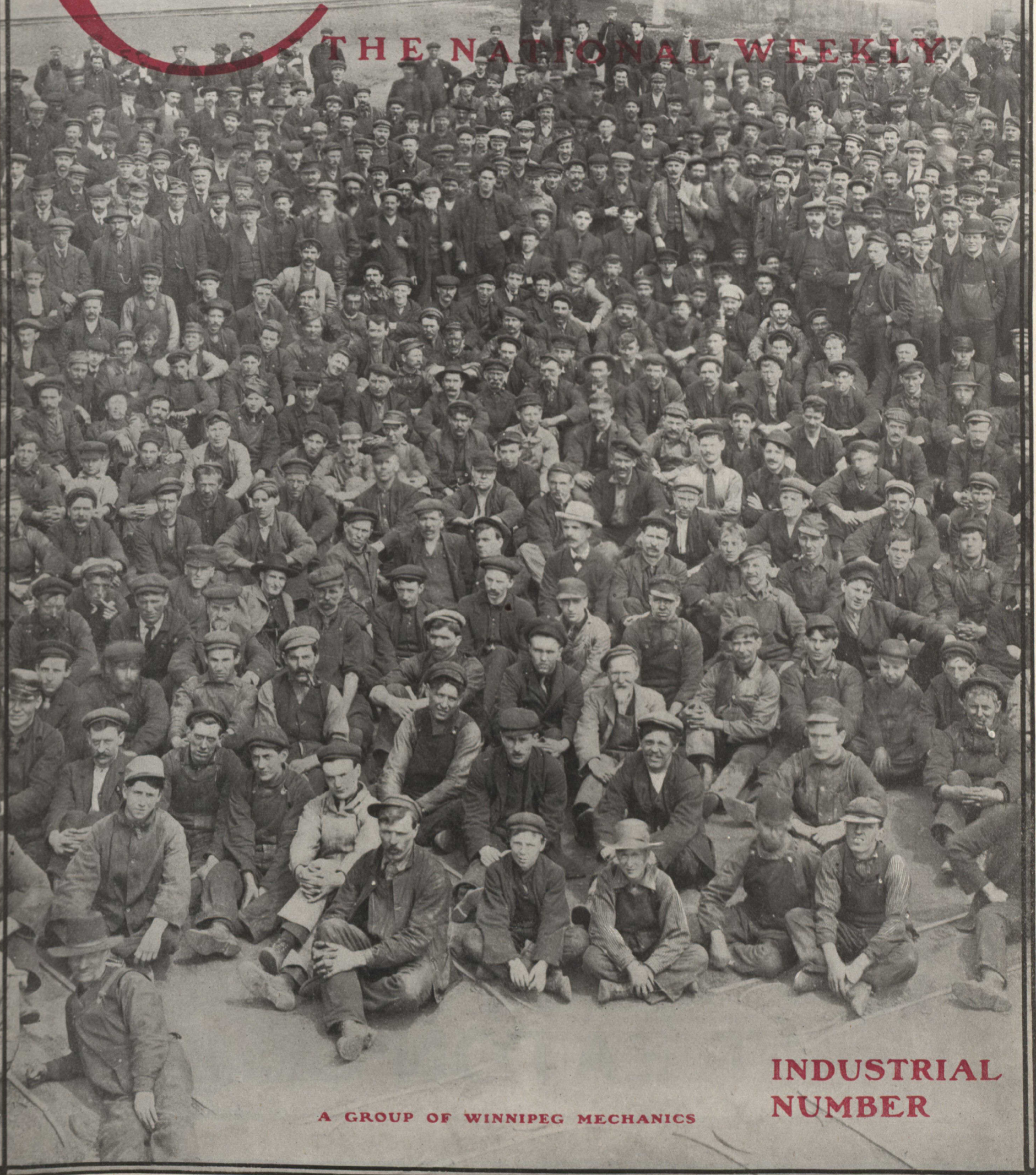


The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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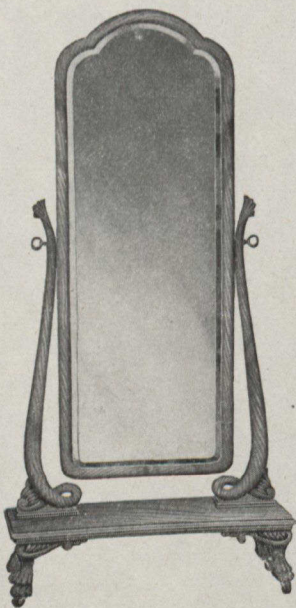
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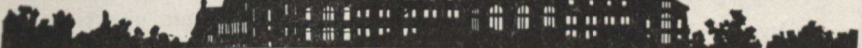
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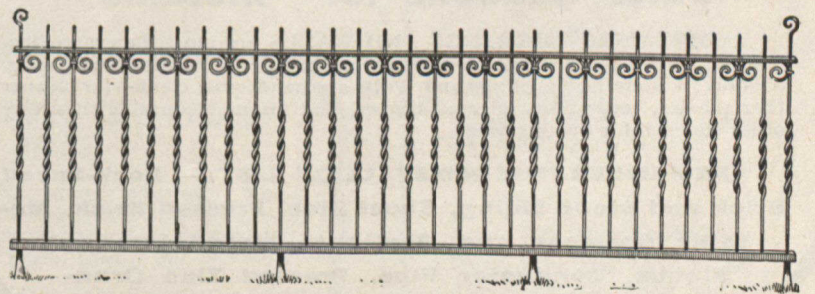
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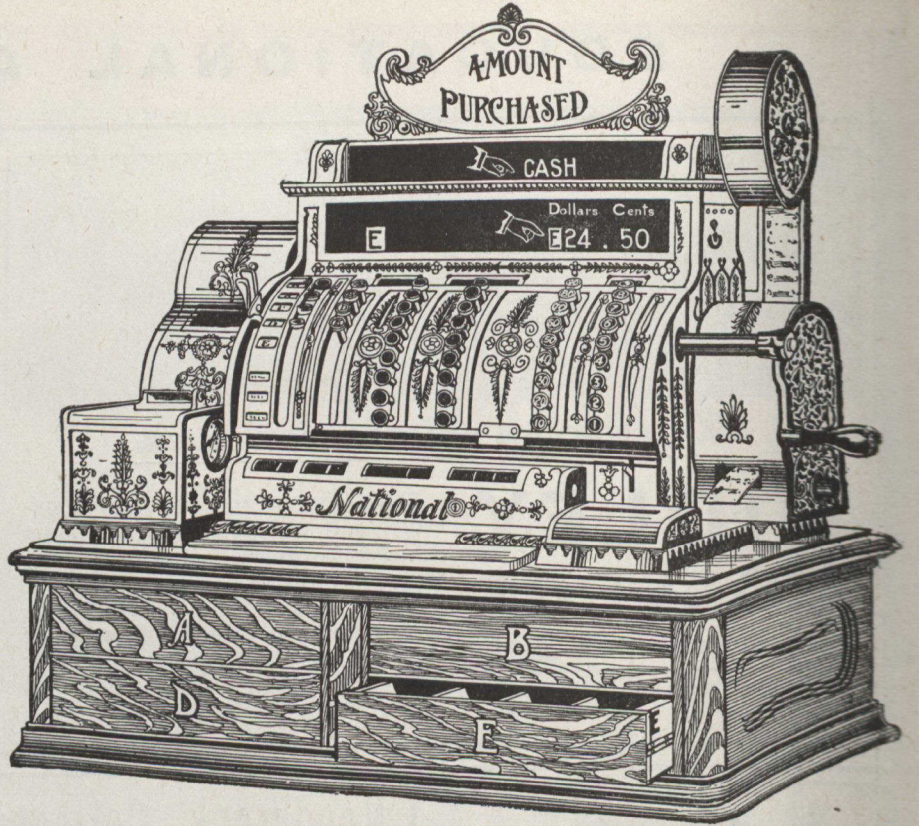
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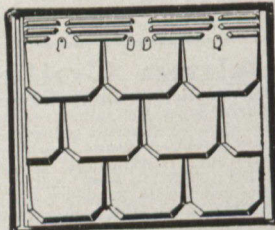
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$3.00; United States, \$4.00

IN THIS ISSUE

The Manufacturing West CHAS. F. ROLAND
Summer Shows in New York SYDNEY DALTON
A Century of Prices R. H. COATS
My Academy Picture A. B. COOPER
The Battle of the Tariffs NORMAN PATTERSON
The People, the Patriots and the Politicians
NEW-TIME WESTERNER

Editor's Talk

THIS week, despite the rather matter-of-fact limitations of an industrial number, we have struck out a new line; an intimation of which appears in the snappy set of pen and-ink drawings on the editorial page by Mr. A. T. Crichton, late of New York and Philadelphia, but originally a Canadian. Mr. Crichton is another of those back-to-Canada men who realise that this country is running over with big broad subjects for picture-making. He is a professional cartoonist with a splendid style; of whom we hope to hear more in the near future.

RELUCTANTLY we are compelled to hold over another of those full-page drawings by C. W. Jeffreys—until next week. This will be the fifth in a series of out-west studies of plains-people since the beginning of summer. Jeffreys will be in tepee-land several weeks yet. It's a good thing to know that more of this virile pen-picture man's delineations of the West have appeared in the Canadian Courier than in any other publication anywhere. Three years ago we ran a series of two-page drawings of his. Take it from us—there's no pen-and-ink man in America able to excel Jeffreys in the great essentials of a grippy good thing, either for imagination or technique.

ANOTHER new name in the illustrators' category this week is Frank Johnston, who illustrates the story "My Academy Picture." This, however, is but a preliminary. Frank Johnston has a peculiar bent of his own, which we hope to demonstrate as soon as possible. It's a streak of native genius which does not appear in this week's drawing; a vein that not many artists have; a bit eery in its nature, but full of interest. Frank Johnston is a very young man; and he is bound to develop into a strong member of the Canadian Courier group of illustrators.

BESIDES our regular staff artist, Arthur Heming is engaged on a new series which will run in the Canadian Courier during the next few weeks. In the ordinary run of news pictures there is as much variety as the photographers will permit. But what constitutes a news picture anyway?



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THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, August 27, 1910

No. 13

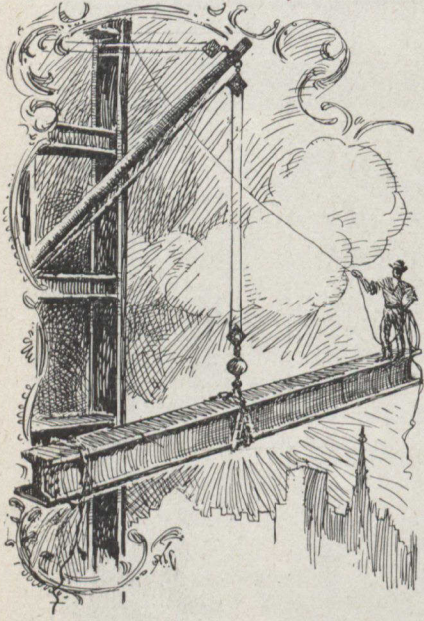


DOWN IN THE EASTERN COAL COUNTRY MANUFACTURING IS NOT ALL DONE BY "WHITE COAL."
This section of the harbour of St. John, N.B., is one of the busiest in Canada; where the coal-carriers swing in from Sydney and Glace Bay; where the coal-bucket clanks by night and day, and the coal-tugs, such as the well-known Maggie M. warp the coal barges across the harbour to the city. In the background is the curious case of the great grain belt, installed by the late Mr. Blair. Far beyond are the rock-bound ridges of the hills called Fort Howe.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

ACCORDING to Mr. Blue, the Government statistician, Canadians have been decidedly modest in their estimates of the country's growth. Most of us have been estimating the present population at seven millions. Last week the official statistician announced



that on March 31st last the population was seven and a half million. If this estimate is correct then Canada will have nearly eight million people by the end of the year, and considerably over eight million when the decennial census is taken next June. In the meantime it will be safe for all enthusiastic Canadians to henceforth quote the population of this country as eight millions.

Business conditions in Canada are so much superior to business conditions in the United States at the present time that one is inclined to feel that the Dominion statistician is correct. One may be very wise in occasionally discounting the reports of enthusiastic immigration officials and equally enthusiastic railway officials. Also it is usually safe to discount the glowing descriptions

of the professional descriptive journalist. Nevertheless, the great expansion during the past twelve months in banking deposits, clearing house returns, railway earnings, customs revenues and in general business are all additional evidence that the population of the country is growing very fast.

THIS growth in population affects us in two ways; commercially and politically. It is easy to foresee and to realise the commercial effect; the political effect is not quite so easily estimated. The present Dominion Parliament is dominated by the East; the growth in population being mainly west, the centre of influence must gradually shift westward. Already the people in the West are calculating upon an increase in representation. Manitoba expects fifteen members instead of ten. Saskatchewan will have at least eleven, and Alberta ten. In other words, the three Prairie Provinces will have thirty-six members out of two hundred and seventeen, whereas a quarter of a century ago they had less than half a dozen. At one time the centre of political influence in Canada lay somewhere between Montreal and Quebec. To-day it lies somewhere between Montreal and Port Arthur. How soon it will reach the latter point is a matter of speculation. It may be in twenty-five years, and it may not be in fifty.



HOWEVER, the influence of the West is not to be gauged wholly by the number of members of Parliament which it sends to Ottawa. Much depends upon the calibre of these members and the unity of the sentiment which they represent. At present the West speaks with one voice. If it wants a new canal, a new transcontinental railway, a new immigration policy or a new elevator policy, it matters little whether the western delegate be Conservative or Liberal, Government or Opposition. The West is in the happy condition of knowing what it wants, when it wants it, and how to get it. In the East there are certain classes of population who are fat, wealthy and comfortable, and as a consequence the East does not shout very

loudly when it desires to see changes or improvements in public policy. Indeed, changes in public policy do not affect the East so closely as they do the West. The older the country the better able it is to snap its fingers at governments. With a new country the government's policy and the government's expenditures are almost everything. Their very existence depends upon governmental action. Hence the political influence of the West is necessarily keen and

logically unified. In the parliaments of the next twenty-five years more will be heard of Western opinion and Western needs than of Eastern opinion and Eastern needs. The Easterner may smile when the Westerner shouts, but he will not attempt to drown the voice of the younger and more insistent man.

The rivalry between the East and the West is not more inimical to national life than the rivalry between Montreal and Toronto, or between Halifax and St. John. Rivalry helps national life, so long as it is reasonable and good-natured.

WILL the Western voice speak for Adequate Protection or Moderate Protection? Will it vote for Reciprocity or Exclusion? Will it clamour for Inter-imperial trade development of for a purely "Canada First" policy? These are questions which are agitating many minds, financiers and manufacturers as well as politicians. The latter is not the only class with its ear to the ground.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been West and he has heard many opinions—imperialism in Winnipeg, free trade in Saskatchewan and Alberta, protection in British Columbia. When he gets a composite tone from these many clamours which have disturbed his ears, what will that composite tone teach him? The Manufacturers are going West next month, and their triumphal march across the continent is likely to have some effect on that composite tone which is to move the Premier or lull him into security. That tone is not yet complete. There are some notes yet to be struck.

At present it cannot be seen where the present tariff policy has lost or gained, by the exhibitions of public opinion which have occurred in the West this year. So far there has been no reason to believe that the West would be pleased with a higher tariff, but neither has there been any reason to believe that it prefers lower duties to a Hudson's Bay Railway. A decrease of two and a-half per cent. in the duty on agricultural implements would probably satisfy the West in tariff matters for another ten years.

THE people of the West share with the East a decided Canadian enthusiasm. Their first desire is to build up the Dominion and to make themselves prosperous. They are as proud of Canada's railways and Canada's factories as any other portion of the country. That they would sacrifice the industrial interests of the East to gratify a penchant for free trade, had they the power to do so, is too ridiculous to be worth consideration.

WITHOUT throwing any bricks, it may again be pointed out that the Canadian manufacturer, like the British manufacturer, suffers in comparison with his American rival. In spite of the British Preference the United States manufacturer is gaining on the British manufacturer in this portion of the Empire. Similarly, the United State manufacturer is maintaining in Canada his equality with local manufacturers. To make this admission is hard on one's patriotism. Nevertheless, it is better in the end to face the truth without flinching. No manufacturer who sells goods in this country has such a splendid mastery of the art of selling as the man from the United States.

In comparing him with the British manufacturer one must make allowance for his better knowledge of the methods of the people on this continent. To this must be added his proximity to the market and his more thorough understanding of all the little details which go to make up the larger features of commerce. Even making these allowances the British manufacturer has not shown the same ability in handling the Canadian market as his American rival.

In comparing him with the Canadian manufacturer one must make allowance for the fact that it is possible to specialise to a larger degree in the United States than it is in Canada. The manufacturer who is catering to a population of ninety millions of Americans finds it comparatively easy to cater to an additional eight millions of Americans known as Canadians. The profits which he makes in his ninety-million market enables him to enter the eight-million market with an absolute indifference as to whether his invasion will be profitable or not. In other words, he can do business in Canada at a much lower rate of profit than the Canadian manufacturer who makes all his profit in a limited market. Therefore, while recognising that the Canadian manufacturer is not quite so enterprising as his rival, it is only reasonable that the handicap should be taken into consideration. We must therefore be prepared occasionally to make allowance if his styles are not up-to-date and if his business methods are not as finely perfected as that of his aggressive rival from over the line.



THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES AT CAMP LEVIS

Last Glimpses of the Famous Regiment Before Embarking for Aldershot



General Otter visited the Q.O.R. Camp at Levis, and gave them the benefit of his advice, before they left for England.



"A" Company, getting Rifle Instruction from a Ross Rifle expert.



Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, General Otter and other Officers at work.

Photographs by Gleason.

WHERE THE NAME IS AS GOOD AS THE GAME



At the foot of Lake Deception on the Rosary River, close to Shelburne, N.S., there is a famous fish pool which, along with the extraordinary charm of the scenery, has attracted two well-known clubs, Club Deception of Yarmouth has a house along the lake shore; the Gun and Rod Club of Shelburne is housed on the pool. The members of both these clubs are leading professional and business men of south-western Nova Scotia.

THE BATTLE OF THE TARIFFS

By NORMAN PATTERSON

FUNNIEST thing on earth—three big Anglo-Saxon countries fighting about the height of a tariff. There are three tariffs and six points of view. That is, there are two views to each tariff. Let me explain.

Great Britain has no tariff at all on most things, and a high tariff on tea, coffee, tobacco and whiskey. It is nominally, at least, a Free Trade country, upper case F. and T. Yet there are two views in that country as everybody knows, and each set of supporters are as keen as mustard. The Chamberlainites, or Fair-traders, or Protectionists, or Preferentialists—a rose by any other name would not be different—would like to see some customs duties levied on other things than tea, coffee and whiskey. For example, they would put a tax of five per cent. or so on foreign-grown grain, leaving colonial grain free. They would also put a small duty on foreign manufactures which compete with the larger British industries, especially when these goods came from high tariff countries; a reasonable backslap at high-tariff Germany, France, United States and Japan, but the British people will have none of it. Free trade has made Great Britain the freight-carrier of the world, the greatest Mother of colonies, and so on and so on, and "What we have, we'll hold." My word! yes. The teachings of Cobden, Bright and Gladstone, classified and concentrated, are still taken in large homeopathic doses by the voting majority, and there is little possibility of Free Trade being slaughtered by Fair Trade. Yet, on the surface, the interests in favour of Fair Trade, or Defensive Protection, are beginning to look suspiciously like a bogey.

