

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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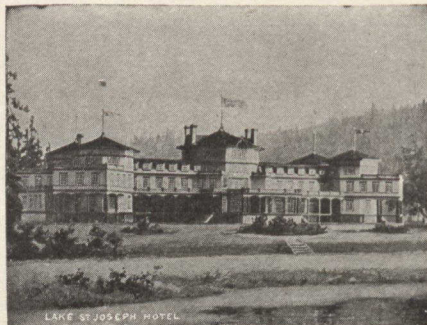
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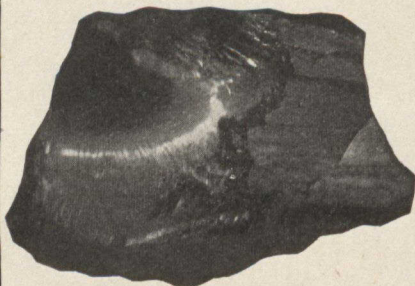
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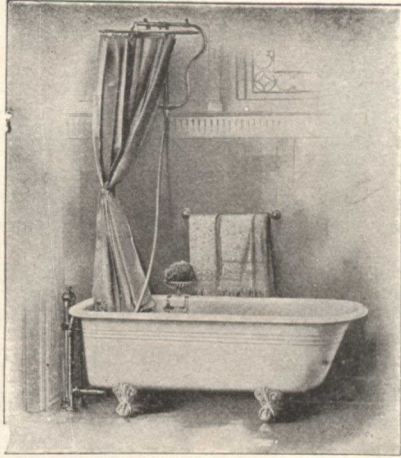
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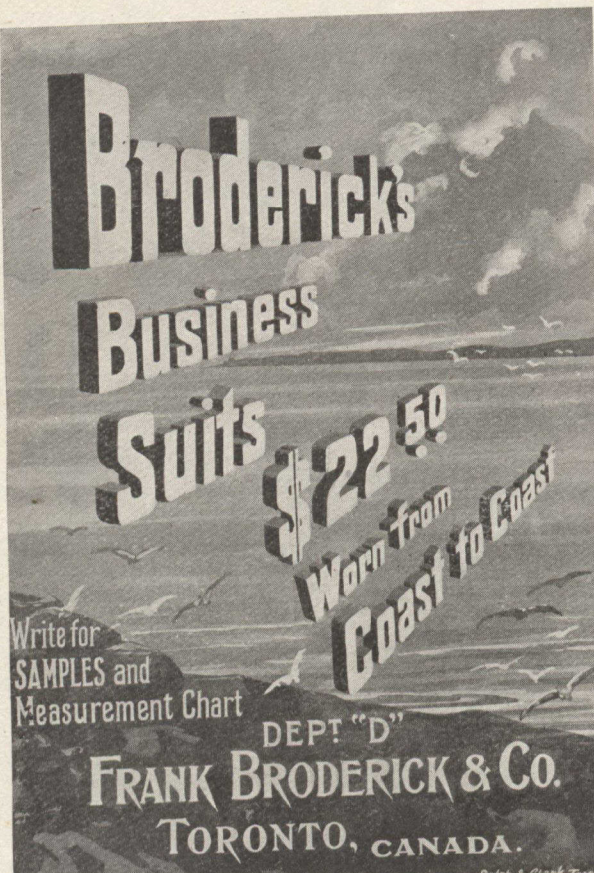
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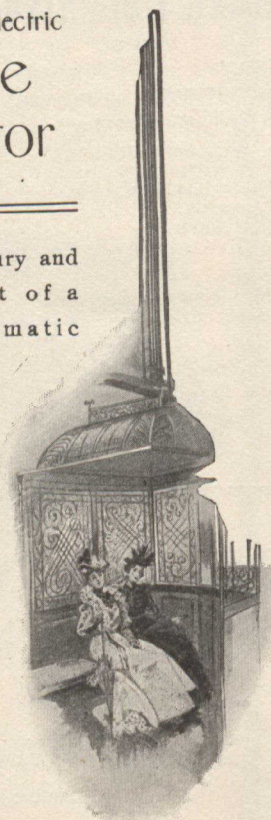
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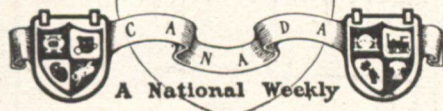
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Editor's Talk

A KINDLY lady cheered us on Monday with this letter:

Hanover, August 17th.

Mr. Editor:

Allow me to take this opportunity of expressing my hearty appreciation of your magazine. It is with great interest and pleasure that I look forward to receiving each number, and can say that I am never disappointed. The feature of this paper which appeals to me most is its purely Canadian nature. Let me wish you every success in this noble enterprise.

Enclosed you will find postal note for \$2.50 as subscription for above magazine. Please acknowledge receipt of subscription.

Yours truly,

Numbers of letters couched in similar language are reaching us regularly. We appreciate the kind words and are stimulated to do better. Here is a paragraph from the **ST. JOHN GLOBE** of August 3rd:

The July number of the "National Review," London, makes an appreciative observation upon the **CANADIAN COURIER**—a weekly journal issued by the Courier Press, Limited, Toronto, and edited by Mr. John A. Cooper—describing it as "an admirable journal, full of vital writing, which should be read by all who wish to understand the vie intime of Canadian politics." This is warm praise from a stately publication.

Next week's issue will contain a special school-boy cover and some unique photographs of school children.

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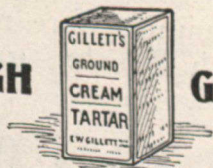
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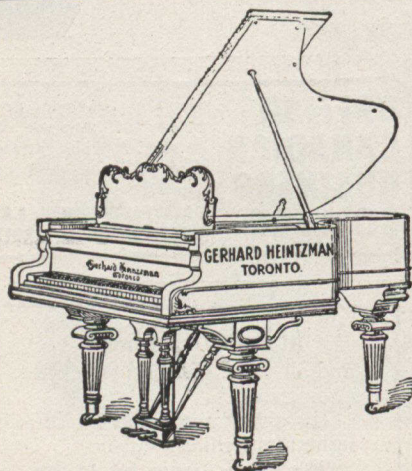
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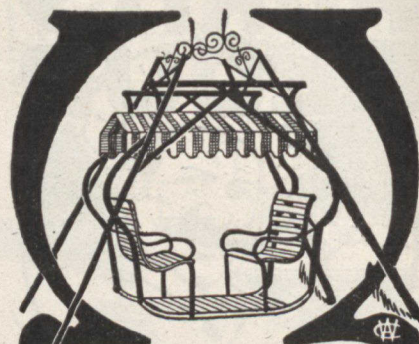
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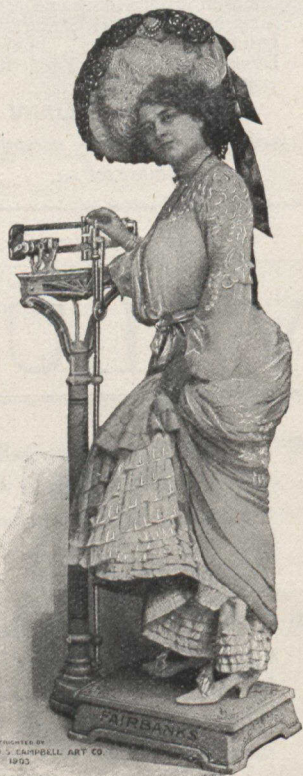
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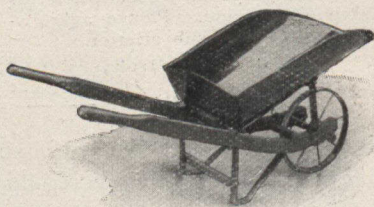
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A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, August 24th, 1907

No. 13

Topics of the Day

FINANCIERS are wondering what is the matter with the world, that there should be such a shrinkage in prices and such a shortage of money. A prominent Toronto broker remarked jocularly the other day that for some months he had done nothing but borrow from Peter to pay Paul. "Now," he added, "I cannot find Peter."

United States and Canadian railways and industrial stocks are at the lowest point since 1904. In March of this year, they were low but not so low as during the past ten days. South American stocks, which have been so popular in Canada have faded away like the snowdrifts in spring. The wild-cat mining stocks have gone so low that they have touched zero, and even the really good stocks are offered at twenty-five per cent. of what they were bringing when the year dawned.

Money rates have gone up. Some of the banks advanced their rates from six to six and a half per cent. last week, and in some cases to seven. Builders in Toronto are offering six and a half per cent. for first mortgages on real estate. Those who make advances on stocks can get almost any rate they ask, but only their largest and best customers are receiving much attention. The few people who have ready money in the savings banks are picking up small bargains in stocks and mortgages which will be very profitable.

What of the future? No person knows. All the experts are guessing. Some say that Rockefeller and his associates are breaking down prices and creating a panic to scare President Roosevelt; that Harriman is helping them because of the two-cent passenger-rate laws recently passed by several of the State legislatures. Those who cry out against the corporations are to be punished. There is little in this explanation.

While all this crumbling of values has been going on, two of Canada's largest industrial concerns continue their fight at Sydney. Premier Murray of Nova Scotia, Lord Strathcona and Lord Grey have been trying to make Mr. Ross and Mr. Plummer listen to reason, without result at the time of writing. Mr. James Ross, president of the Dominion Coal Co., is a stubborn man and apparently he proposes to win. Any sort of compromise would be a victory for him. What he wants is a greater victory; one which will make the future of Dominion Coal rosy and glorious.

The new cabinet appointments have not yet been announced. Two of the greatest departments of the government are still without heads. It looks as if the civil service could administer affairs at Ottawa without a government. Lord Grey will be in Ottawa to-day and something may be announced. Next week he will be in Toronto for a few days and that may delay matters another week. All this delay may be good politics but

it does not seem either businesslike or statesmanlike.

Mr. Borden has started on his tour. As leader of the Opposition he is no more popular than Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he occupied a similar position at the head of the Liberal Opposition. He is no more popular than was the Hon. J. P. Whitney when he was leader of the Ontario Opposition. This unpopularity of Opposition leaders is part of the American curse. The people have little use for a man who is not wearing the laurel wreath of victory. He may be gentlemanly, honest, virtuous, patriotic, industrious, able and clever, but if he has not won a fight he is no hero.

Mr. Borden has not won a victory, nor is he likely to soon. Yet if he ever does, he will be one of Canada's great men. The people who to-day regret his lack of fighting force will be licking his shoes for favours. This is the nature of us all.

Crop prospects continue to improve. Manitoba has the rain she needed—late but useful. Alberta and Saskatchewan will have good average crops, which already are yielding to the ceaseless trek of the self-binder. The only danger now is frost. The longer it holds off, the greater will be the yield of golden grain.

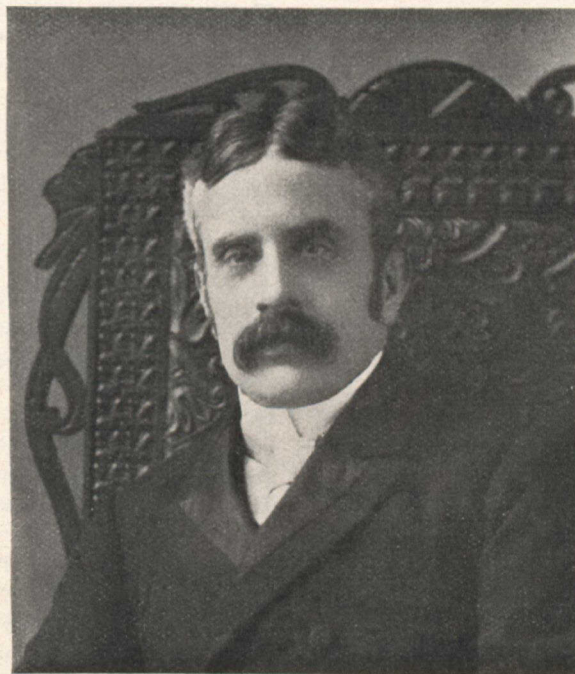
Marconi hopes soon to send wireless messages from Ireland to Cape Breton. In 1901 and 1902, the Cornwall station was used, but it has now been superseded for this new Irish station at Galway. The progress has been slow, but in the end a measure of success will no doubt be attained. Science seems irresistible.

Nova Scotia is building its second steel ships at New Glasgow. The wooden vessel is still one of the provincial products, but there is a prospect that its days are almost numbered.

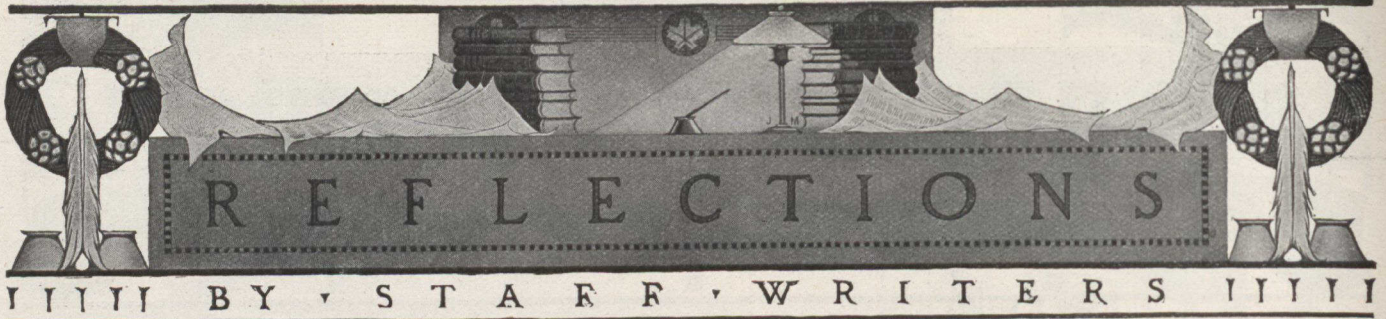
The strike of 2,500 employees at the Montreal Cotton Company's works at Valleyfield, and the telegraphers' sympathetic action with their striking confreres across the line are the industrial features of the past week. If the monetary situation does not improve, wages will soon be going down instead of up.

The birth rate in Montreal was 36 per 1,000, as against about 22 in Toronto, 16.4 in Paris, 10 in New York and 8.7 in London. Among the Montreal French Canadians it is 44.19, among other Catholics 25.45 and among Protestants 21.17. This is very creditable to the French Canadian and the Roman Catholic church. The high rate of mortality among infants is a mark on the other side of the ledger, however.

It is possible that Canadian steamship companies will lower their steerage rates between European points and Canada before the summer is over. This will be to meet the cut on the Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd and Holland-American lines.



MR. R. L. BORDEN,
Leader of the Dominion Opposition.



REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

IT begins to look as if there would soon be an era of declining wages. The population is increasing faster than capital and soon men will be looking for work. When the harvest is over and the farm workers crowd

AN ERA OF LOWER WAGES

Nor will this be an unmixed evil. Wages have been advancing so fast and the hours of labour shortening so radically, that the workingman has become somewhat careless and over-confident. He has forgotten that there are two sides to every question, that wages cannot rise indefinitely without increasing the price of articles which labour produces. An era of low interest and an era of rising wages might continue together for a long period as they have done in Great Britain for the past half century. In America they have run fairly well together in the more settled portions of the continent for some time. They have now parted and industrial expansion is likely to be limited for a year or two because of the scarcity of capital.

