

The Canadian Courier

THE INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY

EDITED BY
JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS
LIMITED, TORONTO



The Appropriate Headwear for September IS THE NEW FALL STYLE

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H1-843. **Wing Trimmed New York design**, wide fold of panne velvet around crown, velvet across front with two stick pins, three pair of wings give a very smart effect, colors black, navy, brown, garnet, cinnamon (or light brown) steel grey, myrtle, with black or white wings only..... 3.00



H1-841. **Two-Piece Felt Shape**, of good quality and splendid style, trimmed with panne velvet in fold on underbrim, and in bow at front with ornament, fancy feather mounts form the side trimming, velvet bandeau all around, colors black, navy, brown.....3.75



H1-845. **Two Piece Felt Mushroom Sailor**, trimmed in a novel way with panne velvet in shape of leaves, edged with silk braid, arranged all around crown, and in rosette effect at side with shaded coque mount reaching to back of hat, velvet bandeau, colors black, brown, navy, olive or garnet. In each case with black coque feather with bronze shading.....3.85



H1-824. **Broad Two-Piece Sailor**, of good quality of felt, trimmed with four silk and velvet roses and foliage around crown, also a pair of smart wings, colors black, brown, navy, myrtle, garnet or leather with colored roses and wings to harmonize.....3.50



H1-827. **Ready-to-Wear Hat** of felt with binding of panne velvet, velvet loosely folded around crown, satin ribbon in fold at top of crown and arranged neatly with buckle in front and fancy feather mount, velvet bandeau, colors black, navy, brown, wine and myrtle.....3.35

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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

LACROSSE is said to be Canada's national sport. Its only rival is baseball, and the honours seem to vary from season to season. Lacrosse, however, deserves the prominence which we give it this week. The cover is one of the most striking ever seen in this or any other country, the basis of the design being a clever photograph by our most expert picture-man. It was made during a recent match between the Tecumsehs and Torontos. Our photographer has also supplied us with some excellent snapshots of the game in progress—pictures very difficult to secure.

THE article this week on the Maine Boundary is an attempt to show that Canada gained by the Ashburton Treaty, though all our other Canadian historians have declared the opposite. This article will arouse fierce controversy, no doubt.

NEXT week we will commence a series of short sketches sent from England by Mr. James L. Hughes, the well-known inspector of public schools in the City of Toronto. Mr. Hughes is over there arranging for the series of visits to be made to England by Canadian teachers, under the Moseley arrangement. Mr. Hughes is an old traveller and a bright writer.

WE have many good contributions in sight. Our readers say that "The Courier" is steadily improving. We can assure them that we hope to make this progress continuous. We recognise that much is expected of us.



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The Humour of Lacrosse

DID somebody ask if there was humour in lacrosse? Not if the court knows itself. Who would ever think of looking for humour in a game given to mankind by those noble sons of the forest whose risibilities could only be tickled by the sight of a prisoner wriggling a bit as he roasted to death over a slow fire? And yet there is a certain humour in the very seriousness of the national game. Wouldn't it almost make you smile to see Tom O'Connell, an alderman of Montreal, and who is said to carry one of its Irish constituencies in his pocket, weeping real tears when the referee refused to penalise a player who in a thoughtless moment has dared to put a dint in one of the only Shamrocks? Wouldn't it force a feeble laugh to your lips to see Harry McLaughlin, one of the chief customs officials of Canada's greatest port, almost come to blows with an opposing timekeeper over a difference of a few seconds of time? Wouldn't it almost sound as hilarious as a joke from *Punch* to hear William Foran, Ottawa's most eloquent alderman and secretary of the new Civil Service Commission, line up two dozen players who were just thirsting for each other's gore and in pathetic tones plead with them to play clean lacrosse for the good of the grand old game? Well, it might. But if it does you're not a lacrosse fiend. To the dyed-in-the-wool fiend, lacrosse is more serious than death itself.

* * *

But speaking of W. Foran reminds one that the Minto Cup has treked away west to the banks of the Fraser. Ever hear how that Minto mug leaked into the game and became the emblem of the lacrosse championship of the world? It was an emergency that did it. Emergencies are said to breed great men. This one took a day off and bred a great trophy. The emergency came in the affairs of the Capital Lacrosse Club of Ottawa. In short, they were hard up. They had won the N. A. L. U. championship the year before but had struck a losing streak, lost popularity and in short needed the money. Then a large idea struck the brainy little coterie who control the destinies of the Caps, and after some deep thinking out of details, a deputation headed by "le grand sport" Emile Tasse waited on that good sportsman, the Earl of Minto, then Governor-General, and pointed out to him that lacrosse had no championship trophy. Lacrosse was Canada's national game; he was the official head of Canada; would he like to present such a trophy to the game? Would he? Why, of course he would. And of course it went to Caps as the champions of the Senior League, as the N. A. L. U. was generally called. A game was arranged with Cornwall, then leading the league. It was played in Ottawa before the Duke of Cornwall, then on a visit to Canada, and Caps won it. They also got the gate they were after.

* * *

Did the Duke of Cornwall, now Prince of Wales, take kindly to the game? Indeed, yes; he was so tickled with it that after it was over he asked to have the ball the teams had played with. And did he get it? Well, he thinks he did, and in all probability a much used lacrosse ball is even now gracing one of the noble halls of a royal palace. But it is not the ball played with in the first Minto Cup game. Several other people besides

the Prince wanted that ball and immediately the game was over there was a wild scramble for possession. Just who got it is a dark secret, though it is generally supposed that Herb. Ralph, the Capital point player, could whisper it to you on the quiet. Anyway, when Mr. Tasse came around and wanted the ball for the Prince it was nowhere to be found. Things were at a deadlock. It would never do to disappoint the Prince, and the Irish wit of Peter Green, the Capital coach, came to the rescue. "I'll fix you," Peter exclaimed. And hurrying into the dressing-room he speedily reappeared with a well-worn practice ball. "There's the very ball," he said with a wink. And that was the very ball that was duly presented to the Prince and carried home to England.

* * *

But the Minto Cup has gone West. It has gone to New Westminster, where they grow lacrosse players instead of importing them, and there is a feeling deep down in the hearts of eastern lacrosse men that it will stay there for many a year to come. For lacrosse towns where they grow players are very hard places for visiting teams to win in. Cornwall is one of them; St. Catharines is another; and New Westminster is a rattling good third. Time was when New Westminster imported most of her players. She had to, to meet her big rival, Vancouver. She imported Bob Cheney and Tom Spain and Tudhope and last but not least, Alex. Turnbull, the grand old man of the lacrosse world to-day. Alex hails from Paris, Ontario, and as in his youth he was not averse to travelling, there's mighty few lacrosse towns in Ontario he has not played in, though in many instances it is claimed that the towns weren't aware of the honour he was conferring on them. He finally drifted west and with other imports taught the sons of Westminster how the game should be played. They learned their lesson well, and to-day, with a team all but one or two of whom are native born, they are the proud possessors of the title, "Champions of the world." M.

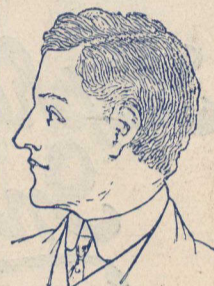
CROSS BRIDGES FIRST; BUILD THEM AFTER.

(Victoria Colonist.)

SUPPOSE that Britain were engaged in a continental war that exhausted her resources, what would happen on the Pacific Ocean? What would we do about Oriental exclusion? Think over this for a little while and see if you can reach a satisfactory conclusion. Suppose that Japan chose to take affront at treatment accorded her people in British Columbia, and should send over a fleet and army to take possession of British Columbia. What could we do about it? We certainly could not hope to defend ourselves. Could we look to the United States for defence? This is doubtful. Much would depend upon the speed with which things happened. If Japan should wish to seize the western coast of Canada at the present time, nothing could prevent her, and if Britain were engaged in a European war, it is doubtful if any power could dislodge the Asiatics. The United States would hardly be in a position to do so. In the event of such a European war and the crippling of Britain how long would a White Australia be possible? This question and others like it can be shirked, but they cannot be satisfactorily answered.

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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Sir C. A. P. Pelletier.

SIR Charles Alphonse Pantaleon Pelletier, who will probably succeed Sir Louis Jette as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, was born at Riviere Ouelle, P.Q., on January 22nd, 1837. He received his primary education at Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere College, and graduated at Laval University, where he took the degree of B.C.L. He was called to the Bar of Quebec in 1860; has been Syndic and Batonnier of the local Bar, and in 1879 was created a Queen's Counsel by the Quebec Government. He has always been a Liberal in politics and represented Kamouraska in that interest in the House of Commons from 1869 to 1877. He was also a member of the Local Legislature

from February, 1873, to January, 1874, when, in consequence of the operation of the act annulling dual representation, he retired. In January of the latter year he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture in the Mackenzie Administration. While holding this portfolio, he acted as president of the Canadian Commission at the Paris Universal Exposition in 1878. As an acknowledgment of the services he rendered on this occasion, he received the thanks of His Majesty King Edward (then Prince of Wales) as president of the Royal Commission, and was made a C. M. G. by her late Majesty Queen Victoria. As a member of the Government, he succeeded the late Hon. L. Letellier de St. Just, as French-Canadian leader of the Senate, to which body he was called in February, 1877, and after the downfall of the Government in 1878, became one of the leaders of the Opposition in the same chamber. Upon the formation of the Laurier Cabinet in July, 1896, he became Speaker of the Senate, and was subsequently appointed a judge.

Sir Alphonse, as a young man, graduated from the military school in Quebec, and entered the militia at the time of the Trent trouble, becoming captain and adjutant of the Ninth Battalion in 1863. In 1866 he was promoted to be a major and commanded the Ninth during the Fenian raid in that year.

Both socially and professionally, Sir Alphonse is held in high esteem, and his appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship will meet with ready approbation by the majority of the citizens of the province.

* * *

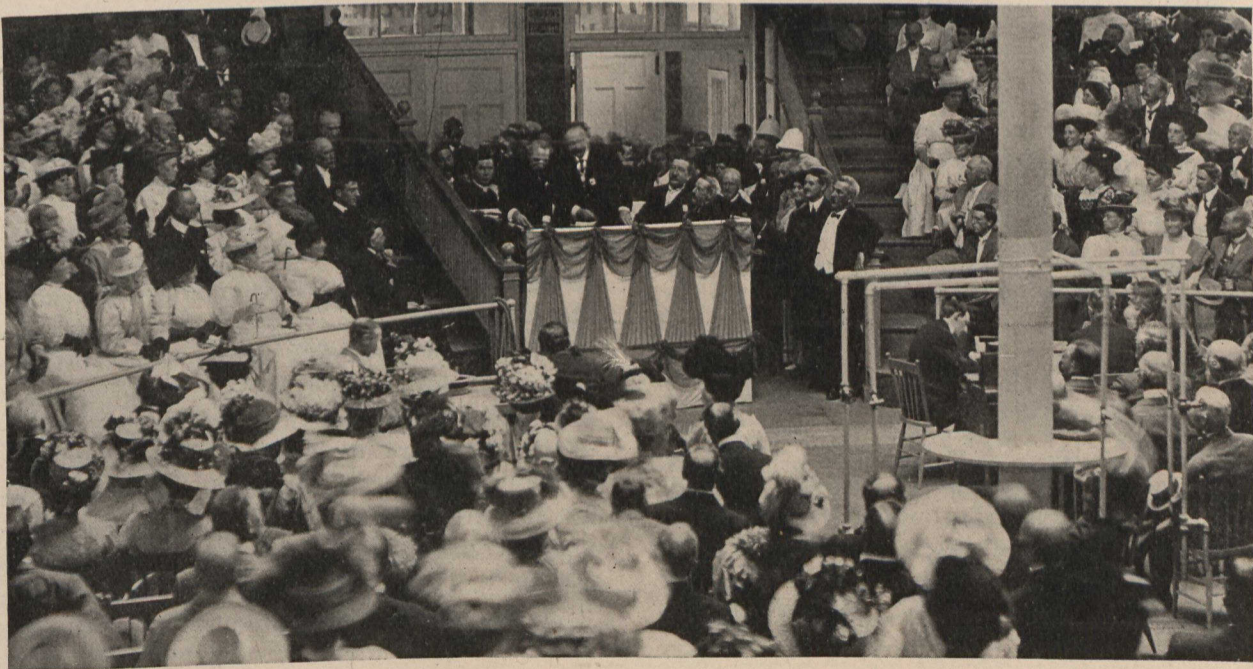
THERE was a man in university circles known as Professor Adam Shortt; and this was reputed to be as primitive a name as any university professor ever held; a name, however, that for ten years past has been pushing up

out of the fungi that sometimes overgrow university men, and has been quoted again and again in newspapers as that of a man who had a large aim in life outside of books on political economy, which was his teaching specialty. To Prof. Adam Shortt the best part of political economy has always been in life; and in modern life which has more of it in a moment than the eighteenth century had in an hour when that other Adam of political economy, Adam Smith, wrote his "Wealth of Nations." So that Prof. Shortt, who is a Canadian, born at Kilworth, Ontario, and educated at Queen's and at Edinburgh and Glasgow universities, has taken a very active interest in questions affecting capital and labour since he became a professor in his Alma Mater in 1886. He has been on more arbitrations than any other educationist in Canada. He is a specialist on wages; has been on boards of arbitration on telegraphers' disputes, electric railway matters and on controversies affecting wages in the Nova Scotia collieries; he was also mentioned lately as a possible arbitrator in the machinists' strike on the C.P.R. And it is only a month or so since Prof. Adam Shortt was offered the presidency of the new Saskatchewan University—declining because he foresaw a wider field of usefulness in the east.

During the past week he has entered on that field; under the new Civil Service Bill appointing two commissioners of the rank of deputy-ministers to make recommendations to all appointments to the inside Civil Service; to conduct competitive examinations; to have practical control of the Civil Service list, lifting it out of politics; to establish the inside service on a basis of merit as opposed to pull and political preferment. This is a branch of political economy in which a man with the statesmanlike instincts of Prof. Shortt may be expected to find broad scope. As senior member of the Commission he will have an outside relation to Government similar to that occupied by the chairman of the Railway Commission. His appointment emphasizes the broader responsibility attached to the university man. In Canada the professor has normally been a man of books—though there are many men in any of the larger universities who have splendid capabilities for public service. It will be remembered that Mr. Sifton's address on the Civil Service outlined a programme of placing university graduates in consular positions abroad. In the United States the university man is often much of a publicist. The appointment of Prof. Shortt on the Civil Service Commission will do somewhat to bring the Canadian professor more into a status of usefulness in public life such as made it possible to make a foreign ambassador of President Angell of Ann Arbor University and to connect by rumour the name of another college president with the candidature for the presidency of the United States.

Principal Grant, of Queen's, is remembered as a Canadian educa-

tionist who took a leader's interest in political life. Prof. Leacock, lately appointed to the chair of political economy in McGill University, is known as a man who takes a lively interest in public questions. Dr. Parkin, ex-Principal of Upper Canada College, has been one of the most active of imperialists in his relation to the Rhodes Scholarship fund. And all authorities interviewed as to Professor Shortt's appointment agree that no better man for the Civil Service Commission could be found anywhere.



Opening the Toronto Exhibition, September 1st, Sir Louis Jette pressing the button at left hand side of official box, in the theatre of Dairy Building.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINGLE & BOOTH



ELECTORAL CORRUPTION

ONE more constituency has confessed its sins publicly. On another page in this issue, this will be found under the title "An Open Confession." Every reader is advised to peruse it so that he may know how low our politics have fallen and how debased we have become. The only encouraging sign is that occasionally a constituency is willing to confess a desire to mend its shameless ways. This sign, however, appears so seldom that its message does not bring much hope for a far-reaching regeneration.

NEW C.P.R. STOCK

THERE are persistent rumours abroad that the Canadian Pacific Railway will cut another "melon" at an early date. Cutting melons has been a popular practice with the directors of this particular road and much profit has been made. The original stock-holders got their stock at twenty-five per cent. of its face value, with a guarantee of five per cent. annually. In this way they got back in five years all they invested. Since the stock rose to higher figures, every issue of new stock has been at a figure much below the market price. True, the dividend was occasionally passed, and stock bonuses were probably intended to cover these losses to shareholders.

Now when the stock is paying a good dividend and when the company's future is assured, the melon-cutting might reasonably be expected to stop. The public who are not stockholders are vitally interested. When profits reach a certain point, freight rates must come down. The lower the capitalisation the sooner the profits will justify lower freight rates. It is in the interest of the whole of Western Canada that the capital stock of the Canadian Pacific, or any other railway for that matter, shall be kept reasonably low.