* * *

ACROSS the Atlantic, in the Double-Great Republic, it is quite different. There Free Trade has never been heard of and Fair Trade has been flabbergasted by High Protection. The tariff wall around the United States is so high that the neighbours cannot even peek over. To see the United States market, a foreign manufacturer must go up in an airship. The people on Mars get a fairly good view of it—but unfortunately the transportation facilities are inadequate and Mars is probably not a manufacturing country anyway. At times there is some talk of taking a few rows of brick off the top of the wall, but it ends there.

The other day a committee of Congress started out to lower the

ET TU, BRUTE!



Bernard Partridge

John Bull.—"And this from you—after all that I and Shepherd's Bush have done for you!"—Punch.

tariff and ended up by raising it a few points. To-day, all conditions considered, it is more like a continuous row of steeples than it ever was. Theodore Roosevelt might be King of the United States if he wanted to, but it is doubtful if he could lower that tariff.

Canada is vitally concerned in the United States tariff. Canada has a lot of coal, lumber, wood-pulp, eggs, butter, cheese, barley and wheat which would find a ready market at certain points along the border-line if there were some way of scaling the cliff. Canada, therefore, is anxiously watching the progress of the Reciprocityists and Lower Tariffists. The voice of the reformer is so weak that Canada has no hope of seeing an immediate change. President Taft states that he desires to give Canada a fair deal in a Reciprocity Treaty. But

ORGANISED DESPONDENCY



The London Chronicle (Liberal) Has the other side of the Question

however pleasant Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding may have looked after last year's episode, they are likely to go into the forthcoming consultation with pockets padlocked and muscles tense. Theirs is a fifty per cent. tariff, while ours is a twenty-five, and it is hard to lay a board level on top of two posts, one of which is twice as high as the other.

* * *

AS in the United States and Great Britain, there are two views among Canadians as to the Canadian tariff. Some think it slightly too high, some think it slightly too low. Everybody in Canada is convinced that the United States tariff is much too high; almost everyone is convinced that the British tariff is much too low. All agree that ours is pretty nearly right. The difference in opinion is a matter of small percentage. There are some theoretical free-traders, but they are not working hard at their business. The grain-growers of Saskatchewan and Alberta are talking a bit, but they will soon get over that. They are free-traders now; they will soon be moderate protectionists like the rest of us. Moderate protection seems destined for a long residence on this fast-developing portion of the North American continent.

If the United States tariff were to be battered down by a successful and hard-thinking army of consumers, the tendency to a lower tariff would grow in Canada. If Great Britain were to abandon free trade and go in for a moderate tariff the tendency to a higher tariff in this country would increase. Canada is influenced in her policy by the action of the other two English-speaking nations. When they change their policies, we will change ours. As neither seems likely to change at an early date, Canada is not confronted by any serious problem.

There is another influence which militates against a change. Canada is exceedingly prosperous and when a country is industrially, commercially and financially sound, radical changes are unlikely. Our highest tariff was introduced at a time when economic conditions were bad; almost our only modification of the tariff came when similar conditions prevailed. When Canada gets a period of hard times, the tariff will go up ten per cent. or down ten per cent., and which it will do is an even bet. Just now there are no hard times in sight, so that the betting may be deferred until Canada is at least ten years older.

A DEMON OF WATER AND A DEVIL OF FIRE

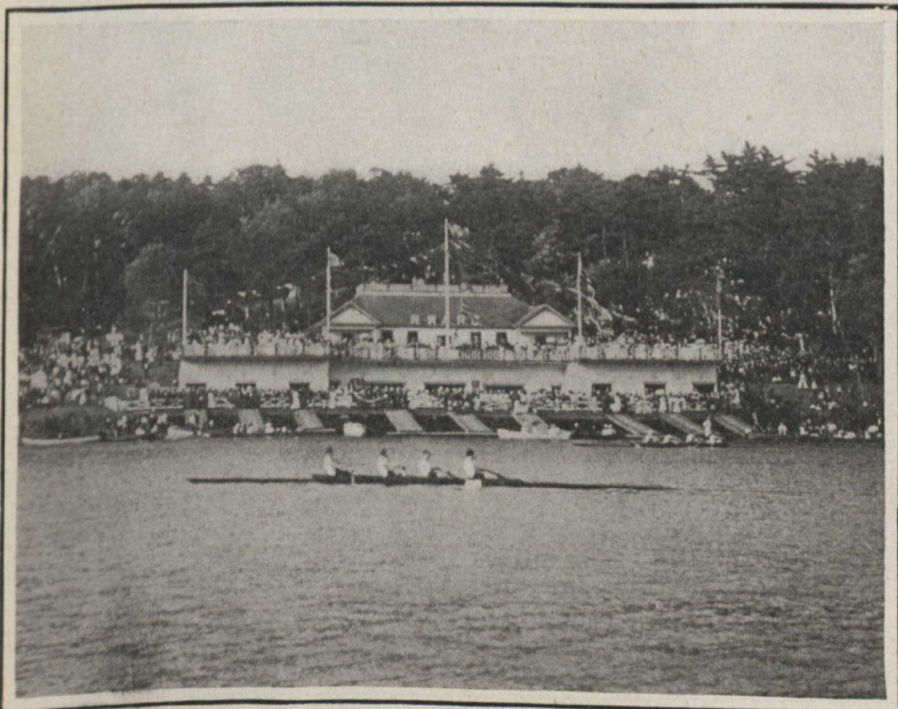


The Battleship-Cruiser "Lion"—the mystery ship of the British Navy was launched recently, at Devonport. The "Lion" is more powerful than the most powerful Dreadnought. When completed it will displace 26,360 tons, nearly half as large again as the original Dreadnought which displaces only 17,900 tons. Her total cost will be over ten million dollars.



The Fire which destroyed a portion of the International Exposition at Brussels, Belgium. This picture shows the German Pavilion and the Cafe Metropole in course of destruction. Unlike the buildings at the Toronto Exhibition, which are practically fire-proof, these buildings were of the flimsy construction usual with temporary Exhibition Buildings.

A RECENT REGATTA IN HALIFAX HARBOUR



The North-West Arm Rowing Club's Home and its thousands of visitors.



A portion of the crowd of 12,000 people who witnessed the Regatta.

THE MANUFACTURING WEST

Winnipeg alone turns out more than a hundred million dollars' worth of Factory and Warehouse Goods in a year.

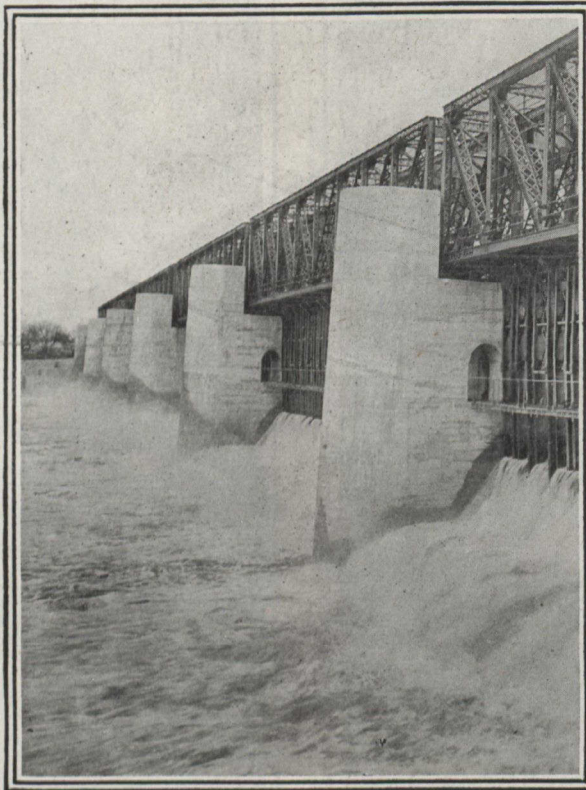


The heart of Winnipeg proper is in its Blocks of Wholesale Houses, its Factory Precincts and its Hundreds of Miles of Railway Tracks.

JUST as the machinery manufacturing in the United States took its way westward in response to the demand for quicker delivery and a greater volume of supply comparatively convenient to the field of demand, so the centre of manufacturing is shifting in Canada and, like the course of the empire, is taking its way westward. This is not to say that manufacturing in Eastern Canada is on the decline—or that it will be—but rather that manufacturing in the West is very greatly on the increase largely as a result of study of economical methods that has been made by Eastern United States manufacturers with big trade in Western Canada. This study, and the demand for quick delivery of goods, has brought about a considerable exodus of branch houses from Eastern Canada and the States to the West and a corresponding increase of factories—in actual operation or prospective—in Western cities and towns.

This influx of industries is being recognised by Western communities and practically every city or town of consequence from Port Arthur west, is doing what it can to attract as much industrial growth as possible. Publicity departments set forth, by printed page and by direct correspondence, the several advantages of their respective cities and boards of trade are ready and willing to take up the subject of a factory to be established, at any time and in any reasonable way. Each tries to offer the greatest possible inducement for the manufacturer in search of new fields of activity to come and supplement the wonderful agricultural development of the West with what gives some promise of becoming equally wonderful development along industrial lines. All of this—the need for supply nearer to the source of demand and the activity of Western communities to secure such a home supply—is having its due effect upon industrial conditions in the West, an effect which is excellent in its present and highly promising for the future.

By CHARLES F. ROLAND



St. Andrew's Locks on the Red River, below Winnipeg, have made the Western Metropolis a Port of Entry for ships drawing nineteen feet of water, carrying raw material up from Lake Winnipeg. The Locks were built by the Dominion Government, at a cost of \$1,250,000

Among the Western Canadian cities that are taking a strong hold upon industrial growth, Winnipeg is naturally foremost. It is no disparagement to the other cities of the West to say this, since Winnipeg outnumbers by at least fifty thousand people, the largest other city of the West—Vancouver—and is more than three times as large as the third city—Calgary. An industrial census taken recently, in which all the shops and factories of the city are listed and their operations tabulated, shows that thirty-five new industries have been located in Winnipeg since 1908, the date of the last previous industrial summing up. This latest compilation of industrial facts and figures brings out the point that large and important houses are fixing upon Winnipeg as the location for branch factories.

The reasons for the selection of Winnipeg among the cities of the West as a location for new industries, are potent and numerous. The city is the chief financial and trade centre west of Toronto. Facilities for the transaction of business on a large scale are as good in Winnipeg as they are in any city of Canada. It is easy to get capital for legitimate business enterprises and the capacity of Winnipeg to make money for those who invest here has made the city a gathering place for capital from the United States, Great Britain and Eastern Canada and a central point for trade competition between the manufacturers of these several parts. In keeping with the national trend of man to congregate, Winnipeg has become the chief labour centre of the West and this point alone gives it an advantage over smaller places in the eyes of the manufacturer. In recognition of Winnipeg's rapid industrial growth and to assist in the further expansion which is sure to come, the civic government is making liberal provision. A huge power plant is being constructed by the city at Point du Bois and will furnish 60,000 horse-power for industrial and domestic uses. This plant will cost \$3,250,000 and



The Winnipeg Industrial Bureau is a live organisation. The seventy-two members shown in this picture took a trip in a special train to meet their customers; also to find out what the country is doing by way of crops, and what people are doing with their money.

its first installation of 20,000 horse-power will be ready for use within a year. When the city is thus enabled to enter the field of supplying power to consumers—magnificently equipped with one of the best power plants in the world—the cost of power for all purposes, in Winnipeg, is sure to be lowered very appreciatively and this lessened cost of one of the prime elements of industrial growth cannot fail to be an added inducement to manufacturers to locate here.

Opportunities for further industrial development at Winnipeg are many and excellent; in fact the splendid growth for that has taken place thus far, is only an earnest of that which is to be. Winnipeg must, in the very nature of things, become a great city industrially as well as commercially. The city is, already, a centre for various lines of development in iron and steel industries. Twenty thousand tons of structural steel was used in 1909, and a fifty per cent. increase that seems not at all extravagant in face of the great demand for building material of all kinds. Winnipeg foundries melted fifteen thousand tons of pig and scrap iron last year, and this is sure to be increased heavily this year.

THERE is a great growing demand for agricultural implements, gas and steam tractors for farm use, automobiles, paper and straw-consuming plants, shoe factories, flax and jute mills, shops for making hardware specialties, dairy supplies, building materials, furnaces, stoves and ranges, road and other machinery used in public works, gas-lighting and gas produce plants, railway cars and railway supplies and many other lines the demand for which is less marked than for those goods which are named, but which is very considerable.

Raw materials are cheap and abundant for many lines of manufacture and water transportation to Winnipeg—recently very much helped by the opening of St. Andrew's Locks—will tend to lower the cost of raw and manufactured stuffs by decreasing freight charges. On the score of demands there is no room for doubt. The country round about Winnipeg and to the west is filling up with settlers at a rapid rate. Ninety thousand farmers from the United States came into Canada last year, bringing with them money and goods worth ninety million dollars. This flow of men and money is being kept up in increased volume this year. The stay-at-home press and people of the States strive to offset the exodus of their countrymen and capital to the rich lands of Western Canada, but their efforts have little effect beyond such comfort, as they may extract from the satisfaction of trying. Farmers and funds flow north and add their forces to the army that sweeps into Canada from Great Britain the continent of Europe and Eastern Canada. The West is filling up. Its thousands have become a million and a half between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. Its million acres of land under crop have increased to ten millions, and a few carloads of grain that were shipped away east have swelled into a golden tide of 250,000,000 bushels of wheat, oats, barley and flax, and that pours forth to feed Eastern Canada and Europe.

IN this making of Western Canada into one of the chief supply points of the world, no more than a beginning has been made. The several hundred cities and towns that have sprung up must increase in number and wax strong and great as individuals before the destiny of the West is fulfilled, and the ten million acres now under cultivation must increase fifteen or twenty times before the cultivated land shall have been taken up. In course of this working out of the building of a nation on the plains and hills of western Canada, there will be great things accomplished industrially. The considerable beginning of these great things is established already, and it remains for the far-sighted manufacturer to read the signs of the

times and to take steps to participate in the great industrial harvest to be reaped in Western Canada.

And Not Winnipeg Alone

WINNIPEG is not the only place in the West that has wheels. In all probability there never was a case in the world of so large a number of manu-

make as much as possible of what the West needs.

Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Moosejaw, Prince Albert, Portage la Prairie—yes, and a whole series of young communities in new parts of the land—all are becoming as much interested in the made-in-Canada idea as any part of the east.

Does the western farmer want the smokestack and the power-house kept out of the West? That seems improbable.

The western farmer owes something to the town and city. He will not do well to forget that a town on the prairie is not merely an aggregation of stores and shop fronts and places of amusement. The town as a hive of industry has as much right to develop as the countryside. The city has a place in the development of the country quite as much as the school section. Some think the biggest thing about a town ought to be the red elevator or the water tank. They say that as long as Winnipeg and Port Arthur and Fort William have enough elevators and box cars there's no need for factories.

But that's a very narrow estimate of what development really means. The farmer and the tradesman and the elevator employee are not enough to make cities. There must be factories. There must be population who prefer the factory to the farm.

Such places are growing up. They will continue to grow. The cry for lower duties will never prevent them.

The West has as much inherent right to develop its water powers and to exploit its areas of power fuel as the east ever had. What does that mean—but factories? And how can factories develop under free trade?

The Aviator in a Sail-Boat

WHEN a flying-machine man has been best of a mile up above the mean average level of human experience; when he has negotiated wind-storms and pockets of rarefied air; after he has wrestled with the vagaries of gasoline thousands of feet above the surface of the earth from which the gasoline came out and has looked over the landscapes and the waters of the earth with the sublime eye of a lord of space and motion—it's scarcely to be expected that he will be much bothered by the caprices of any land-lubber vehicle or of anti-water craft whatsoever. But a few weeks ago Count de Lesseps, the prince of aviators, had some jarring sensations on board a sail-boat up on one of the northern little lakes. A young Canadian had him in tow for a few days giving the Count what seemed to be almost his first experiences in a sailing craft on water. What the Count didn't know about water seemed to be about as extensive as what he does know about air. Once the boat ran full tilt under a small gale slam upon some rocks and the unwary manipulator of the Scarabee on the upper-ways measured his full sudden length on the bottom of the boat. Once again something happened to lop off the top of the main-mast and down she came striking the Count on the head. Everywhere and anywhere the Count seemed to be in his own way on the boat; probably because he has been so used to having things all his own way in the regions above. For a monoplane isn't much like a sailing boat. Just how much different it is the Count had a desire to communicate to this young

Canadian, half offering to take him up for a sail where there is nothing harder to bump into than clouds; but the passenger capacity of the monoplane was too limited; so the Count had to be content with doing a sensational flight above Montreal all alone in his glory and much safer than ever he had felt in a sail-boat on the waters of the northern lakes. His next new experience should be automobiling over Canadian country roads at sixty miles.



The pivotal point of the Great Middle West

Saskatoon on the South Saskatchewan, was originally founded by a Temperance Colonisation Society. It is now a hustling cosmopolitan city with a population of ten thousand, a Provincial University and an Annual Fair held a few weeks ago, which was one of the most representative ever held in the West.

facturing towns jumping up in a new country in so short a time as happened in the last ten years—five for that matter—in the once vast idle nowhere of the wheat belt.

It may be an old-fashioned idea, this of having smokestacks and power-houses in a wilderness of wheat. There may be people in the West who will howl on the housetops for lower duties to let in foreign manufactures. And it's the beginning of a curious phase of progress in the prairie country that already before the West has found itself in economics there are two distinct classes of people quite outside of politics.

One is the farmer; the other the manufacturer. Now it's only a few years since that meant practically the West as opposed to the east. We have



Bonnington Falls, on the Kootenay River

The West Kootenay Power and Light Company furnishes power and light to the Mines of the Boundary and Rossland. The Nelson Municipal Plant supplies for the City of Nelson.

heard over and over the plaint of the ploughman on the prairie that the West was being bled for the sake of industrial pockets in the east.

But almost suddenly we are confronted with the fact—that in the West also is growing up a class of people whose interests are to keep a reasonably high tariff wall. For the West has begun to be an industrial country. There are scores of young towns and little cities that are yearning to



An Octette of Sirens from the Summer Season of "Little Old New York." "None of them married, none of them twenty."

SUMMER SHOWS IN NEW YORK

Hits and Misses in the Wheel of a Great City's Amusement

By SYDNEY DALTON



Lew Fields,
In "The Summer Widower."

THE summer show is naturally supposed to harmonise with summer conditions; theatrical fare at 90 in the shade is required to have some characteristics that do not obtain to the same extent when thermometer is nodding familiarly to zero. And, judging by the kind of plays that are to be encountered at this season along Broadway, one is forced to the conclusion that the chief condition catered to is a sort of mental torpidity, of plot, and any logical sequence of events there is little sign. Of course, this has its conveniences. One can drop in at a theatre half an hour or an hour late and enjoy the balance of the per-

prestige would be lost were it advertised that a "review of the follies of 1910 is being enacted in the Garden of Paris"—or Hoboken). This Revue, which is a yearly affair, consists principally of chorus girls, electric lights, beautiful costumes and more or less novel "stunts," and is for the most part innocent of good music and acting. It burlesques any old happening of the year that the producer thinks of, from well-known plays and Broadway stars to Roosevelt in Africa and James J. Hill running railroads. Through some extraordinary oversight it does not touch on the tariff question, but probably the President asked that that be forgotten. The performance is interspersed by acts by well-known vaudeville and musical comedy stars, including the vagaries of that very proficient coloured comedian, Bert Williams. The particular hit of the performance is the rehearsal of the Roosevelt Band, an organisation of instrumentalists who can play more wrong notes in a minute without obliterating the tune than any other combination in the business. The whole show is noise and nonsense, but it is really beautifully staged, and there are numberless pretty girls, and the roof garden is as cool as anything outside the ice house, and the lemonade is cold, and smoking is permitted, and—what more does one want in hot weather?

