

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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



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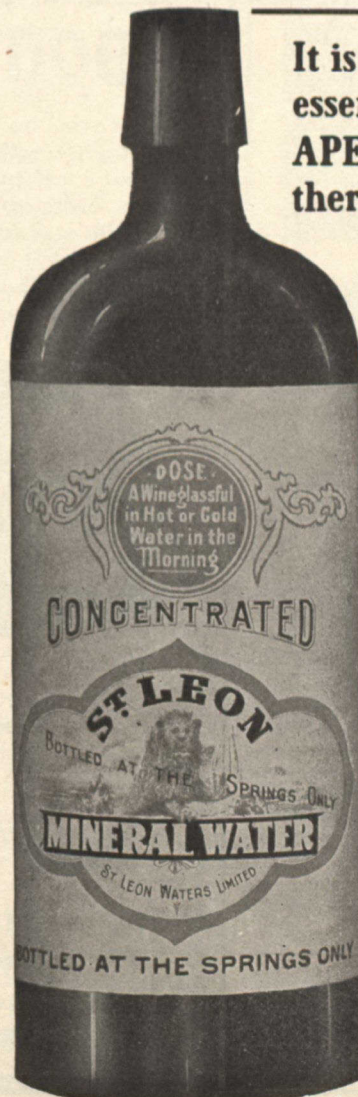
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The Canadian Courier  
A National Weekly

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61 Victoria Street TORONTO

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**Editor's Talk**

**D**URING the past two weeks we have been changing our mailing system, with a view of having this journal reach every subscriber a few hours earlier. The new system is in vogue this week, and every subscriber who does not get his paper regularly and promptly would confer a favour by dropping us a post-card.

If any particular issue fails to arrive, we should be notified at once. Every subscriber is a new subscriber and our distributing department has its hands full getting every name into its proper place on our mailing list. Occasionally a mistake will be made. Notification from the subscriber will help us materially. Canada is a big country to cover and the mail routes are numerous and complicated.

Next week the chief feature will be an article on the Canadian Manufacturers' Association with numerous portraits of leading members. Our cartoonist has returned from his holidays and will be heard from weekly. Mr. Jefferys' series of drawings of "The Homesteader" will be continued for some weeks.

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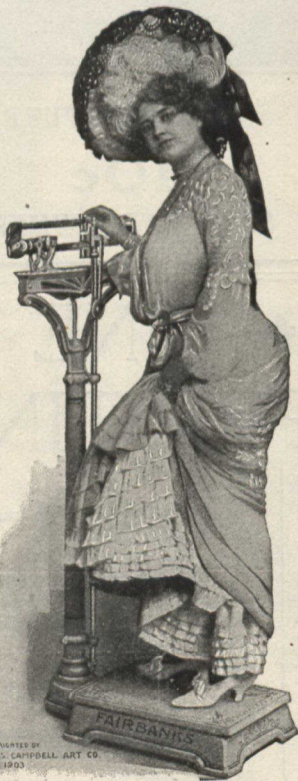
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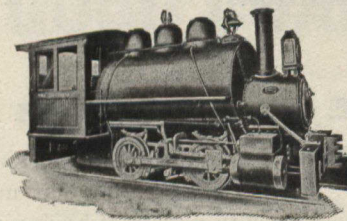
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, September 14th, 1907

No. 16

## Topics of the Day

**A**T the present moment, it would appear probable that Canada will export less wheat during the next twelve months than during the past twelve. In 1906, the exports were 47,293,000 bushels; in 1907 the amount will probably be nearly the same, because much of last year's crop did not go out until this year; in 1908, the figures will likely be smaller.

Mr. F. W. Thomson, of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., has made some accurate forecasts in the past. He estimates the Western wheat crop this year at 70,000,000 bushels, or almost twenty million less than last year. He also states that the wheat will grade lower because of the lateness of the harvest. As the crop in the East is also smaller than last year, it is a safe prediction that Canada will have much less surplus to send abroad. The price realised may equal the average of the past few years because of the higher prices now being obtained. The pause will not hurt us.

Mr. Thomson adds another interesting statement. He believes that practically all the high grade Western wheat produced this year will be ground in Canada because of the large foreign demand for Canadian flour. This will further reduce the export of wheat.

There is a consolation in knowing that the increasing export of flour will make up for the decreased export of wheat. Indeed, it will please many people to see the wheat ground here instead of being sent to mills in the United States and Great Britain. Such a situation means an increase in Canada's wage-bill, while putting but a small additional strain on Canadian capital.

The various builders' exchanges throughout Canada have organised a national association, with Mr. J. O. Deslaurier of Montreal as the first president and J. Herbert Lauer of Montreal as the general secretary. This body should be as influential as the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, if it is as wisely conducted.

Mr. Henry M. Whitney and Mayor Quincy of Boston have been visiting Canada and talking about reciprocity. There is little value in this, seeing that the people of the United States are holding firmly against any lowering of their exorbitant tariff.

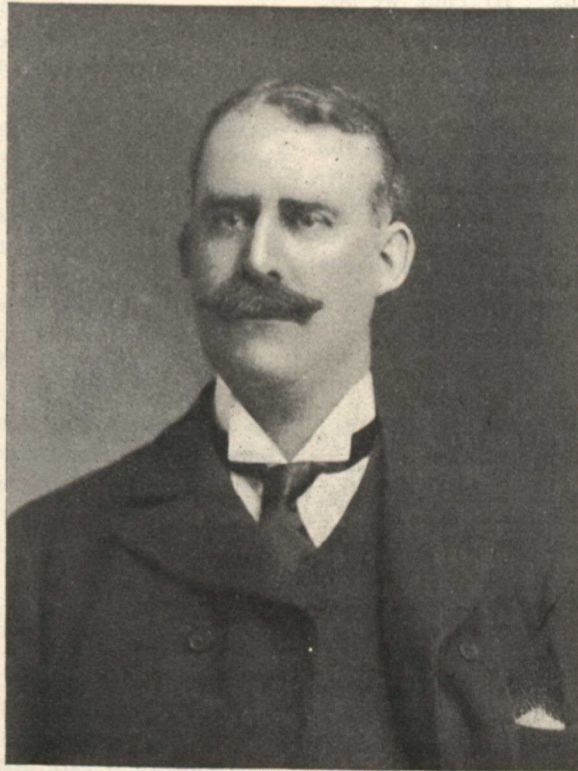
The increase in the pay of the small postmaster will be a comfort to many people. If it increases the efficiency of that department of the service, the public will not object. The post-office is a great public service, and it is in constant need of betterment. The public will expect improvements to follow this increased expenditure.

No one who knows the Hon. J. S. Hendrie will begrudge him the honour recently conferred on him by His Majesty, who has made him a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. The immediate reason was his atten-

tion to the British artillery team and his services in connection with the competitions which recently took place at Petawawa and Halifax. He is president of the Canadian Artillery Association.

Col. Hendrie has spent an active life in public service while devoting due attention to business. At fifty years of age he is still hale and hearty, though he recently had a severe illness. He began his life's work as a railway engineer, his father being a contractor. He is now president of the Hamilton Bridge Works, a director of the Bank of Hamilton, of the Great West Life, of the Ontario Jockey Club and various other businesses and organisations. He has commanded the 4th Field Battery of Hamilton and is now in command of the Second Brigade of C.F.A. He entered the Ontario Legislature in 1902, and is a member without portfolio in Mr. Whitney's government.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Hendrie's activities are varied and his success in life noteworthy. The lovers of the horse will be glad to know that he and his brother hope to see the racing colours of their late father maintain their prominence in sporting circles.



Col. J. S. Hendrie.

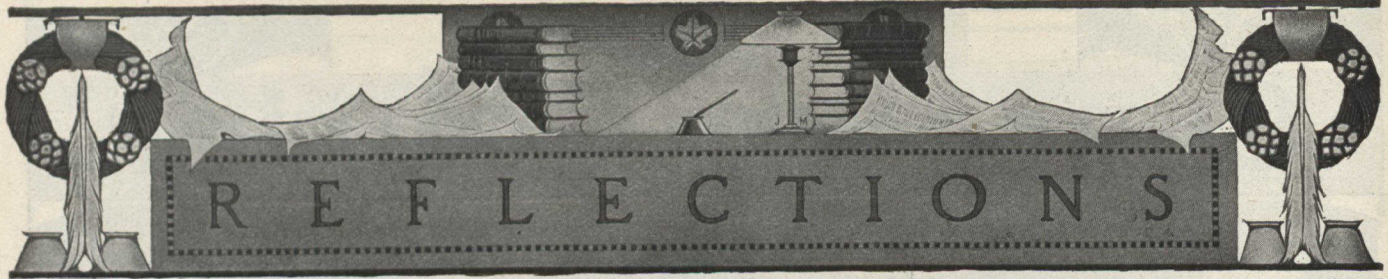
It is perhaps too much to expect that all of Canada's industries can be prosperous all the time, so, while many of them are revelling in good times, it is unfortunately true that the salmon fishing and packing season just closed in British Columbia, is the most disastrous in the history of the province. Probably the most disappointing results come from the Fraser River where but 55,000 cases were packed. The total of all the canneries was but 285,000 cases of sockeyes, made up as follows:—Skeena River, 110,000 cases; Fraser River, 55,000 cases; Rivers Inlet, 87,000 cases; Naas, 14,000 cases; other points, 19,000. While it is possible that there may be a late run of sockeyes, it is not likely that they would be packed because of their poor condition.

The bad season means a loss of many thousands of dollars to canners and fishermen, the former for fixed charges expended before the season opened and the latter for two months of practically lost time.

Prominent business men down by the sea have been meeting in St. John recently and have placed on record in the form of resolutions, the views that are believed to be generally entertained by the business men of the Maritime Provinces in regard to several important matters that have engrossed their attention for the last few years.

Summarised, the more important of these declarations were in favour of:—(a) prohibiting the export of pulpwood; (b) consolidating the work of technical education; (c) the acquisition of branch railroad lines by the government; (d) a Fisheries Board to act under the department of Marine and Fisheries for the purpose of regulating the Atlantic fisheries.





IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**H**OW we pity the heathen of uncivilised lands who sacrifice fortune and life to the gods of their fancy! But in these days we have built for ourselves a god who holds all civilised nations under sway. Our

**THE GOD  
OF TIME**

god is Time. For Time we have expended hundreds of millions of dollars in the construction of electric railways and other time-saving traction devices. Hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent to-day in tunnelling the Hudson and East Rivers into the Island of Manhattan to do away with ferry boats that at the most take only a few minutes to do their work. Steam railways all over the continent of North America have spent and are spending millions in straightening curves, reducing grades, replacing light rails and purchasing more powerful equipment. Trans-Atlantic steamship lines are striving with nervous energy to acquire huge steamers equipped with turbines and the latest speed-making devices that an hour or two may be clipped from the voyage between the old and new worlds. To Time we not only sacrifice our money but our lives. S-p-e-e-d spells danger. The electric cars exact a toll of human life unknown in horse-car days. Each week brings a fresh horror on the steam railways. No one will ever know the exact number of lives offered at the shrine of Time in the construction of the New York subway of tunnels, or be able to count the human lives lost in faraway marsh-ridden Panama. The despot Time bankrupts our nations, greedily devours our citizens, and, if perchance he leaves our fortunes, or even increases them—for he is a god of whims—if he spares our lives for a while it is only to cast us, nerve gone, into premature graves. Surely there is a limit to the price we shall pay for Time.

**J**UST what effect Mr. Borden's advocacy of Civil Service Reform will have on that movement it is difficult to accurately forecast. Some persons believe that his open and frank adoption of it as one of the planks in

**CIVIL SERVICE  
REFORM**

his platform will incline the Liberals to oppose it. There is a sort of rule-of-thumb that what Conservatives advocate must be opposed by Liberals and vice versa. It is a foolish rule, however, and has had many exceptions. For example, both parties are in nearly the same position with regard to the tariff, while fifteen years ago they were a long distance apart.

Mr. Borden's adoption of Civil Service Reform will popularise it to some extent with his own party and this is a very necessary step in the movement. The Conservative party is not yet pledged to the movement, and Mr. Borden's followers have a great many prejudices against it. The Opposition Leader will have to do some strong arguing within his party and among his supporters. He will find it necessary to explain to the Conservative members his reasons for adopting this particular plank. All this will make for the spread of the ideas and principles embodied in this reform. In this way, progress will be made.

As for the Liberal party, Mr. Borden's advocacy will cause them to give more attention to the subject, if only to be able to meet his arguments. If the cause of Civil Service Reform is worthy and well founded, some of the Liberals by their investigations will be converted

to it. They may not make their conversions public at the present time, but the change will ultimately become public. Further, if the Liberal Party becomes convinced that the time is ripe for Civil Service Reform, Mr. Borden's advocacy will not hinder their introducing some measure paving the way for progress along this line.

It behooves every citizen who believes that patronage should be taken out of the hands of the members of parliament and the defeated candidates of the dominant party, to keep on agitating. The welfare of the country demands it, and the country's welfare is more important than the political success of either party. Civil Service Reform is a citizen's movement, a national movement, and as such must be pushed forward regardless of the attitude of either political party.

