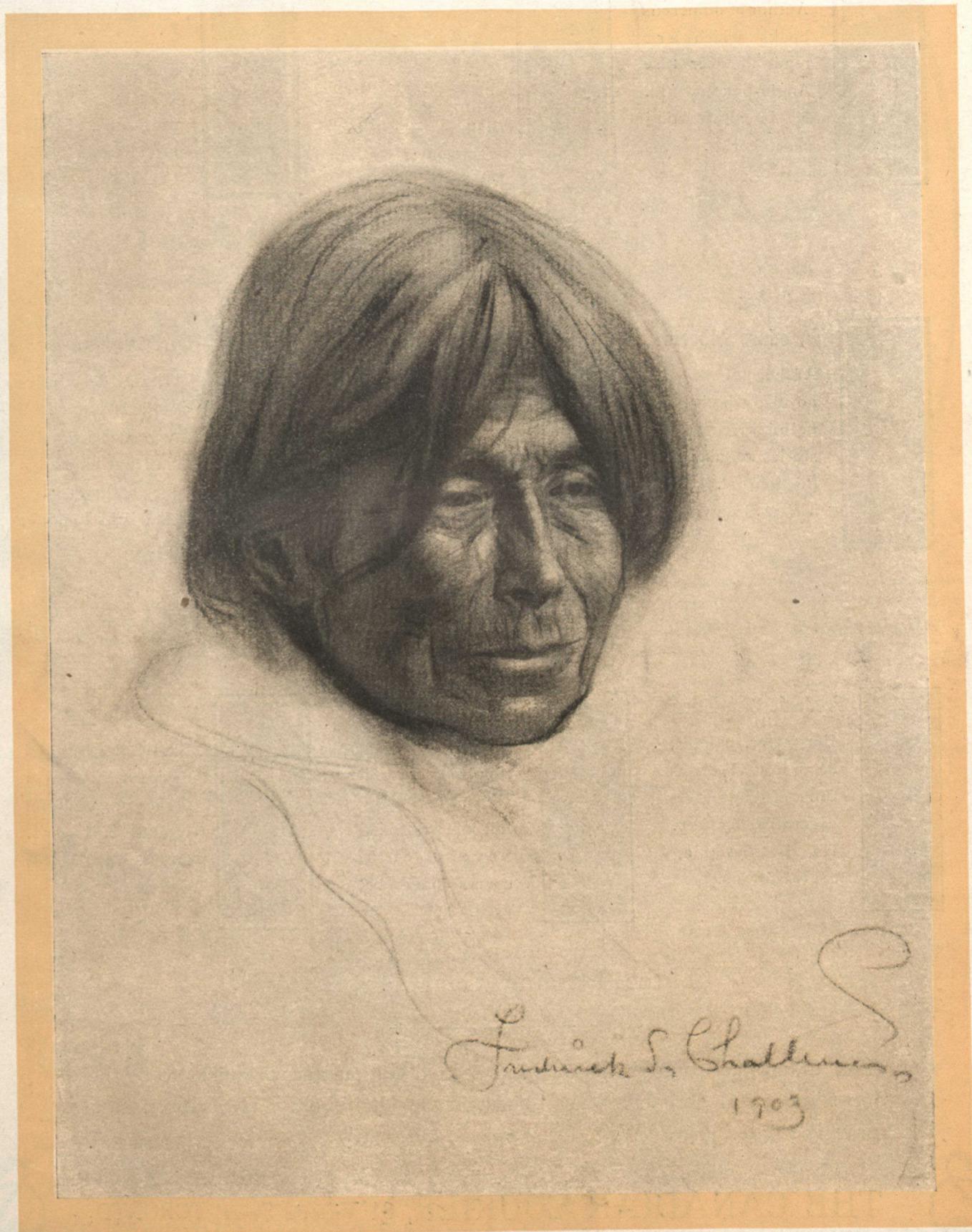


The Canadian Courier



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

Nine Artists and Writers

Some of the men who are helping
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W. A. Fraser

Author of numerous books which are read all over the Anglo-Saxon world. He is contributing short stories. Lives in Georgetown, Ont.



Albert R. Carman

Editorial writer on the Montreal Star, who contributes occasionally in an editorial way, and will shortly have some other work in these pages.



John A. Cooper

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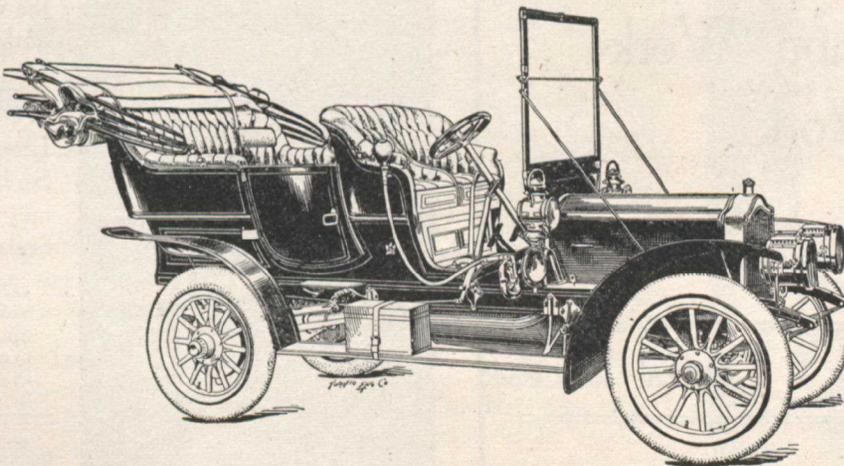
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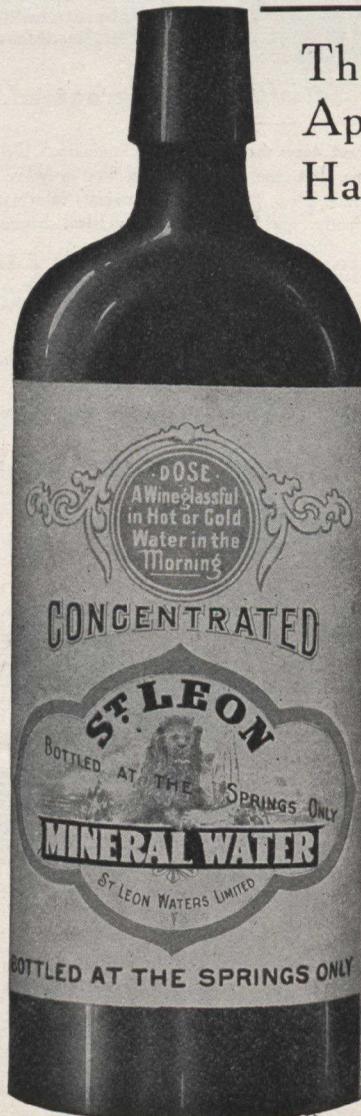
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Editor's Talk

THIS week's issue is well worth preserving because it contains a coloured picture which is an artistic triumph in reproduction. It indicates how far the photographer and engraver have gone in their ability to reproduce an oil painting.