"None of them married; none of them twenty," is the way a show that prospers under the title of "Girlies," is advertised. And there is a story in connection with these sixty young ladies whose matrimonial proclivities are said to lie in abeyance, and whose ages about correspond with their weekly salary—a story that seems to exemplify the words of Mr. Shakespeare:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

For some days ago the husband of one of the girlies shot her on Broadway. Apart from the injury he inflicted upon the young lady—fortunately not a very serious injury—it was an unkind advantage for a fellow to take, for he gave the whole show dead away, and I hear the kind offices of the bill poster have been enlisted, and he has been going the rounds pasting a piece of white paper over the first letter of the first word, making it "one of them married; none of them twenty."

It is another typical summer show; music and dialogue mixed up in a most irresponsible manner. Each new song is introduced in a manner something like this, for instance:

The precedent scene has been a tropical landscape, during which there has been a chorus of frogs singing one of the popular songs of the day, say. Then enter, the frogs having been kind enough to disperse, two students, a boy and a girl, of a co-educational college, from opposite wings. The fact that they are both college students is suggested with extreme subtlety. The boy's trousers are turned up four or five inches, he smokes a pipe, walks with his hands in his pockets and wears a negligible cap balanced on the back of his head. The girl wears a flowing college robe and a mortar-board. These are the summer and winter costumes of stage "co-eds." They greet each other affectionately, and after a short conversation about elopements, the fourth dimension and the physical peculiarities of some professor, the girl glances around the stage.

She: "Ah, what a beautiful scene."

He: "Beautiful, indeed. See that bird on the wing, poised motionless in the air."

She: "It reminds me of an aeroplane." Orchestra immediately dashes into the prelude of a duet which the two nature-lovers sing, entitled, "Will You Take a Ride In My Aeroplane?"

This, of course, is not an actual scene from "Girlies," but the method is suggestive of the conscientiousness and relevancy of ideas in the summer show.

The main features of the performance are, naturally, beautiful costumes and girls—or should I have said beautiful girls and costumes?—and it affords an evening of careless amusement.

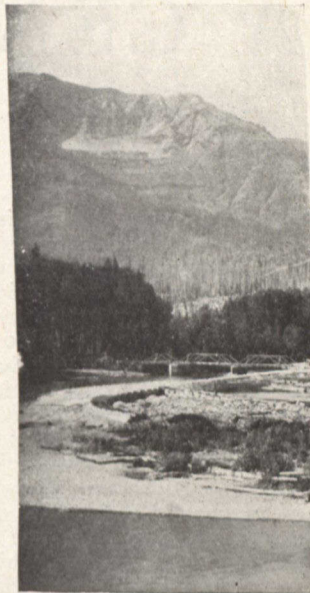
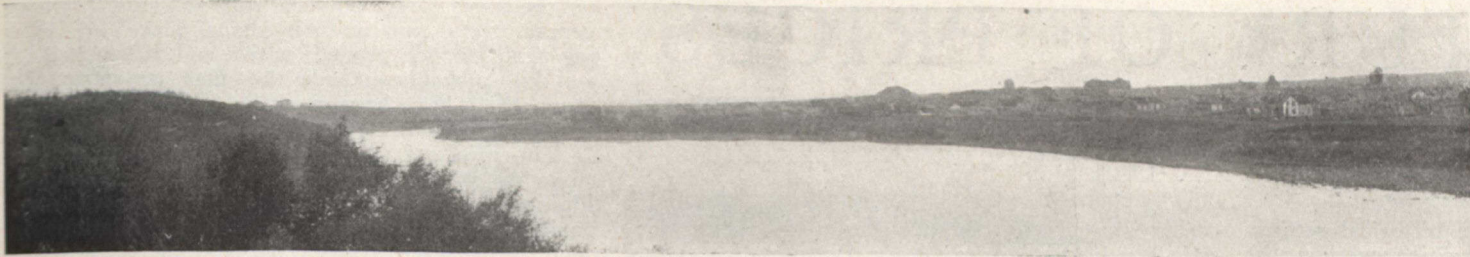
At the Broadway Theatre, just around the corner from "Girlies," who are summering at the New Amsterdam, the "Summer Widowers" are drawing many of their kind. It is undoubtedly one of the best hot weather attractions in town. Lew Fields, who manages the production, is one of the chief attractions. There was a time when Weber and Fields was an inseparable combination that was known from one end of the country to the other. Now the partnership is dissolved, and each has his own theatre on Broadway. Fields still has his German accent, and his perennial laugh.

formance as if nothing had gone before, with a fan in one hand and a glass of—lemonade (?) in the other, one can sit and be amused, and all that is demanded of one—apart from the tax left at the box office, or more often with the ticket speculator outside—is that a laugh or two will be forthcoming. The majority of the performances are of a vaudeville-musical-comedy type, and it is but natural that breeziness and light airs should be the chief attractions, and it is always a satisfaction to know that one can get them at the theatre when the weather man fails to supply them.

On top of the New York Theatre, for instance, in the Jardin de Paris, Ziegfeld's Revue of the Follies of 1910 is in full blaze. (Observe the impressive display of French in this announcement, and think what



Impersonations of United States public men, including President Taft, Col. Roosevelt and Pierpont Morgan, in "The Follies of 1910."



"The mountains' store the rivers' need." Even a politician might become poetic gazing on the Rockies.



A Transcontinental Railway is supposed to be built by the patriots for the people.



The old prairie trail inclines the traveller to think highly of the country's past

The People, The Patriots, and The Politicians

All the Politicians are Not in Parliament; Nor all the Patriots on the Land

OTTAWA has been finding out things about the west. For this purpose Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party went to the west. They said so openly. They have found out—openly. The west never squeaks under a quilt. It has used the megaphone upon Sir Wilfrid.

By NEW-TIME WESTERNER

The ultimate future of Canada in the Empire might have been regarded as a trump card in a country where people are coming in from a large number of foreign countries. Concerning which the west was rather apathetic; inclined to let the future take care of itself so long as the present is not impeded.

A much more practical issue in the Prairie Provinces was cheaper farm implements. This is just another phase of more railways. The east and west idea, with transcontinental knitting the Atlantic and the Pacific, and England with Canada, is a very good theory. But it practice to the westerner it means the long haul following the parallels of latitude. Not only the long haul for wheat out; but the just as long haul for manufactured goods in.

Which is a great benefit to the east. But why should the west pay for the expansion of the east? What does the west owe the east anyway? Is not the shoe on the other foot? says the westerner, when the whole country hangs financially on the fate of the prairie wheat crop.

Simmered down this means that the western farmer does not ardently believe in a protective tariff. He would as lief buy a Yankee self-binder or a gang-plough as a Canadian-made. But there's that tariff wall along parallel 49; and the east-and-west railroad running the same direction; the box-car loaded with Canadian machinery made under a protective tariff and weighted with a high freight rate over the long haul.

Which is a direct form of taxation on the western producer; and a bonus to the eastern manufacturer. It may be Imperial; but is it business? The west would like to know.

The question is, markets. What about the British preference? Happens that the mean average centre of the west is about five thousand miles from London; and geography is more practical than history.

This is not to say that the west is anti-Imperial. Sir Wilfrid will not go back to Ottawa proclaiming that Western Canada desires absolute commercial union with the United States or hankers to annex the United States.

That again is another phase of a problem that crops out of the railroad situation; the Americanising of the west—however much that may be a fact—whether from the influx of American settlers or the desirability of American-made goods.

Certainly, however, there is a vast change from the day when the Englishman was the average settler; in the days of the big cattle ranges. The languages have changed. Not so long ago French, Cree and English were the tongues of the prairie. There are forty languages now. But there is one form of speech that they all come to learn very soon in the process of nation-building on the prairie: that is the language of success, whose alphabet is the dollar.

The Galician learned this language long ago. The nations of the world whom Canada calls are learning it just as quickly. It has a universal meaning. The peoples whom Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government are settling on the prairie have brought with them a huge intermixture of impulses—racial and otherwise. They desired a land; freedom; the franchise; homes; above all, land that would yield them large returns; the prize of effort in a new country, which all may contain a vast sentimental idea but works down ultimately to the reward of labour and a return for investment.

What wonder then that the Premier of Canada should find that the west is the most practical part of Canada? He has discovered that there is no theory of government that goes far with the west. It's business they want.

It's always a good thing to find out what the people want—even if you don't precisely do it. People are not always supposed to know exactly what they want. Besides the thing they want may not be the thing they need. Sir Wilfrid gave the west one or two things a few years ago. Ever since that time a certain Toronto newspaper has been abusing the Premier. The Toronto News for instance, has always imagined that the west was losing sleep over the school question. Sir Wilfrid knows better.



The west is no place for theories of government. Mr. Borden tried the Halifax platform on the west two years ago. It was no use. One thing above all others, the people west of Kenora never comes first on all programmes. It has few lonelies camped up at Edmonton about forty years ago.

That one supreme want is RAILROADS.

To put it more succinctly—they want more railroads. Sir Wilfrid and his party went out there as the projectors of the Grand Trunk Pacific. They imagined that the idea of the G. T. P. would appeal to the west; splendid, transcontinental-imperial idea of magnificent dimensions.

"Yes, thanks, Sir Wilfrid, awfully! The G. T. P. is all right as far as it goes; and the C. N. R. as far as it goes; but we want more of them. That's all."

Even Manitoba has no objections to—in fact, rather hankers after—the road to Hudson's Bay. Winnipeg has had a chimera about becoming a seaport—via the Red, Lake Winnipeg, the Nelson River and the Bay; perhaps the dream of some scribe. But Winnipeg wants an outlet to the Bay.

What was whispered in Manitoba became a roar in upper Saskatchewan; and at Prince Albert the roar was loudest. Photos in last week's issue showed how Prince Albert cried aloud for the road to Hudson's Bay.

Did Saskatchewan want connection with the Bay in order to float the Canadian navy? Not quite. Sir Wilfrid tried the navy on the west. In most places he failed to float it.

"Fact is," said one shrewd western M. P., "the nearest we ever get to the Canadian navy question in this part of the country is a prairie schooner."

There was more truth than wit in the remark. Box cars are more to the west than Bristols; elevators are better than funnels. The hopper is growing. The spout must get bigger. There must be more spouts. Fort William and Port Arthur will do very well for one. But there's a point somewhere northwest of Winnipeg—and not very far at that—where it's more money in the farmer's pocket to send a bushel of wheat out by Churchill than by Fort William.

THE LAND

By W. A. FRASER

I AM the land;

*The great new land,
That people who are athirst and lean
Gaze out upon with parched desire.
Deep rivers run for countless leagues
Through forests where the red deer roam,
Birds nest within the branches of the trees,
And myriad young arise to pay the toll.
The rivers hold a living wealth
That rapid nor the bar turn back;
From Delta to the fount they upward press;
Their spawn replenish the tithe
Exacted of the higher life.*

BROAD plains thrust upward to the sun,
The parent body of the grain;
And hold safe nurtured in their breasts
The fattened roots of lowlier food.
Fruits glint, blood-red and green and gold,
All sweet and goodly in the sun.
With lesser splendour ripe the nuts
High-held in stately homes.

*I am the land—
God's heritage to man;
And nourish him with wine of strength.*

I HOLD him to my breast and keep him clean
From all that blacks the soul.
My hills send down their wealth of loam
A lavish gift to toil.
My mountains store the rivers' need;
I cradle in my lap the rain.
Herds wander in my vast domain,
And fatten off my store,
I am the mother, and the land.
The sun smiles upon me and the stars;
Rain slakes my thirst, and o'er me play the winds.

*I am the land—
The mother of all that is.*

A CENTURY OF PRICES

Second Article on What it Costs You to Live

By R. H. COATS

TO begin with, what is the historical setting of the rise in prices of which everyone is still talking? Perspective is always useful in judging a situation. Granting that in the past ten years prices have advanced, as variously estimated, by 25 to 60 per cent., where does this bring us against the background of history? Thorold Rogers, Young and Tooke, in their well-known histories of prices enable us to follow the course of prices in England with precision from 1350 for five centuries—a period beginning sufficiently far back, and whose leading features we may summarise briefly as follows: The Black Death (1348-9, 1361-2 and 1368-9), owes its notorious place in economic history to the fact that it set prices mounting for fifty years, wages advancing still more rapidly. There followed a century of stationary conditions, until 1540-45. In the forty years thence ensuing an extraordinary advance took place, attributable to the abasement of the currency by Henry VIII., and the inflow of silver from newly-discovered America. Not less than 150 per cent. increase was shown in prices during this interval, while wages advanced about 60 per cent. The rise thus violently begun continued more slowly until 1650, after which date it moderated greatly, wages gradually gaining ground. Prices continued to rise during the eighteenth century, but slowly until about 1770. After that the American and French wars accelerated the pace so tremendously that in the opening decade of the nineteenth century it was estimated that prices were two and a half times as high as in 1700-1750, and that wages had fully doubled.

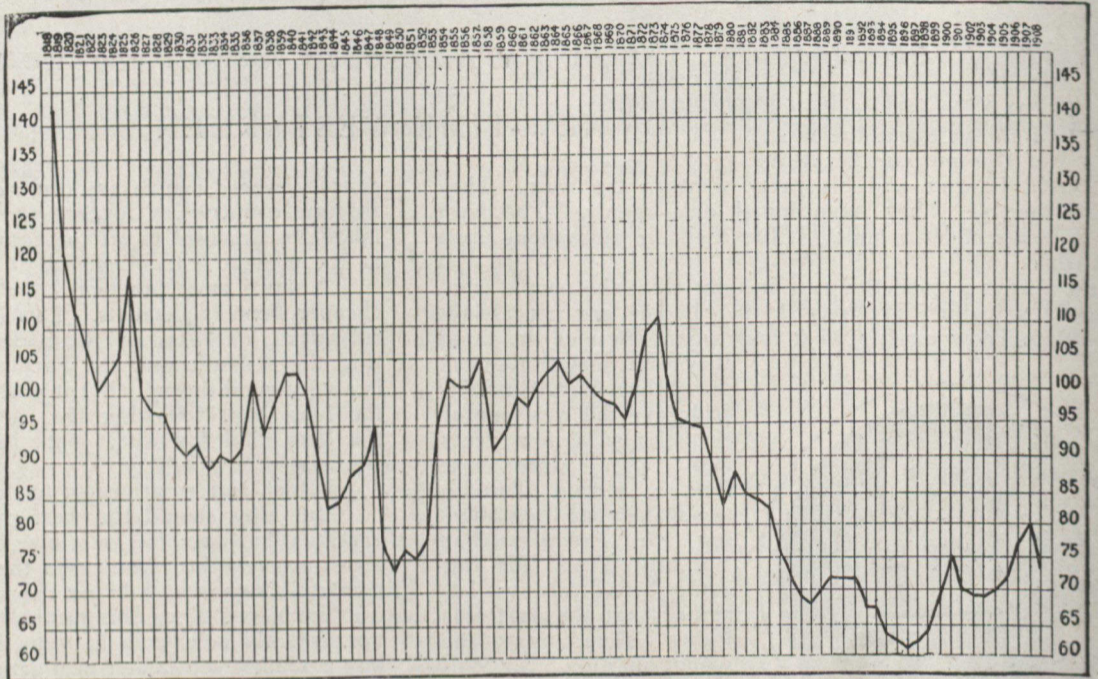
This brings us within reach of modern and still current statistical research methods and the use of index numbers, the general purpose of which was described in a former article. The first great name in the annals of index numbers is Jevons. Struck while comparing some statistics of prices in 1863 by the enormous and almost general rise which had occurred in the previous ten years, Jevons was led to undertake his celebrated essay on the fall in the value of the gold standard published in 1863, and greatly enlarged and extended two years later. Jevons' index number, which went back as far as 1781, and covered thirty-nine commodities, is one of the great landmarks in statistical science. It gives an excellent view of the rapid rise in prices of the closing years of the eighteenth century, and the opening decade of the nineteenth

century, to which reference was made above. It ended with 1865.

Of the changes which have occurred since, there have been so many exponents that it is almost invidious to choose. For the sake of the general

ter belongs. By pointing out in more or less general terms and in their logical place the leading agents which produce a rise and fall in prices, we will probably include the most important of those which have been operative either singly or in combination in bringing about existing conditions.

The price of an article is the amount of the monetary standard for which it may be exchanged. Plainly we have here two distinct sets of phenomena in the meeting of which the relationship denoted by price arises. No account of possible causes of change is complete that does not consider both sides of the question, viz., the money side and the goods side.



A CENTURY OF PRICE FLUCTUATIONS IN ENGLAND

Prices in England fell from 1810 to 1849; rose to 1873; fell again to 1897; rose again to 1907.

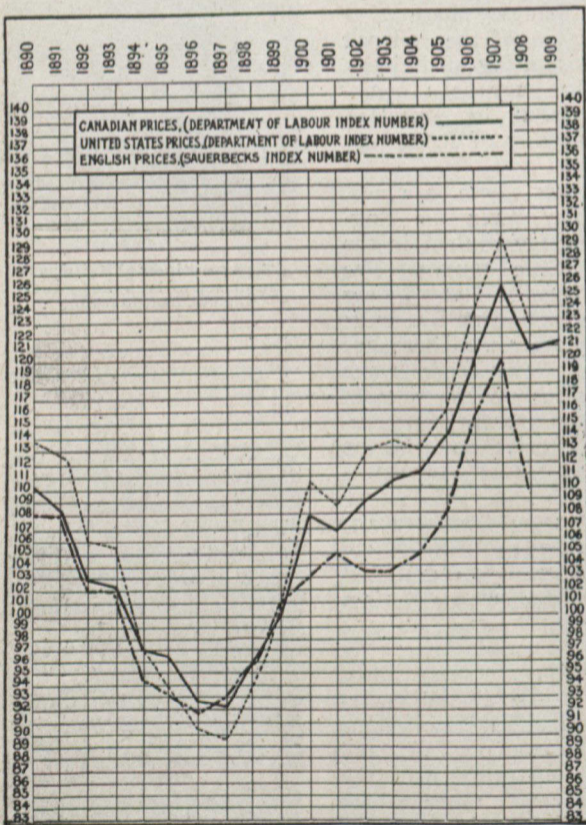
viewpoint, Sauerbeck's number is perhaps the most satisfactory. The briefest way to show it is to chart its variations, which may be read at a glance from 1818 until the present in the diagram above.

Sauerbeck's number reflects English prices. To come nearer home, a very comprehensive investigation into the course of prices in the United States was conducted by a committee of the U. S. Senate in 1890. The investigation went back to 1840, and the accompanying chart shows the final result, the average price for 1860 being equal to 100. The very spectacular rise indicated in 1865 was due to currency depreciation during the Civil War. In order to eliminate this disturbing factor the results were also calculated on a gold basis, which showed that prices were actually higher between 1870 and 1874 than in war time.