C. P. R. stock now sells at over 170. The new issue of stock might reasonably be put out at 150. If two hundred and fifty thousand shares are issued at par, as has hitherto been the practice, the company will receive \$25,000,000; if these shares are issued at 150, the company will receive \$37,500,000. It is a question who shall receive this bonus of \$12,500,000. If the shareholders receive it, not much of the profit will go to Canadians because only a small percentage of the stock is held in this country. If the Company receives it, the money will go to swell the profits and revenues of the Company, and thus enable it to give better service, make more improvements and perhaps reduce freight rates in certain districts.

That the Company intends to make a present of \$12,500,000 to its present stockholders is only a rumour, but as it is a persistent one and is in line with the Company's conduct on other occasions, there is every reason for discussing it. If the rumour should turn out to be true, the people of Canada, especially of Western Canada, would have every reason to be sorely displeased. Lower freight rates between eastern and western Canada are necessary to a continued development of inter-provincial trade, which again is absolutely necessary in the best interests of the nation as a whole.

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

WHAT the great Victoria Bridge did for Montreal, the greater Quebec Bridge is to do for the City of Quebec. This bridge has now entered upon its second stage of development. The first included a private company, a government grant and guarantee, a partial construction and a disastrous collapse. The second commenced with the taking over the ruins and franchise by the Dominion Government and the appointment of three expert engineers to superintend the rebuilding. These three men, Messrs. Fitzmaurice, Vandelat and Modjeska, assembled in Quebec last week and began their investigations. They have inspected the piers and the wreckage and will

probably decide whether it would be wise to rebuild on the present site, or whether it would be better to seek a new site and begin all over again. The net loss to date, if a new site is chosen, will be about six million dollars.

DENYING EXTRAVAGANCE

THE testimony given in Montreal last week in connection with Mr. Justice Cassels' investigation of the purchases and work of the Marine and Fisheries Department is reassuring. When men like Mr. George Caverhill and Mr. J. T. McCall go into a witness box and explain that they sold their goods to the government at jobbers' prices and at a low rate of profit, the public must accept their statements. When men like the Allans come forward in defence of the work done on the St. Lawrence, the Marine Department may feel somewhat restored in the public estimation. Perhaps the charges of extravagance will never be fully disproved, but the testimony goes to show that the extravagance did not apply to all expenditures.

Every large railway or other corporation in Canada occasionally pays prices which are too high. Further, every such corporation or company is occasionally cheated by employees. The fakir does not confine his attention to the great spending departments of the Dominion Government. It is therefore unreasonable to expect that all government purchases shall be at the lowest possible price or that it shall always get what it stipulates for. If private companies and individuals cannot do it, governments are not likely to be more successful.

This is not written to justify the Marine Department. Its methods were certainly in need of improvement. So far, however, there seems to be little real basis for the large-sized charges which have been thrown at Mr. Brodeur. There was basis for criticism; there seems to have been little basis for the cry of "wholesale graft."

There have been too many charges against public men in this country which have had no real justification. Every little puff of smoke does not indicate a great conflagration. Last week at Lachute, the Hon. Sydney Fisher charged that if the Hon. G. E. Foster and his friends had turned over the profits of the land deals made with the I. O. F. funds, that society would not have found it necessary to increase its assessment. Such a charge has as little justification as the charges made against Mr. Fisher's colleague, the Minister of Marine. Politicians and journalists have all fallen pretty low in their making of charges. During the next two months the political language which we will hear and read will be the lowest ever placed before an intelligent public. When it is all over, we shall probably wonder if there are any gentlemen left in public life.

CIVIC PATRONAGE

MONTREAL'S chief magistrate declares that if heads of civic departments were not hampered by aldermen in the discharge of their duties, a much better municipal government would prevail. He proposes to make an agreement with the aldermen that the permanent head of each department be allowed to choose his own employees without suggestion or interference. Commenting on this state of affairs in that city, the *Montreal Star* says: "The main curse of the administration is the patronage evil."

Toronto is not much better. There, too, the heads of departments are hampered by aldermanic nominations for places in the service. The present mayor of that city, like his predecessors, is apparently a believer in the system that mayor and aldermen have a right to name the men for new positions. If the county judge investigates the affairs of the Exhibition, as has been intimated, he will probably find that aldermanic interference and nomination have caused the expenses of that institution to be unnecessarily high. The editor of some daily

paper might say of Toronto, as the *Star* does of Montreal, "the main curse of the administration is the patronage evil." The Toronto administration is not quite so bad as that of Montreal, but the difference is one of degree only.

Civil service reform has been begun at Ottawa. September 1st saw the beginning of a new era, and the first day's duty of the independent Civil Service Commission. September 1st of 1909 should see an independent civil service commission in each of the nine provinces. If it could also see a reform in the larger centres, whereby the rule that the head of each civic department would be wholly responsible for his staff, their appointment, their conduct and their dismissal, it would be a long step in advance—in fact, it would be several steps.

The patronage evil dies hard: Its death knell has been sounded in this country, but a little time must necessarily elapse before the final execution.

THAT FAMOUS SARGENT

DURING the past two weeks, a portrait by Sargent has been displayed in the Art Gallery at the Toronto Exhibition and has aroused considerable comment. Most of the amateur picture-lovers could see little in it; the artists and those who claim "to know" praised it highly.

John S. Sargent was born in Florence in 1856; though his father was a physician from Boston. He was educated in Italy and Germany but finally settled down in England. London is now his headquarters. He first exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1879, being then twenty-three years of age. He became an A.R.A. in 1894 and a full academician in 1897. Not all his canvases are portraits, but he has painted such prominent people as Carolus Duran (his master), Ellen Terry, Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Carl Meyer and children, Octavia Hill and Mrs. Faudel Phillips.

This portrait, which has met with such a conflicting reception in Canada, was exhibited at the Champ de Mars salon of 1902 and was considered a masterpiece. It represents a young man between twenty-five and thirty years of age, slender, delicate, intellectual, cultivated and aesthetic. There is something of an immoral or unmoral look in the face, which suggests an Oscar Wilde type. The character of the man is further revealed by the presence of a French poodle and a highly ornamented walking-cane. To the man who does not understand the symbolism of portrait painting, the picture has little to present. Many painted portraits have no symbolism—they are merely coloured photographs, more or less exact. An oil portrait by a real artist is more; it is an interpretation of the man's character. The portraits painted for city halls and lodge rooms are usually in the first class; portraits by painters of real merit are in the second. The two classes overlap, but experienced art students may easily "place" any portrait which comes under their gaze. Canada has produced no Sargent, and only two or three portrait painters who are really entitled to be classed as such. At this particular exhibition, there was but one portrait by a Canadian artist which displayed the slightest attempt to interpret the character of the sitter.

LACROSSE AND THE SMALL TOWN

IS lacrosse, Canada's national game, dying a natural death? Occasionally we are assured that it is and the moans that accompany the announcement are almost heart-rending. But one thing to which attention should be called is that the gruesome announcements always come from the dwellers in the larger cities of Canada. And the announcement is of their observation and not of their information. Lacrosse is indigenous to Canadian soil, not to city streets, and just because in those same city streets the horse chesnut has largely superceded the maple, should these same mourners not weep lest the maple leaf should in time give place to the leaf of the horse chesnut as the national emblem? Out in the towns and villages of the Dominion, lacrosse still maintains a hardy growth that easily promises to keep it alive for all time.

Let the man who thinks lacrosse is doomed to premature decease visit Cornwall, where every school has a lacrosse team playing for the head master's trophy and every corner lot has its bunch of bare-footed boys taking early training in the greatest of all games; let him visit St. Catharines, where every youth learns to use a lacrosse stick almost as naturally as he learns to walk; let him visit Winnipeg, where the summer schedule of the public school lacrosse league looks like several pages cut from the city directory; let him visit Bradford,

Elora, Fergus or a score of other small Ontario towns where business is suspended while the lacrosse game is on and the lacrosse club is as much a village institution as the village council, and he will speedily change his mind. Lacrosse in short is not a big city sport. Reduced almost to a science and played by professionals, it is a big city attraction—just the same as professional baseball and the theatres are attractions. But lacrosse as a sport is less expensive for the majority of the youth of Canadian cities. It needs the support of the entire community. And it cannot get that support in places where every variety of attraction is reaching out after the elusive quarter. It can get it in smaller places where every man, woman and child takes a personal interest in the lacrosse team. So in the smaller places lacrosse thrives and will continue to thrive.

Out in the open, away from the blare of the fakir's trumpet, man craves for the natural. And lacrosse is the natural sport of the Canadian. In the city where everything tends to cultivate the taste for the artificial, lacrosse is handicapped, not only because it is too expensive for the average youth but because a press that panders to the popular taste fills its sporting pages with glowing accounts of ball games that are as near theatrical performances as the art of the advertiser can make them. The city youth is nourished in baseball lore; he finds the American game boomed till it fills the very air. It is played in limited space and at a cost easily within his means. He absorbs it, grows up with it and learns to believe that Canada's national game is dying out. He also learns to believe that the city is all there is of Canada. And in the parlance of his chosen pastime, he must be credited with two errors.

THE ROYAL MEETINGS

THE meetings at Cronberg and Ischl displayed in the most favourable light three of the commanding personalities of European politics. No man can be a more engaging host than the Kaiser; King Edward's complete mastery of all the arts of social success earned him a European reputation long before he came to the throne, and the venerable Emperor of Austria's simple cordiality shows at its best in personal intercourse with his intimate friends. Royal visits, as Queen Victoria's letters have made abundantly clear, are the occasion of even more anxiety and apprehension than private visits, and the host who wears a crown is even more harassed by proleptic doubts than the humbler host in the silk hat. The etiquette is so much stricter, individual tastes and peculiarities command such a wider difference, and the transition from the formal to the informal is often so much more difficult to contrive than in private life, that host and guest alike are conscious as a rule of more than the usual relief when the visit is over and all has gone smoothly.

Meetings between monarchs are often more significant when they do not take place than when they do. Five years ago it is probable that King Edward would not have broken his journey to Marienbad in order to spend a few hours with the Kaiser; and the omission to do so would rightly have been interpreted as indicative of a certain tension between the German and British peoples. The inauguration of a custom which will, we hope, become an annual event, is however more significant to-day, though in a pleasanter sense, than would have been its omission a few years ago. It means not only that cordiality is now restored to the intercourse between the two monarchs, but that Anglo-German relations generally are on the mend. The nature of the improvement needs, however, to be defined. Great Britain still regards the growing naval power of Germany as the greatest potential danger to the security of the British Isles and of the British Empire; still feels that Germany has acquired an unhealthy predominance on the Continent, and still distrusts both the course and the spirit of German diplomacy. That France and Russia have interests more nearly identical with our own both in Europe and in the Near East is now accepted by the great body of English opinion as an axiom. At the same time there is no desire to thwart Germany on any legitimate line of advance; there is a real perception that if Great Britain and Germany are estranged it is France, our best friend in Europe, who suffers; and there is a not less clear recognition of the fact that *ententes* from which Germany is, or seems to be, excluded, lack a great, almost a vital, guarantee of permanence and efficacy.

No such reflections as these arise from the Ischl meeting. The British people have almost ceased to remember that sixty years ago the name of Austria was symbolical to them of all that was reactionary and tyrannical. While not always agreeing with Austrian policy in the Balkans, they have learned to regard the Cis-Leithan half of the Dual Monarchy as a State which in the last half-century, and amid enormous difficulties, has made an uninterrupted progress in liberty and the art of government, and is now one of the best administered countries in the world. For the Emperor they entertain very much the same sentiment of affectionate good-will that the non-British world felt towards Queen Victoria. They have watched his evolution from absolutism to constitutionalism with sympathy and admiration. They have shared in the universal grief which the prolonged record of his private tragedies and his public misfortunes must always command.

—*The Outlook* (London).



A MENTAL worker needs a holiday in a different mental atmosphere. As my "work" consists largely in the study and discussion of Canadian public questions, I like to take a holiday where they are neither known nor understood. So I wait until the summer heats are passed and then tell the railway man to "ship me somewhere"—not east of Suez, but south of New York, so that the dazzle of Broadway and the clamour of the New York press lie between me and work. Down here not a soul could tell me whether Borden was a politician or an Olympian runner; and men express surprise when assured that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is really not the "Governor" of Canada. I have tried, when pressed, to make some of them understand just what he is under our system; but the task is not fitted to holiday chat on a hotel verandah. I generally quit when they conclude that he is an over-strenuous Secretary of State who bosses the real Chief Executive who is sent out from England. Of course, Americans who have made a study of the British system have no such difficulty.

* * *

HOWEVER, this is fine for holidaying. We talk on our verandah of the height of the surf, the temperature of the water, the play at the local theatre, whether we are going into the "progressive euchre" to-morrow, and—possibly—of Taft and Bryan. I notice that people here are usually pro-Bryan or anti-Bryan. They do not bother with Taft. They could get up just as good an election, I fancy, if he were not running at all. Those who are for Bryan are still a little apologetic; while those who are against him are more than a little apprehensive. Men tell me that they supported Roosevelt last time and would have supported him this year if he had run again; but, as it is, they will vote for Bryan. Others tell me that the country is tired of "the strenuous life," and that it is just as well that Roosevelt should step out for a while; and that they hope that Taft when elected will be his "own man" and give the people a chance to quiet down and do business. It is, of course, just chance; but I have yet to meet an out-and-out admirer of Roosevelt who is going to vote for Taft; though I have met Democrats who found "Teddy" too radical and who pretend to oppose Taft because he will carry out Roosevelt's policies.

* * *

BUT this is a long way from holidaying. Show me a man on his holidays, and I will tell you what kind of man he is. When we are at work, it comes natural to us to wear a mask. That is often a part of our business. But when we relax, then the man comes to the surface. Some men, of course, never relax. I always wonder what they are afraid will show through. As for me, I am the laziest thing alive when I am holidaying. I flatter myself that this means that I work very hard when I am in harness; but I am not sure that those who know me best would put this interpretation on it. Men who get little physical exercise as a rule become demons of activity on their holidays. Stay-at-homes like a holiday of travel. People whose work keeps them from their libraries read assiduously while resting. It is change we all seek. As I said, I get lazy.

* * *

THE Americans know how to holiday. In Europe, the idle classes are probably the most accomplished idlers in the world; but the people as a whole do not take holiday in the universal American fashion. They are too poor and too busy. The French are, of course, an exception. They can take an omnibus to the environs of Paris, and exude more gayety in a day than most people can live through in a year. But where the Americans shine is in the ability of their great middle class—that is, four-fifths of their population—to make a business of holidaying for a fortnight on end. They all come down to the seaside, and spend half the day in the surf and the other half on the sand—everybody from the grandmother to the chubby baby

with its bare legs—and paterfamilias does not "care whether school keeps or not" until their excursion tickets run out.

* * *

CANADA has too few popular holiday resorts. Muskoka is probably about the best; still it is not one jolly big resort, but rather a section of country with isolated hotels dotted about it. It is like the White Mountains or the Adirondacks; and not like Old Orchard, Cottage City or Atlantic City. We have no place like these latter where the people can get together and make up a good share of each other's enjoyment. We would do well to establish some such places on our great lakes where our people could find a cheap and enlivening holiday. There might be a source of national life in such a meeting-ground just as the old-fashioned camp meetings were employed to keep religious feeling alive. There are lots of places along Lake Ontario which might be used, and they would be easily reached from many of our cities. Every Canadian should be taught to take holiday.

