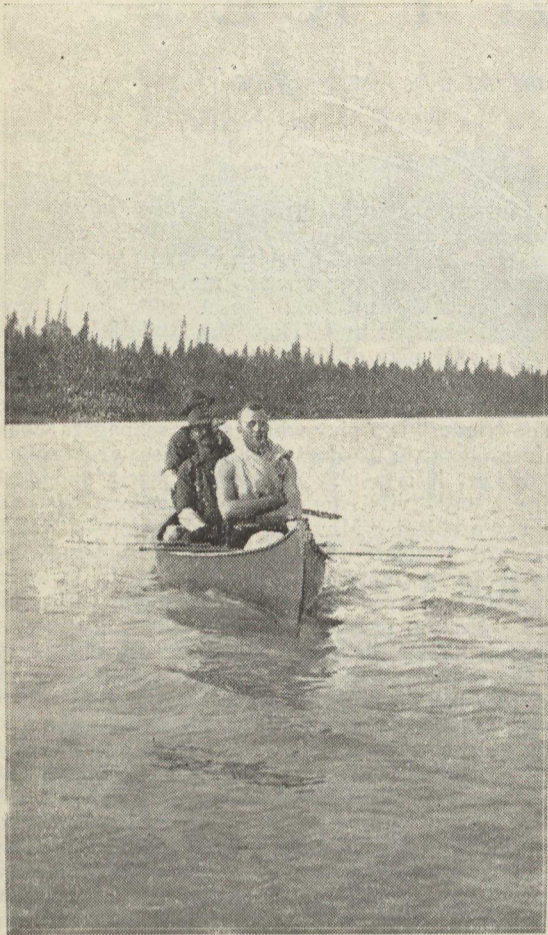
There has been considerable talk for a long while as to what is to become of the drama, which according to a number of critics seems to be going to the bow-wows. The decline of classic drama, the rise and fall of musical comedy, the ups and downs of melodrama, the decadence of pure comedy, the present conquest of vaudeville and burlesque, the fading of the romantic play and the frequent recrudescence of Ibsenisms and French plays: all this is bewildering and topsy-turvy to the lay mind. No such turmoil will trouble the New Theatre, which is intended to be the home of real art in every serious line. It is to be presumed that both the ethical and the artistic will be considered. Or will there be a merger of the two?

There may come a day when the builders of Canadian theatres will begin to study art not only in performances, but in design.



The New Theatre, New York, is not large but is the newest and most artistic theatre in New York.

Photographs by special permission



On Slim Creek, seven miles from Frederick-House River.



At this point between Whitney and Tisdale the first Free Gold was found.



Vanguard of the Porcupine Prospectors—on the Frederick-House.

GOLD ON THE PORCUPINE

GOLD on the Porcupine—which is up in the land of the Temagami, not far from Cobalt, in what some one has called the Temagami triangle. This seems to mark the opening of 1910 as auspiciously as Gow Ganda opened 1909. This has been called the most wonderful mining region in the world. There seems to be some basis for the statement. The Yukon produces only gold—undoubtedly the greatest pure gold camp in the world to-day. But the Temagami region produces also silver, cobalt, nickel and copper—for the so-called triangle has for one of its angles Sudbury, cornering the world's nickel and abutting on one of the great copper preserves of the world. As every one knows, the greatest silver camp in America is Cobalt. Now gold is added in large quantities unto the list; gold which for a year or so has been regarded as somewhat fabulous in that country, since it is not the commonest thing in the world to find silver and gold linked together.

So that this makes Ontario, Canada, one of the great mine centres of the world. There have already been a few scattered diamonds found. We have the world's supply of asbestos. We have almost unlimited iron; nearly all the useful metals of commerce in vast quantities; but as yet no coal to speak of. The man who will locate a vast coal mine anywhere in Ontario will be conferring a greater boon upon the country than he who opens up a new gold preserve. Gold is value, and is the measure of price for commodities as well as the ultimate material of finance. But coal is power. Of course we have white coal enough; but the black diamonds are the sort we need to fill in the gaps left by the waterfalls. Gold has never been a particular stimulus to great industries; neither has silver. The trouble with both these precious commodities seems to be that it costs somebody several dollars for every dollar taken out in value; moreover, the bulk of the profits seem to accrue to the millionaire promoter and the man on the outside. Rarely does a great gold and silver boom do the country the good that is represented by the aggregate value of its yield. Nevertheless we have no objections to gold being found in Ontario; if only a little of it would get distributed in the right channels—casually sifting down this way!

Assistant Chief Provincial Surveyor J. F. Whitson states that the Porcupine find is the greatest mining strike since Cobalt. Two thousand claims have been staked already. All of Whitney township and of Tisdale township, and two-thirds of Shaw as well as of the as yet un-named township next have been staked. They'll soon name that unknown township. Of course the veterans' locations are undisturbed. What few of the South

African veterans had enough faith and hope in that country to take up their scrip are probably chuckling now to think how much wiser they were than the chuckleheads who sold out for a song. Several hundred prospectors are already on the trail—the long, white winter trail that looks golden yellow to a lot of people. The road has been cut and built—usual northern style *a la* Gow Ganda—from mileage 222 on the T. & N. O. into Porcupine.

Two big mining companies have each twenty-five men busy developing. And the yarns they are telling of the quartz dykes over a thousand feet long and twenty feet wide, with free gold peeping out clear across—! Well, there'll be a lot of hands

ready to grab it just as soon as the crowd gets into Porcupine. *Prestissimo!* For the present even Lac la Ronge, north of Prince Albert, is forgotten.

Twenty thousand dollars to the ton is the most opulent estimate for the precious stuff that lies around Porcupine. Said a geologist who visited the region lately:

"The surface showings of free gold at Porcupine are wonderful."

Says a recent writer in a Toronto daily paper: "The rush into Porcupine is growing daily, and the outlook at present is that it will be the greatest mining stampede that Northern Ontario has yet seen. To realise the extent to which the gold fever has spread across this country, come to Matheson or to Kelso, 17 miles above Matheson, and see the hundreds of men that get off the train from the south, sometimes at 6.55 p.m. and sometimes later, if the train is not on time. When the train pulls in there is feverish excitement. Men scurry from the train—men of all types and sizes, dressed in nearly all costumes known to civilised man."

The Winnipeg Art Gallery

Editor of the CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—In your "Reflections" in the very beautiful issue of December 25th, you "reflect" to the discredit of Winnipeg because the art gallery by-law was defeated. I think you would not have drawn the same deduction from this result of the polling, if you had been in possession of all the facts.

I assisted in defeating the by-law and it certainly was not because I was opposed to investing money in what makes for culture. I was anxious to defeat that by-law for two reasons which I think are sound. In the first place, if the by-law had passed, the citizens would have lost one of the most beautiful of their little parks and the one most necessary to be preserved because the most central. The by-law, as framed, authorised the use of Central Park as a site for the art gallery. This square is not large enough to allow for any such building and still leave any "park."

The second reason for defeating the by-law was because the sum provided (\$50,000) would be totally inadequate to provide a building that would be a credit to the city and properly serve the purpose intended. I think that if a by-law were submitted for say \$200,000 and a site quietly purchased at its real value, the people of Winnipeg would not hesitate to spend the money in the interests of art and culture.

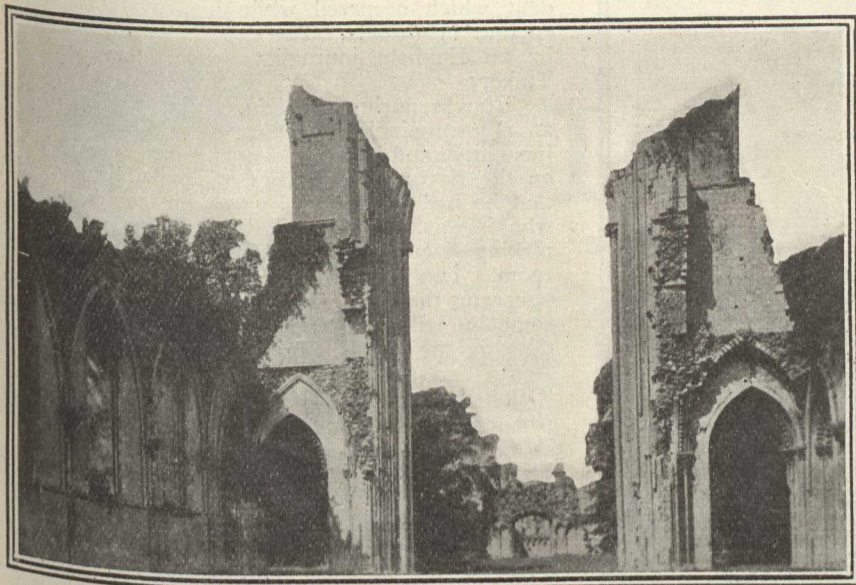
Yours truly,

OUTPOST.



This is the first building put up in Whitney Township, near Porcupine Lake.

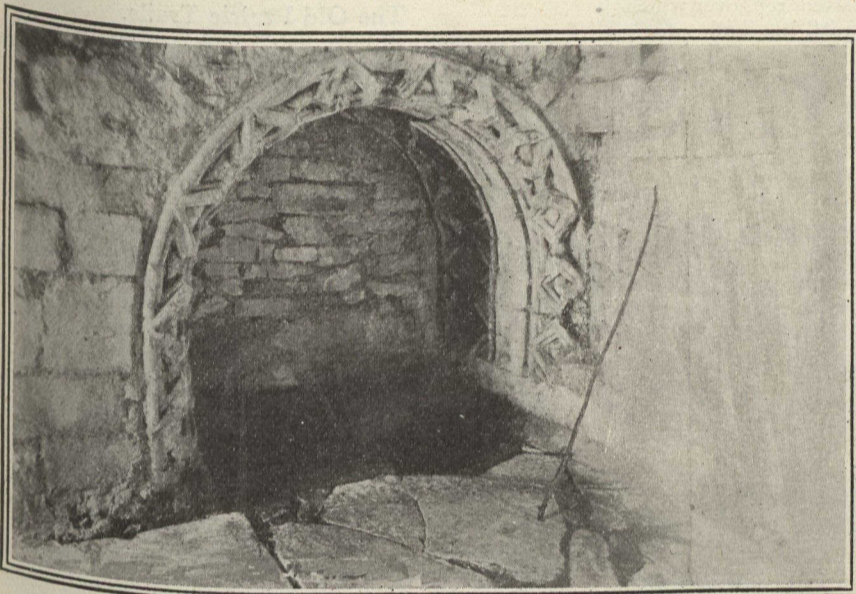
WHERE TIME IS MORE THAN LORDS AND COMMONS



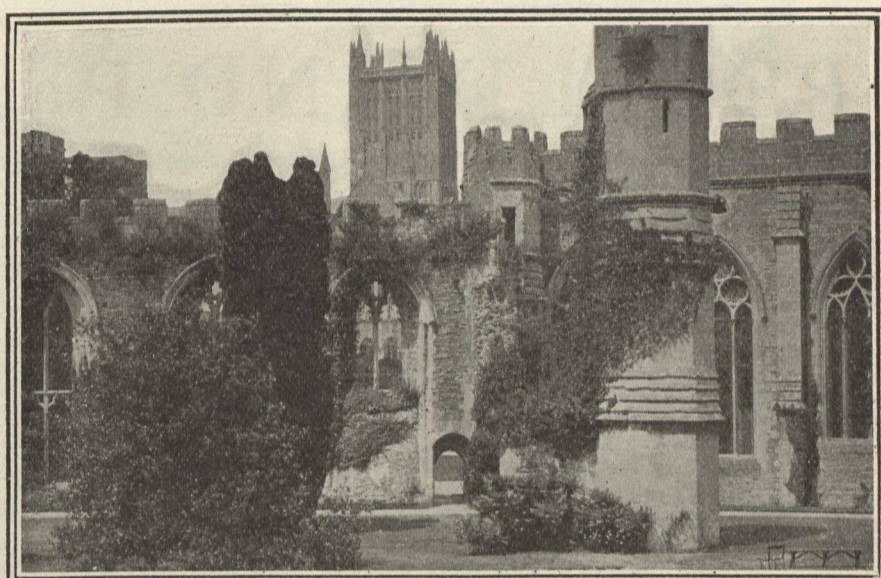
Ruins of Glastonbury Cathedral, where St. Dunstan is said to have met the Devil, and where the remains of good King Arthur are supposed to be buried.