While these are only two diagrams of a dozen equally authoritative, and show only broad results, they will suffice, being thoroughly typical, and in collaboration with the rest of the charts herewith, for a generalisation. Summing up the movements of prices, en masse, of the last century, the consensus is that there was a decline from 1810 to 1850, followed by a rise which culminated in 1873. From the latter date until 1897 the direction was again downward, since when the prices have advanced very rapidly. As to the relative degree of these dips and rises we may venture the following: Abrupt as the increase since 1897 has been, it has as yet regained at the most no more than two-thirds of the ground lost since 1873, and though the latter year saw prices at an abnormally high level—higher, in fact, than at any time since 1825—that level in turn was far below the extraordinary range of prices which prevailed while Napoleon was devastating Europe, and we ourselves had in hand the War of 1812. In other words, though the point now arrived at it undoubtedly unprecedented in the experience of the present generation, our case does not as yet compare in severity with that of our fathers and grandfathers during the rise of 1848-73, which, though like the present, it followed a full quarter-century of falling values, was not only more pronounced during its initial stages, but "took off" from a considerably higher position. The meat boycott of the past winter had its more than counterpart in 1865, and we had only to mention the term "bread riot" to recall one of the familiar incidents of history. Alison, by the way, ascribes the fall of the Roman Empire to low prices.

Again, the force which either of these bring to the meeting-place is a matter of the state of equilibrium in each as between supply and demand. If there is more gold than the various needs of the market for currency, the art, etc., require, then gold in exchange for goods should be relatively cheap, that is, prices should be high, and vice versa. Similarly, if the demand for goods is greater than the supply, prices from this cause will be higher and vice versa. Prices may be influenced by the gold situation or by the goods situation, or partly by one and partly by the other.

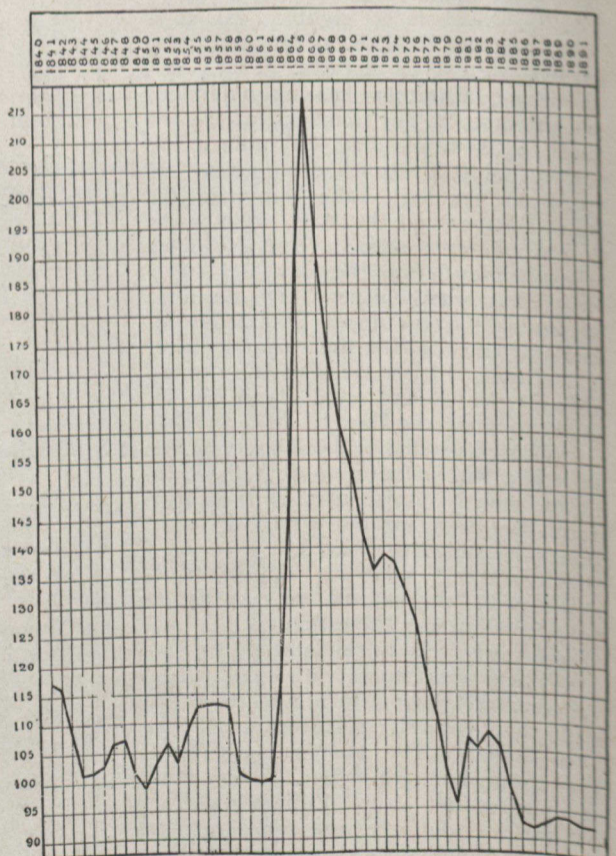
Taking up the gold side first the outstanding feature of the present is, of course, the enormous increase in the annual production of the metal



THE WORLD-WIDE RHYTHM OF PRICES

This chart shows how prices rose and fell for a period of twenty years, in three great producing countries—Canada, Great Britain and the United States. From the fact that the rise and fall was almost identical in percentage, it will be seen that high prices and low prices for staple articles are world-wide over the great producing areas; not under the control of any particular country or set of tariffs.

COMING now to the discussion of the causes of the present situation, it is on the whole best to fall frankly from the outset into the wake of the political economist to whose province the mat-



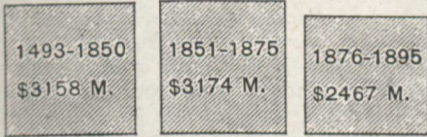
FIFTY YEARS VARIATION IN ONE COUNTRY

This chart shows the course of wholesale prices in the United States for the period from 1840 to 1891.

during the past few years. Here are the figures:

1896	\$202,251,000
1897	236,073,000
1898	286,879,000
1899	306,724,000
1900	254,576,000
1901	260,992,000
1902	296,737,000
1903	327,702,000
1904	347,377,000
1905	380,288,000
1906	402,503,000
1907	412,532,000
1908	441,932,000
1909	457,619,000

The above seems overpowering at first sight. Here surely is the tale of 1848, and the Californian



Relative Increase in Gold Production.

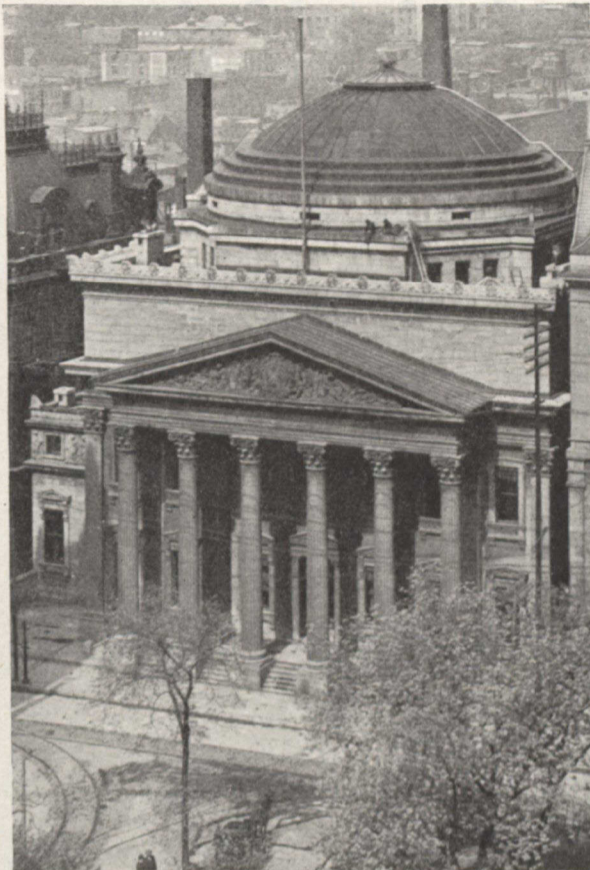
and Australian discoveries over again. But on examination some very important offsets may be discovered. Leaving aside the knotty problem of just how the new gold brings its influence to bear on prices, the first qualification arises out of the necessity recently pointed out by Professor Laughlin of Chicago, of remembering that the gold production in any one year must be reckoned relatively to the total previous production and not merely to the production of the previous year, gold not being like the ordinary crop consumed in the year of production, except to the extent that it is used in manufactures (Seetbeer estimated this at sixty million dollars annually), and to the trifling extent represented by losses out of the pocket and abrasion. Professor Laughlin illustrated the situation up to 1896, as noted in the chart above.

In other words, there was very nearly as much gold added to the world's stock in the twenty years from 1875 to 1896 as in the twenty-five years from 1850 to 1875, yet in the latter period prices fell, while in the former they rose. The answer in part would be that the increase in 1851-75 was over one hundred per cent., while in 1876-95 it was only about forty per cent. Still it was an increase. From the chart opposite we get another view.

The total gold production from 1896 to 1905 will be seen from the above to represent 33 1-3 per cent. increase on previous stocks, less again rela-

tively than the increase in 1875 to 1896. Yet 1896 to 1905 was a period of very rapidly advancing prices.

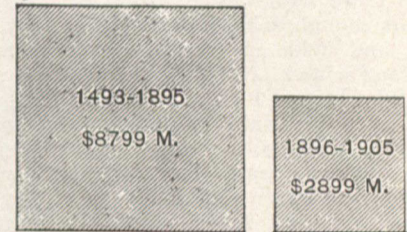
THIS shows the absolute necessity of considering more than the supply side of gold. But when we turn to the demand side we are plunged at once



Head Office, Bank of Montreal, which is the repository of many millions worth of gold produced in Canada.

into very serious difficulties. We have no such power of estimating demand as we have of gauging supply. There were undoubtedly some extraordinary demands on the gold supply in 1873-95, but there have also been some very great demands since 1896, such as the demoralisation of silver by Japan, Mexico and some of the South American states, and the world-wide growth of commerce. Again, has the rapidity of circulation been un-

changed? This is clearly an important matter. The oftener a coin changes hands the more work it is doing, and an increase in this way is the same as an increase in the amount of coinage. In any event, the part which gold plays as a direct vehicle of exchange dwindles more and more into insignificance beside that of the credit system, which though resting on a metallic basis is not necessarily directly proportioned to metallic reserve, and the organisation of which is therefore the most important factor in the modern financial and commercial world. The whole level of prices is swayed at intervals and sometimes with extreme violence, as everyone knows, by nothing more or less than the confidence or timidity of investors. For example, note how the price line in Canada, the United States and England fell in 1908, though the gold



Another Way of Estimating Gold Output.

supply increased enormously in that year. Now, there would seem evidence to believe that the organisation of the financial system has been increased and perfected of late (witness the name of Morgan), but just to what degree no one is in a position to say.

These are some of the questions which must be considered before one can venture to estimate what the increased gold production has done to prices. It is easy for a politician who has a tariff to white-wash or a trust to defend to cry gold—with the resigned air of laying the blame on Providence. Mr. Bryan is quite entitled to his sarcasm over some of times' revenges in the political situation in the United States. In the midst of the problem, as we are at present, perhaps the safest verdict on the gold question is one of "not proven"—in the Scottish meaning of the phrase. For as we shall see later on, there is a great deal besides gold, even among general causes, to be accounted for.

In the third and concluding article of this series Mr. Coats will deal with the causes of high prices as arising out of conditions peculiar to the demand for and supply of commodities themselves.

WOMEN IN FACTORIES

HERE on this page is a bevy of girls working in a whitewear factory. There are thousands of such girls in Canada to-day who know all about cottons and woollens and tobacco—some of them. The woman in business—that is one of the most noticeable features of modern industrial conditions. But it is not altogether recently that woman has taken her place in Canada away from the kitchen, alongside man in the struggle for bread. The other day the writer was in a country town and met an old, grey-haired grandmother. She became quite eloquent on the early pioneer days when girls had no such things as kitchen cabinets and vacuum cleaners to aid them in their domestic duties. She began to talk of work outside the home.

"After the breakfast was over at five and the things cleaned up, in the busy season, off went we girls to the fields to follow the cradle and help the men stook up the grain. Men and women, we had to co-operate for a living in those days."

And to-day except that the girl is translated from her father's work to the employment of someone else into factories, and the shops, the position of thousands of working girls throughout the Dominion who are trying to help swell the family purse is essentially the same as that grandmother.

Before the influx of working girls into industrial life, girls of this class used to engage themselves in domestic service. There is not much domestic service now—and that is a sore point. However, the girls who refused to be called "hired girls," and latterly "maids" even, have survived the odium which was heaped upon them when they deserted for the factories and the shops. They like their new jobs and they appear to have cut out a place for themselves in the business world. Said a large employer of female labour to the writer the other day:

"I tell you straight, in my business, I could not do without girls. They perform jobs in my factory, not too intricate for them, but such work as you would not feel like paying big hearty men to do."

And if you think that the home is woman's

ultimate destiny, how do you account for the lure of the world of industry and its hustle, to which so many girls are yielding? Contrasted with the girl earning her living at housework, there is no noticeable monetary consideration to induce the factory girl to stick to her job. A good maid gets \$20 a month and board; the factory girl gets little more and must provide her own maintenance. Both work equally hard for their money.



Canadian Girls in a White-wear Factory may work harder than Domestic, but they like it better.

MY ACADEMY PICTURE

"As we stood in the cornfield the gold in the west died to grey."

I HARDLY know how Jock By A. B. COOPER pleasures and my useful
crept in and began to dominate my picture. But he did. It seemed to me that there was some sort of compulsion about it, as though some unseen power took me by the wrist and made my brush-strokes come other than I myself willed. No, I am neither superstitious nor fanciful. In fact I pride myself on being rather practical, even if I am an artist. I can bake bread, pickle walnuts, or make an omelette with anybody. Do not imagine for a moment that I am a "Burne-Jones girl," who looks as if she would slip out of her frock if she didn't clutch it pretty tight, even if my hair has a tinge of bronze in it. Nevertheless, I believe that some things have got to be communicated, and that some favoured being's hand or eye or brain is made the channel of things beyond our ken.

Do you know how Tennyson, Wordsworth and Blake wrote their lyrics? Well, if you do, you know more than they did. They just *came*—and that's all about it. One day they were not; and the next day they were! Nothing that grips the soul with two hands ever came by effort. It came by inspiration. So you may laugh at me if you like, but I shall still maintain that I could do no other than put myself and Jock Tremloe into my picture.

I had been painting at it for weeks before Jock came into it. You know that exquisite serenity which lasts about seven minutes after the sun has sunk out of sight below the rim of the earth? There is nothing to match it this side of heaven. It is unique. Up, up, up, into the zenith go the gold-tipped cloudlets; they float in shimmering green ether which transforms every stick and stone it touches into a thing of unearthly beauty. It was that light I set out to paint.

I BEGAN the picture in the cornfield just when it was beginning to turn to gold at the Midas touch of autumn. I knew when I commenced the picture that by the time I reached the corn-painting stage it would be just perfectly ripe. And it was. I set my easel just below the crest of the earth wave over which the cornfield rolled, and I presently prided myself that I had caught and transferred to my canvas the exquisite effect of the low, corn-clad ridge—a field of the cloth of gold—against the serene glow of the sun's "last good night." I had originally intended to stop at that, and send my picture, under some such title as "At Eventide," to the winter exhibition at Longworth, where I knew it was sure of a hearty welcome and a place "on the line," but I changed my mind and concluded to make it a sort of lover's idyll of the cornfield.

I know what you are going to say again: "Association of ideas, one of the commonest sources of mental and spiritual suggestion." But tell me this: why did I put Jock into it when my aunt's jobbing gardener—as much like Jock as I am like a hazel nut—posed—quite unconsciously as far as he was concerned—for the man? Yet, when the figure was sketched in, there stood Jock, in the path between the growing corn, with the shadowy unfinished form of a girl strained to his heart, and he looking down into her face, all radiant with the ethereal light of the sunset, with such a look of rapt love as surely never man exceeded. Was not that wonderful? And that girl was *me*! I know I ought to say "I," but you can't be grammatical over these matters. They are too vital for syntax.

I repeat, that girl was *me*. That is not so much a matter for wonder, because I was so accustomed to using myself as a model for lack of a better one. I believe my aunt, dear non-artistic soul, thought I kept a couple of mirrors in my studio—which was in the loft, by the way, and reached by a ladder—for reasons of personal vanity, for she never by any chance came to watch me at work or took any interest in my pictures when they were finished, and so had no idea that they were to enable me to see and paint my own features. Of one thing I am quite sure; she would have thought me much better occupied darning an old stocking or knitting a new one. However, even had she been a grumbling sort, which emphatically she was *not*, I disarmed her by attending both to my artistic

Drawing by Frank Johnston. Personally I hold that a woman ought to be a housewife whatever else she may be, even if she be debarred from being any other kind of wife to her life's end. Moreover, I believe in the young helping and, if necessary, keeping the old ones. There is a frightful amount of ingratitude in the world. There seems to be a disposition nowadays on the part of the rising generation to take all they can and defer repayment until the Greek calends. That is just where Jock and I differed. I would have gone to the Argentine with him like a shot, if I had had only myself to think about. But you can't play fast and loose with your duty to God and man in that style.

Yet, though he didn't know it—I took good care he shouldn't—it nearly broke my heart to let Jock go without me. He was greatly set on going to the Argentine. He had got it into his head that there was money to be made there, and even if I would not go out with him and help him in the process of making it he would go all the same.

THOUGH his uncompromising attitude and some of the things he said nearly broke my heart, I could have done the Tragedy Queen to perfection and have told him to his face that I was a thousand times too good for him. He was a trifle my senior in years, but I was much more mature. I knew things that he had never dreamed of. He had not begun to understand life's best meanings. Bless you! Some men never do begin—but Jock was not a dolt—not a mere clay image of a man—not a human vegetable, a sort of bifurcated carrot!—he had the stuff in him out of which men are made, but it was a bit inchoate as yet.

As we walked homeward one autumn evening—could it be five years ago?—with our backs to the setting sun, he reasoned with me in his downright style, as though with main strength he would push every obstacle aside. And there are obstacles which it is the proud prerogative of a man's muscle and brawn and dominating to deal with. But this was not one such, I remember, some years ago, hearing of, and seeing pictures of a little woman who, by some secret of "stance," as the golfers say, was able to defy the strength of the strongest man to move her. Some women have that secret on the moral side, but it takes some men longer than others to find it out. Jock was one of the slow ones. He thought that he could over-persuade me. He strove for his will during that walk, and when we came to the top of the cornfield he realised for the first and last time that I was immovable, and he lost his temper very badly and then and there went out of my life.

Oh, gold of the sunset, gold of the corn, how much better are you than the gold men strive for and which so often crushes all the golden dreams of high purpose, yea, and the golden treasure of love, too, out of their lives! But I am an artist, not a poet, and I must not rhapsodise. Let me to my plain tale. I do not want to particularise too much with regard to the cause of our final parting. Aunt thought we had quarrelled, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and there was only one in this—and that one was Jock. I would have married him with a glad heart if he would have stayed at home. Or even if he had gone away I could have waited for him for years—but he never mentioned that; he was too angry and sore at my refusal to leave my aunt.

"What is your aunt to you?" he said. "Will you put her before me? If that is all the love you have for me it is not much." Oh, yes, he was angry and said bitter, bitter things. But I knew what my aunt was to me better than he did. I knew how she had taken me, an orphan girl, ten years before, and had been mother and father in one to me. So I was adamant and, as we stood in the cornfield, the gold of the west died to grey—and we parted.

I DID not send my picture to the winter show at Longworth. For one thing it was not ready in time, and for another, I had a feeling that it was too good for Longworth. Every stroke

of the brush seemed a fresh inspiration. As it grew under my hand it sometimes affected me to tears. I put more of myself into that picture than I had put into any dozen of my earlier canvases. It seemed part and parcel of myself. I could not seem to satisfy myself that it was finished, and I painted at it every day—or nearly every day—all through the winter; then, in the spring it was a thing of beauty. Self praise? All right! So be it! But it was, all the same.

I had known for three weeks where I would send it—to the Royal Academy, and nowhere else! I had heard and read of the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy having so many pictures to examine that they had to accept or reject them at the rate of one a minute. But I did not fear. I looked at myself in the picture—myself glorified, mind you, and not with "the light of setting suns" only, but with the inward light of a great passion; and I looked at Jock—Jock the same and yet not the same, Jock spiritualised, idealised, but a man every inch of him—and I knew they could not reject it. I knew, indeed, that Jock had never held me so tight as that, and—ah me!—had never looked down into my eyes with such a look of unutterable love, and I knew, too, that never had I looked, nor could look so lovely and worth the winning—but—these things were in the picture, however they came there—and those half-dozen big-wigs at Burlington House could not say no to it.