Nidimporte

GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES

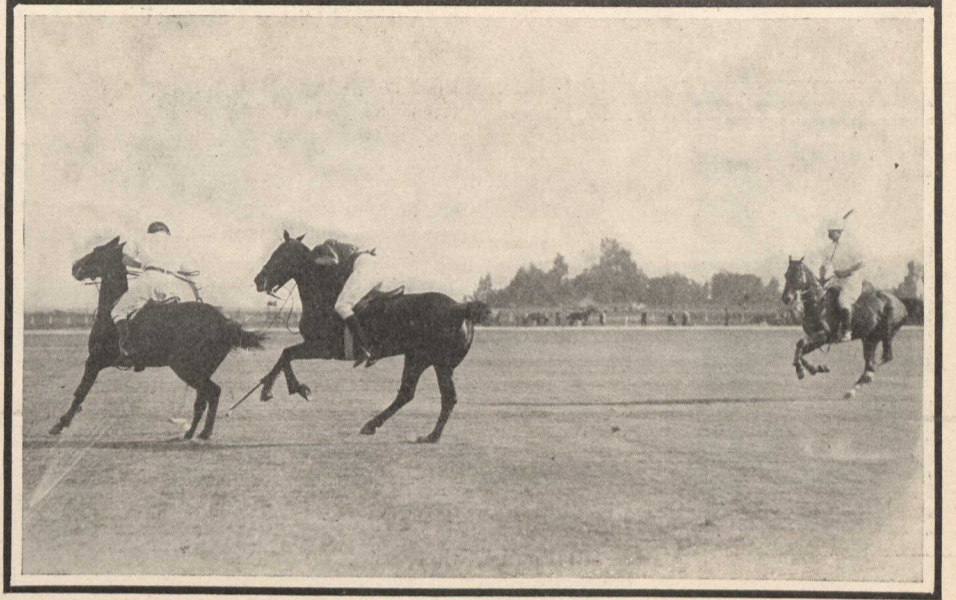
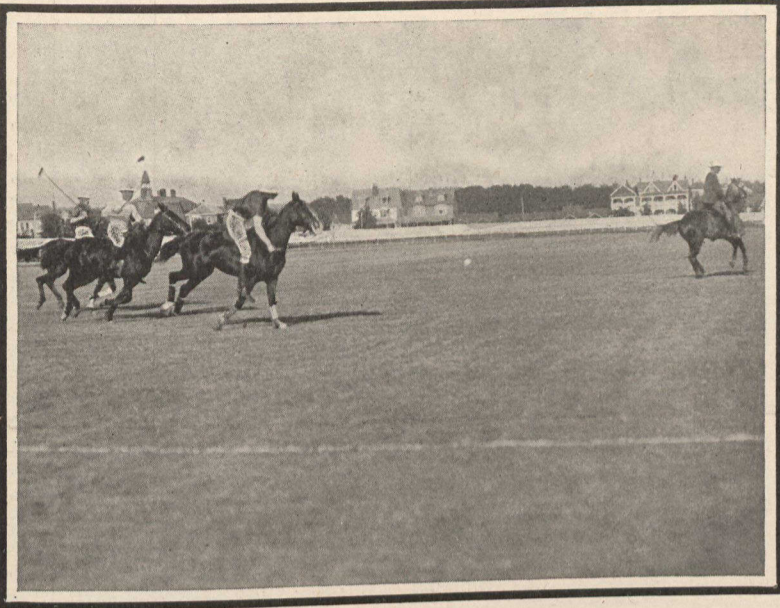
THE following despatch from Ottawa indicates that the Government will make a distinct effort to popularise the new law with regard to annuities. "By the end of the present month, all arrangements will have been completed for bringing into operation the law passed last session providing for the sale of Government old age annuities. It is the intention of Sir Richard Cartwright, who is the minister in charge of the new department, to conduct an educational campaign throughout Canada by means of public lectures, to be delivered by agents, specially selected to inform the public as to the extent and utility of this progressive scheme of Government insurance against risk of penury in old age."



THE KING AND THE KAISER.

Of late years it has been a rare thing to see King Edward in a German uniform. Our photograph shows him in the uniform of the Kaiser's Hussars. It was taken recently when the King and the Emperor met at Kronberg. This meeting together with the visit of the Emperor to England last year has done much to dissipate the strong feeling against Germany which has existed in England for some time. The result of this meeting was an immediate consultation in England between the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Charles Hardinge, so that there can be no doubt that matters of high policy were discussed by their Majesties.

SOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPH



THE KING OF PASTIMES

Last week and this the Back River Polo Team, from Montreal, is playing a series of three matches with the Toronto Team. Back River won the first two matches. When Capt. Straubenzie was injured on Saturday, Mr. Baxter took his place. The original line-up was as follows:

Back River—Capt. Stewart, H. Macdougall, A. E. Ogilvie, Capt. Miller.
Toronto—A. O. Beardmore, Capt. Straubenzie, Col. Williams, Major Elmsley. Umpire—Col. Lessard.

NOTICEABLE FEATURES AT TORONTO EXHIBITION



Trotting Races were a feature of the first days of the Toronto Exhibition, although the Directors are divided in their opinions as to their exhibition value. Betting is not recognised, and very little is done.



Fifteen hundred Homing Pigeons from various points in Canada, were collected together and released one afternoon in front of the Grand Stand. Prizes are given for the birds making the best time home.

LACROSSE IN CANADA

Its Present and its Past Status

By H. J. P. GOOD



Mr. Fred. Thompson,
President N.L.U.

A CORRESPONDENT writes a letter in which he claims that lacrosse is on the decline in popularity, not so much in the larger cities as in the smaller towns and rural districts of Canada. In the populous districts, judging from the crowds who attend to see first-class teams play, the game is as much enjoyed as ever. It is, however, a question if professionalism has not eaten further into the marrow of the game, than is generally supposed. Lacrosse undoubtedly possesses

many desirable elements in the creation, not alone of athletes, but also of men who may be expected to develop into desirable citizens. In days of yore, when the game was entirely amateur and young men of Canada in their enthusiasm were wont to rise early in the morning and run and practise just for the pure love of the thing, many of the best men the country has known were the outcome. It is only necessary to refer, in support of the statement, to the present Chief of Staff, General Otter, who in his youth was an enthusiastic lacrosse player; the late Major Michie, a citizen of repute, whom everybody admired and respected; the late Colonel Arthurs, a man of the same calibre, although much less in stature; Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P.; Mr. W. K. George, president of the Canadian National Exhibition; Mr. J. G. Kent, an honourable vice-president of the Canadian National Exhibition; Mr. James Carruthers, a leading merchant both of Toronto and Montreal; to several men prominent in financial and railway circles and to hundreds of good, honourable and successful men throughout Canada. If we go abroad we shall find men there like George Massey, who had their early training on the lacrosse field and who have profited by the lessons of manliness, courage, quickness and forbearance there acquired.

The game of lacrosse undoubtedly had its origin with the Indians. The story that they fooled an enemy while playing, luring that enemy into the unsuspectingness of spectators, is probably true; for there is no game so actually innocent in itself and yet so absorbing and exciting to the looker-on. There is no game so spectacular as lacrosse. There are possibly more scientific games, although even that is doubtful, but to watch, there is not its equal under the sun. Played in the true spirit, lacrosse teaches much that is noble in character; it is unavoidable in the game that hurts should occur, and

F. Peters.

it is the man who can brush accidents aside and cultivate a spirit of forbearance, remembering that he is playing a game, who will ultimately conquer the difficulties of life and establish a claim to a seat among the mighty.

The citizen residents of Quebec, or Lower Canada, were the first to recognise the beauties and possibilities of the game. From Montreal, between forty and fifty years ago, after an introduction to Ottawa by George Massey, of the Beaver Club, and H. A. Stafford, of the Montreal Club, and the establishment of a club which existed for some years under the captaincy of C. Cluff, lacrosse travelled west and found a temporary abiding place, first of all, good old Moses Oates was wont to declare, in the town of Fergus. After a bit, the game was taken up in Toronto by some of the best middle-class families of those times, and it was not long before it became the rage and we find some keen and bitter contests being waged between the Torontos and Ontarios. To refer to these in particular would be kind of ante-dating events, for while the annals of lacrosse in Toronto only go a little farther back than the year in which this great Dominion was born or became federated, it was played in the district of Montreal upwards of sixty years ago.

The beginning of lacrosse is said to have been in competitions between the Olympic Athletic Club of "the Commercial Capital," and the Iroquois braves from the Caughnawaga Reserve. These competitions were held annually, until finally in 1856 some of the crack athletes of the Olympic Club met and organised the Montreal Lacrosse Club, the first club of its kind in Canada. This club in its turn was the foundation of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association and aided materially in the maintenance of that organisation. After the Montreal Club, came the Hochelaga Club, then the Beavers and many other organisations with players of various ages. It is stated that the first public appearance of the Montreal Lacrosse Club that excited more than local interest occurred in 1860, when a game was played between twenty-four players taken from the Montreal and Beaver Clubs and twenty-four Indians. Seven years later, lacrosse having attracted attention by its distinctiveness as well as its desirability in character, was adopted as the national game, simultaneously, as has been said, with the birth of the Dominion, and in 1867 the Shamrock Club was formed in Montreal and the Toronto Lacrosse Club in Toronto. Then came the organisation of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada. From this on, the game spread and grew in popularity, being taken up by the then high schools, the public schools and the preparatory schools of the country.

At this time lacrosse was undoubtedly both in name and in character fairly entitled to be con-

sidered the national pastime. Baseball was unknown, cricket was little known, and lacrosse filled the void which the patriotic young men of the day felt for a sport that had sufficient legitimate individuality to be considered indigenous. At that time the poles were decorated with golden-fringed flags, which frequently were wound round the top, the whole being surmounted by figures of beavers or by an ornament not exactly eagle-like in shape, but that still had the appearance of birdliness from the distance.

In 1869, at a tournament arranged for the benefit of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, flags were presented to the Montreal Lacrosse Club and medals were given to those players who played for the flags, among whom were the late Dr. Beers, W. L. Maltby, John Henderson, Hugh W. Beckett, Angus Grant, E. Ermatinger, and our present well-known fellow-townsmen and George W. Torrance. During the next few years the Montreal Lacrosse Club travelled extensively, and introduced the game into many parts of Canada, even carrying it into Great Britain, which country was visited by a team of Montrealers and a team of Caughnawaga Indians in 1876, who had the honour of playing before Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria. The players of that period included Dr. George Beers, Kingston; H. W. Beckett, D. E. Bowie, Angus Grant, Sam Massey, of Montreal, W. O. Ross, of Toronto, "Royal Bill" as he was termed after his return; T. G. Ralston, St. John, N.B.; Henry Joseph, T. C. A. McIndoe, Sam Struthers, later of Toronto, G. S. Hubbell, J. T. R. Green, Thomas E. Hodgson, S. R. MacDonald, and R. Summerhayes, of Montreal.

Here I shall perhaps be pardoned for harking back a bit. It was in 1866 that George Massey, who had migrated to Toronto, formed a club here in conjunction with his brother John Massey, and John Henderson, George Leslie and others. So well did the game catch on that before the end of the year the Toronto Lacrosse Club had all the members it could accommodate, and the Ontario Lacrosse Club was formed by Colonel Arthurs, A. A. Miller and Joseph Lugsdin.

Early in 1867 the Montreal and Beaver Clubs amalgamated and formally adopted the first laws of lacrosse, as compiled by Dr. Beers. Later in 1867 was organised the National Lacrosse Association of Canada and in the fall of that year the Montreal Club called a convention at Kingston of all the white clubs then existing in Canada, numbering about fifteen. Definite rules were adopted at this convention. A year later at Montreal they were revised, but although many revisions and amendments have taken place in the two score years of the existence of the game on an organised basis, the fundamental principles have remained unchanged. In the days of the Indians, lacrosse was called "Baggetaway," which, considering the nature of the stick and the desirability of getting rid of



The Toronto Lacrosse Team in 1871

R. B. Hamilton. J. Massey. J. L. Hughes. J. B. Henderson.
C. McVittie. C. H. Nelson. C. E. Robinson. H. Langlois. T. Hodgetts.
T. Mitchell. R. H. Mitchell. (General) W. D. Otter.



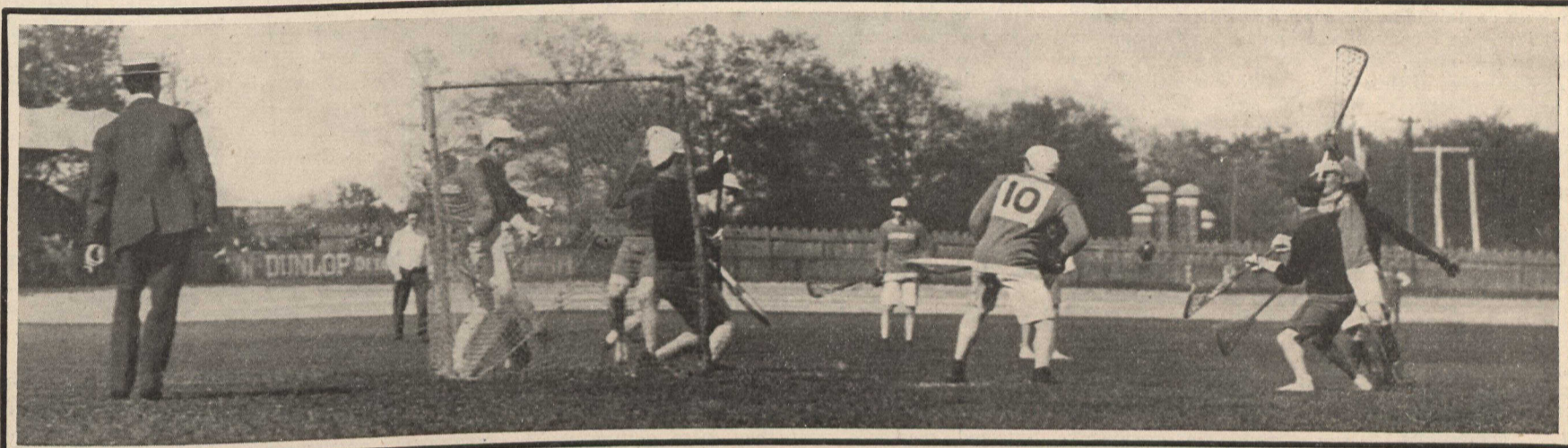
The Toronto Lacrosse Team in 1875

THE PLAYING OF THE NATIONAL GAME

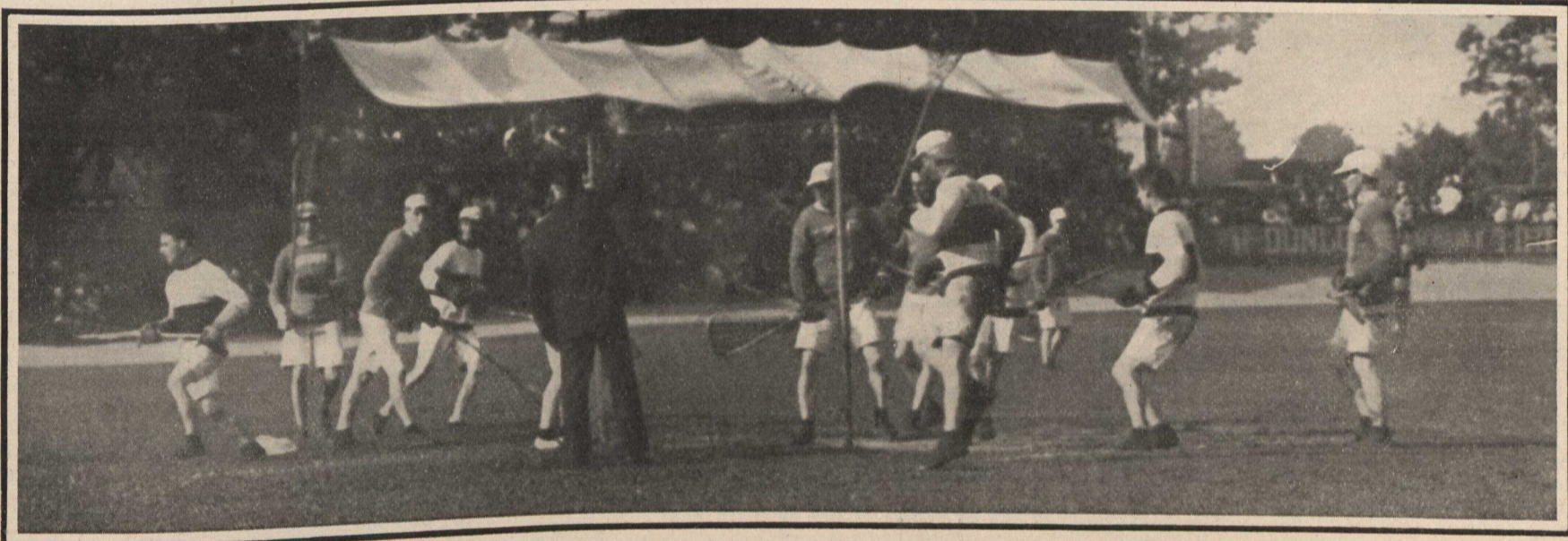


General View of a Lacrosse Match on the grounds of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, Rosedale, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINGLE & BOOTH



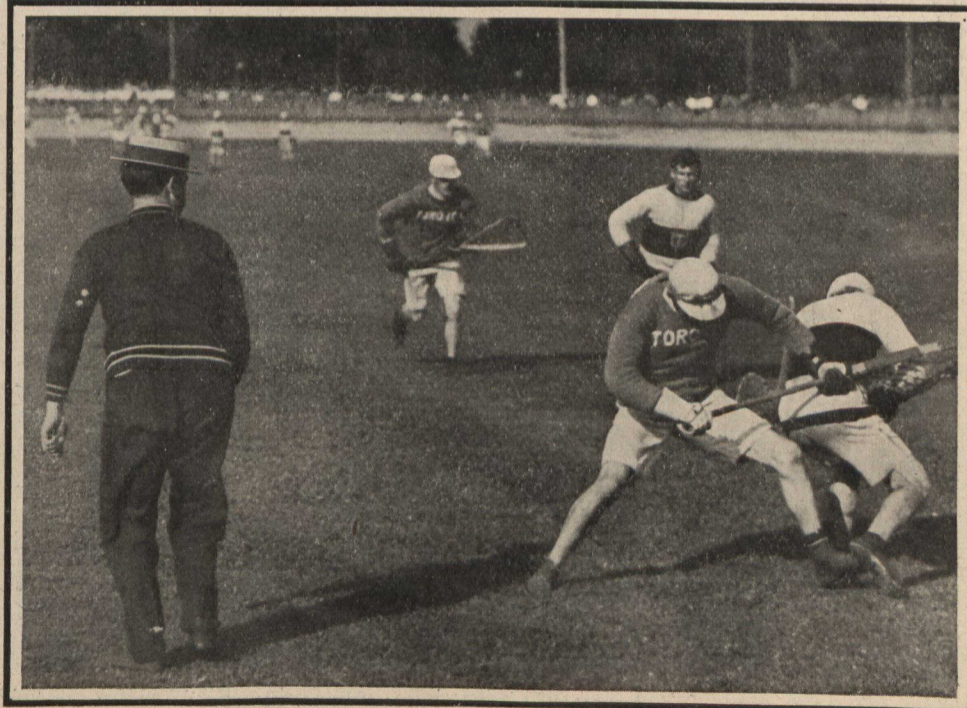
The idea of having the players indexed and numbered is an excellent one. It enables the audience to keep sight of favourites and to learn to appreciate unknown players.