Next week there will be a general collection of striking news photographs from various points in Canada, covering a number of interesting topics and occurrences. The cover design is a Cobalt scene by C. W. Jefferys, a leading Canadian illustrator whose work ranks very high. It represents two mining prospectors at work, making their first attack upon mineralised rock. This will be printed in a pleasing combination of colours. The short stories and articles will be found in keeping with cover and other art features.

We are pleased to report that the subscription list continues to expand in a marvellous way. For the week ending June 1st, one canvasser sent in a list of 75 new subscribers and another a list of 63. The public has been decidedly generous in its treatment and has enabled us to accomplish in six months as much progress as other periodicals made in as many years. Of course, the last five years has transformed Canada. This is her day of prosperity and optimism.

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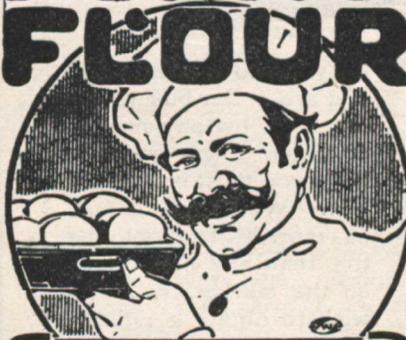
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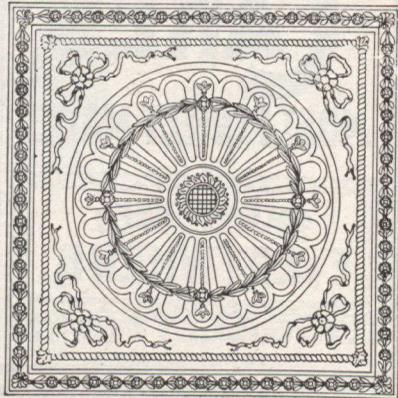
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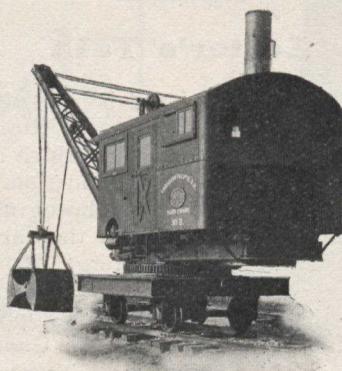
"Sal va dor"

Does not need to be introduced. It is well known.

From the time it was ORIGINALLY put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercise in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into its makeup, namely, the CHOICEST BARLEY, the CHOICEST HOPS, and FILTERED WATER—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the ONLY Brewmaster in Canada who came from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany, Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, June 8th, 1907

No. 2

Topics of the Day

It seems only yesterday that Hon. Mr. Tweedie resigned his position as premier of New Brunswick to become Lieutenant-Governor. He was succeeded in the premiership by the Hon. William Pugsley on March 6th and it seemed as if there might be many years of uninterrupted Pugsley rule. Mr. Pugsley is a political veteran, knows his province well and is well known by all classes of the people. The political turn-table has since taken another whirl, and now New Brunswick has a new premier.

When Mr. Tweedie was premier, the speaker of the Legislature was Mr. Clifford W. Robinson, a lawyer from Moncton and the representative of Westmoreland. In Mr. Pugsley's cabinet, he became minister without portfolio, resigning his position as speaker. Six weeks later, the Royal Gazette announced that he had been made provincial secretary and clerk of the Crown in chancery. On the last day of May, upon the resignation of Mr. Pugsley, he was called upon to form a new government. This he succeeded in doing. Mr. Labilloy retains the portfolio of public works, Mr. Francis J. Sweeny remains surveyor-general, Mr. W. P. Jones is still solicitor-general and Mr. L. Farris, commissioner of agriculture.

The new premier, though a comparatively young man, has had considerable political experience, and will face the coming provincial election with a fair record. The result of that election is not likely to cause him much anxiety in advance, as he will have in his favour the sympathy of the Dominion Government and the influence of such prominent politicians as Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Emmerson.

Canadian clubs are still increasing in number. The latest addition to the ranks is that of Lethbridge, Alta., which starts out with forty members and a determination to hold fortnightly meetings. Senator De Veber is president and Mr. A. Ripley secretary.

Canada hears dim rumours that if Prince Edward Island does not receive better treatment, it may secede. British Columbia is dissatisfied with the treatment it is receiving but has not descended to threats of secession. The province of Ontario, however, has a genuine secession movement on its hands. The part of the province lying to the north and west of Lake Superior would like to erect itself into a new province. The movement is partly economic and partly political, but is decidedly impractical. This newer part of Ontario has been opened up at the expense of the older part and it could not with justice, be allowed to separate just as it is beginning to have a revenue equal to its expenditure. Moreover, from the national point of view, there are too many small provinces now. The ideal development would be to enlarge Manitoba by adding to the postage-stamp province some more territory and to combine the three maritime provinces into one. Canada would then consist of seven large provinces each capable of conducting its affairs on a broad and economical basis. Small provinces imply petty politics and economic waste.

Mr. S. A. McGaw, president and general manager of

the Western Canada Flour Mills Company, who spent last month looking through the west, declares his belief that the acreage of wheat in the western provinces will show no decrease this year. The acreage of coarse grains will show a decided increase.

He predicts a steady rise in the value of wheat, however, basing this on world conditions. He thinks Europe will demand more of America this year, and as the United States will have less to sell, Canada will get the benefit of the increased demand. As Mr. McGaw is a buyer of wheat, not a seller, his prediction as to the higher prices likely to obtain in the autumn must be taken seriously.