I knew that Aunt Eliza was no more interested in my new picture than she would have been in a new novel by Thomas Hardy, so I took the opportunity of her absence for a few days from The Croft to get the village carpenter to pack it, and I superintended its departure on its travels to London, and said nothing about it to her on her return. I dare say she wondered why I was so like a cow that has lost her calf during the next few days. I could settle to nothing and my studio became a place of horror to me. Moreover, to add to my unrest and gloom I was just as sure now that I could no longer see the picture, that it would be rejected as I had been aforesaid that it would be accepted. I made up my mind, when I should have notice of its rejection, to waylay the carrier, and, having carefully provided myself with a hammer and an axe, get him to dump down the hateful thing on the common three miles from The Croft, and when he should have passed on, smash the whole thing to chips!

I SUPPOSE better counsels would have eventually prevailed, but I was spared the choice of evils by the receipt of the formal acceptance of my picture. Then how I longed for some kindred soul who would take me by the hands and play ring-o'-roses with me round some tree in our orchard, or join me in the doing of any other mad thing just to give vent to my delirious joy.

But I had only Aunt Eliza to tell, and she, dear soul, said "Just fancy that now!" Nevertheless, the early days of May were one long "chortle." I arranged with a press-cutting bureau to send the notices, and the catalogue, and the sight of the title of my picture, with my name opposite to it, in the latter, was pure delight to me. It read like this:

THE KISS

Margaret Shiel.

As thro' the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripened ears,
We fell out, my love and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

Tennyson.

Then the notices came tumbling in, and though some of them were evidently written by those superior persons who love to call cabbages roses and roses cabbages, and can see no merit in a picture which tells a story, yet the majority were laudatory and a few mildly enthusiastic.

How I longed to go up to that great London and see my picture upon the walls of the great exhibition and to stand, unknown and unobserved, watching the people gaze upon it and listening to their remarks. But three hundred miles was such a long way, and I had no one to chaperon me, and Aunt Eliza would have had a fit if I had even hinted at going alone—nay, at going at all for that matter.

The summer flew on, and the excitement had died out of my life. I had tasted the sweets of fame, and yet I seemed to be much where I was a year ago. If the picture had sold it would have been some satisfaction, but it had not. There had not been a single offer for it so far.

But pictures and painting and everything but misery were presently banished from my mind by a terrible calamity. It dropped upon us like a thunder-bolt. I had never known much about my aunt's means. She had always been reticent about

money matters. I had a sort of impression that she possessed sufficient to keep her going in a modest way, and I knew that the house we lived in was her own. But I found her, one morning in early September, sitting at the breakfast table staring wide-eyed and white-faced at a letter, the official-looking blue envelope of which lay torn upon the white cloth. It was a "call" upon some shares which had dropped from thirty shillings to less than thirty pence all in a week's time, a fact of which Aunt Eliza had been wholly ignorant until that moment, for the investment, which represented practically the source of her whole income, had been made by her husband, now twelve years dead, and had been regarded by poor Aunt as a sort of minor Bank of England. The letter stated that no dividend could be paid, and that in order to save the situation the directors made a "call" of five shillings per share, which in Aunt's case amounted to £250.

I shall never forget the two days which followed. Even the sunshine seemed to have lost its gladness. Aunt was absolutely helpless. It had taken her all her time to make both ends meet hitherto, and I knew—though she would have died rather than said it herself, and would have been mortally angry with me had I put my thoughts into words—that it had taken much more to keep two than it would have taken to keep one. We talked it over as best we could. I was shrewd enough to see that, even if the money could be raised, it might be throwing good money after bad, yet how could I advise her to risk the total loss of her capital by refusing to pay? The house must be sold—and it would do well if it fetched the required £250 in that lonely neighbourhood.

Then, on the third morning, a miracle happened. Oh, yes, miracles do happen still, occasionally. I got a letter, too. That was not a miracle—but the offer it contained was!—£300 for "The Kiss"! I rushed upstairs to Aunt Eliza's bedroom and flung myself upon the counterpane laughing and crying.

"What is it, love?" cried my aunt in fresh alarm, thinking that I was hysterical.

"I—I—I've got an offer—of—three hundred pounds for 'The Kiss,'" I gasped.

"Three hundred pounds for a kiss, child?" she said blankly.

"It's my picture—my picture," I cried, holding the letter before her eyes. "Somebody in London has instructed these people, Freebody, Wilkins and Hodge, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn—to offer me three hundred pounds for my picture."

Then it was Aunt Eliza's turn to gasp. "Well," she said, "I never did hear the like! It's more than your uncle gave for the house—a good deal."

"Yes," I said, "and it'll save you from selling the house, dear heart, and be some little compensation for all your goodness to poor useless me!"

Then Auntie cried, which was rather an unconventional thing for her to do under those peculiar circumstances.

"It never rains but it pours" is a great "fib" in nature and a great truth in life. We had scarcely got free from the terrible incubus of pressing and immediate need of cash, and begun to think of ways and means for the future, when the front door opened and in walked Jock Tremloe. I heard the handle turned, and a step on the tiles of the hall, and I went to the door of the sitting-room and popped my head through the curtain that screened it. My! how my heart jumped when I saw him. He didn't see me for a moment, and I had time to note his curly hair, and his bronzed face, and his sombrero hat, and his big manly frame. He was the same Jock—but he had "grown up" since I saw him last.

Then he saw me. "Madge!" he cried; "Madge!" Madge! and he took both my hands and drew me into the light. "Eh! It's good to see you," he laughed—"Good! Good! And how's Aunt Eliza?"

Then Aunt Eliza herself, hearing voices—and especially a man's voice—came from somewhere in the rear, and Jock gave her a kiss, and told her she grew younger and better-looking than ever. It was really surprising how he plumped right

into the heart of the family circle again, especially when one calls to remembrance the fact that he had left us—or rather me—in high dudgeon, and that we had never heard a word from him since. But his jolly way carried all before it, and made it impossible, even if it had been desirable, to stand upon dignity.

It rained that night and we stopped indoors with Auntie and talked until it was time for Jock to go to the "Red Lion" at the village a mile away, where he was staying. But he was with us early next day, and the afternoon was lovely. He asked me to show him the old spots—and I did. But we didn't get sentimental. Oh, no. We talked like sensible beings. We had tea at a farm across the

went towards our gate, "it's Auntie too this time. Don't forget that. I've done pretty well out yonder and there's enough for three of us and a bit to spare."

* * * * *

I've nearly finished. There's only one other trivial circumstance to relate. Jock asked me six weeks later—he had been to London several times in between for longer and shorter periods—if I would like to go across the Moss again and visit Slea Grange, which had long been empty, as he had obtained permission to view it. Of course I was delighted, for Slea Grange was reputed to be quite a show place, and we went together.

It was in the hands of workmen and caretakers evidently, and there were great alterations in progress. We were the only visitors and were allowed the free run of the fine old house. Oh! the furniture! the china! the pictures! I nearly died of envy.

"Oh, what a lovely room!" I cried presently.

"Isn't it?" said Jock. "The caretaker tells me that the new tenant has had it specially set apart for an old aunt of his wife's who is coming to live with them."

"Lucky woman!" I said.

At last we got right to the top of the house. "Why!" I cried, "here's a studio!" And there was, sure enough, with a splendid top light and all sorts of delightful accessories. "The new man must be an artist," I said.

"No," said Jock, with a queer smile, "but his wife is, I believe."

But I did not twig. How should I? I stepped forward, and then I think I should have fallen if Jock had not caught me as I swayed. I was too surprised for words. There was my picture "The Kiss" in all the glory of its Academy frame, standing on an easel in the centre of the room.

"Jock," I said, "The Kiss!"

"Yes," he said, coolly suiting the action to the word. "The man who owns this place bought it. He took a great fancy to it, and especially to the girl in it. But he thinks the portrait isn't a patch on the original."

"Jock," I cried, a glimmering of the truth beginning to struggle into my mind.

"Yes, that is the name which his sweetheart and his chums call him by," he said, stroking a wisp of hair from my face, "but his real name is John Philip Tremloe, late of Argentina and now of Slea Grange—at your service."

He bowed solemnly, and then danced a horn-pipe around the studio. And that's all.

What more would you want? There's really no use in having a tragedy when a good serious comedy would do quite as well.



"There stood Jock in the picture—in the path between the growing corn."

Moss and then we walked home with our backs to the flaming west.

It was thus we came to the cornfield. I thought Jock wouldn't remember. But he stopped in the path between the walls of gold, and I stopped too, and we turned and gazed in silence into the green quivering ether of the sun's after-glow. Then he turned and clasped me in his arms. And what big strong arms they are! I gasped for breath and shut my eyes.

"My love! My darling! My little—little sweetheart!" he said.

And I opened my eyes and saw him looking down, down into mine, and I felt that he was lifting me from my feet—and he kissed me.

"It's the picture!" he said. "Madge! Madge! Little woman"—and he kissed me again—"it's the picture."

Then I remembered myself and struggled free. "What do you know about the picture?" I said.

"Why, I saw it at the Academy. And," he said slowly, and with a break in his voice, "it broke—my heart. It did, Madge. I had thought all these years that you would never forgive me, but when I saw the picture I just came right along here to see if we could make it real—and—we have—Madge—we have."

There was such a note of glad, humble triumph in his voice that a lump came surging into my throat, and the tears into my eyes, and—well, I've said more than I intended to say already, so let there be an end to all detail.

"And Madge," Jock said a little later, as we

The Farmer and the Daily

BY C. W. NASH.

Biologist to the Ontario Government

ANY person who is not in close touch with the farmers of Ontario, will probably find it difficult to believe how many daily papers find their way into the rural homes. As lecturer to the Farmers' Institute for the Provincial Department of Agriculture, I have occasion to visit many farmhouses during the winter months, and I have come into contact with all the best farmers in the older and more thickly populated counties. It is a rare thing to find a farmhouse without a daily paper. I would say that fully eighty per cent. of these farmers receive a daily newspaper.

They do not depend entirely on the post-office. Distribution occurs through the rural mail delivery where such exists. Otherwise, the distribution is made through the cheese factories. The bundle of newspapers is handed in to the factory and from there distributed by the drivers who collect the milk, usually on the return trip. The farmers do not take the daily merely for the market news, but mainly because they want to know what is going on in the world. Moreover, they are becoming great readers of monthly magazines and agricultural weeklies, which is different to what it was before both small and big dailies began to be so widely circulated.

THE GHOST OF THE MARIE LOUISE

In which the Real and the Imaginary are Curiously Interwoven

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

"THAT finishes game and rubber! Now for some supper!" Mrs. Stephen Weldon pushed her chair aside and made her way to a small table whereon stood a chafing-dish and other accessories of an informal and belated repast. The rest of the house-party of eight drew closer to the wide-mouthed fireplace. The Weldon's hunting lodge was perched on a small hill overlooking the Baie de Chaleur, surrounded by fragrant spruce forests, shadowy lakes, and velvety caribou plains. Within, all was cosily attractive—the beamed living-room with its numerous trophies of wood and stream, its quaint furnishings and general air of old-time comfort.

"And to think of having to go back to the city to-morrow! It is simply tragic. I'd love to stay here until the place is buried in snow-drifts—no beastly dinners, no theatre, nothing but these glorious hills and forests." Fritzie Edgar, who was a butterfly to the core of her shallow little heart, clasped her slender hands with a sigh of resignation but none dreamed of taking her seriously.

"I dare you to stay until the *Marie Louise* sails up the bay," laughed her hostess as she spooned some sherry into the chafing-dish.

"The *Marie Louise*? Is she the last boat to come in before the ice closes the channel?" Captain Henderson lighted a cigarette and threw a fresh log upon the fire.

"Surely I have told you of the *Marie Louise*, Jim. She's the boat—a schooner—that was burned to the water's edge about fifteen years ago, quite near the shore, but nothing could be done to save her. Of course, if it should happen to-day we should just put out in the launch and save the bunch—"

"Let me help you." The Captain sprang to the assistance of her hostess and the small table was drawn within the magic circle.

"But finish about the schooner, Emma. I can't eat a bite until you've told us," drawled Miss Edgar, whose limpid eyes were fixed hungrily upon the savoury dish.

"Well, every year—just about this time—the ghost of the *Marie Louise* sails up the bay—in flames, you know—and the whole scene is re-enacted. The sailors climb into the rigging, wave their arms for help, drop one by one into the fire or the water."

"A sort of fire-water plunge, eh?" ventured the Captain irrelevantly.

"Jim! Shame on you. It is all very terrible. You should hear my maid on the subject. She's

a native, and to hear her describe that sizzling mass sinking deeper and deeper into the drink would make your blood run cold."

"How interesting, Emma, dear," purred Cissie Cadwalader, "but why can't you regulate the coming of this phantom ship? It would add greatly to the charms of your hospitality. No, give me a glass of ale, please, Toby. And do the natives of this simple spot believe all this?"

"With heart and soul. Julie swears that she and her two brothers saw it only last year—a week after we'd left."

"Silly bosh, Emma. It must have been some barn afire on the Gaspé side. Perhaps Tracadie Gasch is becoming an active volcano instead of a respectable, law-abiding mountain."

"Oh, well, pull my story to pieces." Mrs. Weldon shrugged her shoulders and critically tasted her lobster. "Not quite enough sherry, is there, Bob? Sybil, have another toasted biscuit. Ugh! How that wind howls." A chill blast swept about the house and a sudden shower of sparks shot into the chimney's blackness.

The hall door opened and a white-faced girl of the pure French-Canadian type, stood for a moment in the entrance and then stumbled in terror to the laughing circle about the fire.

"Madam, it is de *Marie Louise*! Mere de Dieu! See out de window." Speeding to the casement the girl drew aside the green hangings and a glare of light flashed through the small panes. In a moment all were on their feet, surprise, horror, incredulity limned on their faces. The Captain laughed nervously and rubbed his eyes hard with one brown hand. "Good heavens, Emma, the night is bewitched. This is too opportune by half."

Julie was weeping quietly and Fritzie Edgar was strangely white and still.

"Bring the glasses, Bob, quickly." Weldon fell over a bear-skin rug in a hasty endeavour to comply with his wife's wishes. With trembling hands she adjusted them to her own clear vision and focused them upon the burning schooner. One long, satisfying look and she held them out to her husband, who gave a quick glance before passing them on to Fritzie Edgar. As is a dream the girl held them in cold fingers before transferring them, without a look, to Captain Henderson.

"Damn it all, Bob, there are men clinging to the rigging." The glasses fell to the floor and in a silence broken only by the moans of the terrified Julie, they watched the phantom vessel as it burned nearer to the water's edge. Small black spots

shifted about and one by one disappeared into the lurid mass of flames. Lapping sheets of fire quivered about the tall masts and, after a particularly brilliant outburst, the boat leaned slowly towards the shore, poised uncertainly on the black waters, then sank in a cloud of steam and trailing sparks.

Miss Edgar had dropped, wide-eyed, into a chair and her restless hands were tightly clasped upon her neat hunting-skirt. The French girl was weeping softly and the rest of the party drew to the indoor, cheerfulness with mingled feelings of superstition and unbelief.

"That's the weirdest thing I ever saw in my life," coughed the Captain, with an easy indifference that he was far from feeling.

"Well, Fritzie, I hope you've had the worth of your money this time. Bob, pour me a glass of wine. This has quite unsettled my nerves. What a strangely, unaccountable thing!"

They huddled closer to the warm circle about the hearth, and Julie slipped noiselessly from the room. For a long time they sat in absolute silence. Even the Captain ceased his scoffing and gazed seriously at the crimson-hearted logs. Time dragged on but all were evidently reluctant to separate for the night. There was an unusual solace in the quiet companionship.

It was towards midnight when Mrs. Weldon turned with a frightened glance at her husband. A slow, shuffling step sounded on the verandah, followed by the gasping of some fagged creature. A heavy body lurched against the door, the latch lifted, and a water-soaked figure stumbled in upon the floor.

A moment of confusion followed as Bob Weldon dragged the man towards the centre of warmth. He was blue with exposure and cold, his teeth chattered and with difficulty a few spoonfuls of brandy were poured down his throat. They drew the spent figure closer to the fire and little wreaths of steam began to exude from his clothing and thick brown hair. His dark eyes wandered questioningly from one to another and then a sudden crimsoning of his drawn cheeks made him a less ghostly figure. He raised himself upon his elbow, then sank back, his face buried in his wet sleeve.

"My God," he gasped, "to think—to think of going down with help so near—it would have been easy—so easy." His words ended in a despairing whisper and Weldon leaned tenderly over the trembling form.

"Then," he said, with a quick feeling of shame and criminal neglect, "it wasn't the ghost of the *Marie Louise*?"

The man looked at him steadily for a few minutes.

"No," he replied simply, "it was La Belle Rosalie—and I—and I was her captain. The rest are gone."

His last words came brokenly and his eyes closed with an exquisite sense of bodily comfort and mental relaxation. Weldon bent over him anxiously and after a few moments felt the limp hand and wrist.

"The man is dead," he murmured as he rose from his knees.

COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS AND GREAT MANUFACTURING CITY.



General View of the City of Montreal from the Mountain—The National Port of Canada. Montreal handles more freight by water and contains more gigantic industrial concerns than any other Canadian city; while as a manufacturing and freight distributing centre by rail she is rivalled only by Toronto.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Magnificent Pendant.

ON the occasion of the last large parade of the Queen's Own Rifles in Toronto, the ex-members of the regiment presented an address to Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, and a magnificent pendant to the latter. Lady Pellatt has been untiring in her entertainment of the members and ex-members of the regiment in all the events which have marked the semi-centennial year. Although by no means in the best of health, she persisted in taking part in every function and in lending her aid and influence to every committee. As a consequence she made herself more popular than ever with all those who have a connection with this organisation.



A beautiful Pendant presented to Lady Pellatt, by the ex-members of the Q.O.R.

As an acknowledgment of her charming courtesies, the ex-members presented her with one of the semi-centennial medals, struck in gold and studded with diamonds. It is probably one of the most handsome souvenirs of the kind ever produced in this country. In accepting the souvenir, Lady Pellatt made a remarkably clever five-minute address to the ex-members assembled on the occasion.

The makers of the souvenir pendant, Messrs. P. W. Ellis & Co. of Toronto, have furnished the following technical description:

The base of the medallion is formed of gold which was struck from the die of the Q. O. R. re-union badge. The border of the medallion is of large diamonds set in platinum and the lettering on the medallion is enamelled in green.

The maple leaf is paved with diamonds and is surmounted by the garter enamelled in green. The garter encircles a ruby in which is the regimental number encrusted in gold. In the crown are two special, square-cut, rubies.

The medallion is attached to the ribbon by a platinum pendant studded with diamonds.

At the top of the ribbon is a bar of old gold on which are the dates 1860 and 1910 in gold and the letters Q. O. R. in platinum set with diamonds.

Suspended by platinum chains from the bar is Lady Pellatt's monogram, which is made of platinum and set with diamonds.

The ribbon is the regimental ribbon in green and red, which are the regimental colours.

* * *

Nurse With a Record.