An era of stationary or lower wages would mean cheaper manufactured articles including lower prices for bread, milk, meat and the other necessities of life. This is the compensation which would come to the wage-earner. If he has less money to spend, his money will likely buy more.

Of course, the lowering of wages, if it comes, will be so gradual as to be hardly perceptible. The first stage will be a cessation of strikes. The second will be talk of co-operation and profit-sharing. The third will be an increase in non-union working-men and a displacement of the high-priced unskilled worker by a lower-priced unskilled worker. Then will follow other substitutions looking to a lessening of the cost of production. In the world of labour, as in the world of finance and industry, there must be periods of re-adjustment.

THE United States is experiencing a lack of capital, a period of scarce and dear money. The real reason for this is—and it is modestly given—that the European investor and money-lender has shut down on

THE CAUSE OF DEAR MONEY

optimistic America. For more than a year, the British financial papers have been thundering against the exploitation of Britain's money market by Yankee financiers and loan-seekers. The Bank of England has been fighting hard for six months to get back the gold which the shrewd Yankee has taken away during a period of years. Europe needs its own capital and is drawing it home. That is the real reason, and the term over-expansion means nothing.

In Canada, this explanation applies with less force. We have been making many flotations in London, but it is getting more difficult to float even federal and provincial loans there. The rising rate of interest in Britain indicates plenty of local demand for capital. The low price of Consols is another evidence. Added to this, however, is the drain of capital caused by Canadian investments in Central and Southern America and an era of expanding imports and stationary exports. If we buy a hundred million dollars' worth more abroad than we sell abroad, we must pay in cash. This is exactly

what we have done during the past year. To these two causes must be added a third, the employment of Canadian capital on call loan work in New York. Whenever the rate of interest goes up in Wall St., the Canadian banker rushes a few millions there because of the huge profit to be made.

ALL the members of the Cabinet of Great Britain are ministers for Great Britain only, with the possible exception of Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston Churchill who have some interests in the affairs of the King's Dominions over-seas. Greater, however, than these two is a man who has no portfolio and is not a member of His Majesty's Privy Council. He

MINISTER FOR THE EMPIRE

is the only "Minister for the Empire," the one Britisher who sees the greatest need of the scattered portions of King Edward's wide domain and is devoting his time and ability to supplying that need. He is the one great man in London to whom governors-general, lieutenant-governors, federal premiers, provincial premiers and ministers of colonisation look for a sympathetic hearing, for prompt and efficient action, and for a broad and comprehensive Imperial policy. That man is General Booth.

Hon. J. P. Whitney, premier of Ontario, is in England and the cables have announced only one conference that he has had. That conference was not with His Majesty, not with the jovial "C.-B.," not with Lord Elgin, the Secretary for the Colonies, not with Barred-the-Door Churchill—it was with General Booth. The explanation is not far to seek. General Booth realises that if the Colonies are to be developed along British lines, they must have more British citizens. If the Colonies contain a large proportion of British people, the problems of Empire will take care of themselves. With these people go affection for the Sovereign, attachment to the British flag, respect for British law and the British constitution. The questions of preferential trade and contribution for the British navy will be easily and naturally settled, when the Colonies are full of British people.

General Booth has visited all the leading colonies and he knows that settlers is their greatest need. He has met almost every Colonial official of importance and listened to the recital of their hopes, ambitions and plans. He is co-operating with them and by so doing has gained their confidence. He has proved to them that he is a man of action and a man of his promises. They recognise in him a Minister for the Empire.

INTERMITTENTLY, Newfoundlanders write to English newspapers averring their determination never to enter the Canadian confederation. The situation in the Tenth Island is curious in that every one of its Governors for decades has reported to the Colonial office that the Colony's welfare would be advanced by its joining Canada. Hon. A. B. Morine, now a repatriated Canadian, fought no less manfully than unsuccessfully to bring the island inside the Canadian ring-fence.

The islanders must be a curious people. Speaking for them, Premier Bond waxed vastly indignant in London last spring over the alienation of their fishing rights

by a modus vivendi between Downing Street and Washington. Writing in a Chicago newspaper, Mr. McGrath, the ablest journalist in the island, echoes Sir Robert's complaints. There was, even in London, no pretence that the letter of the Treaty of 1818 has not been violated with the object of promoting "good-feeling" between Great Britain and the United States—a good-feeling which we Canadians venture to consider a will-o'-the-wisp fruitlessly pursued by British ministry after British ministry.

The Newfoundlanders are quite well aware of this fact. They know that their rights have been filched away from them by the intriguing diplomacy of the United States. Yet they refuse to call to their aid a willing ally whose influence at Downing Street would strengthen immeasurably their case. Had Newfoundland been a Canadian province, the British Government would have walked very delicately in last winter's negotiations, for the memory of Canadian resentment over the Alaskan boundary dispute has not yet died out. The London-Washington agreement ignored the provisions of the Treaty of 1818, and, to make bad worse, Newfoundland's undoubted rights were turned into pledges of good-will—at the cost solely of the Islanders. But hostages and Danegelds do not fit in well with the modern British scheme of things. Certainly, Ethelred promoted "good feeling" with the Danes by paying tribute, but the amity did not last any longer than the gentlemen from Jutland thought desirable. Will the historical parallel be fulfilled in the case of the pledged Terranovans and the altruistic statesmen who are the exponents of the Uncle Sam brand of diplomacy, based upon the rules of draw-poker? Canada might have a useful word to say were she in a position warrantably to utter it, but the Newfoundlanders seem to prefer splendid isolation and impracticable wrath.

THERE has been considerable historical and other literary work produced in Canada, some of it good but much of it slovenly and carelessly done. In fact, "slovenly" is a term which might easily be acknowledged as national. Even the papers read before the Royal Society of Canada have been wordy, badly constructed, not well thought out, and carelessly edited. These volumes should be valuable, but are seldom consulted. They are a splendid monument to our national literary inefficiency. Hopkins' "Canada: an Encyclopedia" is another monument of like character, redolent of inaccuracies, contradictions and incongruities. Mr. Beckles Willson's history of the Hudson's Bay Company is another. The pseudo history of the Canada Company is a glaring example of illogical and unclassified treatment. Of all the more pretentious works issued since the nation began to take some pride in itself, Kingsford's ten volume history comes the nearest to being accurate and reliable.

These remarks have been suggested by a glance over an "Index" to the first twenty-five volumes of the Canadian Magazine recently issued by the publishers of that excellent periodical. As a piece of slovenly work, it easily surpasses any other literary production of modern times. From "A" to "F" the articles are neatly indexed in proper alphabetical order. When he got to "G" the editor seems to have grown weary and we find the word "Game" in five different places in the list instead of finding the five references to this word grouped together. Similarly the six references to "Great Britain" are well scattered through the list. This wonderful lack of harmony prevails through the rest of the index to "Articles." For example under "M" are two references to moose, and they are several inches apart and on different pages, and nine references to Manitoba scattered through four pages. In the index to "Authors" there is the same slovenly arrangement. Under "C" the second

name is Clark, the fifteenth is Clarke, the twenty-first is Clarke, the fifty-eighth is Clarke, the sixty-second is Clarke, and the eighty-fourth is Clark. Under "F" the first author is Fox and the last Freed. Under "T" the first name is Tipton and the last Tarbell.

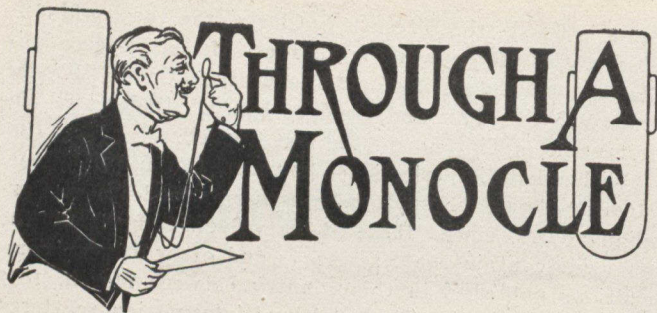
With all its imperfections, however, this fifty-five page "Index" should be supremely useful to students of Canadian affairs, since these twenty-five volumes of the magazine contain the best essays and other literary compositions published in this country between March, 1893 and October, 1905. The wealth of information scattered through these 15,000 pages is made more accessible. If the editor had not forgotten the order of the letters in the alphabet, the Index might have been one of the most valuable of Canadian reference books.

IT is rapidly becoming the custom for Canadian-Americans upon returning for a visit to their native land to decry the lack of flag veneration in our Dominion, by which they expressly mean the marked scarcity of Union Jacks floating in public places. For example, one writer indignantly declares that in a certain well-known city of the Maritime Provinces only one National Ensign waves from a mast-head and that is the National Ensign of the United States occupying its official position over the American Consulate.

That there is a small particle of justification in these loudly-voiced laments of our expatriated citizens is undoubtedly true, yet we question very much the wisdom of their enthusiastic remarks, respecting our Southern neighbours' spectacular flaunting of bunting upon every possible, though ridiculously inappropriate occasion, at every street corner and over every notion store. Flag exhibition is certainly not synonymous with flag reverence. Familiarity here breeds a frivolous indifference, if not contempt. That which is symbolic of a nation's birth and struggle in the ever-acting play of history, finally degenerates into a convenient trademark for a much-advertised piece of merchandise. That this unrestrained show of Old Gloryism has already been overtaken by the Nemesis of an apathetic regard for the true purpose of the flag's existence, the special legislation of Congress a few years ago amply shows. In many States of the Union the National Ensign has lost its true significance, being used as a mere fetich for ultrajingoism.

In Canada, we may have erred somewhat on the other side, but of the two evils it may unreservedly be stated that we possess the lesser one. Even though our standard may sometimes savour of militarism in its display, it is better to be accompanied by this fault in a young and virile nation than to lose all dignity by its continuous flaunting in the hands of an over-excited, half intoxicated crowd. Intrinsically, a flag is, at best, but a few yards of coloured silk; hence, an every-day exhibition and noisy adulation, must sooner or later bring its loud-voiced worshippers to so complete a realisation of this fact that in their eyes it will eventually lose all or the greater part of its intense national significance. A judicious use of the Union Jack in our public schools is advisable, as is also its hoisting upon great national holidays. Extravagance in patriotism, however, wears itself out. Then comes indifference.

However, there is no doubt that the foolish flaunting of the Stars and Stripes upon Canadian soil has been regarded too tolerantly. Uncle Sam needs to learn that when he is on British territory he must respect the emblem of the constitution. No flag in the world has a more significant history than that in which the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick are united. While we have no wish to join the crowd designated "flag-flappers" by the disdainful Mr. Kipling, we should see that our ensign is respected.



THIS week Mr. Borden begins a tour of the country. I am writing before the event; and so cannot speak of even the commencement as a "fait accompli." Before the event then, I can say that it is a capital idea if he has anything to say to the country. A formal tour of our different Provinces is the best way for a political leader to get a policy before the electors; but it is also the most effective way to expose a lack of policy if that be his condition. I am so glad that I am writing before the event, so that I can write with an "if." You who are reading this will know much more about the wisdom of the tour than I can now. You will know what Mr. Borden said at Halifax. You will know whether it was worth asking the country to give him its attention for a while, though the season is a busy one. I sincerely hope that it has been worth while. There are some things which need saying at this juncture; and the leader of the Opposition is precisely the man to say them. At any rate, it will do the country good to get better acquainted with Mr. Borden. He is a man who improves on acquaintance. He may not carry a "joke book" with him, and he may lack a patent leather finish in the matter of oratory. But he is a man of ability, of rare sincerity, with a keen sense of responsibility, and without that fatal willingness to do anything to get into office.

Sir Hibbert Tupper has also made an irruption into the East recently. We used to call him "Charley" in the young old days when he looked and acted the boy, and was the precocious youth of the Conservative party. But he is no longer the boy. His face has the lines of advanced middle age, and is growing marvellously like his father's. He is past fifty now, and must be taken seriously if he is ever to attain that honour this side the silent grave. The fact is that Sir Hibbert is something of a martyr to his father's long-continued prominence. When Sir Charles came home to take over the captainship of the leaky old Conservative hulk which had been exposed, since Sir John Macdonald's death, to every peril of the political sea from the reefs of scandal and the tempests of sectarian strife to mutiny on the quarter deck, Sir Hibbert was automatically effaced. The cry of "Too much Tupper" would have been fatal to any party had he kept his prominent place in the procession.

* * *

But that is no reason why a man of rare political abilities should be kept forever in the back-ground. The country has "too little Tupper" now—that is, too little of the fighting Tupper spirit. The Opposition need it for their own good; and the Government need to feel its buffet for the benefit of the nation. Nothing makes a good Government like a good Opposition. I notice that some of the Liberal papers have chided Sir Hibbert for showing the "real old Tupper greed" by coming to the front now "that things look brighter for his party." That bright thought must have been penned when the strategic editor was on his holidays. It amounts to a confession that things do look bright for the Conservative party, so experienced a campaigner as Sir Hibbert being the judge. Sir Hibbert, for his part, is still of the opinion that Sir Wilfrid will dissolve this autumn if we get a good harvest and his Cabinet-mending goes well. He does not seem to be bothered about that Borden

pledge. And there are a lot of Liberals who will say that that light-hearted way of disposing of an inconvenient pledge is Tupperesque.

* * *

A telegraphers' strike demonstrates once more how exceedingly stupid it is to leave services like this in the hands of private corporations. The grocer at the corner can go on strike; and no other man's business is tied up by it. The house-keeper merely telephones her orders to another grocer. There are lots of grocers. But when the telegraph lines of the country are crippled by a strike of operators, everybody's business suffers. When we get sufficiently civilised, we will recruit men for these communal services as we do for the army; and a strike in them will be as probable as a soldier strike in time of war. This may imply paying them more, just as we pay the civil service more than a private corporation would. But, in the long run, it will pay. In the case of the civil service, it is by no means certain that it does pay. Their work is usually not urgent. And it would be a mighty good thing if a good share of the service would catch the "strike fever" and walk out.

* * *

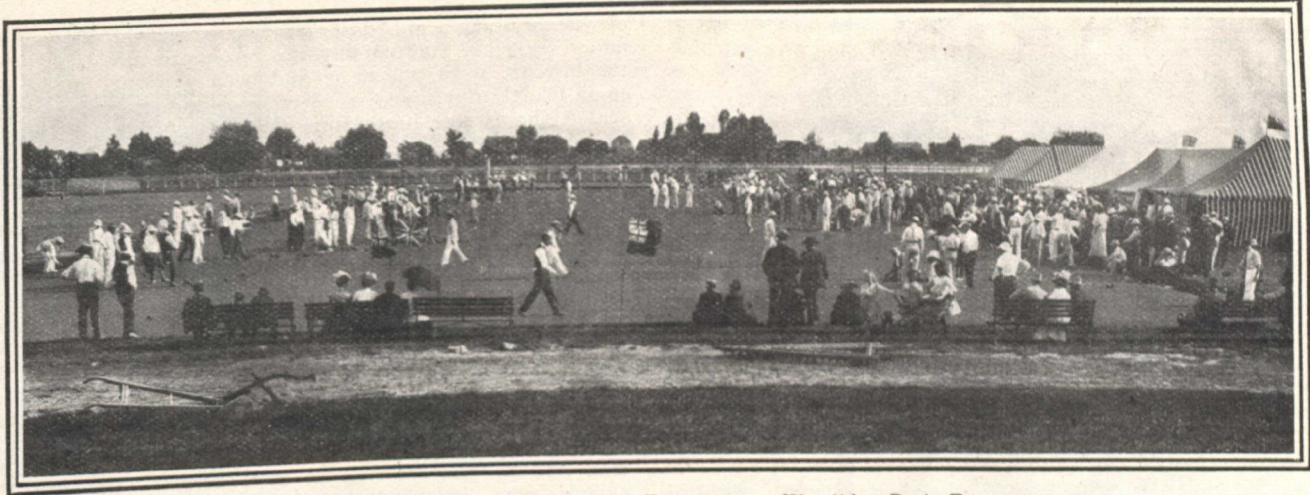
A civil service strike! What a shout of amazement and delight would go up from the country if that news were to be flashed over the wires! Barring the post office—which is usually well manned and often underpaid—the country could endure a civil service strike without very much inconvenience. If a few of the "workers" would remain on duty, we could endure it with entire equanimity and positive joy. The great thing would be to prevent the strikers from going back to work. We would hasten to appoint—not a board of conciliators—but a board of aggravators who would labour day and night to keep the breach open. They would hastily remove any better understanding which arose and get the two parties to the strike to keep away from each other. One danger would lie in the bodies of riotous politicians who would sympathise with the strikers and call "scab" after every industrious citizen who consented to take the places of some half-dozen of them. But the police would have to handle the politicians sternly. We would fine them half their indemnity without the option of going to gaol.