**M**R. CHARLES DEVLIN, member for Nicolet, has been urging a spirit of toleration among his Roman Catholic friends, asking them to extend the hand of friendship to their Protestant fellow-citizens.

**TOLERATION IN  
CITIZENSHIP**

This is the attitude which should be adopted by all public men, whether Catholic or Protestant. A good understanding among all classes is the only basis for national progress. Religious toleration and forbearance is absolutely necessary to national unity.

In the past, self-seeking politicians have appealed for political support because of religious affiliation. This has occurred in both Protestant and Catholic communities. It will no doubt occur again, but it may be kept well in check if the leaders in both parties will frown upon it. The great trouble is that in political frenzy and anxiety to win, the politician loses much of his sense of dignity and responsibility. In Canada, men are too often content to drop their principles for the sake of temporary success, forgetting that by such conduct they become political renegades and enemies of social progress.

Religious toleration is practised in Canada now; if it could be extended to cover all classes it would greatly improve parliamentary, municipal and business life generally. Every person who has influence should make a point to do all in his power to aid in this extension.

**L**AST Saturday afternoon two ocean greyhounds, the "Lusitania" and the "Lucania" set out from Liverpool for a race across the pond, although the usual denial was made regarding the race element of the voyage. The former vessel is supposed to be the supreme achievement up to date in steamship manufacture and equipment, and as much secrecy has been observed regarding her passenger-list for this trip, as if she were carrying all the state documents of Europe. But before Christmas, the "Lusitania" may have a rival, since neither expense nor science is spared in the construction of the Atlantic Liner and Germany does not intend to be outdistanced or outspent by either England or America in the matter of luxurious steamships. It is prophesied that before 1912 we shall be crossing the Atlantic in three days—airship preferred. The modern craze for speed which leads both politicians and traffic managers to conclude that getting there is the chief consideration, is blamed for much of our unrest and nervous disorder. But a century from now we shall probably



be regarded as an old fogeyish generation, who took five days to plough wearily across the Atlantic and actually devoted five minutes to the lunch counter.

**T**HERE has recently been a semi-scientific discussion which seemed at first to mean injury to Manitoba and certain parts of Western Canada. It was stated by men of learning that there is too much unrelieved or unalleviated sunlight in those districts, in consequence of which profusion the inhabitants thereof are in danger of becoming giddy and light-headed. Indeed, the conditions were declared to be almost as undesirable as those of the tropics, for the Anglo-Saxon. Defenders of our Western sunlight have arisen to dispel the gloom paradoxically caused by this blaze of splendour. These latter authorities show satisfactorily that to men and women of average health, the intense sunlight of the Canadian West is not a source of harm. Like every other climatic condition, it must be taken into consideration and the proper equipment provided for those who intend to bask in the genial influence. The scientists who "discovered" its baneful effects must have known a mole-like existence prior to their trip to Manitoba and the provinces beyond and consequently suffered from cerebral illumination when the glory of the wheat-fields burst upon their dazzled eyes. It is a wonderful country, this West of ours, where they speak in superlatives and dream in unmingled metaphors. Everyone has a poet's license and it is no wonder that the sunlight is unchecked. Even so mild and temperate a man as our honoured Governor-General has confided to the public that the Western air is champagne. Scientists who are accustomed to the mists of New England or the dim, academic light of a library should not explore west of Winnipeg, unless they are prepared for a perfect orgy of brightness. The recent Weather Bill, forbidding any slander of the Canadian climate, should be enforced in this case. It is bad enough to exaggerate our frosts and our snowbanks. But to complain of the flawless

gold of Western sunlight is the act of one utterly insensible to the gifts of Providence.

**A**FTER reading the articles by the muck-raker school of journalism, one is sometimes forced to the conclusion that we are a bad lot and rapidly growing worse. Very rarely a mood of personal pessimism seizes the reader of the literature of exposure and he almost sinks to a St. Paul admission of being the chief of sinners. But the sterling good which is yet in humanity, the heroism concealed beneath the common-place, flashes out when occasion demands with a gleam that brightens the records of blunder and crime. The extremity of peril or suffering reveals a fortitude, a stubborn determination to "play up, play up and play the game," which assures the world that there is something more than graft to live and die for. This summer has seen some heart-rending disasters in Canada; but, associated with every one, there has been an almost superhuman effort to aid and comfort, which has brought out the noblest aspect of our race. The London men, who toiled all night with bleeding hands and aching arms to free those imprisoned beneath a ruined building, had but the object of rescue before them. In the railway disaster of last week, the first thought of those who were unhurt was for the unfortunates crushed in the wreck. The doctor who, in spite of bandaged head, managed to look after those in worse plight than his own is a brother to MacLaren's "Weelum" and a credit to the profession which has more members of Victoria Cross calibre than any other. Those who are anxious to find flaws in humanity can easily discover them; but it is seldom the critic or the over-zealous muck-raker who is found giving first aid to the injured. He is probably congratulating himself and the world on the escape of his own precious and censorious self.

But the unselfishness which is displayed in these moments of dire emergency only makes more sordid the greed usually the ultimate cause of modern disaster.

### Financial Starvation

**I**F the producers of meat were to combine to send all the meat out of the country and thus produce a shortage at home, what a cry would go up from a starving nation!

If the makers of flour were to refuse to sell the people the flour needed to make bread, and there should not be enough bread to satisfy the national hunger, what a row would be raised!

In either of these cases, the Ottawa authorities would be appealed to for a Royal Commission, the Minister of Justice would have the leaders of the people demanding redress, and the newspapers of the country would be reading the Riot Act to the greedy persons who were trying to profit by an undue enhancement of prices. There would be national turmoil.

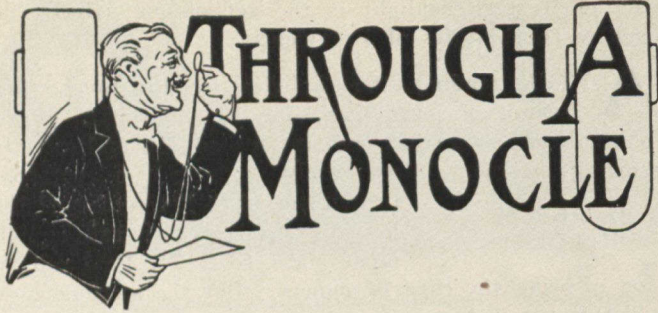
Is this not exactly what a dozen leading bankers have done? They got together and decided to ship fifteen millions of dollars out of Canada, at a time when money was none too plentiful. They called in all the loans they could, and sent that amount of money to New York to be loaned there. As a consequence, the price of money at home has been unduly enhanced. The nation is starving for capital. Is it fair? Is it just?

The bankers say they will bring the money back when the crop-moving commences. The explanation is insufficient. When they commenced this movement, there were already forty-five millions of Canadian bank deposits on loan in New York. If fifteen millions of ready money were needed for crop-moving, they could have brought back fifteen of that forty-five. There was no necessity for sending fifteen millions more to New York, when there were already forty-five millions there.

Not long ago, a merchant in a small town was asked to return to the bank all the money that he had borrowed from it to carry on his business. The same demand has been made in thousands of cases, but this merchant was a fighter. He refused. The banker advised him to go down to Toronto and Montreal and ask his wholesalers to carry his paper. Again he refused. When pressed further for the money, he told the bank he would go into insolvency first. The "bluff" worked, and the bank allowed him to keep the money. This shows a queer state of affairs.

Canadians are proud of their banking system, and proud of the excellent results which have flowed from joint bank action in times of stress and storm. They are not willing, however, to see this excellent system become an instrument of tyranny. The banks have a government franchise, which has been granted them in order that they may serve the public, but not to enable them to cause general business embarrassments. They have every right to be careful, conservative and far-sighted, but they have no right to deprive the public of its own capital by an arbitrary and autocratic policy, which is both unnecessary and harmful.





"AMERICA"—i.e. the United States—"is the land of liberty." In spite of the restraint of a number of wooden political restrictions this boast is literally true. There is no other people—so far as my acquaintance goes—with whom liberty is so universal a religion. The Americans are continually suffering for its sweet sake. They endure all sorts of annoyances and affronts and genuine damage rather than set a limit to the liberty of the man who desires to exercise that inestimable privilege. With them it is the active man—not the passive man—whose rights are regarded. The man who wants to do something must be permitted to do it, if at all possible. It may inconvenience other people, but they will suffer with a smile rather than restrict liberty.

\* \* \*

The spirit of the American Republic is the exact opposite to the spirit of the German Empire. In Germany the law is drafted and the police instructed, to entirely prevent any interference with the comfort or safety of the many by the activity of the few. It is "forbidden" to do most things. The public is guarded on every hand. In the United States, the emphasis is placed on individual liberty. The presumption is that the individual can do about as he pleases; and the public must show a very real case of grievance before the law will stop him. I am a passionate lover of liberty myself, and cannot pretend to like the German better than the American system. But it is the simple truth that the German system cushions life more cozily for the timid and the unenterprising. They will get less jostling.

\* \* \*

Liberty leads to great diversity of life in the United States. A man will meet you on the street and press into your hand a card covered with gospel texts. You might imagine you were in Toronto. Then you turn aside and examine the illustrated postal cards in a near-by window, and you will find case after case of vulgar indecency and sexual suggestion. If it were not for the crudeness and lack of Gallic wit, you might imagine you were in a frisky quarter of Paris. Indeed, Paris does nothing of the same immoral spirit. In Paris the whole attitude of the people toward questions of sex relationship is frank and open; and their "skits" are merely witticisms on what is common talk. In the United States, questions of sex are still forbidden topics; and these postal cards are immoralities of which no one speaks but at which everyone and his daughter may stare.

\* \* \*

On the topic of illustrated postal cards I would like to say a few plain words—if I only dared. But you wouldn't let me. By "you" I mean you; I do not mean the Editor of the Courier: I think he would let me if you would; but you—after all—are the effective censor of every publication intended for your reading. And the simple truth is that I dare not describe what the American love of liberty permits to appear outside the windows of every postal card store at the sea-side resort where I have just been staying. Refined ladies stop and look at them, however. Young boys and girls pore over them. You will get familiar with them when you come down. Yes, you will; and, again, I mean you.

The fact is that we will all look at things, that we will not put into words or permit others to put into words. The pictorial art is much more licensed than the literary.

\* \* \*

However, perhaps I can give you an idea. I noticed one card which might be described as "on the border of the permissible"—to quote a line from Madame Nazimova's play, "Countess Coquette." I think that you will let the editor print it. It shows you a big swaggering rooster with a cigar in his mouth regarding a meek little hen. Underneath them runs this verse:

"Says the big red rooster to the little brown hen—  
'You haven't laid an egg in God knows when';  
Says the little brown hen to the big red rooster—  
'You haven't been around as often as you uster.'"

It will be noted that the American love of liberty extends to the universal feminine the liberty of retort.

## A Welsh Heiress

The wealthiest British woman living is a Welsh woman; more, she is single. Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot was one of the three children of Christopher Talbot, a popular M.P. of the mid-Victorian era. The only son died in early youth and Miss Talbot's sister, somewhat younger than herself, became the wife, just 40 years ago, of Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun. Miss Talbot remained at home, keeping house for her father, and on his death found herself left his sole executrix and owner of all the Talbot real estate, valued at about £1,500,000, as also of a reversionary interest in a huge trust fund in consols.

Berlin university is the most numerously attended seat of learning in the world. It contains 7774 matriculated and 1330 non-matriculated students. All the states of Germany, and every country in Europe, from Norway to Sicily, from Ireland to Russia, are represented in its classrooms.



The Great Wall of Australia.

Old Mother Country. "Deary me! You've been and raised the wall several feet. I shall never get over it."  
Australia. "That's all right, mother, I've not forgotten you. I've put an eight-inch foot-stool there on purpose for you."—Punch.



### Sinn Fein and Politics

CANADIANS are booming the phrase "Made in Canada"; Irishmen are crying "Sinn Fein," or in English "We ourselves." The phrases have much the same meaning to each of the nations concerned. Each is cultivating a spirit of self-respect and self-reliance, encouraging the development of its own industries, and advocating the purchase of home-made manufactures. Each nation is in favour of local government, of Home Rule and of constitutional freedom.

Nevertheless there is a great contrast between the two countries and their ambitions. In the first place, this phrase "Sinn Fein" is not popular with both the North and the South, already divided by racial and religious antipathies. In fact it is doubtful if this Gaelic phrase can become popular in the north, even among those who believe in local autonomy for that Kingdom.

Again, the "Sinn Fein" movement will be made a campaign of passive resistance if the Irish nationalists succeed in their present aims. And it is their intention to follow this up with an agitation against the Empire and in favour of an Irish republic. Here, especially is the difference between Canada and Ireland emphasised. Ireland wants separation and republicanism; Canada desires to remain within the Empire and bear her share of the Imperial burden. Ireland is fighting for freedom to secede; Canada is contented with the freedom which she now enjoys and has not a thought of secession.