A Goal—The umpire's hand goes up to show that the ball has gone between the posts into the net.



A "Scrap"—The sort of scene which disgraces the national game.



A Face-off, with neither player able to get away with the ball.

the ball, has a somewhat decidedly English and un-Indian sound.

For twenty years the National Lacrosse Association kept on and prospered. Then in 1886 the Torontos got to outs with the Shamrocks and Montrealers and seceded. The Canadian Lacrosse Association was formed, at a meeting in the Rossin House, Toronto, April 22nd, 1887. The Torontos won the championship that year and the Brants of Paris the next. Then the first winners, unmindful of the fact that the C. L. A. was formed mainly for their support, ungratefully fell away and what was known as the Senior League was formed with Toronto, Montreal, Shamrocks, Cornwall and Capitals of Ottawa in the aggregation. Whether it is a Nemesis that has followed the Torontos for their ingratitude, I cannot say, but it is a fact that they are the only club of the original members that has never had its name inscribed on the championship roll of the Senior or big league.

Space does not permit me to dwell upon various incidents in the history of the game, such as other trips across the Atlantic and the Australian tour of the team captained and managed by Mr. J. C. Miller of Orillia, but I cannot help expressing the opinion that the *Canadian, Courier's* correspondent, referred to at the outset of this article, takes a not altogether warranted gloomy view of the situation. It is in the nature of things that, like other mundane affairs, games should have their ups and downs, their fat-

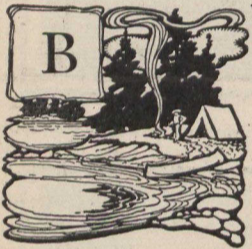
years and their lean years. At one period Winnipeg showed up strongly, but of recent years the game does not appear to have exceptionally flourished in Manitoba, whence the *Courier* correspondent hails, but it has gone farther west and only within the last few weeks a New Westminster team has travelled hitherward and snatched the Minto cup from the Shamrocks, of Montreal, last year's winners. This cup was given by His Excellency the Earl of Minto, then Governor-General of Canada, as a championship trophy in 1900. The Shamrocks beat a team from Vancouver for the cup in 1901. In 1902 the Shamrocks maintained their claim by beating New Westminster. In 1903 and 1904 the Irishmen retained possession, defeating the Brantford club, champions of the C. L. A., and the Capitals of Ottawa. In 1905 they again defeated the C. L. A. champions, this time the Athletics of St. Catharines. In 1907, the Shamrocks, who have gone strangely to pieces this year, repeated their earlier victories, and now, despite the fact that the Tecumseh look like winning the big championship, New Westminster is in possession.

As in Manitoba, so in the Maritime Provinces we have not recently heard much of lacrosse, but it still flourishes. What can be done to farther advance the game I am hardly prepared to say. Professionalism is here undoubtedly to stay and that of a necessity has estranged the active sympathy of many of the best citizens who do not care to have

their children identified with the sport under its altered circumstances. Again, the interest in the public schools has waned, for lack of such encouragement as the two Hughes (J. L. and Sam) were wont to give. In his book, "Lacrosse and How to Play It," published first in 1873 and again in 1880, Mr. W. K. McNaught, the present senior member in the provincial legislature for North Toronto, terms lacrosse "the cheapest of all games, requiring no pads, gauntlets or other expensive equipments." Alas, for then and now! The weakness of lacrosse to-day, and I am rather disposed to think, after all, there has not been much change, is its expense. Not only have gauntlets and pads appeared, but a team cannot be fitted out with sticks, to say nothing of uniforms, poles and nets, under eighteen or twenty dollars. On the other hand, five or six dollars will equip a baseball club, while the juveniles can play the Yankee game with any sort of old stick and a ball. Then again, the roughness of lacrosse has to be reckoned with. It was no gentle pastime in Mr. McNaught's playing days—in the days, thirty-six years ago, when after a hard match on the old College Street cricket grounds, Toronto's present public school inspector, flushed with victory, compared the Ontarios to certain long-eared animals—but somehow or other the players then did not seem to make so much fuss over their knocks as they do now.

The Ashburton Treaty and the Maine Boundary

By R. S. NEVILLE, K. C.



By the Treaty of Versailles (1783) the northern boundary of Maine was fixed to run "from the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the Highlands, along the said Highlands which divide those

rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut River."

By the Treaty of Ghent (1814) it was recited that neither the northwest angle of Nova Scotia nor the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut River had yet been ascertained; and it was provided that two commissioners should be appointed to "ascertain and determine the points above mentioned in conformity with the provisions of the said Treaty of Peace in 1783," and to "cause the boundary to be surveyed and marked according to the said provisions." If they failed to agree a reference to a friendly sovereign or state was provided for.

Mr. Featherstonehaugh, of New Brunswick, was appointed British Commissioner under this arrangement and after long and careful investigation declared that the northwest angle of Nova Scotia "never had any existence"—"never was established or set apart by any survey either of a direct or indirect kind"—and he proceeded to explain that the angle in question could not be determined on information then existing.

A settlement by commissioners therefore failed of accomplishment and the whole matter was referred, under a convention of 1827, to the King of the Netherlands, pursuant to the Treaty of Ghent. The king found himself in similar difficulties and being unable to ascertain any boundary that would conform to the terms of the Treaty, recommended a compromise. By this compromise award, out of 12,027 square miles in dispute, Canada was given 4,119, the United States 7,908. The United States Senate refused to accept this award. But from it we get the view of an independent sovereign arbitrator as to what was fair and right.

Finally in 1842 the Ashburton Treaty was negotiated. Lord Ashburton represented British interests and Mr. Daniel Webster those of the United States. By this treaty we secured 5,012 square miles, the United States 7,015. In other words, Lord Ashburton procured for us nearly 900 square miles more than the King of the Netherlands had awarded to us.

The United States Senate at first refused to ratify this treaty, and Webster was called upon to justify his surrender. The doors of the Senate Chamber were closed and in secret session he disclosed to the bewildered senators a map—the now famous Red Line Map—which had convinced him,

and in turn convinced them, that the United States had all the time been claiming what did not belong to them and that the British claim was justified. Satisfied, therefore, that they were getting much more than their due, they ratified the treaty. No doubt they hastened to do so, lest knowledge of this map should come to the British, and then they could never expect so favourable a settlement again. Webster had held the map during the negotiations, but had not made it known to Lord Ashburton.

This seems to be a case where an attempt to be "smart" led Webster and, through him, the Senate into a sacrifice of their country's interests. For this map is of doubtful authority, and there were other official and authentic maps which were entirely in favour of the claims of the United States, and, being also British maps, would have put the British claim entirely out of court. But when Webster came into possession of the Red Line Map, he seems to have been afraid to stir up further research for maps, especially in Paris or London, from fear that it, or a copy of it, might be found and come to the knowledge of the British. Had he not tried to be so clever, he possibly might have discovered the British official map, which he never did discover, and which was not before either Lord Ashburton or himself during the negotiations. It has been common to charge Mr. Webster with bad faith in withholding the knowledge of the Red Line Map from Lord Ashburton. But the British did not take that view. Lord Brougham said: "I deny that a negotiator, in carrying on a contest as representing his own country with a foreign country, is bound to disclose to the other party whatever he may know that tells against his own party and for the opposite party." Such a view he declares is new to diplomacy. How could he as a British statesman take any other stand, with two authentic British maps then before him, which were adverse to British claims and had not been produced to the negotiators? But before dealing with these maps, we shall for a moment pursue another line of enquiry.

In order to determine where the northern boundary of Maine ought to be, we must ascertain whether such a line had been drawn before the American Revolution, and, if so, where it was.

When the Atlantic coast was British and Canada was French, the British pushed their claims northward through Maine across the St. John River and over the north Highlands to the St. Lawrence. By the middle of the eighteenth century they claimed an unbroken line of colonies from Florida on the south to the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, including not only what is now Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Maine, but also that portion of the Province of Quebec which lies south of the St. Lawrence and east of about the 70th degree of west longitude. The French disputed these extreme claims on the north, but the Seven Years War gave Canada to Great Britain; and the boundary question ceased to be international and became inter-provincial, like the recent dispute about the boundaries of Ontario.

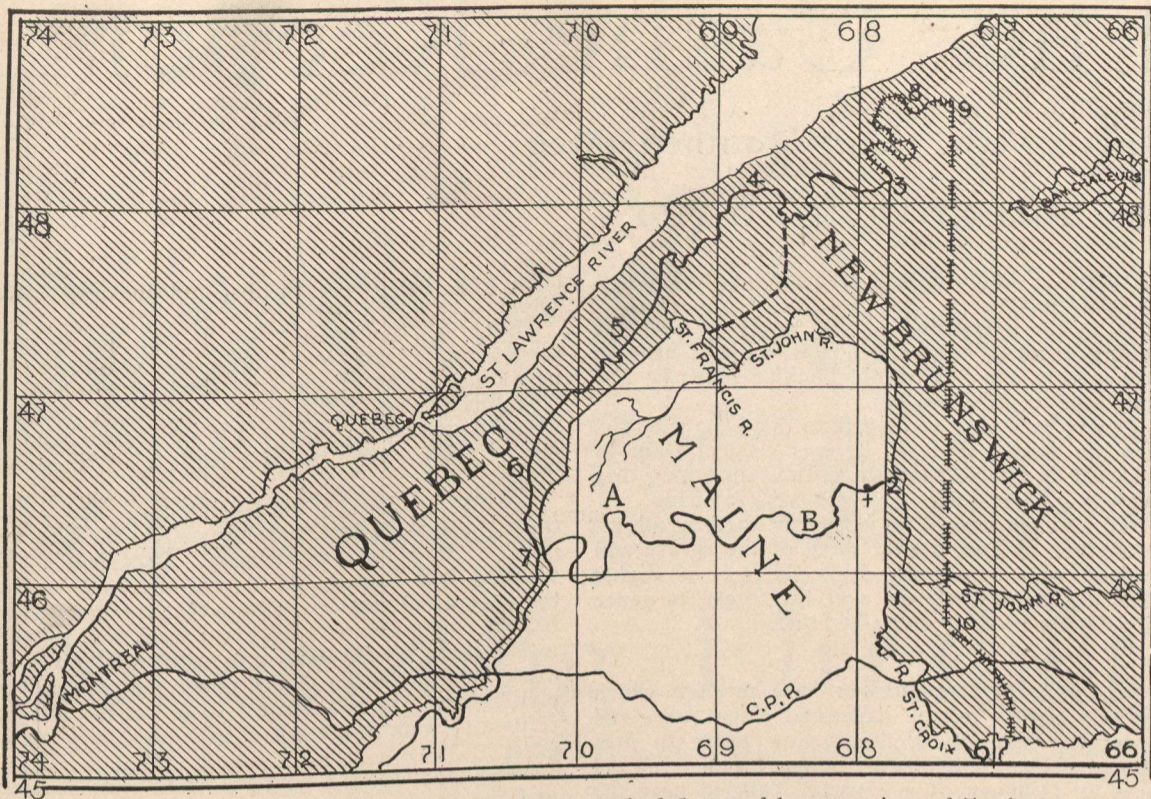
A British Government was established at Quebec and it became necessary to define the dividing line between its territorial jurisdiction, and that of the government on the south. This was done and the boundary line was run west from Chaleurs Bay along the Highlands that divide the St. Lawrence and the St. John Valleys. The Government of Massachusetts, which then embraced Maine, through its agent in London, protested vigorously against the loss of its St. Lawrence frontier, but in vain, and the boundary then fixed remained the boundary till the American Revolution swept everything south of it away from British control and out of the Empire.

When the treaty of partition was made in 1783, neither of the parties had the slightest intention of changing this boundary. They thought they were describing it. But a generation passed away and with it, the War of 1812-14, before an effort was made to have the line surveyed. The commissioners under the Treaty of Ghent (1814), having failed to agree, a joint scientific commission in 1817-18 undertook to survey the line "due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the Highlands" according to the original treaty of 1783. About forty miles north from the starting point, they found a bump on the face of the earth known as Mars Hill. Happy accident! Why not run the line from this westward along the ridge south of the St. John River? Surely it will answer the description, "Highlands"! Hence arose the new British interpretation of the terms of the treaty and the new claim to a boundary line south of the St. John Valley. The question of the "northwest angle of Nova Scotia," to which the line was to run according to the treaty, got lost in the woods a hundred miles farther north.

Now to the maps, and first, to the Red Line Map. Just before the Ashburton Treaty was made, Dr. Jared Sparks, an American historian, found in the Historical Section of the French Foreign Office, a letter, dated 6th December, 1782, from Dr. Franklin, the American plenipotentiary, to Vergennes, the French minister who represented the French Government in the negotiations for peace, which said: "I have the honour of returning herewith the map Your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desires, the limits of the United States as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries." These "preliminaries" had been signed a few days before.

But there was no map with the letter. During his further researches, among thousands of maps, he found a map which had a red line marking the boundaries of the United States and he took it for granted that this was the map that had been enclosed in Dr. Franklin's letter. Dr. Sparks says it was a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746.

It is well known that different boundaries were proposed during the negotiations, and possibly many different red lines were drawn on different maps.



Map Designed to show how Canada robbed the United States of large portions of Territory.

MAP NOTES.

Point 1 is where the Monument was erected under the Treaty of 1798, to mark the source of the St. Croix River. Line 1, 2, 3 is the "due north" line from this monument. The British claimed it should extend northward only as far as Mars Hill, (near point 2). The United States claimed it should continue to the northern highlands at point 3. Line 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is the northern and western boundary of Maine, as claimed by the United States. Line A, B, between points 7 and 2, is the boundary claimed by the British. The line marked "C.P.R." is the Canadian Pacific Railway, which runs south of the disputed territory, at a distance of thirty to sixty-five miles. The shaded portion of the disputed territory is the part allotted to Great Britain by the Ashburton Treaty. The dotted line shows how this is now divided between Quebec and New Brunswick. The block of land between the "due north" line and line 8, 9, 10, 11, originally claimed by the United States, was allowed to Great Britain by Treaty in 1798. Mars Hill is marked by a cross just west of point 2.

before an agreement was arrived at, and the Red Line Map may have been one of these. At any rate, the connection between this map and the Franklin letter is only an inference without support. Lord Brougham said that "It was not on such doubtful and unexplained evidence that great national negotiations should be stopped;" and he added that the line did not agree with the actual description of the country.

The British Maps.—One would naturally expect that when the preliminaries of the treaty were submitted to the British Government there would also be an official map showing the lines agreed upon by the plenipotentiaries, so that the Government would know what it was doing when it sanctioned the treaty. We also know that King George III. was no inactive spectator, and we should expect a similar map to be submitted to him.

We are not surprised, therefore, to find a map in the hands of the British Government drawn by the king's geographer, published in 1783, with this inscription: "A map of the boundary of the United States, as agreed to by the Treaty of 1783; by Mr.

Faden, geographer to the king." Nothing could be more authoritative than this, and it shows the boundary along the northern Highlands above mentioned.

Then again, the private library of King George III. was presented to the nation by his successor, and in it was found a map with the boundary plainly marked also along the northern Highlands. And this line was authenticated by the king's own handwriting.

There is still more evidence, but this is enough, and these two authentic maps—which were not produced to Lord Ashburton or Mr. Webster—so far outweigh the evidence of the unauthentic Red Line Map, that as Lord Brougham said, they "entirely destroy" the British contentions.

To sum up:—

1. The north boundary of Maine was fixed in 1763 by the British Government at the north Highlands which skirt the St. Lawrence Valley, when the Province of Quebec was delimited and when both sides were British.

2. The boundary so fixed was the boundary when the American Revolution took place.

3. It was also the boundary intended by the king and the British Government, when they settled the Ashburton Treaty, as the maps show.

4. The boundary has since been pushed southward to the St. John River, and several thousand square miles of territory added to Canada through the agency of British diplomacy, ending with the Ashburton Treaty.