Dramatic Members

The presence of Morton King, an actor, in the parliament of Victoria produced an interesting episode—a performance of "Hamlet," in which every male character was impersonated by an M.P. The production took place in the Melbourne Theatre Royal and benefited the principal hospital of the city to the extent of \$5,000.



The Peace Angel of Europe, front and back view.—Ulk, (Berlin.)



A General View at Dominion Bowling Tournament, Woodbine Park, Toronto. Photograph by Pringle & Booth.

The High Note of Warning

IT is no discredit to the Canadian Club of St. John that it should have been the medium for two recent protests against excessive party zeal. That the organisation should have been addressed within a fortnight by two leading thinkers is noteworthy, but that each of them should have protested against what seemed to them to be a weakness in Canadian political life is indeed remarkable. Has it come to this in Canada that no independent speaker can get up in public without making an appeal for cleaner and better politics? Have we fallen so low that our best men have banded themselves together, even unconsciously, for a crusade against political corruption.

In the first of these two addresses, President Falconer remarked that "Extreme party spirit is the cause both direct and indirect, of much of our corruption." President Falconer assumes that we have corruption. He does not even argue that part of his statement. He seems to expect no denial. He concerns himself only with the cause of the corruption, and that he finds to be "extreme party spirit." He laments the ignorance among voters and the venality of political leaders. These are his words: "Many do not know the meaning of a vote and will sell it for money without a twinge of conscience, because they see that the man who wishes to get their vote desires it for a selfish party victory."

In the second of these addresses, Lord Grey speaks of the "inrush of the poisonous waters of party selfishness over the rich meadows of your national life." Also of "a fierce party spirit bent on the unscrupulous attainment of its own aggrandisement—blind and deaf to the higher interests of the State." Even more remarkable is this sentence: "I further believe that in any city where a good Canadian Club exists the reign of boodle and graft, for more than a very short time, will be an impossibility." Apparently Lord Grey feels that there is boodle and graft in our public life. Such language can be justified on no other ground.

Stand forth then, ye politicians and party leaders and public men and face the charge made against you by two prominent citizens and trained observers of mankind! Ye are charged before the jury of public opinion with having among you boodlers and grafters and persons whose party zeal is greater than their public spirit! What say you to this charge? Shall the message go forth to all the world, that this is your character.

Stand forth ye party workers and partisans of every type, and know ye that at the bar of public opinion two great judges have tried you and found you wanting! They declare that you are untrue to the highest interests of the state, that you cause or aid or abet the corruption of the electorate for selfish purposes, and that to you a party victory is of more importance than public integrity and national honour.

If you have anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you, speak—and speak quickly.

Farewell to their Uncle Sam

EVEN though Canada may not be actively engaged in making history in these times of peace and prosperity, she is making money and making citizens, both of which are much more immediately useful than any kind of niche in Clio's temple. As to the citizens, United States Consul, General Howe, who is stationed at Montreal, has furnished his government with some interesting information. Last year, he says, 10,242 for-

eigners residing in Canada took our oath of naturalisation, and of these more than a third, or 3,888, were former citizens of the United States.

Under our system an alien must have passed three years in Canada before he can become naturalised. As only the heads of families and young men over twenty-one years of age are required to take out papers, the figures quoted in respect of the Americans, when compared with the immigration statistics of 1902-3, show that practically all the American male settlers in Canada are taking the oath of allegiance. In Toronto, Montreal and the other cities, Americans engaged in business are being sworn in monthly batches.

They are all welcome. They have been brought up under a political system which, however greatly it may differ in principle, is almost identical with ours in effect. They are largely men of just the same descent as are we. There must be millions of Americans who have nothing in their veins but the purest English or Scottish or Irish blood; blood just as unmixed as it was when their grandfathers landed in New York or Boston. The intermarriage of immigrants belonging to different races is quite rare in the United States, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out. We are getting the genuine article of descent. When it is above suspicion, it is the best on earth. The Canadian people are never stampeded by the cry of the American peril. We have a certain work to do in the direction of assimilating some classes of newcomers, but this work will not have to be performed in respect of the Americans who have joined us. They are prepared to be good Canadians and the better Canadians we ourselves are, the more effectively can we aid them in attaining their desire.

The Ways of Peace

By S. J. M.

THE "full joy of living" that the poet sings has something to do with physical tiredness. Take a boat and row some miles against the current. Put your body into the swing of the oars and forget the blisters that the unaccustomed exercise raises on your hands. In time you come to some point that promises well for fish, and here the reader is allowed into a secret. The most enjoyable way to fish is to allow the energetic ones to wade the shallows after the elusive fish while the thoughtful one lies on the grassy bank looking at the clouds in the summer sky, or the passing row boats, the steamers or the logs the raw materials of commerce, when energy calls them in for a swim where active delight may be obtained from the attempt to climb upon a log whose rolling and slipperiness reminds one that the general election is coming.

But the call to the evening meal banishes this line of thought. There is a joy in a fish cooked on a forked stick, a charm in eggs boiled in the bubbling coffee, for an outing should not be hampered by too many cooking utensils. And then, when the day's work is done and the unaccustomed muscles somewhat rebel as the thoughtful one bends to the home bound oars, there comes along with the physical tiredness and the sting of the too fervent sun upon the tender skin the feeling that after all the game is worth while and the tiredness pays. For has not effort put some miles behind, overcome some obstacles? Some things have been checked off as actually done; and we feel that we are living in a world where accomplishment is something concrete instead of being mainly a matter of opinion as in the bigger complex world to which we belong.



BILL MINER,

For the capture of whom the Canadian authorities paid \$12,500 and who has escaped from custody.

A Noted Desperado

"WHY don't you write your life?"

The question was asked of A. E. Miner, alias W. J. Miner, alias W. A. Morgan, alias G. W. Edwards, or as he has been known up and down the Pacific Coast for forty years, plain Bill Miner.

It was asked but a few weeks ago when Old Bill was a humble shoemaker, serving the sixteenth month of his life sentence in Westminster Penitentiary for the last of his train robberies, that of the C.P.R. Transcontinental at midnight on May 8th, 1906.

"Someone else can do that," replied the silver haired desperado. "But he will have to wait for the last chapter, for Bill Miner is very much alive even though he is sixty-five."

Within two weeks this most notorious stage and train robber in America proved how much he was alive. Complaining of swollen feet and rheumatism, he pleaded for work in the brickyard. On the afternoon of August 7th, with three fellow convicts, Miner, within the range

of vision of two guards and an instructor, dug a hole under the fence surrounding the brickyard and then, with the hatchet with which he had been working, broke the chain that imprisoned a seven foot ladder and all four scaled the twelve foot stone wall of the Penitentiary in broad day light.

To-day, Miner is free, the freedom with which he is familiar—pursued by bloodhounds and a regiment of officers armed and mounted, and sought for by every police officer and detective in British Columbia and Washington State.

Meanwhile, the Department of Justice at Ottawa is considering the reward that will again be offered for his capture dead or alive. Fifteen months ago, \$12,500 was paid out to Mounted Police Officers whose rifles covered Miner and his confederates Dunn and Colquhoun seven miles from the scene of their hold-up of the C.P.R. Transcontinental near Kamloops when the desperadoes got a few registered letters and quite overlooked \$35,000. This was due to the coolness of Mail Clerks Wills and McQuarrie who convinced the robbers that they had seen all the registered mail bags.

They were liberally rewarded by the C.P.R. for their bravery. These were the members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police who gathered in the \$12,500:—Sergeant Wilson, Corporal Stewart, Constable Tabadeau, Constable Browning, Sergeant Shoebottom and Sergeant Thomas, all of Calgary, with "Slim Jim" Benyon as guide.

Miner had, until then, been living on the \$7,000 which he had "lifted" from the C. P. R. express at Mission Junction, Sept, 1904. The year before he had held up and robbed the Oregon Ry. and Navigation Co.'s express securing some \$5,000. Two years before this he served the last of a twenty-five years' sentence in San Quentin, California, penitentiary.

He had actually served twenty-two years, the rest being allowed for good conduct. This sentence followed his conviction, by the confession of a confederate, for the robbery of the Del Norte, Colorado stage in the later seventies.

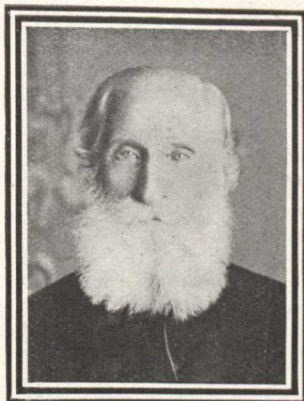
Miner almost killed Sheriff Brenaugh and Officer Goodwin who first made his capture for this crime. They had bound him with wire and then sought to bring him to Del Norte on a wagon. But they were compelled to camp over night some distance from Del Norte. Completely exhausted the Sheriff and his officers slept, leaving the teamster on guard. Miner and his confederates, securing the revolvers, wounded all three and fled. But six months later both were caught in Sacramento, California. His pal confessed and life sentence for both followed.

The record of Miner is lost here. He had, according to Del Norte officers, been robbing stage coaches for fifteen years previous to this.



Some Canadian Volunteer Cavalry. A Husky Bunch from "D" Squadron, Ninth Mississauga Horse, Headquarters, Toronto. Photograph by McVey, Toronto.

Personalities



Hon. R. W. Scott.

HON. R. W. SCOTT.

A CAREER of fifty years in the public service, such as Hon. R. W. Scott has had, is surely enough to entitle one to a well earned rest, and if rumour is correct, Mr. Scott's retirement from the post of Secretary of State, which he has so long and so ably filled, will shortly be announced.

Born in January, 1825, he was called to the bar in 1848, and four years later was rewarded by his fellow citizens in Ottawa with the appointment of Mayor. From 1857 to 1863 he sat in the Parliament of Canada, and from Confederation to 1873 was a member of the Ontario Legislature holding successfully the offices of Speaker and Commissioner of Crown Lands.

In 1873 he entered the wider sphere of Dominion politics to be made a Senator in the following year. From 1873 to 1878 he held the portfolio of Secretary of State under Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. With the return of the Liberal party to power in 1896 he was again appointed Secretary of State.

Not alone as a man of affairs and a broad minded representative of the Roman Catholic church is Mr. Scott known to students of Canadian history, but as a public spirited citizen and legislator who has endeavoured to advance the interests of his fellowmen by wise and careful measures. As the framer of the Canada Temperance Act of 1875, generally known as the Scott Act, Mr. Scott's name is indelibly inscribed on the statutes of this country.

He was made a Q. C. in 1867, a member of the Dominion Law Society in 1879, and holds the degree of LL.D. (1889) of Ottawa University.

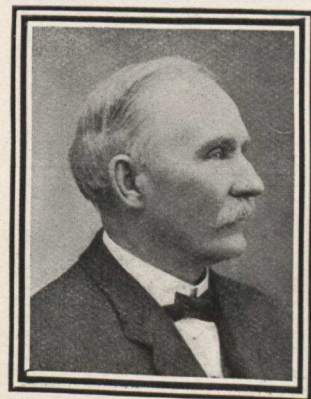
SIR GEORGE A. DRUMMOND.

Canadians are justly proud of Sir George A. Drummond, for Canada claims him as one of her sons, although he spent the first twenty-five years of his life in Scotland, coming to this country in 1854.

Known principally as President of the Canada Sugar Refining Company at Montreal and President of the Bank of Montreal. Sir George has yet found time to become eminent in some other lines which most busy men have neither the inclination nor the perseverance to pursue.

He was the first President of the Intercolonial Coal Mining Company of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and is now President of the company operating the important mines at Springhill, N.S. He maintains a magnificent stock farm for thoroughbred cattle on the Island of Montreal and is known also as a generous patron and keen connoisseur of art, possessing one of the finest collections in America. He is also a keen sportsman, a good shot, an ardent fisherman and an enthusiastic golfer.

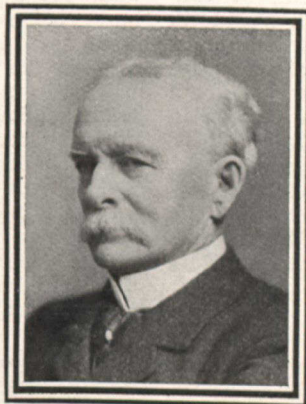
Montrealers can never forget that it was due largely to his efforts that that port was freed by the government from the burden of deepening the St. Lawrence below the city. He was defeated for the House of Commons in 1872 by Hon. James Young and was called to the Senate in 1877.



Hon. John Dryden.

HON. JOHN DRYDEN.

In a way, Hon. John Dryden is a paradox. He is a remarkable instance of a politician who is also a modest, retiring man. Indeed it is asserted on excellent authority that he is, or was—for he is not now in the political arena—the most modest man that ever held office in Canada.



Sir George Drummond.

He made an admirable Minister of Agriculture for Ontario during the fifteen years he held that office between 1890 and 1905, due largely to the fact that his conception of duty while in office was always loyalty to all citizens, irrespective of party—and also to the fact that he is a practical farmer himself, who knows the business from A to Z.

He it was who was largely instrumental in establishing the widely known and highly successful Winter Fair and Fat Stock Show at Guelph. The betterment of stock has amounted with him almost to a passion. What he has done for scientific agricultural education in Ontario through the Farmers' and Women's Institutes and in various other directions, cannot be told here.

For all of these reasons, it is not surprising that he was paid the distinguished honour by the British government of being invited to become a member of the Royal Commission to investigate agricultural conditions in Ireland—the first time, it is said, that this honour has ever been paid to a Canadian.

