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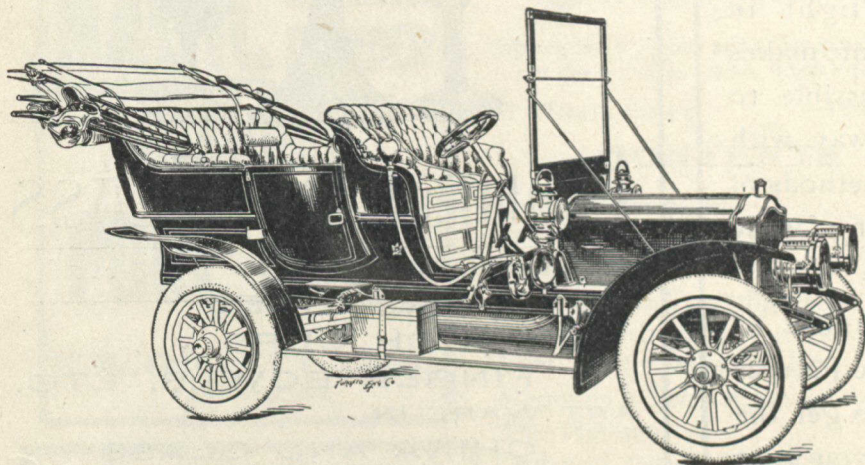
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A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

WE think this issue the most comprehensive so far. The cover design by Mr. Tom O. Marten is the strongest and most vigorous example of cover-making which has ever appeared on a Canadian periodical. It may be said to mark an epoch in native commercial art. Mr. Marten is a Canadian with a New York training.

Next week's issue will mark the close of Volume I. Subscribers desiring to exchange their unbound copies for a bound volume are invited to write us a letter, when a quotation will be given them.

The support extended to the Canadian Courier by the reading public and by advertisers has been so hearty that success is assured. We believe that the weekly circulation is more than double that attained by any other native periodical in the same length of time. Further, we are pleased to state that it exceeds our expectations.


Many people have advised us to raise the price from five to ten cents a copy, stating that they believed the paper to be worth that amount. This change may eventually occur, but for the present we prefer to give good value and secure a large circulation. It takes time to get the writers and photographers familiar with the requirements of a particular paper, and until this is thoroughly done and the paper is firmly planted in the knowledge of the public, there will be no change in price.

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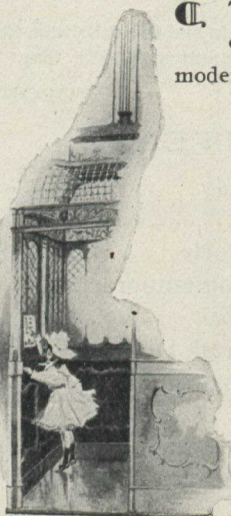
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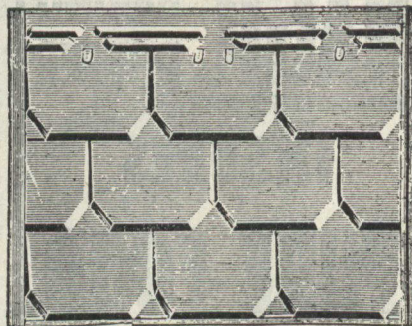


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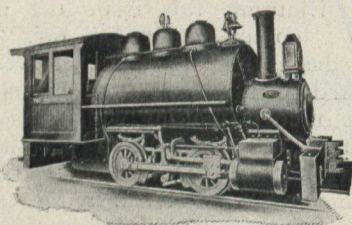


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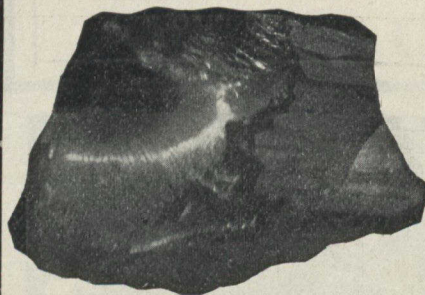
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, May 18th, 1907

No. 25

Topics of the Day

BUILDING the National Transcontinental Railway from Winnipeg to Moncton is now under way. The section between Winnipeg and Lake Superior Junction ought to be finished by September 1st at the latest, if wheat is to travel over it this autumn. The Grand Trunk Pacific branch from Lake Superior Junction to Fort William will be completed by that date. It is already well under way and trains can be run over it for a considerable distance. The Government section is much more backward, however, and there is little likelihood that it will be completed by the date mentioned. The present prospects are that the "spout" of the Western hopper will not be enlarged this year.

Work was begun on the New Brunswick section last week, between Edmunston and the Quebec boundary. The New Brunswick people are pleased to think that some more of their territory will be made accessible and another avenue of trade opened up. Already, in their imagination, they see St. John excelling Boston and Portland in the magnitude of its trade.

The portion of the Grand Trunk Pacific between Portage la Prairie and Edmonton is being rushed as fast as the scarcity of labour will permit.

* * *

When the Hon. Mr. Fielding made his budget speech last November he estimated that the surplus of revenue over ordinary expenditure, for the nine months which constitute the present fiscal year, would be thirteen millions. The figures are now about complete and it would appear that the estimate was five millions too low. In 1903, the surplus was about fifteen millions, which was the record until the present year.

Mr. Fielding claims that the net public debt will have been reduced about seven and a half millions, during that period, which is pleasing indeed. The gross public debt is increasing and will continue to increase until the National Transcontinental is built and paid for.

* * *

Senator Melvin Jones, president of the Massey-Harris Co., has come out frankly with the statement that his firm do not expect to do as much business in the West this year as formerly. Only forty per cent of last year's crop was moved before the snow came, and very little has come out since. The farmers have not been able to secure cash for new purchases. The late spring has accentuated this.

The general opinion seems to be that while the West is working under difficulties just now, its progress is not likely to be seriously hampered by present conditions. The great expansion has made money hard to procure and is limiting speculation; but the wealth and population of the West is steadily increasing. It seems, nevertheless, to be good policy for all business men at the present moment to "play safe" and be prepared for emergencies.

* * *

There seems to be no question about the ability of the Hon. William Pugsley to carry the constituency of St. John city and county. He will thus transfer his activities from the New Brunswick Legislature to the House

of Commons. Originally a Conservative, like his predecessor in the office of premier of New Brunswick, Mr. Pugsley has been transformed into a leading Liberal. The New Brunswick statesmen find it easy to change their political name. The province is small, and the politician who fights the reigning government at Ottawa has little hope of promotion. Opinions of the ability of Mr. Pugsley vary considerably. Some claim that he is an opportunist, others that he is a man of considerable parts. There is no doubt, however, that when he reaches the House of Commons he will be the leading representative of his province. That is something. With Mr. Emmerson out of the government, one of the portfolios must, under our system, go to New Brunswick and therefore to Mr. Pugsley. Whether he will get that of Railways and Canals remains to be seen. There is no question as to his being taken into the Cabinet, and seeing that the Minister of Railways has usually been a New Brunswick man, it is only reasonable to assume that he will get Mr. Emmerson's portfolio if that gentleman does not return to the administrative ranks.

* * *

A fast Atlantic steamship service has been talked about for years. Just now the talk has been revived to such an extent that there must be something behind it all. The Allans and the C.P.R. have improved their service considerably and a further improvement may or may not be economical. If the governments of Great Britain and Canada decide that it is important that the service should be improved and are willing to bonus a faster line of boats to the extent of a couple of millions a year, it could be done. At first blush it looks as if it would be a high price to pay for the whistle. In the meantime, the promoters of the idea are keeping the cables busy telling us how excellent are the prospects.

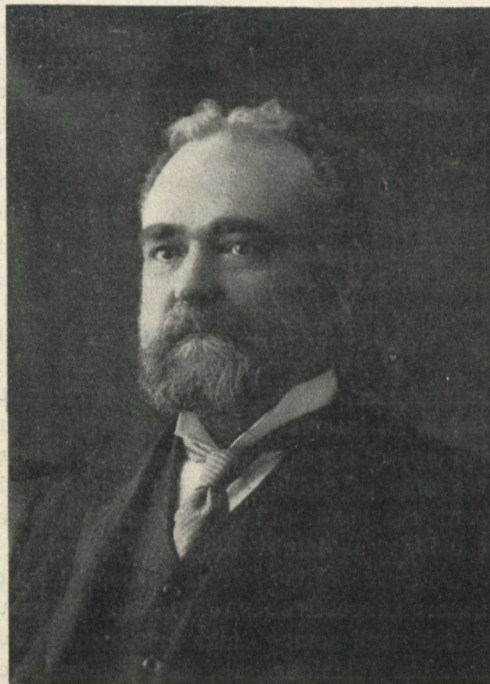
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Some of the newspapers of Toronto have been making an attack on the Privy Council because it reversed a decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in regard to the contract between the Toronto Street Railway and the city. One went so far as to say that the Privy Council had "robbed the city of its principal rights under the street railway contract" and urged that only questions affecting constitutional matters should be sent to England for adjudication.

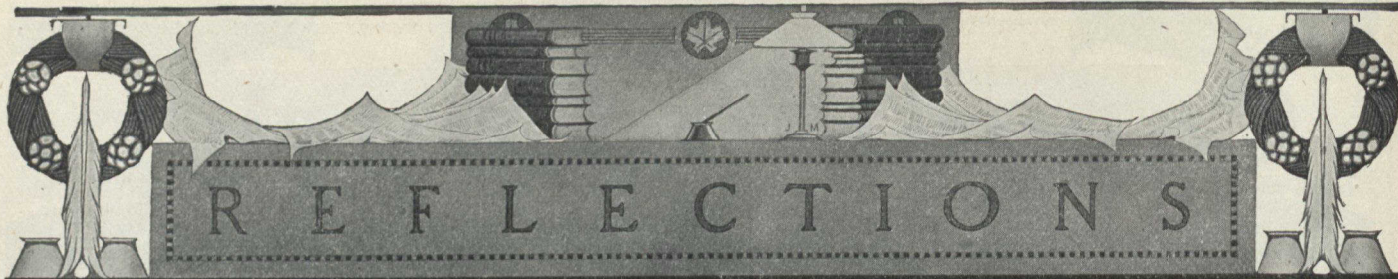
The Canada Law Journal comes to the rescue and states that "the ignorance displayed in these criticisms is amazing." It thinks that the journal that would say such things as are indicated is decidedly "yellow" and maintains that the finding of the Privy Council is entitled to the fullest respect. That the finding reversed the opinions of three Canadian courts does not seem to influence the editor of this legal journal. His answer to the newspaper criticism in that respect is not so full as might be expected. Still in the main he is right. Criticism of the Privy Council should be based on something more important than disappointment.

* * *

The traps for salmon fishing between Vancouver Island and the mainland are now set and the season is on. A trap costs about \$8,000 for piles and driving alone.



Hon. William Pugsley.



Y I Y I Y BY • S T A F F • W R I T E R S Y I Y I Y

A CONDUCTOR on the Grand Trunk Railway running a "special" train from Harriston to Guelph, went to sleep, the train ran beyond the place where it should have turned off to allow a regular train to pass,

THE SLEEPY CONDUCTOR

and there was a collision and loss of life. It was shown that the conductor had been working eighteen and nineteen hours a day for five days in the week ; and, after the trial, the judge sentenced him to three years in the penitentiary.

This act of severity will have two effects. It will endear the name of Mr. Justice Riddell to many people whose business calls them much upon the trains, and it will cause the employees of the railways to be less avaricious. It is no doubt true in many cases, as it was in this, that railway men often work long hours because there is "big" money to be earned in that way. Like the millionaire business man, broker or banker, like the coal miner and the coal-mine operator, like the doctor and the lawyer, like all classes of the community (except journalists), the railway employee is over-working himself for the sake of a few extra dollars. The mad rush for wealth is not confined to any one class. The man who is most free from overwork is the member of a trades-union which has managed to arrange that its members shall get 50 cents an hour for 25 cents worth of labour.

Those who manage the railways may also be to blame for allowing such a state of affairs to exist, but this case clearly shows that if the heads of the road are lax in enforcing idleness, it is the pleasure of their employees that the laxness should continue. Perhaps the decision will work a reform all "along the line."

THE Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at a Colonial Conference in Old London, is an interesting and picturesque figure, one likely to appeal to the Imperialist imagination. The fact that a man of Gallic

SIR WILFRID IN FRANCE

name and race is at the head of Britain's premier colony explains much of her policy and prosperity.

But Sir Wilfrid Laurier in France is still more suggestive. The French-Canadian of his class must find himself somewhat aloof from modern republican Paris. The Tricolour is occasionally referred to as a flag with some meaning for the native of Quebec, but New France along the St. Lawrence was familiar only with the old standard of the France over which a Louis reigned. The "Echo de Paris" is responsible for the news that Sir Wilfrid after attending to some official business in Paris, intends to go to Lachenais, a small village in the Department of Charente, from which in the year 1660 the founder of his family emigrated to Canada. This announcement suggests to Canadians of Anglo-Saxon descent the sobering reflection that the "old families" of this country are the descendants of the French immigrants of the seventeenth century. Historically speaking, the Canadians of such descent have the prior right to the name, a right which the people of Ontario are too much in the habit of ignoring.

Sir Wilfrid has the finest characteristics of his race but he is also in entire sympathy with the modern and complex Young Canada. While in France he will probably endeavour to interest authorities in Paris in the third centenary celebration of the foundation of Quebec.

It is proposed that the French, British and American squadrons should unite on the occasion as a preliminary to the fetes, which are to be held in Canada and France.

ELECTRICITY seems to be an elusive substance—hard to control, almost invisible and varying much in the cost of production. Probably the highest price ever paid for electricity was on an eighty-four year contract given by the Dominion Government to Mr. M. P. Davis, Esq., for lighting the Cornwall Canal.

COST OF ELECTRICITY

That was over \$60 per horse power.

The managing director of the Kingston Locomotive Works, Mr. Birmingham, states that he can produce electricity from coal, for ten hours a day, for \$12.50 a horse-power. Probably the twenty-four hour service would cost him between \$25 and \$30. The despatch giving the figures is not quite clear on that point.

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario announced some time ago, that it could purchase energy at Niagara Falls for \$12 a horse-power, with a twenty-four hour service. Now it announces that it has closed a ten-year contract at \$10.40. If more than 25,000 horse-power is taken, the price then falls to \$10. It is understood that the transmission to the various towns in Western Ontario will average about \$5. To Toronto it will be about \$6, making the cost in that city about \$16.10. This is cheaper than the Kingston figures and about one-quarter what the Dominion Government pays for the power and light at the Cornwall Canal.

There are those who still doubt that power can be generated at Niagara and delivered in Toronto at \$16.10. These doubters are in the Toronto Electric Light Co. and the Toronto Street Railway Co., who some time ago made a contract for a term of years at \$25 unmetered or \$35 metered. They claim that the Hydro-Electric Commission cannot beat their figures.

Probably there are explanations for these variations. A "horse-power" is a word of several meanings, and when it is measured in different ways different prices result. Again, the Toronto corporations may have paid too high for their power, since their contract was made a couple of years ago. Since then, electric inventions of one kind or another have cheapened or facilitated transmission and transformation. The Dominion Government will certainly lose a half million dollars on its contract. Electricity is slowly but surely getting cheaper.

EVERY little while there is talk of the Intercolonial being sold to one or other of the other great railway companies. The Montreal "Gazette," the staunchest anti-government-ownership journal in the country,

MASTER AND DISCIPLE

keeps the idea pretty well to the front. The question then arises: What will Mr. Pugsley do with the

Intercolonial if he becomes Minister of Railways?

The answer has already been given. Whether this was necessary to his success in St. John or is a matter of conviction, no one except his intimate friends may say. Whatever the motive, the railway policy of the new minister, if new minister he is to be, has been outlined so far as this point is concerned. What the master stood for, the disciple will maintain. This was Mr. Emmer-

son's attitude: this will be Mr. Pugsley's attitude. The master was the late Hon. Andrew G. Blair who cancelled the contract whereby the Canadian Pacific had certain rights in I. C. R. territory, who extended the I. C. R. to Montreal, and who would have made the I. C. R. and the National Transcontinental two parts of the one system. Mr. Blair declared that the I. C. R. should be kept, managed and controlled for the people of Canada, and Mr. Pugsley maintains that such will be his policy when he enters Dominion politics. This is the policy which suits the people of the Maritime Provinces, without doubt.

Mr. Pugsley failed to say what he thought of the idea of placing the Intercolonial in the hands of an independent commission. Perhaps there would have been a chill among the supporters of the honourable member-elect for St. John, if he had pledged himself to such a reform.

A TABLE in the cafe of the King Edward Hotel of Toronto around which sat six young French-speaking Canadians the other day was a sign of the times. They were all in the Queen City bent on securing business and if we may judge by their conversation they were getting it. The Ontario English-speaking Canadian has been accustomed to complacently regard his Quebec countrymen of the French tongue as his inferior in point of business ability. The younger generation of French-speaking Canadians is not willing to accept a position of inferiority in business and is demanding the respect of the manufacturing and commercial interests of all Canada. Factories and warehouses which, under the management of fathers, were content with provincial connections, are, under the management of sons, looking abroad for Dominion and world wide markets. The barriers are breaking down. What Sir Wilfrid Laurier has done in politics hundreds of his compatriots can do in business. If we must have rivalry between French and English-speaking Canadians, let it be that of honest, healthy business competition, a fair field, no favours and the best men win.

A FEW days ago a Baptist minister of England proposed that the Osler chloroform doctrine should be applied to the ministers of his church, reasoning that a quick easy death is preferable to a long drawn out struggle against starvation. The suggestion serves to remind us of the pitifully small salaries paid the Protestant ministers. Probably these salaries are no smaller than they were ten years ago, but they certainly purchase less. The wages of labourers and artisans of every class—mainly through the influence of trade unions—have been increased in recent years to meet the cost of living. The minister has no trade union to protect him, his income is dependent upon the spirit which moves his congregation and in the matter of increasing salaries the spirits have not been working overtime. Preaching the gospel is undoubtedly a divinely-called mission, but when the salary attached to the mission is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together and leaves nothing for books, travel or the proper education of children the likelihood is that young men who are worth while will be hard of hearing when the call comes. As a matter of fact the pulpits of our churches are being replenished with men who in learning and culture are

scarcely the equals of the members of their congregations. The influence of the church is diminishing in proportion to the deterioration of the clergy. There is many a collection taken up to prosleytise the Buddhist of far-off India which would not come amiss in the parsonage at home. All speed to the movement for church union which it is hoped will give us fewer ministers, better supported and of higher calibre.