Military Progress

NOW that Colonel Sam Hughes, M.P., president of the Dominion Rifle Association, and Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, have met together at a luncheon and toasted each other, the alliance between the military elements of the two great political parties is nearly complete—Colonel Worthington dissenting. Sir Charles Ross looking with a spy-glass over the distance between the Quebec rifle factory and the rifle ranges at Ottawa must have smiled a broad, expansive smile.

Sir Frederick said that Colonel Hughes had never showed greater courage than when he stood up in the face of his own party and fought an honest and straightforward fight on the issue of the introduction of the Ross rifle. And he had been triumphantly vindicated. Sir Frederick, in defending the increased expenditure on the militia force, said he did not believe that the people of Canada begrudged the annual payment of eighty or ninety cents per head on the militia. He had the fullest sympathy with the cadet movement, and announced that an Order in Council had been passed approving of an agreement entered into by the Department of Militia and the Government of Nova Scotia, which provided that the Department of Militia shall furnish all the instructors, free of cost, from the permanent forces for service in the schools of Nova Scotia as instructors in drill training and rifle-shooting. In turn the educational authorities of Nova Scotia are required to adopt a compulsory regulation that a teacher before securing his license to teach in the schools of the province shall be compelled to pass an examination in physical training and drill. Sir Frederick announced that another Order in Council had been adopted giving the Department of Militia authority to make similar agreements with all the other provinces. It was proposed that if the movement became general throughout the Dominion the permanent force would be transferred largely into teaching corps, and the instructors so sent out would receive better pay for their services.

THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS.

THE islands in and around the Caribbean Sea have a total population of about 7,000,000, most of whom are supposed to be exceedingly lazy. Their commerce does not support this supposition. Its total is not far from 90 per cent. of that of Japan, with a population of nearly 50,000,000. Moreover, while the people of Japan must devote themselves more and more to manufacturing imported materials into commodities for export or live in a state of awful poverty, the natural resources of the West Indies are sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of many times the present population.

GROUPS THAT ARE NOVEL AND UNUSUAL



The baby lions at the Toronto Exhibition.



The Latest Theatrical Innovation—Lady ushers, with red sashes and black dresses at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto.

Keenan, The Cache-Keeper

A Story of the Shut-Mouthed Men

By POLLOUGH POGUE



My friend, Jimmy Laramie, the cache-keeper, told me this, sitting in front of the living-shack at the cache, with the smudge-pail between us, one long evening of deep quiet, clean smells and soft lights, on spruce-coasted Nipigon. And when the sun sunk in crimson blaze and amber reek behind the rusty spruce

woods we sat picturing the drama of the story in the wild northern sun-set's smoke and coal. It was half-past nine o'clock that night before the last coals blackened in the northwest, and that dark brood of night-shadows spawned in the spruce came out to play in the cache clearing.

Jimmy Laramie was a big, clean-made Canadian with a large, honest face rusted brown by the sun. He had been for three months alone at the cache, eating his own villianies out of his frying-pan. He was an unbitted young stallion of the hardy breed that will not stay at home but must be heading northward and westward on its great adventure. I was a fire-ranger, drawn that way by a big smoke which a day's rain had cleaned from the sky.

We had been talking about the keepers of the lonely food caches which the Transcontinental engineers have set at least a hundred miles apart in a long east and west string across the continent-wide waste of spruce and muskeg which has fewer people to the square mile than any other part of the earth. These caches feed the field parties who are drawing a line of enormous mileage through the unmothered fastnesses of the finest wilderness left in the world.

The cache-keepers, living alone often for many months at a time on un-mapped rivers and lakes not mentioned in the school-books, are mother-forgotten men. Some of them go back utterly to the pagan embrace of Pan. Upon the minds of others the loneliness and interminable silence of the spruce forest weighs heavily, till a fungous brood of shadows clouds their brains, or the wilderness takes them like children by the hand and reassures them. Most cache-keepers live the uncombed, unbuttoned life and never lace their shoe-packs.

Keenan was cache-keeper on Rabiskaw Lake and he thought himself lucky. There was a small fur post on Rabiskaw Lake, a French company post, only ten miles from the cache. Once a week Keenan would paddle down the lake to the post and spend the night there.

Keenan was a type of the hardest men shaped in God's image to-day, the Canadians whom you will find on the uncombed North's ragged frontier, which they are hourly shoving farther northward, unrolling the map of vastness, with the balsam of the forest in their nostrils to give them strength. He had been transit-man on a location party that drew supplies from Rabiskaw Lake cache, and, his eyes going bad from much sighting across the naked snows, had come down from "the line" to keep the cache and rest his eyes.

He was a big, hairy man, sun-smoked dark as your shoe-packs, muscled like a horse, built as strong as the great Laurentian cliffs of Rabiskaw Lake, upon which the ages of the earth have written their mighty history. His mouth was a rusty knife-cut, his chin a block of beaten bronze.

Joe Brosseau, an enormous man, as black as a black bear, was in charge of the Rabiskaw Lake post. He was a French-Canadian with a dark lick of Indian blood in one end of his personal equation. When the crucible of his nature was heated by big, simple, primitive emotions, this wild Bedouin strain came to the surface in effervescence. Then there was likely to be trouble. His wife was a Scotch-Cree half-breed woman. Little Franchette, their daughter, was very pretty in a wild, brown way.

When Keenan first saw little Franchette she was wearing a spray of the red flowers of the fire-weed in her black hair, and when he kissed her her lips flowered as scarlet as the fire-weed's blood-hued blossoms. Before Keenan came into her life she was only a child as fresh and pure as the pyrola flowers that grew in white lakes on the muskeg. When he made love to her she ripened as the wild raspberries ripen under the hot grin of the July sun,

and only the beads on her rosary knew how much she loved him.

It meant everything in the world to her, but nothing at all to him. To him it was like hearing once more a stave of an old familiar song; he had made love to many women.

It was very pleasant to talk to this little wild girl with her dusk-rose face. It was very pleasant to be kissed by that soft mouth, and the something that laughed in her black eyes was very alluring.

To him she seemed no woman of earth at all but a daughter of Pan, a wild thing of the spruce and muskeg, who stole away from the post o' nights when the moon hung red over the forest, to dance with dryads in some moon-lit brule.

One week of blue October haze through which the soft maples on the hardwood ridges were red as torches and the birches yellow as camp fires Keenan did not come to the post as usual. Instead came an Ojibway of a "family" camped near the cache with the news that the big cache-keeper was going back to "the line."

Then very limited Joe Brosseau, who had never seen a town or a railway train, or a fenced road, who had lived his life beyond the ravelled edge of civilisation, with which he had never touched hands across the spruce forest, who was aware of basic things only, who was no more civilised than the black spruce, took canoe with two of his Ojibways for the cache, smouldering inside. The love of his daughter had been slimed with treading where love should never go, and if the cache-keeper meant to go away and leave her, there would be a heavy accounting.

"I will bring him back, Dear-my-soul," he said to Franchette when she told him how matters stood, "and we will send for Father Dugas, and he shall marry you. If not," he added with a rough muspuash oath when she had gone, "I will kill the lousy dog." So the canoe slopped through the shouldering waves that flowered white around it and in the brown dusk came to the river bay where crouched the great, gray log cache.

Keenan lay in his bunk in his living-shack reading a magazine two years old. Window and door stood open, and the flickering light from his candle ran in and out of the corners of the shack. The shadows dance-stepped on the floor.

Black Brosseau crumpled his huge body through the doorway. The spruce-leathered Ojibway canoe-men stayed by the canoe. Telepathically they knew there would be a fight; it was in the air. But they would not interfere. The big gods whose drama was the lives of men had planned it.

The cache-keeper surged up from his bunk and roughed a "Bou-jou, bou-jou, Joe!" in his moose bellow that made the words sound like camp oaths.

"Bou-jou, bou-jou, m'shoor," growled Brosseau in answer. "So you leave de cache? You go on 'de line,' eh? W'en you go? Nex' week?"

"Next week I hit the unblazed trail that leads to hell or sundown," answered Keenan, laughing down from his great height.

Black Brosseau's big, square face was made in ruled lines that ran up and down and across and now the lines hardened into a map of fury. He was a man of sparse speech and his way was always that of simplicity and directness.

"You — —!" he roared, "you com' to de pos' an' marry Franchette. If not, den I kill you."

The cache-keeper laughed again in shameless, insolent mirth. "So you want a fight, do you? By the smoke of hell, you'll get your bellyfuk. I won't marry your mongrel daughter, though she is a pretty little thing. Come outside."

There were no more words. The North breeds shut-mouthed men; few are their words and straight to the point. Brosseau turned and strode outside. Keenan followed. A great burnt-gold moon had topped a broken-backed hill; the little clearing was strewn with the bright coin of the moon-light. An owl questioned the bronze night with rough speech. Whip-poor-wills called from the spruce-shadows: "Bois pourri! bois pourri! bois pourri!" From the vast spread of the lake the gray waves came galloping and crumbled into snow on the beach. Far away a wild rapid, rippling through an ore-boned gorge, made her prayer to God. But these small sounds did not disturb the Big Elemental Silence,

filled with romance and melancholy, that hung over forest, lake and rough-backed hill.

Both men understood that it was not to be a mere fist-fight, and looked about for weapons. Two new brush-hooks of the kind used by axe-men on "the line" leaned against the cache wall. With a single impulse each man laid a big brown hand on one of these. Then began a battle to write poetry about.

It was like hearing old legends told anew to see them strike and parry, running swiftly forward and back, circling and side-stepping. Brosseau's soul vibrated with hatred, but Keenan felt nothing but the impersonal zest for fighting that was part of his healthy pagan nature. His great frank soul rejoiced in its freedom. He had come to the wilderness because he was too big to live under the restraints of civilisation. He had wanted more room. He had refused to walk in the gravel paths and keep off the grass.

The steel clanged with the right ring of battle and the sparks flew merrily as the blades met in parries. The elemental man, the half-brute of the Flint Age, leaped to life in both men. Ages of civilisation dropped from the cache-keeper. As he fought Brosseau quickly lapsed back to the primitive; he had not so far to go.

Presently Keenan's face was gashed open from brow to chin by a glancing blow. A moment afterward only a quick backward spring saved Brosseau from a slashing cut that would have split his shoulder.

"By God!" jeered Keenan with a red grin, "you smelt hell that time, old shoe-pack!"

That taunt set Black Brosseau on flame. With a deep bear-roar he rushed at Keenan again, swinging a desperate blade. The cache-keeper gave back, parrying the brush-hook's fury. The moon-bright blades rang with blithe resonance. Luck was Keenan's ally. In a parry his leaping blade cut clean through Brosseau's hook-stock just below the head and left the trader weaponless.

Brosseau, roaring an oath, ran head down beneath the cache-keeper's arms and gripped him around the middle. Keenan was forced to drop his hook, and the fight became an issue of sheer physical strength between them. With mighty muscles stretch and thrilling, they wrestled. Breathing hard, they whirled and spun in circles, arms locked in fierce grapple, and the earth reverberated with the swift stamping of their moccasined feet. Twice they loosed their holds and bludgeoned each other with their fists.

At length Keenan, with a mighty heave, swung the trader off his feet, and threw him upon his back, leapt upon his broad chest, and holding him down with his knees, sledged him in the face with maul-like fists. Long after Brosseau was senseless the club-like arms rose and fell, battering the trader's face to wreckage. It was not until his savage fury had worked itself clear as wine clears itself in fermentation that he left Brosseau to lie there in the dimmed daylight of the moon and went back to his shack.

Brosseau's Ojibways, carrying water in their hats, shocked the trader's dumbered brain back to consciousness again. Within a surprisingly short space of time he staggered to his feet, shaking his great mane of hair. He was half-blinded, his face was cut and bruised and blood-smearred, the nose was broken and flattened. But he was not badly hurt. Men of the spruce's stamp are hard to damage seriously. And he was not licked. There is no recipe for licking a bush-whelped Canadian. Stiff, sore in every joint, muscle-sprained, with red waves of pain shooting through his brain, seeing things through a sorrowful gray haze, he limped toward the shack to renew the fight.

Keenan sat on a bench in his shack bathing the cut in his face with cold water from a basin which he held on his knees. Through the open doorway he looked out upon the calmness of the undisturbed night, the mingled gray and gloom and silver of the clearing, and on the forest edge the spilt-ink shadows and the penetrating moon-light leaking and dripping through the spruce branches like white rain. The wind had gone to sleep; the air hung quiet over all the vastness of spruce which the moon had turned into goblin country.

The moist coolness of the forest night touched his aching head tenderly, as with a quiet hand, and gratefully he inhaled the tranquil perfumes of the spruce woods and healing smells are these.

The great northern moon flooded down a perfect freset of light and Keenan thought as he gazed through the doorway that the moon made the world look very old, even as the sun-light made it look young.

Only a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the fight had ended, but in that short time the cache-keeper had been, in a way, born again. The fight had made him think. It had uncovered a pay-streak of manliness in his unreflective pagan soul. A great light had burst suddenly upon him.

Heretofore for him the world had moved only in monotonies; his very strength had narrowed his horizon of life as a thick turbulence of rain narrows the summer landscape. But now he saw a clear perspective stretching away before him. It seemed as if the fight had broken something in his brain, and let in a kindly light which showed him his duty

to himself. Something like conscience or a human sense of right and wrong had sprung to life in him. It had wiped away the brand of the dog and tamed his iconoclastic spirit and placed a bit in his mouth.

He would marry little Franchette. She was a good girl, kindly and tender as any man could want, healthy and intelligent and fitting into the environment that he loved. His mind shaped a picture of the wild, perfect thing, and he heard her soft laughter, a sound as light and sweet as the small silver noise of a tree-shadowed stream. He would marry her and settle in the North.

The building of the Transcontinental would make the northern wilderness an empire of magnificent possibilities. The old spirit of the pioneers stirred in him. Just north of Rabiskaw Lake lay a great belt of good clay land, through which the railway would pass. He knew a place where a town would be made, at a divisional point on the railway. He thrilled with a sense of the hugeness of the enterprise. He was one of the men of whom the future will have songs to sing and tales to tell.

Concerning Elizabeth and Dan

Just a Little Tale of Every-day Life

By AMY E. CAMPBELL

IT was a well-known fact for miles around that Dan MacDonald loved Elizabeth Harding. Ever since school-days, when Dan had proudly carried her books and lunch basket, she had reigned supreme in his affections, and Elizabeth—well, she didn't think she would quite recognise herself as anyone but Dan's sweetheart, for he had told her about it so often there was really no mistaking the fact and if it grieved Dan that she took their relationship so calmly and with so little apparent interest, he bravely concealed his disappointment and told himself that it was Elizabeth's nature to be undemonstrative. But Dan was mistaken.

Of late Elizabeth had grown restless and exacting. Her soul craved—she hardly knew what, and the busy life on the farm grew monotonous beyond her patient endurance, so though she welcomed Dan's visits and drives, she inwardly hated herself for having promised to be his wife. What a prospect! Living on a farm all one's days, for she realised that Dan would never be a success in any other calling, he loved his chosen life so well.

As they drove rapidly along the smooth white road one evening, filling their lungs with pure, sweet country air, which never failed to thrill Dan with the joy of living, Elizabeth's pent-up feelings gave way:—

"Dan, I'm going to the city. I simply can't endure this 'merely existing' any longer. Mother and father have consented and I am going next week."

"So soon, Elizabeth, and you never even hinted it to me!"

"Well, I'm telling you now, am I not?" she asked crossly. "And I think, Dan, considering I find farm life so irksome, we may as well break our engagement."

"Oh, Betty, no!" he pleaded, his face white and old in the moonlight. "Anything but that, dear—I can't give you up."

"But Dan—"

"Dearie girl, I've loved you all my life and I know no other life apart from you. Think, sweetheart, is our promise nothing to you?"

"Of course, I expected a scene, Dan, but I think you are selfish to want to keep me against my wishes."

"Against your wishes, Betty! Did you mean that?" and he held her hands and looked into her eyes.

"Yes," she said defiantly, in a low tone, "I meant it."

"Then there is nothing more to say," he said slowly.

He drove her home in silence and when they parted Elizabeth said:

"Don't bother coming again, this will be good-bye."

"As you wish, Betty."

"And I'll think of you often, Danny boy, you've been so good," she said ever so softly, with a trace of regret in her voice.

"Betty, if ever you want me, ever so little, if ever you need your old Dan, in any way, one word will bring me and—until I hold you again in my

arms there will be no other, sweetheart!" and he drove away in the silent night.

Elizabeth was charmed with the gay life in the city. She boarded in her uncle's home and worked in a store uptown for a very small sum, but she was rapturously happy. This was what she had longed for all her life. How vague and far away were those old days on the farm, and Dan—why, she never took time to think of Dan. How she could ever have thought of marrying him she could not possibly understand, especially after meeting such splendid young men at her uncle's. So Elizabeth soon found herself with a new lover and her cup of happiness overflowed.