Added to this testimony, Premier Roblin says: "I am willing to go on record as saying that wheat was never seeded in Western Canada under more favourable conditions."

It looks as if the pessimists of the East must retire before the whirlwind optimism of the West. Those who have been predicting a smaller wheat crop this year will now be silenced until further developments.

* * *

Mr. Percy Hurd, one of the British journalists now visiting in Germany, cables the Montreal Star that Germany is looking forward to better trade relations between that country and Canada. He found Prince Von Buelow, the German chancellor, quite interested in hearing of Canada's progress and pleased to know that the Germans in Canada were making such satisfactory progress.

Mr. Hurd reports that Herr Von Mendelsohn, the banker, stated amidst cheers at a civic banquet that it would be desirable if trade relations between the two countries were again to become normal and friendly.

It is probable that Mr. Fielding, before he returns from Europe, will enter into some negotiations looking to a resumption of this trade. Canada has always been willing to resume it, but heretofore Germany has been quite haughty.

* * *

Toronto has a new theatre just about completed and expects one or two more in the near future.

Montreal is to have three new play-houses next season. These cities are growing in population and the citizens of both are apparently quite prosperous; hence the growth in the number of amusement houses.

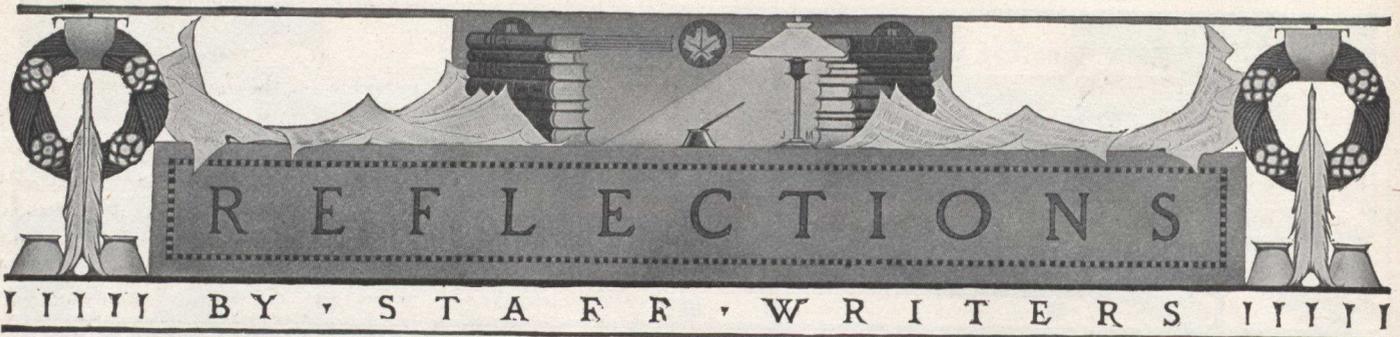
In addition, Toronto has just had a new amusement park added to her list of attractions. It is constructed and will be run on the lines of the Dominion Park, Montreal.

* * *

The Hamilton Jockey Club is holding its annual spring meet this week with considerable success. Several hundred horses in attendance at Toronto have gone there. On Tuesday the Montreal Jockey Club opened its new course, "Blue Bonnets," with an excellent patronage. This new track is said to excel even the Woodbine at Toronto, which has heretofore held the palm among Canadian race-courses. Steeplechasing will be a leading feature, the course containing thirteen jumps in two miles. Kelvin, the winner of the King's Plate at Toronto is to run against some of the best province-breds that Quebec can produce. Few King's Platers, however, have won brilliant victories after the great event.



Hon. C. W. Robinson,
The new Premier of New Brunswick.



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON has been in the background for some time. He retired from the Laurier government for reasons best known to himself and his friends. Presumably he resigned because he did

**MR. SIFTON
TO THE FORE**

not fully approve of the Government's action in forcing separate schools upon the West through the medium of the autonomy bills creating the two new provinces. It has been hinted that there were other reasons, but no person ever had the courage to name them.

It is but reasonable, under these circumstances, that Mr. Sifton should re-enter public life. He is a strong-minded, well-equipped publicist, courageous in his desire to accomplish things, resourceful and relentless in pursuing his aims, and apparently possessed of ambition without limit. Such a man may be turned aside for a space by misfortune, but that misfortune must be great if it is to permanently drive him from the field in which he won so much renown. In Mr. Sifton's case, the misfortune did not include poverty among its elements, and a rich man may overcome what will submerge a poor man.

Mr. Sifton has returned. He does not come back into view with any paltry excuse or miniature shield. He returns under cover of the aegis of Canada's Grand Old Man, Lord Strathcona. Nor does he come back as a politician; that would be too poor a card for a man of his stature to play. He comes back an Imperial statesman, an emulator of Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is not the Canadian West of which he talks; it is not even of Canada, the brightest gem in the British crown. Those were too small for a man who has a gulf to bridge. He comes back to us as a treat Imperialist who would help carry the red line around the globe. He would be an Alexander the Great, a Charlemagne, a builder of a vaster Empire than has been.

It is a good play. Perhaps nothing more artistic, more skillful, more masterly or more brilliant was ever seen in this country. Mr. Sifton a few days ago was in retreat, his leadership lost, his prestige broken. To-day, Mr. Sifton is back directing the public's attention to the greatest idea of the age. He is Napoleonic in his method, for he has turned Defeat into Victory.

By the way, he was once called "the little Napoleon of the West." Let the phrase be changed. Banish the "little," banish the "West." Hail to the Canadian Napoleon!

WHEN you want a fine phrase couch it in simple words and plain language. "The All-Red Line!" Note the simplicity of it, the comprehensiveness, and the simplicity of its comprehensiveness. To get a true idea

**THE ALL
RED LINE**

of it, take the little globe in your library and trace around the world a broad red British line. Start it at the small spot known as Great Britain, which for the purposes of this act may be called the centre of the earth. Proceed across the Atlantic by way of the Gulf Stream to Halifax or St. John or Quebec—it matters not. Strict accuracy is not required. From Quebec to Montreal, to Ottawa, to Winnipeg, to Vancouver, to Victoria if you will. Then a long gentle curve will carry

you over a large portion of the globe to Australia and New Zealand. Be impartial as to this part, because these two countries believe in impartiality. Retracing your steps to Vancouver, draw another red band straight around the globe to Yokohama and then to Hong Kong. To complete the circle around your globe, draw the line promiscuously across India, via Suez and Gibraltar back to the Centre of the Earth. There you have the all-red line.