A PARENTLY some strange fate has cast upon Mr. Birrell, a literary man of peculiar moderation, the task of framing the most highly controversial measures of the present English Government. If he sowed the wind of party strife when he brought down the Education Bill, with his proposals for an Irish Council, he will reap the whirlwind. Nor is he any more certain of success in his present effort. The Nationalists who have never believed greatly in the half-loaf theory, will probably demand changes. The Unionists urge already that if the Irish are allowed to settle their own affairs at home, they should not deal in the House of Commons with exactly similar matters affecting England and Scotland. And the Lords, with their strong anti-Home-Rule traditions, will probably send the measure the way of the Education Bill. If they are doomed, they may as well be hanged for a sheep. Yet out of the controversy arises the suggestion of a real solution through Home Rule all round. When England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales manage each their local affairs in separate Houses or Councils, and combine to deliberate upon common interests in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, then Ireland will have control over her own executive, and will be indissolubly knit to the Empire.

I MAGINATION is staggered by the statement just handed out from Ottawa regarding the area of arable land available for settlement in the West. Up to the end of this summer there will have been surveyed 120,000,000 acres, and north and east of Edmonton alone there is at least as much.

A GOODLY HERITAGE Evidently "The Last West," as American newspaper and magazine writers have dubbed our Canadian heritage, is a misnomer. There seems to be several last Wests, and we do not seem to be within sight of the penultimate one. It will be decades before what is now known as the last West shall have been filled up. Then will come to be exploited the Hudson Bay basin, the great territory north of the Saskatchewan, the northern foothills of the Rockies and, perhaps finally, the Peace River district.

And agriculture will by no means claim all of these. The Peace River district alone seems to be self-contained, with its vast store of precious minerals, petroleum and coal. Its long days and comparatively mild temperature are well known in the prairie land. A man from four hundred miles north of Edmonton was talking in Winnipeg the other day. "I would not live in Manitoba," said he. "The winters are too cold. If you want a decent winter climate, come to Northern Alberta. The meteorological reports will bear me out."

And, when those reports were consulted, they did bear him out. Even in the Old West, the Last West is not nearly as well known as is Ontario or Quebec.

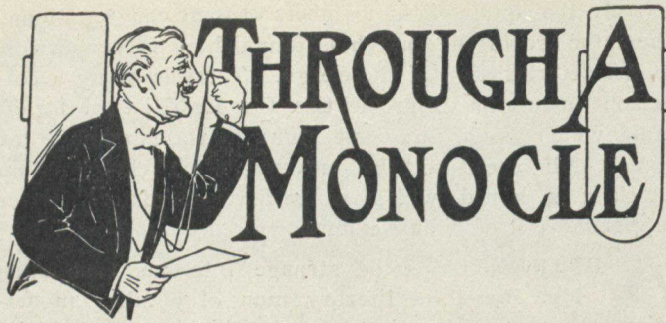
Peanut Politics and Politicians

A CERTAIN cabinet minister in a certain province decided upon a clever Young Canadian, now resident in the United States, to preside over a scientific institution under his charge. He made a Recommendation to his Colleagues of the Cabinet accordingly.

Said they of the Cabinet "Is his father a Grit or a Tory".

The Certain Cabinet Minister bowed his head in sorrow and through his rough moustache he whispered the fatal word.

Whereupon all the other Cabinet Ministers picked up their Blue Pencils and stabbed that Recommendation to death. And the Editor declares this to be a true story.



ROBERT BICKERDIKE, M.P., of Montreal—who will be remembered as the statesman who first proposed to enact cigarette prohibition—nominates Lord Strathcona as our next Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier as our next High Commissioner under the title of Lord Athabasca, and Mr. Aylesworth as our next Premier. From this I infer that Mr. Bickerdike is a better judge of popular legislation than of political probabilities; and how good a judge he is of popular legislation may be inferred from the fact that he has abandoned his anti-cigarette bill to stranger hands. If I were going to venture into prophecy, I would contradict Mr. Bickerdike on each of his three predictions. To appoint Lord Strathcona Governor-General would be to entirely change the character of that office. Lord Strathcona is fit for it, of course; but if the British Government desires to give him such an office, it had better follow the precedent in the case of Sir Francis Hincks and make him Governor-General of some other colony—say Australia. To appoint a Canadian to the Canadian Governor-Generalship would be to rob the office of its character as an Imperial link; and, if it be robbed of that, it will be naked indeed.

* * *

However, Lord Strathcona should stay exactly where he is so long as he is able and willing to serve the nation. He is an ideal High Commissioner, and has made it exceedingly difficult for any one to follow him in that position. Of Sir Wilfrid the same can be said. He is an ideal Premier in many ways, and it is altogether likely that he will die in harness. The Liberal Party would never be mad enough to let him go. If Sir Wilfrid should go to England, however, I would rather see him go as a member of the British House of Commons than as Canadian High Commissioner. He would serve as a link of Empire himself in this capacity, and an exceedingly sane and safe link. Mr. Aylesworth may be Premier some day. Again, it can be said that he is quite big enough for the job. But he would not be the Premier now if Sir Wilfrid were to be sent to London. He lacks the Parliamentary experience which he will gain easily enough if given time. Then the party could not afford to snub Mr. Fielding; and to raise any other man over his head just now, would be to pointedly administer just such a snub.

* * *

Mr. Stead—the human dynamo—has been buzzing through the country, and we are left regretting that so much mind power should be so wastefully frittered away. For mental activity, it would be hard to name an equal to this sturdy little English radical; but when it comes to mental balance, we can only put him at the head of the class by counting from the bottom. He reminds me of a remark Sir John Macdonald is said to have made regarding Nicholas Flood Davin—a man very unlike Stead in many ways, but like him in having more mental ability than discretion. Someone said to Sir John one day—“What a pity it is that Davin has not more balance!” “If he had,” replied Sir John, “we would probably never have heard of him.” Much of Stead’s notoriety is due to his eccentricity—his scorn for convention—his ability to plunge into a question and bring out an erratic conclusion. The Stead view of a subject is invariably unique. The rest of the world con over the

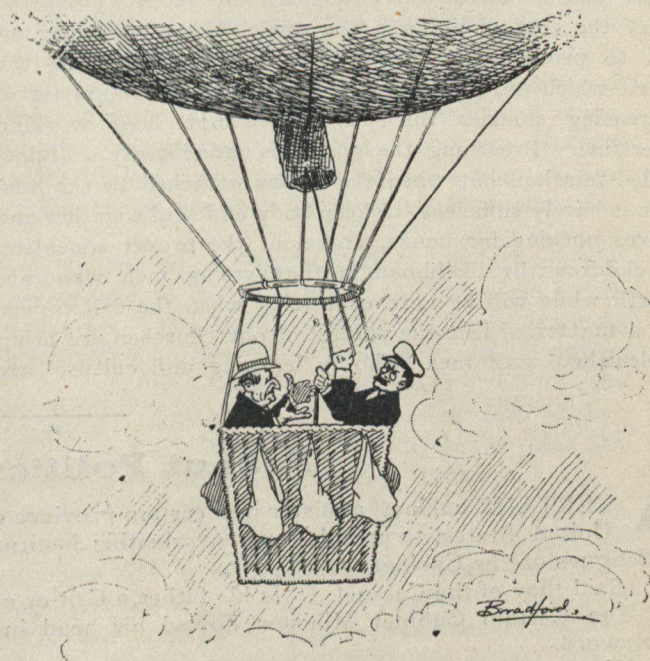
problem and arrive at answers which may differ but which fall into classes. Stead takes the same figures and arrives at an answer which has occurred to no one else.

* * *

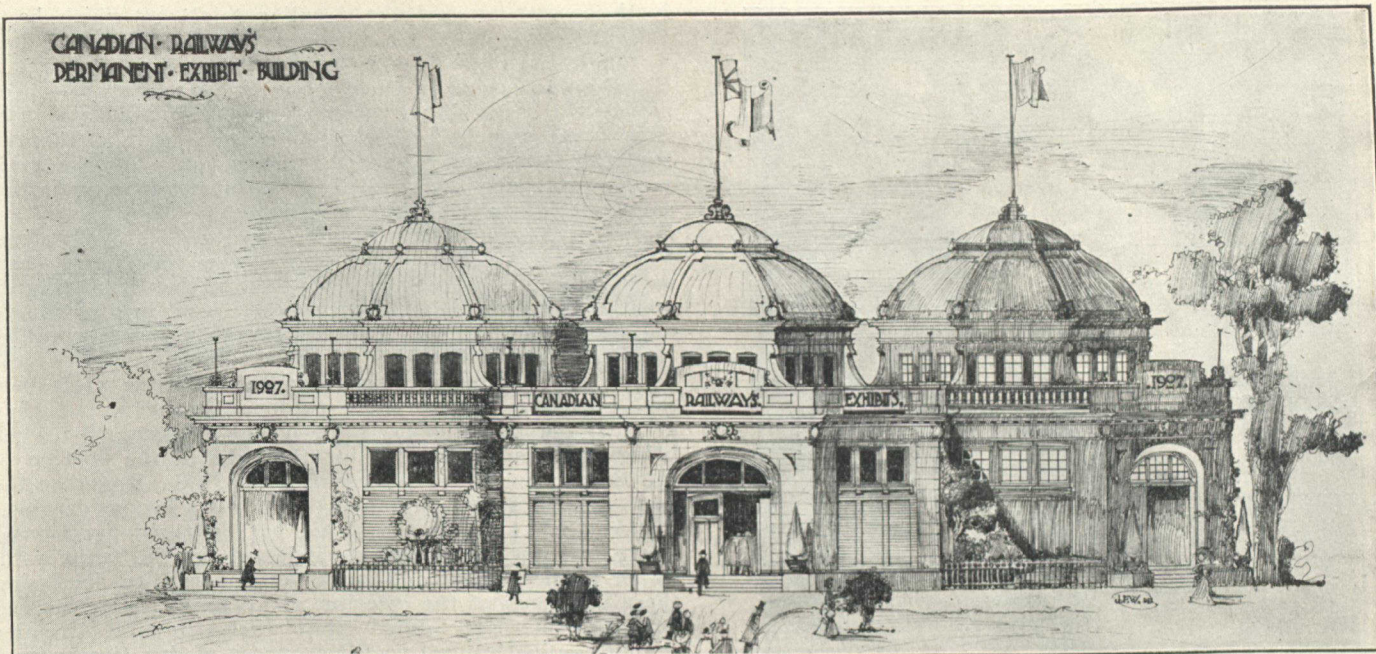
His “forte” seems to be believing things which other people dismiss as absurd. Now he has been making great play in Canada with an interview he says he had with Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Coronation Conference in which Sir Wilfrid is represented as saying that Canada could remain “neutral” in a war waged by Britain with which she did not sympathise. Of course, Sir Wilfrid could not have meant to say anything of the sort. It was too utterly foolish. He may have meant to say that Canada did not feel bound to send contingents to every British war, which is quite a different thing. Any other person except Stead would have realised that Sir Wilfrid was using the word “neutral” in some such sense. But Stead believed that Sir Wilfrid meant the word “neutral” as the word is employed internationally; and he has builded a vast fabric of question and conjecture on that belief. That is very Stead-like. It is all very clever and convincing—except for the trifling circumstances that it all rests upon a statement which no one else believes.

* * *

Again, Mr. Stead has been telling us that an eminent American told him that if he had been Secretary of State when Canada sent her contingents to South Africa, he would have regarded the act as a “casus belli” and told Canada to mind her own business. Now that is a tremendously startling statement if the anonymous American was a man at all likely to be Secretary of State. Such an act would mean war between Britain and the United States, fought out chiefly in Canada, as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow morning. But I will venture to guess, without knowing in the least to whom Mr. Stead referred, that his menacing American is some side-tracked genius who is as likely to be entrusted with the Secretaryship of State as Mr. Stead is with the position of British Foreign Secretary. If Stead gave us his name, he would probably spoil his story. So with Mr. Stead’s attitude on peace. If one could accept his premises, his conclusions cannot be escaped. But he leaves out of his premises all such facts as the existence of the fighting instinct in every race and nation, the self-interest of commercial peoples who expect to profit by the results of war, and the natural desire in every human breast to exercise mastery over others. What Mr. Stead needs more than anything else is the power to distinguish the probable from the improbable.



“We are up too high. I’m going to let out some gas.”
 “Vot? With gas a tollar a tousandt? Throw oudt the sandt, vich costs nodingk!”—N.Y. Life.



The New Railway Building for the Toronto Exhibition.

The C.P.R., G.T.R. and Intercolonial have united to erect in Toronto a permanent building for their yearly exhibits at the Industrial Exhibition. The Architect is Mr. George W. Gouinlock. The building will be completed for this year's show.

Disesteemed Contemporaries

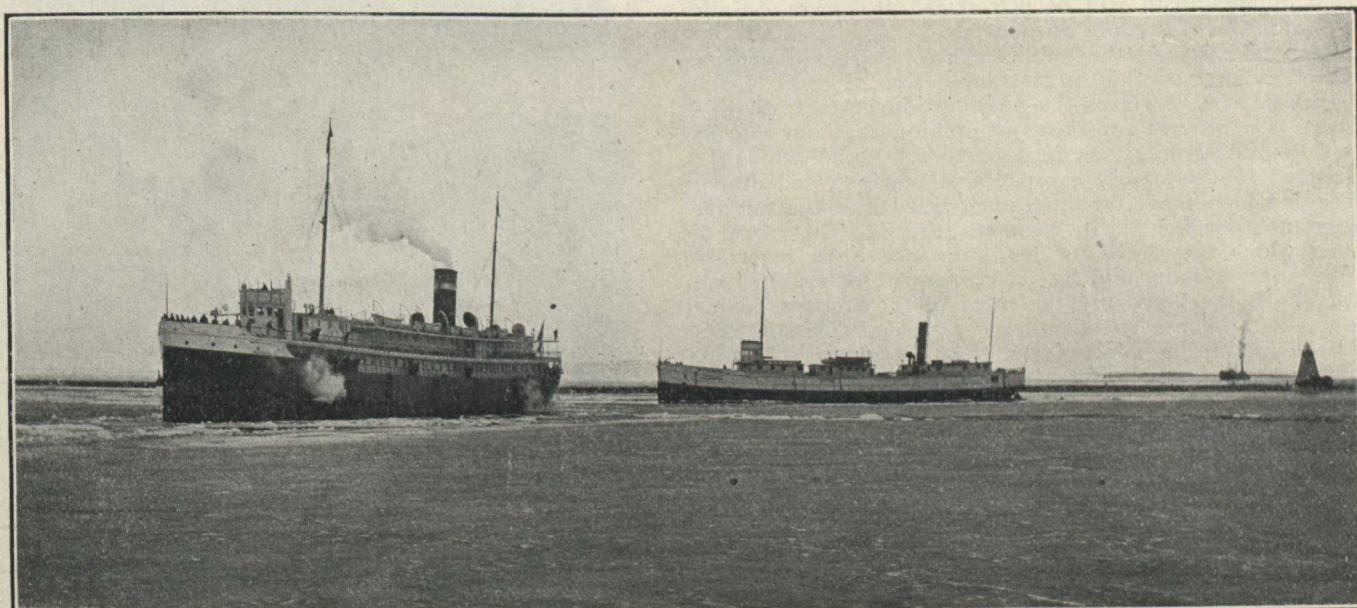
We tolerate Canada as a British colony, and English ownership of islands in our waters, for the double reason that custom insures us the anachronism, and that we suffer no present danger from it. But we learned while the civil war was being fought how perilous a matter it is, this British propinquity. The neutrality of England made the Bahama islands in reality hostile territory—a base of supplies for the Confederacy. Had we not been very tired of fighting after Lee surrendered, the United States would surely have taken the Bahamas. And it may become expedient to annex Canada also.

THUS does the able editor of the New York "American" contribute his share towards the cause of Canadian-American comity. The revised version of the events of the middle sixties which the New York gentleman gives his readers will doubtless suit them. For it agrees with the data given in the average United States school history. It matters not that the Washington Government had ignominiously to revoke their declaration that they would not give up Mason and Sliddell after a Northern naval captain had violated all

international laws. The United States, despite the revised history of the New York American, feared to back up their captain's indiscretion by declaring war upon Great Britain. Had they done so, the United States navy would have been wiped off the face of the waters. Every naval officer at Washington knew it then: every naval officer at Washington knows it to-day.

The reconderance of the Jefferson-Brick style of editor brings no terror to Canadians, but it brings a menace to the body of Americans, who read nothing but newspapers of the saffron tinge. The history of journalism across the line is long and dishonourable. It was the tool of Madison at the time of the war of 1812. It was the instrument of Clay and the Warhawks. It did much to back up Grover Cleveland in his infamous Venezuela message. It lied considerably and thoroughly about the Maine incident. It has cost the United States millions in blood and treasure, and, in so far as international affairs are concerned, it has never done any public good. It is a menace to peace and it is the agent of political thugs. It has no compeers north of the boundary and if they ever do arise it will be the duty and pleasure and choice of the Canadian people to starve them to death.

R. K.



HURONIC

FREIGHT BARGES

Opening of Navigation—Lake Boats entering Harbour at Port Arthur, May 2nd, 1907.

Photograph by J. F. Cooke, Port Arthur, Ont.



King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain. The birth of a son to this young royal pair has created quite a stir in the social world of Europe.

The Spanish Heir

FRIDAY will henceforth be considered a lucky day by the people of Spain, since it marks the birth of the little Prince of the Asturias whose advent was so joyously celebrated from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean. King Edward was greatly pleased at the birth of the young prince who is his grand-nephew and whose English strain will conduce to friendlier relations between Great Britain and the kingdom of Alfonso. The terrible events which marked the attempted assassination at the time of King Alfonso's marriage are forgotten in the public joy over the heir to the throne. The most lavish environment of silken curtains, lace robes and rose-embroidered cloaks is the lot of this royal baby. But the best wish for the week-old prince is that he may come to a united kingdom "to read his history in a nation's eyes." Spain is slowly recovering from her lethargy and by the time the young prince reaches manhood it may be a leading power.

Perils of Imperial Dining

AS Canadians read of turtle, pate de foie gras and barons of beef, which the colonial premiers are consuming, the Conservative chuckles and the Reformer looks grave. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier should return to Canada with chronic dyspepsia, all the statesmanship in the world will not keep his ways sunny—a policy of pessimism will be introduced next session and the Opposition will take on new life.

Even in England the public is becoming apprehensive over the gastronomic situation. Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes in M.A.P. voices the growing alarm as he says:—"There is a general consensus of opinion that our friends the Colonial Premiers are inclined to cry "hold, enough!" in regard to the steady campaign of lunching and dining through which they have already passed and the further engagements which still confront them. The sort of dinner which they have to face is no joke—it is generally a five hours' affair, and by a refinement of cruelty we afflict both the body and the mind of the victims of our hospitality. For a guest on an occasion of this sort sits down about seven o'clock to vast quantities of food, which he knows will upset him, which at the time he can feel upsetting him, and he knows that some time between ten and eleven o'clock he will be called upon to make a speech. All the time he is eating, while he is listening to other speeches, when songs, sentimental or comic, are rendered to charm or amuse him, the unhappy man is horribly and hideously conscious of the ordeal before him. Who has not seen a depressed gentleman on such an occasion furtively trying to consult some notes half concealed beneath a plate?"