Here in the Market-place of the Cathedral Town of Wells, are wells that were old when Columbus discovered America.



St. Dunstan's Well, on the ancient site of Glastonbury



Remains of the Banqueting Hall; the Bishop's Palace at Wells.

There are places in England where the old way was the old way a hundred years before the great-grandfather of the oldest and most decrepit Peer in the House of Lords was born. The cathedral town of Wells is one of them. Here are crumbling walls which the eye of man regards with more awe than he feels in contemplation of any fiscal system or tariff reform or agitation over the land. Here are landmarks that were hung before the seeds of Socialism were sown in the Old Land. In scores of places such as Wells the battle is now being waged, of the hustings and the ballots, of the Lords and the Commons, of the hungry people against vested rights.—Editorial Note.

was not till the beginning of the thirteenth century that Wells finally regained its lost dignity as the cathedral city.

About this time a gradual rebuilding of the cathedral was begun, and the result of this process of remodelling and extension, continued for something like three centuries, is the stately and interesting edifice which exists to-day. Constructed of stone easy to work and hardening rapidly on exposure to the air, it is richly decorated within and without. The west front, covered with statuary, is even more effective when viewed from a little distance than in its details, but perhaps the most fascinating glimpse of the exterior is that from the southeast, when the lofty central tower and the southern and eastern arms of the vast cruciform church may be seen surrounded by trees and reflected in the shining depths of the "Wells" below.

The history of the neighbouring abbey of Glastonbury, six miles away, was at times closely intermingled with that of the cathedral. Glastonbury, moreover, was the scene of St. Dunstan's encounter with his Satanic majesty, and contains, as some suppose, the dust of Arthur, the ancient British king.

In the height of its glory the abbey church was larger and more magnificent than the Cathedral of Wells, and the abbot lived in prince-like state. But the rough hand of Henry VIII. ruined all. For resisting the dissolution of his monastery the last abbot, an old man over eighty, was condemned to death in the (now ruined) banqueting hall at Wells and the beautiful abbey was wilfully destroyed.

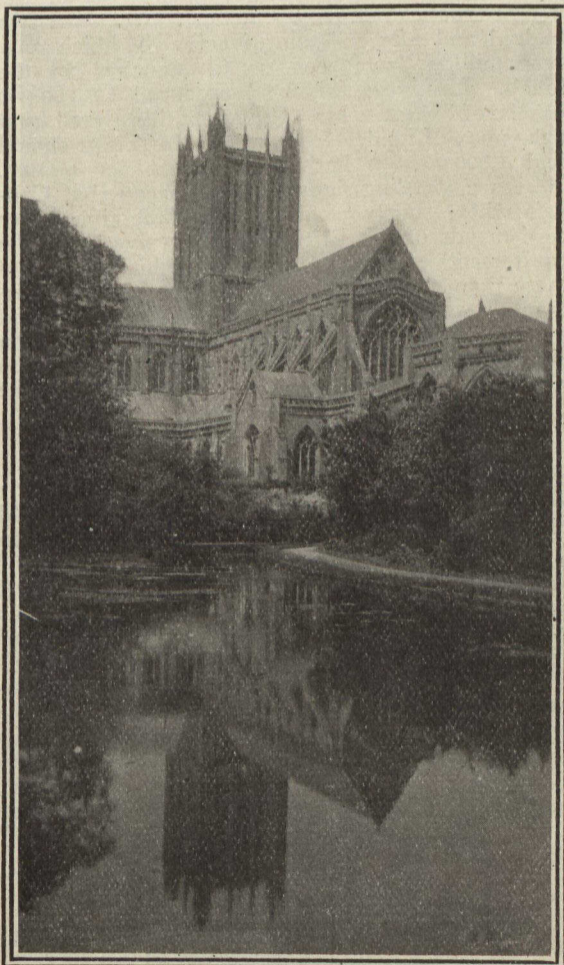
Now only a few broken pillars and arches remain, and to prevent these crumbling away it has been found necessary to support them here and there with modern masonry. Recently indeed they were threatened by a worse danger than the ravages of time, for certain wealthy Americans conceiving the design, it is said, of removing the ruins bodily across the Atlantic, began to negotiate for their purchase.

The result of this was the collection, under the auspices of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, of a fund for buying the ruins and an interesting feature of the Millenary celebration at Glastonbury was the presentation of a deed empowering the Archbishop of Canterbury to direct the uses to which the Abbey and its precincts shall be put.

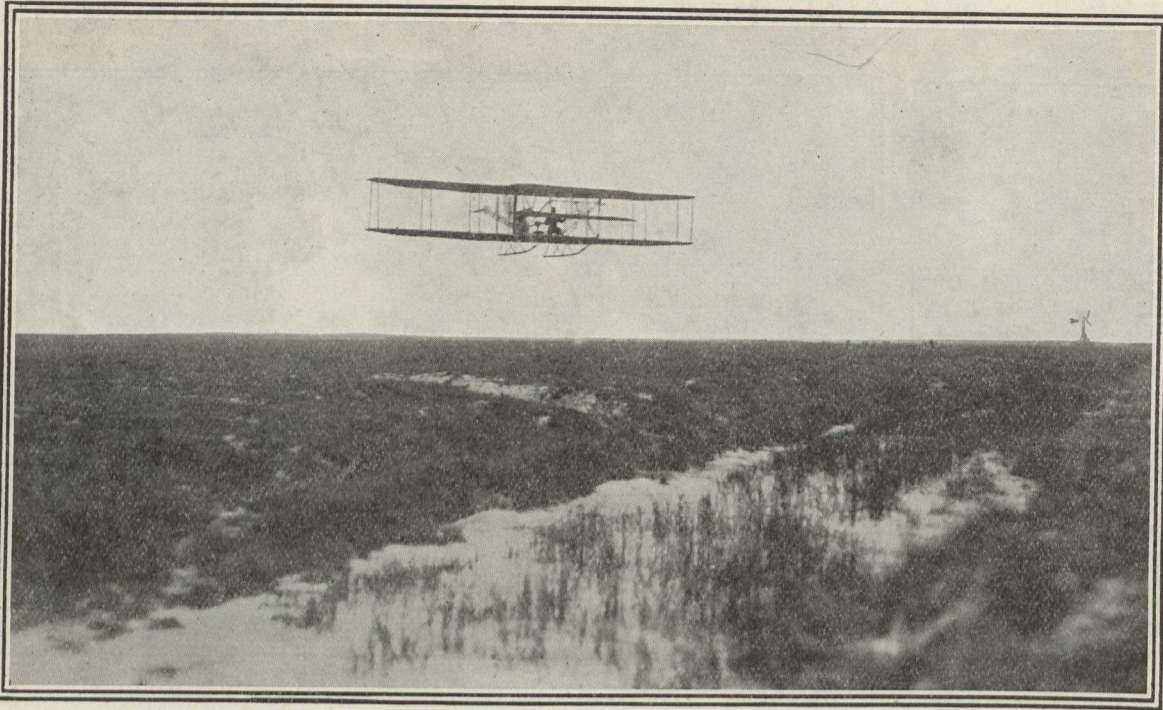
QUITE recently the quaintly named English diocese of Bath and Wells celebrated its millenary by a week of services in its magnificent cathedral, and by a great gathering of dignitaries of church and state, including the Prince and Princess of Wales. The occasion was the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the see; but even this was not the beginning of the history of Wells. For two hundred years before the consecration of the first bishop a Christian church had stood on the site of the cathedral, beside that wonderful well of St. Andrew, which has given a name to the city and diocese.

This well is surely unique, lending a new and more dignified association to the simple old Saxon word, which calls up for most of us visions of moss-covered buckets and narrow pits lined with rude masonry. St. Andrew's Well is a little lake, open to the sun, containing a very whirlpool, which your guide tells you is bottomless or at least has never been plumbed. From it the moat surrounding the bishop's mediaeval palace is supplied with a continuous current of pure water and the overflow takes its way through the town in little limpid streams on either side of the chief streets.

The earliest Bishop of Wells was Æthelm, a monk of Glastonbury, who in due time became Archbishop of Canterbury, but the first Norman bishop removed his episcopal throne to Bath and it



Shadows of a Thousand Years.



Naught but a lone Windmill to mark the fifteen-mile reach between Shelbeach and Eastchurch, over which the Hon. C. S. Rolls flew in his Airship on December 21st, 1909—in merry, crowded England.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

Man-less Land and Land-less Men.

THEY are talking about the land. In England and Scotland—so much land that nobody tills; and in both countries millions of people who are land-less. The prevailing idea in this country about England is that one town reaches out to lock horns with another, and that just between are a few parks and the castled estates occupied by the lords and the rest of the aristocracy.

It seems, however, that if one should take a photograph of a typical piece of Canadian wooded prairie and put it down alongside an average picture of unoccupied, unploughed, unproductive territory in England, the resemblance would be almost startling. Far and away over either the eye may roam and find no house and no smoke of life; neither cattle nor horses—except the horses of the huntsmen with the hounds. Besides, they are complaining in England that the woodcock, gamiest of birds, is dying off. *Miserabile dictu!* Down in London there are human woodcocks who never had half a chance to live and who might be considered as well worth consideration as the perishing woodcock on the preserves.

But they say the Hooligans and the Embankment crowd don't appreciate land; say they wouldn't know how to farm it if they had it; that they're merely slum dwellers who like the slums, just as the Italian loves the Latin Quarter and the Hebrew the ghetto; so what is the use of opening up woodcock preserves to these people? As well send them to Canada where if they don't like the land on the prairie, perhaps they can "lump it"—because they won't be able to get back home; whereas in England a man can walk in a week from John o' Groat to Land's End. Moreover, the gates of England are open wide to continental Europe; not only the goods of other nations, but the indiscriminate drift-folk of all nations may go to England free of head-tax, and most of all to London, whose bountiful poor-laws are said to permit no man, woman or child to starve. So they come—to London alone a hundred thousand a year; by which means they have the biggest city in the world, and the city most abounding in misery.

Meanwhile the vacant land is useful not only for hunting upon, but for flying over as well. The airship is no machine for the slum-dweller who would no more know what to do with wings if he had them than with the land if he had that. So what's the use?