MISS SNIVELY, who is retiring from the position of Superintendent of the Training School for Nurses at the General Hospital, ranks as one of the most eminent women in the profession of nursing in the whole of North America. She is known from east to west in Canada as a woman of character and ability. When her decision to retire first became public, the editor of the *Canadian Practitioner* said in an editorial on the work she had done that "through her whole career she had displayed a great ability and absolute independence." Miss Snively first took charge of the Toronto General Hospital Training School for Nurses in 1884. At that time the school had thirty-four nurses. There are now over one hundred nurses in training. More than five hundred nurses have graduated during the twenty-five years and some months that Miss Snively has been at the head of the school. It is a remarkable fact that Miss Snively took charge of this important Canadian training in Bellevue Hospital, New York. Before beginning the study of nursing Miss Snively had been a teacher in St. Catharines, where she was brought up and educated. It is a coincidence worth remembering that the first nurses trained in Canada were taught in Dr. Mack's sanitarium in St. Catharines, which was the earliest training school for nurses on the North American continent. Miss Snively revolutionised nursing conditions in the Toronto General Hospital. Ever since 1884 she has been one of the leading influences in the advancement of the nursing profession in Canada. A number of those who had most benefited from her work for the community—nurses, physicians, and the trustees of the General Hospital—united in presenting her with a purse containing one thousand dollars on her retirement. The Hospital Board of Trustees has also arranged for a yearly retiring allowance of seven hundred dollars. Miss Snively in the training of her nurses has placed great emphasis on the ideal of locality, both in the profession and to the country. It was, perhaps, the happiest moment of her career when she placed a wreath on the tomb of Queen Victoria last year as president of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses. The family to which Miss Snively belongs traces its descent to a native of Switzerland, who came to America in 1714 and was naturalised, becoming a subject of King George the Second. The independence of character, organising ability, and love of altruistic work for others which mark the nursing profession at its best, finds one of its highest Canadian examples in this nurse of national reputation who is retiring from her onerous position with the good wishes of the community.

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* * *

A Canadian Vocalist.

MDME. EDITH GREY-BURNAND, whose photo was printed in a recent issue of the *Courier* as a "Type of English Beauty," is a niece of Sir Frederick Burnand, late editor of *Punch*. Mdme. Grey-Burnand is now in London, settling her affairs, but hopes to return to Toronto in September, when she will be available for professional engagements. Her voice is a true and beautiful soprano and she is also a teacher of recognised merit. She is a delightful conversationalist and always ready to recount anecdotes of Sir F. C. Burnand, known so well the world over as author of "Happy Thoughts" and "More Happy Thoughts." Mdme. Grey-Burnand has a brother living in Toronto, Mr. Burnand of Burnand & Spain, which makes it very delightful for her socially. Mrs. Burnand was well known in Ottawa prior to her marriage, as she was Miss Muriel Church, daughter of Dr. Church, a leading Ottawa physician. There is no doubt that the English styles of singing as exemplified by Madame Grey-Burnand has many advantages over noisy performances of many American singers.

* * *



Miss Snively who has had a remarkable career as a Nurse.

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His many friends whom he has trained for successful stenographic careers will do a favor to prospective students who desire the best training that skill and long experience can offer, if they will put them in communication with Mr. Claffey.

See Advertisement Remington Business College on Page 3.

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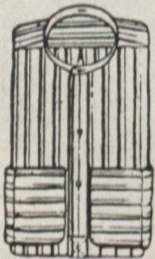
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Newslets.

ACCORDING to Dr. Carman, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Methodist millionaire to enter the realm of pure religion and undefiled. Now just watch J. W. Flavelle, Esq., and Hon. George Cox give up the revenue from pork and life assurance!

The Carman vocabulary is such as Sir James Pliny Whitney might covet. "Incipient heathenism" is a beautiful expression, which we recommend to the stump orator as an effective weapon.

In the United States the value of the poultry crop excels that of pork, coal, iron or lumber. That is something to crow about—or a matter for cackling.

The West is a hustling region. A farmer in Manitoba recently tried to murder his wife, burned his barn and then took strychnine with fatal effect—all in one day. Activity is the watchword in a new country.

The new oath of the British sovereign is causing a profusion of profanity.

Seven persons were killed from the effects of ice cream at a church festival. That is suffering for your religion.

Germany has a dockyard strike. Lord Charles Beresford is so sorry.

Sir James Whitney has sailed for England on a holiday trip. Incidentally he will tell Premier Asquith how to hang on to a majority.

To change the metaphor, Sir Wilfrid is tickling the land with oratory until it laughs with a Liberal majority.

"Q. O. R."

The boys have gone to England,
 Canadian coin to shed,
 And paint our dear old London
 A beautiful shiny red.
 We know they'll do us credit,
 Ere many days have flown;
 They're of our best and bravest,
 Our gallant, bold "Queen's Own."

Old Man's Dream of Gold.

AT once funny and pathetic is a letter received a short time ago at the Bristol office of Davidson and McRae, Toronto and Winnipeg. It was written from Admiral Street, Exeter, in reply to a letter containing emigration literature. The following is a faithful copy of the letter:

A postman brought a letter from you, and I was so glad to have it, as it looks as if I am going to Foreign parts, as an old witch told me I should years ago.

Me and mother be ready to go. Wages be high for my kind of work yer says. I carries newspapers, and be 70 years old come next August. Were mighty towns like London is, they wants papers too read, so I expects I should have heaps of money out there.

I saves up £1-1-1/2 last year, so you see I am of a saving nature. Just what they wants out there.

When the tickets for money comes to go to the ship, us will be off like mad men, as us be told there miles of gold to be turned up and brought home. You shall have your share for sending us out there, when us comes home.

Please send tickets as soon as you can cause us wants to get out from this free trade place, as us can't buy meat here, and I be told beef and

mutton is cheap in Canada. It will be a treat to taste a bit of meat. I am so filled with joy cause you be sending Mother & I out thar, that I can't write no more now, but you shall have your proper share of the gold mountains when us comes back.

Please write soon, as us be packing out trips now.

I be, your obedient servant.

* * *

In East and West

The great and only R. L. B.,
 For whom the Tories pray,
 Is touring in the Bluenose towns,
 And talking hours away,
 He tells in plaintive accents,
 Of how the country needs
 His own efficient services—
 But not one Bluenose Leeds.

The debonair Sir Wilfrid
 Is touring in B.C.,
 Where Dick McBride, the Tory
 pride,

Is friendly as can be.
 Sir Wilfrid talkes of Tory wiles,
 To those Vancouver folk,
 Who listen quite politely
 And think it all a joke.

* * *



"Well, here we are at last. Where shall we pitch our tent?"
 "Right over this cliff."—*Harper's Weekly.*

* * *

His Favourite Whisky!

CLARENCE C. CHIPMAN, Winnipeg, commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, is a good teller of stories. Also he has a splendid eye for business, so sometimes his stories do a little boosting for the huge organisation with which he is connected.

His latest story is about a friend of his, a very prominent officer of the army, who was recently thrown from his horse while playing polo and badly injured. Friends hurried to help him, and one obtained some whisky.

"Here's some whisky for you," was the word spoken to the injured man who, lying stretched out, seemed all but conscious.

And according to Mr. Chipman, the sufferer raised his head, opened his eyes and inquired, "Is it Hudson's Bay Scotch?"

* * *

A Natural Enquiry.

MANY years ago, a lately-arrived Irish priest was journeying from Toronto to Kingston by boat, when he was addressed by a native-born Canadian, who proceeded to abuse the Irish for their lack of enterprise. The priest naturally de-

fended his countrymen until the Canadian finally remarked:

"There isn't such a being as an industrious Irishman."

"Industrious, is it?" exclaimed the good father, who relapsed into genuine "Irish" speech.

"Faith, how could they induster, when there's nothing for them to induster on?"

* * *

Blowing Bubbles.

Life, it seems to most of us,
Is just a game of bubbles,
Which are lightly blown away,
Like our joys and troubles
From the pipe they gaily rise,
Sparkling while they shatter,
Catch the gleam of green and rose,
Ere to the mist they scatter.

How the bubbles float and glow,
Like a fairy presence,
Till they vanish into air
Fleeting iridescence!
Even so our days are sped,
Like the glittering bubbles,
Till we also float away—
We and all our troubles.

* * *

Staff Humor.

A birdman has beaten carrier pigeons in a cross-country race.

he may propose to the "Maid of the Mist."

Now it's becoming fashionable for nations to avoid wasting natural resources, may we suggest to some of our garrulous friends that they practice conservation of conversation.

Another comet has been discovered, but the event creates no enthusiasm among a lot of people who clung to life several years after they were ready to quit merely to see Halley's.

There's no infantile paralysis in Toronto according to Dr. Sheard, the city's medical health officer, and so the citizens are again guessing as to what's wrong with the members of the City Council.

Judge Lanctot says it's legal to show the Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures in Quebec. But it's still impossible to show moving pictures of Borden licking Laurier in that same old province.

Esperantists claim that their language will be the universal one, but we continue to hope that the real world language may be the one that money talks.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke in a hurricane at Red Deer, but didn't mind it, in view of his experiences



The Count.—Oh, don't refuse me, sweet angel of my dreams, for I cannot live without you."
The Heiress —(reflectively)—" That's just what I was afraid of."—M.A.P.

Aviators had already beaten tumbler in the latter variety's specialty.

Bryan was deposed by Nebraska Democrats, Jeffries was knocked out, and Roosevelt has been turned down by the New York Republicans. Because of the shock it would be, not only to the United States, but to the whole world, let's hope that nobody throws down Bill Taft.

Another experimenter claims to have discovered perpetual motion. He is hereby requested to next attempt to discover why the female section of the household insist on having all the clocks in the house a "quarter fast."

A deaf man of Chicago was able to hear when he had gone up Pike's Peak, and now deaf people won't hear of anything but allowing them to become mountain climbers and aviators.

Having been used to bringing politicians from Canada's "magnificent distances," Ottawa now talks of bringing her water supply from no less a distance than twelve miles.

Mohammed Jamalulu Kriam, Sultan of Sulu, who some time ago proposed to the then Alice Roosevelt, is to visit Niagara Falls next month, and grave fears are entertained that

in the "cave of the winds" on Parliament Hill.

* * *

A Conservative.

MRS. O'TOOLE—"Do yez like these model tenements wid de white bathtubs?"

Mrs. O'Grady—"No; I prefer the ould-fashioned way of keepin' me coal in the hod."—Life.

* * *

Safe.

A MOTHER of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing-room. "And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Argonaut.

* * *

A Chance for All.

THERE was little doubt in the minds of those who were invited to the wedding of Augustus Clay Johnson to Chloe Matilda Baker, as to the cordiality of the invitation.

"You are invited to attend the marriage of Mr. Augustus Clay Johnson and Miss Chloe Matilda Baker at the house of the bride's mother. All who cannot come may send." — The Youth's Companion,

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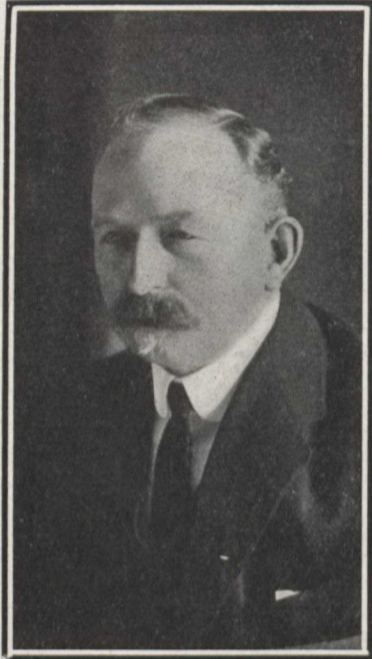
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W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members
New York Stock Exchange.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

New Industries Coming to the Fore Very Rapidly In Canada.

EVERY once and a while some new industry jumps ahead and indicates the phenomenal progress it has made in Canada. It seems only the other day when the pulp industry of the country was on anything but a satisfactory basis, and the investors who had placed their money into it, were having a good deal of worry as to the probable outcome of their investment.



Sir Thomas Shaughnessy,
President Canadian Pacific Railway.

The shareholders of the Laurentide Paper Co., which has large mills down at Grand Mere, on the St. Maurice River, were just in such a class, and it was very unwelcome news when they found out that after two or three years' efforts trying to get the plant going on a satisfactory basis, that experts who were brought in to study the situation, reported that it would be necessary to throw out most of the machinery that had been installed. Such an action, of course, would simply mean a loss to the company of something like a quarter-million dollars, in addition to the fact that the company would have to start all over again, and have nothing to show but experience for its first three years of operation.

Think of it, this company last year earned 23.20 per cent. on the common stock, compared with 12.49 per cent. in 1909, and 9.02 per cent. in 1908. The profits for last year showed the phenomenal increase of 82 per cent. over the previous year, having amounted to \$516,304, as compared with \$283,892 for year ending June 30th, 1909. Such earnings rather indicate that there will be some nice distribution of profits in store for the shareholders, and indicate that those who have been identified with the company since its inception, are now sure of making very big money.

* * *

Actions of Big Men of the Country Indicate They Are Satisfied with Outlook of Canada.

IT certainly looks as though the big men of Canada were thoroughly satisfied with the general outlook in this country.

This is all the more encouraging because less than six weeks ago the policy adopted by most of the banks of the country with regard to general business seemed to indicate that they were harbouring their resources with a view of getting ready for some set-back that was likely to come in Canada owing to the somewhat unsatisfactory condition of general affairs in the United States.

No matter how favourable conditions might be in this country it was felt they were bound to be affected by any set-back in general trade conditions in the United States because so many different lines of manufacture could be dumped into this country, making it impossible for Canadian manufacturers to maintain the outputs they have been showing from their factories for some months past.

Fortunately, just at a time when opinion was very mixed in Canada as to what the general prospects were for next fall and winter there have been developments that go a long way towards showing that the men who are in the best position to size up the Canadian situation have shown by their actions that they are entirely satisfied and that commitments might be made at the present time which would be warranted by the larger volume of business that will be done in Canada for the next year or two at least.

The actions that have had such an important bearing on the Canadian situation have been those of the directors of three of the larger banks, viz. the Royal Bank of Canada, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and the Merchants' Bank of Canada, in increasing their rates of dividends, evidently satisfied that the profits that would be possible through the larger amount of current business that they would be doing would amply justify such increases.

Then came the most important announcement of all, and it was all the more pleasing because there were not very many who looked for it at the present time. This was the action of the C. P. R. directors in increasing the dividend rate on the common stock from a 7 per cent. to an 8 per cent. basis. The increase, too, was made in the regular dividend rather than in the bonus being paid from the profits from the land sales, which was perhaps especially significant because it meant that for all time the directors felt the company would undoubtedly be able to maintain it. Somehow C. P. R. always has the knack of doing things when most other railroads in the world would not think of taking similar action. In the present instance the increased dividend came when there was a general feeling throughout the United States that some of even the principal railroads in that country might be forced to reduce their present rate of dividend owing to the high operating costs they have had to contend against all the time. Another occasion on which C. P. R. usually anticipates other railways is when it makes its issues of stock. In this connection the big Canadian railroad seems to derive great benefit from the very close connection it has with the London financial situation through Lord Strathcona who has been a director of C. P. R. ever since its inception. Through this connection it looks as though the Canadian road were able to find out when the tide was turning, and makes its issues of stock before almost any other railroad is in the field with them. This has undoubtedly been one of the reasons why their issues have been so very readily taken up by their own shareholders.

COUPON.

INVESTORS WHO DISCRIMINATE

Canadian Banks, Insurance, Trust and Loan Companies have many millions invested in Municipal and Corporation Bonds. They buy them for the safety of principal they afford, for the interest return they give and because they are readily convertible into cash.

Private investors may secure the same bonds and have as sound investments. They are available in denominations of \$500 or \$1,000.

Particulars on request.

A. E. AMES CO., LIMITED

Investment Bankers

7-9 King Street, East, Toronto

Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K. C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration. As a result of this policy we are able to report that after forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds."

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

ASSETS	\$8,617,908
CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED)	\$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP)	\$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

More Industries Possible in the East

MR. W. S. FISHER of St. John, in a recent paper, argues that the Maritime Provinces can equal, if not surpass, Ontario in manufacturing if the people there will but live up to their opportunities.

"Let us compare our situation with that of the people in Ontario and Quebec, where most of the Canadian manufactured goods are now produced. We are situated on the seaboard with ports that are open all the year round—hence have an unequalled opportunity for the gathering together of raw materials from any part of the world. We have an abundant supply of coal, iron, steel and lumber of various kinds—all of much importance to a manufacturing community. We also have an intelligent population, which, when properly trained, are capable of developing a high degree of technical skill. We already have quite a nucleus of manufacturing industries, perhaps more than many of your readers realise. Many of these industries only require development in order to render them much more profitable. Our climate is unequalled—men can work the year round, and the cost of living is much less than in any other Canadian province.

"As already stated, rail freights to all western points are very little more than from the manufacturing centres of Quebec and Ontario. Freight rates from the seaboard to British Columbia via the Isthmus are now much less than by rail, and a great many goods originating in Ontario and Quebec are even now being shipped by that route."

Mr. Fisher also points out that if the manufacturers of the Provinces desire to do business in the West, they must begin now. Mr. Fisher is himself head of a stove concern which has opened a warehouse and western office at Saskatoon, so that his practice is like unto his preaching. He has always been a consistent advocater of the manufacturing opportunities in the east and has devoted much of his time and talent towards bringing his fellow-citizens to realise that the golden ball lay at their feet, and not in Boston, Montreal or Toronto.

There are said to be sixty-six firms in New Brunswick now doing business in the West, of whom twenty are in St. John, five in St. Stephen, six in St. George, five in Fredericton, four in Moncton, and four in Sackville. In Nova Scotia there are nearly as many, with eleven in Halifax, as many in New Glasgow, seven big fellows in Amherst, six in Truro and the big steel and coal companies at Sydney. In addition there are fish shippers in both provinces.

QUEBEC is now second to Ontario in aggregate of manufactures. There are two main reasons: Montreal and water-power. Montreal contains the largest number of really mammoth industries, including rubber, sugar, and the locomotive and car works of two great railways. These industries are due primarily to navigation, to an abundance of comparatively cheap labour and to the enterprise of men who stand at the head of great corporations.

But aside from Montreal there is a vast aggregate of industries scattered among the smaller cities and towns of Quebec, many of them due to immense water-powers and an inexhaustible supply of pulpwood. Many of the little industrial cities of Quebec have an exceeding great charm in the landscape,



The right Collar adds pleasure to summer outings—

When canoeing, playing tennis, or enjoying outing trips, the ORDINARY collar is a ceaseless cause of annoyance. The snappy, trim appearance soon disappears—a few minutes' exercise with a paddle or a tennis racquet on a warm day finishes them. Not so with

CHALLENGE
BRAND
WATERPROOF

COLLARS & CUFFS

They ALWAYS look neat and dressy—ALWAYS comfortable because they CANNOT WILT—fit snugly and have the dull finish and texture of the finest linen collar. Made in all the latest styles. "Challenge" Collars are waterproof, do away with laundry expenses altogether, can be cleaned by a rub from a wet cloth.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, we will supply you direct, Collars 25c. and Cuffs 50c. per pair. Send to-day for our new free style book, "Hints for Careful Dressers"—Fashion's latest dictates.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 54-54 Front Ave., TORONTO, CAN.