A correspondent named "Seumas O'Sheel" writing in the New York Times, describes this passive resistance movement as follows:

"Not only will all English goods be boycotted, but Irish arbitration courts will take the place of the English courts in Ireland; the recruiting of Irishmen for the military and police forces of England will be stopped; the local Government boards will be composed of Sinn Fein men, and consequently the General Councils also, and these latter, with Sinn Fein candidates who may

be successful in contesting Parliamentary districts on the pledge to meet in Dublin instead of London, will compose an unofficial Irish parliament whose recommendations will be put into effect by the local bodies. The Castle Government will be paralysed by ostracism.

"When or how the recognition of Ireland as an independent kingdom will come cannot be foretold, but come it will if the people are true to the Sinn Fein policy; for the simple reason that the application of that policy will make it unprofitable for England to rule Ireland. After the independent kingdom, the republic; but for the present Sinn Fein is not worrying as to just how that will come."

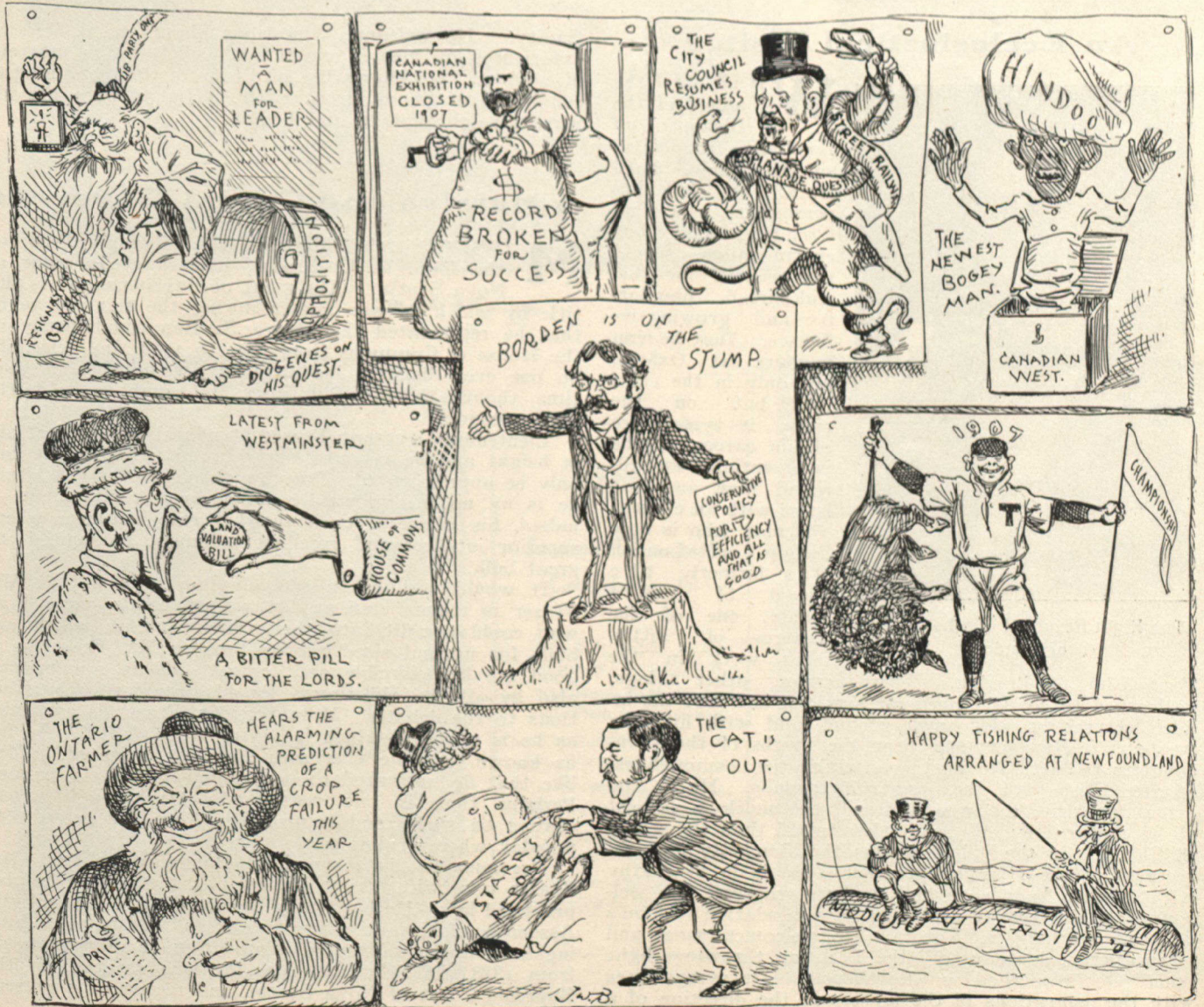
### Eastern vs. Western Moose

"Although in the country through which the tributaries of the Yukon (the Hutalingqua, the Pelly, the Macmillan, the Stewart and the Klondyke) flow, moose may not grow on an average quite so large in size of body and antlers as their relatives in Kenai Peninsula, they certainly approach that race—which has now been given sub-specific rank—in their proportions, and surpass in size and weight of body, and antlers, the moose of Central and Eastern Canada.

"In 1904 I carefully measured the standing height of three bull moose—all of them old animals—shot on the north fork of the Macmillan River. These measurements were taken in a straight line between poles held, the one at the heel of the forefoot, the other at the extremity of the hair on the shoulder blade, and were six feet nine inches; six feet ten inches, and six feet eleven inches respectively.

"Measured in the same way, the heights of two full-grown bull moose, which I shot near Mattawa, Ontario, in 1900, were six feet one inch, and six feet two inches."

—From "Recent Hunting Trips in British North America," by F. C. Selous.



EVENTS OF THE WEEK.





Some Members of the Canadian Club, Halifax.

The CANADIAN COURIER publishes in this issue a group photograph of the Officers of the Canadian Club, of Halifax. In the centre is seen the genial giant—Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia and Honorary President of the Club. To his left is seated Prof. J. W. Falconer, President of Toronto University, in whose honour the club recently held a banquet at which Dr. Falconer delivered an address which has attracted general attention. The members of the above group are: Back Row, Messrs. T. W. Murphy, W. R. McCurdy, D. Macgillivray, G. H. Parsons; Seated: Dr. W. D. Finn, Vice-President, Mr. G. S. Campbell, President, Hon. D. C. Fraser, Dr. J. W. Falconer, Mr. J. A. Chisholm; Front Row: Messrs. A. F. McDonald, A. S. Barnstead, Archivist. Although the Club was organised so recently as February of this year, there are already three hundred and fifty members, including many of the most influential citizens of Nova Scotia's capital.

## An Ecclesiastical Visitor



The Right Reverend The Lord Bishop of London.

East End of London. There, among other things, he learned to conduct open air services, and met the infidel lecturer on his own ground and with his own weapons. His sermons bear the marks of these encounters to-day. No party can claim the cosmopolitan-spirited Bishop of the great Metropolis. He is too large, too true, too well-informed, too much in earnest to be captured by any school less broad than the school of Christ. In the pulpit he has the simplicity and directness of the Mission preacher. He is in sympathy with modern knowledge and modern progress. He welcomes the doctrine of evolution as a revelation of God's way of working in Nature. He welcomes sane and learned critical study of the Bible as throwing light upon God's method in Revelation. He sympathises with the aspirations of the masses in the direction of a more Christian Socialism and a more Socialistic Chris-

**W**HAT is the secret of the Bishop of London? Simplicity, sincerity and — hard work. A charming personality he no doubt has, but charm alone would not account for his widespread popularity and growing influence. That he won honours at Oxford, not only in the class lists but on the river, is typical of his career, for he is essentially an all-round man and at home with all classes. The man who is now Bishop of London was formerly the head of Oxford House, one of the centres of settlement work in the

tianity. He welcomes questions about the difficulties experienced by men in matters of belief and in matters of conduct. He knows the problems of thought and the conditions of life in great cities. His answers are always straightforward and helpful.

## A Massive and Genial Governor

**M**ASSIVE, is the only term which fittingly describes the Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. "The giant of Guysborough" is the title by which he was known during the thirteen years that he represented that Nova Scotian constituency in the House of Commons from 1891 to 1904, and certainly no one ever disputed his physical pre-eminence in that time, though the late Col. Rory McLennan was a fairly good second.

Lieutenant-Governor Fraser stands about six feet six in height and he is enormously broad. His weight can only be approximated. But though ponderous in stature he is by no means ponderous in mental equipment — indeed, his is one of the somewhat rare instances where superior intellect and excellent judgment are united to great bulk.

It would perhaps be scarcely fair to say that Mr. Fraser is remembered at Ottawa principally as a man who could not fit into the ordinary chairs which are built for normal sized people—because Mr. Fraser is a good speaker, forcible and logical, and is remembered also by all the old timers for his intelligent contributions to the debates. Moreover, Mr. Fraser is as genial as he is massive—which is saying a good deal. As far as known, no one ever seen him get irritated. Men like that do not need to get angry—a look is enough. Perhaps that is one reason why his colleagues were always on such good terms with him, for he is very popular wherever known.

Previous to his entry into Dominion politics, Mr. Fraser was twice mayor of New Glasgow, where he also practised law. He has sat in the Legislative Council and Assembly of his native province from 1878 to 1891, having been leader of the government in the former body from 1888. In February, 1904, he was gazetted to the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and received his present appointment on March 27th, 1906.





First Prize: "Among the Daisies."



Second Prize: "Spring Beauties in Saskatchewan."



Third Prize: "A Day's Outing."



Fourth Prize: "Chicks."



Fifth Prize: "Chums."

WINNERS  
of  
Amateur Photograph  
Contest No. 1.

1. Mrs. B. V. Mullin, 104 Car-marthan St., St. John, N.B.
2. Mrs. Jennie C. Moffatt, Sunny Plain, Saskatchewan.
3. J. K. Hodges, 340 Metcalfe Ave., Westmount, Que.
4. A. D. Wheeler, 57 Spruce Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.
5. C. Fessenden, Peterborough, Ont.

Hon. Mention. Richard Steacie, 885 Wellington St., Montreal.



Hon. Mention: "His Best Friend."



## The Homesteaders' Arrival

By C. W. JEFFERYS.

(See pages 16 and 17)

**W**EARY and dazed with the long railway journey, the homeseeker steps from the train to the station platform of the new Western town where he is to meet the land guide. Somewhere out on the prairie lies the quarter section that is to be his home. His eyes blink and his forehead wrinkles under an intensity of light so brilliant that the scene impresses itself upon the vision like a kinoscope.

Just beyond the station a new elevator sheathed and roofed with tin, lifts itself into the blue sky. On the siding stands a flat car or two, laden with threshing machines and engines, shining with red and yellow paint, fresh from the factory. Among the wild roses, tiger lilies and harebells that sprinkle the prairie grass lie the parts of all kinds of agricultural implements and perhaps a couple of farm wagons and a harvester already set up.

Beyond lies the town. The houses seem to crowd forward to the main street, which fronts the railway track, as though to catch a glimpse of the far-away populous world. There is a big new wooden hotel, painted a light blue or a cream colour, with a verandah, or at least a balcony, for in this wide and level landscape the view even from an upper story is welcome. It is either the King Edward or the Alexandra, or, if in the Western province, the Alberta Hotel. Close to the station are the land office and a cluster of real estate agencies. The general store marks the beginning of the commercial life of the future city. The blacksmith shop is the pioneer among its manufacturing interests. A little farther along the street the agricultural implement agent displays his sign. A hardware store, a livery stable and a branch office of one of the big banks come next. Somewhere just back of the main street stands the school house; it is the only brick building, an indication of the settled character of the population and its faith in the future of the town. There is a church or two, and an opera house or concert hall in the second story of the implement warehouse; the windows have blue blinds with gold letters and a square and compass on them, for the local masonic lodge meets there. Toward the end of the street an unpainted one story wooden shack with a stove pipe protruding from the rear sheltered the local paper. A few more scattered houses, a fringe of tents and tar-paper shacks, and the main street straggles out to the prairie trail and the open country.

Strange and bare it doubtless looks to the immigrant from the older lands or the homesteader from long settled Eastern Canada. As the train pulls out and leaves him stranded, as it were, with his family and his few belongings, upon the platform, his first thoughts must be of the far-off home to which this is such a contrast, and the first great wave of homesickness rolls in upon him. But the thought of the children by his side, to whom this land means opportunity, turns his mind from the past to the future, and even the loneliest of newcomers soon feels something of the hope and courage that seem to be in the very atmosphere of this new country.

## C. B. on Second-Hand Opinions

**E**NGLISH educational problems are somewhat different from those which perplex the minds of Canadian legislators. But in a recent address to the boys of Mill Hill School, London, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, makes some wise remarks which are of universal significance. Referring to the lack of self-reliance in many students, the Premier says:

"When I take a broad survey of this country of ours I cannot help thinking that there is one point, and that a point of most vital importance, which is often quite, or at any rate almost, forgotten. It is this:—Are we teaching our boys to think? Do we teach them to exercise the most important faculty they possess—the mind—by urging them to examine, weigh, and judge for themselves the facts which we have put into their minds? A boy's mind may be filled with facts, filled even with what we term learning, and yet he may never have attempted to reason out by his independent powers any of the multifarious problems that surround him on every side.