"This is bad enough in the case of an ordinary individual on an ordinary occasion—but think how much harder is the lot of a Colonial Premier. Let me set

forth one or two of the peculiar trials to which he is subjected just now. In the first place he has to endure a couple of these feasts nearly every day, and he is called on to speak on each occasion. He cannot keep on saying the same thing, because his hearers are to a great extent the same people over and over again. There is something positively ghastly in the idea of the same people proposing the same toast ten times a week for the same victim to reply to, and expecting that victim to make bright and original and varied replies every time. Nor should it be forgotten that the thoughtful Press pays these distinguished visitors the rather cruel compliment of reporting them every time. And in addition to all this it happens that there are generally several of the Premiers present, and so the speaking becomes of the nature of a competitive performance. These statesmen are, of course, above mere personal jealousy, but they are inspired by an honourable feeling of emulation, each being anxious to do well for the sake of the portion of the Empire which he represents. So that altogether the mere mental strain put upon our visitors is considerable.

"And what about the strain put on their digestions? There is something almost indecent in the manner in which medical men and medical papers are discussing these problems of the interior, so to speak. One learned authority has proclaimed that each Colonial Premier should confine himself to "five ounces of dry (water-free) proteid, three ounces of dry fat, and fifteen ounces of dry carbohydrates" per day. How Charles Lamb would have scorned this teaching as a "vile cold-scrag-o'-mutton sophism!" If we are going to restrict our distinguished guests to dry proteid, dry fat, and dry carbohydrates—and then inflict the additional misery of dry speeches—would it not be well to leave them to enjoy a good square meal in privacy at their hotels? This public analysis of the probable condition of our visitors' insides is brutal."

Identified

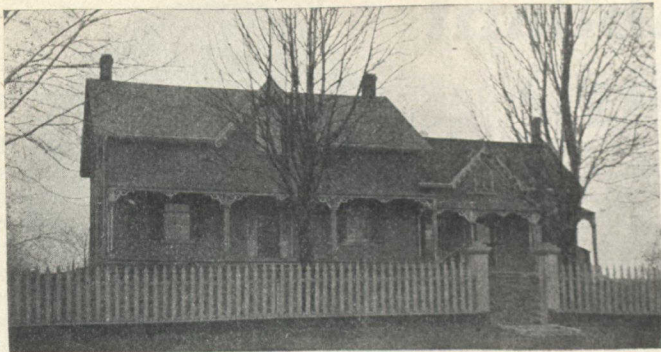
It is related of the late Gustave Dore that he once lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. Arriving at Lucerne, he asked to be allowed to speak to the Mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustav Dore," replied the Mayor, "and I believe you; but," he added, producing a pencil and a piece of paper, "you can easily prove it." Dore looked round him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he produced the homely scene, and, appending his name to the sketch, presented it to the mayor.

"Your passport is perfectly en regle," remarked the official; "but you must allow me to keep it as a souvenir, and to offer you in return one in the ordinary form." The Creator of Drumtochty.



Madrid.—Salon of Ambassadors, where the little prince was presented to the officials. Note the royal chairs turned when not in use.



Main Building—Hamilton Mountain Sanatorium

Hamilton's Sanatorium

By JESSIE B. DIXON

THE Hamilton Health Association Sanatorium for Consumptives was officially opened on May 28th, 1906, by His Excellency Earl Grey. The grounds, originally a farm, were the gift of Messrs. Long and Bisby, and are situated on the brow of the escarpment above the city and two miles west of it. The main building which was the farm house is now used as the staff quarters and patients' dining-room. The present accommodation is for 21 patients, the majority are in the shacks and a few in the tents. The shacks face the south and are constructed in the form of an open veranda, having a central portion closed in and heated for a dressing room, the veranda is fitted with canvas curtains and doors which swing inward latching to ceiling. This style of shack has been found very satisfactory in all weathers. A Recreation Hall donated by Mr. P. D. Crerar is one of the buildings, entertainments are given here for the amusement of the patients. At present the Physician in charge is Dr. Unsworth and he has a small shack for his laboratory and sleeping quarters.

There are now seven buildings on the property, the main building, men's, women's and doctors' shacks, recreation hall, laundry and barn. An infirmary is to be added this season, the gift of Messrs. Grafton of Dundas. The Sanatorium has been made possible by voluntary subscriptions, to date land and buildings (erected or planned) \$25,000—cash \$40,000. This generosity on the part of the citizens has been most gratifying, especial mention being made of the Daughters of the Empire under the able regency of Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who have given so much time and effort to the raising of funds.

ONE of the most remarkable features in modern healing science and philanthropic endeavour is the decided improvement in the treatment of consumptive patients. It would be interesting to know just how deeply public concern has been intensified by the use of the expression, "the white plague," which certainly suggests all the horrors of mediaeval scourges. But while modern science has aroused all civilised communities to realise the extent and severity of this disease, it has also dispelled much of the old hopelessness regarding its course and has shown a way to prevent and to check its ravages. In every province of the Dominion steps are being taken to deal with tuberculous patients in special institutions, and Ontario has been among the earliest to realise a public duty in this regard.



A Corner of the Women's Shack.

It is a work in which the women of the country may well be interested and an address recently delivered in Toronto by Dr. Dobie before the Local Council of Women showed how necessary it is to recognise this disease in its early stages and thereby have all the advantage of being early in the fight. Nothing could be more truly patriotic than the effort to rescue young lives that are threatened by this plague.

The second annual report of the Hamilton Health Association, just issued, shows how generously the "Ambitious City" has responded to the demand for such a sanatorium. The town that produced a Marathon champion may well aspire to have healthy citizens and to take all measures towards that end. It was the writer's privilege to visit the Mountain Sanatorium last year, just before the formal opening. It would be difficult to find in any part of the province a more fragrant and sunshiny spot than the acres on the brow of the "Mountain," from which one may see as fair a prospect as ever made an invalid feel like drawing a deep breath and taking a good walk. If pure air, unobscured sunlight, a stretch of sparkling bay and lake and the best of nourishment can drive away the white plague, then the patients at the Mountain Sanatorium have more than a fighting chance.

J. G.



Men's Shack.

The Gold Medallist

JUST about the present time there is an excellent demand in the shingle market. Every few days new batches of lawyers, doctors, engineers, surveyors, dentists and chemists are turned out. Convocations with presentation of medals and degrees, high hopes and confidences, inevitable struggles, failures and successes come year after year. The graduate has learned much and has much to learn. Mr. W—, who was talking of graduations the other day, told a little experience which left an impression. He had won a medal and returned to the office in which he had studied law. The senior member of the firm, Mr. B—, a prominent K.C., called him into his private room.

"Ah, Mr. W—, you won the gold medal," said he.

"Yes sir," proudly responded the new barrister.

"You have beaten all the men in your year and as a consequence you are confident of a brilliant future at the bar."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Mr. W—, undoing the top button of his waistcoat, and looking around the room to see what changes he would make in the furniture when he was called upon to preside over the affairs of the firm.

"Now, Mr. W—, I won the gold medal when I went through Osgoode Hall and after six weeks of practice I wished it were melted down and turned into currency. Your medal will do you more harm than good." Mr. B— paused and looked keenly and sharply at the young man.

Visions of a partnership had faded from the erstwhile student and he tried to stammer out an answer to this unexpected turn of the conversation when Mr. B— continued:

"It will do you harm—if you rely on it for success. It need not be a detriment," Mr. B— spoke more kindly, knowing that his words had wounded the young man to the quick. "But forget that you won it. Work; study men and books—men first, books second. If you want to stay on in the office we will give you six hundred dollars for the first year."

The Habitant

I DEALISED, misunderstood, abused and scorned, sometimes taken too seriously and sometimes too trivially, the habitant remains on the lower St. Lawrence as yet unchanged in manner and thought and as yet disaffected in political and social matters touching his future destiny. A survival of the feudal age, he maintains a curious and unique position among the nations of the earth, for, fused though he may be with the other elements that make for Canadian Federation, he mixes but poorly and stands best by himself with a background of Laurentian hills and brown sparkling waters; for the most part silent and solitary, finding his work where he is born and sticking to it till he dies. In fiction the habitant appeared about thirty years ago, and critics and exploiters of the short story vogue recognised a new vein of local colour; the tourist blossomed into the journalist on tour, the cottagers in the vicinity of Murray Bay wrote letters to suburban dailies descriptive of the strange characters they had encountered and in a short while dialect sketches sprang up, chiefly in American magazines, in which certain vices and virtues supposed to be always characteristic of the habitant were insisted upon at great length and with much elaboration. The school of which Mr. Cable was head no doubt helped to introduce the French Canadian school and since that day many writers have tried their hand upon this descendant of an old regime with more or less success.

But it seems at times as if all efforts to give him a local habitation and a name and to create strong local colour were unsatisfactory, for, as the writer has experienced, the conventional aspect too often interferes. If without previous conceptions of what his life is, one were set down to live with him and study him, the results would be more convincing even if not so picturesque. In fact it is doubtful if the habitant is really ever picturesque and this is where the conventional portrayal too often errs. For example, I have seen on the Upper Ottawa one shantyman in earrings, red scarf round his hat, with high boots and a splendid physique to a hundred poorly clothed, undersized, dull and ignorant-looking folk sallying forth from the churches or out on a Saint's day to view the procession. Humour—which he is supposed to possess in abundance—is rather rare in the country districts and in the family life; it is to be feared that by "French Canadians" some authors really mean the solitary guide they fished with on the Matane or the Matapedia last year! The humorous guide becomes, by a sort of enlargement process peculiar to the "correspondent" tribe, the type of French Canada; a little more and he is to them all French Canada.

It is necessary here to distinguish between the habitant, living on and off the ground, and the educated French Canadian, always successful in politics, art, and letters, often conspicuous in business and always able to infuse charm, dignity and culture into his surroundings, whether in the cities where he builds fine houses and lives according to progressive standards, or in the smaller centres where he dispenses bounty with the true seigneurial air to those less fortunate. Between these two extremes—on the one hand, the elegant the elegant rooms *Terres de la Couronne*, the comfortable manor at Longueuil, the venerable and lofty terraces of St. Denis St.—and on the other—the gabled cottages of the St. Charles Road there is to be found a large, varied, and most interesting class.

There are the patient thousands who toil on the narrow farms of Port Neuf, or Joliette, or Charlevoix, or Montmorency. And those who live many months of the year in lumbercamps, or on rafts, eating off the "food bench" and deprived of social intercourse with their fellows; the bourgeois shopkeeper of the tiny villages, the notary public, the editor of a fiery country periodical, the hotelkeeper who plays the cornet in a local orchestra, the priest, born, bred and educated in the narrow old-world province, the women who run the farms and keep their money in cupboards and armoires rather than entrust it to the Bank of the People, the sagacious and polite nuns who live in cheerful self-denying communities, content with the duties of the present hour. All these are not, it is true, precisely habitant types, but all these possess many of the same mental traits; they are conservative to the point of self-immolation and would not change if they could from existing primordial but comfortable conditions to those they do not understand. The habitant has intermarried more often with Scotch than with any other race; witness the red-haired, freckled little Narcisse, Aristide or

Napoleon of old Andre Lachlan, a Scot whose father was enamored of a dark French Lassie.

In a certain village on the Ottawa, not far from the Capital's gleaming towers and the golden cross of her Great Basilica, dwells a family in whom are blended four strikingly diverse races: the French, the Scotch, the Red Indian and the Jew! Fifty years ago a Jewish peddler, travelling through the country with images and pictures, became snowbound in the region of Calumet and was forced to stay over for several weeks at the house of one Narcisse Deschapelle, wood cutter and ranger throughout a large but desolate and gloomy tract of wild land. The peddler was attractive, knowing much of old parts of the world, and Narcisse had a daughter by a Scotch mother, young, also attractive. *Voila tout!* A marriage was celebrated by the priest of that locality and the Jew and his wife left the banks of the Ottawa for a small town in Vermont, but after a couple of years the former died and the young woman, now a mother, returned to Canada. In due time her son grew up and, against all the wishes of his family, took a handsome halfbreed girl to wife, whose father had been a well known and intrepid lumberman of Scotch extraction, her mother a Chief's daughter, with straight black locks and olive skin.

Here we have, right in the heart of a remote and obscure Laurentian colony, a mixture of races, alien and white, and of passions, motives, habits and creeds which cannot fail to create episodes and form characters of much force, some pathos and no little originality. It is but a small world, this we live in. We see the Jew, born we will say, near Warsaw, taking to the frugal fare of his Canadian father-in-law as together they sit in the warm house and wait for the storms to abate, and we also see his descendants, thrifty or stolid, lazy or active as the case might be, many-sided, lonely, half-civilized beings in some of whom, surely, the love of roaming will sooner or later manifest itself.

S. F. Harrison, "Seranus."

Author of "The Forest of Bourg-Marie."

Hamlet's Tombs

M. Oscar Comettant and a friend went forth one day in search of Hamlet's grave. They traversed the whole town of Elsinore—which was only a fishing village, a contemporary tells us, until King Erik of Pommern raised it to the rank of a city in 1425—and they reached a hill, on which formerly stood an abbey, at the extremity of the terraced gardens of Marienlyst, where, we are told, they would behold the sublime metaphysician's tomb. Finding nothing, they inquired of a passer-by, "Hamlet's tomb, if you please?" "Which tomb is the one you want?" "Which tomb! Are there two Hamlet's tombs? He cannot have been buried in two places at once." "Possibly. Nevertheless there have been three Hamlet's tombs, though only half of one is still remaining. I must inform you, if you don't know it already, that a single tomb was quite insufficient to satisfy the curiosity of English visitors. At one time there was no Hamlet's tomb at all at Elsinore; for, as you are aware, the Danish Prince never set foot in Zealand, either alive or dead. But the English, who came in crowds to Elsinore, insisted on having one, and somebody made them tomb the first. But the crowds of tourists increased to such an extent, and so annoyed the owner of the land where the monument stood, that, in order to divide, if he could not suppress, the flocks of pilgrims, he set up another tomb at the farther end of his property. But that did no good, because the English—you know how curious they are—would visit both the tombs. He therefore, driven to despair, erected a third tomb. The first two have disappeared, and only a portion of the third remains. I suppose the English have carried away the rest of it piecemeal in their pockets to enrich the Shakespearean museums." At the indicated spot M. Comettant found something like a milestone much the worse for wear, without any inscription, around which an English family—father, mother, and five children—were standing apparently in earnest prayer; but, on approaching, he found they were piously reciting the famous monologue, "To be, or not to be."

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Mr. W. H. Welsh,

Chief of Detectives, R.N.W.M.P. in 1900, and now
General Supt. of Canadian Detective Bureau.

Order of the Midnight Sun

Some new information con-
cerning the mysterious
Brotherhood—Text
of the oath



Mr. Frank Smith,

Who was Chief of Police in Dawson in 1900.
Now with Canadian Detective Bureau.

IN last week's issue, a promise was made that further information concerning the Order of the Midnight Sun would be forthcoming. The critics of the West, some of them at least, still doubt the accuracy of the published statements. If these men would examine the public documents in the records of the Mounted Police at Ottawa, their doubts would vanish. Mr. Cody, who wrote the first article on the subject, was well posted by those who had seen these papers.

Herewith are the pictures of two men who were intimately concerned in the investigation. One of them was Chief of Police at Dawson at the time; the other was in charge of the secret service in the Mounted Police. Each had seen service in Montana whence came the jaunty, fat little agitator who organised the Order. The disturbance started in Dawson in the winter of 1900-01, when there was plenty of time to murmur and rail against the authorities. The mining laws were defective, the officials were crooked, gambling was unrestrained, the taxes were too high, the royalty was much too high, the miners' licenses were too expensive, and British Columbia was stiff-necked on the boundary question—these were their grievances. Any man who openly criticised the authorities was marked, tested, and perhaps invited into the order.

Then the agitators got both bold and careful. From a mere nest of objectors they became the centre of a conspiracy. This was bold. They soon deemed it best to move their headquarters to Skagway in United States territory. That was care. The leading conspirators were not unmindful of their own safety, since those unrelenting but thick-headed Police might possibly get wind of the game. In fact they did. The leaders at Skagway had got too bold and they had collected a great deal of money. The secret leaked out. It was learned in Dawson that there was such an organisation. The United States officials were communicated with and a raid was made on a building in Skagway.

The conspirators were forewarned. The leaders disappeared, but quantities of incriminating papers were found. These documents confirmed the suspicions and gave much interesting information which has not yet been revealed to the public. The Yukon was not captured by adventurers and was not handed over to the United States. The town of Skagway fell into ruin and abandon; the boundary dispute was settled, though not to Canada's satisfaction; and Dawson City is soon to be connected, by a military road, with Edmonton.

SOME DOCUMENTS.

The following document gives an idea of what line of argument and policy the order pursued:

TO THE CITIZENS OF SKAGWAY: Skagway is situated only forty miles from the head of navigation on the Yukon and a thousand miles nearer to the great Klondike placers than her rivals, Victoria and Vancouver. Most of the people of the interior are countrymen of hers, who, all else being equal, would give her preference in trade. Yet with every natural and geographical advantage in her favour and a daily train service to the inside, Skagway merchants stand idly behind their coun-

ters, while shipload after shipload of freight from far off Canadian ports are dumped at the wharf and headed on to the interior. In the season of 1898-9, out of \$7,000,000 worth of merchandise that went to the Yukon through the White Pass, only \$2,000,000 worth came from American ports (Skagway included), while the balance, \$5,000,000, was from Vancouver and Victoria.

It is a fact that, while the present tariff conditions prevail, Skagway will never reap the advantages from her superior trade location at the head of Lynn canal. If, in the natural course of events, the Yukon territory should be annexed to the United States, Skagway in all probability would be made the capital of the state, which would mean public buildings, forts, naval station, etc. The Canadian Government has subsidised an all-Canadian railway to the head waters of the Yukon. If this road is ever completed, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Eastern Canadian cities will enter the Yukon markets and Skagway will be killed. If we are successful the Canadian railroad will never be built in our time.

The Boundary Line Dispute: This question has rested too long and there is no indication that it will be settled soon. Capital hesitates to invest in the disputed territory and development is delayed. If we let the matter rest, a compromise, perhaps, will be had, and good territory given away. The Canadians hope to obtain a free port of entry on Lynn canal when settlement is made. If they succeed in this Skagway will be brought into competition with a Canadian town somewhere on Lynn canal. If our plan carries, the boundary question will be settled at once, and there will be no more talk of a free port.

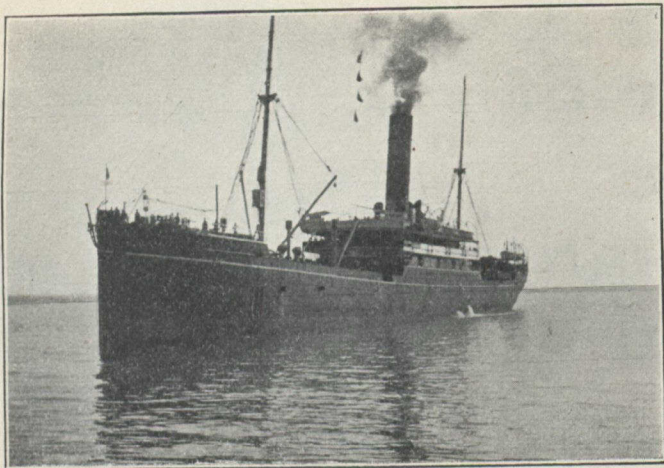
THE OATH OF THE ORDER.