Light your pipe and turn the globe slowly on its metal axis. Remember that you are a Britisher and that globes are made to be turned. These two points are vital. It will slowly dawn upon you that your all-red line is a magnificent creation, that you have there a conception which endows you with a greatness which vastly overshadows that of Copernicus and Columbus. Think of this line crowded with British ships with the blue ensign at the stern, and with Canadian locomotives hissing defiance to the world. Think of the other peoples of the earth on their knees asking you to carry their mails and their merchandise and pleading for the privilege of riding over this great highway from point to point. Conjure up visions of all the great men of the earth, jostling each other for the privilege of seeing the whole world by this route. The Czar of Russia, Emperor William, the Shah of Persia, the Prince of Montenegro, the President of the Royal Society, the Lord Mayor of London, Mgr. Merry del Val, the new Prince of the Asturias — all except the President of the United States, for he, poor man, is not allowed to travel outside the boundaries of his native land.

Perchance you may think of the amount of red paint that would be required to trace a real all-red line around a real globe. Go ahead and figure it out. Then compute the wealth of Great Britain, of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of New Zealand, of India, and of the Isles of the Sea. Think how much paint that wealth would buy, and the problem is solved.

Majestic! Dazzling! Wonderful!

THE transportation companies ordained that much western wheat should remain in the farmer's hands and in the elevators over winter. Providence, through the medium of the weather, rendered assistance to the

**GOLDEN
WHEAT**

same purpose. If there had been a mild winter more of the wheat would have come out. Just when the spring weather was making it possible to sell the wheat, when the elevators were unlocking their doors, and the grain vessels were heading up the Lakes for cargoes, the price of wheat began to soar. A month ago, No. 1 northern was bringing 55 cents a bushel in Regina; to-day it is worth 73 cents. Truly, even last year's wheat is golden.

It is said that a conservative estimate of the amount of wheat in store in the west amounted at the opening of navigation to twenty-five million bushels. At an advance of twenty-five cents a bushel, this would now be worth six million dollars more than it was a month ago. Most of this profit will go to the grain-dealers and the farmers of the west—a salve for the wounds caused by a discouraging winter.

On the top of this piece of good fortune comes the

bright weather and just in the nick of time for quick seeding and a rapid growth. The prospects for the harvest of 1907 are very fair; the yield may be nearly as good as last year. With price twenty to twenty-five cents higher, there is every reason why the western boom should continue. And if that continues, Canada's general prosperity must continue. The economic condition of the East is irrevocably tied up with that of the West and what spells prosperity for the one is honey and molasses for the other.

WHEN a government calls for tenders on certain specifications, and afterwards changes the specifications, should fresh tenders be called for? This is a question which is now being discussed in certain quarters in the province of Ontario. The

QUESTIONABLE ETHICS

Education Department called for tenders for printing the Ontario Readers for a year and a half. Certain specifications were handed to those who proposed to tender and bids were put in on that basis. After the bids were received, the department changed the regulations and made an arrangement for the supply of readers with the Canada Publishing Co., one of the three firms which have had the contract for twenty years.

Was this fair to the other tenderers? Is this the practice followed by all governments? If it should become general, what would be the effect on the system of public tenders? These are the questions which people are asking.

Suppose, for example, in letting a contract for the construction of a section of the National Transcontinental Railway, the Dominion Government were to amend the specifications materially after all bids were in, and then make a contract with some political favourite without calling for fresh tenders, what would the public think? Would they not feel that there was something decidedly unfair in such a proceeding? Would they not be suspicious, and justifiably suspicious, that the Ottawa authorities had some ulterior motive? Would it not on its face look as if there had been a "deal" of some kind?

In this case, the price at which the contract was ultimately given was very low, and means an annual saving to the province of about \$25,000. There is therefore less appearance of anything underhanded. Nevertheless it seems as if the department had adopted an unsafe and intolerable method and left themselves open to serious criticism.

AT Fredericton last week, the first stage of Mr. Emmerson's action against the alleged libel in the "Gleaner" was passed and the defendant was committed for trial. According to Mr. Emmerson's story,

WINE AND WOMEN

he was the victim of circumstances. Two ladies invited themselves for a trip on his private car when he was returning from New Brunswick to Montreal. Further, because he happened to be staying at the same hotel in Montreal these ladies invaded his room after midnight. They became provoked at a porter who objected to their actions and their noise, and all three left the hotel about two o'clock in the morning.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier should issue an order that women who disturb the even tenor of the way of his colleagues should be summarily punished. It is not meet that gentlemen of high rank should be troubled in this way and suffer loss of reputation and position in consequence. Cabinet ministers must travel and they must occasionally stop over night in hotels. If they are to be subject to such foolish and embarrassing attentions, they will be inclined to stay at home and let public business go hang.

One cannot but regret the action of the "Gleaner" in attempting to throw blame upon the minister. It had

been better employed in pointing out the dangers to which politicians and other public figures are subject, and in asking the public, especially the female public, to refrain from impeding the business of the State in this manner. It is the first duty of every journalist to safeguard the higher interests of the nation and, had Mr. Crockett kept this diligently before him, he might have rendered a service to his country and avoided a waste of mental force and hard-earned dollars in a miserable libel suit. It is to be hoped that other Canadian journalists will profit by the lesson and steadily eschew trying to create unnecessary scandals when they should be devoting their energies to matters of national moment.

DOWN in the province of Quebec there is much religious unanimity because the great majority are Roman Catholics. The others are Protestants of various complexions. Because these are a minority, the Protestant churches in many places are

CHURCH UNION IN QUEBEC

small and "struggling." In some towns there are two or three miniature Protestant congregations, facing fearful odds to keep their preachers fed and clothed.

Under these circumstances, the Methodists and Presbyterians occasionally find it convenient to unite. At the meeting of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist churches at Gananoque last week, the stationing committee recommended that the congregations in Megantic be united under the Presbyterian rule and those in East Angus be united under Methodist rule. This recommendation was adopted.

Why should not these two churches draw up a general agreement providing for such union in all places in Canada where small congregations think it advisable? It would be a first step in church union and it would enable many self-sacrificing ministers to secure larger congregations and more adequate salaries. It would not be forced union, but would only occur where both congregations felt that something would be gained.