Booming Regina.

"WE are going to show Moosejaw and Saskatoon that we are just a little bit awake down here," announced some indomitable westerners the other day. They came from Regina. Of course, it being the first of January, they were rather long on New Year resolutions. They told of a big one which Regina had made. The men of Saskatchewan's capital have adopted this as their slogan for the year 1910: "Patronise Home Industry and Boost for a Greater Regina." Moreover, an organisation has been

formed to carry out this ideal, to wit, the Greater Regina Club. Membership in this fraternity is within the reach of every one who is willing to chip in and help along the prospects of the home town. "The Greater Regina Club" taboos such frills as a "waiting list," though the rate of growth of the club might indicate that one should be necessary. The treasurer has only held his office a few days, but he has gathered together fifteen thousand dollars.

The Granary of the Empire.

MR. F. W. THOMPSON, vice-president and managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, became very enthusiastic about Canada's wheat prospects a few days ago. Mr. Thompson was talking to some Montreal journalists and imparted some very interesting statistical information. He deplored the ignorance among Canadians of the wheat-growing capacities of the Dominion. A great many people, according to him, were not aware that the golden grain could spring up five hundred miles north of Edmonton; that the total area of the western trinity of provinces for cultivation was two hundred and fifty millions of acres of which only seven million have been so far touched by the plough. Last year this land produced 115,000,000 bushels of wheat. Mr. Thompson illustrated that at the apex of its development the Northwest should yield 1,600,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum. These are startling figures. They mean that Canada's wheat supply would satisfy three times over the demands of the British Empire; five times the requirements of those portions of it which hunt elsewhere than under the flag of Britain for their sustenance; and would equal one-half of the present wheat stores of the whole world. Mr. Thompson submitted that in consideration of these figures, no one could sympathise with those who feared the ability of the Empire to support herself.

Back to Nature.

MR. J. W. ROBERTSON, principal of McDonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., has begun to encourage nature study in the rural schools of Manitoba. He has started his campaign in a novel and popular way. The other day, after Christmas holidays, when thousands of ruddy young westerners had creaked over the frozen snow to the school-house, the first thing they noticed was a neat, green book in teacher's hand. It did not look at all like the arithmetic or the grammar. The mystery was explained when they were told that Dr. Robertson of St. Anne de Bellevue, away down east, had sent each school of Manitoba a Christmas present for the library—a book called "Elementary Nature Study."

The King in Canada.

A WHITE-WHISKERED, weather-beaten old tar in jersey and peak cap, stood out in front of his little Kent cottage recently, and recalled the

days when he sailed the seven seas with the present king. Mr. George Tinker related an amusing incident which occurred while his royal master was en tour in Canada. The experience is thus related by an English journalist who interviewed Mr. Tinker:

"It was during the King's visit to Canada that an amusing incident occurred. He was travelling incognito, and arrived one evening at a little inn on the river St. Lawrence. The landlord realised that he had no ordinary guest, but could not guess who it was. With a view of finding out he kept making excuses for entering the Prince's sitting-room. The first time, he asked, 'I think, Captain, you rang the bell.' The second time he brought in some fine wild raspberries, saying, 'We've just found these in the woods, Major. Will you taste them?' Again and again he came in, calling the Prince 'Colonel' and then 'General.' Finally, just as he was leaving the room, he fell on his knees and said, 'May it please your Majesty to pardon us if we don't behave suitable. I mean no offence in calling you 'Captain' and 'Colonel.' What shall I call you? For all I know you may be a King's son.'

"There was a burst of laughter at this from the Prince's companions, and the landlord, who had guessed so accurately, left the room still mystified."

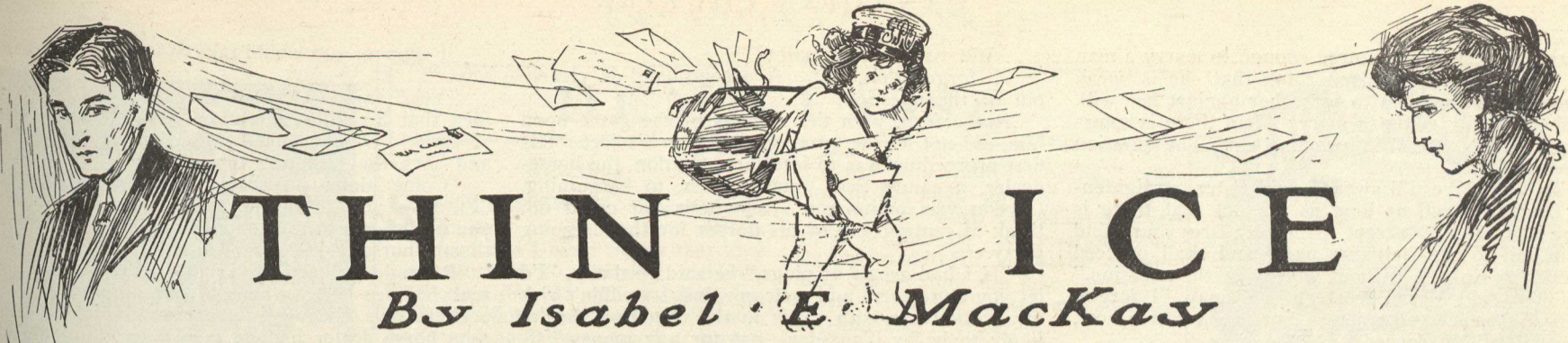
The Old Prairie Trails.

HONORE JAXON—who was once known as "Jackson" and the able lieutenant of Riel in the Rebellion of 1885, is out on a rampage for the preservation of old trails. This is one of the really noteworthy projects in the West. Any man who should write the history of western trails in Canada would make a book of some of the greatest stories in our literature. The traveller by railway sees little or nothing of the old trade routes that once made all the human history there was in that vast country. Indeed, nowadays people incline to forget that the West is a huge limbo of interminable travel. At Christmas and New Year's scores of people boarded trains at the far-out towns and took a little jaunt east to Ontario. In the days of the old trails and the carts that made them, it took a whole month to make the journey from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Time was less valuable then. Space had scarcely any value at all. The cartman looked at long leagues of landscape, untenanted by a shack and uninspired by even a camp smoke, and he merely dreamed dreams of the distant day when the land-hungry white man up from the south and the east, and from across the Atlantic, would begin to measure, and fence and plough and build the scores upon scores of towns whose elevators seem to hold up the distant sky and whose railways cross-maze the country like the tendrils of a huge vine with its roots in Winnipeg.

With the obliteration of old trails and the construction of new roads has passed away much of the epical charm of the country. The West may be more valuable to Canada now that the railways have got hold of it; but in the time of the old trails the prairie had a character which in the days to come will never be noticed. If there are old trails that can be preserved as modern roads, it is part of the duty of governments and municipalities to preserve them.

Ancient Toronto.

ACCORDING to an article by Prof. A. P. Coleman in the *Canadian Magazine*, the most notable and interesting thing about Toronto is the relics. It appears that in Toronto there are sandpits and beaches that contain geological evidences of a system of political economy that dates back 50,000 years. The reader is requested to transport his focal imagination back to the time when all sorts of improbable beasts crashed through the forest and when the climate of Ontario in winter was balmy and serene. This is known as the inter-glacial period. Not long ago when the present waterworks tunnel was being put under the bay the excavators discovered curious footprints of an aboriginal that must have been an ancient when the Indians came on the scene. All sorts of old things seem to crop up in Toronto. No wonder it's hopelessly Tory; unchangeable and archaic; when the geologists go prowling round the streets and dig up out of sandpits things that carry the imagination back fifty thousand years. History of course is worth preserving even in sand-pits and geological strata. It is not clear, however, that the contemplation of reliques ever does much for the amelioration of social conditions. Modern cities find as much as they can do to look after the welfare of people living now without bothering about those that have lived thousands of years ago.



THIN ICE

By Isabel E. Mackay

RESUME.

Peter Rutherford, a wealthy young Montrealer, visits an aunt in a small Ontario town. A business communication takes him to the post office on a night when a blizzard sweeps the town and, confused by the violence of the storm, he turns by mistake into the home of Margaret Manners, whose acquaintance he has an opportunity of improving before her brother arrives to show him on his way. By chance circumstance, Peter decides not to mail a letter of proposal written to a girl in Montreal, and later drops it in the Manners home, where it comes into Margaret's hands. Next day, when he calls, Margaret returns the letter to him, and he is intensely relieved to find it has not been sent upon its way. A sleighing party is being arranged and Peter is persuaded to prolong his visit to take part in the event.

HE looked at her to say good-bye but she was neither looking at him nor listening. Her eyes were fixed on the door and she was listening intently to the voices on the other side. The expression on her face was a mixture of annoyance and—something else. If it had not been so absurd Peter would have called the other thing fear.

"It is Mr. Klein," she said abruptly. "Don't go. You said you wanted to talk about mines, didn't you? Mr. Klein made his fortune in mines. He can tell you all about them."

"But—"

He said no more, for there was an entreaty in the girl's eyes which he could not misunderstand. For some reason she wished him to stay and talk to Mr. Klein. Very well, he would stay. No sooner had they reseated themselves than the door opened to admit the caller and Margaret was a self-possessed young hostess again.

The man who entered was tall and finely built, well dressed and well groomed with no consciousness of being so. His face was pale and his hair, which he wore very short, a deep and lustreless black. His mustache, well trimmed and neat, was black also, and lustreless, but his eyes, large and prominent, were of a light steely blue and glittered with a shallow smile which affected Peter unpleasantly.

The most remarkable thing about the face, however, was that it seemed dimly familiar. Peter felt sure that this was not the first time he had met those steely eyes. He was almost certain, too, that he had caught an answering glance of recognition. But where in the world could he have met the man? He searched his memory in vain.

"Mr. Klein, Mr. Rutherford," Margaret's voice murmuring the introduction roused him. Klein? Oh, that was the man Leverage had championed at breakfast. The man who gave Aunt Jane the creeps!

Mr. Klein acknowledged the introduction smilingly.

"You are staying with Mr. Leverage, are you not?" he asked. "I have heard him speak of you." "Your name is not altogether unfamiliar to me either," said Peter, smiling a little as he remembered the breakfast table dispute.

It may have been imagination but he thought that the man gave him an uneasy glance, and, determined to test it further, he continued:

"It is strange, but your face seems familiar also. When you entered the room I was quite sure we had met before."

It was not imagination this time! The man's eyes certainly narrowed into a very ugly look, a quick look which was gone immediately and covered over with the sparkling, shallow smile.

"I am afraid I have never had that pleasure."

"A strong likeness to someone else, I suppose," said Peter. For though he was far from supposing anything of the kind, it did not seem polite or politic to push the point.

Instead, he settled down comfortably and began to talk mines. His thirst for facts about the mining question was insatiable and it was surprising how little information Mr. Klein seemed to be able to impart—for a gentleman who had made his fortune by mining he seemed singularly ignorant. Peter, however, was not to be discouraged and his smiling good-temper compelled a like attitude in Klein. The

latter, from being politely interested, grew absent-minded and then bored and then coldly annoyed, but Peter was delightfully oblivious of everything and chattered on until Klein could stand it no longer and rose to take his leave. His adieux were short but if his temper suffered his smile was unimpaired to the very last.