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

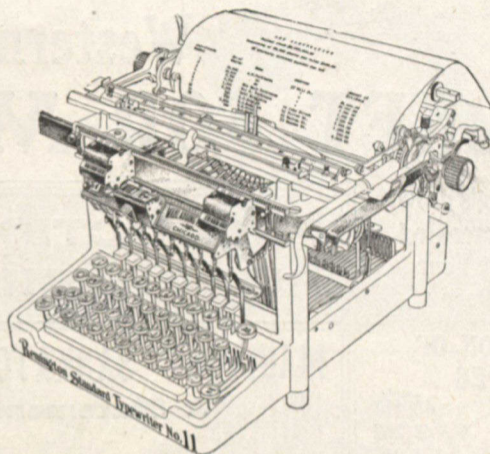
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

- His Majesty King Edward VII.
- His Majesty The German Emperor.
- His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
- His Majesty The King of Italy.
- His Majesty The King of Sweden.
- His Majesty The King of Denmark.
- His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
- His Majesty The King of Spain.

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THIS MACHINE DOES IT ALL

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Since the adoption of the Ross Rifle there has been a notable improvement in scores throughout Canada.

Rifle shots handicap their skill who do not provide themselves with a Mark III.

ROSS RIFLE

The new models are fitted so as to permit the adjustment of the new peep rear sight.

Illustrated catalogues and full particulars sent on request.

THE ROSS RIFLE CO.,
QUEBEC, P. Q.

KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR

The great battery of Zia-Zag Heat Tubes gives the Kelsey more than double the heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace—Reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.—Distributing immense volumes of evenly warmed air Uniformly to every room. No cold rooms—no overheated rooms. The Kelsey system costs less than steam or hot water to install, less for fuel, repairs and operation, and you have fresh air all the time, not the same air heated over and over. A Kelsey is durable and easy to operate.

35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in homes of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches.

The Jas Smart Mfg. Co. Limited, Brockville, Ont.

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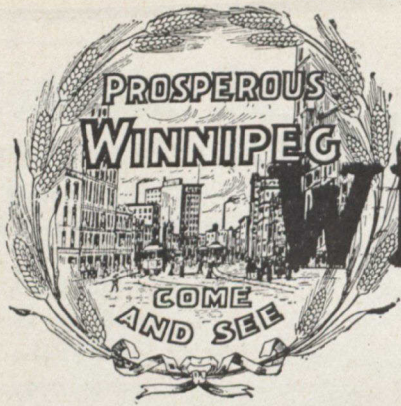
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HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C., ENGLAND

Mail Contract

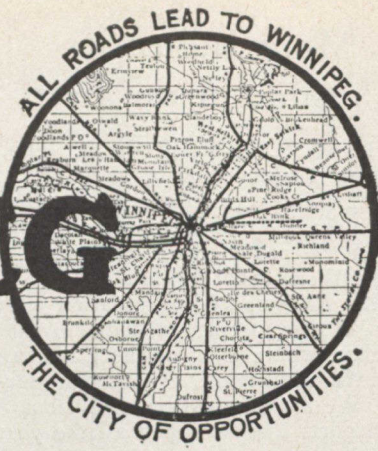
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 30th SEPTEMBER, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between ELIZABETHVILLE and PORT HOPE from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Elizabethville, Port Hope and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch Ottawa, 17th August, 1910
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



THE WINNIPEG



AND
Western Canada

MARKET FOR MANUFACTURERS

City of Winnipeg's growth
Warrants Increasing
Demands at Your
Factory Door

POPULATION OF WINNIPEG

1902	48,411
1904	67,262
1906	101,057
1908	128,000
1910	140,000

20,000 Population in Suburbs

TOTAL ASSESSMENT

Winnipeg Realty Values

1900	\$25,077,400
1902	28,615,810
1905	62,727,630
1906	80,511,727
1909	131,402,800
1910	157,608,220

1910 Tax Rate, 8 $\frac{1}{10}$ Mills

BUSINESS GROWTH

Winnipeg Bank Clearings

1902	\$188,370,003
1904	294,601,437
1906	504,585,914
1908	614,111,801
1909	770,649,322

BUILDING GROWTH

Winnipeg Building Permits

1903-4-5	\$26,264,500
1906-7-8	\$24,444,300
1909	\$9,226,325
1910 (1st 6 months)	\$9,835,500

Total 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ years \$69,770,625

PRODUCTION PROVES PURCHASING POWER

MANITOBA - SASKATCHEWAN - ALBERTA A Statement of Facts

Year.	Bushels Produced.	Value Received.
1905—		
Wheat ..	84,506,857	\$65,915,348
Oats ..	66,311,800	25,198,484
Barley ..	13,447,800	6,723,900
Flax ..	478,130	645,475
Total for year 1905		\$98,483,207
1906—		
Wheat ..	94,201,984	\$71,513,507
Oats ..	94,244,000	32,042,960
Barley ..	16,888,000	8,781,760
Flax ..	628,958	818,645
Total for year 1906		\$113,156,872
1907—		
Wheat ..	70,922,584	\$75,177,949
Oats ..	74,513,561	41,727,575
Barley ..	19,187,449	10,553,096
Flax ..	1,710,500	2,052,500
Total for year 1907		\$129,511,120
1908—		
Wheat ..	96,863,689	\$95,895,052
Oats ..	108,987,855	41,415,384
Barley ..	24,050,645	12,025,322
Flax ..	1,424,330	1,780,412
Total for year 1908		\$151,116,170
1909—		
Wheat ..	118,109,000	\$115,746,820
Oats ..	163,998,752	46,759,575
Barley ..	30,542,000	13,743,900
Flax ..	8,599,000	6,118,300
Total for year 1909		\$182,368,964
Total production for five years, \$674,635,964.		

LIVE STOCK VALUATION IN 1909
Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, \$175,000,000

Western Canada's Growth
Means Increased
Factory Output
in Winnipeg

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

Land—Acres

Manitoba	41,169,098
Saskatchewan	155,092,480
Alberta	160,755,200

Only 8 per cent. of arable land under cultivation

GRAIN ACREAGE, 1910

Acres

Wheat	8,453,200
Oats	4,225,800
Barley	1,022,000
Flax	630,000

HOMESTEAD ENTRIES

1907	28,647
1908	30,424
1909	39,081
1910 (5 months)	23,354

1910 increase over same period in 1909 is 78 per cent.

RAILWAY MILEAGE

Miles

1900	3,680
1908	9,365
1909	11,472

GET CLOSE TO THIS MARKET

CHEAP POWER TO MANUFACTURERS GUARANTEED.—The development of 60,000 h.p. by the City of Winnipeg will be ready for delivery in the Spring of 1911. Cheap Sites—Twelve Years' Fixed Assessment—Greatest Railway Centre in Canada—Ideal Labor Conditions.

POSITIVE PROOF OF PROGRESS IN MANUFACTURED OUTPUT

1900, \$8,606,248 | 1905, \$18,983,248 | 1910 (estimated), \$25,000,000

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Special openings for manufacturing farm and agricultural implements, including gas and steam tractors; paper and strawboard mills; chemical products; men's clothing; ladies ready-to-wear goods; food stuffs; starch factory; footwear; metal goods; wire nail factory; hardware specialties; flax and jute works; beet sugar factory; elevator machinery; automobiles

and commercial motor carriages; home and office furniture; leather goods; cereal foods; dairy supplies; building materials; stoves, ranges, furnaces, and heating plants; and twenty-five other lines.

Special reports prepared and mailed free of charge on the manufacturing possibilities of any of these lines of industries by addressing

CHAS. F. ROLAND, Commissioner, Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau, WINNIPEG - CANADA

An Official Organization composed of Representatives of Eighteen Business Bodies of Winnipeg

The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.

TRISCUIT

Simply delicious with cheese or marmalade.

A wholesome luncheon, made from the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, is the food for health and strength.

ALWAYS READY TO SERVE

At all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c.

People and Places

NAVIGATING THE SASKATCHEWAN.

THERE is to be a steamboat route between Edmonton and Winnipeg. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been telling the western farmers so, and Hon. Dr. Pugsley has committed himself to the project just lately. I. R. Voligny, who surveys for the government, returned from a seven hundred-and-fifty-mile jaunt down the proposed Saskatchewan water route to the mission at the Pas in Keewatin. There will have to be a whole lot of work done before you hear the steamboat whistles; also money spent. Voligny knows—the work. The cost he leaves to Hon. Dr. Pugsley.

The 750 miles which Voligny has covered in his minute inspection of the river is only three-fourths of the distance between Edmonton and Lake Winnipeg. The long thousand miles is full of difficulties. For instance, there are rapids, one of the bugbears of river navigation—eight miles of them at one place. These are the Lacolle Rapids twenty miles east of Prince Albert. Here the water hurdles over a series of falls, and gathering impetus, rushes along in a mad torrent. Prince Albert citizens expect to harness ten thousand horse-power at Lacolle Rapids. Of course, the government's navigation scheme will require that a big lock be constructed at Lacolle. This will be an expensive undertaking. However, Lacolle Rapids are alone in being so formidable that they cannot be governed except by locks; the other rapids which interrupt along the Saskatchewan River, can be controlled by building small dams, thus raising the water. The next obstruction after the rapids to navigators is the channels. East of Battleford there is an Indian Reserve known by the highly picturesque name of Devil Park. At this point, the river takes a sweep outward, and there are located here a regiment of sandbars which hide the channel. The problem here for the engineers is to define the channel. This will be done by raising the water level and by concentrating the water.

The matter of navigating the Saskatchewan in great measure resolves itself into the possibility of fastening the leash on the swift river. The Saskatchewan takes its rise in the mountains, and its flow is influenced by the snow falling and melting in the hills. Could a storage reservoir be built, or some means adopted to restrain the impetuous waters, a great part of the navigation problem would be solved—at least the rapids difficulty; for the rapids which only during low water are dangerous, could be kept under sufficient depth to preclude the possibility of any treachery.

* * *

SOME BIG CHIEFS.

LAST week we remarked that the Duke of Connaught, who has been mentioned as the successor of Earl Grey, had been in 1869, when a young man visiting Canada, consecrated Chief of the Six Nations of Indians. Since then we have been looking up other white chiefs of the Redmen. His late Majesty King Edward, was a notable chief, and the Indians called him by a long, sonorous omen which meant in plain English "Son of the Great White Mother." King George has the buckskin coat, moccasins, and plumes of his Indian rank packed away at the Palace among his court dresses. His present Majesty came into a chief-

BOVRIL

PROVIDES A RESERVE FUND OF STRENGTH.

With the use of BOVRIL the ordinary activities of life do not exhaust one's strength—There is always an unused fund of energy. BOVRIL is an ideal summer food.

F-6.10

CANADIAN-NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO



International Live Stock Show. Animal aristocrats by the thousand in daily parade.



Model Military Camp. Crack American Regiments under canvas. The amazing Dragoon Cotillion.

\$2,000,000.00 in Buildings.

260 Acres of Instruction and entertainment.

Exhibits of every Art and Craft.

Most comprehensive prize list of any Fair in the World.

European Art Loan exhibit.

Naval Review at Spithead

Battle between Dreadnought and Airship

AUG. EVERY DAY SEPT. 27 A BIG DAY 12

BAND OF H. M. GRENADIER GUARDS KING GEORGES' HOUSEHOLD MUSICIANS

Record-breaking array of large foreign exhibits.

Displays by all provinces.

World's Champion Athletes in spirited contests.

Harness Horse Races.

Dog and Cat Shows.

Day and Night Fireworks.



400 Bandsmen led by the Famous Grenadier Guards. Free concerts daily. Tattoo every night.



World's Congress of Entertainers. Two circus rings three stages Roman arena.

1,000 Performers in special Attractions drawn from all parts of the world. Review of Canadian Boy Scouts. Exhibition of Forty Industrial Processes. Watch for Reduced Rates and Excursions. For information address

J. O. ORR, CITY HALL, TORONTO

tainship only a year ago. He acknowledged the honour in a letter to the denizens of Brantford reserve:

"I am glad to learn that the Six Nations are just as loyal to the British cause and British institutions as their forefathers were in the past and that they are just as willing to take up arms in defence of the British Empire as their forefathers were. I have no doubt that should the occasion arise for the British Crown to demand similar services from the nations in the future, they would not fail to maintain worthily the glorious traditions bequeathed by ancestors."

A notable Canadian Chief is Robert Barr, the novelist. Sometime ago, the genial editor of "The Idler," tripped out to the hunting grounds of the Iroquois. The braves sized him up, told him they liked his looks. They appeared to think that he radiated a home atmosphere, a personality tempered by domestic felicity. So they labelled him "White House." Why doesn't Barr use the title as a nom de plume occasionally? Everyone will recall a picture which was resplendent on the bosom of *The Globe* a few weeks ago—Sir Henry Pellatt in full majesty, as a Mohawk Chief, consecrated at the Q. O. R. pageant. Count Jacques de Lesseps is probably the latest chief. The exploits of the aviator filled the Redmen with wonder.

* * *

Macdonald, Peacemaker.

REV. J. A. MACDONALD, editor of *The Globe*, is not going to resign. That is settled. For some time, particularly since the passing of the late Mr. John A. Ewan, there have been rumors circulated that *The Globe's* celtic chief was going to sever his connection with the Liberal organ. Several reasons were suggested—one that Dr. Macdonald was not pulling right with the party managers, especially since his shoulder hit at the Minister of Justice over the French literature affair. The persistent rumours regarding Dr. Macdonald's future movements were dispelled the other day, when *The Globe* came out with a pointed editorial positively denying that the clerical editor was leaving his job. Fact is, Dr. Macdonald is going to take a little recreation—"speech-making" as the Canadian *Who's Who* defines his sole amusement.

* * *

A Census Story.

NOW that the decennial census, which takes place next June, is in sight, all sorts of census stories are being resurrected. Here is one from a New Brunswick correspondent:

After the last Dominion census it was claimed that a large number of "Free Baptists" in New Brunswick had been returned as "Baptists" simply, and the Department wrote to the enumerators in the province asking them to go over their lists and see if they had made any mistakes. One of these enumerators had in his district a man of easy morals named Smith who had gone through the marriage ceremony twice and both companions were living under his roof.

In his reply the enumerator stated that the only instance in which he might have made a mistake was in the case of Mr. Smith who was away at the time of his call; and concluded his report with due official gravity as follows: "My own impression had always been that Mr. Smith was a 'Free Baptist' but as both of his wives told me that he was a 'Baptist' I put him down as such in my record."

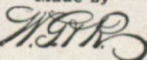
"When Good Fellows Get Together"

And you are one of them—you like to feel that no one is wearing better linen than you. Nor will they if your shirt and collar bear this mark:



We see to it that the maximum of style, comfort and wear goes into every garment so marked—for our good name's sake!

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in Berlin, Canada.



GERHARD HEINTZMAN

Canada's Greatest Piano

A reputation that has been earned, not purchased.

That definite, persistent impression back in your mind, behind all your indecision, that the Gerhard Heintzman is really the best of the good pianos, is right.

If you will call or write us before making your decision we will be very glad to talk the problem over with you.

Our reputation is your protection and our knowledge and experience is at your service.

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and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction—splendid value and perfect fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from \$6.45 to \$13.40.

Cloth supplied from 75c. yard. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of Canada, post free, C. E. Briery & Co., 54 Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.

25c. in Stamps or Coin

for a "Vite" Self Filling Fountain Pen, an absolute reliable well finished pen. No destructible rubber parts. Always ready for use. Can be filled with ink in an instant. No taking pen apart. Automatically sucks ink up when nib is inserted in ink. Pen will write with any kind of nib, which can be changed at will. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded.

"Vite" Fountain Pen Company, Limited
SUITE 27, LA PATRIE BUILDING, MONTREAL

Public Opinion

A Lacrosse Protest.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Your article in a recent issue under the heading, "The Truth About Lacrosse," is amusingly parochial.

The \$5,000 gate at the National-Toronto game in Montreal on July 23rd is said to constitute a world's record. Mr. Wiggins evidently had not heard of receipts exceeding \$7,000 taken a week before at a game played at New Westminster, B.C., a little town of 14,000. If \$5,000 is a record for Montreal, why drag in the world?

It is also stated that "somehow easterners cannot help feeling that they'd like to see the Minto Cup games played at some neutral place." It is, of course, to be supposed that easterners had the same feeling two years ago, when the New Westminster team journeyed to Montreal to get the cup, but all expression of such feeling was at that time repressed with remarkable success, and, moreover, the western team would hardly be open to the imputation of mercenary motives on that occasion, even though their share from the two games did reach the magnificent total of \$800.

Is it not time eastern lacrosse men ceased whining about the hardship of having to come the whole distance and play for the Minto Cup under western officials, when New Westminster crossed the continent without a murmur, and captured the cup under local officials?

A. E. WHITE.

New Westminster, Aug. 13th.

Entertaining Advertising

SOME kinds of advertising are good and some are bad. The good kinds vary quite as much as the other. Stereoptican views with lectures is one of the recognised methods of advertising in connection with large exhibitions when audiences are easily available. For several years the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, and Toronto, have been giving a free entertainment of this kind at the larger exhibitions. This year at Toronto, they will have a special building of their own where their illustrated lectures will be given several times each day. The pictures shown deal mainly with the beautification of factories and workingmen's homes, with the growing of flowers and vines, the making of lawns and gardens, the physical development of employees and intellectual entertainment for them. Any Canadian employer of labour who has not yet learned the value of recreation and entertainment of employees, will find these free lectures most instructive. Like Port Sunlight, Saltain and Bourneville in England, Dayton, Ohio, is a model town—made such by the biggest manufacturing establishment within its borders. There is a little explanation as to how National Cash Registers are made, but mainly the lectures are devoted to the value of fresh air, daylight, cleanliness, employees' clubs, medical inspection, and all that tends to make brighter the life of the factory worker.

Any one who has an opportunity should hear these lectures and see the remarkably fine series of lantern slides.

Harper & Brothers announce "The Wild Olive," by Basil King, the Canadian who wrote that very successful story "The Inner Shrine."

CALABASH

High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE



2 oz. tin costs	25c
4 " " "	40c
8 " " "	75c
16 " " "	\$1.50

**PACKED IN
HUMIDOR TINS**



Cosgrave's Half and Half

☞ Adds strength and vigor to body and mind.

☞ Brewed from quality hops and malt and aged before a drop is sold.

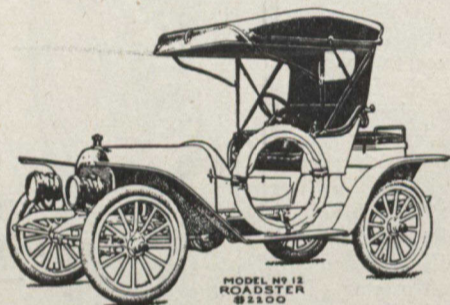
☞ It is the kind that pleases the taste and satisfies the appetite.

AT ALL DEALERS
AND HOTELS

Lord Northcliffe On Seasickness

Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 14th of September reached me on my return to England from a journey to Newfoundland and back, during which I have seen and heard abundant evidence of the fact that Mothersill's Seasick Remedy appears to be, in nineteen cases out of twenty, an absolute cure for mal-de-mer, and also for what Americans call "Car-sickness." I have taken it, on many occasions, with excellent effect and no after effect. You are quite at liberty to make use of this letter, as I think it a duty to express my opinion on the subject. Yours truly, NORTHCLIFFE, Sutton Place, by Guildford, Surrey, England.