She sought her cousin's room one night after a theatre party and the two girls sat chatting until far into the night.

"Why do the men leave between the acts?" asked Elizabeth curiously.

"Why, you precious goose! Didn't you notice the perfume of their breaths upon their return?" said her cousin with a laugh.

Elizabeth's eyes were wide with horror.

"Is that—why?" she said.

"Yes, my sweet country maid, that's why! But don't lose any sleep over it. You'll get hardened in time."

"Does—does Harold go on that account, too?" asked Elizabeth, a great fear in her eyes.

"Of course, Betty. Do you think because he is in love with you he is going to ride the water cart?" replied the city maid flippantly.

But Elizabeth thought long and sorrowfully that night before sleep came to her. Always, since she was a little girl, she had abhorred liquor. Her father had shielded her from any touch of it in her life, telling her nothing could be worse misery than being a drunkard's wife. Somehow she felt a curious loneliness for the dear old home—and—Dan, for she remembered proudly that Dan was at least free from this horrible habit.

As time went on her cousin grew white and ill and doctors recommended country air, so she was sent to Elizabeth's home for a couple of months. Elizabeth missed her sadly, although they had very little in common.

Harold Heighton haunted Elizabeth and with reluctance on Elizabeth's part they became engaged. Harold promised to even give up the social glass for her sake. But Elizabeth was not happy, she could not rid herself of a silent fear that some day Harold would cease to care enough for her to do as she wished.

The months of her cousin's visit to her old home passed quickly and she came back radiant with health and praise of life in the country.

"So much fun every evening, Betty dear, and loads of beaus. Guess who I liked the best? Dan MacDonald! Isn't he perfectly grand, Coz? He took me out so much and I fell quite in love with him—I told him so, Betty, just for fun."

"What did he say?" asked Elizabeth, in a cold, curious tone.

Suddenly Black Joe, a wild and bloody figure, unkempt, ragged, the blood blackening on his battered face, shambled through the doorway, and with a great rough oath called upon the cache-keeper to come out and renew the fight. The trader's muscles were stiff and numbed with pain, his swollen eyelids were shut to slits and he saw things only as blurred shadows, but his thick jaw was set hard and his fighting blood was still astir.

Keenan set the basin down from his knees and got up from the bench.

"You're a good man, Joe," he said, "but we two fight no more. It isn't that I'm afraid. You know that. I never learned the lesson of fear yet, though I think it would do me good if I could. It would be as hard a lesson for me to learn as it would be for you."

"Wash your face and have a drink; there's whiskey in that bottle on the table. Then we'll go to the post. I've changed my mind, Joe. I'm going to marry your daughter."

"Oh, something about me being foolish to think of such a thing, as I would soon forget him in the city, and do you know, he looked so dear and sad, I just up and told him I would never forget him—but of course, I shall. How's everybody—and Harold, your best beloved?"

"Did he—ask anything—about me?" said Elizabeth, trying to speak naturally.

"Who? Oh, Dan? No, he didn't, but there—I almost forgot—he sent a little packet for you; it's in my suit case. I'll get it for you later on."

"Now, please," said Elizabeth with a smile.

"Oh, very well, I'll unpack at once and then it will be off my mind."

Elizabeth escaped with her precious little package and locked the door of her room; with eager, trembling fingers she opened it and there, sweet and fragrant, breathing of the dear old woods at home, was a tiny bunch of violets. She searched hungrily for a note, but none was there. She had bade him be silent and he had not disobeyed her wish.

The sweetness of his great love that had sheltered her whole life swept over her and her heart went out to him, seeking for its own. It had never been so in the old days. Her present engagement meant nothing beside this tumult of undiscovered love awakened in her being.

The maid rapped at her door, and Elizabeth opened it. She was carrying a huge box of violets from Harold.

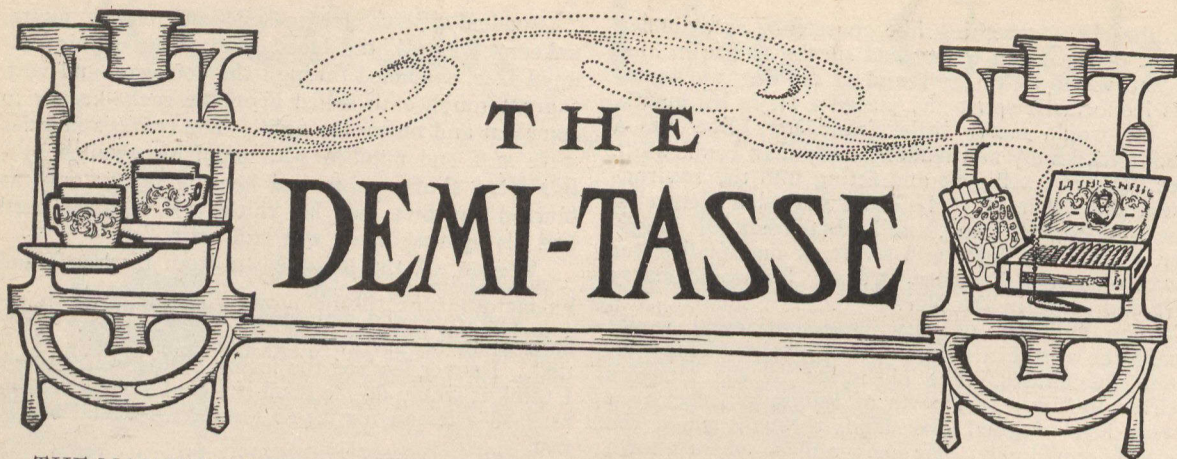
"Please take them away, Rosa," she said impatiently, "and do as you wish with them."

Dan sitting alone in the twilight saw the village messenger coming up the lane carrying a yellow envelope. He trembled with fear. Could anything be wrong with Elizabeth?

He tore it open and read until the words made a never-ceasing song in his heart: "Danny, boy, come to me, I want you. Betty."

Another Curious Wager

SINGULAR letter this carried by a man from Montreal: "To Members of the R. N. W. M. Police: The bearer of this, Mr. Chas. King, is walking from Montreal to Vancouver along the C. P. R. track. He is not to be molested, as he has authority to do so. J. N. HEFFERMAN, Inspector Com. Regina District." Mr. King has undertaken under a wager of a thousand dollars to do this long walk in one hundred and fifty days, under forfeiture of two hundred dollars if he leaves right-of-way of the C. P. R. He is to arrive in Vancouver with \$150 earned on the route. In one hundred and nine days he had got to Calgary, averaging thirty-four miles a day. He is now climbing the mountains. If he succeeds in his wager Mr. King expects to deal a body blow to the physical culture vegetarian fads of Bernard McFadden, for he is a believer in meat.



THE DEMI-TASSE

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE MEMBER.

Now does the busy candidate
 Improve the shining hour
 By gathering promises from all
 Which time may bring to flower.

You must admire his sprightly gait,
 As up and down he goes,
 Through highways and through hedges thick,
 Saluting friends and foes.

The farmer with the horny hand
 He loves as dearest friend,
 He talks to him of price of crops
 And how the times must mend.

He talks unto the minister
 Of how he would reform
 The practices in politics,
 And evil strongholds storm.

Unto the women of the place
 He gives the gladdest hand,
 And talks of silent influence
 Which moulds the happy land.

He beams upon the smallest boy
 And infants does he kiss,
 And says in tones ecstatic—
 "A wondrous child is this!"

He paints a future golden fair
 Of what the place will be
 When he the people represents
 And guards their liberty.

In short, the glad Millennium seems
 A poor and faded thing,
 Compared with all the glorious bliss
 The candidate will bring.

* * *

THE UNMOVED MOON.

A CERTAIN well-known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very imprudent counsel. To the surprise of everyone the judge heard him throughout and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day, when all were assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court folk had their refreshment, someone asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company, among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a little story. My father, when he lived in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused as if he had finished.

"Well, what of that?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing; but the moon kept on shining just as if nothing had happened."

* * *



THE EGOTIST IN THE GARDEN

"Confound you, Sir! Just look at my cucumber frame!"—Punch.

WELL-MEANING.

Some years ago, a delegate from France to the Free Church of Scotland Assembly who had not acquired the English language very perfectly, observing that a bare country was called a barren one in England, remarked, on rising to deliver an address, as he looked round on the great number of bald heads and venerable men before him, that he felt "much embarrassed in speaking before so many barren heads."

* * *

THE WRONG WORD.

THE absent-minded clergyman is not infrequently found and many are the tales told of certain parsons whose heads were so filled with eternal matters that the practical things of everyday were almost forgotten. The late Bishop Baldwin of London, Ontario, was one of Canada's best-loved clergymen and probably the most absent-minded. It is told of him that he once left home to attend confirmation services in Strathroy. He forgot to buy a ticket and when the conductor appeared on the scene, the Bishop was in a quandary, for he had actually forgotten where he was to go. The railroad official knew the Bishop well and suggested that when the train reached Komoka he should telegraph to his London home in the hope of discovering his appointment. In the meantime, however, the Bishop rummaged through his pockets, finally discovering a letter which showed that he should be in Strathroy on the following day—whereupon peace was restored to the troubled ecclesiastic.

A story of a somewhat different nature is being told about an absent-minded Methodist brother who was preaching about the lack of filial piety in modern days, reminding the young men in the congregation of their obligation to those at home. He proceeded to relate how he had recently met, when on a visit to a distant town, the mother of a young man in his congregation, who had begged of him to look after her son's welfare. He spoke of her intense earnestness and the impression it had made on him.

"My friends," he said in faltering tones, "I can still hear her tearful voice—can still feel the pressure of her lips." Of course, the preacher had intended to say "hand," but, in a moment of absent-mindedness, had mislaid the correct word.

The congregation smiled sweetly and the clergyman's wife took the situation calmly. But he has been busy explaining ever since what he really meant to say.

* * *

A GOOD REASON.

Judge: "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?"

Prisoner: "I am a member of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment."

* * *

EARLY MEASURES.

Host: "Why did you strike that dog. He only sniffed at you."

Visitor: "Well, you don't expect me to wait till he's tasted me, do you?"

* * *

A POETIC REPORTEE.

NOW that election talk is once more rife and the ninth commandment is being shattered into a thousand fragments every day of the campaign, stories of former days are being told for the forty-eleventh time. One of these is now wafted from Belleville, relating to the days when the only Sir John was in the seat of the mighty. There had been allegations of doings of more-than-usual irregularity on the part of the Government and Sir John found himself confronted on the platform by a young orator of the opposite side who dwelt with much impassioned eloquence upon the wickedness of the men in power and the sad state of the afflicted

Dominion. The speaker was fluent and effective of voice but diminutive of person. However, his earnestness made a visible impression on the audience and when he sat down exhausted, to wipe his beaded brow, there was applause which was properly described as "prolonged" by the local Liberal paper.

Sir John arose slowly and beamed on his supporters and "e'en upon the ranks of Tuscany" with that impartial geniality which went a long way towards keeping him at the head of national affairs. Turning courteously towards the small and ardent youth who had made such terrible charges of corruption, he gazed at him from head to foot and finally turning to the audience, said slowly and emphatically:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder *who* you are."

* * *

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

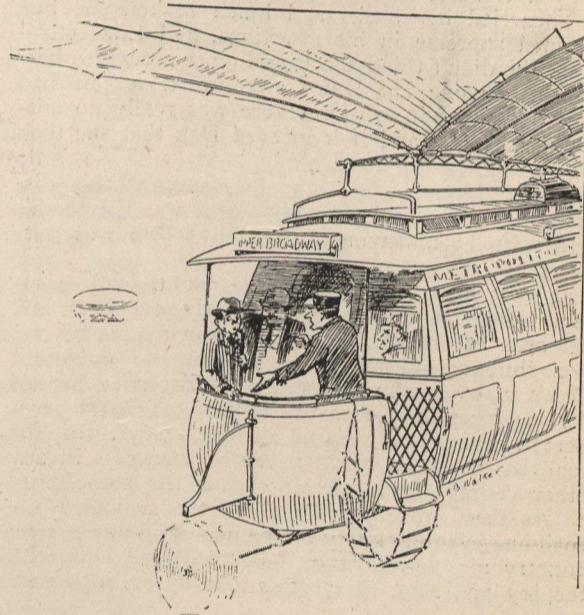
AS the R. and O. steamer, *Kingston*, was preparing to leave the Toronto dock one bright summer day, the passengers on deck observed the *Corona* approaching the Niagara Navigation Company's dock. A tall, thin United Stateser of venerable appearance noticed the British flag at the stern of the Niagara boat and addressed a small group in reflective tones.

"How much time d'you reckon it will take to change that flag to the *Stars and Stripes*?"

"Time!" echoed a Toronto citizen of the Colonel Denison type of imperial architecture, "you may bet on its taking Eternity."

* * *

THE PASSENGERS ON THE AIRSHIP



"Pay your fare or I'll put you off. That's all.—Life.

* * *

A NECESSARY STEP.

"Yes," said Mr. Tambo, "I passed around the hat to-day."

"And why?" inquired Mr. Bones.

"I had to. It was a merry widow."—*Washington Herald*.

* * *

COOL.

A tramp who asked for breakfast at a farmhouse and was refused a single crust exclaimed, with an injured air: "Alas, how deceptive is human nature! For two nights I have slept in your barn, eaten of your apples and drunk your cider; and now you treat me as a stranger who has no claim upon your friendship."

* * *

A BOOMERANG.

"Any old thing appeals to you if it's cheap!" cried the angry husband.

His bargain-hunting wife grimly smiled:

"Don't forget," she sarcastically remarked, "that you yourself are one of my characteristic investments."

* * *

A DOUBTFUL DEBTOR.

Professor Stone: "To the geologist a thousand years or so do not count as any time at all."

Man in the audience: "Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of ten dollars to a man who holds such views!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A SUNDAY or two ago the twenty-sixth birthday of Regina came round in the calendar. History expressly states that on nine o'clock of August 23rd, 1882, the Canadian Pacific Railway reached the banks of the Wascana Creek which runs between the city of Regina and the barracks of the mounted police; meaning no doubt that the first locomotive steamed westward to that point on that date and hour; for we are told that in the private car of Sir William Van Horne the jumble of log shacks got its poetic and loyal name—Regina. The party which presided at the christening was as distinguished as that which in later years fetched forth the language of Frank Oliver at the opening of the Legislature in that city. Present there were Lieut.-Governor Dewdney; Hon. Judge Johnson; Hon. D. A. Smith—now Lord Strathcona; Hon. J. C. Abbott; Manager Clouston of the Bank of Montreal; and several officials of that other great and previous corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company. It was the judge who, standing on the steps of the car, lifted his voice and pronounced the

talk concerning Roosevelt's campaign against political and commercial corruption. The president has been censured for undue activity along certain lines, and for failure to follow to conclusions some of those actions begun by him. Yet his work and the developments of the past four years are not now subjects of contention. Mr. Bryan is not including in his campaign any criticism of what has been done. He agrees with it, and the people as a whole accept everything as satisfactory."

* * *

LAND grabbers will be on the rampage in the vicinity of Moosejaw and Prince Albert very soon now. Around Moosejaw alone twenty-five thousand homesteads are to be thrown open to the public, who in this case are expected to develop the most spectacular rush for free lands ever known in the West. At Prince Albert, Doukhobor lands are the attraction and a stampede of the Oklahoma variety is expected there also. They had one land-grab there two years ago. This one will probably

when he came down from the haunts of the aurora where they do not eat pork but caribou. Again it was the man who had never beheld a horse—deeming it some new sort of moose. Later the *novus homo* was the trapper who at his first glimpse of the electric lights on the streets thought the *aurora borealis* had got strayed away from home. Now the celebrity is Mr. Campbell Young, brother of the ex-factor of Fort Edmonton, who, immured in the *ultima thule* for a number of years, has never beheld an automobile. Unhappy man! He will now be sure to require a car—and how will he ever run it on the banks of the Mackenzie?

* * *

ONE Fraser, who keeps a harmless necessary cigar store in Montreal, believes by all the signs of horoscopy and genealogy that he is the rightful Lord Lovat, and that the said nobleman of that name who was featured in the Canadian newspapers some weeks ago got into the title by a side door. Mr. J. E. Fraser says he has it on the authority of Burke's Peerage, eleventh lord mentioned in the same, that he is direct descended from a son of the great and notorious Simon Fraser, who did not discover rivers as did his illustrious namesake last century, but was very much of a treason-monger and all that—highly respectable in an ancestor but in a contemporary odious. Armed with forty documents obtained from his aged father in Quebec City, Mr. Fraser is prepared to prove to the hilt that he is rightful heir to nearly two hundred thousand acres of land in Scotland. So certain and sanguine is he that he broached the matter— as gently as possible—to Lord Lovat when he was in Montreal; result, much astonishment. The line of descent is about as clear to the average Anglo-Saxon brain as the path of a squirrel up a tree; but the trail looks good and promising to Mr. Fraser, who intends to have a lawyer look well into the matter. In case the legal mind ferrets out enough evidence there will probably be a well-known cigar store for sale on Mount Royal Avenue.