"I believe that if there be one danger more threatening to our age than any other, it is precisely, this al-

most entire absence of independent thinking. The great mass of the community never troubles itself to think independently, or to form for itself an opinion upon any of the subjects which most deeply interest it. It takes its opinions, beliefs, and theories from other people, from writers in the newspapers, or from speakers in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

"I hold that whatever possession a man may acquire through life, infinitely more precious than any is the form he himself has given to his own character and conceptions; better, more intimate, more inalienable than any amount of money, power or fame are the fixed conclusions he has hewn out for himself from the quarry of his own experience, and of all those other minds which are so freely exposed to him nowadays. Small though the actual amount of such possessions may be, they surpass in value everything else he has put together. They are the treasures of his life. Never let him take things at second-hand. Let a man cultivate the habit of thinking matters out for himself, and not go on slumbering through life, merely reading the newspapers and everything else he sees printed. That is one of the principal results of my observation in a long experience of public life."

## Chant National

**C**ANADA has needed a national anthem in keeping with the dimensions and dignity of the country. "The Maple Leaf Forever" contains in the first verse a boastful allusion to British victory over the French which is hardly desirable in a national song and the music to which the words are set is decidedly trivial. More than twenty years ago, the "Chant National" was written by His Honour Judge Routhier, and, with the spirited melody by Calixte Lavallee, made a song worthy of the Dominion. Although used by military organisations, it was comparatively unknown in Ontario until last winter, when it created a decided sensation as rendered by the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto. The translation used on the occasion was made by Dr. T. B. Richardson. The "Home Journal" for September contains the music and French version of this remarkable composition followed by an English rendering by Mr. James Acton, which is quoted below.

O Canada, beloved Fatherland,  
Thy brow is decked with maple-garland grand.  
Thine arm the sword hath wielded,  
Aloft the cross to raise,  
And history's page hath yielded  
To thee her meed of praise.  
O God attend! Thy succour lend  
When hearth and freedom we must still defend

Favoured of God, by mighty flood and tide,  
Constant in hope, her stalwart sons abide;  
With the surging blood of our restless sires,  
Our cradles rocked in peace,  
With the smile of heaven on our glistening  
spires  
In blessing that ne'er shall cease,  
O God of light, by day and night,  
O may our flag e'er float for God and right

Her patron saint, God's courier sublime,  
Like him her brow is crowned with fire divine.  
Unyielding foe to tyrant's hate,  
Firm in her loyalty,  
Her aim to keep inviolate  
Her cherished liberty.  
And by the might of her glorious right,  
On her fair soil to set Truth's holy light.

May love of throne and altar until death  
Inspire our hearts with its immortal breath,  
To alien hosts who seek our shore  
Our laws a bulwark be;  
And brothers we for ever more  
In faith from sea to sea,  
The shout repeat, loud let it ring,  
The victor's cry of old, "For Christ and the King!"

The most unique method of delivering mail doubtless is that employed by steamers passing the islands of the Tonga group in the Pacific. On account of many reefs landing is extremely dangerous, and the few letters to be delivered are attached to large skyrockets, which are fired and reach the shore in safety.





The Royal and Imperial Meeting at Wilhelmshöhe. Their Majesties the King and the Kaiser driving through the streets of Cassel on August 14th.

### King and Kaiser

**T**HE visits of royalty are usually described as having no political significance whatever. But the public is inclined to smile knowingly at this announcement and express the belief that something is afoot when King Edward or Emperor William runs over to Paris or Vienna to spend a few days and do a little shopping. We have the best of authorities for the sentiment: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Whatever may be the discomfort of the royal head, the accounts of this summer's visits paid by King Edward make the comfortable commoner pity the royal pilgrim whose travels, however, are accomplished by the most luxurious yachts and cars.

Last month, the most important visit paid by King Edward was to his nephew, the Emperor of Germany, at Schloss Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. The castle itself has some interesting and painful memories. It was within its walls that Napoleon III. spent the seven months of his German captivity after the disasters which had swept away the Empire of the French. Here the present Kaiser lodged when, with his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, he attended the public school of Cassel. Here, also, in the year 1901, King Edward, after the funeral of his sister, the Empress Frederick, paid a personal call of condolence on the Kaiser.

The French, who are sensitive even yet about the war which deprived them of Alsace and Lorraine, and who dislike any reminder of the captivity of Napoleon III., have not been pleased with the meeting-place chosen by the King and Kaiser, although Edward VII. and his imperial nephew, when they planned to meet near Cassel, had in all probability forgotten the events of thirty-seven years ago. But the defeated have long memories and the Parisian papers have not been slow to see a significance in Wilhelmshöhe which doubtless exists only in the Gallic imagination.

The Germans and the English entertain a commercial jealousy which has affected political and even royal circles. German manufactures have taken wonderful strides during the last twenty years while England has remained surprisingly indifferent to the inroads which German goods and German workmen have been making in Great Britain and the colonies. More than ten years ago, Emperor William made himself highly unpopular by sending his historic despatch to the late President Kruger, not long after a certain raid. Queen Victoria was called upon to reprove her strenuous grandson and cartoons of a surprising violence appeared in the British

press. President Cleveland had also made himself unpleasant by reminding England of the doctrine according to Monroe, but, strange to say, Mr. Cleveland merely aroused a mild curiosity, while the German Emperor excited a bitter resentment and elicited from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain a "splendid isolation" speech.

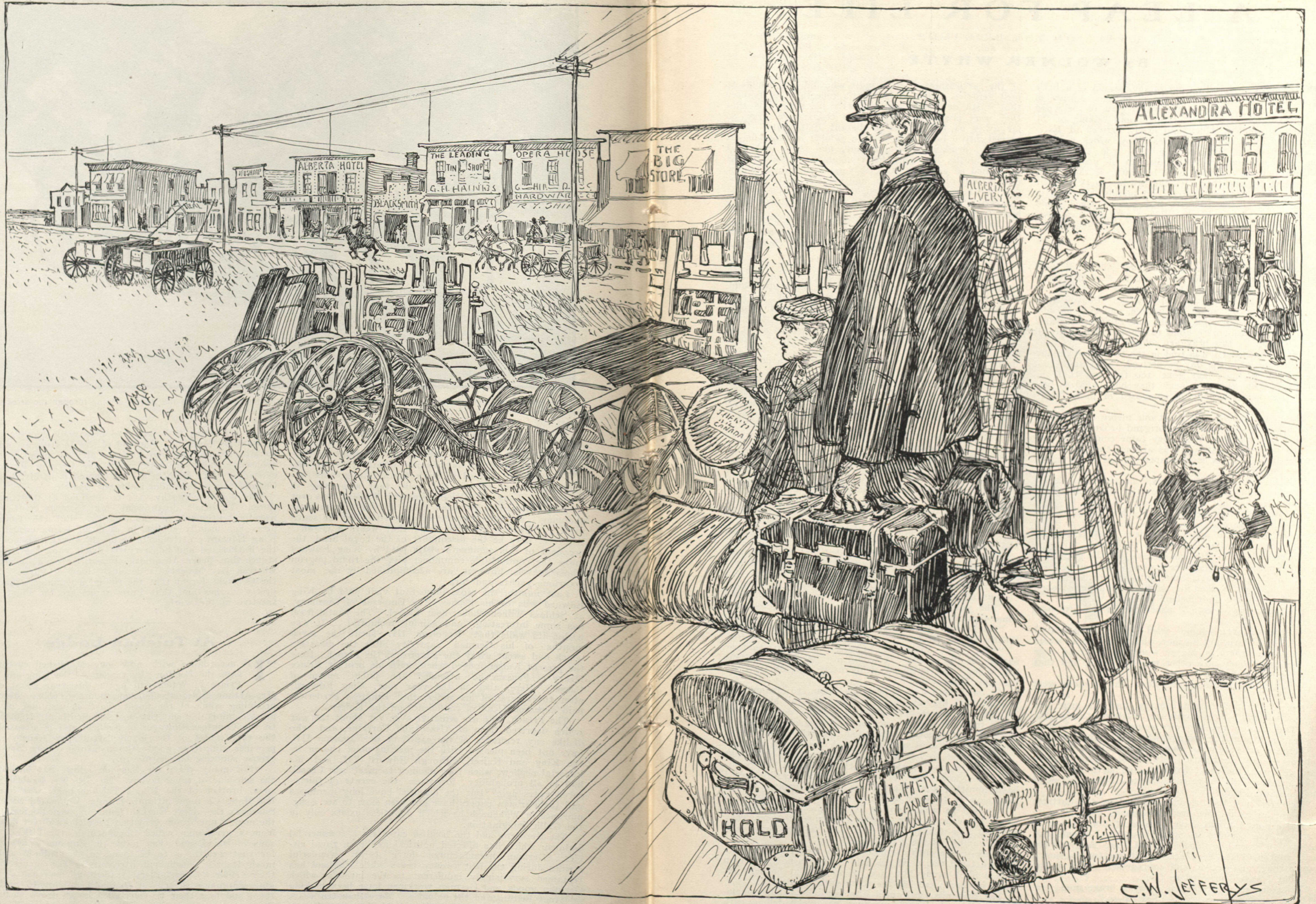
The Kaiser's lengthy visit to England at the time of Queen Victoria's death went far towards creating a friendly sentiment in the country. But the German press has usually spoken in doubtful terms concerning King Edward's attitude towards the royal household of the Fatherland and has recently dwelt upon the circumstance that Queen Alexandra appears to avoid Germany, whereas Her Majesty is decidedly fond of Paris. But the Germans forget that the Queen is femininely fond of pretty clothes and that Paris shops are the most attractive in the world.

### At Tulchan Lodge

**I**N accordance with now long-established custom," says the London "Bystander"—"the King and the Prince of Wales will again this year shoot over Mr. Arthur Sassoon's Tulchan moors. Tulchan, besides providing some of the finest sport, is also one of the most comfortable shooting-boxes in Scotland. It belongs to the Countess Dowager of Seafield and is situated in the very midst of the lovely Strathspey scenery, and provides almost as good salmon fishing on the Spey as grouse shooting on the moors.

"For many years the Sassoon family has basked in the sunshine of royal favour. The late Mr. Reuben Sassoon, brother of the King's Tulchan host, was one of His Majesty's most intimate friends. Compared with the Sassoons the oldest English family is, genealogically, of the merest mushroom growth. They claim direct descent from a gentleman called Shephathiah, the fifth of the sons of David, and their name, in England a synonym for vast wealth, is to be found in the Talmud and in much Hebrew mediaeval literature. For generations their Hebrew forefathers traded as merchants and amassed many shekels in Bagdad. A plot to murder them and loot their treasure-filled house drove them to Bombay, where, at Sans Souci, Sir Edward still owns a lovely house. Finally, as is the custom of their race, the Sassoons settled down in England, the resting-place of all good Jews, as Paris is that of all good Americans."





Drawn by C. W. Jefferys, for the Canadian Courier

## THE HOMESTEADER

No. 1—HE ARRIVES AT THE RAILWAY STATION OF A NEW TOWN IN THE WEST



# A LEAP FOR LIFE

A TALE OF THE BRIGANDS

By WOLMER WHYTE

THE night was chilly, and in the posada of a little village in the heart of the mountains a score of men were basking in the warm glow of the wood fire, drinking the red wine of Spain and talking of the company of soldiers which had newly arrived at Estepuente, the little town, ten miles away, which was the nearest outpost of civilisation in that wild, lawless region. A goodly number of the idlers in the posada were villagers, but the majority were brigands, as their bold, independent air, together with the tawdry finery of their costume, and their long knives and pistols, clearly proclaimed. One of the villagers had just returned from Estepuente and had seen the soldiers with his own eyes. "How many of them are there?" asked one of the brigands.

"A hundred," replied the peasant.

"And the officer?"

"Capitan Luis D'Almeida, a young soldier of good family, who has sworn not to return to Madrid while a single brigand remains in the mountains."

"Fool!" said the brigand impatiently. "Do you think we do not know his name, his lineage, and even his idle boasts? Why, think you, would our capitan be called Vista de Lince if he were blind to what is known to all men. Did you see this braggart soldado?"

"Nay, Senor, and I was told in the town that he had not been seen since the day he arrived. They said, too, that Vista de Lince has gone too far, and that the soldadesca will not rest until they have hunted him down. The new company is composed of picked men, and—"

"The new company will be at our mercy the moment it ventures into the hills," the brigand broke in. "What did the old companies do? They came confidently into the hills, and our capitan led us against them and they were destroyed. A few men escaped, to tell of the might of Vista de Lince."

"This Capitan Luis D'Almeida," he continued scornfully, "will achieve no more than the other officers of the king. He has not been seen since the day he came to the town with his soldiers, eh? Then his heart has failed him, and he has gone back to Madrid."

But at that very moment Capitan Luis D'Almeida was standing upon the doorstep of the posada with his hand upon the latch. He was arrayed in the garb of a peasant, and, hearing his name spoken within, he paused, but at the brigand's last, contemptuous words he flung open the door and walked in. All eyes were turned upon him as he shut the door behind him.

"What brings you here?" asked one of the brigands, shortly.