THE Jules Verne stories that seemed wonderful in our childhood days are one by one coming true.

Aerial navigation is as yet a luxury, since few can afford a balloon or an aeroplane. The average man is some-

what nervous about flying machines and their management, having in mind, perhaps, the fable of

Icarus and the later prosaic tale of Darius Greene and his ill-fated invention. But the balloon is surely making its way, not only among the clouds, but in the less nebulous region known as fashionable circles. Even such an

accident as befell Captain Ulivelli in Italy, last Sunday, when the war balloon of which he was in charge was struck by lightning and exploded, cannot daunt those who prefer pleasures flavoured by peril. But the flying-machine is another matter, which presents greater commercial possibilities than the mere balloon. The latest announcement on the subject comes from Professor Alexander Graham Bell, who, on his way to his summer home at Cape Breton, informs a Halifax reporter that the flying-machine problem has been solved. Professor Bell hopes to show this summer that his variety of the invention, on the tetrahedral kite plan, will fly under certain atmospheric conditions, with power supplied from a gasoline motor. The motor has already been forwarded to Cape Breton and the farthest East of Canada will doubtless see some interesting experiments during July and August. It remains for a patriotic explorer to form a competition with Mr. Walter Wellman and set out for the Arctic regions, with a Canadian aeroplane as final equipment. The native aeronaut who would add the North Pole to Canadian trophies would receive more than an athlete's reception. The Toronto "Globe" might even succeed in raising an education fund of two hundred dollars for such a hero.

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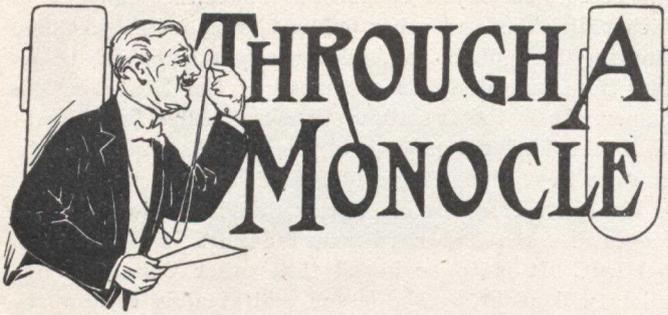
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WE have been getting a taste of government by libel suit lately in this country. The Quebec Government has been put on trial by an article in "Le Nationaliste," a Montreal weekly, which its editor undertook to justify before the courts. The ex-Minister of Railways is still on trial by reason of a short sentence or two printed in the Fredericton Gleaner, and for which he arraigned the editor for criminal libel. Then the church—not to be outdone by the political world—revived the Workman affair through a libel suit instituted by Dr. Workman against Rev. Dr. Shaw, principal of the Methodist Theological College of Montreal, in which institution Dr. Workman is now a Professor. This latter, however, was an action before church courts only, and a happy compromise seems to have been hit upon in which both parties come off victors. A curious feature which these suits have in common is that in each of them it is really the man who takes the action who has been on trial before the wider court of the people. That is, the people did not care much what became of Asselin, but they wanted to know whether or not the Quebec Ministers were tarred again with the old stick; nor were they concerned in sending genial "Jim" Crockett of the Fredericton Gleaner to gaol, but in discovering whether or not Hon. Mr. Emmerson had been ejected from the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, under disgraceful circumstances; while in the Workman-Shaw case, it was not really a question whether Dr. Shaw had been libellous so much as whether Dr. Workman was unorthodox.

* * *

Government by libel can not be presented as good for the country. But it sometimes remains as the only method of government open to us when our political institutions fail of their duty. That it should be appealed to in the case of the Quebec Legislature is not surprising; for Quebec has chosen to attempt to get along with a Legislature without an Opposition. If Dr. Goldwin Smith's theory that the party system is wholly evil be sound, the Quebec Legislature must be the best parliamentary body in the Dominion; for it has practically no party, but only factions. The result, however, is that the Government is not subjected to effective criticism. If it is giving the province good and pure government, it is doing so voluntarily; for there are too few critics in the Legislature to arouse attention, and there is no alternative party to which the people may appeal. This may or may not be the reason why we have witnessed an appeal to the libel suit; but it is a distinct relief to find so well-entrenched a ministry subjected to some sort of criticism.

* * *

Again, the Emmerson case arose from the effort of a newspaper to supplement what had been said in Parliament. Mr. Fowler had made his "women, wine and graft" charges against the Ministers, but had refused to mention any names or instances. The Fredericton Gleaner undertook to supply this desired information. With what success, the courts have yet to declare. But if Parliament had cleared up its own door-yard, there would have been no room left for the Fredericton editor to attempt to complete its job of "muck-raking." All of which goes to show that the Press is still one of the estates of realm. It is to be reckoned with. No con-

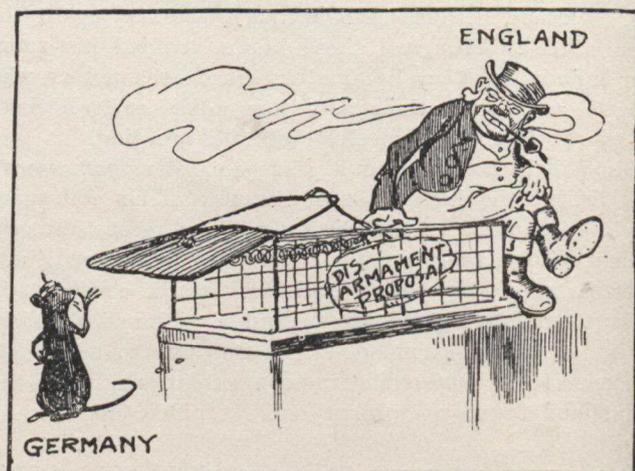
spiracy of silence can be quite secure to which the journalists of the land are not parties; and they have a constitutional antipathy to silence. A politician may gain by silence; a journalist, as a journalist, never.