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

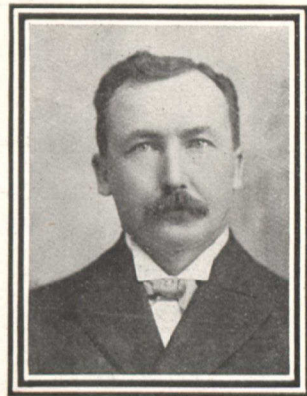
Whether in the field of politics or as a promoter of great enterprises, Hon. Clifford Sifton manages to keep himself well before the public. To-day it is All Red Line, yesterday it was Minister of the Interior in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet. From this latter office, as is pretty well known, he resigned in 1905 on account of a disagreement with his leader over the educational clauses of bills to establish the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Mr. Sifton may be said to be one of the red-blooded and forceful rather than the academic type of statesman. No dealer in abstract or elaborate phrases is he, but direct and vigorous in his handling of affairs. His celebrated meeting with Sir Hibbert Tupper at Brandon a few years ago, is well remembered. Before an audience of 6,000 people, Sir Hibbert endeavoured to prove him guilty of political corruption, but so vigorously and successfully did Mr. Sifton repel the charges that he was returned for Brandon a few days later by a majority of 600 votes although his opponent was no less a person than Hon. Hugh John Macdonald. As with all men of his type, he thinks and acts promptly.

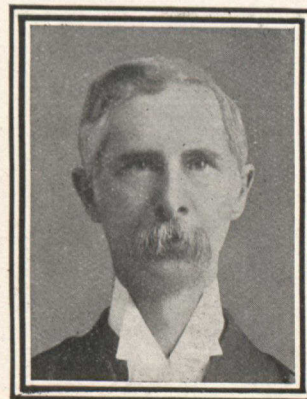
HON. R. F. SUTHERLAND.

In the upheaval produced by a general election, a scholar sometimes gets into the House of Commons among the politicians. Such a man is the Hon. R. F. Sutherland, B.A., K.C., M.P., Speaker of the House. His first entry into this august body was at the general elections of 1900 when he was returned for North Essex as a supporter of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was re-elected in 1904, and so efficiently had he performed his duties that although a comparatively new man in Parliament, he was selected by his leader for the responsible position of Speaker, to which he was appointed on Jan. 11th, 1905.

Mr. Sutherland is an ardent Imperialist, and though busily engaged in the practice of his profession at Windsor, finds time nevertheless to advocate his views on this subject, notably in a thoughtful address on "The Development of the Imperial Idea," delivered before the Empire Club of Toronto in January, 1906. He is a man of excellent judgment and tact and has successfully undertaken some important missions of a political nature requiring delicacy and diplomacy in their handling.



Hon. Clifford Sifton.



Hon. R. F. Sutherland.



The Royal Irish Constabulary, one of the finest forces in the world, which has succeeded in obtaining its demands.

The Belfast Strike

THE strike at Belfast, which has just been settled, has worked commercial disaster for Ulster's capital. Belfast is typical of the North of Ireland, where the people have the stubborn persistency of the Scotch and the buoyancy of the Irish. Consequently a strike in Belfast meant unusual storm and stress even for such an occurrence, and the refusal to convey goods of any sort has resulted in a condition of trade congestion. The milling industry has been at a standstill since the July holidays and the price of flour must inevitably increase. Most of the grain comes from America, Canada and Australia, a small portion from Liverpool and the bulk of it is dealt with for supply in Ireland.

But supplies are being exhausted. Three large ships, with full cargoes of grain, are lying in the harbour, unable to discharge. In consequence of this blockade the Liverpool stores became congested, and further orders for Belfast flour could not be received. American and Scotch millers, profiting by the helplessness of their Ulster competitors, are shipping flour to Ulster.

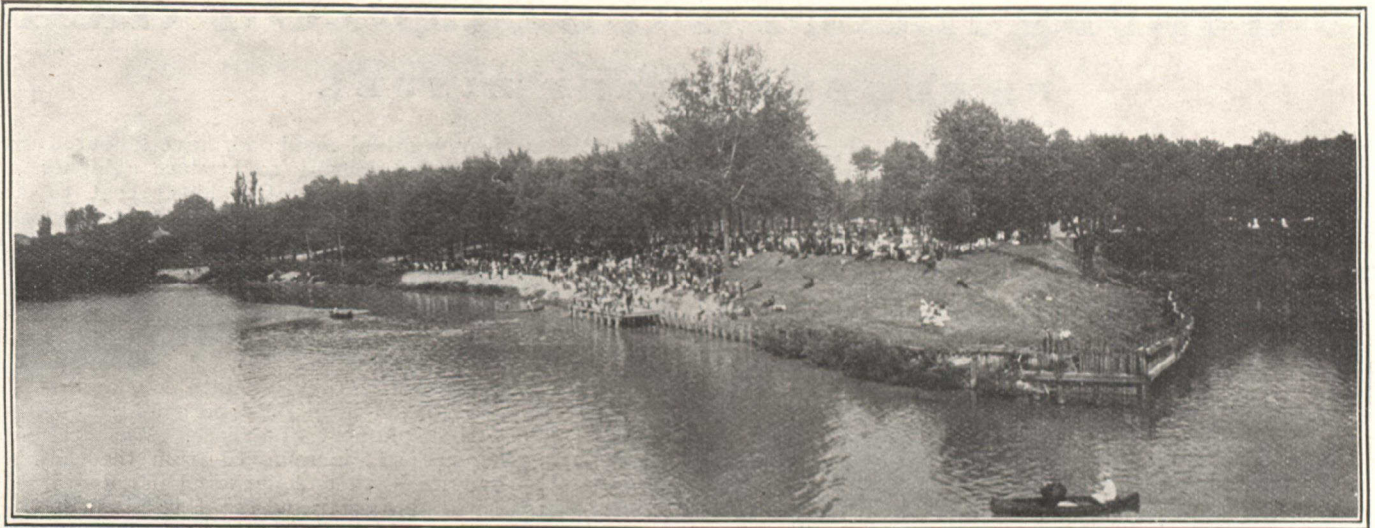
Linen, as everyone knows, is one of the great exports of Belfast, but the great linen houses now have great difficulty in filling orders. One of the largest firms, driven to desperation by their inability to ship goods, finally despatched sixty-one cases to New York by carting them through the streets in the middle of the night. The head of the firm rode on the motor-lorry himself, and, the strike pickets being asleep, the goods were smuggled away safely.

Belfast is the great centre of the aerated water industry, the ginger ale of this sturdy town being famous wherever temperance drinks are imbibed. There is extreme difficulty now in making shipments promptly and even greater difficulties in securing returned "empties" from England.

The iron-making and engineering industries are also crippled, one of the largest foundries having been closed since July 6th. The port returns for this year will be smaller than for many years and if it had not been for these unfortunate strikes, this would have been a record summer for all branches of trade.



Carts containing Packages of Paper, which were promptly overturned on Great George Street.



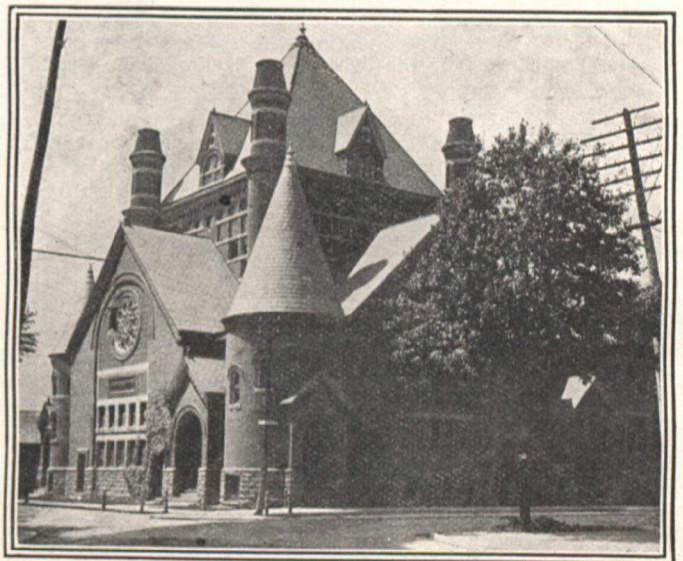
Tecumseh Park, a favourite Holiday Resort.

Photo by Baikie.

This beautiful park, in the heart of the city, was one of the battlegrounds during the War of 1812, and here many people believe Tecumseh was buried.



Aberdeen Bridge.



First Presbyterian Church.

Photos by Baikie.



King Street looking East from Post Office.

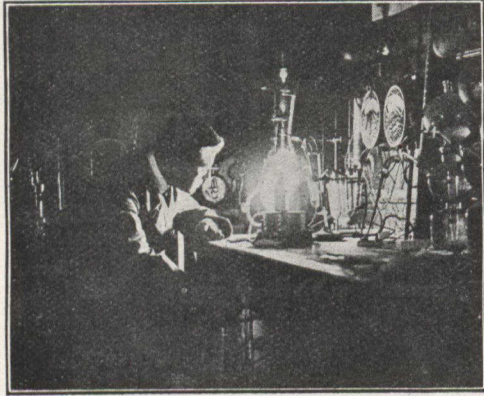
Photo by Baikie.

FAMILIAR SCENES IN AND AROUND CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

Sunlight Made to Order

By EUGENE SHADE BISBEE

IF the inventors of Helion are not over sanguine, they will soon give us an electric light bulb which will cut down all electric lighting costs to one third their present rate. This will do more for the public than even the Ontario Power Commission has promised to do. The manufacture of these lights will soon be begun in



Walter C. Clark experimenting with the new Filament. Photograph taken by the light of the Helion Lamp itself.

the United States, but it will probably be a year before they are available in Canada. In the meantime the following description by Eugene Shade Bisbee in the April "Technical World Magazine" will be read with interest by electric light users:

Pure sunlight is now being made by man! The incandescent lamp which has been for twenty-five years the standard of the world's artificial illumination, must take a back seat or retire from commercial activity. The arc, the mercury vapor and every form of illumination at present holding sway in centres of industry are relegated to the past. The true, pure, commercially possible light has come and after years of experimentation has been brought to a practical basis of manufacture.

It is not too much to say that within a comparatively brief space of time there will be in use in the homes offices and workshops of the civilised world millions of tiny artificial suns which will shed their pure white rays in place of the yellow glow-worms which for a quarter of a century have stood for the highest example of illuminating achievement and have made Thomas A. Edison the most marvellous of electrical wizards, for it was his invention, or, rather, discovery, which gave to the world the incandescent electric light as it has been known for nearly a generation and upon which it has not until now been possible to improve.

The discoverers of the new light are Herschell C. Parker, professor of physics in Columbia University, New



Mr. Clark Testing a Filament.

York, and Walter G. Clark, also of New York, and the Phoenix Laboratory at Columbia University was the scene of the achievement.

For seven years, by day and by night, these two

men, still in their youthful manhood, have laboured over their experiments endeavouring to produce a higher degree of effective electric light at a lower cost to the consumer. After weeks and months spent at the work they made the discovery that a combination of elements, of which silicon was an important factor, when made into the form of a filament of about the size and shape of the Edison carbonised palm fibre in the lamps with which the public is familiar, gave a light that was much more efficient than the Edison at a far less cost. The filament was made by introducing into a chamber the several materials in the form of vapors and depositing them upon a carbon filament as a base. When the new filament is thus made it is removed from the chamber where it has had its birth and anchored in an ordinary glass bulb. The light generated by this filament has been shown to be as high as eighty-two candle power, with a voltage of ninety, while an Edison lamp attached to the same current gave but sixteen candle power.

The light of the new lamp, also, is exactly that of diffused sunlight and has none of the common characteristics of the ordinary incandescent light. It shows, under the spectrum, all the rays of the sun, while the Edison is a distinct yellow.

Using this fact as a basis, the discoverers named their new light "Helion," after the Greek helios, meaning sun.

In appearance, the Helion lamp is similar to the incandescent lamps now in use, except when burning, when, instead of a yellow glow it gives out a white light. The filament is apparently impervious to ordinary heat, for when a current sufficient to fuse the copper



Mr. Clark Fusing a Filament.

Note how the gas-light at the worker's right pales in comparison with the Helion light above.

leading-in wires has been introduced the filament showed not the slightest indication of fusing and when accidentally broken by force it weids itself when the ends are again brought into contact.

In a series of demonstrations at Columbia University recently, at which the writer was present, a Helion lamp was attached to the same wire that lighted an Edison of 16 candle power. Placed side by side on the table, when the Edison lamp was turned off the diminution of light was not noticeable to the unaided eye, but when the Helion was turned off and the Edison left burning the table could hardly be seen. The test showed a power of eighty candles for the Helion to sixteen for the Edison, with a voltage of about ninety.

Ordinarily, the Helion will admit three-and-one-half times as much light as the Edison, of an improved efficiency by reason of its spectrum colour, as against the yellow of the Edison.

In a recent conversation with the writer, both Professor Parker and Mr. Clark said that they were by no means content to rest where they are at present but that they will go on until they have assured themselves by exact scientific tests that they can go no farther in their search for efficiency. If they can now produce a dazzling white light, showing a spectrum exactly like that of the sun and giving off that light in a proportion of three, four or five to one, as compared with the Edison and at an expenditure of energy of one watt per candle power, they believe they can go still farther than this and thus decrease the cost to the consumer. Every watt saved, at no loss of efficiency in light, means a lessening of the cost, a goal toward which electrical inventors have been for years striving.

The Guardians of the Treasure

AN ADVENTURE OF ELLIS CLAYTON OF THE INDIAN POLICE AND HIS ASSISTANT, MAHMOUD KHAN.

By JULIAN LINLEY

CAPTAIN ELLIS CLAYTON finished his whisky "peg," stretched his legs more comfortably in the long cane chair, and re-read the letter which he held in his hand. It was from the Political Agent of the small native state of Rattiapore, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Clayton,

"I shall require your valuable assistance up in this out-of-the-world place to aid me in unravelling a mystery—that is the correct phrase, I believe—of a nature which was rather more common in self-governed states a quarter of a century ago than in these enlightened days. The heir to the ruling Begum has disappeared, and the officials at the palace are in such a state of excitement and consternation that it is impossible to get any intelligent statement from them. The Begum, as you know, is an old woman, and, as the missing prince—Gholam Singh—has been officially nominated as her heir, there is no question of a rival. He was a dissipated young fellow, whom I did not like, but that is beside the matter. He may have got himself mixed up in some intrigue, received a knife-thrust in consequence, and his body been hidden. Yet to my mind the business goes deeper than that, my reason for that belief being the unaccountable indifference of the Begum as to his fate. I have made the usual official application to headquarters that your services may be placed at my disposal—or the disposal of the state—and hope to see you very soon.

"Yours sincerely,

"Guy Somerville."

"The Begum's indifference is certainly queer," Clayton murmured lazily, "but as the young prince was only her nephew, and she may not have had any great affection for him—Ah! here is Mahmoud Khan. I must tell him to hold himself in readiness for a journey."

The trooper, stalwart and upright, was crossing the compound. Clayton beckoned him to the verandah. "There is something in your line, Mahmoud," he said, holding up the letter. "Listen while I read to you some portions of a communication which I have received from Somerville sahib, at Rattiapore. The "sowar" understood English, but for his better comprehension Clayton translated what he read into Hindostani. Mahmoud Khan twisted his curled beard and smiled grimly.

"Again there is a woman in the mischief," he said.

"There may be," admitted Clayton. "But up to the present we have no actual proof of feminine intrigue in the case."

"Many are the plots laid inside a zenana, sahib," replied Mahmoud Khan. "And the Begum sahiba is a strong-willed yet very suspicious woman. Who knows—but there! I waste time in talking now, for until we get to Rattiapore we cannot learn the full facts of the case."

A "chuprassie" came up to the verandah and, making a salaam, handed Clayton a long official envelope.

"It is the order from headquarters, Mahmoud," said Clayton, when he had torn open the envelope and read

the enclosed missive. "We start within the hour. Be ready."