"The desire for freedom," cried Luis. "Long have I worked like a slave, but no more shall others reap where I have sown. There is better work for a strong man than putting money into other men's pockets, and that is—taking it out."

He paused to chuckle at his joke. The brigands were interested.

"Hurrah! for the open country, and the men who live as they will," Luis continued, warming to the subject. Then he lowered his voice somewhat, and, leaning forward, addressed the brigand who had spoken to him.

"Perhaps you, senor, or some of your friends here can lead me to my destination. Is it not hereabout that Vista de Lince, the great bandido chief, lives: the lynx-eyed captain of the brave men whom all the soldiers of Spain cannot defeat?"

"Ay," returned the brigand, warmed by the flattery, "he is not far away. We are of his band."

"Ah, senor, I might have guessed it, for were I to search all the posades in Spain to-night, I should not find such an assembly of bold men as here. And will the great capitan, Vista de Lince, admit me to his band? I am strong, and active, and courageous, and it is for that that I have journeyed so far."

"Vista de Lince never turns away a brave man," replied the brigand, graciously. "Let us go."

After leaving the village, the brigands plunged into the trees, and presently they came to a path that led through a broad gateway, and Luis noticed, away up the avenue of trees, along which they were walking, the twinkling lights of a large mansion.

They entered the mansion unseen, and Luis marvelled

at the carelessness of the bandit who did not trouble to post sentries. After a moment's reflection, he realised that Vista de Lince's sentries were his spies, and that they were posted throughout the countryside, even so far away as the streets of distant Estepuente. They turned into a large hall where a number of brigands sat smoking, drinking, and gambling, and these looked at him curiously, but when his companions explained that he wished to join the band, they received him cordially, filled a mug of wine for him, and made room by the fire. One of those who had brought him from the posada hastened away to the chief, and presently returned, and bade Luis follow him.

His guide halted at a closed door, and knocked upon it; then, opening it, he nudged Luis, and bade him walk in. Luis entered, and his guide withdrew, closing the door behind him.

Luis was aware of being in a room sumptuously furnished, but of the details he was oblivious for he saw nothing but a pair of eyes that were fixed upon him. They rested upon him but a moment, yet in that moment they seemed to search his very soul. Grey-green eyes, with pupils so small as to be almost invisible, they resembled nothing so much as the eyes of a cat at noon-day—cold, yet vindictive, expressionless yet searching.

One glance at Luis was sufficient for Vista de Lince, and he turned his head away, saying—

"You wish to become a member of our band?"

"Ay, senor," replied Luis, "your fame rings throughout the country, and I have journeyed many miles to beg that I may serve under so brave and victorious a leader of men."

"Did you pass through Estepuente on your journey?" Vista de Lince asked.

"I did, senor."

"And you saw the soldiers?"

"Ay, senor."

"What of their officer? Did you see him, too?"

"Yes, senor."

"The young officer," said the brigand, "has sworn to capture or kill me."

"So 'tis said, senor," Luis replied, feeling that the brigand expected an answer.

Vista de Lince's lips again smiled, but his eyes, still fixed upon Luis, were unchanging in their steely glare.

"The young officer is a fool," he said. "I saw him enter Estepuente at the head of his soldiers."

Luis started. Had Vista de Lince recognised him?

"The young officer," said Vista de Lince, "has had some experience in the wars."

"So I have heard said, senor," Luis replied, and he breathed more freely.

"Yes," said Vista de Lince, "'tis a pity that he should die like a dog. It would not be pleasant to die like a dog," he continued, deliberately, "would it—Capitan Luis D'Almeida?"

At one bound Luis crossed the room, to strangle the brigand with his bare hands ere he could call his men to his aid, but he stopped short, for Vista de Lince had arisen from the canape, and was pointing a pistol at his head. For a moment they stood thus, then the brigand laughed shortly and sank back upon the canape again.

"You wish to become a member of our band," he said, quietly, and as though nothing unusual had occurred. "Go down into the hall, and tell Ricardo that I have admitted you. He will see to your wants, and inform you as to your duties."

"It will be well, Capitan D'Almeida," said Vista de Lince, "to conceal your identity from my followers. They will kill you if they learn that you are the brave and skillful capitan of the soldadesca."

There was a satirical inflection in the brigand's voice as he uttered the word "skillful" that was not lost upon Luis, and it stung him like a whip. But he kept his anger in check, and left the room without a word.

The brigands welcomed him cordially, and, remembering Vista de Lince's warning, he quickly fell in with their ways, and was careful to do nothing that might disturb their belief that he was an ordinary recruit. He drank and gambled with them, and sometimes, in the evenings he strolled down to the posada in the village, where the brigands were wont to gather to hear from



the villagers gossip of the outside world. He soon became so popular amongst his strange comrades that he did not doubt that any suggestion that he was not what they thought him, would be received with derision, and as he saw Vista de Lince rarely he began to think that he would have little difficulty in slipping away from the brigands and making his escape.

But the third time he visited the posada, it suddenly occurred to him that whenever he wandered, and with whomsoever of his comrades he might be accompanied, Ricardo was always present. Vista de Lince's extraordinary confidence in letting him join the band was explained. The brigand chief had warned Ricardo not to lose sight of his prisoner. There was nothing in Ricardo's manner that suggested that he was watching him, and Luis decided in his mind that the lieutenant was a worthy disciple of his chief. With the vigilant, crafty Ricardo ever present escape seemed impossible, but Luis doggedly awaited an opportunity, and the longer he remained at Vista de Lince's mercy the greater became his hatred for him, and the keener his desire for revenge.

An opportunity soon presented itself, and as Vista de Lince watched a large company of his brigands departing from the mansion, he gazed at Luis, marching in the ranks with a musket upon his shoulder, and smiled triumphantly. Since his band had swelled to large proportions and his power throughout the countryside become unquestioned, Vista de Lince had deemed it unworthy to take command in deeds of mere highway robbery. He reserved his leadership for the sacking of a great hidalgo's mansion or a battle with the soldadesca. In smaller enterprises Ricardo was the leader, and on this occasion he was considerably elated for, although his captain did not consider it worthy of his personal direction, it was one that promised rich booty. Near to Estepunte, but separated from it by the river which flowed at the bottom of the deep canon, was the mansion of one of the richest grandees of Spain, and to the marriage of his daughter many wealthy people would be posting along the road from Madrid, and Ricardo was proud of being entrusted with the task of relieving them of some of their riches.

Luis, standing somewhat apart from the others, looked down upon the town. He could see the people in the streets, and on the edge of the wood outside the town

were his own soldiers going about the daily work of the camp. So near was he to them; and yet so far. As the crow flies he was, indeed, but six hundred yards away, yet there was a river and a precipice sixty feet deep between them. To jump into the river would be foolhardy, for although he was a strong swimmer he knew that unless the water were unusually deep he would kill himself upon its boulder-strewn bottom.

"Capitan D'Almeida is contemplative."

It was Ricardo who spoke, and it was the first time he had shown his knowledge of Luis' identity.

"Ay, Ricardo," Luis replied, ruefully: "what poor prisoner would not be contemplative at finding himself so near to, and yet so far from, home."

Ricardo laughed, and Luis noticed, with satisfaction, that he was inclined to be communicative. He believed, too, that the brigand was over-confident of his power to hold his prisoner, and an over-confident man is often easy to outwit. Luis drew attention to the beauty of Estepunte as it lay on the river's brim, half-veiled by the morning haze, and he found that, by a lucky chance, he had struck a responsive chord in Ricardo's breast, for

Ricardo was a native of the town. Outlawry had not alienated his love for the place of his birth, although he dared not venture near it, and Luis was surprised at the eloquence with which the usually reticent brigand spoke of the town and of the memories of his childhood which the sight of it awoke. He rambled on until at last Luis tired of listening, and turned his thoughts again to possible ways of escape. But suddenly some words of Ricardo's arrested his attention. The brigand was telling of his boyish pride when he landed the biggest carp that had ever been pulled from the river.

"The hole where I fished for him was forty feet deep."

That was all that Luis heard, and as he wanted to know more he took the wise course of throwing doubt upon the statement.

"It is the truth," Ricardo asserted, "for I plumbed it myself."

Luis smiled an unbelieving smile. Ricardo was irritated.

"Everyone in the town knows it," he said, angrily. "It lies at our very feet" — Luis' heart leaped — "and stretches from the base of the cliff to the middle of the stream. You can see it with your own eyes, for the water is a different colour with the greater depth."

Luis looked and saw that it was as Ricardo said. Immediately below them was the deep water. His mind was made up in a moment. He stepped forward to the edge of the precipice, as though to get a better view. Then he jumped.

Suddenly there was darkness; the roar in his ears became louder and deeper, and there was a sharp twinge of pain behind his eyes as the water was forced into his nostrils. He had struck the water fairly, but, although the speed of his descent was checked, he still went down, down, and he felt that he must surely touch the bottom of the deep pool. But he was still many feet from it when he found himself ascending, and a few strokes brought him to the surface. He swam to the shelving bank on the Estepunte side, and staggered off to the camp.

When Ricardo, on the cliff top, saw Luis land and hasten towards the soldiers' camp, he guessed the young officer's purpose, and at once assembled his brigands and began a forced march back to warn his chief. But he was not more than half-way upon the road by the time Luis was leading his soldiers silently through the trees surrounding Vista de Lince's mansion. Posting some of

his men around the building, Luis, with a score of soldiers at his back, burst into the building.

The corridor was suddenly illumined by a flash of light, and a bullet whistled perilously close to Luis' head. The shot came from a deep recess in the wall, and Luis promptly discharged his own pistol into it. By the flash of the explosion he saw the figure of Vista de Lince with his back against the wall. All was dark again, and he could not tell whether his shot had taken effect. He changed his position quickly, lest the brigand should fire.

"So far, Capitan," the brigand said, evenly, "you have got the better of me. You would like to take me in chains to Madrid, no doubt, to complete your triumph, but that, I fear, I cannot permit."

Luis laughed. But no sound came from the brigand save a long-drawn sigh. Luis waited. Presently the light of a torch shone, away down the corridor. The soldiers were searching the house. Luis held his sword ready, for he thought that the brigand now must needs make a dash for freedom. The light of the torch grew brighter, and Luis peered into the recess. Vista de Lince lay upon his side with his knife through his heart.



"Then He Jumped."





# 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 recognised in Jack Carter a young Southern lieutenant from the "Onondaga," her former playmate and lover. Millie discovers that the two Federal vessels are to seize the "Onondaga," and, regardless of honour, warns a Southern girl, Adeline Lester, the cousin of Jack Carter, that the Confederate ship is in danger. Millie meets her former lover and they renew their betrothal. On the eve of the attempted seizure of the Confederate ship, Millie attends a ball at Government House where an English officer, Captain Palliser, forms a plan to aid her. Lieutenant Carter says farewell, as he knows his ship may be taken and Millie spends a wakeful night of fear.

**C**HANGING her ball-dress for a dressing-gown, she spent the few hours that intervened between her return home and daylight crouched in the arm-chair by her open window.

Utterly ignorant of all sea lore, she drew no comfort from the south wind with its breath of fog, from the heavy clouds drifting up over the waning moon. Vainly she strained her eyes towards the veiled sea-line, imagining the steady light on Meagher's Beach to be the moving signals of a fleet, fancying the vague noises of the night to be the sound of distant guns.

Gradually a grey light appeared above MacNab's Island, showing a steely stretch of water.

Her night-watch was over, and for good or ill, the dreaded day had come.

It was not yet full daylight when she heard her uncle go softly down and open and shut the front door.

It was horrible to realise that the familiar household footstep sounded now like the tread of an enemy going forth on some baleful errand.

She could keep still no longer. Quickly she dressed for the street and crept down-stairs.

What a silvery grey world it was that she stepped into, a silvery grey that would presently fade before the hot August sun.

For all the earliness of the hour there were people in the streets going towards the Point.

She knew what this meant and it hurried her footsteps towards the military lumber yard, a few steps from her uncle's house.

The quiet place was a haunt of hers, and she had spent many dreamy hours on the grassy mounds under the old willow trees that had replaced the useless guns.

George's Island shut in the view up the harbour, but the seaward sweep was clear.

Usually the place was deserted save for a few children, but now knots of soldiers and civilians were standing about with glasses turned seawards.

On the harbour there was the same unusual stir. Small craft of all kind were silhouetted against the opalescent stretch of glassy water that heaved in long swells, and each one, she noticed with a vague dread, was headed down stream.

Cheerful voices sounded over the water and the excitement in the air suggested a public festivity.

Millie shuddered at thought of what these people had come forth to see, but all the same she hurried on to the wharf to stare with the rest.

Not even a schooner was to be seen inside the lighthouse, but a black military tug was bustling across from MacNabs.

Presently a westerly catspaw swept before it a curve of silver scales and filled the tawny sails of a whaler that alone amongst all the craft was coming townwards.

As the latter glided on there were shouts interchanged by the whaler's crew with other boats, and each fresh shout was answered with a burst of noisy exultation.

"Bully for her!" "She did them in the eye that time!" "Good for Jock Fleming!" such were some of the responsive cries echoing over the water.

And now appeared two white navy launches tearing up under full pressure, but the crew of these vouchsafed no passing word to the boats that rocked on the swell they created.