It will be seen by a perusal of the text of the oath taken by members of the Order that the object is left delightfully vague. Those on the inside whispered that it was their intention to found a new republic; there are many who think that the only object was to collect funds to sustain one or two agitators in luxury.

The Oath read as follows:

"By this book, and the holy contents thereof, I do hereby endorse the purpose for which the Order of the Midnight Sun was organised, and solemnly swear, pledging my honour as a gentleman, that I will in every way possible, and to the best of my ability, without respect of favour, friendship, love or hate, loss or gain, envy or malice, aid the members and officers of this Lodge in every legitimate effort to accomplish the purpose desired; that I will remain true to any trust that may be imposed on me as a member of this organisation, and will not expose any secrets thereof. I further promise to shield, protect and defend any member if necessary. So help me God."

The two men who were most concerned in the plot were never caught; one escaped to Montana, the other down into Alaska. The other guilty leaders were scattered; the offence of many hood-winked members was overlooked, and the episode passed into history. Even now it is not important, but it is an interesting sidelight on the history of the Yukon.



The Aki Maru which brought General Kuroki to America.



Lieut.-Gov. Dunsmuir and General Kuroki (in uniform) going ashore at Victoria.

Kuroki Visits Victoria

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

KUROKI THE MODEST—"He came, he saw, he conquered."—Victoria. For two days the beautiful city had been moved with the preparations of her Japanese to welcome General Baron Kuroki—Kuro-kee, as they pronounce it. This fair city of the Straits, San Juan De Fuca, needs little adornment. In herself she is comely enough; yet the flags and bunting, the red carpeted steps, the swinging lines of daintily-made lanterns, the ever present Sun Ban handpainted on one side, and the good old Union Jack on the other (for these clean, alert Japanese understand a thing or two diplomatically)—made her even yet more attractive. As we had promised this new national weekly anything very special that came in our way, behold Fritz, the amateur naturalist, and your humble servant doing their first bit of "current event" work.

This glorious May day all the clean streets and wide walks fairly shone under the brilliant sun. Here and there little knots of well-dressed Japanese stood talking in their usual low tones. Down Government Street a pair of bays pranced along ahead of a smooth rolling carriage, four Japs, the committee on decorations, dashed past, bound for the outer wharf. It was only ten a.m. and no report from our telegraph station near Cape Beale that the Aki Maru has passed around that well-named deceptive Cape Flattery.

When we jumped off the big comfortable street car that runs to the Outer Wharf all the distant beauties of the straits lay before us. Across on the American side the snow-capped Olympics lay swathed in clouds and trailing fogs. Far down the Straits the distant lighthouse that marks the turn in to quarantine was a miniature flashing gem. The long sea-wall built piers were almost deserted, long fine piers these are, as here the great liners stop, the Empresses and Oriental steamers that cannot get into the safe inner harbour. On the outside pier were gathered the busy Japanese deftly stringing those exquisite hand-painted lanterns until a triple line clothed the end of the long wharhouse. In the meantime other willing hands were streaming flags

from all the masts and rigging of Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir's steamer, the "Thistle," which he had kindly loaned to the Japanese so that they might speed out to the Head and be the first to welcome the celebrated warrior to the shores of America.

By eleven o'clock half of the Reception Committee had arrived and the decorations were completed. "I wonder if I'll know my boat," the captain of the Thistle said to us. Flag-covered she certainly was. At the bow the Union Jack, at the stern the Canadian flag and at the mast head the Sun Ban caught the faint wind from the south-west. Now the swell members of the Japanese colony began to arrive; immaculately dressed men—the silk hat, the dainty suedes, the well cut trousers, all spoke of men of good breeding. Then the Seattle delegation arrived; they had come all the way from Puget Sound cities to welcome their illustrious countryman. All was quiet and orderly, cheerful smiles and courtly greetings took the place of our more noisy if less enthusiastic methods.

The committee stepped aboard and each made the bow so natural to these men of the Flowery Kingdom, the captain and first officer returned the salutations, the whistle blew a sonorous blast and the staunch craft was off to meet the Aki, now reported as leaving the quarantine station. Not a cheer, just a few hand wavings marked the departure. Then we heard martial music and the guard mustered from the Fifth Regiment swung around the corner and paraded on the dock. Most of them were well-set-up young men; some officers from the regulars accompanied them and they added a dash of necessary scarlet to the sombre blacks and greys of the Japanese. "By George, it's three o'clock!" We never saw Fritz forget lunch before! We made it off a number of oranges. Just at that moment the call "Guard" swung the men into line with clockwork precision and the Lieut.-Governor and staff stepped out into the clear sunlight. Daintily-clad women, broad-shouldered Canadians, many a Chinaman, an occasional Siwash surged and divided the quiet crowd of Japanese. "There she is"



Japanese Residents of Victoria Stringing Decorations.



General Kuroki and the Governor arriving at the Legislative Buildings.

went the cry and far off out in the Straits we could see the big liner and her attendant welcoming consort rounding the point. In the procession the "Aki" was first and the "Thistle" an "also ran." So when the black and yellow trans-Pacific Nippon Yusen Kaisha boat neared the pier her engines stopped, one bow anchor to help her to turn was partly lowered, and with stately naval etiquette she awaited her welcome. The "Thistle" drew alongside and then we heard for the first last and only time that day the hearty "Banzai's" of the men who so sincerely, if unostentatiously worship a fellow-countryman who has done something.

As the "Aki's" bow headed into the pier the saluting battery of 18-pounders at Work Point, the Esquimalt Dockyards and naval station, poured out their noisy welcome. The big black side of the ship passed slowly along the crowded wharf, the Guard stood at attention and every eye was turned to the upper deck, where, standing in a long line, in a cleared space from all passengers, was the doughty little fighter Kuroki and his staff. He and the Commandant of the 2nd Division Imperial Guards, Mumezawa, were fourth and second in the line respectively. Lieut.-Gen. Kigoshe stood first and Col. Ola third. A compact wind and sun tanned fighter, habited in a plain, neat uniform of khaki, with one solitary silver star as a decoration, this was the noted Kuroki. Silently he watched the assembled crowd below; silently the crowd gave him a welcome with their eyes, for never a hand clap nor a cheer nor the native banzai came from that long black line. For a full five minutes he and his staff intently watched the crowd. Meanwhile, on the next deck, his adjutant, a most comely looking officer, exchanged greetings and instructions with the spokesman for the Victoria Japanese hosts. Never did courtly Frenchmen give a more perfect salute than this handsome son of a favoured land. Really we are clumsy by comparison. Kuroki and his suite withdrew and the Lieut.-Governor and staff, the various committees of welcome ascended the gang plank. Addresses were presented and then the Lieut.-Governor, closely followed by the hero of the occasion, Kuroki himself, descended to the wharf to inspect the guard. Still not a loud note of welcome had been uttered. With slight gracious bow the Baron inclined his head from side to side, answering each smile or salute from civilian or soldier. Now one could see that though he is short of stature he is well put together, a man that should wear well. The Canadian Governor and the Japanese General passed through the opened line of red coats, entered the big open door of the warehouse, a polite burst of hand-clapping greeted them, they entered the Governor's carriage and left one crowd only to enter another assembled in front of the Parliament Buildings. It is about five p.m. by now. Our car had beaten the slower procession and we secured an excellent position on the steps of the really handsome pile of buildings.

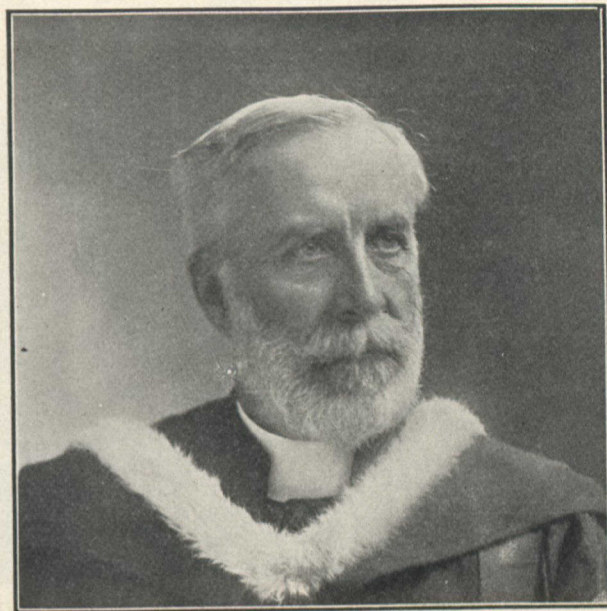
Greeted, presented with flowers, recipient of addresses, the little pleasant-looking man, who some way reminds me of General Grant, remained the same quiet, exclusive riddle the Westerner cannot read. Polite to the last sweeping bow, gracious to the extent of a subdued smile, this clever Japanese held us all back by his calm exterior. Why we would have been hoarse by now cheering if it had been an American or a British officer of his high rank. While the more formidable examination of the Parliament buildings was proceeding we had time to notice that on the outskirts of the crowd that pressed dangerously close to the horse heels stood the women of Kuroki's race. Afar off, where by no chance could they get a glimpse of those honoured features, they impatiently awaited the departure of the procession then demurely toddled home. They always remind me of overgrown gentle children.

From the day when the General, after worship at the Imperial Sanctuary, embarked on the "Aki Maru," and with the single star of the Pawlonia Order glittering on his modest uniform, bowed farewell to the crowds of Yokohama, through the banquets and receptions at Seattle, where a gold medal calling him the "Hero of the Japanese War" (I can imagine the Baron grimacing at this) will be presented, amid all the ceremonious elaborations of the great Jamestown Exposition where he goes to so ably represent the Army of Japan, I doubt if there will be a moment dearer or a welcome nearer to his heart than when the band on the long pier of the outer harbour struck up the familiar native air, the Japanese National Hymn, "Kimi ga yo," which translated into our less poetic tongue means, "May your Imperial Majesty reign for ten thousand years, for ten thousand times ten thousand, until these pebbles become rocks, until these rocks are all moss-grown."

An Honoured Veteran

IT is nearly forty-one years since the regiments of Toronto and Hamilton were called out to play their part in repelling the Fenian Invasion. The stirring events of '66 were recently recalled when in the presence of the Queen's Own Rifles, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria University was presented with the '66 medal at the Toronto Armouries by his old friend and companion in arms, Colonel J. M. Gibson of Hamilton. About seven hundred rank and file were on parade on May 8th under the command of Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt. The Queen's Own were drawn up in hollow square, with the band in the centre, where there also paraded about sixty of the veterans of 1866, under the temporary command of Peter Marshall.

Colonel Gibson, addressing the regiment, recalled how he, when a law student at Osgoode Hall, was summoned to join his regiment. Accompanying the Q. O. R. and the 13th were two young clergymen, one of whom was now Chancellor of Victoria University, who had been detailed to act as chaplains to the forces. Chancellor Burwash did not apply to the Militia Department for any recognition, although he had been in the midst of the fight. Colonel Gibson had made the application on his behalf with the result that the decoration was to be given the honoured Chancellor. Dr. Burwash has been so long associated with educational institutions and theological scholarship that the recalling of his connection



Dr. Nathaniel Burwash.

with the stormy June of 1866 comes with the force of surprise to the younger generation of students. But all will agree that the honour is well-deserved.

Speaking of Audiences

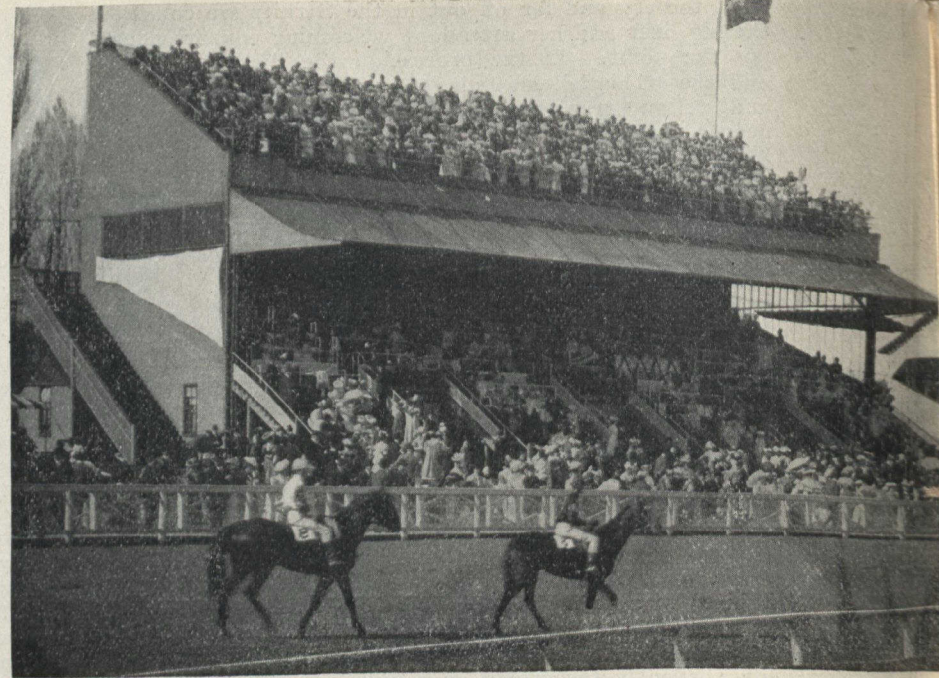
MR. BART. KENNEDY contributes to the "Daily Mail" (England) an interesting article on audiences from a lecturer's point of view and makes certain suggestive comparisons. "An American audience is, as a rule, what one might term a polite audience. If you are uninteresting they refrain from throwing things at you. They just get up and walk out. But in my view this attitude is not the most favourable for bringing out the best that lies in an artist. For it is difficult to rouse such an audience to enthusiasm.

"I, personally, prefer a working-class audience spiced with a dash of the hooligan element. Such an audience will keep you up to concert pitch. If you are delivering a lecture before it, you are apt to be enlivened up by pithy, stimulating remarks. To these, of course, you can retort and bring down the house. Your retort need not be of the neatest, for my experience is that the majority of the audience is usually on the side of the unfortunate person who is trying to entertain them. And they will applaud the retort, however clumsy it may be. The moral is that you must always make some kind of a reply to a jocose remark. Not to do so is fatal. It pains me to have to say it, but I think a London suburban audience is the worst going. It possesses no enthusiasm.

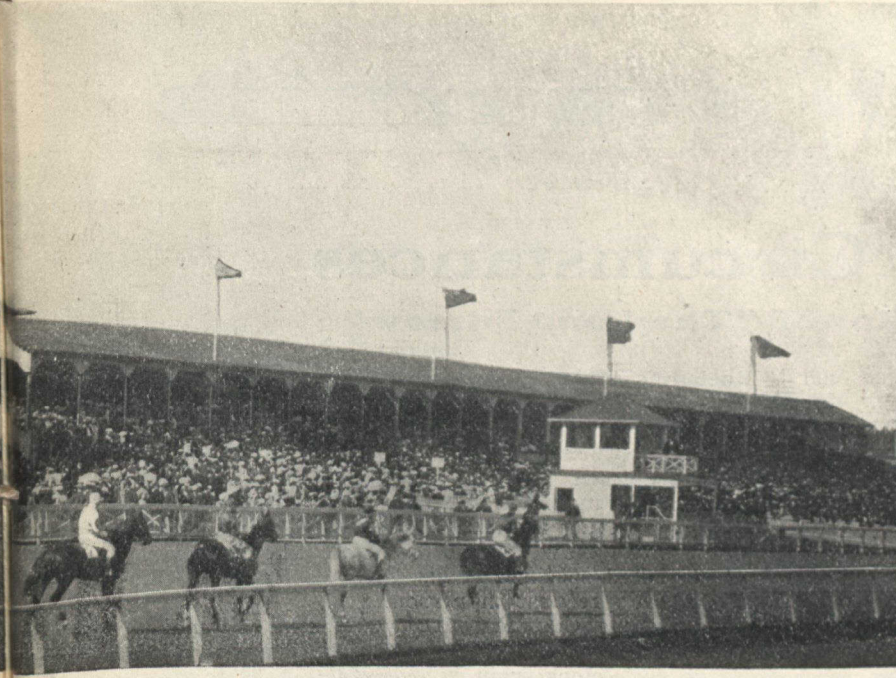
"An Irish audience is the best in the world—if it takes a fancy to you!"



A Curious Position—Steeplechase.



The Parade Before the Race—Woodbine Racecourse, Toronto.



The Queen's (silver, large) and King Edward (gold, small) Cups.

The Sport of Princes

HORSE racing, the sport of princes, is nowhere more firmly established in popular favour than in Canada. Its followers are in all classes of society, from the gilded sons and daughters of fashion who come within the sunshine of vice-regal smiles on the lawn, to the patched and down-at-the-corner who club together to the betting ring. Of course there are those who object to the betting, but somehow the impression is almost epidemic that a few dollars on a horse is "sport," whereas a similar amount wed on roulette or faro would be "gambling." And while all feel that to be called "gamblers" would furnish grounds for libel suits, he is an exceptional Canadian who would object to being considered "a bit of a sport." Of course all Canada does not go to the races. But all fashionable Canada, led by the Governor-General, does, and a good many thousands besides.

Toronto has for long years been the headquarters of horse racing in Canada, and though Montreal is just finishing a fine new race track and Winnipeg is doing likewise, it will take years, yet decades, to put the jockey clubs in those centres on the same plane as the Ontario Jockey Club. It boasts years of success, a classic that has been run annually for longer than any other race carded at any race track in America, a patronage of more distinguished people than even the big tracks of the metropolitan circuit can boast and a betting public that is the joy of the bookmakers and flock from south of the boundary to gather a golden harvest.

The spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club opens to-day, and the King's Plate is the feature event of the card. The purse is \$5,000, of which 50 guineas is donated by King Edward and the ribbon of the Canadian turf. And when the horses and green of the Dymont stand and the brown and tartan of the Hendries will for a brief moment bring to mind that in the past year Canadian turf has lost two of its best friends in Mr. Hendrie of Hamilton and Mr. Nathaniel Dymont of Barrie. Only one remains of the big three who have bred and raced all the winners of King's Plates for years. That one is Joseph Seagsam of Waterloo and the general impression is that his yellow and black will flash under the wire to-day winner of the big prize for the thirteenth time.