When he had gone Peter turned laughingly to Margaret, but she was looking at him seriously, her cheeks a little flushed.

"I know you think it strange," she spoke out at once, "but I don't like Mr. Klein and I did not want to talk to him. Besides, I really thought you might like to meet him on account of his experience in mining."

"His experience in mining," said Peter, "is profound."

"Yes, isn't it?" the girl asked innocently.

Rutherford turned away to hide a smile. "It was most kind of you to ask me to stay," he went on, rising. "I have learned lots of interesting things," and it seemed to him that she blushed—a very little.

When he left the house he went directly to the telephone office, got Montreal on the long distance and called up Charlie Graham. The conversation which took place was something like this:

"That you, Charlie? How are things going?"

"Everything wild, Peter, better come home at once."

"Can't; have important business here."

"What?"

"Have important business here."

"Important what?"

"Have important business!"

"What is it you have? Speak louder."

"Im-port-ant bus-i-ness."

There was silence for a moment and then through the void between Banbridge and Montreal stole a curious sound—indicative of intense enjoyment at the Montreal end. The voice began again.

"Say, Peter, are you there?"

"Yes."

"Did you say 'business'?"

"Oh, chuck it!"

"But, Peter, you know you haven't any head for business. I'm doing no good here—I'll come right along and help you—so long!"

The telephone rang off, and after several useless attempts to reconnect, the baffled Peter, with red and wrathful face, made his way to the nearest telegraph office and sent the following "rush" message:

"To C. Graham, Montreal: Don't you dare to do it!—P. Rutherford."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. LEVERAGE ADVISES.

Rutherford threw down the novel in which he had been vainly trying to interest himself.

"Auntie," he said, "I have changed my mind about going home to-morrow."

Mrs. Leverage raised her eyes from her fancy work and fixed them upon Peter's face.

"Yes?" she said inquiringly.

"I find," said Peter, "that the business which called me to Montreal is not quite as important as I had thought."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Leverage, "that the importance of everything is comparative."

Peter was surprised. He was not accustomed to expect penetration from his Aunt Jane.

"Exactly," he remarked. He wondered if she really understood or if her remark had been a chance shot.

"My only regret," said Aunt Jane, "is that there are no young people in the house to entertain you and we go out very little. Even if we did the pleasures of Banbridge would probably seem tame to you."

"I don't see why," Peter's tone was injured. "I'm not old enough to be blase yet."

Aunt Jane placed her fancy-work upon the table and observed him attentively. Then she smiled.

"If you really mean it," she said, "there is a sleighing party on Thursday."

"I am certain I should enjoy a sleighing party. Do you think I could go?"

"Is a second invitation necessary?"

Peter blushed.

"How did you know?" he asked ingeniously.

"Why, it was obvious, wasn't it?"

"Well, then, since you know I may as well tell you. I was invited to that party and I'm going. I want you to tell me all about it, how it is managed and all that so that I may behave properly. My ambition is to shine."

"There is not much management about it. You will be expected to provide some kind of horse and cutter and appear at the appointed place at the appointed time. The sleighs form in line and drive to Colonel Matheson's (about five miles out) for supper and the evening is spent in dancing. Refreshments are served about eleven o'clock and you drive home again. Every gentleman invited drives a lady. It doesn't sound exciting, does it?"

"You've left out the exciting part—*what* lady does the gentleman drive?"

"Any lady. That part generally arranges itself, though part of the fun is that you are not supposed to select your partner beforehand. But Peter—" Mrs. Leverage's kindly face was troubled.

"Yes, Aunt Jane?"

"If—if you are thinking of driving Margaret, you will be disappointed. She is sure to drive with that Klein. He never takes anyone but her anywhere and I know he intends to go, because his cutter is down at the carriage shop getting freshly painted."

"You don't say! What extravagance—of course he must intend to go—he wouldn't waste all that paint."

"You need not joke. He is not a man who wastes anything, certainly not time and effort." Aunt Jane's tone was significant.

"You mean?"

"I mean that he has been using both time and effort in a certain direction and I imagine he is a bad man to run up against."

"Nevertheless I have a presentiment there is going to be a collision."

"Then be careful. Your Uncle Leverage thinks I am prejudiced. But it's not prejudice, it's intuition. Most women have it unless they happen to be too clever. I know a bad man when I see one and Klein is a bad man, mark my words."

"I will, Auntie, but if, as you say, women have intuition, why does—"

"Why does Margaret stand him? I wish I knew. You saw them together, did she seem to like him?"

"She seemed," Peter said thoughtfully, "to be afraid of him. It sounds foolish but it did seem that way. Still I must have been mistaken, the thing is incredible; we don't live in the Middle Ages."

"No," agreed Aunt Jane, "but some medieval people live in our age. I'd be afraid of that man if he wanted to marry me."

Peter drew his chair a little closer.

"Auntie," he said coaxingly, "tell me all you know about her, everything. If this man is in earnest, I'm in earnest too and I don't want to start handicapped."

"I'll tell you all I can, Peter, but I want to warn you that I think you are too late. Her engagement to Klein is generally considered certain. She and Tom are orphans. Their mother died when Margaret was a child, and their father just three years ago. He was only fairly well off and what he left was divided between Tom and Margaret. What has become of the money I don't know, though I can easily suspect, for Tom is a born speculator and it is whispered that he gambles, too. Margaret is not of age until next June and Tom is her trustee. No one knows, and I have no right to say, but it would not surprise me in the least if when the time comes there will be nothing for her. At any rate it is certain that a marriage with Klein would please Tom. He is very thick with him, talks about him continually and is always inviting the man to the house."

She paused a moment but Peter was thinking deeply.

"Mind you," she continued, "I don't think that

Margaret is shallow-natured enough to marry a man for his money and I don't think that she is weak enough to allow Tom to force her against her will. If she is really going to marry Klein there is something more powerful influencing her. The question is, what is it?"

"It's not love, I'll swear," said Peter, straightening himself, "and as long as it's not that there is hope for me. I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to the sleighing party and shall proceed at once to order a turnout worthy of the occasion."

"Oh," said Mrs. Leverage in dismay, "I forgot, but you'll never get a decent horse and cutter now, they will all be secured a week ago."

"But I've got to get one."

"It's no use trying the liveries. The only thing I can think of is for you to ask Mr. Gordon, the horse-dealer, to let you have a team for the occasion."

"I'll see him at once," said Peter, rising with alacrity. "What about a cutter?"

"You might be able to get one at Mason's carriage shop. They might rent you a second-hand—"

"Second-hand! Thanks. It will be the swellest, newest, handsomest cutter in town or it won't do for your Uncle Peter."

Mrs. Leverage laughed. "I forgot you were rich, Peter."

'And Klein's new paint?"

"I forgot that, too. A second-hand is clearly out of the question."

Rutherford, with the impetus of the game upon him, did not let the grass grow under his feet. His first proceeding was to interview Gordon, the horse-dealer, a canny Scot much given to bargaining. Gordon was polite and sympathetic but could not think of renting any of his horses for the sleighing party.

"If I had a pair of plugs," he said cordially, "I'd let you have them and welcome, but I wouldn't risk my crack team with roads in the condition they're likely to be by Thursday—not for any money."

"Less than the value of the team, of course," said Peter laughing.

"Of course. In that case the risk would be on the other fellow."

"I've heard they are fine horses," said Peter innocently. "What do you expect to get for them?"

"They're the finest pair in the country—too fine for hereabouts. I expect I'll have to export them. I'm asking \$600. Come and look at them."

Peter examined the horses and found that, for a wonder, they had not been overpraised. He was a good judge, though he did not display his knowledge, and after satisfying himself thoroughly as to their value he remarked carelessly:

"I suppose you would take \$550 if you got a cash offer?"

"Yes," said the dealer truthfully, for he had no idea that his guest might be a possible purchaser. "I think I would, for it would mean a fair profit and save the risk of export."

"Come along in, then," said Peter cheerfully. "I'll give you a cheque. I'll leave the pair with you until I return to Montreal—only I'll want to use them Thursday—at my own risk."

It would be hard to say just what Mr. Gordon's real feelings were when, fifteen minutes later, he pocketed his cheque. Never in all his experience as a horse dealer had he seen a bargain concluded in so short a time. He could hardly believe that he had sold his crack team with scarcely a word of bargaining to a young man whom he had never seen—and let them go at his very lowest figure too!

"He certainly did it neatly," he admitted to himself with grudging admiration, "don't suppose he really wanted them for the sleigh-ride at all—he's a sharp one—gad, if I'd only caught on I could easily have put them a hundred higher!—too bad!"

With a smile on his face and a certain satisfaction with his bargain stirring in his heart (a legacy, had he known it, from his shrewd old father)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

THE HEALING OF HENRY

By E. M. YEOMAN

"YIS," said Mr. Sol Beadle, the old coach driver, as we languidly rolled along the shores of Minas Basin towards Truro, "there do be wonderful things in them big cities. My pore old father, God ha' mercy, amen! used to say as I'd live to see things discovered as you'd never believe. But, pore old man, with all his readin' the idee of wireless telegraphy an' all them things never entered into his mind."

Thereupon Mr. Beadle fell into a silent meditation, chewing his tobacco meanwhile, and now and then contemplatively spitting at the flies on the red mare's back.

"What do you think of these here faith cures?" he asked at last. "I read a lot about them in the noospapers, an' they do seem wonderful."

"Sometimes," I said dubiously.

Mr. Beadle meditated nervously for a few moments. "D'ye allow if a man that hadn't much schoolin' bought their books he could cure people of things? For instance, could some pore old man cure his wife of a scoldin' tongue, or could he work on himself so's he wouldn't mind it?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied.

Mr. Beadle was noticeably disappointed. "I s'pose you're right," he said dejectedly. "I s'pose religion was made for the soul, not the body. But I once seen religion cure a man when a doctor couldn't; Henry Fowl, his name was. He's dead now. Pore man! he always eat his dinner hearty."

"And how did religion cure Henry Fowl?" I asked.

"I'm agoin' to tell you," said Mr. Beadle, as he spat at a horse-fly on the red mare's neck, to the utter discomfiture of the busy insect. Then, after he had pointed his whip towards Truro for a moment, he began:

"Ten years ago Henry Fowl an' Jim Job was partners in the fish business in Truro. I knowed them both, an' their fathers afore them. As true as I'm atellin' you, those two pore men used to git up at four o'clock an' go away out into the Basin fishin' in a dory, with a bottle of cold tea an' a piece of bread for their breakfus, an' after they had fished for a couple of hours they'd take their ketch to Truro an' sell it in wheelbarrows. Henry'd go one way an' Jim the other; and when they'd sold their fish they'd divide the money.

"But one day Henry an' Jim got into a argument about religion an' politics, an' they had a fight, an' never was friends again. Jim he bought a dory of his own, an' they went fishin' alone after that, an' sold their own fish, an' always was enemies in tryin' to git customers to buy from them.

"Every night over to old Ezra Frame's shop both Henry an' Jim used to say that they was makin' more money an' havin' a better time since they had the argument an' fight, an' bust up the partnership. But one day pore Henry was run over by an old ruffian by the name of Flint, that kep' a barber shop; an' pore Henry's leg was hurt. Me an' Flint carried him to his home an' fetched the doctor, an' the doctor said the leg was only bruised, an' would be all right in a week. So pore Henry laid in bed a week, wanderin' how much money Jim was makin' out of his customers.