Mothersill's Remedy Quickly Cures Sea or Train Sickness. Guaranteed safe and harmless. 50c and \$1.00 a box at all Drug Stores and Drug Departments. If your druggist does not have it in stock he can get it for you from any Wholesale Druggist in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, San Francisco or Canada.



THE ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE

UNMATCHED IN ARTISTIC DESIGN

Refinement of design is a special distinction of the silent ELECTRIC CARRIAGE. On the boulevards it is the one among a score marked for perfect symmetry-grace of lines, and dignity of tone. Our experts are at your service if you contemplate purchasing an electric vehicle, essentially a woman's car. :: :: ::

The Toronto Electric Light Co'y, Limited
"The Electric Building," 12 Adelaide St. E. Phone Main 3975

What Guides You In Buying Underwear?

There is only one kind of underwear that experience, science and common sense say is wholly right—pure wool—

Just as in each article of our daily need there is one make which stands ahead of all others in public estimation so has JAEGER Underwear secured the unique position of being the most widely known and most generally approved underwear in the world.

This does not result from accident—

It is because JAEGER material is made of the finest, purest and best wool in the world.

It is because every process—even to the making of buttonholes—is done with knowledge and care.

It is because health, comfort, fit, and wear are the maker's four considerations.

These are the guides in underwear buying that will bring you to JAEGER stores.



**DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN
SYSTEM CO., LIMITED,**

**231 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
316 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL.
STEELE BLOCK, PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.**

**Idle Gossip
On Busy Matters**

THE United States sells Canada twenty-five dollars worth of goods every year for every man, woman and child in the country. Canada sells the United States on the same basis one dollar's worth per annum for every head of population. Thus the odds are twenty-five to one; but if you should ask the political economists to figure out in whose favour the odds are you would need to knock off for a day to become wise.

Moral: Never discuss the tariff question if you can get anything else. Religion is better.

* * *

THE Manufacturers' Association will meet this year in Vancouver. The convention will be held in September. This is the first time the C.M.A. has crossed the continent to convene. Winnipeg has hitherto been the westward limit. Now watch the Vancouver papers to discover how it is that the manufacturing centre of the West is at Vancouver instead of Winnipeg. The manufacturers will be told some plain truths about the labour problem. Sir Wilfrid was told some of these truths the other day. He was able to switch the burden of proof off on the Empire. The C.M.A. may be able to do the same. They may be able to prove that it is in the interests of the distribution of labour over the Empire that labour be imported across the Pacific as freely as possible. Because India is, after all, part of the Empire—though it happens that Hindu labour is not now anything of a problem alongside the yellow and brown man from the northern parts of the Orient, which are not parts of the Empire, and it may be fervently hoped never will be. But it's a fine compliment to a really marvelous city on the Pacific that the entire organized manufacturing interests of the Dominion of Canada will camp in Vancouver this year.

* * *

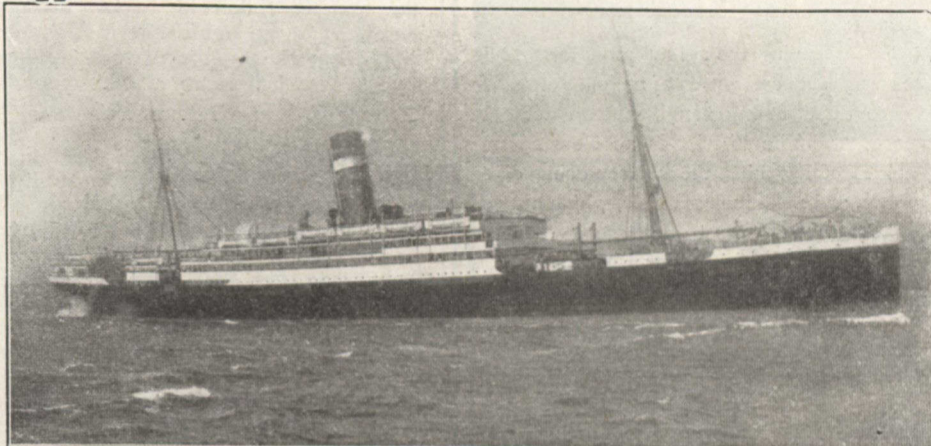
AT the same time the manufacturers will learn a good deal on this western trip. The East has been turning out goods for the West for a long while; and reading the newspapers to find out why the West is able to spend so many millions a year in buying what the East produces in its factories. Now the manufacturers will be able to see for themselves why it is so much better to be a farmer with a section of land and a few thousand bushels of wheat every year than a mere manufacturer who has to divvy up such a scandalous proportion of his profits to labour.

* * *

THE Technical Education Commission are now on tour trying to determine what can be done to make the young men of Canada more proficient in doing things that require to be done in Canadian factories. It is to be hoped that the Commission will not fail to find out why it is that in any average gang of carpenters nowadays there isn't a man able to build a straight ordinary staircase. Also it might be well to find out why when a contractor is given a job of which nine-tenths of the cost is the labour upon which he gets a profit at so much per hour—three out of every four men on the job dawdle and soldier. Of course all men don't. But if the man who pays for the job desires to know what Longfellow meant when he wrote that pregnant line, "Art is long and time is fleeting"—let him stand for an hour and watch any given gang of men for whose

ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIP Co.

30 ESTABLISHED 5
STEAMSHIPS 1854 SERVICES



TURBINE S. S. VICTORIAN. 12,000 TONS

MONTREAL to—
LIVERPOOL
GLASGOW
LONDON
HAVRE
BOSTON to—
GLASGOW

WEEKLY SAILINGS

Turbine Steamers "VICTORIAN" and "VIRGINIAN" accommodates 250 First, 300 Second and 1000 Third Class Passengers. Victorian's Record Passage between Montreal and Liverpool—6 Days, 15 hours, 3 minutes.

Twin Screw Steamers "GRAMPIAN" and "HESPERIAN" are the Largest and Fastest Steamers on the Glasgow Route. Accommodation for 150 First, 250 Second and 1000 Third Class Passengers.

For Full Information Apply To—

H. & A. ALLAN
General Agents, MONTREAL

W. R. ALLAN
WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE ALLAN LINE
77 Yonge Street, TORONTO

GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES



THE PARTING GIFT
DELICIOUS YET WHOLESOME

NATIONAL TRUST Co.

LIMITED

18-22 King Street East, Toronto

CAPITAL \$1,000,000
RESERVE 650,000

Acts as Executor and Trustee under Will. Transacts a general trust business.

BRANCH OFFICES:

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Saskatoon Edmonton

J. W. FLAVELLE,
PRESIDENT.

W. T. WHITE,
GENERAL MGR.

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

LIMITED

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable

FORGINGS

of every description

High-Grade Bar Iron

Open Hearth Bar Steel

HAMILTON - ONTARIO



The men who are doing the *big things* to-day, are the men *who think for themselves*.

The men who think *for themselves*, think *about themselves*.

All men who are making reputations, know the value of personal appearance.

They use the GILLETTE, and look the whole world in the face with clean shaven faces.

The Gillette face is the sign of success.

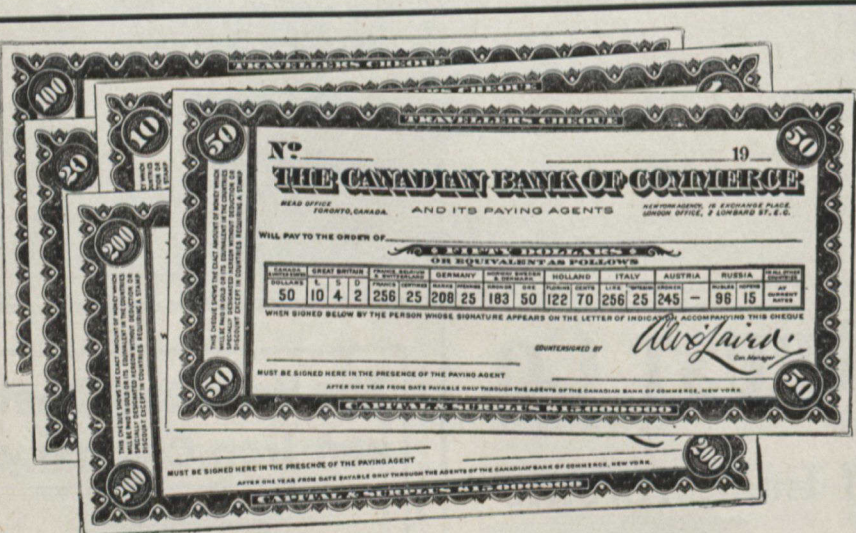
You are in company with the biggest men on the continent when you shave with the GILLETTE.

This is the new Gillette Sign, displayed by dealers handling Gillette Razors and Blades.

Look for the sign—look at the Razor. The dealer displaying this sign will gladly point out the unique features of the Gillette—or write us for descriptive booklets.



Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd.
MONTREAL



FACSIMILE OF . . . **TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**

ISSUED BY

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

labour he is paying put in the time on the job.

* * *

OUR old friend Wool never seems to get settled. You may juggle with the surtax and the ordinary tariff; the preferential and the favoured nation clause; but no matter what happens on the chessboard of the tariff tinkers wool always seems to be up against it in Canada. The farmers say they want higher prices for Canadian wool. They point out that the United States farmer gets higher prices for his wool than the Canadian farmer gets; that wool enters Canada almost duty free, while there is a tariff on all woollen manufactures. They allege protection for the manufacturer and free trade for the farmer. Why? The manufacturer answers that the farmer is misinformed. What the Canadian woollen manufacturer prays to be relieved of is free trade in woollens, which permits British wools to cover the country, and keeps the Canadian factories on half time. An adequate duty on woollens would build up the Canadian industry so that the Canadian manufacturer could pay better prices for Canadian wool and keep the Canadian sheep on the farm. So this also is a five-cornered game; in which Canadian wool, United States wool, British woollen factories, United States factories and British looms are the corners. It has never yet been negotiated to suit everybody. It probably never will be. Wool is the standing enigma of protection in Canada.

* * *

CENSUS figures are sometimes very disquieting—even in prosperity. There is some difference of opinion between the farmers and the general public on the question of United States capital investment in factories in Canada and United States immigration of capital into Canada. About two hundred millions of United States capital are invested in United States enterprises in Canada selling goods to Canadians which might be kept out under the tariff, buying Canadian labour and using Canadian raw material. But in one year about half this amount of money was fetched into the country by ninety thousand United States farmers who spent the money on the land. The farmer out West thinks the money spent on the land is O.K. He has his doubts about the benefit of the same money spent on United States factories in Canada employing Canadian labour and using Canadian raw material. He would probably prefer to let all the money go on the land, and let the United States goods in at such a low duty that the Canadian labourers would be forced to go on the land. Thus we should have a nation of farmers who would get most of their goods from foreign countries. "Back to the land" is a very good slogan. But it won't stand overworking.

* * *

THE industrial crowd on the cover of this issue is a group of exceedingly great interest. A similar photograph might have been taken in a hundred other places in Canada. The ordinary observer, asked where that crowd gets its pay envelopes, might guess Montreal, Toronto or Hamilton. He might guess another three before mentioning Winnipeg. But a Winnipeg crowd it is; and probably as conglomerate a crowd in the matter of language as could be found on any pay-roll in the world. There must be at least twenty languages spoken by that crowd. The foremen and the bosses are probably expert linguists, or else the foreign employees have learned the rudiments of English enough to know when it is necessary to hustle.

Hotel York

New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

The Queen's

TORONTO, CANADA

has been patronized by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Minto and the best families.

300 rooms, 120 of them en suite with bath, long distance telephone in every room; elegantly furnished throughout, cuisine and service of the highest order of excellence.

Pleasantly situated near the lake and beautifully shaded; it is cool, quiet and homelike.—McGAW and WINNETT, Proprietors.

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA

250 rooms

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.

European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.

\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel

(Home of the Epicure)

MONTREAL

European Plan \$1.50 up.

John Healy, Manager

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.

American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

Geo. A. Spear, President

American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Mossop

TORONTO, CANADA.

F. W. Mossop, Prop.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up

Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Palmer House

TORONTO, CANADA

H. V. O'CONNOR, Prop.

RATES

\$2.00 TO \$3.00

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Prop.

SANDERSON'S SCOTCH

"MOUNTAIN DEW"

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

The Pioneer Route to MUSKOKA

AND THE ONLY LINE REACHING ALL THE
PRINCIPAL TOURIST RESORTS OF ONTARIO.

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Fast Train

12.15 Noon. Cafe Parlor Car and
Coaches. No stops, Toronto to
Bala, immediate connection with
Cherokee for all lake points.

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People Who "Pass This Way But Once,"

And who would turn the opportunity to account, will remember that THE CANADIAN COURIER has features which ought to make it for most. Why not recommend it to your friends?

And if you will recommend them to us WE WILL PAY YOU. Send us today 20 bonafide names of intelligent Canadians, either here or over the border, who are non-subscribers.

Circulation Bureau CANADIAN COURIER.

"THE water grades of the New York Central Lines from the ATLANTIC sea coast to the MISSISSIPPI River are worth untold millions of dollars and can never be duplicated," recently said an economic writer in one of the great New York daily newspapers.

There can never be but the one
"Water Level Route"

To NEW YORK

The only water level from the
Lakes to the Sound is along the
Mohawk and Hudson Rivers.

The only available sites for rail-
road tracks on both sides of the
Hudson are occupied by the

New York Central Lines

Trains leave at 9.30 a. m., 3.35 and 7.10 p. m.
(daily except Sunday), and 5.20 p. m. (daily). Canadian Pacific Ry.

Tickets good between Albany and New York on
Hudson River Steamers without extra charge

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Phone, Main 4361 80 Yonge Street



"For the Public Service"

The Social Rooms and Private Apartments on the Atlantic Royals

—the two new fast boats of the Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, "ROYAL EDWARD" and "ROYAL GEORGE"—are each composed in a distinctive style, modelled after famous examples of the most notable periods.

THE DINING HALL is Georgian, reflecting the exquisite art of Grinling Gibbons.

THE CAFE is reminiscent of the period of Louis the Fifteenth.

THE MUSIC ROOM is modelled after the style of Louis the Sixteenth.

THE LIBRARY has a delightful decorative similarity to the famous chateau of Rombouillet.

THE SMOKE ROOM is Elizabethan, suggestive of the baronial hall of an English hero of Armada.

THE CABINS-EN-SUITE, containing sitting rooms, bed rooms and bath rooms are each distinct in decorative treatment.

The "Royal Edward" holds all Canadian trans-Atlantic records, having made the journey from port to port in less than six days and from land to land in three days, sixteen hours and five minutes.

The fastest steamers. Shortest route to London and Continent.

For rates and reservations apply Wm. Phillips, Acting Traffic Manager, Toronto, Guy Tombs, Acting G. F. & P. A., Montreal-Wm. Stapleton, General Agent, Winnipeg, Man. or Local Steamship Agent.

"OCEAN LIMITED"

The Summer Train via Intercolonial
Railway to the Provinces by the Sea.

Leaves (Bonaventure Union Depot) Montreal, 7.30 p. m. daily except Saturday for Quebec, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, the Sydneys. Direct connection for Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Through the Matapedia and Wentworth Valleys in Daylight.

Write for free copies of "Tours to Summer Haunts",
Advertising Dept., Intercolonial Ry., Moncton, N.B.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

"THE GREAT BRITAIN OF THE PACIFIC"

ASPECT

Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

CLIMATE

Sunshiny, equable — no extremes.

OPPORTUNITIES

Good health, good living and good profits for ambitious men with small capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit-growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

INVESTMENTS

Safe at 6 per cent.

For authentic information and new illustrated booklets, write

VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE
Room A 125, Broughton Street - VICTORIA, B. C.

An Otis-Fensom Elevator Practically Doubles Your Available Floor-Space, at the Same Time Greatly Reducing Expense

Whenever goods have to be handled from floor to floor—as in the average wholesale house—a freight elevator is of vital importance. Every merchant and every manufacturer knows this.

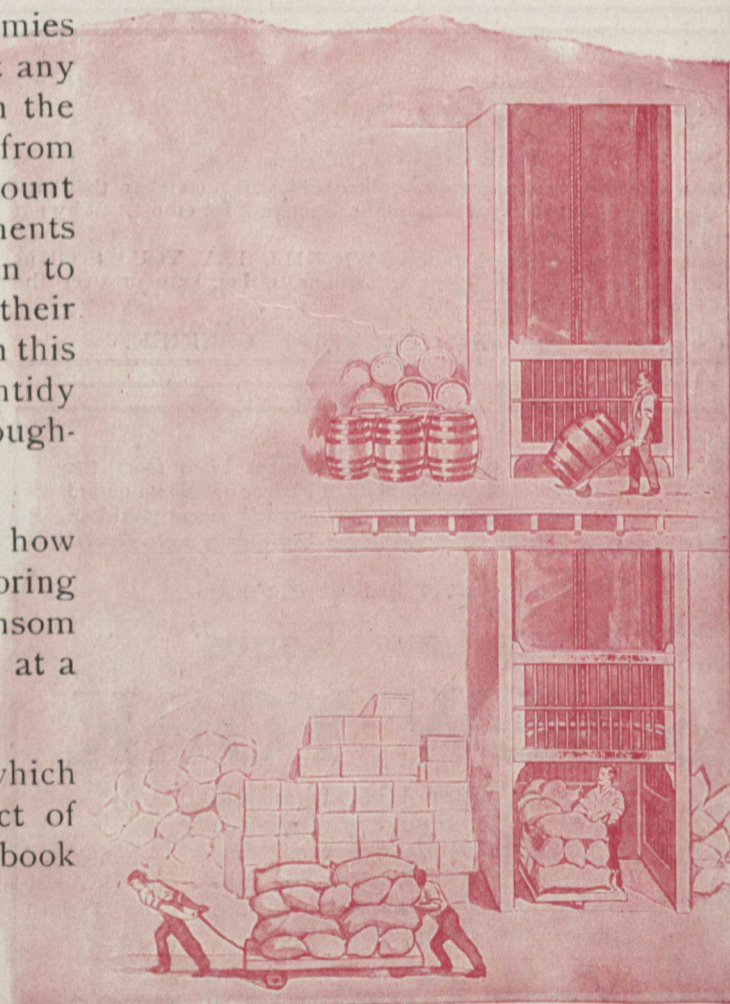
Suppose you have three floors, on each one of which you transact or attempt to transact business, each floor being connected by the usual stairway. You must admit that it would be infinitely more convenient if that same amount of floor space, contained in the three floors, could be spread out over one ground floor flat.

Don't you see that is just the effect you will arrive at by installing a freight elevator—you will make each upper flat as available and as easy to transact business on as is the ground floor.

To those who know elevators and the economies they effect, it seems well-nigh incredible that any wholesale establishment should still continue in the attempt to do a modern business in a way so far from modern as that which refuses to take into account the elevator and its aid. Yet, some establishments do worry along that way, allowing their men to scramble up and down stairs with goods, when their time might be far better employed. Aside from this deplorable waste of time, the result is a most untidy and unbusiness-like appearance everywhere throughout the building.

No matter what the business, no matter how that business is conducted, an elevator will bring down the operating expenses—and an Otis-Fensom will give the maximum amount of satisfaction at a minimum outlay.

We have just published a handsome book which will give new light on the important subject of elevators. We will be glad to send you the book free of charge.



Otis-Fensom Elevator Co.

Traders Bank Building

LIMITED

TORONTO