But if Toronto has the big race meet of the Dominion she has by no means a monopoly of the sport. Hamilton has a meet in the spring and another in the fall and as they are growing larger every year it follows that they are long meets at Fort Erie and Windsor where society goes not but the books still do business. In fact, with Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Fort Erie and Windsor one could go to the races almost every day from March 18th till well on in September without ever going off Canadian soil. Then there are the "bush" tracks, which disguise a race or two under one name or other. They must get the crowds you know and prize pumpkins don't

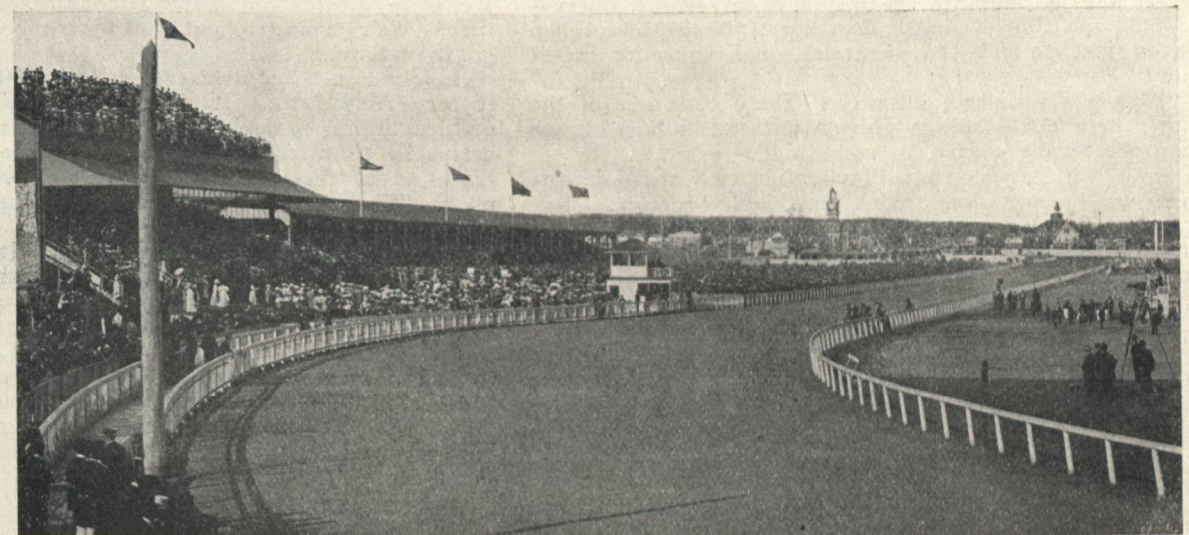
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The Governor-General Arrives.



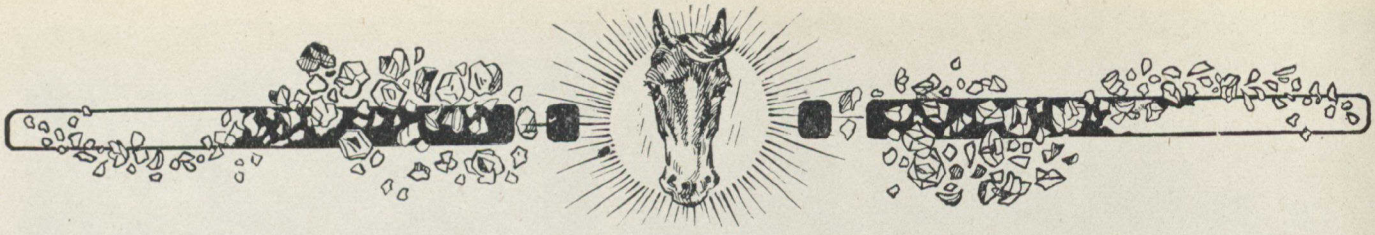
On the Members' Lawn.



A View of the First Turn—Start of King's Plate.



Slaughter—Winner of the King's Plate, 1906.



A Victim of Circumstances

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "The Lone Furrow"

"DENTON is going to ride Straddle Bug in the Beagle, Beth," Branston said.

Mrs. Branston checked the "demi-tasse" in its upward flight, holding it poised in her slender fingers. Her blue eyes expressed blank amazement.

"Why, Walter, Denton promised to ride Plowboy for me, and Mrs. Clancy knew it. That woman is—u—h!"

"It's Denton's own doing; he's vindictive against Kathleen Braund over something."

"I know; she gave him his conge. That was down at Belmont."

"Well, she's starting Moonstone in the Beagle, and Denton thinks he has a right good chance to beat her on Mrs. Clancy's Straddle Bug."

"Kathleen has her own troubles over a rider. A friend who was to have come for the mount has disappointed, and at the last minute she has had to put up Barry—she told me this evening. But Mrs. Clancy has taken Denton just to get that bracelet, and to score me—I know!"

"Well, we're dished, anyway. There isn't one of the fellows here could ride a glacier without falling off, or going the wrong course, or something."

"And that means that Plowboy has to stand in the stable while Jane Clancy wins the Beagle bracelet. Walter, what business had you to put on fat?—one hundred and seventy pounds! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Denton didn't desert because I'm fat."

Branston sipped his coffee thoughtfully. "By Jove! I've got it—and he'd send him up, too, like a shot; I know he would!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Of course he would, Walter."

"Who?"

"I'm as curious as you are."

"Oh! By Jove! yes; Raeburn, of course."

"Yes, of course; but who is Raeburn?"

"Why, it's Jim—Jim Raeburn, the racing man. He's got a clinking apprentice in his stable at Clover Bar; I saw him gallop a horse there once. Gad! he can ride—hands like a woman; the very chap to humour old Plowboy."

"I don't want a professional jockey to ride for me in the Beagle."

"A professional couldn't. Jim's too clever to take out a license for this chap. He gets five pounds allowance, and, although he works in the stable, gallops the horses and all that, he can ride as an amateur."

"It won't do, Walter; you can't trust those stable-boys. The Clancy would bribe him to pull Plowboy—she's been boasting that she's going to win that bracelet."

"She won't get the chance; we'll just give them a little surprise. I'll write Raeburn to send this fellow Leigh up to-morrow by the three o'clock, and we'll keep him here at Thistle Grove. They'll think I'm putting up a casual visitor on Plowboy."

"I don't like it, Walter—I don't want a stable hand in the house."

"I thought you'd do anything to beat out Mrs. Clancy. She'd entertain a burglar if she could score over you by it."

Branston played skilfully on the rivalry between the two women, and his wife yielded the point.

"We sha'n't see anything of him," Branston added; "he'll have his meals with James and the housekeeper. Couldn't get a room at the hotel, anyway—they're all full—sleeping on the floor—it's race week. I'll send a letter off by the eight o'clock mail. I'll put a quick delivery on it, and Jim'll get it in the morning—that's better than wiring. Jim'll send that chap, sure, and he'll arrive by the evening train."

Raeburn did not receive Branston's letter, because he was away in the West. Had he opened it he would have laughed heartily at Branston's mistake in thinking Leigh a stable hand. That Leigh, a Harvard man and a part-

ner in Raeburn's steeplechase horses, was to be indented for by the pudgy Branston as a stable chattel to be expressed or otherwise delivered, was certainly droll.

But, as it happened, Leigh had received a letter three days previously from Kathleen Braund, asking him to come up to take a mount in the Beagle Steeplechase. He had deferred answering it, not knowing whether he could get away or not. Now he was, about to take the very train Branston had specified in his letter to Raeburn, to answer Kathleen's request in person.

Branston, hoping that Raeburn would send the man, and wondering why he had not had a telegram of advice, met the six o'clock train.

His eye lighted up when he saw Leigh on the platform, and he darted forward eagerly, saying: "How d'you do, Leigh? You did get the letter at Clover Bar! We were afraid you weren't coming. I've got a cab here. We're going to put you up, so you won't have to go to a hotel."

Leigh didn't know his self-constituted host, but took it for granted that it was Kathleen's arranging. It puzzled him a little how she had known that he would arrive by that train; but this was speedily driven from his mind by the voluble Branston's chatter.

At Thistle Grove he was taken in hand by the butler and shown to a room.

Leigh, anticipating with great pleasure a dinner graced by the presence of Kathleen, dressed with unusual care. It was the third tie that finally allowed itself to be coaxed into a decent bow.

Mr. and Mrs. Branston, having had the forethought to ask James to defer his evening meal until after he had served dinner, so that the young man might not eat alone, were at the little pause following the joint when James appeared with a troubled face and more than his usual deprecatory embarrassment.

"The young gentleman is down, sir," he said.

"What gentleman, James? Has any one called?"

"Mr. Leigh, sir."

"Oh, very well! Just serve the dessert and then take charge of him."

"I—pardon me, sir, the young gentleman is dressed."

"He's what?"

"He's dressed for dinner; and he asked for you, sir."

"Great Scott! I wonder if he thinks he is to dine with us, Beth?"

"Of course, he does, Walter—that's like those jockeys. I knew you'd bring about a contretemps, having him here as a guest."

"Well, let James tell him—let him take him into supper."

"Walter, if you do that you'll anger him. If he's got notions, and carries a dress-suit about with him, he'll resent it, and he'll pull Plowboy out of revenge. This is your doing, and you've got to see it through. I'm going—I've got a headache."

Mrs. Branston's skirts swished reproachfully as she slipped from the room, and the husband sat with knitted brows for a minute. Then he said: "Here, James, take the young man to the veranda; tell him I'll be down presently—that dinner will soon be ready. Then reset this table for two—do the best you can in the way of dinner. Good Lord! I suppose I've got to go through the menu again. I should get fat playing this game."

Branston found his too-much-of-a-guest pacing the veranda.

"Ah! I suppose that run in the train has given you an appetite. James seems to be a little late with his dinner to-night," he said, in a patronizing way. He took a few turns with Leigh, the sudden revolution in the house routine holding his mind aloof from conversational topics.

"Dinner is served, sir." It was James' gentle voice relieving the somewhat strained situation.

As they sat down Branston said: "My wife has a

terrific headache, so we'll have the dinner and horse business all to ourselves."

Leigh felt a pang of disappointment that Kathleen was not to dine with them. Indeed, why did she not appear for at least a word of welcome? That he had not seen her upon his arrival he had put down to the fact that she was probably dressing for dinner.

As they ate, Branston eyed Leigh critically. "Devilish clever-looking chap," he muttered. "He's a cut above most jockeys. Looks as though his people had been in a fair way of life. He's just the man I want—just the man."

Branston talked very little during dinner. He was turning over in his mind a subtle scheme that had really been behind his sending for a jockey. The winning of a bracelet was all very well—quite ambitious enough for his wife or Mrs. Clancy. Their little social rivalries and squabbles interested him far less than the fact that he needed the matter of a few thousands very badly, and thought he saw his way to getting them—saw it clearer than ever in the clever face of this young apprentice jockey, who, being addicted to dress clothes, must have ambitions. And ambition very often subverted even pronounced morals.

When James had served the coffee and cigars, and departed, Branston, setting the bead in Leigh's glass dancing with a dash of new wine, asked: "Of course you know what we got you up in such a hurry for?"

"To ride in the Beagle Chase chiefly, I suppose."

"Yes; but how the deuce did you know the particular race? It wasn't mentioned in the letter, was it?"

"Oh, yes."

Branston studied the ash of his cigar. "It's deuced odd," he muttered; "I could swear I didn't write about any race in particular."

Of course Leigh thought he meant Kathleen Braund's letter.

"It's a poor race, the Beagle," Branston said, "from your point of view, I dare say. Riding in a ladies' race simply means a smile and 'thank you,' practically, if you win. Now, I suppose you'd be better pleased with a race that held out the prospect of a thousand or so?"

Leigh stared curiously at his host. "I don't know—I hadn't thought of that," he answered.

"Oh, but you must, if you're to get on. And Plowboy is too good for such a jewellery-prize package as the Beagle, too."

"Miss Braund's horse—Plowboy—I take it?"

"Oh, no; he belongs to Mrs. Branston. But how do you know Miss Braund? Did you ever ride for her?"

"Yes; I rode a pretty stiff race for her at Belmont; in fact, it was over that I became acquainted with her."

"He's a devilish familiar sort of chap," Branston muttered. "One would think he and Kathleen were in the same set."

"I had hoped to ride for Miss Braund in the Beagle," Leigh said.

"She'd have been glad enough to have you two days ago, but she's putting up a gentleman—a chap named Barry. But you've got a better horse, and we've got a better rider, so it's not an ill wind, eh? By Jove! though, do you think Miss Braund would recognize you if she saw you on Plowboy?"

"She might, I should think."

"I'd rather she didn't—understand?"

"I must confess that I don't, quite."

"Well, I've got an idea."

Leigh conjectured that his extraordinary host had a group of grotesque ideas.

"You see, the ladies here are all at sixes and sevens—they always are, really. My wife had a gentleman rider booked—Mr. Denton—but Mrs. Clancy stole him, and he thinks he's going to win on her horse, Straddle Bug. This clever lady is chuckling in her sleeve at leaving us in a hole over getting a good pilot for Plowboy, and we want them to think that we've picked up some gentleman—one who can't ride a little bit. Of course, according to the rules, you are a gentleman rider—that's safe enough, they can't object—but—" Branston conveyed to Leigh the balance of this remarkable communication with a nod and a most mysterious look from over the top of his wine-glass. "But I must say," he added, "that this game's not worth the candle. It isn't racing at all; it's ping-pong. Such a combination as Plowboy with you in the saddle is too good for it. My horse could win the New England Saturday. That's worth two thousand."

"Why not save him for it?"

"Mrs. Branston is bound to start him in the Beagle. It's too bad! If he wins it'll make a difference of fifteen

pounds in his weight for the New England—with the penalties and allowances. It'll show up his form—I don't mind telling you, nobody about here knows how good Plowboy is; I've been waiting to work a coup with him. To tell you the truth, ever since I saw you galloping Raeburn's horse, I had you in mind. Quite casually Raeburn remarked that you were as trusty as your seat in the saddle was good."

"Very kind of Jim," Leigh remarked dryly.

Branston stared. "Jim!" he muttered. "Not much assurance to that!"

Leigh, not understanding the trend of his host's discourse at first, had imagined that time would clear up the mystery, but it was becoming more hopelessly involved. There was some extraordinary misconception somewhere.

"Of course it'll do Plowboy good to run in the Beagle," Branston continued. "He hasn't raced for some time. If he were to run a bit green—he might, you know—blunder at his jumps, swing wide at the turns, or something, and get beaten, of course then I'd start him in the New England Saturday. He'd run a ten-pound better horse for a gallop in the other race, and the bookmakers would lay twenty to one against him. The New England is a big betting race, while the Beagle is 'most entirely a drawing-room affair—gloves and a little champagne dinner the limit, I should say."

"I see," Leigh said thoughtfully. Indeed, he was beginning to find light. How in the name of all that was wonderful had this man got hold of him? Evidently Kathleen had turned him over to Branston, and the latter had some little game of his own on.

"And what do you think of it, Leigh?" Branston asked casually.

"It seems a devil of a mix-up," Leigh answered, out of his thoughts, forgetting Branston's point.

"Not at all—it's quite simple. If Plowboy doesn't run up to his best form in the Beagle, I can win twenty thousand in the New England, if he lands that stake—and he can."

"That's racing with a vengeance."

"By Jove! It's the way they play it here. Talk about professionals! You ought to see some of the qualified hunters—good enough to win the International Steeplechase. I'm out for an airing this time myself, and I didn't forget what Raeburn said about you, Leigh. You'd like to have something worth while for coming up here, wouldn't you? It ought to be good for a thousand. You could put that away as a nest-egg. Of course, if you stick to Raeburn, he'll put you in a way by and by so that a thousand won't seem much, but now it's a lot of money, isn't it?"

"It is."

"Well, that's all right. Of course, if Plowboy wins to-morrow, Mrs. Branston will be very pleased, but you needn't knock him about if he seems out of it, because I'll start him Saturday, and there'll be nothing gained in driving him to the limit in the Beagle if he can't win, will there?"

"No, there's nothing gained by breaking a horse's heart; if he's beaten, he's beaten."

"That's true; I'm glad you look upon it in that light. I'm very fond of Plowboy, and I don't want to see him knocked about—understand?" And Branston's chubby face assumed a lugubrious look that was meant to express benign consideration for the loved Plowboy; but one eye lay hidden behind a shrouding lid as the other cocked itself in an impudent gaze of fraternal villainy.

"I think I understand what you mean, Mr. Branston," Leigh said, with slow deliberation.

"Well, think some more about it, and we'll get together about this scramble over sticks. When I play any game myself I like to gamble—a game is no game at all without ducats in sight. Guess I'll see if Mrs. Branston needs anything. You can turn in when you like. Amuse yourself with that box of cigars there—they're not bad smokes."

The "Garcias," long and black, were certainly good smokes. Leigh tested their continuance as a delight to the full limit as he pondered over the enigmatical role some devil of discord had cast him for. There was no starting-point in the whole devilish thing. His morally oblique host had credentials up to a certain point; he was a friend of Kathleen Braund's, he knew of her letter, he was acquainted with Raeburn, and he knew Leigh's name. Kathleen must have arranged for him to entertain Leigh. But also, most undeniably, he took Leigh for some sort of a paid horseman, a man susceptible to a bribe. In the end Leigh grew weary of seeking for a

solution, concluding to wait until he had seen Kathleen before deciding on a course of action.

In the morning when he appeared, Branston was waiting to take him for an exercise gallop on Plowboy. The horse was a good one, there was no doubt about that; a big, symmetrical, clean-jumping son of old Hanover.

Leigh had felt inclined to refuse the mount in the Beagle—it would be the easiest way out of it; but the exhilaration of the smooth-galloping Plowboy under him, the sweet uplift of heart as the horse rose with a gliding swoop at his jumps, set the young man thinking of how he would like to kill two birds with this true-speeding stone. He owed Denton something in the way of retaliation over that Belmont race; it would be sweet revenge to gallop home in front of Straddle Bug, take the bracelet from under the itching fingers of Denton, and present it to the owner of the gallant Plowboy. And he would punish the man who had paid him the double compliment of mistaking him for a stable hand, and a bribable one, at that, by winning as easily as Plowboy was capable of. All this was subservient to what he might learn when he had seen Kathleen. He had a but half-entertained twinge of satisfaction in the thought that he would also beat Barry, whom Kathleen had been somewhat hasty in putting on Moonstone, he thought.

At breakfast Leigh adroitly drew from his host that Miss Braund was not stopping with Mrs. Branston, as he had supposed, but was at Colonel Lessard's. So he went to the Lessards' to lay the matter before Kathleen. And as he plodded along one road, the girl, galloping by another, swung up the drive to Thistle Grove for a chat with Mrs. Branston.

"What's this about Denton's riding Straddle Bug for Mrs. Clancy, Beth?" Kathleen asked. "Thought he was going to ride Plowboy for you."

"So did I, Kathie dear, but that impossible woman has inherited trade instincts, and gets the best always."

"Too bad—it's a shame. My friend hasn't turned up, either—not a word from him—isn't that like a man, Beth? Barry can't do Moonstone justice—he's a peppery chap. Denton's a sneak; he'll aggravate Barry, and he'll get mad, and then poor Moonstone, poor me! but you're worse off; Plowboy will have to stand in his stall, won't he?"