But the black tug was coming closer and now Millie saw officers in uniform on board. Remembering Captain Palliser's words of the night before, her hope of tidings grew more insistent. If he were there and saw her he would bring her news she knew.

Yes, there he was in the undress uniform he had worn on board the Duncan.

As the tug drew in to the wharf the joyous shouts from the boats gathered force. They looked cheerful, too, on board the tug, even Captain Palliser was laughing. What a cruel world it was, and how poor a thing friendship proved! How could he laugh to-day!

In this moment of utter desolation Adeline Lester's voice sounded beside her, and her hand was drawn through her arm.

"Millie! You poor darling! To be here all alone."

"O, Addie, I couldn't stay away!" came with a sob, though Millie's eyes never left the tug.

"Nor I."

"And you're alone, too?"

"No, Mr. Singleton brought me. It's all right. He's not thinking about us. We'll stay together now until—oh, I think they've got news," she gasped.

Arm in arm the two girls stood, and that friendly pressure gave Millie fresh strength.

Palliser, standing beside Addie's fat colonel, now saw her and saluted. Before the boat was at the wharf he jumped, and missing his footing went down with a splash.

Great were the outcries and laughter that ensued, but there was hurry, too, for he ran a risk of being drawn under and hurt.

"Oh, how can they?" Millie sobbed in impatient pain. But Palliser had reappeared, dripping like a Newfoundland dog.

Hardly pausing to shake himself he ran up the wharf towards Millie, panting out:

"It's all right. The 'Onondaga' slipped out at midnight through the Eastern Passage. Wouldn't have believed it if we hadn't met Jock Fleming, the pilot who took her out. He deserves a medal for it."

"Thank you, oh, thank you," Millie gasped, as though he had done it all himself, and then subsided helplessly onto a pile of logs.

And now everything was like a transformation scene when the chorus troops gaily in and all is mirth and music.

The fat colonel hovered beaming at Addie's side, the other officers scattered amongst groups of excited townfolk and Southerners, telling the tale of an eventful night, as far as they knew it.

(Continued on page 29)



## Music and Drama

**T**HE Exhibition fortnight has left Toronto a rather exhausted community with the record of another successful year to be added to the annals of the Canadian National. A feature of the fortnight which, although not connected with the Exhibition, added materially to the pleasure of many visitors, was the recital given every night in the Metropolitan Church by Mr. H. A. Wheeldon, the lately-arrived organist who, it need hardly be stated, comes from England. The Exhibition is held before the concert season is fairly opened. Yet, visitors from the smaller towns and villages should be given an opportunity to hear such music as only a large city can provide.

Mr. Duss has made the suggestion that a music hall shall be built on the Exhibition grounds and President W. K. George has expressed his sympathy with the suggestion. Such a building might be used for organ recitals and concerts of a popular nature.

\* \*

The National Chorus, under the leadership of Dr. Albert Ham, with the assistance of Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra, will give a concert in Massey Hall, Toronto, on December 16th, the earliest date yet selected by this organisation. Miss Helen Davies, of Peterborough, the soprano soloist who created such a favourable impression during the season of 1906, when Sir Frederick Bridge's setting of "The Flag of England" was rendered by the National Chorus, is engaged for the December event and also Mr. Kelley Cole (tenor) and Mr. Francis Rogers (baritone). The National Chorus as a rule confines its work to the compositions of British masters and on this year's programme are found the names of Coleridge-Taylor, Barnby and Parry. The rehearsals of the Chorus are resumed this week.

\* \*

One of the most important events of the season 1907-1908 will be the appearance in concert of De Pachmann, the pianist whose Chopin interpretations are his most famous achievements. Josef Hofmann has already been engaged as soloist for one of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, which will, as usual, be given in February.

\* \*

The "Windsor Magazine" for September contains an article on "Paderewski at Home," which tells a variety of interesting details about the Polish pianist. In a flamboyant fashion it sets off with the sentence: "Ignace Jan Paderewski is, as all the world knows, a great musician—the greatest probably it has ever known."

In accordance with the crude commercialism of the age, the author of the article declares in the early paragraphs of his account that Paderewski is a financial success.

"Infallible, magnetic, irresistible, Paderewski is a living demonstration of the height of accomplishment to which human intelligence can reach. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his amazing fingers should bring him an income exceeding £20,000 a year, that a twenty minutes' performance commands a fee of 500 guineas, and that on one occasion a five months' tour in America was productive to him of £30,000, or that, in 'drawing' power, no other has, even remotely, approached him."

The reader is informed that Ignace Paderewski would probably have made "the same phenomenal success in any other career that he has made in music." Like most distinguished Poles, Paderewski is an accomplished linguist and we are assured that he understands men almost as well as he understands the piano. In that case, he may make a fortune as a United States politician, should his "amazing fingers" ever fail him. On one vexed point the writer is emphatic—the name should be pronounced "Paderesskee." The inhabitants of the American continent show a haughty independence in their manner of pronouncing Teutonic and Polish names and they will probably resent any correction in the matter.

"Paderewski has made for himself two

(Continued on Page 23)

# TRISCUIT

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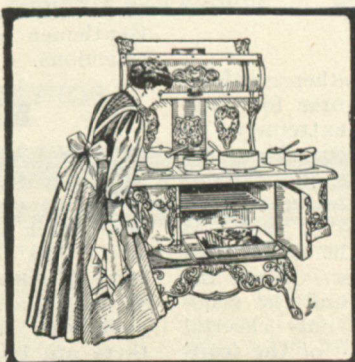
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## British Gossip

**T**HE vegetarian has been the object of much cheap ridicule but he has succeeded in becoming fashionable and even aristocratic. Mr. Eustace Miles, the proprietor of a restaurant where pumpkins are a poem and pickled cabbage a dream, has had the distinction of entertaining Duchesses and lesser ladies at his hostelry in Chandos Street. Everyone who knows the ways and works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw is aware of his vegetarian practices. By the way, Mr. Shaw must saturate his unoffending fare with vinegar if we may reason from his dramas to his diet. The "By-stander" gives a formidable list of "people in Debrett" who have become converted to corn and protose cutlets. But to most of us there is something forlorn about a dinner from which roast beef and stuffed veal are utterly banished. The spell of Dickens is too strong for the average Englishman whose ideal meal is such a repast as Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley came home to be served with at the Blue Dragon. But the whirligig of Time brings many changes and the roast beef of England may finally disappear from the scene, leaving daintier but drearier fare in its place. War, it is said, must vanish and beef-eaters are proverbially war-like. However, the vegetarian is not always placid, as the scrappiness of Mr. Shaw abundantly manifests.

\* \* \*

The Boer War and the automobile craze have been a boon to the writer of fiction. It was becoming difficult to dispose of the hero unless one sent him to the West Coast of Africa to die of fever or to Johannesburg to make a fortune. But in 1899 President Kruger and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain began to exchange personal paragraphs and the first thing the novelists knew they were provided with a harrowing war to which dozens of heroes have been despatched during the last five years. The automobile fashion has been almost equally useful. Even such a master of his craft as Mr. Robert Hichens was not above tumbling his heroine out of an auto and scratching her face shamefully when he wished her to become perfect through having her beauty spoiled. But the auto novelists who are easily first in the race, whether from Pekin to Paris or Syracuse to St. Petersburg, are the Williamsons. Collaboration on the part of husband and wife has been a popular success in the case of the Castles and the Williamsons. The latter have certainly made the motor yarn their own and their latest work, "The Motor Chaperon," concerns itself amusingly with a motor boat in Holland and its strangely-assorted passengers. It is more fragrant than most of their novels and Cupid is given a prominent part instead of being an understudy for the petrol.

\* \* \*

The cold summer has not been altogether comfortable for Canada but it has been much worse for England where the merchants have suffered extremely on account of the slim orders for the goods which are usually sold in July and August. Muslins and chiffons have disappeared from the scene, while substantial tweeds have taken the place of fluffy gowns, such as usually make glad the heart of man in the days when the river is the resort of the holiday-maker. Even the pageants have failed to warm the season and the vendors of influenza remedies have been the only cheerful citizens. But saddest of all is the lot of the fruit-grower whose memory is unequal to the task of recalling a worse season. Plums and apples are likely to be of poor quality and the pear is a vanishing product. The lemon has been practically ignored, whereas July and August have generally meant a harvest of lemons. The public has probably been drinking long draughts of tea.

\* \* \*

A year ago, on the withdrawal of troops from the Island of St. Helena, a committee was formed for the purpose of watching the interests of the lonely little island which played so important a part nearly a cen-

tury ago. This committee held its first annual dinner in London last month, when Mr. M. H. Hicks Beach presided and the chief guests were Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. and Mr. C. J. Fulton, the New Zealand flax expert whose services have been lent by his Government to set the flax industry on a permanent basis in St. Helena. The president paid Sir Gilbert Parker a high compliment, declaring that it was the energy of the ex-Canadian which had directed the Government's attention to the unfortunate condition of the Islanders, to whom the withdrawal of the troops meant a great change in industrial conditions. Sir Gilbert Parker, in replying, said that it was absolutely necessary to make a further grant to the inhabitants of the island, to tide over the period which must elapse before the new flax industry has placed them in an independent position. The committee in charge of this affair seems to have acted with more celerity than most organisations of the kind which too often spend the most important period of their existence in tying red tape into fancy knots.

\* \*

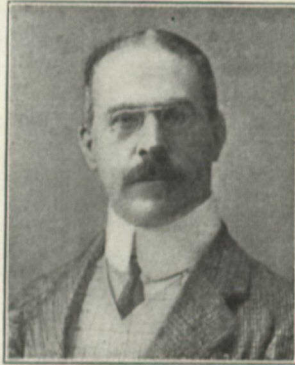
The gift of fifty thousand pounds to Lord Cromer for his great services in Egypt was sanctioned by both Houses of Parliament and is probably regarded with approval in all parts of the Empire. Of course, certain of the ultra-Radicals won a few moments' notoriety by opposing in violent terms any recognition of a man who has spent his best years in imperial service, but their oratorical spasms were unappreciated. Even Mr. William Redmond failed to effect anything more than boredom in his audience. The strictures of some of these professional agitators who have probably never accomplished a day of real work in the course of their turbulent lives are amusing when they are not irritating. One cannot conceive of a much more ungracious act on the part of a public man than depreciation of such genuine and practical achievement as that of Lord Cromer in the land which was all but bankrupt when he took the British Agency. The grant of the British Government is the least part of "Baring's" reward.

\* \* \*

This is an age in which expletives are thin and weak in comparison with the round oaths which were used in the days of Strenuous Queen Bess, who called the Cecils and the Walsinghams by weird names and whose exclamations were brief and very much to the point. But even such mild ejaculations as are left to us are in danger of suppression. The Speaker of the British House of Commons has ruled that the word "Nonsense" which is Mr. McKenna's favourite outbreak at the enemy's expense, is not a Parliamentary expression. It will be necessary to go back to the chronicles of the Fairchild Family or Sandford and Merton in order to secure expressions that will decorously formulate the wrath of Honourable Gentlemen when the other side makes itself positively ridiculous.

### England's Lost Land

**E**NGLAND has surrendered 524 square miles of her territory to the waves within the last thousand years. More recently the advance of the waters has been much more rapid, averaging for the last forty years 1523 acres a year. The ravages of the sea in 1903 were almost unprecedented. Many historical towns, such as Ravensburgh, where Henry IV. landed in 1339, have been submerged. Off the Yorkshire coast alone there are twelve submerged towns and villages. Between Flamborough Head and Kilnsea an area equal to that of London has been devoured by the waves since the Roman invasion. The erosion here is so continuous that the outline of the coast is never the same on two consecutive days. There is an anchorage off Selsey, Sussex, still called "The Park" because it was a royal deer park in the reign of Henry VIII. The Goodwin sands, so much dreaded by navigators, was the 4,000-acre estate of Earl Goodwin, until it was inundated by a great wave in 1099. In June, 1898, the sea advanced inland two hundred yards at Cromer during a single gale.



Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the "Motor Novelists," who have won fame and fortune by their stories.





# MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES

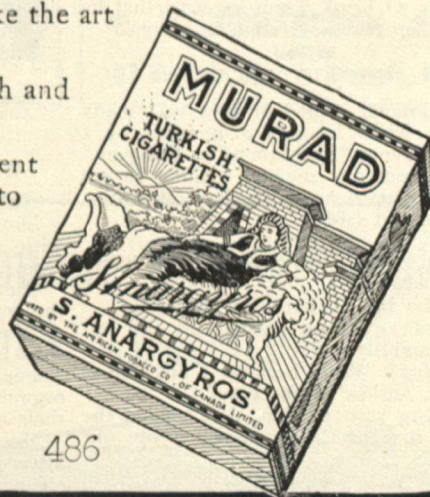
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S. ANARGYROS.

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

(Continued from page 21)

homes: One is the Chateau Riond-Bosson at Marges, on the Lake of Geneva, and the other is the large estate Kosna, not far from Tarnow in Poland.