* * *

ONE of the best known cartoonists in the United States, Mr. Norman Ritchie, is a native of St. John. Mr. Ritchie is cartoonist for the Boston Post and has been home for a visit. Twenty years ago the lad Ritchie left home and went down to the state that has attracted so many of his fellow-countrymen in all lines of work.

* * *

RATHER historic oaks have been discovered at Goose Lake, near Lindsay, Ontario. These oaks were at the bottom of the lake; had been there for the best part of half a century, a sunken crib of squared oak that went down long ago in the days when people in that part of the country used to make money getting out oak for shipment to England. Fifty thousand dollars is estimated as a good probable value of the crib; the same timber if sold when it was sunk would probably have brought somewhere near ten thousand. As to who is the owner no one precisely knows. Discoverers are busy with stump-pullers and will probably look equally well after the proceeds.



General View of Business Section of Regina.

magical name, saying "Success to the City of Regina!" They also drank to the toast; and we fear they drank it not in water from the Wascana, but in champagne such as the red men and other denizens of those treeless and drouthy plains had been thirsting for many moons owing to prohibition. For it was not many years afterwards that a prominent member of Parliament on his way home from Ottawa was wakened from slumber and arrested as soon as the train crossed the boundary between Manitoba and Assiniboia, because he had a flask of whiskey in his hip pocket. However, the young city so auspiciously baptised has carried out the programme imposed upon it. Regina has succeeded far beyond the fondest dreams of its earliest promoters. It would require a book to tell the things that go to make this Capital of Saskatchewan one of the most progressive cities on all the plains; in the forward front push with Calgary and Edmonton and Saskatoon and Prince Albert.

* * *

FOURTEEN million bushels of grain is prospected for the elevators of St. John this coming winter. The predictionist is Mr. C. Castle, Dominion grain inspector. He asserts, however, that the facilities for handling grain at St. John elevators are not good enough. Sand Point elevators load grain into steamers at ten thousand bushels an hour. This is not counted fast enough. Mr. Castle claims that twenty-five thousand bushels an hour is little enough—and even that would not equal the rate at the other end of the spout at Fort William and Port Arthur.

* * *

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, perhaps the most eminent living native of the Maritime Provinces, has been on a brief visit to the scenes of his youth. While there this noted educationist gave freely his views concerning the presidential outlook in the United States, where even college presidents sometimes tilt with the head of the nation. He said:

"The present contest in the United States is the quietest I have ever witnessed, and although efforts are being made to create enthusiasm, the lack of a clearly defined issue even of secondary importance, has dulled the sharpness of the campaign. As in Canada and elsewhere, the two great parties have now much in common. Certain lines of policy are recognised as the best that can be pursued and on these all leaders agree. It is only on less important matters and on questions of temporary interest that differences occur. There has been a great deal of

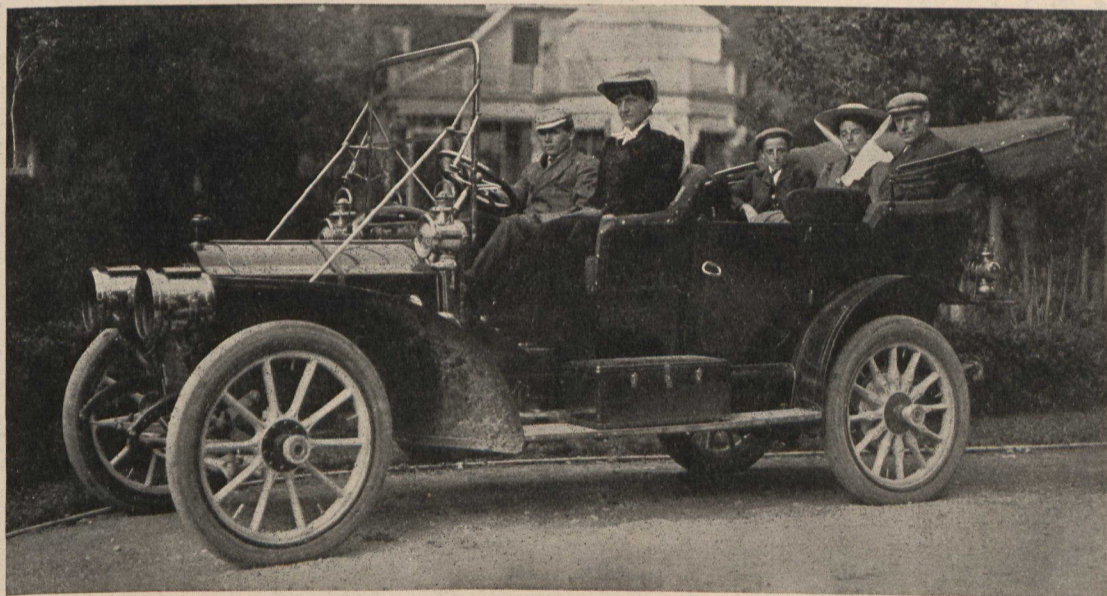
beat it. Lands in the West have got popular of late. Some of the land to be grabbed around Prince Albert is worth fifty dollars an acre; so that a chute has been constructed at the land office to let in but one man at a time.

* * *

SATURDAY night of this week the greatest exhibition ever held in the city of St. John will have a spectacular and impressive opening at the hands of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, Premier Hazen and Hon. Wm. Pugsley. Thus in St. John they do not go abroad for talent to set the wheels in motion; having at all times great faith in the oratory and public presence of their own great men.

* * *

NOW they have discovered in Edmonton—that historic arena for curiosities—a man who is very far behind the times. By the discoveries made in Edmonton is the progress of civilisation marked. For in the log shack and cart days it was so that they unearthed a man in that town who had never seen a pig; thinking same was some devilish thing



The big 401 mile automobile reliability tour of the Winnipeg Automobile Club in August resulted in four cars making perfect scores. In a later test run of 112 miles, the above Packard, owned by Mrs. E. Nicholson, won the Oldsmobile Trophy.

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An Open Confession

CANADA has long pointed the finger of scorn at the United States because of its electoral corruption. The *Courier* herewith presents to the United States an adequate reply to the goody-goodies of the Dominion. The following is a resolution which was recently presented and passed at a political convention in a Canadian constituency, in the presence of three ministers of the Crown:

"RESOLUTION FOR CLEAN ELECTIONS.
 "The resolution read by Dr. _____ is as follows:
 "Whereas, it has become notorious that during the federal by-election of 1902 and the federal general election of 1904, in the county of _____, the grossest forms of electoral corruption were systematically employed, particularly in the direct payment of money for votes, and the payment during election of prices far above the market value for cattle, horses and other farm products, of which in some cases delivery was never taken; and the payment of money to electors as alleged compensation for the time lost in going to the polls;
 "Whereas, it appears that there is a strong probability that such immoral, degrading and criminal practices may become a continuing custom in our federal elections, throwing the balance of power between the parties into the hands of the corruptible section of the electorate and giving the chances of success largely to the candidate with the longest purse, thus undermining the basic principles of representative institutions;
 "Whereas, such practices constitute a blot upon the fair name of this county and are calculated to destroy an independent and patriotic expression of the opinions of the electors, besides being a heinous crime against the commonwealth;
 "Whereas, this convention is convinced that the widespread and illegitimate use of money in the federal election of 1904 perverted the true judgment of this county on the public issues then before the public;
 "Whereas, this convention of the _____ of _____ entertains the greatest respect for the major portion of the _____ of the county, and has confidence in their desire to assist in remedying the evils above referred to;
 "Resolved: That this _____ convention hereby expresses its strong condemnation of the systematic violations of the electoral law that have taken place in this county at the times aforesaid and pledges itself actively to prosecute all such offences that may hereafter become known.
 "That it appeals to the respectable and moral forces in all sections of the county to take active means to check and suppress the plague of electoral corruption, whose demoralising effects are a menace to representative government and to the growth of pure Canadian national sentiment;
 "That the officers of the convention are hereby authorised to make such undertaking or agreement as may be possible with the representatives of the _____ of the county, with the object of preventing the repetition of such violations of the Election Act and of prosecuting all breaches thereof that may become known."
 Of course this resolution would not be accepted by every constituency in Canada, many of which are fairly honest and decent. Nevertheless, wherever a rich man is a candidate, including the constituency represented by Mr. H. B. Ames, much money is spent. Sometimes it is spent only on legitimate organisation, as in Mr. Ames' case; in others it is spent foolishly and corruptly. But it is spent. How to run elections with only legitimate expenditures and these not too high, is an unsolved problem.

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Now that the reading season is approaching, we are preparing in our Circulation Department for a big campaign. We have twenty odd canvassers on the road and few people in Canada will lack an opportunity to subscribe. We already have the largest circulation in our class, though our ambition is far from being satisfied.

We desire to have the co-operation of our subscribers in helping to spread the fame of the *Courier* at home and abroad. We therefore will allow any subscriber to send us a subscription from a friend at **Three Dollars Cash in Advance**. To every subscriber who sends in such a subscription we will send him a handsome present in the form of a set of **Four Colored Prints** from paintings by a **Canadian Artist**; or, if he prefers some other form of bonus or premium we shall endeavor to satisfy him.

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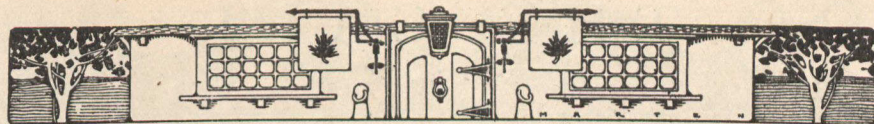
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WHEN NOVELISTS DISAGREE.

IT is rather singular that through all the suffragette excitement, the novel, *The Premier and the Painter*, written by Mr. Israel Zangwill some years ago, has not come into renewed prominence. Mr. Zangwill, who could not write a dull book even if he tried, made woman suffrage the great political issue in the story of the Premier and his curious double.

At present, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Zangwill are engaged in a brisk discussion regarding the dreary subject of feminine votes, Mrs. Ward strongly opposing the "enfranchisement" of the sisterhood. Mr. Zangwill finds that the reason for Mrs. Ward's attitude is that as a novelist she has discovered and analysed the weakness of her sex, and he replies that as a male novelist he has learned the "boundless vanity, selfishness and hysterical emotionalism of men." The Jewish novelist therefore concludes that his sex is utterly unfitted to be entrusted with power. A Boston editor remarks:

"A question is raised here which readers of novels may answer for themselves. Do male writers idealise women, and do women fictionists idealise men? Did not Thackeray expound the vanity of woman as well as worship his saints in muslin? And did not George Eliot make *Maggie Tulliver* more of a hero than *Tom*?"

Like all other questions involving masculine and feminine foibles, this is likely to remain unanswered until the last man and woman linger to write *finis* in the world's diary. The woman's hero is in danger of being a cad like *Rochester* or an impossible scoundrel such as *Augusta Evans Wilson* of tender memory delighted to portray. And the man's heroine is all too likely to dwindle into a consumptive young person, with lovely manners and an infinite supply of white muslin gowns. It is carrying the suffrage debate to the limit to suggest that the warring novelists should decide.

* * *

THE GIFT OF HAPPINESS.

THREE Wise Women sat on a verandah overlooking a northern lake and discoursed of Happiness with a capital H.

"I've just been reading about it," said the youngest, picking up a September magazine. "There's a pretended palmist in the story and this is what she says:

"Oh, what an opportunity my scorned profession gives me for knowing the human heart. This woman who comes to me cries: 'If I had only married I should have known the joy of companionship, of motherhood and children growing up around me.' And this one wails: 'I have made a mistake. If I had not married and been condemned to a hum-drum life, what a noise I might have made in the world, with my gifts and my beauty.' There is only one good, you know, the good we haven't got. They want a life of romance, of charm, and they never seem to think it must be within them—that life is only a reflection of one's self. Oh, life, life! There has never been a moment that, good or bad, I have not loved it! It is a plant-life, a beautiful plant; and most people are in haste to cull its loveliest blossoms and strip it bare of leaves in the effort to get all it can give, and finally, they even drag

up the roots to see if they cannot extract something more."

"I think that's true enough," remarked the eldest of the Wise Women: "if one could only realise that happiness is an internal affair! We women spend so much time in worrying over trifles and trying to keep up appearances. The happiest woman I ever knew had only two gowns a year and wore the same bonnet for five years."

"Happiness is a gift," declared the second Wise Woman. "There are some people whom all the trouble in the world cannot depress. My friend, Harriet Morgan, is like that. Her mother and his mother came to live with them just a year after she was married to Jack Morgan. The old ladies quarrelled furiously every day and I told Harriet that I could not see how she endured it. But she simply smiled in the calmest way and said that it gave the dear old things something to do and, otherwise, they might have moped."

"Like the man who said, when his feet were cut off, that they were always cold, anyway," said the youngest. "I believe *Mark Tapley* was the finest sort of hero. Was there ever a woman to match him?"

"Loads of them," was the duet from the others.

CANADIENNE.

JOHN O'DREAMS.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

What a world that was you planned us—

Made of Summer and the sea,
Where the very wind that fanned us
Drifted down from Arcady.
There where never Fate might sunder
Rose your castle's shining beams.
Are you there to-day, I wonder,
John o'Dreams?

That was but a trick Life played you
When this planet knew your birth,
When she trapped your soul and made you

One of us on dreary earth.
Since for you what fancies crossed it,
Lures of alien stars and streams;
Have you found the path or lost it,
John o'Dreams?

Just a little day in May-time
Once I took the road with you;
Just a boy and girl in play-time
With a vision to pursue.
I but glimpsed the glow around it
Ere I turned, and yet it seems
Sometimes that you surely found it,
John o'Dreams.

—Life.

The New Map of Canada

ON the outside back cover of this issue will be found the new map of Canada, showing the new provincial boundaries and the new areas. Those interested in comparing the size of the provinces will see in both figure and picture how the comparison stands. It will be noted that Manitoba, the postage stamp province, is now four times as large as the three Maritime Provinces together. It is also slightly larger than either Saskatchewan or Alberta, but smaller than British Columbia.



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Central Business College
TORONTO
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Write E. R. SHAW, Secretary

HE was only a young doctor, out in the coal fields of West Virginia, and the men had not yet learned to have confidence in him. They were rough miners and they couldn't understand how hard the work was for him, nor the worry. They begrudged the little the company deducted monthly from their wages for his support, and so made it as hard as possible for him because they "wanted the worth of their money."

Many were the needless calls he had to make, but there was one patient who was really sick. Poor little Billy Dixon lay next door to death with diphtheria. The doctor had worked hard to save his life, but still the little fellow sank lower. If little Billy were to die all the men would turn against the doctor, for the little fellow was one of the favourites of the whole camp.

And so one day he was called in hurriedly and found the boy just about to die.

"Mrs. Dixon, there is only one chance to save him and I have no instruments here. He should have his windpipe cut open and a tube put in. It's what we call tracheotomy. Will you let me do what I can?"

The poor woman was distracted with grief and readily gave her consent. Without delay the operation was performed and with only a pocketknife. The boy had ceased to breathe before the doctor was through and the mother burst into cries of "He's dead, he's dead!" But when artificial respiration was started the long strings of mucus were forced out, the colour came back to his face and the little fellow lived.

In time he recovered completely. No more was the ability of the doctor doubted, for little Billy told everyone the story, which always ended: "And he done it with a jackknife, too."

A great affection grew up between Billy and the doctor and finally Billy became what he called "Doc's Buddie." He rode the railway bicycle and the doctor sat in front.

Billy felt his responsibility greatly and so kept the machine just shining, because, as he said, "We might get a call any minute and if the wheel wasn't just right someone might die before we got there." When he rode, he rode as if the fiends were after him. The wheel went clickety-click, clickety-click over the rails and poor Billy, hot and dripping, beamed if anyone thanked the "Doc" for coming so soon.

Night and day he was ever ready to go on a call, as sacrificing as the doctor himself, all for the good of his people. One day a 'phone message came that there had been a bad accident in the mine, and Billy tore off to find his Buddie. The emergency bag was always ready, thanks to Billy, so there was no delay. He mounted behind and as the wheels started slowly to move, he said: "I reckon we'd better hurry, eh doc?"

Faster and faster flew the wheels and Billy's little legs went merrily around. Still faster he went, for it was down grade. The perspiration trickled from his forehead and dropped from his nose. He brushed it angrily away. He took off his coat and hung it in front; still he was hot. He tightened his belt and still he kept the pace.

The wheel tumbled on and on, clicking as it crossed each rail, swinging from side to side on the uneven tracks till he could hardly hold his place. His breath came in gasps. His legs grew tired and he put his hands on his knees to use his arms, too, in this mad race. Still on and on he went and the pace was truly terrific.