"At the end of a week Henry got up out of bed an' tried to stand up, but as true as I'm atellin' you, his leg had no feelin' into it, an' it gave way under him, an' wouldn't bear him up. Pore Henry, he swore awful, an' sent for the doctor, but the doctor didn't know what to make of it, an' blinked at the leg as if his eyes was sore, an' felt Henry's pulse, an' looked at his tongue, an' then told the unfortnit man to have patience an' rub his leg with goose-grease. So pore Henry went back to his bed, an' laid there two weeks, spendin' all his money on goose-grease, an' swearin' horrid whenever he heard Jim Job hollerin' fish in the streets. But his leg didn't get no better.

"Now I'm agoin' to tell you about a woman that was in Truro at that time, by the name of Mary Hatch. She fell in love with a young minister who was visitin' in the town, an' took to religion. But he only laughed at her, an' when he went away she took to religion more than ever to drown her sorrows, an' went about tryin' to convert sinners."

"One day when pore Henry was lyin' in bed groanin' the door opened an' Mary Hatch walked in an' stood over him.

"Wretched man!" says she, 'your sins have brought you low. I have come to rescue you from the dep's of darkness.'

"Pore Henry just looked at her, an' she went on talkin', tellin' him she would save his guilty soul an' lead him to Jerusalem. She set with him three hours readin' the Bible to him an' makin' him repeat the verses after her. Pore Henry, he was so took by surprise he did just what she told him, an' forgot all about his leg while she was there.

"Next day she come again an' sang hymns to the unfortnit man, an' learned him a psalm, till he could say it without missin' a word. An' the nex' day she come again, an' brought a armful of tracks for Henry to read. An' after that she come every afternoon.

"After she'd been comin' for about a week, pore Henry began to lose his temper, an' he spent so much time swearin' at her when she wasn't there that he forgot all about his leg. The worst of it all was that when the pore man heard Jim Job hollerin' fish in the streets he couldn't blaspheme out loud if Mary was there, an' that was hard on the pore man.

"But one day when Mary was readin' the Scriptures, Jim Job, with dirty mean spite into his heart, stood under Henry's window an' told Bill Harper all the customers of Henry's that was buyin' fish from him, an' what a lot of money he was makin'. Pore Henry, he couldn't help hisself, an' he began to blaspheme louder than usual, an' Mary Hatch heard some of his words.

"What," says she, leapin' up, 'are you in prayer? Do you feel a new light in your sinful heart? I have saved a lost sheep.'

"Pore Henry was took by surprise again an' he stopped cursin' an' had to listen at her singin' hymns an' readin' joyful like.

"When Mary had gone that night, Henry wep for a long time, an' felt that he couldn't stand her visits no longer. He used to tell me afterwards that his nerves used to jump all over his body when he wanted to blaspheme an' couldn't 'cause she was there. But after he had wep' that night he got mad an' decided to tell her right out some day soon that he was tired of her visits an' didn't want any more of her foolin'.

"The nex' day Mary come a little earlier than usual an' brought a new armful of tracks for Henry to read. She set down by the pore man an' smiled at him with great affection. 'I have done a great work,' says she. 'I have saved your soul.' Then she started to read to him, an' sometimes pore Henry groaned out loud.

"Pore man," says Mary, 'your sins are heavy upon you.' Then she went on readin' pieces to comfort him; but Henry didn't listen to her, an' began to wonder what day he'd tell her he was tired of her.

"While he was thinkin', Jim Job come under his window again an' sung out to Bill Harper that that mornin' he had sold fish to every one of Henry's customers, an' had more money than he could spend.

"When pore Henry heard him he got mad like, an' hollered out awful words at Jim, an' swore horrid at the top of his voice.

"Mary heard him acourse an' dropped her book an' lep' to her feet. 'Wretched man!' she cried, 'do you dare blaspheme? Has my work been in vain?'

"Yes, it has!" hollered Henry, leapin' out of bed in his anger. 'Out of my room, blast ye!' says he.

"Then, without thinkin' what he was doin', Henry pushed her out of the room, an' she ran downstairs, an' Henry threw the bundle of tracks right through the window.

"But then the wonderfulest thing of all happened, for as true as I'm atellin' you, Henry found that he had been usin' his leg, an' that it was all right again. When he saw that he was cured, he lep' up an' down, an' danced to the top of the stairs; an' Mary Hatch was standin' at the foot of the stairs tryin' to think of somethin' nasty to holler out at him, an' when she seen him she thought he was mad an' she run away.

"But that ain't all. When Henry threw the bundle of tracks out the window they fell onto Jim Job's head an' jerked his neck sideways so's he fell down hollerin' with pain. His neck was hurt in some way an' Bill Harper had to take him home in his wheelbarrow, an' Jim was kep' in bed for two months, an' his neck was so sore he couldn't move. So Henry, acourse, got all his customers back an' all Jim's, an' more'n made up for what he lost. An' one day he apologized to Mary Hatch, when he met her over to the old tannery, an' he set her onto pore Jim, who had to put up with her visits for nearly two months. An' that's how religion cured pore Henry Fowl."

"And an interesting story it is," I said. "Yis, indeed," said Mr. Beadle. "But it was wonderful unkind to religion."

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

SASKATCHEWAN statesmen are so keen on getting new settlers from the United States that they are resorting to extreme methods. The other day, Mr. W. E. Knowles, M.P., of Moosejaw, went to Omaha, Neb., and actually married a woman in order to induce her to go to Saskatchewan. What kind of a place can Saskatchewan be—at such a price?

A brewer committed suicide in Alabama the other day. If all the brewers and distillers commit suicide who is to make beverage for us when this temperance wave rolls back again? Up rise the Brothers Spence to declare, "It shall never roll back!"

Funny, isn't it, that railways which allow snow-ploughs to stand all summer on their sidings in order to prove to tourists that the summer season is short, should object to a Winter Carnival in Montreal!

The Toronto *Globe* had a heading on its English letter the other day which ran thus: "Few Men Hold Much Land." We never did believe that the Lords held one-third of all the land, and we are glad that the *Globe* has joined the Tory side. We are only sorry that the letter didn't jibe well with the heading. That of course was Stewart Lyon's fault, and Lyon always was a radical.

Now Quebec is to advertise its winter sports. What will the railways do?

Edmonton replies to Winnipeg and says: "We will hold an Inter-Provincial Fair in 1912." But perhaps they knew that the Selkirk Centennial had fallen forward a year or two.

Not twenty-five per cent. of the Toronto women entitled to vote went to the polls on New Year's Day. Even the attraction of a bachelor-candidate for Mayor could not make them into suffragists.

* * *

"They're Comin', Charlie!"

IN a New Brunswick town, which is populous enough to maintain four barber-shops, a certain master-barber whom we shall call Charlie after the familiar custom of the place, plied his trade. He was a native of the town, had been running his shop for thirty years, was popular, but had a "heavy hand" and an inveterate taste for politics. He would rather talk politics any day than eat, and being on the wrong side so far as many of his customers were concerned, his views, clashing with theirs, often led to wordy wars. Charlie could talk and shave at the same time, however; still his hand was heavy, and his opponents feared it more than his sharp rejoinders. Some were waggish and engaged him in controversy in order to hear him declaim against public abuses—or mayhap in order to set some friend in the chair squirming under Charlie's razor.

How he was brought to a momentary sense of his professional obligations occurred in this wise:

With a patron in the chair—whom we will call Sandy B.—Charlie was immersed, not in his work—had he not shaved Sandy since they both began to sprout beards?—but in discussing with a waiting customer the political evils brought upon the province by a wasteful and extravagant administration. The controversy waxed warmer, and Charlie's heat of argument increased accordingly.

"I won't say nothin' against Lem Tweedie," he conceded as he attacked Sandy's throat; "he's Governor and a townsman—went to school with him—but that Pugs—"

"They're comin', Charlie!" the man in the chair gurgled.

"Of course when Tweedie was Premier he did try to restrain that wastry spendthrift," Charlie continued, not heeding the man under the razor. "But that crowd will soon be out and they'll never—"

"They're comin', Charlie! They're comin'!"

Sandy's larynx was free now; Charlie's razor was climbing his jaw.

"What's comin', Sandy? What's comin'?"

Charlie had a sort of resentful idea that Sandy was venturing on a political prophecy.

"You've been moanin' 'They're comin', they're comin'!' ever since you sat in the chair. What's comin'?"

"The roots!" Sandy catapulted the words, for Charlie had given his head a peevish twist preparatory to scrapping the other side of his face.

During the rest of the shave Charlie forgot the iniquities of the government and addressed himself to the work on hand. For at least a month afterwards his more timid customers rejoiced wonderingly in the surcease of his political eloquence.

W. C. GAYNOR.

* * *

To the Debtor.

A TOAST to the Debtor, drink hearty and deep; Though he finds all things dear, yet himself he feels cheap.

He seldom goes out but some friend he must shun;

He never goes home without finding a "dun,"

And if he should get in arrears with his lodging

His landlady then keeps him constantly dodging.

But in spite of misfortune which makes him its victim

He keeps a stout heart, and adheres to this dictum—

That, when to get straight, you have tried every plan,

You must simply continue to "do" all you can.

H. A. COLLINS.

* * *

What Might Have Been.

THE reported cable signed by "three hundred and forty-three influential Toronto people" makes it interesting to recall a message of similar design sent from London to Ottawa at the last Dominion elections:

London, Oct. 25, 1908.

Conservative Borden,

Ottawa.

Insist Kemp as candidate East Toronto. Has done much to imperialise enamelware. Anyway Russell does not congeal Empire-making bricks. Excuse impertinence interfering matter none our business. Temptation get into print irresistible.

(Sgd.) Brown, Green, White, Smith, Jones, Doe, Roe.

* * *

An Educational Problem.

AN inspector going his rounds in the primary schools propounded the following question:

"How do you parse 'Mary milked the cow'?"

Pupil—"Cow is a noun feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" exclaimed the astonished inspector. "How do you make that out?"

"Because," answered the intelligent

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pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk it?"

* * *

Back to the Land.

POULTRY Enthusiast: "Have you read that article on 'How to Tell a Bad Egg?'"

Facetious Townsman: "No; but if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, my advice is, break it gently."

* * *

"A Little Knowledge."

FRIEND of the Family: "And what are you learning at school now, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Oh, gozinter, chiefly."
Friend of the Family: "What's that? A new language?"

Tommy (wearily): "No, just gozinter—one gozinter two, two gozinter four, three gozinter six."

* * *

The Gallantry of Mr. Knowles.

MR. W. E. KNOWLES, M.P., brother of the well-known Canadian author, has been visiting in the East and the Ottawa *Free Press* tells a story about the aggressive free-trader from Moose Jaw which has been told before but which is worth repeating.

It was during a debate upon the Grand Trunk Pacific, and when Mr. Knowles interrupted a Conservative who was speaking the retort came back that the member for Moose Jaw would do well not to interrupt, and that if he were wise he would hold his peace and advise his wife to buy G. T. P. stock as an investment.