* * *

That Dr. Workman and Dr. Shaw should get into a tangle while attempting to teach together in a Theological College, is not wonderful. They stand at the opposite poles of thought within the Methodist Church. There are, of course, lots of men more radical than Workman and lots of other men more conservative than Shaw; but they are not within the bounds of Canadian Methodism. "Bob" Ingersoll and the Archbishop of Canterbury would not have made congenial colleagues on the same theological teaching staff; but then neither of them would have found himself at home in the Methodist Church. Dr. Shaw is, however, a man of natural breadth of mind. This is demonstrated by his attitude during the various religious controversies we have had in this country. He has always had a sympathetic understanding of the Roman Catholic position. He was never what we called facetiously "An Equal Righter." One of the men responsible for Protestant education in the Province of Quebec, he could never be got to join in the outcry that the "Protestant garrison" there was ill-used. He knew at first hand that it was, in reality, treated very fairly; and he had the courage to come up into Ontario and say so. Mr. Ames, M.P., another member of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, similarly refuses to give support to the common Ontario legend that the Protestants of Quebec are oppressed educationally by the Catholic majority. Still, in theology, Dr. Shaw is of the old school, though more tolerant of the new than some veteran defenders of the old. Dr. Workman's position is well known. He drank at the stream of German thought in his youth, and he has never since been able to reconcile himself to the fact that, if there is anything which Canada detests more than a Sabbath made in France, it is a theology "made in Germany." I have often wondered why Dr. Workman, with his great scholarship, does not go where German wares are more marketable.

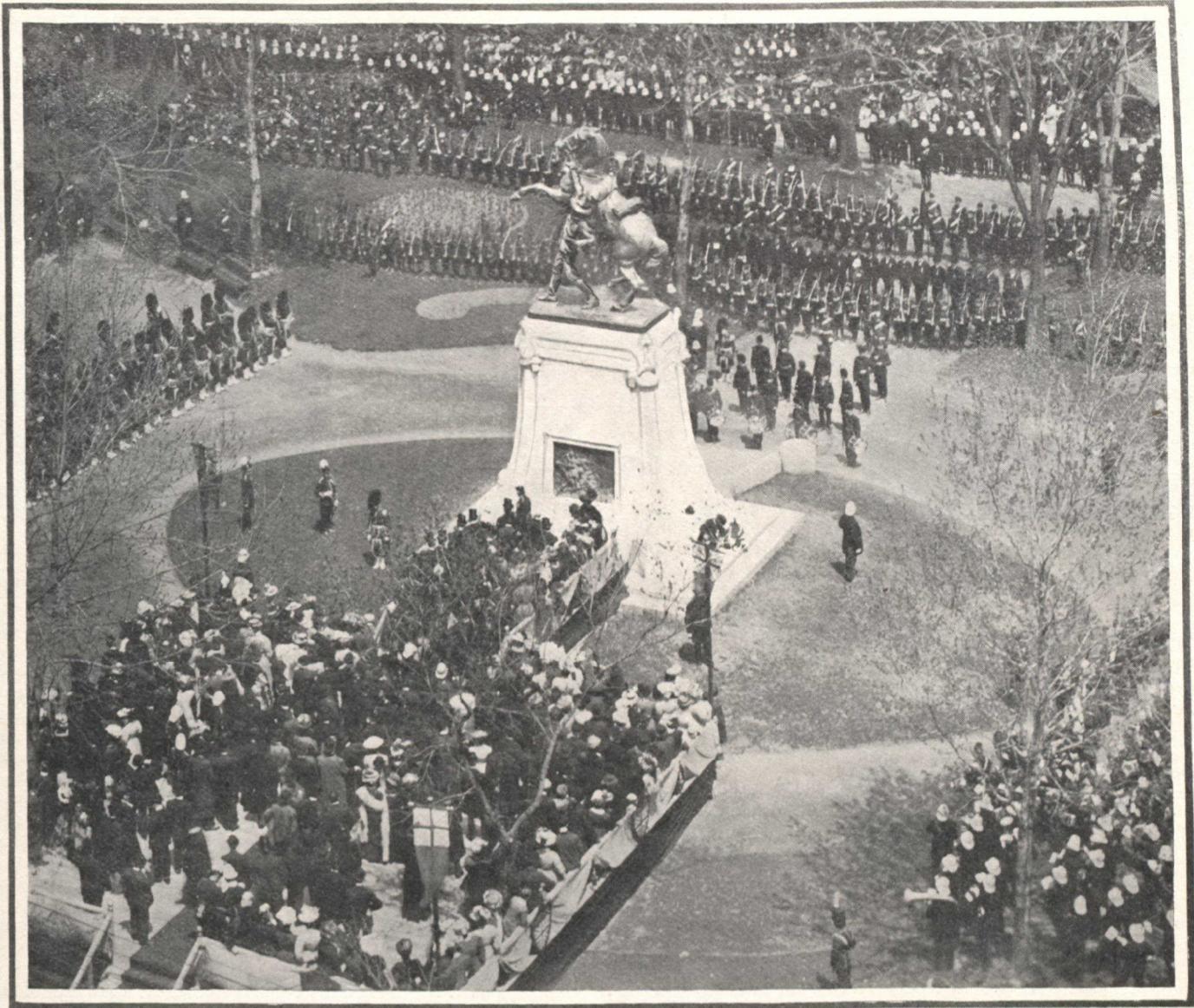
Royalty in South Africa

The Prince and Princess of Wales, should they carry out the intention with which they are credited of paying a visit to South Africa, will add another to their record of things which no Prince and Princess of Wales have done before. The first prince of the blood to visit South Africa was the Duke of Connaught. Prince Arthur of Connaught made a brief appearance there, in his regimental capacity toward the finish of the war. As Prince George of Wales, the present heir apparent and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, saw Cape Town in their midshipman days, when the "Bacchante" touched.



The Bait Doesn't Work.

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)



The Soldiers' Memorial, recently unveiled in Dominion Square, Montreal, in honour of the Strathcona Horse.
Photograph by Notman.

Public Opinion

OVER-WORKED RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

Winnipeg, Man., May 20th, 1907.

To the Editor, Canadian Courier,
81 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—I was very much surprised to read your manifestly unfair editorial in your issue of the 18th inst., relating to the matter of a G.T.R. conductor who had been sent to the penitentiary for three years, for sleeping while on duty. I know nothing about the merits or demerits of the case in point, but you take such a hard ding at railway employees in general, when you say "it will cause the employees of the railways to be less avaricious," that your remark should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. I am not in railway service at the present time, having left it for good, but I have seen good service in some of the busiest terminals in Western Canada and the United States. While in that service, despite the law limiting a man's hours of labour (without rest), I saw many a man brought up on the carpet and several discharged, because they would not "double back."