"At the gates of Riond-Bosson, a monstrous St. Bernard dog mounts guard, as though desirous of excluding from his master the anxieties of an outside world, yet he has learnt to know that the postman laden with letters—largely requests for autographs from every part of the world, from London to Buenos Ayres, and from New York to Sydney, must have access. To these letters M. Paderewski replies, and having started a fund to erect in Warsaw a statue

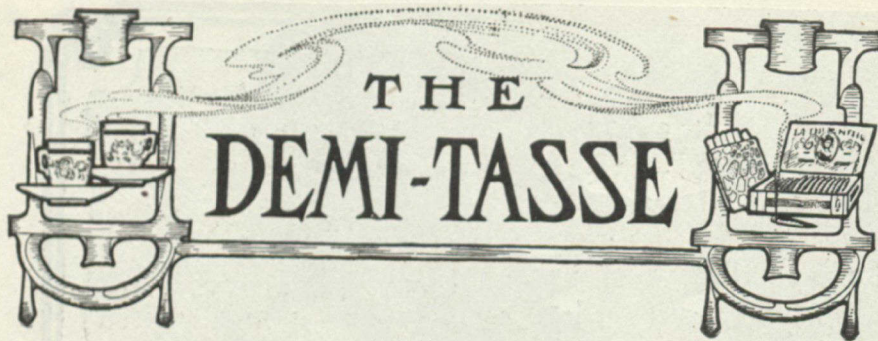
to Chopin, he puts a price upon his autograph. Thus he charges five francs for an ordinary signature, ten francs if the applicant wishes him to scribble a few bars of original music and twenty francs for a signed portrait. All money so obtained—and the total is already very large—goes towards his Chopin statue, for which he has secured permission from the Russian government."

There comes to the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, next week, a comedian who has kept two continents in good humour. Mr. James T. Powers, who is starring in "The Blue Moon," is said to be more amusing than ever in this latest musical comedy. To say that Mr. Powers can excite more laughter in this production than

he provoked as "Flipper" in "The Runaway Girl" or "Barry" in "The Country Girl" is to challenge exacting comparison. But all who remember the antics of those celebrated characters will be at the Royal Alexandra in time to see the curtain rise on the brilliance of "The Blue Moon."

The "graft" play, dealing with the sins of commercial and political life, is enjoying great popularity in San Francisco this month, where the people who sent their wicked mayor to jail, naturally enjoy seeing the villain of the graft play punished in proper style. Of course, Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg would afford slim audiences for such productions as "The Man of the Hour."





## THE ORIENTAL.

The Japs and Chinese in B. C.  
Are as anxious to stay as can be;  
But their ways are not nice,  
As we've said once or twice,  
And we wish they'd go back o'er the sea  
J. G.

## WE NEVER MENTION IT.

This is told as a true story. A man from Montreal was talking to an enthusiastic Toronto group, consisting mainly of Exhibition directors, and the Montrealer cheerfully admitted that the show was worth the trip.

"It's been a great success," said one man; "attendance larger, receipts increased—everything has gone up beautifully."  
"How about that airship, Knaben—" asked the man from Montreal.  
"Shoo!" interrupted Dr. Orr in haste.

## A PLEASANT PETITION.

There is a certain village church where a good member, known as Brother Kirby, is always stirring up strife and causing sorrow. At a prayer-meeting, one of the brethren who had suffered from Brother Kirby's meddling methods, offered up a petition in this fashion:

"O Lord, we pray that Brother Kirby may die." There was a stir of consternation among the kneeling members. But the prayer continued:

"O Lord, we pray that Brother Kirby may die and go to Hell." In horror, the pastor raised his head to remonstrate when the petition concluded:

"Because, O Lord, Thou knowest that he will break up that institution in a week."

## HE GOT IN.

A well-known comedian says that many years ago when he was a member of a company playing "She Stoops to Conquer," a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box-office in a small town and said:

"Pass me in, please."

The box-office man gave a loud, harsh laugh.

"Pass you in? What for?" he asked.

The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily:

"What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the box-office man, as he hurriedly wrote out an order for a box.

## HEAVENWARDS.

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

## NO PARADISE FOR THEM.

"British workmen are highly amused at Canada's being described as 'The Workers' Paradise,' in view of the fact that in that country work is found for everyone." Such is the reflection of "Punch," which recognises the fact that some British workmen have a mere courtesy title and prefer "lager" to labour.

## INEFFECTIVE.

A young man, finding himself in the train without matches or cigars, cast about

for some way of wheedling both out of a fellow-traveller. He therefore leaned across and asked politely: "Excuse me, sir, but have you a match?"

The other took out his match-box, carefully extracted the required article and handed it to the young man, who laid it on the seat beside him, and then took out his cigar-case, regarded it with well-affected surprise, and said: "Hang it! I have no cigar, either!"

"Then you won't want the match, will you?" said the other, carefully picking it up and restoring it to his pocket.

## UP AND DOING.

Chicago professors are always getting in the paper. They are as restless and advertisement-loving as a Teddy Bear. Now a strenuous professor from the "Oil Academy" of Chicago has unearthed in Egypt a sun temple and a city that have been lost for 3300 years. Why couldn't he let them have a little rest? These Westerners are so energetic.



"Policeman, that ruffian took my wife's arm!"

"All right, Sir. We'll search him at the station."  
—Punch.

## WHAT SHE WANTED TO SAY.

"John, the cook has left—"

"Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry?"

"But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left!"

"Yes, I know you 'merely want to say.'"

And I merely want to say that it's a great shame that this household is eternally disorganised. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why?"

"John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding and a pint of claret on the dining-room table for you."

"Well, Gwendolyn, why in the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?"—Tit-Bits.

## A NEW ORDER.

Mr. James L. Hughes, the famous Toronto School Inspector, who is never so happy as when he is introducing a new society, has suggested the formation of a Courtesy League among the school-children of the city. There is no doubt that Toronto needs such an association and Hamilton will cheerfully second the motion to have the inhabitants of the capital of Ontario taught a little politeness. Mr. Henry O'Brien, K.C., of Toronto, will act as honorary president.

## A NEEDED REFORM.

King Edward left a cafe chantant in Marienbad when he disapproved of the

songs on the programme. It is rumoured that Dr. Chown has sent for His Majesty to come to Toronto and place the ban of his disapproval on a certain local theatre which is said to be in need of a censor.

## HUSH MONEY.

Hansoms and four-wheelers would be cheap in London, England, if one only paid the legal fare for them, but he who tries to pay the legal fare doesn't try it more than once. One day an old lady stopped a hansom, looked up at the driver, and said timidly:

"Driver, I want to go to Ludgate Circus. I see by the book that the legal fare is two shillings. If I give you three, will you promise not to swear at me afterwards?"

## NO COMFORT.

"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud!"

"Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship."—Pick-Me-Up.

## CRUEL.

He (wildly)—"But don't you remember me? Why, you kissed me last July."

The Summer Girl (coldly)—"I always had a poor memory for faces."

## AN EXPLANATION.

"I gave up Jonah" said the Whale,

Who lately came to town,

"Because I knew I couldn't keep

A Good Man D

O

W

N."

—Life.

## THE FEATHERLESS FROG.

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a blue-jay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, begobs, but ye was a divil of a foine-looking burd befur Oi blew ther fithers off o' ye!"—Judge's Library.

## UNDER ARREST.

A forlorn-looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself, he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your Honour, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as—"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate.

"Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## WHEN HE WOULD NEED IT.

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on."

"Yes; he said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."—The Storyteller.

## HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Suburban Host (to unexpected supper guest)—"Now, then, Miss Hobson, will you have a little of this rabbit pie or—er— or (looking round and discovering there is no other dish)—or not?"—The Tatler.



"Come on in Ma, the water's fine."—Life.





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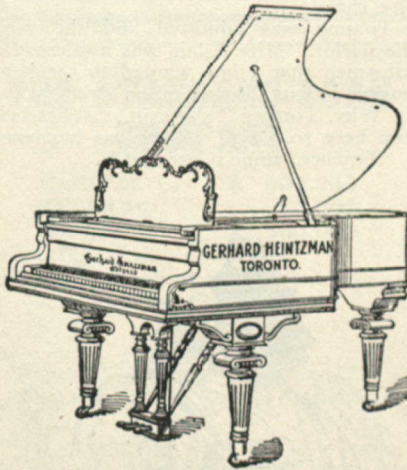
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Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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## Peculiarities

**P**EOPLE who are accustomed to think of the East as slow, will need to revise their opinion. Two weeks ago a party of British journalists were entertained at the Union Club in St. John, N.B. Just before entering the Club they sat for a group photograph, and twenty-five minutes later as they departed, the finished picture was presented to them. At this rate of doing business, a good many photographers in the so-called hustling West will have to increase the hustle or be marked down as "also ran."

Fire alarm boxes must be something of a novelty in the West and Edmonton is having trouble with citizens who mistake the boxes for letter boxes. The other day an alarm was sounded from a busy corner and the firemen were on the scene in record time. No trace of fire could be discovered but two letters were found carefully mailed in the alarm box. The letters have been held with a view to discovering by whom they were deposited.

Verily this is a country of boundless opportunities and no man need be hard up if he chooses to work. A student of Toronto University who has been spending his vacation at the Kawartha Lakes, Ont., has cleared \$700 by catching frogs and shipping the legs to the New York and Chicago markets. The frogs are caught with a piece of red flannel and an ordinary fish hook, and are shipped in eighty pound cans.

What are said to be the bones of the first mastodon ever discovered in British Columbia, were unearthed on the Queen Charlotte Islands recently and brought to Vancouver. The skull measures seven feet six inches across the forehead, and the eye sockets measure two feet in diameter, so that the eyes must have looked like automobile searchlights. The vertebrae of the monster are between sixteen and seventeen feet in length. It is probable that the skeleton, which is valued at \$50,000, will be placed on view in Vancouver this fall.

Here is another rap at Toronto, from the Kingston "Whig," but it is a good one: "A Trenton minister made a funny break last Sunday in his sermon, but didn't notice it. He said that the Apostle Paul took his graduate course at Antioch and his post-graduate course at Toronto. Of course he must have been thinking of Toronto being the modern Jerusalem, or the Holy City!"

Justices of the Peace are occasionally requested to solve some novel problems. A week or two ago, Magistrate Duncan of Estevan, Sask., was approached by a rejected lover who wanted to collect mileage for many trips made over the trail in the course of a long courtship, before he was turned down by the lovely one!

Regulations just issued by the Department of Agriculture have adjusted the wolf bounties as follows: For each timber or gray wolf, five dollars; for each prairie wolf or coyote, one dollar; for each wolf pup of either kind, one dollar. In order to obtain the bounty, the pelt including the head must be produced intact to the inspector.

According to the "Western Canada Contractor," oil, tar, and asphaltum are found in abundance in the Athabasca Valley. On the Athabasca River alone, it is said, there is enough asphaltum to pave the streets\*of all the cities in the world, and this can be manufactured for commercial purposes at small cost. With adequate railway facilities, it is confidently predicted that ample capital will be forthcoming for the development of these immense resources. Already one Seattle oil company has staked claims in the district.

It is not often that the Chinese oaths are administered in this country. The most

binding form is that of breaking a saucer on the head of the person to be sworn, the thick skulled one believing that his soul will be broken as surely as the saucer if he does not tell the truth. The other form of oath, however, was administered at Edmonton recently. This consists in the person to be sworn writing his name on a piece of brown paper which is then soaked in the blood of a newly killed cock, after which it is burned. The witness then declares that as surely as the paper was burned may his soul burn if he does not tell the truth.

What is said to be the finest steam yacht that ever visited the port of St. John, spent a day or two there at the end of August. The vessel is the Remlik of New York, owned by W. T. Kilmer, who with his mother and nine others are on a pleasure trip to the coast of Labrador. The yacht is 202 feet over all and carries a crew of thirty-six men. She was built in England and is said to be one of the best yachts flying the pennant of the New York Yacht Club.

Ajax defying the lightning is not more remarkable than the spectacle of John Houston of Prince Rupert defying the G.T.P. Houston is an ex-member of the B. C. Legislature and the proprietor of the first Prince Rupert paper. The G.T.P. have selected another man to publish a paper there and will not rent or sell Houston space for an office. The latter, however, appears to be a man of resource as well as determination. He has a plant on the wharf, and now threatens to build a scow in the river and publish his paper from that.

A bride for the fourth time at the age of eighteen years, is the remarkable record of a young woman living near Winnipeg. She is the daughter of a former Nebraska rancher and was married the first time when scarcely fifteen years of age. Her first and third husbands died suddenly and the second deserted her. Her present husband is Robert J. Horton, a young farmer. Mrs. Horton is a pretty and attractive woman. She has no children.

The Nelson (B.C.) "Canadian" is authority for the statement that a genuine Prince has been residing in that metropolis incog., also unheralded and unsung. He is Prince Louis Philippe de Bourbon, and he has been engaged for some months as a porter at the Stratheona Hotel. When the news of his identity leaked out, the Prince called at the newspaper office and made a clean breast of the whole affair. He seems to take a pride in his occupation as a means of retrieving his shattered fortunes, and says he will remain in Nelson until there is a change in the form of government in France.