Mr. Knowles did not say anything in the House; but, proceeding to the Parliamentary cafe, in a state of simulated indignation, went up to a crowd of Conservative M. P.'s who were enjoying a midnight supper, and expressed his anger at the statement of the man who was orating upstairs.

"How dare he drag my wife's name into a political discussion!" he said. "He must apologise or there will be trouble."

Mr. John Stanfield, of Colchester, N.S., who was among those at the supper table, and who is a stickler for the proprieties in debate, sympathised warmly with Mr. Knowles, and said that he would see that an apology was made. Forthwith he hid himself upstairs, and, proceeding to the desk of the man who had been speaking, told him that he had "made a bad break" and must apologise. The stalwart expressed his regret and promised to tender an apology, and did so when he met Mr. Knowles in the lobby when the House adjourned in the wee small hours of the morning.

But the joke came next day when the man who had apologised learned to his amazement that Mr. Knowles was not married, and had never been married. Then there were "wigs on the green."

* * *

One Thing Lacking.

A DRILL sergeant was unpopular among his men. One day he was putting a party of recruits through the funeral exercise, and, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the line, he turned, regarded the men for a minute, and then remarked: "Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

* * *

Mutual Interest.

A FEW days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbour he chanced to pass the neighbour's place,

where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he; "how's your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?" —*Wasp.*

* * *

Too Awful!

ONE can sympathise with the English gentleman whose exquisite refinement was jarred at a week-end shooting party. "Oh, I say," he remarked, "one don't mind roughing it a bit, you know—luncheon without a band and all that—but fawncy drinking claret out of champagne glasses." —*Argonaut.*

* * *

THE other night, according to the story, Finley Peter Dunne wanted a taxicab at the club. He told John, who superintends the outside of the Brook, of his needs. The cab came. John thrust his head through the doors to notify Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dunne came to the door, getting into a broadtail overcoat. "This way, cabbie," said John in his most magnificent way, turning to address the chauffeur. John's foot slipped and he spilled himself down the steps on his ear. "Ah, John, John," said Mr. Dunne, shaking his head sorrowfully, "you must be more careful of your reputation, John. You ought not to come downstairs that way. People will take you for one of the members."

* * *

WHEN Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied: "Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help." "Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?" "No, no!" said Sir Andrew; "but when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

* * *

An Emotional Witness.

A WITNESS in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My heavens! Something must've happened to Ole!'" —*Everybody's.*

* * *

Almost Impossible.

TWO Irishmen met a short time after the Messina earthquake. "Tis terrible, that news from Italy," said one.

"Indeed, an' so it is. 'Twas a terrible earthquake."
"So it was, so it was. But, thank Hiven, no such thing kin happen t' Ireland."

"Be aisy now. An' why couldn't an earthquake happen t' Ireland?"

"Tis this way: The Irish is a prayin' race. We believe in prayer."

"But so is the Eyetalians a prayin' race."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so; but who kin understand thim?"




W.G.P. MAKE NEGLIGEE COAT SHIRTS

Slip on and off easy as an old coat—hold their looks longer—launder better—more style and smartness to them.

Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabrics. Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

302
W.G.P. Makers, Berlin

Cosgrave's Pale Ale



A delight to the connoisseur and to those with whom all other ales do not agree

For sale at all hotels and dealers. Have a case sent to your residence.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Five Hundred Million to be Spent in Canada this Year.

FIVE hundred million dollars will be spent in Canada during the year 1910. An easy amount to mention, but when one considers just what a tremendous amount five hundred million really represents, it will be seen that things are going to move at a considerable rate throughout the country during the present year.

When it is considered that only a few years ago such a big corporation as the Canadian Pacific Railway found it difficult to spend as much as \$50,000,000 in one year, owing to the difficulty of getting sufficient labour in the country in order to carry through the various contracts fast enough to permit of the expenditure within the twelve months, it will be seen that the leading interests behind the various corporations, governments and municipalities will have rather the problem of finding out how to obtain the means of spending the money than the usual difficulty of trying to raise it.



Mr. Charles M. Hayes,
President Grand Trunk Railway System.

And yet this statement of five hundred million is no guess work. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, the chairman of the Montreal Stock Exchange, who goes into such matters pretty carefully and usually knows whereof he speaks, has the whole thing figured out and shows how it certainly will be expended if only the various manufacturers can turn out the orders fast enough, and the governments, railways and municipalities carry forward their proposed works of construction and development as rapidly as they would like.

After making the statement regarding the five hundred million, Mr. Forget went a step further and stated that in his opinion the year 1910 would be the biggest year financially and commercially that Canada has ever had. There is a nice touch of optimism in such a statement. As one goes around and chats to the various leading officials of corporations, one easily finds out that in nearly every instance they are almost as optimistic as is Mr. Forget.

A very pleasing incident of this kind was given at the St. James Club in Montreal on New Year's Day, when the big dining-room was filled with some 300 of the leading commercial and financial interests of the city, the occasion being somewhat out of the ordinary, as New Year's was a holiday. On towards dessert time, it was suggested that a few of the leading men should be called upon for a few informal remarks, and among those who accepted the invitation was Mr. C. M. Hays, the President of the Grand Trunk Railway. Mr. Hays, as is his usual custom, spoke but briefly, but he said a great deal, and before he had got through he had convinced everybody present that there was scarcely anything that could prevent the present year from being a really banner one, and that there was every indication that during the next few years Canada would go ahead at a more rapid pace than any other country in the world.

As a rule such strong optimism is to be found rather in the Western country than in the older and more conservative circles of Eastern Canada, and when such prominent interests are willing to make such emphatic statements as those just enumerated, it must certainly be regarded as an indication that they do so only after looking very carefully into the situation, and as a leading C. P. R. interest remarked, the only thing that every Canadian should think of, is of being a rampant bull on Canada and Canadian enterprises, and if there is to be a mistake it should be rather on the side of being too optimistic than of not being sufficiently optimistic.

* * *

Many Dividend Increases, Bonuses, and Dividend Resumptions in the Past Year.

THE year 1909 has been notable for the number of companies which have increased or started dividends, or resumed payments passed in the lean years. A partial list of Canadian companies belonging to one of the above classes will be interesting at this time.

The companies resuming, starting, or paying back dividends: GrGanby Consolidated Mining, Smelting, and Power Co., resumed by declaring 2 per cent. British Columbia Packers' Association, preferred, paid 10½ per cent. back dividends, up to 20th May, 1908. Dominion Iron & Steel Co., preferred, paid 17½ per cent. back, leaving 28 per cent. still in arrears. Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Co., started dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. Porto Rico Railways Co., preferred stock, started dividends at the rate of 7 per cent.

Dividend increases: Ogilvie Flour, common, 7 to 8; St. Lawrence and Chicago, 7 to 8; Traders Bank, 7 to 8; Canada Landed, 7 to 8; Huron and Erie, 9 to 10; Montreal Light, Heat & Power, 6 to 7; Intercolonial Coal and Coke, 6 to 7; Toronto Railway, 6 to 7; Halifax Electric Tramway, 6 to 7; Ottawa Light, Heat & Power, 5 to 6.

Companies declaring bonuses: Lake of the Woods, 6 and 10; Ottawa Electric Company, 10 and 2; W. A. Rogers, increased 8 to 10 and then declared 2½ per cent. bonus; Central Canada, 8 and 2; Western Canada Flour Mills, increased from 6 to 7, and 15 bonus; Nova Scotia Steel declared stock bonus of 20 per cent., and will pay 4 per cent. of new stock. This company during the depression passed its dividend, which was being paid at the rate of 6 per cent. a year.

* * *

Bonds in Canada.

THE bond business in 1909, like all other Canadian businesses, has been exceptionally good. Loan company business has also been feeling the activity of the times. All Canadian loan companies should show a good year, and bond companies should show the best in their history.

A GUIDE TO INVESTMENTS

If you hold Bonds or Stocks, or are contemplating making an investment in either you will find our booklet "INVESTORS' REFERENCE" contains information which will increase your investment knowledge and prove of value to you. We shall be pleased to mail a copy without charge.

Write for Booklet No. 37.

A. E. AMES & CO.
INVESTMENT BANKERS LIMITED
7 and 9 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

One of the most successful years in its history has just been closed by the

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

having made substantial progress in every branch of its business.

The Company begs to extend hearty thanks to the Canadian public for its liberal patronage.

AND TO ITS POLICYHOLDERS

old and new best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Head Office—Waterloo, Ont.

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Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

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per annum, payable half-yearly, is allowed on sums of \$100 and upwards for a term of one or more years. Interest accrues from the date on which we receive the money. This is an authorized investment for Trust Funds. Write at once for full particulars.

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60 RUE DE PROVENCE

ASSETS
\$ 3,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

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LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

President, SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN
Vice-President, JONATHAN HODGSON, ESQ.
General Manager, E. F. HEBDEN

Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,602,157
Deposits. (Nov. 30) - 49,471,594
Assets, " - 66,800,151

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General Banking Business transacted

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Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

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And Its Keeping Qualities

SOME people find it necessary to buy a considerable quantity of flour at one time—sufficient to last for a long period.

Naturally they are anxious to procure a flour of the kind best adapted to lengthy storage.

There are two important reasons why PURITY FLOUR possesses these qualities. One is that it is made entirely from Manitoba Hard Wheat. The other lies in the fact that the careful milling necessary to produce "Purity" absolutely excludes all low-grade particles of the wheat berry. It's the high grade Manitoba Hard Wheat Flour that keeps—stands longest storage.

That's "Purity."

"Purity" flour may cost a little more, but is more than worth the difference. Try it. Watch results both for quality and yield.



"More Bread and better Bread"

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

Battle of the Canals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.

will make the Georgian Bay Canal impracticable for large boats. If it is impracticable for large boats, it is unnecessary because the smaller boats may go the other route just as quickly.

The argument may be advanced that an enlarged Welland Canal would present the same difficulties to large boats. Quite true, but the new Welland will have only 7 locks, as against 27 on the Georgian Bay. Seven might be feasible when twenty-seven would be inadvisable. Of course, the twenty-seven carry the vessel straight through to Montreal, whereas the seven only allow it to go to Kingston or Prescott. There the wheat must be transhipped, if the vessel is over 270 feet long. These are the conditions now, and the new Welland would make no change in that respect.

This danger in locking would be much greater in the case of ocean boats, going into inland waters, than in the case of the type of wheat vessel which has been evolved for lake traffic. The lake boat is flat-bottomed and slides over a bad spot without much danger. She has no upper decks, except at the bow and stern, and hence presents only a small target to the wind. When loaded, most of her deck is within three feet of the water-line. If the Georgian Bay Canal cannot be used by ocean vessels much of its boasted usefulness is gone. One of the great arguments is that a small ocean vessel may go up to Fort William for a cargo and thus help to keep down rates. Apparently that argument is rather fanciful.

The argument against the Georgian Bay Canal that any lowering of rates on wheat coming down to Montreal would only mean a raising of rates on the ocean, applies equally to the Welland route. It is not a strong argument against either project, because the more freight offering in Montreal the more vessels will compete for it. This has always been the case in the world's great harbours and it will be so in Montreal.

Georgian Bay vs. Erie.