"Oh, no; we're out-Clancying the Clancy—at least, Walter is. I'm a zenana lady."

"You're what?"

"Well, Walter's got one of his plots on; you know what they're like, Kathie—generally wind up in a frightful muddle. This one will, too, I expect. Walter sent away for a jockey—he's not a licensed jockey, you know, a sort of stable hand that can ride as a gentleman. He's our guest—Walter dines with him."

"Beth!"

"That's right. He came down last night in a dress-suit, and poor James—long-suffering James—gave notice that if anybody but himself were allowed at his table in that regalia he'd leave. As Walter says, we are up against it; a jockey in a dress-suit is a difficult proposition, isn't he, Kathie? We daren't offend him for fear he'll put Plowboy; so Walter is entertaining the gentleman, while I'm in zenana."

"It's a jolly mix-up—one of Walter's best, I should say. But if the fellow can ride, you may beat Mrs. Clancy, then you won't mind, will you? I was going to ask if I might come to dinner to-night, but I needn't now, I suppose. I'm almost tempted to, though; Duveigne is coming to the Lessards' for dinner, and I think I should rather take a chance on your jockey. Good-by; I hope you win the bracelet—I've given up all idea of it myself."

So Leigh did not meet Kathleen Braund until, striding moodily across the paddock in Branston's green silk jacket before the first race, which was the Beagle, he heard his name uttered in a voice that rose from a soft modulation to a higher-pitched ultimate of surprise. Raising his head suddenly, he looked straight into the violet eyes of that much-astonished young lady.

"You here, Banfield?" The girl's voice suspicioned a corrosive of resentment as she continued with: "Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"Ah, you did? I see; you didn't care to ride for me. I didn't know you were such a great friend of Mrs. Branston's."

"Neither did I till her gentle husband kidnapped me at the railway-station last night; and when you make any more dates for me, Kathleen, please explain to your friends that I've got quixotic notions about racing."

"I don't understand."

"I don't either—I've given up trying—it's too difficult. I'm going to win this race—that seems the only easy thing about the whole business—and then clear off to Clover Bar."

"You're riding Plowboy—that's Mrs. Branston's colours. I thought—are you stopping at the Branstons? Is there another man there—a stableman, a jockey?"

"Yes; I'm that other man, too."

"Such a mix-up—it's quite Branstonian. Branston is a regular 'Handy Andy.'"

"He's handy at the newer commercialism—frenzied finance. I'm promised a thousand for pulling my horse in this race."

"A thousand dollars for pulling Plowboy?"

"Yes; when you were turning me over to your friends you should have warned them that I was born of rich but honest parents—I rather pride myself upon that anomalous entree."

"I had nothing to do with your going to them: I'm cross about it. I kept Moonstone without a rider till the last minute yesterday, waiting for you. Didn't you get a letter from Branston? He wrote away for some one to take the mount on Plowboy, and you seem to have turned up in answer to that letter—he met you at the train."

"Never heard of him before yesterday; but I must say he knew of me. He's got the most charmingly ingenuous scheme of brigandage. There he comes now. Say, Kathleen, I only stuck to this deuced thing because I thought you had arranged for me to ride Plowboy. I think I ought to strip off this jacket and strangle Branston with it. I ought to refuse to ride the horse."

"It's too late, Banfield—it would only make talk. I don't understand the thing at all, any more than you do, but you can win with Plowboy, I think, and—well, Mrs. Branston has nothing to do with her husband's disgraceful tactics, I'm sure of that. Ride Plowboy to please me, won't you?"

"I will if you won't let on who I am. I don't want penitence, and embarrassment, and the pudgy Branston's sulks, when I upset his sweet villainy by winning. I'll take the evening train back to Clover Bar, and that'll end it."

Before Kathleen could answer, Branston, hurrying up, cried cheerfully: "Hello, Kathleen! I see you know Leigh—he told me he's ridden for you. I'm sorry for Moonstone and Barry. It's time to mount, Leigh; they're going out."

Branston walked at Leigh's stirrup to the paddock gate, saying: "Plowboy's a bit notional; if he's in a stubborn mood to-day and won't gallop, don't worry about it—we'll try him again in the New England."

"I understand just what you want, Mr. Branston; I understand you perfectly, and we'll give them a bit of a surprise to-day with Plowboy."

"Yes, I'll give him the surprise of his life, crooked little sweep!" Leigh muttered, as he turned onto the course.

Trooping across the infield to the start, Barry recognised Leigh. He drew Moonstone alongside of Plowboy, saying: "Hello, Leigh! What the deuce are you doing here on that critter? Thought you were going to ride for Kathleen—she said she was waiting for you."

"I don't know, Barry; I'm a changeling."

"Glad you're here, anyway, old boy; you can take it out of Denton again. The race is between you two. Moonstone isn't much."

As they grouped at the start, Denton stared when he saw Leigh. He nodded coldly, and drew Straddle Bug to the outside.

"Watch out, Leigh; the starter is going to drop the bunting," Barry said.

His voice was drowned by the roar of struggle. It was like the sudden burst of a storm. The crunching grip of iron-shod hoofs in the turf was like the ripping of an electric cloud; the wind shrieked and cracked at the tormented silks; the gasping intake of lung air by wide nostrils was like the snarl of animals of prey in a charge.

To Kathleen and the Branstons sitting in the stand there was just the smooth glide of a beautiful picture, like the easy turn of a kaleidoscope with its jewelled colour.

Out in front they could see the big brown, Straddle-Bug, racing, his mouth wide open, and at times a sharp, vicious twist of his ungainly head as he fought against the restraining bit. At his heels was a sombre blotch of black—Moonstone; and behind, trailing the field, loved Plowboy, the sun kissing his blood-bay coat to the colour of ripe wine.

"I got a bad start!" growled Branston. "They caught my man asleep."

"Just wide-awake," corrected Kathleen; "Mr. Leigh lets his horse do the galloping while he thinks for him. He's a clever rider."

"Gad! he is," Branston muttered, leering inwardly. "Plowboy ain't going to win if he can help it; he's got his eye on that thousand. It isn't the first time he's pulled a horse. They're all alike—money talks with the best of them."

One turn of the course, a mile galloped off stride by stride, the stringing and unstringing of mighty muscles, the spurning hoofs, the eager-stretched necks, the lust of strife of the thoroughbreds, and in the stand the weak babbling interpretation of it all by the coveters of the jewelled bauble.

Out in front, over mud wall and rail, always safe in the lead, swung the awkward-gaited Straddle Bug; and Mrs. Clancy looked at her rounded wrist, seeing there with too vivid fancy the blood gleam of the ruby-studded circlet. She watched covertly Beth Branston's face, that was serious to the edge of comicality; for Plowboy still galloped as steadfastly in the trail of the others as though he indeed turned an honest furrow for some husbandman.

"It's between you and Mrs. Clancy, Kathleen," Plowboy's owner said despondently. "I think you're more fortunate in your rider than I am. It's no use—one can't trust a professional racing man. Somebody's money is keeping Plowboy back there when he ought to be out in the lead."

Branston looked suspiciously at his wife. She was abnormally sharp at finding out about his escapades—had she discovered his arrangements with Leigh?

Kathleen, letting her violet-gray eyes rest on Branston's, said: "Even if anyone were foolish enough to offer Mr. Leigh a bribe to pull your horse, Beth, he wouldn't be guilty of such a despicable act. I know him well."

Something in the girl's eyes and voice caused Branston to shift his apprehension to her. He squirmed uneasily. Had Leigh told her anything as they talked in the paddock?

"It isn't the man's fault," he said; "it's Plowboy's. He's got a sulky streak on and simply won't gallop. Ah, by Gad! there goes Redwing—he's down and out—and Silver Tail, too—overjumped himself at that mud wall."

"See Plowboy coming now, Beth—he's galloping over his horses," Kathleen cried joyfully. Her hand had fallen on Mrs. Branston's wrist, and in her exultation over Plowboy's gallop the fingers gripped the soft arm until its owner shrank from the pain.

"One would think you didn't own Moonstone," Mrs. Branston said, with a nervous laugh. "Do you want me to win, Kathie dear?"

"Damn the fellow! What does he mean?" Branston muttered.

For now, swinging around the lower turn, Plowboy, picking up and dropping behind him horse after horse, galloped with his muzzle at the floating tail of the big brown, half a length in front of the black.

"You'll win the bracelet sure, Beth," Kathleen said.

Mrs. Branston looked at her curiously. Was it possible for a woman to hold such abnegating friendship? There was an exultant ring in the girl's soft voice as she

added: "I know what Leigh is like—I mean your rider, Beth."

"And I misjudged him! He is honest, even if he is a horseman. I'll give him a hundred dollars out of my own pocket. Walter—do you hear, Walter? I hope you put a bet on Plowboy for the jockey, so that he'll get something nice for winning."

Kathleen thought of the thousand offered from the other side of the house; the two measures for a man's honour, with the larger one for the lapse of it, as she watched first her own game little mare fighting bravely against the two big-striding horses in front, and then the exquisite horsemanship of Leigh as he waited for the cracking up of the loose-jointed brown that had thrown away so much of his strength in rebellious haste.

Leigh was like an angler playing with slender rod a battling fish; but Kathleen heard a voice behind her saying: "That jockey on Plowboy is trying to throw this race. Why doesn't he go on and take the lead? He's pulling the head off that horse. A gentlemen's race is always crooked."

Coming to the last mud wall at the foot of the stretch, Denton felt Straddle Bug shrink as he steadied him for the leap, and foolishly drove with his spurs at the tiring horse. The pain of the rowels cut to the soft heart of the brown; he faltered, struck, collapsed like a broken chair, and sent Denton sprawling in front of the lifting Plowboy. Death glided between them and hid in the hollowed domes of the reaching hoofs, and for Leigh there was but a second's time for choosing.

He made it; a mighty wrench at the bay's head, a fault, a little cloud of dust—he struck hard. The stand gasped. Now Plowboy skids twenty feet over the crushed grass on the point of his shoulder, just clear of Denton, and his rider rolls brokenly, crashing into the sod; then he turns on his back, his arms widespread, like a grotesque pasteboard doll.

"My God!" Kathleen gasped, as she buried her eyes in her hands.

She could feel the stand vibrate as men and women sprang to their feet.

A woman voiced hysterically: "He's killed!"

The suspense was smothering her, she must look. In mockery, like a dark shadow, she saw Moonstone glide past the winning-post.

Some one cried exultantly: "He's up! He's all right!" Then the malicious voice behind her snarled: "Served him right if he'd been killed—he deliberately pulled Plowboy into the jump. The race was fixed for Moonstone to win."

Mrs. Branston leaned over and whispered in Kathleen's ear: "I'm glad you've won, Kathie. Did you hear what that man said? Do you suppose there's anything in it? That fellow did keep Plowboy back as long as he could. Why did he pull him into that jump? Poor Plowboy is lame—see him limp. Don't look at me like that, Kathie dear. I don't mean that it's your fault—I'm glad you won—but Mrs. Clancy would do anything."

"Stop, you miserable little woman! I wish I could tell you something—I ought to! Perhaps I will later. I'm going now to pet Moonstone and Barry for their good race."

Later, when Branston paid Leigh a covert compliment upon his clever ride, something broke loose; but Branston just squeaked out with a whole skin.

The Whip-Hand

By ANN DEVOORE

SHE was a stunning girl, straight and slim, with a bewildering way of looking at a man. Her eyes were a warm, thick brown, and their lids as white as cream—the deluding sort of eyes and eyelids that say nothing and set you to imagining everything. When I had talked to her for five minutes, and she had regarded me with her soft stare for most of that time, my heart went to thumping at my ribs. I must confess I was so much surprised that I clapped my hand to my side and laughed out.

Miss Morris laughed, too, and asked, "What is the matter?"

Of course, I could not tell her then; but when I had known her for a month, I asked her if she remembered our first meeting.

"Yes," she said; "what made you start?"

I took her hand and said, "I fell in love with you that minute dear."

I am a Westerner, and rough and sudden in my ways, I suppose; for she seemed wholly startled, slipped her hand out of mine, and told me never to speak so again.

"Why not?" I asked. "You do not love me, Kitty?"

"No," she said; but her eyes lingered in mine.

"And you will not marry me?"

She refused steadily.

"And I am never again to tell you that I love you?"

"Never," she said.

"Kitty, dear," said I, gently, "you do love me, and you are going to marry me, and I mean to propose to you every time I meet you."

I went then, for she was rather angry. She said something cutting about my Western ways, and shooting

a man on sight. But I kept my word, and at dances and dinners, wherever we met, in spite of her disdain, I always made my speech: "Will you marry me, dear?" After a while, when she caught sight of me across a room the colour would spring to her cheeks, and though I knew it was half embarrassment, I could swear the other half was pleasure. She had an obstinate way of tilting her chin when she saw me approach that was very pretty, and made me only the more determined. Besides, she did not absolutely cut me, as she might have done. She would not see me when I called, and if I asked for a dance it was always engaged; but when I said firmly, "This is my dance, Miss Morris," she would not contradict me.

Late one afternoon, at the beginning of Lent, when I had not seen her for several days, I overtook her walking home from church, and joined her. She greeted me frigidly, held her prayer-book tight and her head high. I watched the red steal up her cheeks.

"Miss Morris," I said. She did not answer. Ahead of us, where the church spires pierced the cold northern sky, a small star glittered. The faces of the people we met reflected the light of the sunset behind us. I began again. "When you pray," said I, and I looked at her prayer-book, "do you never ask to be made more merciful?"

She turned her soft eyes to me. "Please don't, Mr. Standish," she pleaded. "I cannot bear to have you use words that seem to me sacred to carry on this farce."

"It is anything but a farce," said I. "Call it a tragedy."

"Did any man in earnest ever propose to a girl eleven times in six weeks?" She asked this question scornfully.

"Miss Morris," said I, "it is not my fault that it has been done so often. If you had accepted me at the first—but you refused me, and what else could I do? Am I a fool to try again and again to win what is the best and most beautiful thing I ever set eyes on? How can I stop asking you to marry me until you consent? You must marry me, dear. I am sure it is the only chance of happiness for either of us."

"There," she said, with an angry laugh, "twelve times! Don't you see, Mr. Standish, that by acting so you make every word you say seem a foolish joke?"

"It is you," I told her, "who can make them all a glad reality."

"Oh!" she cried, "and you pretend it is my fault! Well, it shall never happen again—never, never! You shall not humiliate yourself and me." Her colour deepened, and she drew herself up, slender and proud. "Mr. Standish," she said, "I promise you that if ever again I give you an opportunity of speaking so to me, I shall answer whatever you wish."

We reached her home, then, and she stopped. So great was my surprise that I merely bowed, and let her ascend the steps in silence.

Life went sadly after that. Try as I would I could not speak to her. When we passed in the street she was never alone, and she had taken to looking on one side of me with a sweet, dark-eyed vacancy. There were few entertainments now; and though I haunted her favourite church at the afternoon services, she did not come. She seemed to avoid going to the houses of those friends where she would be likely to meet me. Only once was I able to look at her for more than a passing second. I had taken a ticket for an afternoon concert in the hope of seeing her, and I chanced to sit where I could watch her profile whenever she turned to speak to her companion. She looked a trifle pale and sad. "Perhaps," thought I, "she regrets that her efforts are so successful." That thought, however, was knocked out of me, when we reached the street, by the smiling unrecognition which greeted my eager bow.

Six weeks came and went, but never an opportunity to make her fulfil her promise; and then she went to Boston for a visit, and stayed away a month. I grew haggard. People told me I must take a run abroad in the summer. "Not till I'm married," said I, and gritted my teeth. I believe that at this time my love for Kitty Morris was almost forgotten in my set determination to have my own way.

There came a May morning, fresh and balmy. The horse-chestnuts spread out their green fans, the maples clapped their small palms to the breeze, and the tulips in the prim flower-beds looked primly gaudy. I was walking through Madison Square on my way to business, and hope was stirring in my heart. I suppose it was the general hilarity of nature that had taken hold of me. I did not feel much surprised when a hansom went by, and I saw Kitty Morris inside. It was what the weather had led me to expect. I took joyfully to my heels, and

followed. Eastward we went through Twenty-fourth Street and down Second Avenue; and here, on this quiet old-fashioned thoroughfare, the hansom stopped before an ancient mansion. Kitty had alighted and been engulfed by the interior darkness before I could reach her; and though I knew that her great-aunt lived within, I remained gazing at the hansom-cab.

Then an idea entered my mind—an idea for which the mad May season was alone accountable. When Miss Morris reentered the hansom-cab, it was I who received the order to drive home; it was I who cracked the long whip and drove recklessly; it was I who feasted my sight on the top of a broad-brimmed hat, a loop of dark hair, and the tip of a small and haughty nose. I had the trap-door in the top of the cab open all the way.

Trusting in the disguise of the former cabby's hat, which I had hired, I made straight for the park; and when we were rolling smoothly between green lawns, with no one of any account in sight, I bent low and whispered:

"Kitty, dear, will you marry me?"

She started violently, and upturned a white face. I don't know what she thought, seeing my face above her there; but her eyes filled slowly with tears, and she whispered, "Dick!"

"Kitty," I said, "don't cry, or I shall come down from the roof, and here is Mrs. Van Dam's brougham. I would not have frightened you for anything in the world."

I slowed the horse to a walk, so that I could give my whole attention to the trap-door.

"I have come to claim your promise," I called down to her. "Tell me, dearest, that you are glad to see me."

Her pride seemed to be melting before my eyes. Her tears overflowed, and she held her hands up before her face; but I caught a quivering voice: "I am glad, Dick—so, so glad!"

I dropped the reins, and pressed closer to the little door. "Darling Kitty, if you cry you'll break my heart." I called. "Be a brave girl. Oh, Kitty, couldn't you stretch your hand up and let me touch it once?"

"I—I can't reach," she sobbed.

"Then you do love me?" I asked.

"She wiped her eyes. "Dick," she said, "couldn't you come down?"

I believe the horse was arrested that afternoon for walking on the grass and eating young trees; but it pleases me to think that while Kitty and I wandered through the sweet paths and blossoming alleys, the poor beast was tasting green food and resting his tired bones.

There in the early solitude, in the genial sunshine and the unsteady shadows, Kitty confessed to me that she had gone to Boston for fear of weakening in her resolution to avoid me.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I thought you would never come and take me in spite of myself."

"Kitty," said I, "would you have wrecked our whole lives from pride and self-will? Would you have let me lose you?"