Mahmoud Khan saluted, and strode off to make his brief preparations. Part of the journey would be done by train, and part by horse dak. In fifteen hours from the receipt of the official order Captain Clayton found himself in the capital of Rattiapore. Guy Somerville came out to meet him as he alighted at the door of the residency.

"I see you have your henchman with you," exclaimed Somerville, after the usual greetings were over. "Well, there may be a knot here which will have to be cut, and Mahmoud Khan's sabre—eh! Come into my office while your traps are being taken up to your room."

"Any fresh developments?" asked Clayton.

"Yes. The body of the young prince was found this morning in the jungle about half a mile beyond the outskirts of the city."

"Ah! then that will clear up matters a bit," said Clayton briskly; "though if we have had our journey for nothing, I am—"

"You have not," interrupted Somerville. "For the whole wretched business seems to me to be infinitely more complicated now than it was in the beginning."

"The young prince has been murdered, I take it," said Clayton; "or was his

death the result of an accident?"

"You shall hear," pursued Somerville. "As I told you his body was found this morning—by a woodcutter, a harmless fellow enough—and as soon as I heard the news I hastened to the spot. There could be no doubt as to the manner of his death—he had been attacked by cobras. There were two punctured wounds on his legs, and one on his neck, made by the fangs of those venomous reptiles."

"Cobras in the Rattiapore jungle, sahib!" exclaimed Mahmoud Khan.

"You are surprised, Mahmoud," said the agent. "Well, so was I. For it is a well-known fact that cobras have never yet been found in that particular part of the jungle which is of small extent."

"What have you done with the body?" asked Clayton quickly. "I must see it, if possible."

"That can be arranged," replied Somerville. "It has been brought back to the palace. But there are a few formalities to be gone through first; so, while I am seeing to that part of the business, you had better have some tiffin."

"We can leave tiffin till afterwards," returned Clayton. "We mustn't let the grass grow under our feet in these cases; so, as an hour or two must elapse before I can view the body of the unfortunate young prince, I will get you to show me the spot in the jungle where it was found."

This Somerville agreed to do, and after a walk of half an hour—for they made a slight detour in order to avoid observation—they came to a dense and gloomy part of the jungle where the undergrowth was rank and luxuriant.

The spot where the body had lain was plainly to be seen, for there had been heavy rain during the night,



"Keep on with thy song, Jackal," hissed the Trooper.

and the fallen leaves, thoroughly soddened, were pressed down in that one grimly suggestive place into a sort of mould, bearing a grotesque resemblance to a human form.

"The puzzling thing is," observed Somerville, "that he must have come here alone, for there are only the tracks of one man's feet, which come from the direction of the palace."

"So I see," replied Clayton.

"Well, I will leave you to pursue your investigations," continued Somerville, "while I go and attend to the other part of the business."

The first thing that Clayton did was to take some exact measurements of such of the footprints as were most clearly defined, and while he was occupied in this manner the "sowar" proceeded to make a search in the surrounding jungle, within a radius of about a hundred yards.

"Clayton sahib," called out Mahmoud Khan after an interval; "there is something here which you must see."

Clayton was examining a shining object which he held in his hand. He slipped it into his pocket and made his way to the spot where the "sowar" was awaiting him.

"What is it?" he demanded.

Mahmoud Khan pointed to some footprints upon the ground.

"Made before the rain, as those others were," he said. "And if my eyes do not play me tricks, they are the footprints of the same man. These, as you see, sahib, are returning towards the palace."

Again Clayton took some measurements, and compared them with his previous ones. They tallied to the fraction of an inch.

"Your eyes have not played you any tricks, Mahmoud," he said; "they are made by the same man. Where do they commence?"

"Here, sahib. It is as if the man dropped from the clouds on to the earth."

"More likely he dropped from one of the branches of this tree by which I am standing," Clayton said drily. "There are no tracks beyond the place where the body was found."

"What are we to believe, sahib? That a dead man rose up, climbed over the branches of many trees, and then dropped to the ground and walked out of the jungle?"

"Afterwards flying back again, eh? Do you believe it, Mahmoud?"

"Am I a child, sahib? But this much I believe"—he pointed to the downtrodden undergrowth and broken twigs, which marked a recent track through the jungle—"that at the end of this trail lies a solution of the mystery."

"It ends at the palace," said Clayton. "Well, we have arrived at the same conclusion by different methods. Look here."

"He took from his pocket the shining object which he had been examining when the trooper called to him. It was a gold earring set with pearls and diamonds, such as would be worn by a native lady of high rank. Mahmoud Khan expressed no surprise at seeing the bauble, for the grim old fighter always prided himself in being able to keep his feelings under control and on having an absolute command over his features.

"Such an ornament," he said, "is fit for a Begum. Where did you find it, sahib?"

"Yonder; near the spot where the body of the young prince was discovered. It was hidden by a tuft of fern. The mystery would seem to deepen, Mahmoud."

"Yet we will sound its depths," replied the "sowar," dropping his hand on to the hilt of his sabre.

It seemed that he contemplated doing the sounding with the point of that weapon.

After a short time longer spent in the jungle they followed the backward trail, which led them to a side gate in the high wall which surrounded the palace gardens. As they could not pass through here without obtaining permission, they were about to turn away, when the gate opened and Somerville stepped from the garden right in front of them. He was alone.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I thought you would go back to my bungalow."

"We were on the point of doing so," replied Clayton. "Have you obtained permission for me to view the body?"

"Yes."

"Then if you can let us in by the way you have just come out, a lot of valuable time will be saved. A political agent has many privileges not granted to ordinary mortals at the court of a native prince—or princess."

"There is no reason why you should not enter by

this gate," replied Somerville, "so long as I am with you."

He knew his way about the palace grounds, and in the palace itself, quite as well as any of the officials of the household—possibly better than some of them, for he had been greatly liked and trusted by the Begum's late husband, who during his lifetime had been the ruler of the state.

The body of Gholam Singh was lying in an apartment at the east wing of the palace, and a sentry stood on guard at the door. At a word from Somerville he allowed them to pass, but Mahmoud Khan declined to enter the death chamber. Clayton glanced at him sharply to try and get at the reason of this refusal, for he well knew that the trooper would not be troubled with any scruples on the score of religion, though he was of a different faith from the late prince.

"I will await you in the grounds, sahib," he said, with a meaning look at Clayton.

Then Clayton knew that Mahmoud Khan had some plan in his mind which he wanted to carry out alone, so he merely said, "All right," and passed on with Somerville into the apartment.

The punctured wounds on the limbs of the ill-fated young prince, Clayton took but little heed of. He knew very well that the agent would not have made a mistake as to their nature. But to Somerville's astonishment he bared the feet of the poor remnant of humanity and proceeded to take a careful measurement of them.

"You pointed out to me," he said at length, "that there were only one set of tracks into the jungle, and that therefore Gholam Singh must have walked out alone to the place where he was found."

"I did," replied Somerville.

"He did not walk out there," pursued Clayton. "He was carried on the back of another man!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the puzzled agent.

"The tracks you saw," explained Clayton, "were made by a man with feet of a different size and shape from those of—" he drew the coverlet over the body—"this misguided young fellow. The prince met his death here—that is, somewhere in the palace or the palace grounds. I think that Mahmoud Khan is at this very moment trying to find out the exact place."

"But, man, what about the cobra bites?" cried the agent. "They were undoubtedly the cause of his death. How do you account for them?"

"That is a mystery which I hope to solve to-night," answered Clayton. "I discovered many things during the short time that I was in the jungle—at least Mahmoud Khan and I did. For instance, the man who carried the body of the prince out there is a very strong and active fellow and cunning to boot. Thus, with the object of throwing the police off the scent in case there was an investigation, he sprang up into the branches of a tree, after dropping the body to the ground—he had chosen the spot well, where there was a low, overhanging branch—and made his way from tree to tree for a distance of fifty yards. Then he descended, and walked back to that side gate of the palace grounds where you met us awhile ago."

"There has been some foul work going on," exclaimed Somerville gravely; "but there must have been more than one man in it."

"A man and a woman for instance," said Clayton. "By the way, do you happen to recognise this?"

He produced the jewelled earring and handed it to Somerville. The agent uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I have seen the Begum wearing it," he cried. "Therefore it must be her property. How came it into your possession?"

Ellis Clayton told him. The eyes of the two men met.

"This is beyond me," said the agent. "Do you mean to suggest that the Begum knows anything of this dark business? Oh, it is impossible! She had nothing to gain by Gholam Singh's death."

"I have heard a rumour," answered Clayton, "that she possesses a goodly store of treasure, principally jewels, left to her by her late husband. Do you know where the treasure chamber is situated?"

"No," replied Somerville. "She keeps that knowledge to herself."

"A difficult secret to keep," murmured Clayton. "Come, let us go out and join Mahmoud Khan."

They found him standing like a statue in a far corner of the gardens, where some tall bushes effectually screened him from the sight of anyone who might chance to look out of one of the palace windows.

"Anything to report, Mahmoud?" asked Clayton.

The "sowar" pointed to a square, domed building which could be seen through the trees from where they stood.

"The late rajah's tomb, is it not, sahib?" he said.

"It is," replied Somerville.

"The Begum Sahiba, sorrowing greatly for her late husband, visits that tomb occasionally. It is not so?"

"I believe she does," returned Somerville; "though I can't answer for her sorrow."

"There are others who visit that tomb," pursued Mahmoud Khan.

"Oh!" The agent was startled. "What are you driving at, man?"

"There are footprints, the same that we traced in the jungle," explained Mahmoud Khan, "leading up to the entrance to the tomb. Can you gain access to these grounds after dark, sahib, unknown to the people in the palace."

"I have the key to the side gate," answered Somerville.

"Good!" said the trooper. "Then we three must keep watch to-night outside the tomb."

* * * * *

The night was dark and moonless, and the wind moaned with a melancholy wail through the branches of the trees. Somewhere beyond the high walls of the garden a prowling jackal yelped dismally. The agent, weary of the three hours' watch, started and shivered. Absolute silence was essential, and it was necessary also that they should shift their positions as little as possible; as a consequence, the tension was beginning to tell on his nerves.

Clayton and Mahmoud Khan were accustomed to vigils of this description, and were indifferent to everything except carrying out their plans to a successful issue.

Somerville looked at his watch, and could just make out that it was within a few minutes of eleven o'clock, when they heard the sound of stealthy footsteps upon the narrow path which led from the east wing of the palace. A few seconds later a native came into sight, and going straight up to the door of the marble tomb, unlocked it and pushed it open. It was a heavy door, and swung slowly on its hinges. The man did not enter, but squatting down on the threshold commenced to sway his body to and fro in a peculiar manner. Then there rose on the night air a low, weird chant, which was not unfamiliar to the ears of the listeners.

"It is Ramuath, the snake-charmer," whispered Somerville.

Clayton glanced across to Mahmoud Khan.

"Ready?" he asked, under his breath.

The trooper nodded, and drew his sword softly from its scabbard.

Meanwhile the song of the snake-charmer continued, now soft as a lullaby, now a trifle harsh and discordant; but never very loud—never quite loud enough, in fact, to reach the ears of the nearest sentry.

"It is time, Mahmoud," said Clayton. "Be swift and silent."

The trooper crept away into the darkness. There was a pause of a few minutes. There was a pause of a few minutes, and then he reappeared not more than a couple of yards behind the snake-charmer. But some slight sound had attracted Ramuath's attention. He turned round, snatching a knife from his kummerband, but it was only to recoil from the point of Mahmoud Khan's gleaming sabre.

"Keep on with thy song, jackal," hissed the trooper, "or I will drive my sword through thy carcase and stop thy singing forever. No matter for the tune—it is to charm a woman now, not a snake."

The scowling, but frightened wretch obeyed, while Mahmoud Khan stood over him, keeping well in the shadow. Presently from the shrubbery which bordered the path a woman's voice was heard calling:

"Ramuath! Ramuath!"

"Answer, dog!" said Mahmoud Khan sternly; "in the same words that you always use when your mistress calls."

Again the snake-charmer, anxious now only for his own safety, obeyed.

A veiled woman stepped out into the open, but catching sight of the shadowy figure of the trooper with the drawn sword in his hand, she came to a dead stop. She attempted to cry out, but in her agony of fear—which was neither for herself nor the snake-charmer, by the way—nothing but a gasping sob came from her parched lips.

"It is the Begum!" exclaimed Somerville.

"Well, I expected her," replied Clayton. "Didn't you say that she was in the habit of visiting her late hus-

band's tomb? Come, there is no further need for concealment."

When the agent and the police officer appeared, the Begum found her voice.

"Robbers!" she cried. "You have come here to steal my treasure. But you shall kill me first—"

"Keep silent, lest there be a scandal," commanded Ellis Clayton, who had small respect, even for royal rank, when he was carrying out his duties. "Your treasure will not be interfered with by us. Give me your lantern, Rani, for I have no desire to meet the same fate as your nephew."

"What is this talk of treasure?" exclaimed Somerville. "And—"

"This tomb is the Begum's treasure-chamber," interposed Clayton; "and a fairly safe one, I should say. Let me show you something."

He stepped to the door of the great tomb, and held up the lantern so that a view of the inside could be obtained. A row of iron-clasped boxes were to be seen ranged on one side, but it was not these that attracted their attention. About a yard beyond the threshold two hooded cobras were gliding across the floor, their green, glittering eyes flashing evilly in the lantern-light.

"The guardians of the treasure," said Clayton. Then he shut the heavy door of the tomb, and turned the key in the lock. * * * * *

"Under the circumstances," said Clayton to his friend Somerville a few hours later, "the best course of action is to let the matter drop. Here is the case in a nutshell. The Begum, being an old lady of queer fancies, chooses to keep all her jewels, and other treasure in her late husband's tomb; but always having a dread of thieves she also keeps therein a couple of cobras to act as guardians of the treasure. She has taken one man into her confidence, the snake-charmer Ramuath, for without his assistance she would not herself be able to enter her treasure house. She pays him liberally, I suppose, but in any case he has proved himself a faithful servant. The Begum, I fancy, is of a miserly disposition, and, like all misers, has a taste for gloating over her treasures at night."

"The old fool!" muttered Somerville disrespectfully.

"By some means or other," pursued Clayton, "her dissipated nephew, Gholam Singh, learnt the secret of the—ah—treasure tomb, but unfortunately for himself he did not learn of the cobras which guarded the treasure. With a duplicate key he obtained an entrance in the dark. The door closed behind him, and—well, you can guess the rest. The next time the Begum and Ramuath entered the place they found his body. To make the matter public would be also to reveal the secret of the tomb to everyone. Anything was better than that, and as the Begum had no great affection for her nephew she arranged with Ramuath to carry his body into the jungle and leave it there. One cannot feel any pity for Gholam Singh—who, by the way, must have got hold of some of the jewels, for that earring evidently dropped from his clothes; and to my mind it is a fortunate thing for the state that he is dead, as he was totally unfitted to be a ruler."

Ontario's French Pronunciation

THERE is a most estimable gentleman—a French-Canadian—living in a large city in Ontario where very few of his compatriots reside and where the French language is seldom or never heard and almost totally unknown. This gentleman's name is Belanger—I hope he will forgive me for mentioning it, but the story is too good to remain hidden behind a bushel.

Although his name is Belanger, it is sad but true that he is never called by his name. He is called by a variety of other names, but principally Bellinger (with the g soft like j) and Belanger (with the g hard). Somebody once asked "What's in a name," and the obvious reply is "Letters," but everything depends on how the letters are sounded.