THE Georgian Bay Canal would not apparently be more of a competitor for the new Erie Canal than a new Welland. The new Erie will not compete with either. Even when it is constructed, a barge will take six or seven days from Buffalo to New York or from Oswego to New York. By the Welland and the St. Lawrence Canals, the time would be three or four days less, therefore the Canadian route will always have an advantage in rates. This advantage would be as fully secured by the Welland route as by the Georgian Bay.

One authority, whom I have consulted, states his opinion that the route of the future will be by large steamer through the Welland to Kingston or Prescott. This vessel will be about 14,000 tons. From Kingston, the grain will go in steam barges of about 3,000 tons to Quebec and from there in 30,000 ton vessels to Europe. When this development occurs, the rate from Fort William to Liverpool will be from three to five cents per bushel less than at present.

Conclusion.

THE arguments on this subject, both for and against the different proposals, have been stated briefly and almost inadequately. Nevertheless they should help any student of this question to form an opinion. Canada has little to fear from the new Erie. It will never be large

enough nor fast enough to compete with the Canadian route. A new Welland would be infinitely superior to a new Georgian Bay Canal. It will cost only one-sixth to construct and only one-quarter to maintain. It will provide equally cheap rates. It can be built in one-half and perhaps one-third the time, and the saving in freight rates will come into force more quickly.

The Georgian Bay Canal would never be suitable for ocean vessels and it is doubtful if it would be safe for the large lake carriers. It does not offer opportunities for return cargoes and in this respect could not compete with the Welland route. It would not be open as late in the season as the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, being situated farther north, and having narrower reaches of water. In short, it would be a costly mistake.

Canada and Japan

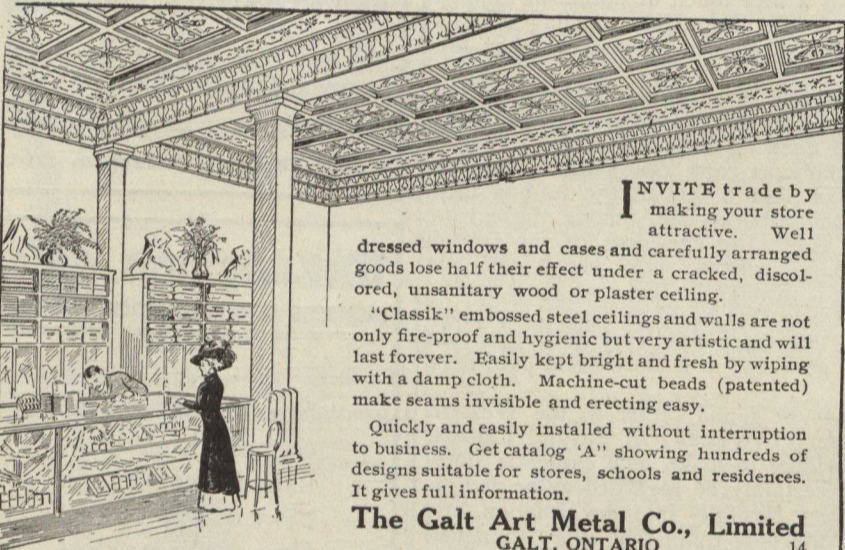
THE "Honourable Commercial Commission" is the odd name given by the Japanese to a body of delegates touring the United States; and the unusual character of its mission may be judged from what Baron Komura, the Foreign Minister, says regarding Japan, the United States and Canada. In one of his conferences with the commissioners prior to their leaving for America, he said:

"We need no longer entertain any apprehension as to the disposition of our surplus population. On the contrary, we hope that our population will increase with greater rapidity so that we may be better able to carry out the mission upon which we have embarked. Furthermore, our advantage in commerce and industry lies in the cheap labour of which we have abundance. In order to maintain this advantage in the international rivalry for commercial supremacy it is important that we should refrain from encouraging the emigration of our labourers to foreign countries. In view of these facts, Japan has determined not to allow the emigration of its labourers to Western countries, and especially Canada and the United States. The sincerity of this determination is one point which I wish you would try to bring home to the Americans during your sojourn in that country. Another point which I ask you to remember is that China and the United States are the best customers for our products. Considered both politically and commercially, then, it is imperative that we should preserve the friendship of the American nation."

Students at Queen's

THE following are the student registrations in the various faculties of Queen's University, Kingston, for the season of 1909-10 as compared with the session of 1908-09:

	1908-9	1909-10
Undergraduates, Arts, (in attendance)	439	475
Post Graduates, Arts, (in attendance)	19	30
Undergraduates, Arts, (extramural)	318	410
Post Graduates, Arts, (extramural)	21	28
Candidates for B. Paed and D. Paed	25	14
Students, Theology	29	25
Students, Prac. Science	292	310
Students, Medicine	210	218
Students, Education	56	43
	1409	1553
Registered in two Faculties	56	36
Total students	1351	1517
Increase over preceding year	100	166



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to the Canadian Courier would be a splendid weekly reminder during 1910 of your regard for any friend. The pleasure would be increased should he live abroad.

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CIRCULATION BUREAU — CANADIAN COURIER

HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE

The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England
2089

SAUCE

FOR THE CHILDREN

A NEW GAME

By Emma C. Dowd.

"I NOTED down a new game for you last night," said Aunt Ruth. "Do you want to try it?" "Don't we!" chorused the four. "Aren't we always more than ready for one of your games?" cried Carl. "I have called it hungry beggars," Aunt Ruth began. "That sounds interesting," put in Bertha, "if people are only generous." "I will begin," her aunt went on, "by begging a letter from my right-hand neighbour, and you will soon see how it goes. We will take an easy word first. Carl, I have a bead that I want to change into something to eat. If you will give me the right letter I can do it." "Oh, an r will make it into bread!" "Thank you. That is the letter I need, and giving me one entitles you to beg a letter of your right-hand neighbour. Think of some article of food that with the omission of a letter will make a different word. You will soon catch on, and the words will come flying to you." "Why can't we use the anagram letters?" asked Alice. "We could make them easily with them." "You can, if you like, though it is better practise this way." Norton ran for the letters, while Carl, who was always over eager to begin, said to Bertha: "O lady, I'm awful hungry! Will you please give me a letter that will change my mare into something to eat?" "Dear me, Mr. Beggar, I'd like to," said Bertha, laughing, "but I'm afraid I can't. What can it be?" Norton came back with the box of letters, and began picking out m-a-r-e. Before Bertha had gained anything from her mental shifting, he cried out, gleefully, "Oh, I know!" clapping a hand over his letters that the rest might not see. "All right," returned his sister, good-naturedly, "let's have it." "No, no. I'll wait," he answered. But Bertha declared that she could never guess it, and begged him to tell. "Don't you want a c?" Norton asked Carl. "Sure!" "Then you can make cream," said Norton. "Oh, this is fun!" Bertha's turn passed to Norton, because she had not given the letter. "Why, I don't know what to beg for!" he exclaimed. "I haven't anything thought up!" Everybody laughed, and finally, as he could not avail himself of the turn he had won, it passed to Alice, who sat on Bertha's right hand. She addressed her mother: "Please will you give me a letter that will turn my rags into something nice to eat?" Even Aunt Ruth scowled for a minute over this word. Then her face brightened. But Mrs. Chapin shook her head. "I shall have to get used to this," she said. She could not guess it, and turned to Norton, who was busy with his letters. "Oh, I can't!" he cried. "I'm trying to get a word for myself, so I won't lose another turn." So Aunt Ruth had to give it. "Will a u do, to make sugar?" she said, smiling. "Of course it will," said Alice. It was Aunt Ruth's turn again. "I have some prints," she said, "that I can turn into some vegetables, if you will only give me a letter to put with them." "Prints into vegetables," mused

Carl. "Potatoes, carrots, pumpkins, radishes, parsnips, turnips—oh, you want a u to make some turnips?"

"That is just what I want," Aunt Ruth replied.

"Well, kind lady," and Carl turned to Bertha, "will you please give me a letter that will change some warts and briers that I have no use for into delicious fruit?"

"Warts and briers!" echoed Bertha, looking puzzled. "Is the fruit just one word?"

"Only one—and it's what you especially like," he added.

She thought a minute. "Oh, I know!" she cried. "I'll give you an e, and you can make strawberries!"

As Norton had missed again, his turn passed to Aunt Ruth. She begged a letter that should convert her groans into fine fruit.

"It's the first time you ever had any groans, I guess," said Carl, laughing, "and I don't wonder you want to get rid of them. But I'm afraid I can't help you."

"There's papa!" cried Alice, running to open the door. She took a big paper bag from his hands. "What have you got?" she queried, and peeped in. "Oh, oranges!"

Carl's scowl vanished. "I think," he said to Aunt Ruth, "that what you need is an e."

She gave him a smiling nod.

"But what's the word?"

"Oranges!" shouted Norton joyfully. —*Youths' Companion.*

* * *

GLAD YEN

"I'M so glad! so glad!" shouted little Yen.

"Why," asked Wou; "has any one given you a gold box with jewels, or a peacock-feather fan, or a coat of many colours, or a purse of gold! Has your father become rich or been made a High Mandarin?"

Wou sighed as he put these questions. He had voiced his own longings.

"No," answered Yen, giving a hop, skip and jump.

"Then, why are you glad?" repeated Wou.

"Why?" Yen's bright face grew brighter. "Oh, because I have such a beautiful blue sky, such a rippling river, waterfalls that look like lace and pearls and diamonds, and sunbeams brighter and more radiant than the finest jewels. Because I have chirping insects and flying beetles and dear wiggly worms—and birds, oh, such lovely birds, all colours. And some of them can sing. I have a sun and a moon and stars. And flowers. Wouldn't any one be glad at the sight of flowers?"

Wou's sad and melancholy face suddenly lightened and overflowed with smiles.

"Why," said he, "I have all these bright and beautiful things. I have the beautiful sky, and water, and birds, and flowers, too! I have the sun, and the moon, and the stars, just as you have! I never thought of that before!"

"Of course you have," replied Yen. "You have all that is mine, and I all that is yours, yet neither can take from the other!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

* * *

POOR LITTLE TOES!

Mother—"How do those shoes feel on your feet, Margie?"

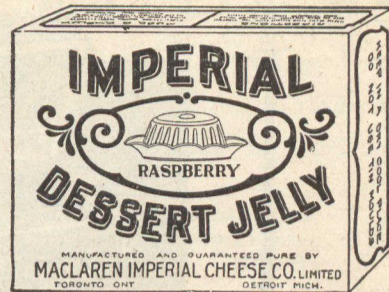
Margie—"Oh, the shoes are comfortable enough, mother, but my toes aren't quite happy!"

A delicious and appetizing treat for the young folks—a food recommended by physicians for young and old alike

IMPERIAL PEANUT BUTTER



Made by McLaren's, of Toronto, the people who make the best cheese in the world. The nutriment of our Peanut Butter lies in the fact that we buy only the best nuts. These are carefully selected and tested—only the most nutritious parts being concentrated in Imperial Peanut Butter. You should always have it in the house.



The contents of this package stirred into one pint of boiling water until thoroughly dissolved and then poured into dishes and set in a cool place to congeal; there you have the best of all desserts—any flavor you want—an excellent food for children and invalids.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

—Manufactured and Guaranteed Pure by—
McLaren Imperial Cheese Company - 1830 - Toronto

When Cold Winds Blow

When cold winds blow, biting frost is in the air, and back-draughts down the chimney deaden the fires, then the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

shows its sure heating power by steadily supplying just the heat that is needed for comfort.