The question of physical supremacy between the East Indian and the American Indian in British Columbia is a disputed point, but the former appears to have scored in point of fascination. A Hindoo who was in a fishing camp near New Westminster ran away with a young Indian girl a couple of weeks ago, and forty friends of the girl have left their nets and started in pursuit, vowing violent vengeance. There is some doubt as to whether the girl went willingly, and if not, it is a case in which the Hindu may be sentenced to life imprisonment.

### GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The "Grand Magazine" tells a story of a Scotch minister who cannily regulated his gratitude according to the meal he saw provided. "Bountiful Jehovah," was always the prelude when the table before him groaned under good things. A meagrely-spread board, however, drew forth the more temperate, "Lord, we are not worthy of the least of these Thy mercies."

## For the Children

"**N**OW, children," said the teacher, as she distributed the flower-seeds among the little ones, "I want you to plant these in pots, and when they begin to grow don't fail to tell me. I will give a prize to the one who reports first."

At five o'clock one morning, a few weeks later, the family with whom the teacher boarded was aroused by a loud ringing at the door-bell. The man of the house went to the door. "Who's there?" he asked.

"Tommy Tucker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Miss Adair."

"What's the matter? What do you want of her?"

"I want to tell her something."

"Won't it keep till daylight? Can't I tell her myself?"

"No. It's something she wanted to know just as soon as it happened, and nobody else can do it."

Tommy was admitted and shown into the parlor. Miss Adair was awakened and informed that a boy wanted to see her on business that allowed of no delay.

"Why, Tommy!" she said. "What brings you here so early? What has happened?"

"Teacher, mine's growed."



Auntie. "Now, Tommy, just you keep perfectly still, or you'll have the whole lot over. And besides you must think of the poor elephant."—Punch.

### PLEASURE AND PAYMENT.

I like to have them read to me  
The bloodiest stories that can be—  
Of grizzly bears an' Injuns red—  
Before it's time to go to bed.

I like it 'cause it makes me creep  
When in the dark I try to sleep,  
An' through the hall an' on the stairs  
I hear the Injuns an' the bears!

The same way with ice cream, I think—  
Vanilla or the dandy pink—  
That tastes so awful good, an', oh,  
That makes your head an' eyes ache so!  
—Edwin L. Sabin in the Housekeeper.

### A LEADING QUESTION.

The youngest teachers of the Lincoln school are telling with glee a great joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the primary grades of our schools.

It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to his desk and said, "What is your name?"

"Harold Smith," the bright youngster replied.

"And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank in her methodical way.

"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?" and the young teachers are laughing still.—Lippincott's.





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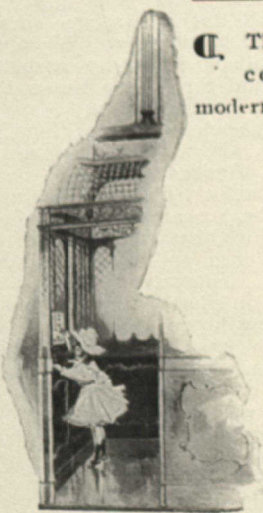
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## Literary Notes

IN "Appleton's Magazine" for September, there is a sketch, "The Value of a Voice," by Joseph L. Stickney, which is somewhat associated with the Confederate cruiser "Tallahassee," an agitating vessel for both Canada and the United States in the year 1863. The serial, "The Consul's Niece," running at present in the "Canadian Courier," is founded on the "Tallahassee's" exploits. In Mr. Stickney's story, a Federal ship mistakes one of her sister cruisers for the "Tallahassee" and almost demolishes the wrong boat. It is a stirring adventure told with a touch of genuine Yankee humour.

Mr. F. Talbot Price, writing to the San Francisco "Argonaut" on "The Lax Use of Words," protests against the expression "would better," used instead of "had better," showing that the correct phrasing is either "had better" or "would have better" but not simply "would better." The writer draws attention to the use of such incorrect forms as "preventative" and "per capita." He also refers to the transposing of accent in the words "address" and "harass," which should be on the second and first syllable, respectively.


For the last few years Canadians have been industriously imitating certain inaccurate fashions which originated in the United States. Perhaps the most absurd of these is the form, "some one's else," adopted by some Canadian school-teachers who seem to think that such a combination is painstakingly correct. But they continue to use the form "one another's," apparently not realizing that the phrases are under similar laws. No classic in English literature uses the form "some one's else," but a half-educated New England pedagogue set the fashion and a few Canadians unquestioningly adopted it. "Would better" is in common use in the United States but we have been wise enough to adhere to "had better." One of the most noticeable errors of to-day is "gotten" as past participle. It is an archaic form of the same class as "stricken" and "washen." But a few enterprising Yankees have dragged it forth and now the modern girl exultingly declares: "I have gotten a new gown."

A Canadian author, Mr. Herbert N. Casson, who is now residing in New York, has recently written "The Romance of Steel: the Story of a Thousand Millionaires," which has a fine, metallic ring. Mr. Casson tells in breezy fashion how the "greatest need of the world" fifty years ago—cheap steel—was supplied by the inventive genius of two men—William Kelly, a Pittsburg Irish-American, and Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman of French descent.

An interesting sketch is given of Captain William R. Jones, who was hired as superintendent of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's new steel works at Braddock, Pennsylvania, and who refused to be a shareholder.

"He scattered his thousands with a free hand among his men and their families, and accumulated comparatively little for himself. He was, in short, an ideal captain of industry, leading his men on to victory after victory. He was hot-tempered and rough. Under the excitement of the moment, he would often sweep down upon everything in his way with the velocity of a tornado, discharging his best men, and hurling anathemas right and left. But the sky soon cleared."

The summing up of Mr. Carnegie's use of his opportunities is terse and vigorous: "It is safe to say that Andrew Carnegie invested less money and gave less time to his business, and made more money out of it, than any other self-made millionaire in the world. He found a 'royal road' to wealth—or, rather, made one for himself. Through his shrewd foresight and a remarkable combination of circumstances, the rising tide of molten steel was 'taken at the flood' in such a way that it swept him on to a position of power and influence greater in its scope than that possessed by most European monarchs." New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.



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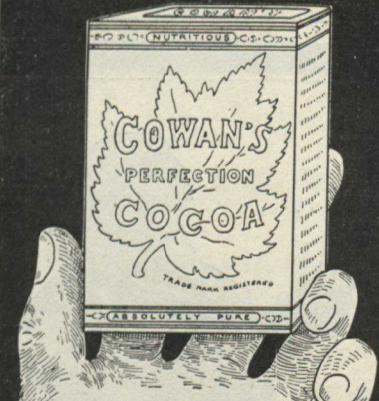
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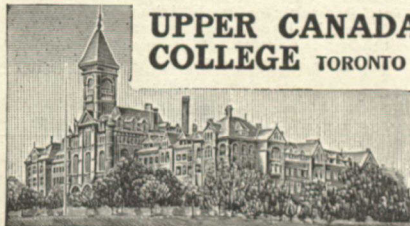


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**THE CONSUL'S NIECE**

(Continued from Page 20)

Millie sat silent, quiet tears of relief falling down her cheeks.

And then through the jubilant throng strode the incongruous figure of Judge Fawcett. His long coat-tails flapped with his rapid steps. His high beaver hat was shoved back from his forehead, and his sombre eyes stared over the heads of lesser folk.

At sight of this skeleton at the feast, Addie slipped away to join her friends.

"Good morning, Judge," Palliser called in friendly greeting.

Checked in his career, Judge Fawcett stood staring in amazement at the two, Millie on her pile of logs quietly weeping, Palliser standing by her, hatless and dripping.

"Good heavens, Millicent!" he ejaculated helplessly.

"It's all right," Palliser hastily assured him. "I stupidly slipped into the water as I landed just now."

"But my niece?"

"Oh, Miss Fawcett came down early and was a little upset by all this fuss. Needs her breakfast, I dare say."

The rigid face softened, and Judge Fawcett came and stood closer to Millie as though to shield her from observation.

"There, child," he began in mild reproof "try to hide your disappointment before all these rebels. This privateer of theirs may have got off to-day scot free, but with all our cruisers about, she must pay her reckoning before the week's out. Come, we'd better be getting back to breakfast. Thank Captain Palliser for taking care of you and let him get home to change his attire."

"Yes, uncle," Millie answered demurely, with an upward glance in which surprise, pity and an amused sense of guilt were combined.

As she rose, she turned to the younger man, saying:

"Please hurry home, Captain Palliser, and take a hot drink. It would be dreadful if you were to catch cold."

Side by side, uncle and niece walked away, and Palliser stood looking after them with attempted philosophy. "Catch cold!" he said to himself. "A woman will twist your heart strings without turning a hair, and then worry for fear you catch cold! Now, I doubt if that good man ever discovers that his niece was not shedding tears of baffled patriotism just now. And I suppose we are all bamboozled like that in our turn. Well, let's hope it may be for the ultimate good of our souls."

It was two years later, when on a glorious May morning, Millie Fawcett, standing on the verandah of her Maryland home, saw a grey-clad, shabby figure ride up. Dismounting, Jack Carter stood before her, bearing the mark of privations on his thin face, but with the old dauntless light in his blue eyes.

"I've come home. Millie, a defeated man" he said.

"Thank God, Jack."

"And I've come to ask if you will make the fresh start in life with me."

"Yes, Jack."

(THE END.)

**Hunting the Sea Otter**

**H**UNTING sea otters on the Pacific is something that inland Canadians know little or nothing about, and hence it is interesting to learn that a record catch of 38 of these marine monsters has been made this summer by the steamers Vera and Casco of the Victoria (B.C.) Sealing Company. This number will be increased before the season closes, as the Casco had not returned to port at the time of writing.

Last summer the total catch was 18 pelts. Otter hunting is legal in the North Pacific outside the three mile limit, as the restrictions of the Paris tribunal do not apply to this animal.

Hunting the sea otter is a somewhat tedious and expensive matter, as they can only be taken in the finest of weather when

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there is not a ripple on the surface of the water, and as many as 400 rounds of ammunition have sometimes to be fired by the hunters before the prize is captured—but as each otter skin is valued at \$1,000, the time and labour are well spent.

When the surface is calm the otter may be seen coming to the surface to breathe. This is the signal for action by the hunters. Three small boats generally put off from the schooner and these pursue the mammal in the form of a triangle. The method of capturing it is simple, viz., to tire it by shooting at it as often and as rapidly as it shows its head or its nose, which is all that appears sometimes. By cutting off its air supply in this manner, it is only a question of time till it becomes utterly exhausted and is forced to the surface. Frequently the otter will remain below for ten minutes at a time, and the chase often lasts as long as half an hour. When close pressed, the laboured breathing of the great animal sounds like the chug-chug of an engine.

In addition to 20 sea otter pelts, the Vera brought to port 228 sealskins.

**Indian Relics Brought to Light**

EVERY now and then some industrious digger in Canada's crust brings to light evidence that "there were others." Such a discovery has recently been made at Grand Lake in New Brunswick, when no less than 1600 pieces of Indian pottery and some arrow heads were unearthed. The relics were found by Messrs A. Gordon Leavitt and Wm. McIntosh, curator of the St. John Museum, and turned over to the museum, which now has one of the finest collections of Indian relics in the world. Most of the pottery was found on the property of Dr. E. Stone Wiggins of Ottawa, which centuries ago, was a favourite camping ground for the Indians. The pieces found are all small, varying from half an inch to two or three inches in length, but they show every conceivable form of decoration of a simple character. Those found about a foot below the surface are in the best state of preservation. Fragments taken from a greater depth are crumbled almost to dust.

Besides the pottery, eight complete arrow heads, twelve broken ones, one spear head and one skin scraper, were found. The spear head was seen by Mr. Leavitt sticking up out of the sand. The unbroken arrow heads are all beautiful specimens of the aborigines' art. With one exception they are all of conventional type. This one is shorter and broader at the barb and is chipped out of red jasper mottled with yellow spots.

Dr. Wiggins, say the delvers, was particularly kind in his reception of them. Not only did he give them carte blanche to dig anywhere on his property and press upon them the hospitality of his home, but even offered them the services of a man to assist them.

Some relics were also found upon the property of Abijah Cokely of Douglas Harbour, who likewise assisted them as much as possible, and presented them with an old fashioned plough-share which once belonged to Sir Leonard Tilley's father—an article of considerable historic interest.

**Not Altogether Bad**

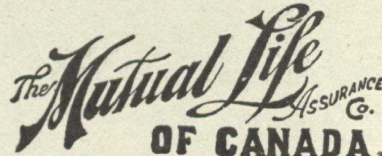
A policeman saw a man acting rather suspiciously near a jewellery store one evening, so, going over to him, he demanded to know who the man was and what he wanted.

"I'm thinking of opening a jewellery store in this neighbourhood," replied the man, "and I'm watching to see if there is much trade," whereupon the policeman went on his way, satisfied.

Next morning word was received at the station-house that the jewellery store had been entered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the mysterious stranger said reflectively: "He may be a thafe, but he's no liar."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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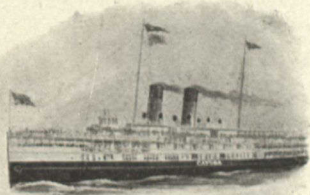
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