At first the jolt of being greeted as Bellinger was terrific. Mons. Belanger aged perceptibly, but after getting nothing else for a year or two, he became gradually reconciled to it, and now—one hates to relate it—when asked his name he replies without the twitch of a muscle or the movement of a hair—"Bellinger." Think of it, ye who dwell in Quebec!

Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who succeeds Lord Charles Beresford in command of Great Britain's Mediterranean fleet, is a son of Baron Drury, a French-Canadian of New Brunswick. He is a man of splendid physique and is one of the few officers of Canadian birth in the royal navy.



THE CONSUL'S NIECE

A STORY OF THE SIXTIES

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles we Buy,"
"Gabriel Praed's Castle," etc.

This story is founded on the well known event of the late Captain Taylor Wood's taking the Confederate privateer Tallahassee out of Halifax Harbour by the Eastern Passage, while two American cruisers were awaiting her in the main channel.

Resume: Judge Fawcett, the United States Consul at Halifax during the American Civil War, was much disturbed when there appeared, in the British harbour, the Confederate craft, "Onondaga." He and his niece, Millie, attended a dance on board the English flagship, and the latter recognized in Jack Carter a young Southern lieutenant from the "Onondaga," her former playmate and lover.

"I BEG your pardon," she murmured.
"Don't mind me. Say whatever you like," was the answer she scarcely heard.

Her eyes were fixed on a head of yellow curls—curls the counterpart of which still hung around her neck.

How brown and thin he looked, and older and graver, but ah, still the same Jack Carter of moonlight evenings on the verandah at home in Maryland.

Did he guess that she was here? Could he be unconscious of her presence? When would he turn and see her? Was there any chance of his trying to speak to her?

Ah! The moment had come, and heaven and earth and all time hung on that breathless meeting of two souls across a barrier more solid than space—the barrier of honour and duty, of warring hosts, of lives laid down in battle.

With a flash of startled eagerness in his face, he took an impulsive step forward. Checked by her irresponsiveness he hesitated, and bowed gravely, then realising that she would make no answering sign of recognition, he flushed and looked away.

It was over, and Millie caught her breath sharply, feeling that nothing else in all the world mattered.

Something in her hand cracked, and she looked down at the snapped sticks of her tightly grasped fan. Jack had brought her that fan from Havana, after his first cruise.

"It's past mending," she said looking up at Palliser wistfully.

"Give it to me. I'll take care of it," he said, pocketing the useless trifle. It was the last Millie ever saw of the fan.

The newcomers were now engulfed in their countrywomen's group. The greetings were effusively gay on the surface, though some must have been but the accentuating of preceding tragedies.

To Millie's lonely gaze, only the surface gaiety was evident. She saw Jack Carter, hold Adeline's hand, bending his head to speak low, earnest words.

Outpost duty! This was not outpost duty, it was torture!

The rhythm of a waltz sounded and one or two couples revolved to the music.

Millie said with a smile, "I think it would be a change to dance."

Palliser scrutinised her flushed cheeks, the set smile around her lips, and agreed.

As they swept round the deck, and Millie knew that gliding close to them was a couple in grey cloth and turquoise blue silk.

Her open sleeve had fallen back, and as long gloves were then unknown, her wrist was bare.

Something woolen brushed it softly, sending through her a queer thrill. For a moment her cheek almost touched a familiar shoulder, and she looked close into a face, strained into wistfulness, then the dance turned her away.

A faltering in her step checked Palliser, but if he

guessed why her hand trembled on his arm he gave no sign.

"Come below and have some wine," he said, but just then an officer of the Duncan swooped down upon them with a smiling Frenchman, and from thenceforth Millie's partners were varied.

The effort of talking broken French helped to keep her attention from that grey figure though she was always conscious of its whereabouts.

She was with Captain Palliser again and he had carried his point as to feeding her, when Judge Fawcett sought them out.

"Ready to go home, little girl?" he asked, scanning her carefully. "We've stayed all the time I meant to, and now I reckon we can march out with the honours of war."

"Oh yes, uncle, so ready," she answered while the first tears dimmed her eyes.

She winked them back as Palliser put in dryly. "You see how tired she is of me, Judge. All the same, I'm coming to call to-morrow to hear how you are after this dissipation."

"That's very kind in you. I expect you'll find me in the same rude health as ever," she made gay answer, wishing that the man would not be so sorry for her.

Palliser accompanied them on deck and stood near while the Judge made his courteously dignified farewell to the captain, who, if ever an English captain can look apologetic on his own deck did so now.

"That's a good-hearted, honest gentleman, that Captain Palliser, Millie," the Judge said as they were rowed shorewards.

If there were in the words any hopeful suggestion of a quiet English home for his favourite, it passed her by. Her heart was too full of other memories to realise what was hers for the grasping.

The next morning brought a fierce south-easterly storm in from sea. Millie, beholding her rain-blurred cruel outside world.

To-day, Judge Fawcett's face was more like a carved wooden mask, and his words were few and terse. His pockets bulged with memoranda and letters which he perpetually pulled out and studied.

A letter with official seal was brought to him at the breakfast-table. He stared at it for a moment before exploding in unwonted wrath.

"The Governor informs me that he has given the captain of the Onondaga leave to remain until they have shipped a new main mast," he announced grimly, then, in an outburst of bitter exultation, "All the better for us! All the better for us! The longer the better!" he muttered as he rubbed his bony hands over each other.

Millie sat staring in pallid dismay. There was something gruesome in the man's hard, self-contained anger, and for the first time she realized that her indulgent uncle might be, was a relentless enemy.

Yesterday she would have been with him heart and soul, but to-day how could she when he was triumphing over the perils ahead of the man she loved.

Presently the Judge was again immersed in the usual flutter of documents. Millie watched him pull a slim pamphlet from his pocket, and begin to make notes on a scrap of paper. Knowing that the pamphlet contained his official cipher code she sat entranced in the ever-recurring dread of evil tidings.

(Continued on page 27)

British Gossip

NEVER, say the papers and the British public, has there been such a summer for American tourists. Of course these are chiefly women, for the average United States business man is too absorbed in making money for his womankind to think of taking a month off in Europe. But many of these tourists from Canada and the United States are women who are self-supporting and have invested some of their savings in foreign experience. This year a fashion has sprung up, which is a form of newspaper advertising. An Ohio journal, for instance, has sent the twenty-one most popular girls in the state, called "Buckeye Daisies" on a seven-weeks' European tour. It is an exceedingly pretty and varied form of advertising and London has given the fair visitors both "paraphrastic" and photographic attention. Stratford-on-Avon aroused their enthusiasm and the party, it is said, voted Shakespeare's birth-place "perfectly cute." One of the "Daisies" called on Miss Corelli at Mason Croft but the author of "Thelma," to say nothing of the "Sorrows of Satan," was not at home to the investigating admirer. Among the latest arrivals are several Toronto girls, sent by a Canadian newspaper. These maidens have already been described as "Maple Blossoms" and will no doubt receive much journalistic notice.

A curious controversy has been disturbing Hon. Augustine Birrell and the staff of the "Daily Graphic." In the issue of that weekly of July 20th there appeared three pictures illustrating alleged tyrannical doings of the United Irish League. The paper stated at the time that the photographs did not represent actual occurrence but that the moonlighters had re-enacted the scenes for the benefit of the photographer. In spite of this cautious announcement, Mr. Birrell saw fit to denounce these pictures on the floor of the House, describing them as "pictorial illustrations of absolute inventions, passed off as historical pictures of actual occurrences for the purpose of inflaming the public mind." The weekly has rather the better of it in the pretty dispute which has followed Mr. Birrell's startling attack. The press has generally supported the "Daily Graphic" and one entertaining contemporary goes so far as to remind Mr. Birrell of certain posters of Chinamen in chains with which, as chief of the Liberal Publication Department, he is said to have decorated the country during the last General Election.

The Isle of Wight, or rather Cowes, is a fashionable resort once in the year and is made merry during eight days in August. This, year, however, the pageant fever seized the Isle of Wight also and gave variety to yachting week. Carisbrooke Castle, which is in the vicinity of the regatta centre, was an important residence during the last years of Charles I. But away back in Roman days, a warrior of the name of Vespasian marked it for his own and this act came in very appropriately for the pageant people. From the middle of the seventeenth century down to the Victorian era, the Isle of Wight was comparatively unfashionable. Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Governor of the Island, is in residence and will entertain King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain in October.

Sir Humphrey Francis de Trafford has recently come up for his public examination in the Leicester Bankruptcy Court, thereby revealing a somewhat startling financial record. Although the young baronet had an income of over forty thousand pounds a year, he found this sum insufficient for modern demands. Four years after his father's death, the youthful nobleman was in debt to the tune of one hundred thousand pounds and at present he owes over half a million. Horses have been the chief item of expense and now the stables will be sadly reduced.

Quite a different order of British aristocrat is Hon. Francis Patrick Clements, who was born in 1885 and is by profession a sailor. Although brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Leitrim, he is determined to eschew fashionable society and to work "as a man in a world of men." He recently worked his way as stoker on an American liner and is now in Texas acting as cowboy.

Lady Randolph Churchill, as she is still called in spite of the fact that she has been the wife of Captain Cornwallis West for several years, is said to be engaged in writing her recollections. Mr. Winston Churchill's admirable life of Lord Randolph owes something of its

merit to Lady Randolph's assistance. The fair writer has already been editor of one of the most luxurious magazines ever published. The "Anglo-Saxon Review" was born with a pearl-and-gold pen in its hand but was entirely too sumptuous to last in this age of cheap magazines and cheaper dailies. Lady Randolph Churchill was her husband's sympathetic companion through a political struggle which had many sensational features. The beautiful young American was hostess to all the great men of the day and a volume of her recollections will probably be of a rare piquancy.

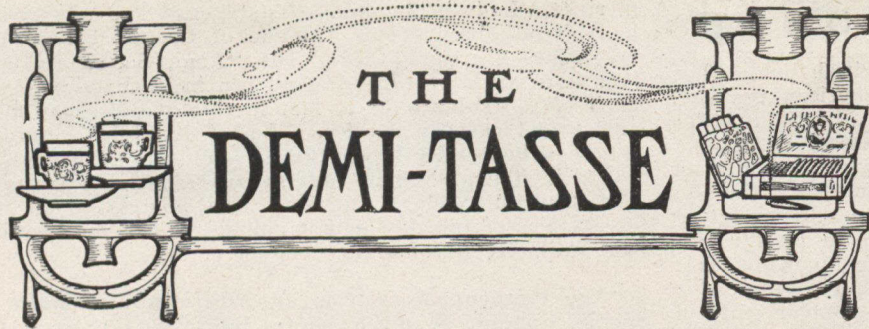
Mr. Pierpont Morgan is an American millionaire in whom England is much more interested than in the fussy and loquacious Mr. Carnegie. One cannot imagine Mr. Morgan, who delights in costly Fragonards and historic manuscripts, taking his pen in hand, as did merry Andrew, to inform the world that he does not care much for Homer. Mr. Morgan is noted as a man of few words. When he appeared in the police-court lately, in connection with a case in which the criminal was an alleged acquaintance of the millionaire, he made an admirable witness from the standpoint of taciturnity. His yacht "Corsair" is said to be Mr. Morgan's favourite dwelling-place and some of the most important Anglo-American negotiations have been held in the largest of its state-rooms. The original warrant for the arrest of John Bunyan is one of Mr. Morgan's latest acquisitions.



Bust of Forbes Robertson, by Emil Fuchs.
(From August Century.)

One of the most desirable spots for a quiet holiday is Clovelly in Devonshire which has not yet been spoiled by the tripper. The county of cream and kisses, as one of its sons has described it, has no more restful old-world corner than this town of steep and narrow streets where the motorist is not likely to invade with his noisy and malodorous touring car. In Clovelly there are no fashionable globe-trotters, for the town is too full of the charm of the past to attract those who are in search of "sights." Clovelly, as yet, sturdily refuses to become hideously modernised and remains quietly apart from the turmoil of the Twentieth Century. It is a spot in which one could easily meet the rosy-cheeked "Primitiva" of whom Mr. Zangwill's Londoner became so enamoured.

No longer is "trade" regarded as a sordid occupation. So many members of the aristocracy have been "rejuiced," after the fashion of Corporal Mulvaney, that an earl may be something more than a dummy director, while a countess may interest herself in high-class cosmetics or Parisian gowns. Lady Auckland is the latest aristocratic recruit to the ranks of business women, having recently opened an antique shop to enable her to retrieve the losses suffered by Lord Auckland on the Stock Exchange. New York is not the only city which has recently known panics, silent or voluble.



THE DEMI-TASSE

TIMELY RHYMES.

There was a designer so sly,
They said he was blind in one eye.
Cried Herreschoff, breezy,
"Canadians are easy,
I guess we can win if we try."

So he sent out a boat slim and fair,
With the measurements all in the air.
They called it a yacht,
But we rather guess not,
But of course it was perfectly square.

LUCKY SHAW.

According to a "Daily Mail" report, the dramatist, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, had a narrow escape from drowning last week. Would it have been a calamity or an accident, had the author of "Man and Superman" not been rescued, is the question some critics are asking. Probably it is the first time that Mr. Shaw has found himself beyond his depth.

THE REAL ARTICLE.

Dear little Maudie awoke about two o'clock the other morning and asked mother to tell her a fairy tale.
"It's too late, darling," was the reply.
"Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHEN IS IT?

The profound truth that to-morrow never comes, and yesterday, although it is always passing, has never been with us, has led a correspondent to throw off this effort:

"Although yesterday to-day was to-morrow, and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday, nevertheless yesterday to-morrow would be day after to-morrow, because to-day would be to-morrow yesterday, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, or would have been the day after to-morrow yesterday."—The Pilgrim.

IS IT TRUE?

A writer in the "Grand" remarks in a casual way: "Some time ago I saw a couple of brown-paper parcels being handed into a first-class carriage at Euston. Inside the carriage was an elderly gentleman with a long white fringe of hair surrounding a bald cranium. It was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier. 'I didn't like packing them in my trunks,' he explained, 'and I thought they'd better go in my stateroom on the steamer. So I had my secretary wrap them up like ordinary parcels, although they're rather heavy.' What do you think they were? The two massive gold caskets containing the freedom of London and Bristol. The Bristol box wasn't presented at Bristol, as the papers said, but the Mayor of the city brought it to the Hotel Cecil in a cab and gave it to the Premier after dinner on Dominion Day. They tell me the Mayor was as nervously proud of his gift as a hen with one chick."

NOT THE FIRST TIME.

Mr. Walter J. Travis, the golfer, set up his ball, and then made half a dozen swishes at the short grass with the driver. "I am not in good form," he said. "I am playing like the broker we had here last week. This broker played once around, making a dreadful exhibition of himself. Of this, though, he was not aware. He was doing pretty well for him. The man's

caddy was an unusually quiet, stolid lad, a boy with a freckled face, quite devoid of expression. And since the caddy never once laughed or sneered at his bad play, the broker took a fancy to him. And he said at the end of the round, in the hope of getting a compliment: 'I have been travelling for the last six months. I am quite out of practice. That is why I am in such bad form to-day?'

"The caddy replied, calmly: 'Then ye've played before, have ye, sir?'"—The Argonaut.

UNCERTAIN GRAFT.