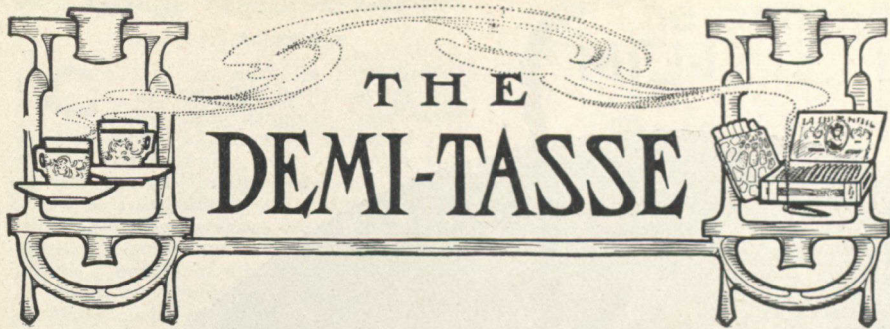
She turned away her head, and blushed. "Dick," she faltered, "this afternoon you will receive an invitation to dine with my aunt; and I—I am to be there Dick."

An Ancient Vase

IN the ancient cathedral of Genoa a vase of immense value has been preserved for 600 years. It is cut from a single emerald. Its principal diameter is twelve and one-half inches, and its height five and three-quarter inches. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands, and it is rarely exhibited in public, then only by an order of the Senate. When exhibited it is suspended round the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one is allowed to touch it but him. It is claimed that this vase is one of the gifts which were made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

A Deadly Snapshot

THERE is scarcely a British politician, not a peak in British Columbia, not a curious scene in Japan, which has escaped the unerring camera of Sir Benjamin Stone, who has just celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday. He is the deadliest snapshot in Europe, and his books of photographs are worthy to find a place in any great museum. China, the West Indies, Singapore, and the River Amazon have all heard the click of his shutter. He has written books of travel and the history of Lichfield Cathedral. His wealth comes from a manufactory in Birmingham, and this is the twelfth year he has represented East Birmingham in Parliament.



WHY WILLIE WAS SENT.

THE school-teachers of a great city have many and curious experiences with the small people whom they are supposed to inform with that learning to which there is no royal road. There was a large kindergarten convention held recently in New York and the Canadians who attended have brought home some uncanny yarns of the ways of the youngsters in the metropolis. There was a teacher who had in her charge a small boy who evidently belonged to the Great Unsoaped. She sent him home to be properly scrubbed but Willie returned, more malodorous than ever. Once more the teacher, true to that quality which is next to godliness, sent him to his mother with a note to the latter telling her that her small son was not pleasing to the sense of smell. Willie patiently trudged home and then to the school with the following letter to the fastidious young woman:

"Deer teecheur—Willie ain't to be smelt—he's to be learned."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The other day, a man who was being shaved by a loquacious barber whose accent and breath had a Caledonian flavour finally became furious when the latter carelessly removed a small portion of chin.

"That's Scotch whiskey," he said angrily.

The erring artist regarded him with a mixture of reproof and sympathy. "They do say," he replied cautiously, "that it makes the skin maist awfu' tender."

THE VERY BEST.

We've many men in government affairs
And some of them are good and some
are not;
They have their little plans and winsome
ways,
Mackenzie King's the finest of the lot.
His grand-dad was a first-class fighting
man
Who simply thrived when things were in
a fuss;
But "Kingsie" is the gentlest sort of chap,
Who hates to see the country in a muss.
So when the coal-men have a little strike
And scare the Western railways good and
stiff,
They send for Mr. King to set things
right,
Who straightway smooths away their
little tiff.
And when the girls who guard the tele-
phone
Detail their wrongs and really look quite
black,
The answer of the Judge is quickly sped—
"Just wait until Mackenzie King gets
back."

A TRIED REMEDY.

There is a druggist in the city of Toronto who has the somewhat irritating habit of associating personal references and recommendations with his wares. A short time ago a crusty customer asked for a certain toothache cure and, as the druggist was wrapping up the phial, he remarked in a patronising way: "I think you'll find this very satisfactory. It cured a toothache of mine last Sunday."

Then the customer asked for a cake of a certain brand of soap and the smiling shop-keeper replied, "Well, we don't keep that any more. But this is a very superior

article," presenting a shiny, scented box. "My wife uses it and says it's the finest soap made."

"Indeed," said the customer sarcastically, "and I suppose if I asked for rough-on-rats you would say you had administered it to your mother-in-law with most satisfactory results."

J. G.

WHY HE DIDN'T CONTRIBUTE.

Last week was what is called "self-denial week" in the Salvation Army and in several Canadian cities members of that organisation were stationed at busy corners, respectfully calling attention to the desirability of contributing to a worthy cause. In one instance an exhilarated citizen, on approaching a young woman who was in charge of such a reminder, paused impressively and said:

"Self-denial! Yesh! It'sh a noble thing. I've been goin' without drinksh all day or I'd give shomething. I would, 'pon my shoul!"



Somewhere Near the Truth.

Little Girl (telling of the Garden of Eden): "Yes, Mummy, Adam and Eve lived very happily there, till the Evil One came in the form of a servant."

A POPULAR SHADE.

As every woman is aware, green is the fashionable colour this spring. The story comes across the seas that a Canadian girl who was lately buying some goods in an English shop asked what shade of green is being worn.

"Vert laurier," was the reply.

"Isn't that perfectly sweet of the Londoners!" said the girl to her friend. "I suppose they're wearing it in honour of Sir Wilfrid!"

VANISHED JOYS.

There once was a season called Spring
That sunshine and flowers did bring;
But it's clean disappeared
And we're awfully "skeered"
That the birds are too chilly to sing.

NOT FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

Dr. D. B. Evans, the mental expert at a notorious trial in New York, was criticising at a physicians' dinner the brow-beating methods of cross-examination which the courts permit. "But my criticism," Dr. Evans ended, "has been feeble, and what good is feeble criticism? The critic, to score, must be epigrammatic, unexpected, humorous. Thus, in my native Bridgetown, a candidate for Congress spoke at a mass-meeting, and afterwards a politician asked

an old farmer what he thought of the speech.

"Wall, I dunno," said the old man soberly, "but I think six hours rain would a' done us a lot more good."

SHE TOLD HIM.

He (at 11 p.m.): "What is your lucky number?"
She (sweetly): "Twenty-three."

TROUBLES.

"Sometimes I think I have more troubles than any other man on earth."
"Nonsense! Look at Thompson. He's got a wife, an automobile, and a sure system for beating the races."

NO FRILLS.

Mrs. Coldstream: "Would you, like a glass of water, my good man?"
The Conservative Consumer: "Not much! None of dese new-fangled drinks fer me."—Puck.

NOT A SURE THING.

A certain man, who was recently re-elected to a position that he had held for many years, met a friend who congratulated him on his continued good fortune. To this the other replied:

"Yes, but it can't always last. I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for forty years, and when discharged at last on account of old age remarked, 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

NO DANGER.

Although Mr. Hobbs was taken at his face value by his son and heir, there were times when the youthful William's admiring tributes embarrassed his parent in the family group.

"I had quite an encounter as I came home to-night," the valorous Mr. Hobbs announced at the tea-table. "Two men, slightly intoxicated, were having a quarrel on the corner. As usual, there was no policeman in sight, and they were in a fair way to knock each other's brains out when I stepped between them and separated them."

"Weren't you afraid, father?" asked Mrs. Hobbs, in a quavering voice.

"No, indeed, why should I be?" inquired Mr. Hobbs, inflating his chest.

"I guess there isn't anybody could knock any brains out of my father!" said William proudly.—Youth's Companion.

CLOSE SEASON FOR CHAUFFEURS

Senator Thomas J. Allison, a member of the Missouri Legislature, is an acknowledged wag in that more or less dignified body. He was approached the other day by an enthusiastic motorist, who asked if he was not in favour of some legislation for the benefit of those who own automobiles. "I am," replied the Senator. "I am in favour of a bill placing the owners of automobiles under the protection of the State game laws and providing that it shall be unlawful during certain months of the year for farmers to shoot chauffeurs and occupants of automobiles."

MODERN DESPAIR.

He used to fancy she would see him next
With blossoms heaped upon his quiet
head;
That she would kneel repentant at his side,
And mourn her scorn too late when he
was dead.
He did not die; but when they met next
year
His woes and wrongs again burst into
flame;
He longed to score her now with stinging
words.
But he, alas, could not recall her name!
—A. R. A.



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Something for the "June Bride" to lean upon when cooks fail and servants fail—ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. Delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits.

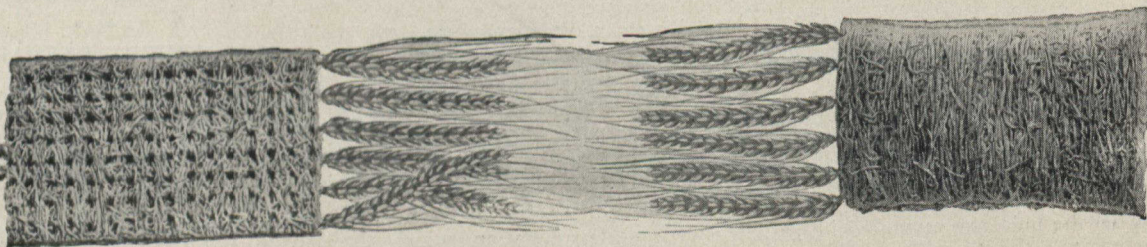
You don't know all the "Joys of June" if you don't know "Shredded Wheat and Strawberries." Crush in the top of Biscuit with bowl of teaspoon; fill the cavity with strawberries or other fruits in their own juices and serve with cream and sugar.

Contains more nutriment than corn or oats and is more easily digested.

TRISCUIT is the same as the Biscuit, except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a toast in place of white-flour bread. Both the Biscuit and the Triscuit should be heated in oven to restore crispness and flavor. All Grocers sell them.

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Our Village Vegetable Garden

BY W. H. ROBERTSON

"COME out and see the garden" was the glad invitation my wife and little daughter Isabel were wont to extend to our most congenial visitors of last summer. For we had a garden—a vegetable garden—of which any one might be justifiably proud. It possessed a luxuriance of refreshing fruitfulness and a variety of production that excited the admiring comment of all our neighbours, and of many passers-by. This self-satisfying perfection had not been accomplished by previous seasons of careful soil improvement or other agricultural evolution, but was our first attempt at vegetable gardening since taking up housekeeping, and was evidently the first one of any importance in the allotment where we called it into existence.

Before coming to East Toronto to reside I had been for two years in the beautiful district of the Bay of Quinte, which I had traversed from Kingston to Brighton digging up data relating to early United Empire Loyalist history and the folklore of the pioneers who were the Pilgrim Fathers of Upper Canada. The roving nature of this particular commission had precluded the possibility of having a vegetable garden as a part of our domestic economy, but when we came to the city we elected to make Danforth Avenue our abiding place and chose a modest villa having a fairly generous portion of land—perhaps the tenth of an acre—as a part of the property and it was there we made our vegetable garden.

April was ushered in with tearful skies and fitful sunshine, but as the month fairly opened the many voices of Spring called out that the season for sowing and germination was at hand.

The windows of the grocers' shops, which had so long reminded us of winter's wants, now prominently displayed attractively lithographed packets, each with a life-like picture of the perfect vegetable or flower, to represent what the seed within was capable of bringing forth if only returned to its Mother Earth.

The ascending smoke on all hands indicated that my neighbours were busily engaged in burning all the miscellaneous litter that mysteriously finds a resting place on the lot area between December and March.

I followed their example by raking our large backyard fore and aft and committing the collection to the fate of the tares in the Scriptural parable. I then dug the whole available land space over, and having originally been brought up on a farm and remembering how my father used to enjoin us to "plough deep," I adopted the same principle with the spade and turned up subsoil to the surface that had all the appearance of a stranger greeting the sun and sky for the first time.

To obtain results that would not be disappointing, I realised from the subconsciousness of early rural experience that a reasonable condition of richness must be contained in the land, and the simplest way to impart it, if absent, was to incorporate with the cultivated soil a liberal quantity of good manure, as an incentive and assistant to the regular routine that Nature follows as a law.

Manure, suitable for garden use, can be obtained in any village such as ours, for 75 cents a delivered load, but we gathered in baskets all we required from an old orchard commons near-by—a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground—which was the haunt of any man's cows from early morning till dewy eve.

I generally made one garden bed and planted it before commencing another; raking and pulverizing it to the fineness of sand and eliminating all the clods, by either breaking them with a long-handled mallet for the purpose, or throwing them over the fence into an adjoining vacant lot said to be owned by an Italian who had gone on a protracted visit to his native sunny country.

Into each bed I mixed manure down to about four inches from the surface and then sowed straight away, covering the seeds according to the directions, always given on the outside of a packet.

Peas, cucumbers, wax beans, lettuce,

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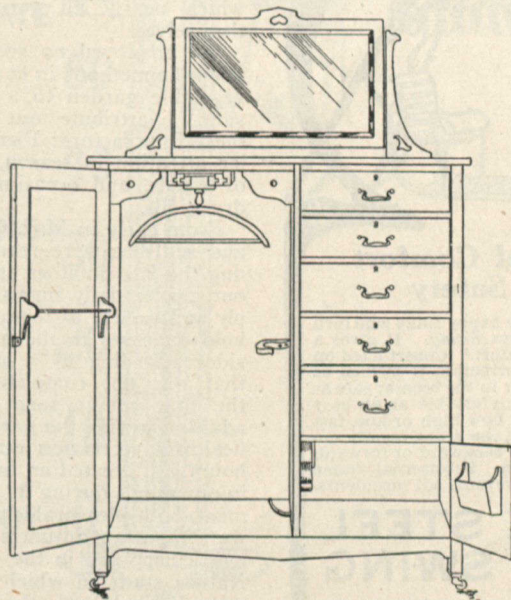
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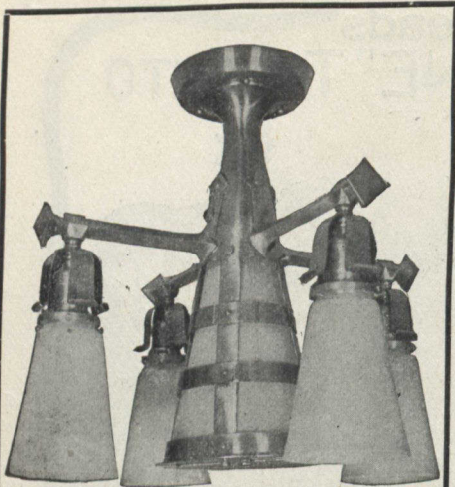
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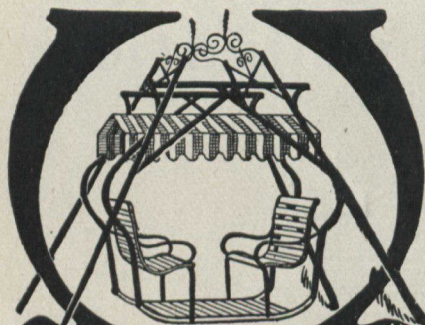
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BOYS

in every city, town and village in Canada can make good money selling the **CANADIAN COURIER**. Write at once to the Circulation Manager, 81 Victoria St., Toronto.

eschalots, radishes and sweet corn we sowed first, and afterwards duplicated them, the second crop of each coming in as the first was going out. This system gave a continuous supply until far into the summer and beyond their usual season. Onions, parsnips, turnips, and beets we planted in drills, thinning them out when they commenced to crowd each other, and in the meantime using the tops of the two latter for greens as with spinach, which succulent garden plant they quite equal in tenderness and piquancy of flavour.

From a florist we bought two dozen each of tomato and cabbage plants, for a quarter, all of which we transplanted here and there throughout the garden, wherever we could find a spare space available. The lower half we devoted to potatoes—early and late varieties—dibbed in with a hoe in the old way, and hilled up once or twice during the season. Along the fence in the same end as the potatoes we sowed some English vegetable marrow seed, which came up and stretched away in vines until they had run clear across the garden, and although they had to be guided and trained in their devious progress, to prevent other plants being strangled, they well repaid all trouble by providing one or two marrows daily, from the time the first one was ready in June until the snow was flying late in November.

We had also some little beds in which thyme, mint, sage, and garlic had been planted, all of which flourished and contributed the seasoning materials when the various products of the garden, in the fulness of time, reached that stage of ripeness or maturity favorable to their translation to catsup, chutney, pickles, sauces, and the manifold uses and preserved conditions to which nearly all garden vegetables lend themselves.

We employed no secret nor particularly scientific methods in carrying out our initial vegetable garden to a satisfactory conclusion. I attribute our success largely to these four factors: Plenty of manure, regular attention in season, prompt destruction of weeds, and occasional watering during dry spells.

From early in May, when the first lettuce and radishes were ready for use, until we dug the late potatoes at the end of autumn, our garden daily furnished a plenteous supply and variety of food, that reduced household expenses to the merest minimum, besides affording us a store for winter use, that was not completely exhausted when the first robins sang in the Spring. In addition to this the garden was a source of healthful recreation during all our leisure hours and created an interest and solicitude in our minds during its progress of development, both pleasurable and wholesome, that were important adjuncts to our general domestic happiness in the home. The valuable Nature study in which little Isabel unconsciously indulged through her continual association with the garden, made her quite an authority on this particular section of plant life, and to each of us, the exercise, open air and frequent communion with Nature and the parent earth, brought such good health and keen zest for life that we are resolved, if possible, to never in the future forego our annual vegetable garden.

THE VAULTS OF A GREAT BANK.

Many secrets are hidden away in the vaults of the Bank of England. In the annual account of the receipts and expenditures of the Paymaster-General on behalf of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which deals with securities worth millions, is a curious list of remnants of bygone legal contests. In all, the list comprises 186 items, boxes, bags, sealed packets, etc., which are still in safekeeping at the bank. There are heirlooms, articles of jewelry, some presentation plate, and "a bag of clipped money," the sealed parcels having various endorsements. The Chancery Division is well represented here, but although a search has not revealed any remains of the famous cause, *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*, at least two of the relics date back to the eighteenth century.

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See that the name **MAJESTIC**

is on every tin of Metal Polish you buy.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR **MAJESTIC POLISH**

(Continued from Pages 18 and 19)

begin to draw like horse races. To put it all in a nutshell, you travel Canada from Montreal to Vancouver and bump into race horses and horse races at almost every cross roads.

How general is the interest in the sport was manifested when the Supreme Court handed out a decision that was thought at first would abolish betting on race tracks. It is generally admitted, in fact it has often been proved, that racing cannot exist without betting and a judgment that promised to abolish the sport was received with something akin to consternation. But closer scrutiny proved that "all was well." As a well-known legal authority puts it, the victory for the moralists was a gold brick. There will be a slight change in the system of working, but he who will and who has the price may go to the races with every assurance that he will have ample opportunity to lose his money as a "bit of a sport" should.

New Church in St. Thomas

The city of St. Thomas is noted for its liberality and public spirit. The new Church of Christ recently opened in that town was built with comparatively little solicitation from individual members. Between ten and eleven thousand dollars was raised at two services without any sensational methods of urging subscriptions. The editor of the St. Thomas "Times" is wisely discriminating when he says: "The fact that members of other churches and people connected with no particular church cheer-



New Church of Christ, St. Thomas.