Your article says the man had been working eighteen and nineteen hours a day for five days in the week. Do you think the trainmaster or superintendent who allowed him to do this, is free from censure? I see this man was on a special, then he was "called" for this run. If your article is right, he did not offer his services and it is likely when he was called, there was not another man available, at his end of the line, to do the work. If he had refused, he would probably have had a gruelling for it and it would have been remembered against him in the matter of promotion. His crime lay in signing the book to go out, for he must have known his physical condition.

During the snow blockade out west here this winter many train and enginemen on all lines worked 25 and 30 hours without rest, bucking snow and hauling short

trains. Do you think it was the love of the almighty dollar which prompted these men in every case? In most cases it was loyalty to the road and a good deal of pity for the residents of many towns and villages along the line who were in sore straits for food and fuel.

I am a subscriber to your paper and have watched the Courier almost since its first issue. As a Canadian I am proud to read your periodical and as a Canadian I wish our national weekly every success, and it is with this wish that I dictate my criticism on your editorial. I am not criticising the punishment given this man, but as an old railroad employee, I take exception to the unfairness of your remark. There may be some isolated cases of greed, but take a run or two yourself, on either end of the train, and see how much you feel like "overworking yourself for a few extra dollars." Take a little peek at the inner workings and see if I am not right.

Very sincerely yours,

"EX-RAILROADER."

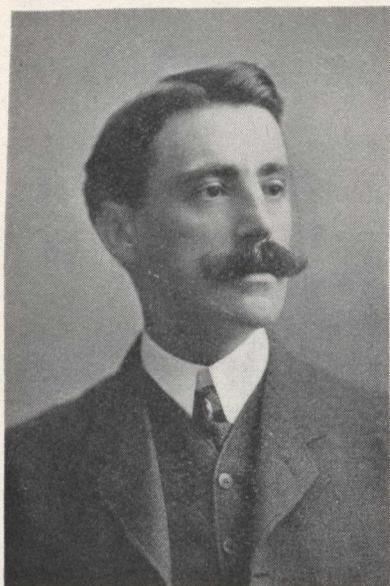
The Irish Exhibition

All Irishmen are hoping that the International Exhibition, which Lord Aberdeen opened recently at Herbert Park on the River Dodder, just outside Dublin, will be a success. The exhibition is the most comprehensive ever held in Ireland, and contains many notable features. The Fine Art collection is one of the best collections ever got together. Around the central buildings are a number of pavilions containing British, Colonial and Foreign exhibits. One of these is especially devoted to Irish cottage industries. The Canadian pavilion is one of the most striking, and it should do its share in bringing the claims of Canada before the people of Ireland. In the historical section are to be seen the Speaker's Chair and Mace of the Irish House of Commons, also several souvenirs of the coronation of Queen Victoria, including the gilt inkstand in which she dipped the pen to sign the Coronation oath.—Daily Mail (London).

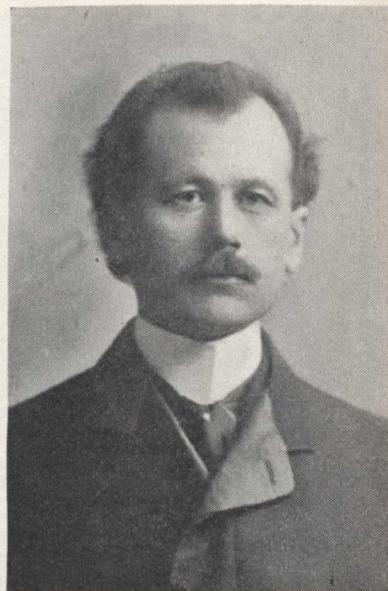
A Quebec Libel Action

SOME NOTABLE PEOPLE IN QUEBEC CONCERNED.

A QUESTION OF CAMPAIGN FUNDS.



Hon. Jean Prevost,
Minister of Colonisation, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec.



Hon. Adelard Turgeon,
Minister of Lands and Forests, Quebec.

MR. OLIVER ASSELIN was at one time private secretary to Hon. Lomer Gouin before he became Premier of Quebec. Now he is manager of "Le Nationaliste," a paper published in Montreal which is very friendly to Mr. Bourassa. Last November, he published an article with the heading "Jean Sans Tete," which was an attack upon the administration of the Department of Colonisation, Mines and Fisheries under Hon. Jean Prevost. The article declared that the mines of the province had prospered by the work of the prospectors in spite of Mr. Prevost's neglect of his duties, and that moreover, Mr. Prevost had sold mining lands to his friends at ridiculously low prices.

Mr. Prevost proceeded to defend his honour before the courts, when his colleague, Hon. Mr. Turgeon, acting Attorney-General in the absence of Premier Gouin in Europe, intervened and made it a case of the King vs. Asselin. Mr. Prevost is a clever lawyer and has represented Terrebonne in the Legislature for a number of years. Mr. Turgeon is the orator of the Legislature—"the coming Laurier"—and has been urged frequently, it is said, to give up his portfolio at Quebec to accept one at Ottawa. He is regarded as one of the most promising of the young French Liberals; and hence the charges made against him by Baron l'Epine have a very great importance.

L'Epine was the agent of a Belgian syndicate which tried to purchase a large tract of land from the government along the line of the new transcontinental railway in the northern part of the province, and it was largely on statements furnished by him that the charges were made. The Baron came out from Belgium to testify in the case.

The trial from the first has been sensational. Almost

at the outset, Mr. Turgeon accused Mr. Laflamme, counsel for Asselin, of having offered to settle the case and destroy certain papers damaging to the government. Mr. Laflamme strenuously denied the charge and demanded an investigation, which was held before the Council of the Bar of Montreal, when he was wholly exonerated. The evidence has covered a number of transactions with the mining department; but the biggest sensation came when Baron l'Epine of Belgium took the stand and charged that the Belgian Syndicate, for which he was acting,

had been asked to contribute \$150,000 to the election fund of the local Liberal Government.

Baron l'Epine is a Belgian nobleman of recent creation. He has been known in Quebec for some time, chiefly as an importer of horses; and became a close friend of Mr. Prevost and other Liberal ministers. He was made a representative of Quebec at the Liege Exhibition by Mr. Turgeon, and has rendered services to the Quebec ministers by introducing them to people of influence in Europe. Trouble over the outcome of such services constituted one of the sensational incidents of the last session of the Legislature when a committee of the House brought in a report favourable to its own ministers.