"So you think there is less bribery among public officials than formerly?"

"I'm sure of it," said Senator Sorghum. "It's got so that a man can't tell whether an offer of money is a bona fide transaction, or merely a trap to get a man before the grand jury."—Washington Star.



Diogenes: "An honest man at last,"
—Harper's Monthly.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

The following are gleaned by "Cassell's Magazine" from definitions given by school children:

"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."
"Etc.' is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do."

"The equator is a menagerie line running round the centre of the earth."

"The climate of Bombay is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere."

"Henry VIII. was brave, corpulent and cruel; he was frequently married to a widow, had an ulcer in his leg and great decision of character."

CHEERFUL SOUL.

Jonah was making the best of his tight squeeze. "What's the use of kicking?" he soliloquised. "This apartment is not a bit smaller than the city flat I used to occupy." And then Jonah crossed his legs and began to whistle, "What's the use to blubber when there's blubber all around."—Chicago News.

A JUST FINE.

Speeding in motor cars has taken the place of the unlawful "scorching" of ten years ago. Lord Montagu was stopped by a policeman in London the other day for exceeding the speed limit, and endeavoured in vain to persuade the officer that the motor car had been travelling at a lawful rate. This occurrence brought to the excellent memory of M. A. P. a story of Lord Montagu's younger days. On one occasion he was called before a magistrate for allowing his dog to go about unmuzzled, and pleaded guilty to the charge. The magistrate inflicted a fine for the of-

fence, and shortly afterwards he was seen in earnest conversation with the culprit.

"You'll have to pay, you know," the younger man was saying, and quietly the magistrate of the law settled the fine and costs. The magistrate and the owner of the unmuzzled dog were father and son.

This sounds like the old Sheridan story. When the famous dramatist, who was always head over ears in debt, became angry with his son, he threatened the latter with dire poverty. "I'll cut you off with a shilling," he stormed.

"Then you must borrow it, father," was the son's quiet reply.

MUST HAVE BEEN A VANCOUVER MILKMAN.

"Once when I had my own billiard saloon," said an old player, who was full of reminiscences, "I was a good deal disturbed by the loss of chalk. Chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper:

"Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim. I'm no millionaire."

"I know the gents wot pocket the chalk, sir," Jim said; "but they're regular customers. You wouldn't want me to offend 'em, would you?"

"Well, no," said I, "I wouldn't. You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy."

"Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons who had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said:

"You're in the milk business, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes. Why?" the patron asked.
"I thought so," said Jim, "from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome."—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

A SCOTTISH BULL.

"Drunk again," said a Scottish magistrate to the prisoner before him. "Five shillings or seven days."

"Och, sure," said the prisoner, who was an Irishwoman, "I have only two shillings in the world."

"Ah, weel," returned the baillie, "ye maun just gang to prison. If ye hadna got drunk wi' your money, ye wad hae had quite enough to pay the fine."—Tit-Bits.

RATHER AWKWARD.

At a wedding feast recently the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speech-making, but he unfortunately placed his hand upon his bride's shoulder, and looking down at her he stammered out his opening and concluding words: "This—er—thing has been forced upon me."



The "Professor."—"Now, a nice easy swing, Miss—and keep your eye on the ball."—Punch.



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Sporting Comment

WITH ninety-six rinks in the running for the various prizes, the big Dominion Bowling Tournament got under way at the Woodbine Lawn, Toronto, on Monday afternoon. Under the care of experts, the grass had been put in excellent shape, and the lawns were all that could be asked, and as the entry list contained most of the cracks in Ontario, the tournament easily ranks as one of the greatest ever held in Canada.

The Canada's Cup races are over, the costly toys that carried so little joy to Canadians are for sale, and all that is left of the much-talked-of series is a trace of hard feeling between the Canadian and American ends of the yachting game. Only one lesson has been taught, and somehow even that seems a trifle time-worn. That lesson is that no British designer is in evidence who can compete with Herreschoff. Sir Thomas Lipton spent thousands upon thousands before this was proved to his satisfaction, but the Canadians refused to profit by his experience, and spent probably \$15,000 more before they were satisfied. And now they can reflect that if even part of that money had been spent trying to develop a Canadian designer, the amount would not have been entirely lost.

As to the ill-feeling generated by the refusal of the Americans to provide the lines of Seneca for measurement purposes, it was simply crushed by the sweeping nature of the victory. As one yachting man puts it, "When people have simply had the clothes licked off them and have had to borrow a barrel to come home in, they don't bother enough about other things." But had the races been close, the probabilities are that that ill-feeling would have intensified to such an extent that the cup would have been returned to the donors and Canada's Cup races have been over forever. Whether that would have been a catastrophe or less is an open question.

But in the meantime Canadians are consoling themselves that while the yacht races proved that the U. S. has one clever yacht designer, Canada still holds the palm in those sports where skill, strength and endurance must combine to furnish the victor. While the "Adele" was losing at Rochester, eight husky young Canucks carrying the colours of the Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto, were sweeping everything before them in the regatta at Philadelphia.

The publication of the correspondence between the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union and the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States shows that the break between those two bodies is complete, and the outcome is awaited with some interest. As the A. A. U. has decided to be its own judge of the standing of those Canadians who wish to compete at its meetings, the C. A. A. U. will doubtless retaliate by taking the same attitude towards American athletes. And what will the result be? Will those crack athletes who live at American clubs and do little or nothing else and yet bear all the evidences of prosperity be allowed to take part at Canadian meets? There has been more or less outcry against them all along, but so long as they came carrying the sanction of the affiliated A. A. U. nothing could be done. Will it be any different now?

For even in Canada, you know, the greatest of our amateurs are not like Caesar's wife. The oarsmen, of course, are all right. There is no gate money in their game. But folks will wonder how Longboat and his satellites continue to travel from meet to meet drawing big crowds for the promoters are satisfied to garner nothing but glory for their share.

While the All-Canadian lacrosse team now in Australia is admittedly of nothing



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more than intermediate calibre, it continues to beat the Australian teams with surprising regularity. And more lacrosse tours are in sight. If Shamrocks finally land the Minto Cup, they will in all probability journey to Dublin Exposition, while Te-cumsehs, whether they win out or not, go to British Columbia to play at Westminster Fair. These two teams continue to win with great regularity. They appear to be in a class by themselves, and the impression grows that they will finish the season as they now stand, viz., Shamrocks 1, Te-cumsehs 2. The others also ran.

* * *

A Canadian four for Henley next year is among the possibilities. The Argos' four, stroked by "Longboat" Taylor, looks like the best thing in the rowing line Canada has yet produced, and their admirers will hardly be satisfied till they have been tried out with the best the world can produce at the historic English regatta.

Sights at Calgary's Fair

CALGARY'S citizens, who had the enterprise to hold an exhibition of unusual merit in the early part of July, are to-day reaping the reward of their courage and industry, for the fair was a success as gratifying as the most enthusiastic Westerner could desire.

From the stockman's and rancher's point of view the fair was particularly attractive—indeed, it has set a new standard for the provinces west of Manitoba. Nothing finer than the horses and cattle shown was ever seen in Calgary—but no one can teach the West anything about how to raise good live stock.

Other features there were, too, not the least interesting of which was the Indian show. Sarcees, Stonies, Blackfeet, Piegans and Bloods were present in great numbers, attired in the gaudiest of blankets and laden down with flashing medals. It is suspected, however, that the medals did not represent valour in battle, but rather a trade over the counter of some convenient junk shop.

An attendance of 8,000 people on one day established a high water mark for fairs in Calgary.

Lumber Prices in the West

FORTUNATELY for the public, the element of chance and change in human affairs still takes precedence over the most carefully laid plans of men, and so it has come to pass that the swing of the pendulum has done what a commission at Ottawa could not do last session, viz., reduced prices in the lumber trade in the West. There was or there was not a merger among the Western millmen—according as it was a consumer or a millman that was talking.

The facts are, however, that prices for lumber in the West have been excessively high, so high, in fact, as to be prohibitive. Settlers, indeed, have come in with a rush. The millmen figured on them building at once—but they figured wrongly. The settlers felt the financial stringency—and they deferred building for a year. Then there was trouble—not that it was published broadcast, but it was there all the same, and the evidences of it are now becoming apparent. The millmen had enormous stocks on hand, which must be sold, if they were not to be pinched in the money market. Thus did they defeat their object by not being content with a moderate rake-off.

One by one members of the combine have begun to break away and sell wherever they can, and prices have come down, too. To show what the profits must have been at combine prices, the rate has been reduced in some yards by six dollars a thousand feet, and one well-informed Western man says the rate could still be reduced by four dollars a thousand and be profitable to the dealers. Thus does the law of supply and demand grind merrily on, and in the crash of mergers the consumer has his innings.

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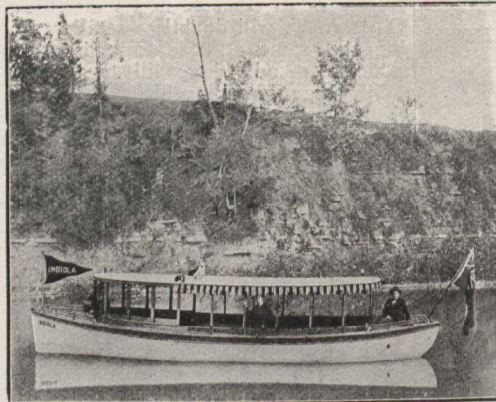


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Peculiarities

NOT long ago one or more bears paid a visit to the tent in which Mr. A. Anderson, of Crescent Lake, Alberta, made his home. They called in the absence of the owner, and proceeded to make themselves at home by tearing up the tent and chewing up everything in sight, including canned goods—cans and all. Now Mr. Anderson has built himself a house on posts twelve feet above the ground, going up by a ladder, which he pulls up after him, thus scoring the laugh on the bruins, who will have to go elsewhere for their board.

A Toronto man undertook to roll a peanut with a toothpick the distance of a good-sized city block, if the "Seneca" won the first of the three races for the Canada Cup. He lost, and paid the bet in the presence of hundreds of intensely amused spectators. It took him 16½ minutes to cover the distance, which can be walked in three or four minutes.

One of the visiting English journalists, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, of the London "Daily Mail," has hit the nail exactly in his comparison of Canadians with citizens of the

republic to the south. "Canadians," he says, "have more ballast. They are not so easily duped by hot air. They do not deceive themselves into thinking that talking is as good as doing. An American sticks up all around his office little maxims such as 'Do it now,' 'Am I here for my health?' 'To-morrow never comes.' Then he lights a cigar, puts his feet on the table, looks round contentedly, and thinks he is very busy. The Canadian works hard and says little about it."

No more can Canadians make fun of the foreigners who come to this country with unpronounceable names. Archdeacon McDonald, who has spent many years within the Arctic Circle, says that the most northerly tribe of Indians in Canada have a legend, the title of which is T'syahzyeh-zychoozzi. The name signifies, The boy that went to heaven.

A London teamster who was hauling a load of green peanuts, ate one, with the result that he was taken violently ill with severe pains and symptoms of poisoning. The services of two physicians and a stomach pump were required before he was out of danger. Medical men say this result of eating raw peanuts is not unknown in

the Southern States. The action of the poison is said to resemble that of toad-stools.

They must have made good clocks in the days gone by. There is one in an auction room in Hamilton which has not been cleaned for 125 years, and yet keeps perfect time. The works and face are made of hammered brass.

The Edmonton "Journal" says: "The Edmonton vegetable gardens are producing, as they have always produced, the best line of green goods in Canada." It's a risky crop to raise. Remember what happened in Lindsay.

Very laughable indeed was a golf contest held at Niagara lately. The ladies of the Niagara Golf and Tennis Club challenged the men to a nine-hole match, the men being handicapped by wearing women's dress and playing with one club. Notwithstanding their disadvantages, the men were victorious. Their appearance managed to handle their skirts was said to be highly amusing, and the way they were amazingly ludicrous.

A Scandinavian who understood no Eng-

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lish, was able, nevertheless, to batter a couple of Montrealers recently, and was arrested. As his accusers (and the interpreter) did not appear against him, he was given his liberty, but not knowing what the magistrate said, he started for his cell and had to be dragged away by force and ejected from the building before he was made to understand that he was a free man.

* *

Labrador as a tourist resort is not entirely unknown, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary, who has laboured in those regions for many years, but its fame appears to have spread farther south, for only a few days ago a party of twelve tourists from Indiana and Indian Territory, U. S. A., passed through Cape Breton en route to that distant and comparatively unknown region. The party included business men, prospectors, capitalists, health seekers, a clergyman and a professional photographer. They expect to be away about a month.

* *

The St. John "Sun" says that if the British journalists can be induced to visit that city, it might be well to have prominently displayed such signs as the following: "This is not the Polar Sea; it is the winter port;" "Visitors need not be afraid of the wolves; the pack is away at present."

* *

There is a remarkable old man down in York County, New Brunswick, named Henry Culligan, who celebrated his hundredth birthday on August 4th. Mr. Culligan was born in Ireland, and has been four times married. His youngest child is an eleven-year-old daughter. He is reported to be hale and hearty.

* *

There were wild times in Toronto Junction the other evening. A bull broke out of the stockyards and got out on the street looking for trouble. In a trice the street was cleared of people, so the bull undertook to dispute the right of way with a street car. He was butted off the track, which made him madder than ever, and, espying a drover on the sidewalk, he charged at him. The drover dodged behind a telegraph pole, and in chasing him, the bull ran violently against the stout iron guy wire which is used as an anchor at terminal points. The shock bent the wire like a piece of string, but threw the bull back on his haunches, where he remained for some minutes in a comical attitude of reflection upon the cussedness of obstacles in general. Eventually he was rounded up into the stockyards.

* *

The curious spectacle of a town lighted by lamps and candles was witnessed in Woodstock, N.B., recently. A series of fires there, due to defective wiring, caused the underwriters to notify the electric light company that all insurance would be cancelled if the plant was to be continued in operation under the same unsatisfactory conditions. The entire plant was thereupon shut down until re-wiring can be effected, and in the meantime the citizens have to get along as best they can by the aid of lamps and candles.

* *

Most of us have heard of a bull in a China shop, though we may have wondered if such a thing ever actually occurred, but truth is stranger than fiction, and the performance of a deer in Monton, N.B., has closely paralleled the bull story. A large deer appeared on the street there the other morning and abruptly terminated the conversation of three gentlemen by slipping on the wet pavement between them. In its excitement, it dashed into a store heavily stocked with china, glass and crockery, and, although it ran the whole length of the store, strange to relate, it broke nothing more than one cuspidor. The animal was slightly cut by broken window glass, but disappeared rapidly over fences into the neighbouring bush.

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THE CONSUL'S NIECE

(Continued from page 20)

Whatever the contents of the telegram, he kept them to himself, and presently went off with his usual kindly greeting.

Her uncle gone, Millie looked round the table with housewifely eyes.

Partly through an innate feminine instinct of tidiness, and partly through recently acquired habits of caution, she gathered up the scraps of paper left on the table.

From one crumpled bit the word "Onondaga" sprang at her like a threat, and without hesitation she smoothed out the sheet.

The words had been jotted down separately as deciphered, but their consecutive meaning was clear enough.

"Two cruisers ready to intercent Onondaga leaving harbour. Others following."

The paper in her hand, she went up to her room and shut the door. The rain beat against the window and she crouched near it in the armchair from which she was wont to enjoy the seaward view.