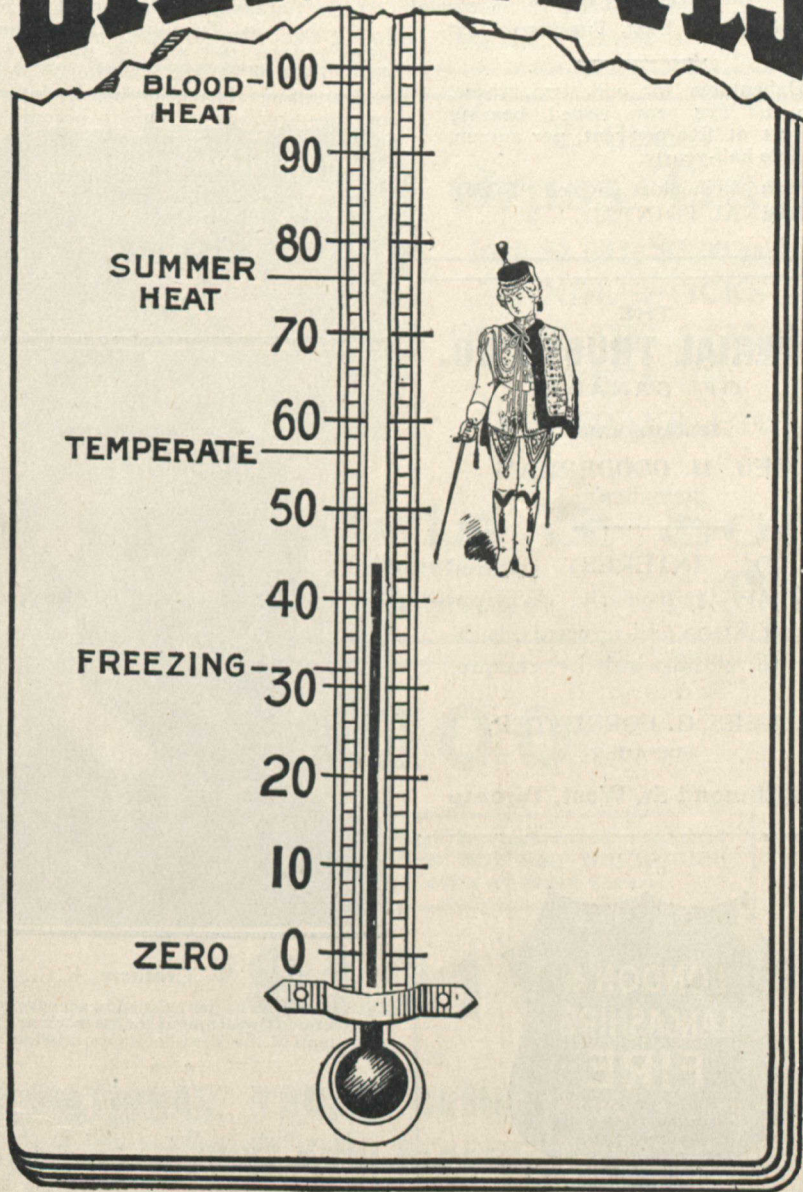
fully subscribed to help pay for the new edifice on Railway street, betokens the broadest spirit of religious tolerance and evidences a realisation of the fact that such a building and such an organisation are valuable assets of the city." The county town of Elgin has always appreciated the benefits of religious and educational institutions and its latest church edifice is a credit to the community.

Coal and the Plough

(Montreal Star.)

Now we are told that the western coal strike will keep the steam ploughs from breaking as much ground in the West as they otherwise would. Whether this is an unmixed evil or not can hardly be said when it is not certain that the railways will be able to handle a full crop. Thus from more than one side comes the threat that the growth of the West will be hampered by conditions for which our own people are to blame. The rush of immigrants and the willingness of the grain-growers are greater than the equipment which we have provided for giving them free scope. This is a point at which the Government should intervene with authority. No other national question can approach it in importance. We should see that the farmers get all the fuel that is needed to carry on their necessary operations and that the railways are ready to carry on time all freight that may be offered. This is our national "bargain day," and we must not permit the rush attracted by our advertising to cripple our facilities for satisfying them.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



The weather for the past week has been fairly mild. The average temperature was 44, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

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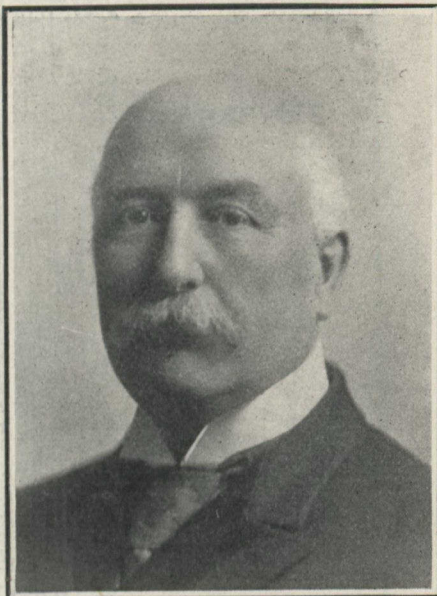
Peculiarities

THE outlook for mothers in London, Ont., is bad. After this, the truant officer will disregard the fathers of children who are absent from school and summon the mothers to the police court. He says the fathers don't know anything about the family affairs.

The famous London election case has been postponed because Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, the lawyer for the defence, is over-worked. This recalls a story told by a Toronto lawyer who claims that he got the venue of a case changed from Kingston to Toronto, because the hotels in Kingston were poor and he could not get a good steak there.

A St. Catharines boy wanted to become a newsboy in Toronto. He donned his father's dress suit and his mother's overshoes, climbed on the cowcatcher and rode to Hamilton. That boy has ambition and courage—enough to become a real politician or a corporation chief.

Professor Goldwin Smith says there is little union among the Canadian provinces. Just wait until the national weekly begins to knit them together—then it will be different.



Mr. T. W. Crothers, K.C., of St. Thomas, who has refused to accept pay from the Ontario Government for his work as Chairman of the Text-book Commission.

The Hon. G. W. Ross was no doubt entitled to get married, seeing that there was a lady willing to play a part in the ceremony; but think of a grand imperialist going to the United States for his honeymoon!

Those fifty English divinity students who went to Saskatchewan recently do not seem to have created much warmth. The spring is still backward in that province.

Down at the Jamestown Exhibition the British tars out-rowed the German, Austrian, Argentine and United States sailors. The old world still produces muscle that is quite the equal of that produced in the new.

"Popular Living Authors" is the title of a lecture recently delivered by Professor Pelham Edgar in London. It is understood that the Professor declined to include Hon. Charles Hyman, the absent hero of that city. However, he included the Hon. Adam Beck.

London, England, will soon be the leading Canadian city if the exodus keeps on. Three ministers of the Crown are already there and the Hon. Sydney Fisher, the

Clergymen need just such a tonic

as Abbey's Salt. It gently regulates stomach, liver and bowels—helps appetite and digestion—strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

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"Pilsener Lager"

So Light is it and So GOOD is it that it Stands By Itself.

No matter what the season—cold, sleety, cheerless, mild or warm, pleasant or otherwise—there is no getting away from the fact that



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both pure, wholesome and appetising, are the proper kind to have around.



They are
 BREWED RIGHT
 BOTTLED RIGHT
 AND ACT RIGHT

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

Hon. Mr. Fielding and the Governor-General are now on their way over. Premier McBride is there, Premier Rutherford is en route, and several other important provincial personages have started for that great centre.

* *

Hon. Mr. Lemieux is being abused roundly because he has refused to carry Canadian papers to United States subscribers for nothing. Several country editors on the same side of politics as Mr. Lemieux will now cut him off their free list. He will be forced to fall back on the London "Times" whose circulation in Canada he has made easy.

* *

In Woodstock, N.B., no one is allowed to sell intoxicating beer, and it costs \$100 for a license to sell non-intoxicating beer.

* *

Hamilton McCarthy, sculptor, is working St. John hard to get an order for the Champlain monument to be erected there. He is not the only artist, sculptor or literary man in Canada who is forced to work up his sales.

* *

Arthur Stringer, the novelist, and Arthur Brown, the artist, have returned to Canada after a trip through Central and South America. They have written a new song entitled "The More I Know of the South, the Better I Like the North."

* *

Mrs. Peterson, wife of the principal of McGill, has returned from England with the news that Sir Wilfrid has lost nothing but his voice. What about Sir Frederick? Has he lost anything?

* *

Lord Strathcona gave the Colonials a garden party at Knebworth Park the other day. Several years ago the writer attended one of these functions, and walked the dusty road between the station and the park on a hot day, clothed in a pair of new shoes, a frock coat, a silk hat and other accessories. About five hundred people had been expected, and about twelve hundred arrived. The "rigs" were scarce, the waiters drank all the champagne, and a good friend of ours from Toronto went to sleep in the reception room. But it was a glorious day!

* *

It is funny to hear that at a meeting of the Colonial Postage Reform Committee in London, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson moved a resolution thanking Mr. Buxton, the British Postmaster-General, for reducing the postage on periodicals sent to Canada. Did Mr. Buxton do this? Well, really; then why is Canada paying \$40,000 a year for what Mr. Buxton did so grandly? And is this the Mr. Pearson who sold Canada to the United States when he disposed of his rights in Pearson's Magazine and who today is legally bound not to sell a copy of the English edition here? Truly the Londoners are wonderful people!

* *

The Brockville "Times" protests against the "hopeless vulgarity" of the United States coloured supplement now being given away by leading Canadian dailies. Right, old chap; keep up the agitation and these Methodist publishers may get ashamed.


* *

Was the Colonial Conference a success or a failure? That is the question which will be discussed by all leading journalists and publicists for the next twelve months. There is plenty of room for argument because no one can define either "success" or "failure" and the words are capable of many interpretations.

MILITARY CAMPS.

The military camps for the year are to be held as follows: London, June 4th to 15th; Niagara, June 11th to 22nd; Kingston, June 17th to 28th; Petawawa, June 17th to 28th; Richmond, June 17th to 28th; Three Rivers, June 25th to July 6th; Levis, June 25th to July 6th; Sussex, June 25th to July 6th; Charlottetown, June 25th to July 6th; Aldershot, September 10th to 21st; Winnipeg, June 11th to 22nd; Calgary, June 24th to July 5th.

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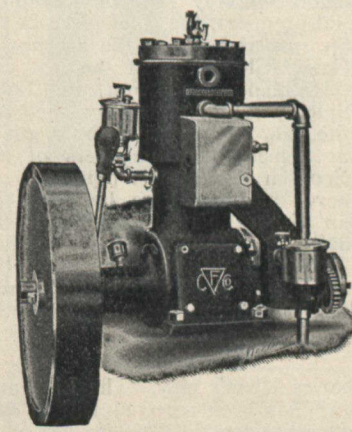
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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

PROBABLY the most successful Canadian actor on the stage to-day is Mr. James K. Hackett, who comes to the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in Mr. Sutro's modern society drama, "The Walls of Jericho." This play, like "His House in Order," concerns itself chiefly with the vagaries of what is commonly called good society and is supposed to contain much that is edifying. Mr. Sutro was comparatively obscure until this play caught the popular fancy, when he climbed to famous heights by "The Walls of Jericho." The Sutro drama was for some time the leading attraction in London where it was presented by Mr. Arthur Bouchier at the Garrick Theatre and enjoyed extensive patronage for over two years. Its American production, which was made by Mr. Hackett, was equally successful. In New York, where it was given at the Savoy Theatre, it met with a season of unusual public favour.

The third annual production of the Toronto Press Club will be made at the Princess Theatre during the second week of the races. "The Importance of Being in Earnest," a three-act comedy satire on certain types and conventions of English society, will form the major part of a double bill. As a curtain raiser, "Gringoire, the Ballad-Monger," a romantic one-act play of the period of Louis XI, will be given. At the head of the cast will be Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott and Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, under whose direction the production is made. Miss Berenice Parker will enact the leading feminine role and the support will include such well-known people as Mr. Gordon Muir and Mr. Egbert Durand. The dates are May 30th, 31st and June 1st. Tickets are on sale at all of the newspaper offices.

Judging from the local patronage of the last two years, these events will be largely attended. Mr. Pigott and Mr. Paterson have the professional experience and dramatic discrimination which are needful for the satisfactory production of the best modern drama. Mr. Goldwin Smith is Honorary President of the Press Club, Mr. A. E. S. Smythe, President, and Mr. Harry W. Anderson, Secretary.

Most Canadian readers know something of E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland) whose "Wouldbegoods" is one of childhood's most charming books. Mrs. Bland has lately written a play for children, called "The Magic Heart," which is not merely a delightful play in itself but the framework of some wonderful conjuring tricks. It is pleasing the little people of London and ought to come to the Colonies.

At the Scottish concert in the Queen's Hall, London, on May 11th, in honour of the colonial premiers, the chief place in the programme was assigned to the Stornoway Ladies' Gaelic Club, who at the last and previous Highland Mod won the Tullibardine Shield. The premiers, on their arrival at the hall, were received by a guard of honour composed of members of the London Scottish R. V. The pipers of the Scots Guards and the Pipe Band of the Caledonian School played them into the concert hall. Miss Ada Crossley, assisted by the London Scottish Choir and the Stornoway Choir, sang "Rule Britannia" after which the premiers delivered short addresses.

Mr. Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse," has been received with a fair degree of enthusiasm in Canada. As it is concerned with the strife between capital and labour, as carried on in the United States, the problem which it presents is quite intelligible to an audience in Toronto or Montreal.

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For the Children

A BUCKEYE TALE.

By Ivy Kellerman.

A lofty buckeye tree I know,
Where shiny buckeyes always grow.
And once beneath that buckeye green
A buck I spied of stately mien.

I softly neared the buckeye tree;
The handsome buck I fain would see.
The buck I watched, and from the ground
Picked up a buckeye big and round.

The buck I with the buckeye hit.
The buck I thought scarce noticed it.
But when I saw the buck eye me,
I knew the buck I'd better flee.

So circling round the buck I fled,
And up the buckeye quickly sped.
The buck I wish I hadn't struck.
The buckeye saved me from the buck.

* *

THE SIX O'CLOCK TRAIN.

The Six o'clock train comes through with bang!
And a roar and a hoot and a hiss and a clang!
Mother's a passenger, riding in state;
The front chair's for father, he never is late.
He comes running in, for the train makes a dash!
We stop—he jumps in—then we're off like a flash!
No matter how much it may snow, blow or rain,
Father's always in time for the Six o'clock train.

—Lucy Foster.

* *

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

One morning, the four little Dollivers went
To the grand entertainment and show
That opened the season at "Festival Park"—

For weeks they'd been longing to go!
They rolled in the "Coaster," they threaded the "Maze,"

They skipped down the "Slip" with a bound,
But nothing was there that could even compare
With the wonderful Merry-Go-Round!

Oh, the handsome and very
Entrancing and merry,
The Merry-Go-Round's a delight!
How the Dollivers cheered
As the horses appeared,
It was such a magnificent sight!

They watched the great "Flood" and the "Biograph," too;

The firemen "Fighting the Flames,"
Then rode on the "Musical Railway," besides,

And played many intricate games.
They easily won with the "Japanese Balls,"
And tried every "Target" they found,
But nothing the four little Dollivers saw
Quite equalled the Merry-Go-Round!

Oh, the charming and very
Attractive and merry,
The Merry-Go-Round is the best!
And the Dollivers cried,
"Mother dear, let us ride,
Let us all ride away with the rest."

Evangeline Gertrude, Belinda Lucille,
With John and Elizabeth Lou,
Each mounted a pony adorned with rosettes—

Green, orange, magenta and blue.
With wavings, hurrahs, and a flourish of whips.

They glided away to the sound
Of a beautiful band. Oh, the music was grand

That was played at the Merry-Go-Round!

Oh, the jolly and very
Delightful and merry,
The Merry-Go-Round is the thing!
All the Dollivers stayed,
(And bought pink lemonade)
Till they rode every horse in the ring.
—Cornelia Walter McCleary.



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Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

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

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Literary Notes

DR. J. D. LOGAN, formerly professor of English and philosophy in the State University of South Dakota, has published "The Religious Function of Comedy," an essay based on a lecture delivered before the Philosophical Society of the University of Toronto, 1907. The subtitle informs the reader that the subject is regarded as a phase of the problem of evil, treated from the point of view of Aristotle's "Poetics" and "Metaphysics," and of spiritual monism. It is not too often in these days that a calmly philosophic treatise is written on a subject associated with drama. The Aristotelian idea concerning the effect of "purification" accomplished by tragedy is comparatively familiar to students of dramatic art. But Dr. Logan impresses upon his readers a more suggestive doctrine, that "genuine comedy clarifies and frees the religious imagination." Dr. Logan also emphasises Aristotle's distinction between the manner and structure of the art which is only a caricature of particularities and that which envisages the universal. The following criticism is worthy of remembrance: "The philosophical comedy of Menander, the romantic comedy of Shakespeare, the social comedy of Moliere, if they use the typical foibles or failings of mankind, yet represent these things with all the beauty of plot, characterisation and dramatic movement conspicuous in the best tragedies." This treatise is written in an original and scholarly style and the writer clearly proves his contention. The conclusion of the whole matter is especially felicitous: "Whether or not, as has been suggested, we have a right to regard the vision of the rich incongruous Show as proof of the existence of a beneficent Showman behind it all, at any rate, despite misfortune, defeat and death, we may always have the delight of pure laughter—if we apprehend reality with the religious imagination, the faculty of the genuine Comic Spirit." (Toronto: William Briggs.)

* *

"Carmichael," by Anison North, is described as "a realistic picture of Canadian rural life—the story of a family feud and its outcome." The advertisement on the cover does not always tell the truth, but this is one of the candid cases. The William Wedd Company of London, Ontario, publishes the volume which is a highly creditable product of book-making craft. The cool, woodland-brown cover with its forest design, the clear type, the vivid illustrations and decorations by Cora Parker are all an effective setting for an interesting story, told in easy, colloquial fashion. Canadian girls ought to enjoy this tale of "Peggy." It may serve as an antidote for those ghastly, slushy productions, known as the "Elsie" series, which are deteriorating the mental fabric of too many Canadian young persons.

* *

The late "Ian Maclaren's" limitations in dealing with Celtic character have been picturesquely defined by the editor of the Toronto "Globe," who knows and feels whereof he speaks. After comparing Maclaren with Neil Munro, the writer concludes: "The sketches in 'The Lost Pibroch' would be voted dull and lifeless by Ian Maclaren's applauding audience, for it is not given to Lowlanders or Englishmen or Americans to tell or to appreciate the silent love, the uncalculating devotion and passionate regret that burn unquenched and unspoken in the life of the brooding Highland Celt."

* *

The Toronto "Globe" offers for the best poem on a Canadian historical incident either before or after the conquest, one hundred dollars, the poem not to exceed one hundred lines, to be capable of illustration, and the winning verses to be published in the Christmas "Globe." The competition closes on June first. Unhappy judges! It is to be hoped that June will not be a warm month.

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