If a child were playing on the track it might be killed or if a cow were to cross, possible death to himself and his "Doc." Billy knew this danger and so was ever ready to put on the brakes.

It was necessary to change onto another track and the delay angered the little fellow so that he started again in no condition to control the wheel. One eye must be kept ahead to watch the track and an eye and an ear must watch behind for a possible train.

He had forgotten to look behind and a coal car that had broken loose from the mine train came tearing down the long incline, gaining speed as it came and absolutely without control. Billy heard a noise behind, turned quickly and saw all but too late. He shouted to the doctor to jump and he did so, but poor little Billy was caught.

The doctor knelt over him a moment later. "Doc—Doc—is the wheel broke? Then—then you'll have to walk. Quick, Doc. Don't wait. Tell the boys I done my best—tell 'em I tried to get you there, an'—an'—Doc, I—I'm sorry the—wheel—is broke. Don't let 'em think I've gone back on 'em. Promise, Doc—promise."

The call of duty comes strong to some men (and Billy was a man) but there's a stronger call yet. And so as Billy obeyed the call of duty so he obeyed this higher call.

The D.R.A. Matches

LAST week, the Dominion Rifle Association matches attracted the attention of all the leading rifle shots in Canada. Captain Tom Mitchell, a famous Bisley shot, now on the reserve list, made the highest score in the Governor-General's Match, but was debarred by the rules from taking higher than fifth place. The results of the leading match and the two chief aggregates are given herewith:

THE GRAND AGGREGATE.

The winners in the Grand Aggregate of the Bankers, Walker, McDougall, Dominion and the first stage of the Governor-General's were:

N. R. A. Silver Medal and \$20—
Capt. J. McVittie, 48th Highlanders,
327.

D. R. A. Silver Medal and \$18—
S.-Sgt. F. Richardson, 5th C. G. A.,
325.

D. R. A. Bronze Medal and \$15—
Col. Sgt. J. Freeborn, 13th, 322.

\$12—Capt. W. H. Forrest, 6th D.
C. O. R., 321.

Other winners in order: Sergt. W. A. Smith, G.G.F.G., 320; Lieut. C. D. Spittal, 5th C.A.S.C., 320; Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th, 320; Lieut. F. H. Morris, 46th, 318; Ar.-Sergt. A. Martin, 15th L. H., 317; Sergt. H. Welford, 90th, 317; Sergt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 316; Major G. E. Hutcheson, 43rd, 316; S.-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 13th, 314; Pte. H. D. Gougeon, 90th, 314; S. I. M., T. S. Bayles, 10th R.G., 314; Lieut. Neil Smith, 24th, 314; S.-Sergt. H. Kerr, 48th Highlanders, 314; Pte. J. A. Steele, 30th, 314; Lieut. E. M. Nichol, 12th, 313; S.-Major S. J. Huggins, 13th, 312; Pte. A. Taylor, 77th, 312; Sergt. H. M. Marsden, 90th, 312; Corp. W. D. Sprinks, 10th R.G., 311; Pte. W. M. Eastcott, 3rd V.R.C., 311; Corp. D. McInnes, 19th A.M.R., 311; Sergt. S. S. Brown, 19th A.M.R., 310.

BISLEY AGGREGATE.

The following are the leading men

in the Bisley Aggregate: Capt. J. McVittie, 48th, 391; Sergt. W. A. Smith, G.G.F.G., 385; Lieut. F. H. Morris, 46th, 383; Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th, 382; S.-Sergt. F. Richardson, 5th, C.A., 381; Capt. W. H. Forrest, 10th D.C.O.R., 379; Col. Sergt. Freeborn, 13th, 379; Sergt. H. Welford, 90th, 377; Corp. D. McInnes, 19th, A.M.R., 377; Corp. W. D. Sprinks, 10th, R.G., 377; S. S. Sergt. Mitchell, 13th, 376; Lieut. N. Smith, 24th, 374; S.-Major S. J. Huggins, 15th, 373; S.-Sergt. H. Kerr, 48th, 373; Sergt. W. H. Moore, 57th, 372; Sergt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 372; Pte. H. D. Dudgeon, 90th, 371; Sergt. W. Kelly, 10th, R.G., 371; Corp. G. Copping, 3rd Vics., 370; Major J. M. Jones, 62nd, 369; Sergt. H. M. Marsden, 90th, 369; Sergt. S. Creighton, Q.O.R. 369; Major J. E. Hutchison, 43rd, 368; Pte. W. J. Clifford, 10th, R.G., 368; Sergt. F. A. Steck, 78th, 368; Capt. H. C. Blair, R.O., 368; Lieut. E. M. Nicholls, 12th, 368.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S.

Governor-General's Match, three ranges—200, 500 and 600 yards in first stage; 800, 900 and 1000 yards second stage; 7 shots at each. Men on retired list not to take first four prizes:

Dominion Rifle Association medal and \$200—Captain W. Hart McHarg, 6th D.C.O.R., 188.

\$150—Sergt. W. J. Kelly, 10th R. G., 186.

\$100—Sergt. W. A. Smith, G.G.F. G., 186.

\$50—Corp. W. D. Sprinks, 10th R. G., 186.

\$30—Captain T. Mitchell, R. L., 185.

\$25—Pte. P. Armstrong, 13th, 185.

\$20—Capt. J. McVittie, 48th, 185.

\$15—Lieut. C. Milne, 6th D.C.O.R., 184.

\$10 each—Captain T. J. Murphy, 7th, 183; Pte. W. J. Clifford, 10th R.G., 183; Major O. W. Wetmore, 74th, 183; Lieut. W. Smith, 24th, 183; Sergt. R. L. Snowball, 43rd, 182.

\$8 each—Corporal D. McInnes, 19th A.M.R., 182; Lieut. F. H. Morris, 46th, 182; I.M.S., T. S. Bayles, 10th R.G., 181; Lieut. T. Cunningham, 6th D.C.O.R., 181; Pte. C. K. Gale, G.G.F.G., 180.

\$6 each—Lieut. W. R. Taylor, 43rd, 180; Sergt.-Major S. J. Huggins, 13th, 180; Staff-Sergt. H. Kerr, 48th, 180; Corporal S. Copping, 3rd Vics., 180; Sergt. H. Welford, 90th, 180; Major W. C. King, 46th, 180; Pte. H. Rose, R.C.S.A., 179; Sergt. D. McNaughton, 5th R.H., 179; Sergt. F. A. Steeke, 78th, 179; Capt. H. C. Blair, R.O., 179; Mr. S. H. Kerr, Franklin R. A., 179; Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th, 179; Lieut. A. E. Elmitt, Q.O.R., 179; Sergt. H. M. Marsden, 90th, 178; Pte. E. W. Sleeman, 48th, 178.

REVOLVER MATCH.

Range, 25 yards, 6 rounds in 2 minutes; possible 120; best two scores to count:

Championship medal—Pte. A. S. Todd, Q.O.R., 104.

\$8—Mr. J. Lockerby, M.A.A.A.R.C. 104.

\$6 each—Pte. Rutherford, Q.O.R.; Sergt. J. P. White, Q.O.R.—102 each.

\$5 each—Capt. D. A. McKinnon, 4th R.C.A., 96; Capt. T. C. Margetts, R.L., 95; Pte. W. J. Cook, Q.O.R., 91; Capt. W. E. Forbes, 73rd, 90; Major J. S. Thom, R.L., 90.

\$4 each—Lieut. G. Mortimer, C. A. S. C., 88; Pte. A. W. Hay, 8th R.R., 87; Mr. J. Lehman, B.C.R.A., 84; Sergt. J. Trainer, 10th R.G., 82; Pte. W. Latimer, 10th R.G., 81; Corp. R. Young, 15th L.H., 81; Lieut. F. P. Lushner, 23rd, 79; Pte. R. Storrer, 48th, 79; S.-Major S. J. Huggins, 13th, 76.

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By LUCY FOSTER.

On Flora and Cora and Dora and Nora
I was calling one bright summer day;
I said: "Here is something I don't understand—
Won't you tell me about it, I pray?"

"Your dollies you tend with beautiful care,
And you pet them—I see that you do!
You dress them up gaily, and curl their fair hair—
Pray, what do the dolls do for you?"

Then Flora and Cora and Dora and Nora
Looked up in the greatest surprise;
They all seemed to think I was crazy, indeed;
And all their dolls opened their eyes.

Said Flora: "My dolly's my dearest delight,
Of course she does nothing for me,
But I pet her and tend her from morning to night,
Because I just love her, you see."

Said Cora: "My dolly is naughty some days,
And throws herself down on the floor;
But I make believe spank her, and teach her nice ways,
And that makes me love her some more."

Said Dora: "My dolly's my joy and my pride,
She's lovely to look at, or touch.
I dress her, and hug her, and take her to ride
Because I just love her so much."

Said Nora: "My dolly's a comfort to hug,
And I know that she loves me, you see;
For she sits in my lap, and cuddles up snug,
And I love her as mother loves me."

Then Flora and Cora and Dora and Nora
All said, with a shake of their curls,
That they loved their dear dollies in just the same way
That mothers love their little girls.

—St. Nicholas.

* * *

AN ALARMING PROSPECT.

The baby was slow about talking, and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French!"

* * *

A GOOD BOY.

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleeps-in-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

* * *

NOISY SLUMBER.

"Paul, will you please go to his room and see if your grandpa is asleep?"
"Yes, mother," softly said Paul on his return, "he's asleep 'cept his nose."

* * *

IN DISGRACE.

"I'm just as lonely as can be;
The others may not play with me
Because I took the baby's hat
And tied it on the pussy cat.

"'Twas fun to see her race about.
And try to claw the feathers out.
But fun like that, so Nursie says,
Is not the kind of fun that pays."

—Tiny Tots.

* * *

THE BUTTERNUT-TREE.

By MAUDE L. CHAMBERLAIN.

The nicest playground that I know is beneath a butternut-tree,
Where my mother played, long years ago, when a little girl like me.
Down by a rambling fence it stands, and there I like to go,
And make believe it nods and speaks as the limbs wave to and fro.

I like to think that its rustling leaves are telling tales to me
Of the days when she was a little girl and played beneath the tree.
They tell me that her hair was soft and curly, just like mine;
But she didn't wear these ribbon bows that stand up so pert and fine.

Her little gowns, so quaintly made, would look quite queer to me
If I could see her as she looked when she played beneath the tree.
But then, perhaps my frocks seem odd to the tree as it looks below—
I wonder if it doesn't like best the gowns of long ago?

And where I have my Teddy-bear to swing beside me here
They say she had her corn-cob dolls—they must have been so queer!
But I know she loved them, every one, and was as happy as could be
As she softly sang them all to sleep beneath the butternut-tree.

—Youth's Companion.

"That Reminds Me"

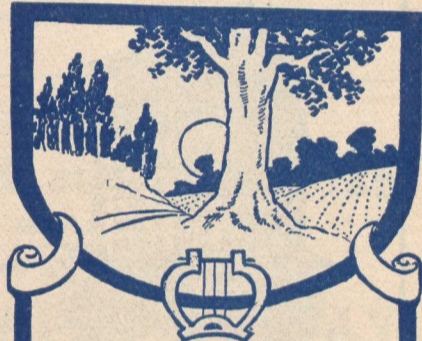
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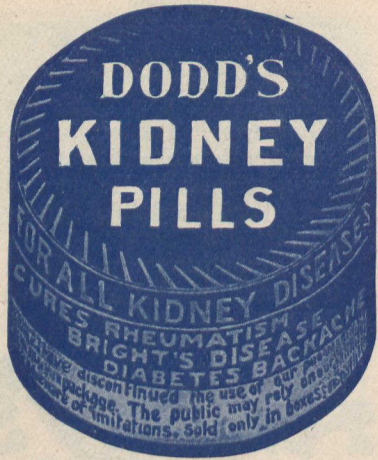
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THE TICKLER

What Canadian Editors Think

DEFECTIVE IMMIGRANTS.

(Mail and Empire.)

THIS province is taking care of hundreds of people who should be on the public charge in other countries. Our immigration officials seemed to have a rage for large numbers. At all events, they did little to keep the numbers down by excluding the undesirable. People with incurable and communicable disease, people who had been a burden upon the parish they came from, criminals and other bad characters, weak-minded and positively insane persons were admitted into the country and kept here. If a census could be taken of such undesirables that have come to Canada since the beginning of the present century the showing would appear incredibly large. Ontario seems to be the settling basin of the drift of the unfit. Our provincial institutions have been crowded and our municipal and private charities have been heavily taxed as a result of the burden thus thrown on Ontario.

* * *

POWER OF SONG.

(Toronto Star.)

THE death of Ira D. Sankey recalls to mind the declaration of that ancient sage who said he cared not who made the laws of a people so long as he wrote their songs. How strongly the depths of human nature are stirred by words set to music, and voicing the heart feeling of the multitude, was never more strikingly shown than in the second half of the past century. During that period two great waves of song swept over North America. One told of hatred and suffering, the other of pity and forgiveness. Early in the sixties the cry of the bondsman came up from the south in "Nellie Grey." Scarce had the echoes of the great strife died away than a new voice was heard—the voice of pity and compassion. It told of the great heart of the Father, with ninety and nine of His children safe in the fold, going out after the one lone wanderer far away on the mountains. Starting in the old log meeting houses along the Mississippi, it swept north over hill and vale; it crossed the St. Lawrence, to be taken up by the great congregations of the old camp-meetings held within the glow of the weird light from blazing logs; it added a fresh note to the symphony of the giant pines of the upper Ottawa, where the Gospel was carried by the devoted missionary. The songs of the early sixties were the cry of the slave and the call to war; those with which Ira D. Sankey at once stirred and soothed the multitudes in the eighties and nineties told of peace, and love, and hope for that better day when "The Mists Have Rolled Away."

* * *

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

(St. John Telegraph.)

PROF. J. W. ROBERTSON'S statement that, year in and year out, New Brunswick is a better country than the West, but that we do not show enough progress in agriculture, is virtually the verdict of the Scottish agriculturists who recently inspected this section of the Dominion. From many competent authorities, indeed, the Maritime Provinces have heard that they do not live up to their opportunities, particularly in the matter of agriculture. Those who have read Haliburton's "The Clockmaker, or The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville," will recall that as early as 1836 the famous Mr. Slick

was continually expressing the truths which are now being repeated to us by such men as Prof. Robertson. Mr. Slick complained that the people of Nova Scotia growled because they were not prosperous, whereas they persistently refused to seize the natural advantages at their doors. Mr. Slick was not popular, as we can readily understand, but he went about with his eyes open. The other day a correspondent, writing from Oregon, repeated a truth that should be familiar in these provinces—that many of our people went away from home seeking prosperity only to be disappointed, or to find that the same effort if exerted here would have produced relatively as good or better results than it won for them in a strange land.

* * *

THE RIVER BEAUTIFUL.

(St. John Globe.)

THE river St. John is at this hour one of the most beautiful of rivers, and men might travel half, or for that matter, the whole, of the wide world without finding anything to surpass it. The boats upon it ought to be crowded with passengers to enjoy its loveliness; and no one should go abroad until he has looked upon the lovely valley through which it flows, every turn of which discloses some fresh beauty to the intelligent and appreciative eye. What is said of the main river is true also of its great feeders, more especially those in the lower part of the river from the Grand Lake down. On the main river the tourist must naturally stop at Fredericton, which is now arrayed in its richest robes of green; its stately trees, its shady walks, its sunlit groves are full of beauty. The papers noted the pleasure with which some Scotch tourists looked from the top of the University building upon the city beneath and the river beyond. These Scotchmen could not see anywhere in Europe a more pleasing, a more beautiful sight, and indeed, we know of none in America—this continent of beautiful rivers—to surpass it, for it is insurpassable. The man or woman who has not yet looked upon it has not begun to know the valley of the St. John.

* * *

REPRESENT THE PEOPLE.

(Montreal Standard.)

WE have now reached a stage in our national development when it matters greatly who make our laws. Our national institutions are growing in breadth and meaning. Our national ideals are taking form and definiteness. Our relations with the outer world are becoming close and influential. We are seeking, in song and story and history, for homogeneity. We are striving after a national type which shall express the thought of a young and ambitious people. When we were content to be called a colony, perhaps the character of our representatives did not so greatly matter, for we had but slight bulk in the outer view; but with Canada on every lip, it is of moment that the men who make our laws should reflect, not the opinion of the party caucus, but of the people at large. More and more of our people are conquering leisure and fortune. We want men of this class in Parliament, to counteract the tactics of the professional politician, who goes to Ottawa, first, to draw his indemnity, which is larger than he could probably earn in private life, and to further his own selfish interests.

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The Eastern shore of Nova Scotia, from Yarmouth to Halifax, is served by the HALIFAX and SOUTH WESTERN RY. On the barrens, slightly inland from the railway are some of the best places for big moose in the east.

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