The Perfection Oil Heater is unaffected by weather conditions. It never fails. No smoke—no smell—just a genial, satisfying heat. The new

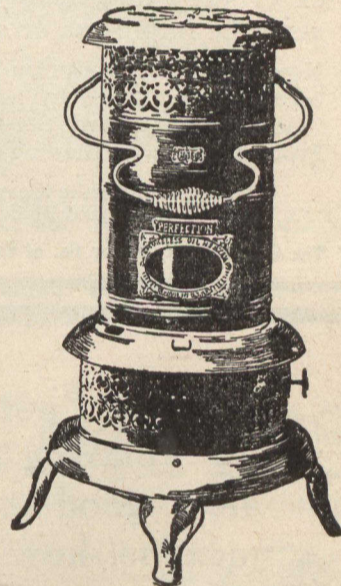
Automatic Smokeless Device

prevents the wick being turned too high. Removed in an instant.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

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or
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You can have any brick or stone design, and when in place Metallic Brick or Rock Faced Siding cannot be distinguished from genuine brick or stone. It is perfectly weatherproof—keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer, and is fire and lightning proof. Our Metallic Siding can be laid quickly and easily entirely by yourself, and is very durable—will last a lifetime.

It also adds to the value of your property.

Write us for full information and suggestions for artistic homes.

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The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG



No
Honing

No
Stropping

The "Gillette" stands alone among razors. Mechanical experts say that the principle of the "Gillette" will never be improved, because it's right.

No other razor works on the "Gillette" principle or can—because it is covered by basic patents. Above, is shown the "Gillette" Standard Set—triple silver plated with 12 New Process Blades—24 shaving edges—price \$5. And the blades are fine.

Gillette Signs make it easy for you to find dealers handling Gillette Razors and Blades. Look for the signs. 97

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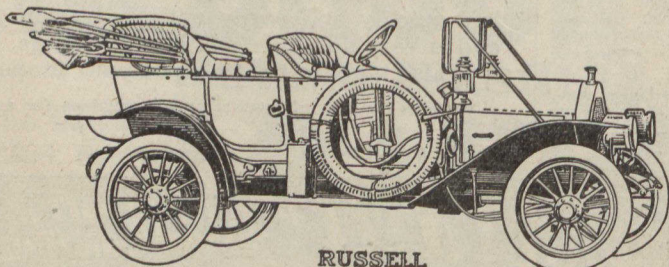
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RUSSELL

THIN ICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

Rutherford set off to negotiate for the cutter and negotiated with such decision and despatch that before tea-time he was the possessor of the neatest and prettiest outfit in Banbridge.

"I declare," he said to himself as he turned homeward, "I don't believe I ever realised before that money is something to be thankful for," and as a result of this profound observation he turned into a telegraph office and sent the following message:

To C. Graham,
Montreal:
If things go badly, better ask Silvermain's advice. P. R.

It is significant also of the awakening of the business instinct, as opposed to the speculative, that when Graham replied:

"Things going better. Can get out even. Will hang on for profit," he replied briefly and to the point. "Get out at once."

A message which caused young Graham much mystification of spirit. "Old Peter's lost his nerve," he said, "much Banbridge hath made him mad."

Perhaps it was due to the usual balancing of fate's favours that as Peter left the telegraph office he should have come upon Miss Manners in the company of Mr. Klein. He was surprised at the feeling of dull rage which took possession of him and the growing consciousness of a desire to dispose of his rival by methods more forceful than fashionable.

"I suppose," he said to himself as he passed them with a smile and a bow, "that according to Aunt Jane, I must have a medieval inside. It would certainly give me the utmost pleasure to act accordingly—it's a grand fight spoiled," he reflected with a regretful smile.

Had he seen the half-involuntary glance Margaret threw after his retreating figure and marked the suppressed anger with which her companion noticed her interest he might have guessed that the struggle was already on.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. KLEIN TAKES THINGS FOR GRANTED.

The Thursday of the sleighing party was one of those delightfully perfect days which come sometimes in the latter part of winter, when the sun is bright and almost warm and the air crisp and clear with a cold that stimulates but does not chill. It was a day which actually suggested a sleigh-ride as the one perfect way of enjoying the best it had to give.

When Rutherford arrived at the hall which had been chosen as the rendezvous he found the place already half-filled with a laughing and chattering crowd. The master of ceremonies welcomed him with cordiality, and much inward wonderment, but being a very busy man soon left him to his own devices. Then, for the first time, Peter began to question the wisdom of his proceedings for the prospect of a five-mile ride with an unknown partner when the one girl in the universe is within reach, is not particularly cheering. He had known that his chances of having Margaret consigned to him were few but not until he noticed that already most of those present had naturally paired off did he realise that he might not have a chance at all. Klein had probably arranged things long ago.

As soon as his snow-dazzled eyes became accustomed to the comparative dimness of the hall he searched eagerly through the laughing groups for a sight of Margaret. Had he been able to see but the top of her dainty turban or the skirt of her dress he was certain to have recognised it at

once, but though his eager glance swept the crowd again and again he caught no glimpse which made his heart beat faster with the message that she was there. Margaret had not come! The fierce disappointment in his heart made the whole place seem hateful, the gay crowd commonplace and the glory of the day nothing but vanity—what was he doing there, anyway? He felt like a fool.

"Have you lost anything, Mr. Rutherford?" It was Margaret's voice, full of amused solicitude, and Margaret's hand touched his arm lightly. "Because if you have you are not likely to find it in this crush. Why didn't you leave your belongings in the cloak room?"

"I couldn't do that," replied Peter outwardly cool, although his revulsion of feeling made his heart beat madly, "because it is something very valuable and I want to take it with me."

Margaret laughed. "You want me to ask what it is, don't you?" she said, looking very much like a merry school girl, her eyes shining and her cheeks dimpling with mischief, "but I won't. I'm not a bit curious. I would like to know though, where you got those horses, they're beautiful, I did not know Banbridge possessed anything quite as fine."

She seemed very gay, her cheeks were flushed and she looked the very incarnation of youth and happiness. "What a child she is" thought Peter tenderly. He had already reached the stage when every phase of the adored is most adorable. He felt young and gay himself, the crowd had ceased to be commonplace, the glory of the day was no longer vanity. He was about to answer her in her own coin when a slight commotion around them became noticeable and her expressive face changed markedly.

"They are going to start," she said and the brightness seemed to fall away from her. Even the flush in her cheeks faded and she looked around her nervously.

The door had been thrown open and the cheerful voice of the master of ceremonies echoed through the room shouting the names of the waiting sleighs.

"Mr. Davis' sleigh," he bawled and the movement toward the door became general.

Margaret seemed to hesitate, her face was turned a little away from Peter. Glancing to the other side of the room he saw Klein, carrying a great fur coat, detach himself from a moving group and come rapidly toward them. Now or never, Peter thought desperately. He cleared his throat.

"Miss Manners—," he began. Margaret turned to him. There was a crimson flush on her face, but she looked at him eagerly.

"Mr. Klein's sleigh!" called the man at the door.

Peter cleared his throat again. "Miss—"

"Ready, Miss Manners?" Mr. Klein had come up and was waiting with an air of impatience.

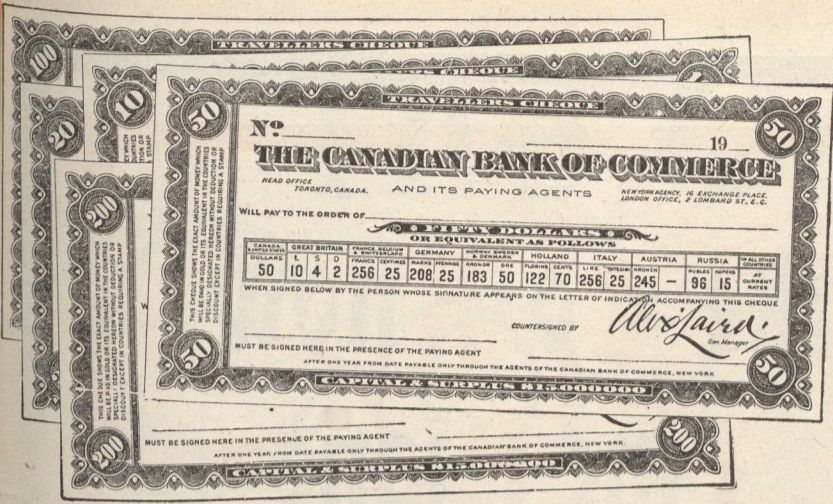
Peter, furious with himself for the nervousness which had lost him his chance, and wild with Klein for the insolence of his tone, ground his teeth in silence, but Margaret, whose momentary confusion seemed gone, turned to him slowly and said brightly:

"I am quite ready, Mr. Klein. Is Mr. Rutherford's sleigh at the door?"

Peter caught her meaning in an instant and his heart fairly hammered with delight but Klein either did not or would not understand.

"Oh, some of the others will see Mr. Rutherford off," he said, casting a suspicious glance at the beaming Peter. "Don't let's keep our sleigh waiting."

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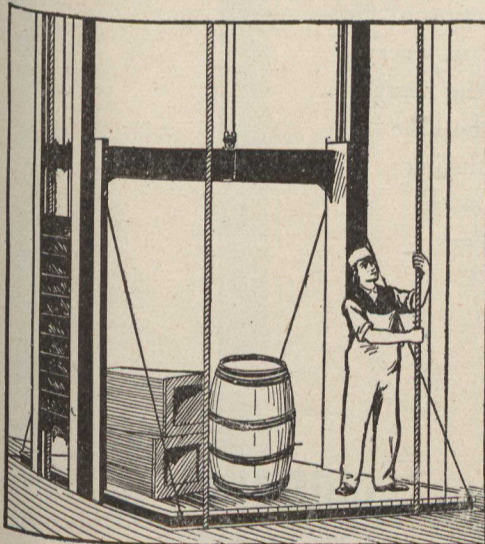
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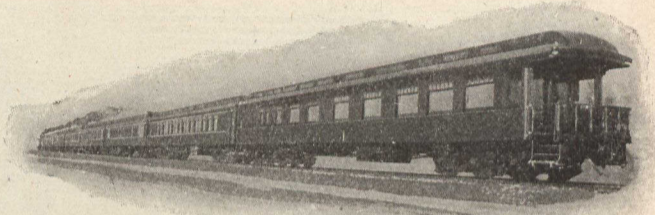
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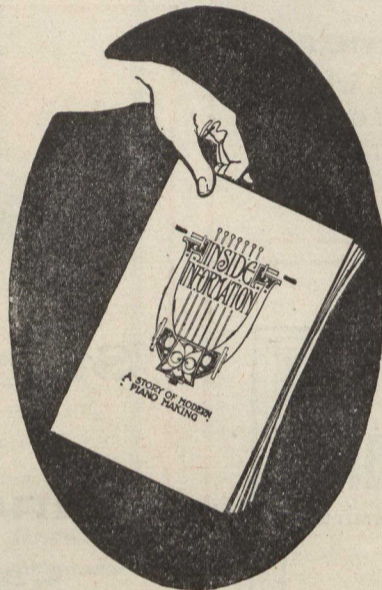
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