The inland-born girl had loved that horizon line, ever varying, ever the same with its mystical suggestions of some far-off, unattainable land of peace.

Now that mist-hidden outer sea was a cruel trap awaiting its prey, a foe with sword bared to smite.

"I ought to be glad! I ought to be glad!" she said over to herself, all the time knowing that she was not glad, that the thought of Jack Carter's life in peril of shot and shell and sinking ship was intolerable to her.

Whether one hour or two had passed she did not know, when she stood up and mechanically began preparing to go out in the rain.

From out that trance of passive suffering had come clear-cut and complete her determination that at whatever cost to honour or patriotism she must warn Jack Carter of the immediate danger.

The only remaining question was how to accomplish her purpose.

No direct communication between the consul's niece and the rebel officer seemed possible, but there must be some way to manage if only she thought hard enough.

She did think so hard, standing there shrouded in the stiff folds of the earlier type of waterproof from which our own smarter wrap has been evolved, that there came the helpless pain in her forehead that the difficulties of the multiplication table had caused in her school-days.

The solution of her problem that dawned upon her was not a pleasant one. Still, it was a solution.

Adeline Lester was her only sure messenger. For her own sake, for her country's sake, she would see that Jack or some of the Onondaga's officers were told of the need to be gone.

One heart-broken sob came as she murmured, "Let her have the credit of it! At any rate it saves his knowing how mean I was for him."

Out into the storm she went, into the streets whose solitude made her task the easier, gaining an angry joy in her struggle with the beating rain, with the gusts that waylaid her at corners, lashing her clothes around her and loosening her hair.

She knew her destination well enough. Often in passing she had

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The new stand will seat 15,000 people, namely 10,000 at 25c., 4,000 at 50c., 500 at \$1, besides 60 boxes at \$5 each nightly. Seats and boxes can be reserved at WEBSTER'S TICKET OFFICE, King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.



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glanced furtively up at the windows above the shabby millinery shop where Miss Lester lodged.

She had never done so without a recollection of the wide-verandahed Southern home where she had visited her school-mate.

"Yes, Miss Lester was at home," the harassed looking landlady answered, letting her find her own way up the dark stairs.

How fiercely her heart thumped as she knocked, and heard the responding soft drawl of "Come."

The light from the open door was in her eyes for a moment, the next she took in the details of the dingy sitting-room. Discoloured carpet and worn furniture, she saw it all, though only as an incongruous setting to the figure lounging in forlorn laziness on the stiff sofa.

Even the untidiness of Adeline's hair, the crumpled folds of her blue "barege" dress, spoke to feminine eyes of discouragement.

But after the first startled glance at the waterproofed figure in the doorway, a light of gladness transfigured the girl's face, and she started up with outstretched hands.

"Millie! you darling! How lovely in you to creep in this dreadful day when there's no one to see you. I knew you couldn't really want not to speak to me!"

This greeting was somewhat disconcerting to a tragedy queen, in all the youthful fervour of jealous renunciation.

They were enemies, they must be enemies, Millie inwardly reiterated, and yet how comforting it would be to let all the rest go and just be two schoolmates together again.

Resisting the weakness, she backed a bit towards the door, waving the other off.

"Don't, Adeline! It only hurts!" she protested, her voice sharp with pain. "Think of all that separates us. I only came because I had to"—she caught her breath in a sob, and Adeline, flaring into sudden pride, interrupted her hotly.

"I am sorry I made such a mistake. It was a pity you did anything so distasteful to you. I hardly like now to ask you to sit down," and she in her turn took on a tragedy queen air.

Impervious to her wrath as to her affection, and only feeling the need of getting her errand done, Millie persisted:

"Listen, Adeline, do listen to me—that is, if you want to be of service to Mr. Carter."

The urgency of voice and words conquered the other girl's attention.

"To Jack?" she asked, with wide open blue eyes.

Millie winced as she answered:

"Yes, to Jack."

"Of course I do."

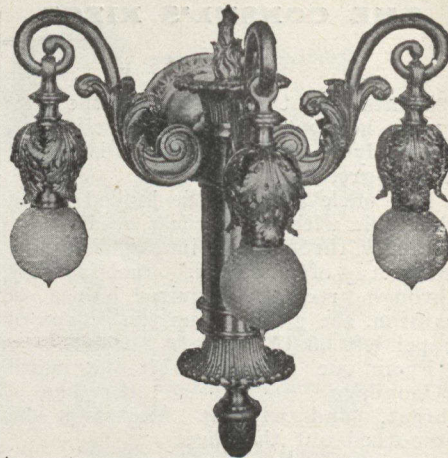
"I thought so. I suppose you can see him whenever you like, can't you?"

A nod answered her, and she went on:

"Well, then, let him know at once that the sooner the Onondaga is away from here, the better. These coasts are dangerous for her now—will be fatal to-morrow. Do you understand, or must I make myself still more of a traitor?" she ended with fierce vehemence.

At this threat of peril Adeline lost colour, but still watched Millie with smiling intendment.

(To be Continued.)



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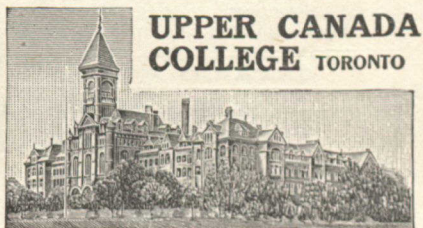
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For the Children

TO PASS THE TIME.

ONE day Ellen Dow and Aunt Martha, on a city shopping jaunt, acquired innumerable bulky packages and two string bags full of smaller bundles. By afternoon they were completely exhausted, and there was still a list of things yet unpurchased.
 "I can't walk another step!" exclaimed Aunt Martha at last. "I must find some place to rest and sit still a full hour."
 "We can go to some waiting-room," suggested Ellen.
 "No, that's a waste of time; we shan't be seeing anything while we're doing that," responded Aunt Martha.
 Suddenly her eye fell on a sign across the street:

CONCERT AT THREE O'CLOCK!

"Now that's the very thing!" she burst out. "We can go to that concert, and rest while we're there, and then finish our errands. What do you say, Ellen?"
 "That will be nice," Ellen responded, "unless it is too expensive."
 "Oh, it's likely we can get some sort of seats for fifty or seventy-five cents. I don't mind where I sit."
 "Anything will do for me," rejoined Ellen. "I'm never fussy."
 "How much are the seats?" Aunt Martha asked the doorkeeper, a little tremulously.
 "It is a free concert to advertise the Pollard piano," replied the man. "Step right in."
 "Well, if this isn't luck!" gasped Aunt Martha. "And there is scarcely a person in the hall, either, so we have our pick of seats."
 "They always say music is better far off," suggested Ellen, motioning to some seats near the back of the hall.
 Aunt Martha agreed as she dropped into a chair, and disposed the bags and parcels.
 "I don't know," Ellen said, after an interval, "but we've made a mistake; we can't see much here. Don't you think we'd better go farther front?"
 "Maybe we had."
 They gathered up their packages, moved down the aisle, and took possession of two end seats. The audience began to assemble.

"Let's move to the middle of this row," whispered Aunt Martha. "No one can crawl past all these bundles."
 Accordingly they moved to the centre of the row, and were quiet a few seconds, when Ellen murmured:
 "It makes me dreadful nervous to be packed in among these seats so I can't get out. What if there should be a fire?"
 "That's a fact," assented Aunt Martha. "We'd better go and sit in those seats by the wall—they're right on an aisle."
 Again they gathered the bundles and struggled past the long row of people to the two seats near the wall.
 There was a pause, and then Aunt Martha said, softly:
 "Ellen, I don't think I can stand sitting here! There's a hot radiator right by my side."
 They rose once more to search for other seats, but the hall had filled, and there were no empty seats left. Even those they had just vacated were instantly taken.
 "I wish we had stayed where we were at first!" said Aunt Martha, petulantly.
 "We might as well be shopping as standing up all through this concert."—Youths' Companion.

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Neighbour—"Did you break this window, Charlie?"
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 Fond Auntie—"Yes, dear."
 Ethel—"Then, let's call him after the angel."

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Amount paid to Policyholders and held for them.....	\$17,862,069 10
Total Premiums received....	17,338,715 05
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HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

Literary Notes

THANKS to President Roosevelt, the animal story is enjoying a prominence such as it has not known until this season of criticism and justification. Hence the reader who is personally unacquainted with the caribou, the cougar or the whale opens a book of animal stories with all the awe proper to the amateur. "The Haunters of the Silences," a book of animal life, by C. G. D. Roberts is a volume, which is guarded by a prefatory note, in which the author says: "When I write of the kindreds of the deep sea, I am relying upon the collated results of the observation of others. I have spared no pains to make these stories accord, as far as the facts of natural history are concerned, with the latest scientific information. But I have made no vain attempt at interpretation of the lives of creatures so remote from my personal knowledge; and for such tales as 'A Duel in the Deep,' 'The Terror of the Sea Caves,' or 'The Prowlers,' my utmost hope is that they may prove entertaining without being open to any charge of misrepresenting facts."

The three stories to which the author refers assuredly prove entertaining, "The Terror of the Sea Caves" being somewhat more than the mild adjective would imply, and leaving the prosaic reader quite unwilling to investigate further "what it's like down there under that shiny green." In "The Last Barrier" we have the story of a strenuous salmon, which lived pleasantly enough in the green depths, and came to a curious end. "The Ringwaak Buck" and "When the Tide Came" are written in a fine poetic style, but lack reality so far as the adventures of the animal heroes are concerned. Not many modern stories have such an iridescent introduction as this:

"A perfect dome of palest blue, vaporous but luminous. To northward and southeastward a horizon line of low uplands, misty purple. Along the farthest west a glimmer and sparkle of the sea. Everywhere else, wide, windwashed levels of marsh, pallid green or ochre yellow, cut here and there with winding tide-channels and mud flats of glistening copper red." Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Company.

A letter written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling to a correspondent who wrote to him complaining of his omission to mention Newfoundlanders in his "Song of the English," has been published by a Canadian paper. Mr. Kipling, in his reply, says: "It is rather a large order to compress allusions to the whole of our Empire into two hundred lines of alleged verse. . . . However, when and if there is another edition of my verses, I will do my best to put in Newfoundland's voice also. . . . I will put in a four-line verse among 'The Song of the Cities' if you, on your part, will drop, and influence other people to drop, allusions to the 'loyalty' of the 'Colonies.' In the first place, I dislike the word 'Colonies,' and if you look through my verses you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial. In the second place, there is no need to talk of 'loyalty' among white men. . . . Like yourself, I am a Colonial, in that I was born in Bombay, but it has never occurred to me to say that I am 'loyal,' because, like you, I am a white man—one can't step out of one's skin."

* *

Nearly every Ontarian remembers Thomas Moore's lines, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," which was one of the most picturesque poems in an old "reader." The poem was written in a tavern in Norfolk by Moore after a visit to the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, in 1803. The building in which the famous poem was written is still standing, having seen many changes since the early days of the nineteenth Century. This house, says the "Virginian," is to-day regarded as one of the most interesting of the literary landmarks of Norfolk and consequently of the Jamestown Exposition.

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Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

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Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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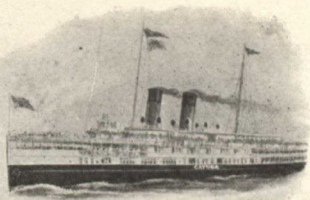
2.30 a. m. 11.30 a. m. 6.15 p. m.

Sleeper on night train open at 9 p. m.

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ROUND TRIP FARES

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Hamilton " T. H. & B. or G. T. R.	-	11.35
Buffalo or Niagara Falls	- -	9.00

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☐ TICKETS will also be available for passage, without additional charge, between Albany and New York on the

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Connecting at Bala Park and Lake Joseph with Muskoka Nav. Co. Steamers arrive Beaumaris 2.15 p.m., Port Cockburn 3.00 p.m., Port Sandfield 3.30 p.m., Royal Muskoka 4.30 p.m.; other points in proportion.

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KAWARTHA LAKES, Etc.

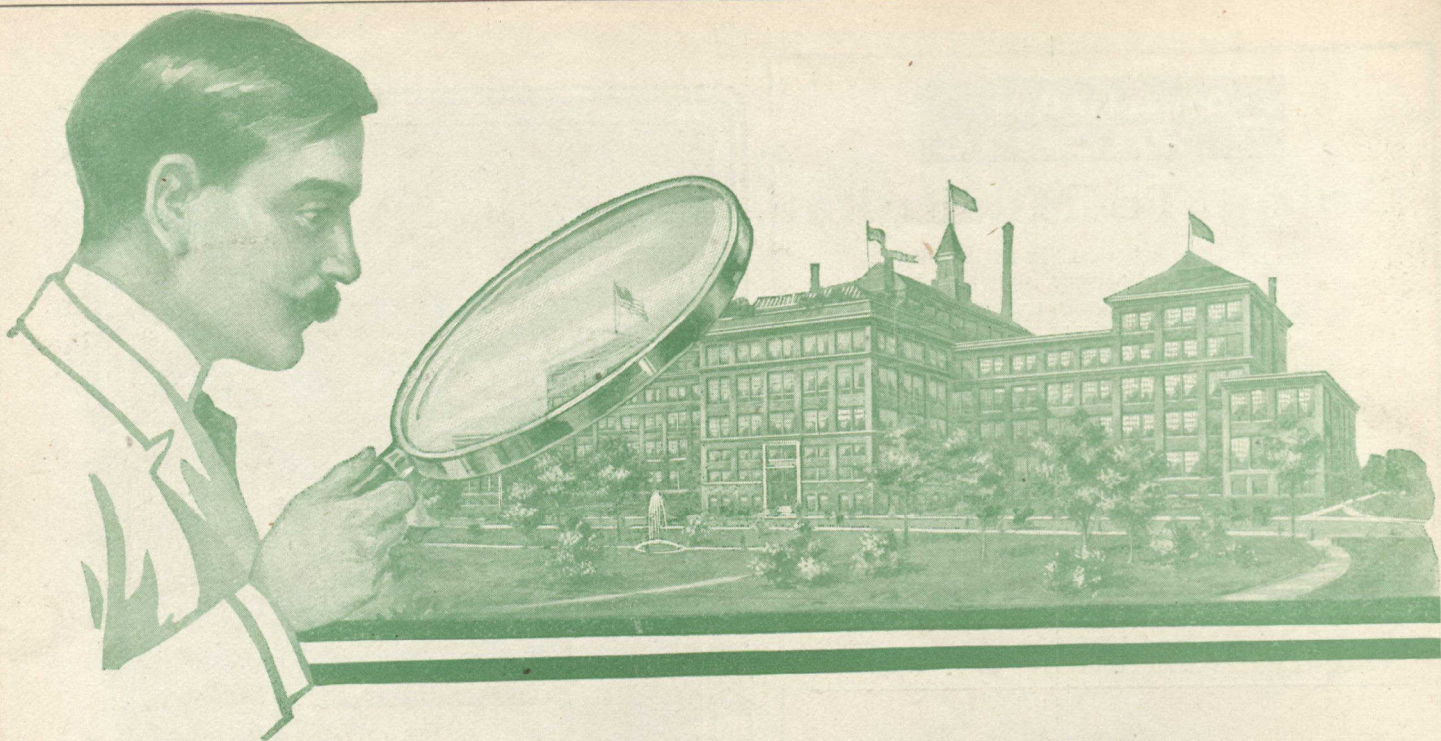
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