The Syndicate's first idea was to take 200,000 acres, but, after investigation, they decided to go up to 500,000 acres. The Baron's startling evidence is to the effect that Hon. Mr. Turgeon told him that the Syndicate would have to pay a dollar an acre for these lands, seventy cents to go to the province and thirty cents to the Liberal campaign fund. As 500,000 acres were involved, this meant a gift of \$150,000 to the campaign fund. He swore that he had already offered \$40,000 to Mr. Turgeon, who declined it saying that \$60,000 was required—to pay the newspapers to defend the transaction, he understood. An effort has been made by the Crown to discredit the Baron's evidence on the ground of atheistical views and declarations, but Mr. Justice Bosse has ruled against admitting testimony of this nature.

The defence of the ministers has been an emphatic denial that they ever asked the Baron to contribute anything to an election fund—indeed, Hon. Jean Prevost has gone further and denied any knowledge of such a fund. There had been no secret negotiations with the Belgian Syndicate nor anyone else, he said, and Mr. Asselin's statements to the contrary notwithstanding, everyone had been treated on an equal footing in the matter of permits.

Hon. Adelard Turgeon denies positively that \$40,000 was ever offered him by any member of the Belgian Syndicate, nor had there ever been any question of contribution to an election fund. If such a matter had been hinted at, negotiations would have been stopped immediately. He admitted having known the Baron since 1902 and had made use of him in the importation of Belgian horses.

Other ministers who have testified for the Crown are Hon. R. Roy, Secretary and Registrar, Hon. W. A. Weir, Minister of Public Works and Labour, and Hon. J. C. Kaine, Minister without Portfolio, all of whom have denied knowledge of an election fund.

The end of this sensational case was a disagreement of the jury. This result was announced after less than an hour's deliberation, before a crowded courtroom, for the case has excited unusual interest from first to last. The members of the jury appear to have had pronounced convictions for it is reported that they stood six for conviction and six for acquittal. Among those who were present in court to hear the judge's charge to the jury were Premier Gouin, who has but recently returned from Europe, and several members of the Cabinet.



Mr. Oliver Asselin,
Editor "Le Nationaliste," Montreal.

Personalities



President G. C. Creelman.

IN the United States, every boy has ahead of him the glittering possibility of becoming Chief Executive and leading four years of strenuous life in the White House. In the Province of Nova Scotia, every small person of the male sex sees in the future a college presidency and carries his school-bag proudly. When in educational doubt, Ontario rings up Halifax and a president is promised before the newspapers have time to guess at the appointment.

The ancestors of the President of the Ontario Agricultural College settled in Nova Scotia, and, being from the North of Ireland, gained possession of as much land as they could conveniently hold. But the early years of the future president were spent on a farm in Grey County, Ontario. A course of study was taken at the Collingwood Collegiate Institute and then George Christie Creelman turned his steps to the Agricultural College at Guelph and in 1888 formed one of the five who graduated with the degree of B.S.A. There were only 175 students at the college in 1885. After nearly twenty years, Mr. Creelman went back as president to find the attendance quadrupled.

Mr. Creelman travelled far from his old home to take a professor's chair in the United States, being appointed assistant professor in the Mississippi State Agricultural College. Three years later he was promoted to full professorship. He remained in Mississippi until 1898 when he returned to Ontario for agricultural study. When it became necessary to choose a successor to Dr. Mills, whose ability and patience were the greatest factors in the progress of the college, the choice fell upon this young-hearted, enthusiastic educationist, who has the most abounding optimism for his country and his college.

* * *

Madame LeGrand Reed of Toronto made her musical debut with Victor Herbert's orchestra at Daly's Theatre, New York, last November, when she won the favour of the metropolitan critics. Since then Madame Reed has been heard in most of the Canadian cities and has just closed a season of artistic success. Her first appearance in Toronto since her study with Jean de Reszke was made in Massey Hall last January, and of this event a critic was moved to the unusual outburst—"Beautiful as is the quality of her voice—a high soprano—which is also broad, warm, true and flexible—it is not this noble gift alone which made her singing delightful. The perfect tone-production, the ease and grace of her phrasing, the full, noble utterance which left a definite impression of forces in reserve, in fact all that intelligent study can do to augment and preserve the natural character of a voice, these were the elements which gave distinction to her debut."

* * *

The profession of journalism is comparatively new for women but already several Canadians of the voteless sex have attained positions of responsibility therein. The city of London, Ontario, has long recognised the helpfulness of the feminine pen. In fact, Eve Brodlique Summers, one of our successful writers of fiction, did her first work on a London paper. Miss Isabel Armstrong, whose father, the late James Armstrong, represented South Middlesex



Madame Le Grand Reed.

for many years in the House of Commons, has attained to the dignity of editorship after spending some time in

work for the local press. Miss Armstrong is an editorial charge of "The Echo," an entertaining weekly which gives special attention to social, dramatic and musical matters. In her college career at Brantford and London, Miss Armstrong took honours in English literature and music, subjects which are of vital importance to the woman who enters upon journalistic life.

* * *

Hamilton has been called "ambitious" for many a day and the reason for its aspirations and their fulfilment lies in the character of the women of that picturesque city. The cynical man who professes to believe that women's societies are invariably given to cavilling and quarrelling would be forever cured if he could visit the feminine organisations of Hamilton. Mrs. P. D. Crerar, regent of the Municipal Chapter of Daughters of the Empire, is one of the most popular and energetic of the matrons of the Ambitious City, and is active in almost every patriotic and philanthropic movement. The Hamilton members of the imperial order are extremely practical in their loyalty, believing that any cause which relieves distress or advances civilisation is a part of patriotism. While Mrs. Crerar has excellent assistants, her attractive personality and executive ability have played a large part in the successful work of Hamilton women.

Although Mrs. Crerar is an enthusiastic Hamiltonian her interests are by no means limited to her own city. She was most active in encouraging local sentiment in favour of such changes in Canadian postal arrangements as have recently been brought about. A descendant of U. E. Loyalists, Mrs. Crerar takes a deep interest in all movements tending to strengthen British institutions in Canada, but her imperialism is of an entirely sane and workable order.

* * *

Mr. Herbert J. Rose, one of the McGill Rhodes Scholars at Oxford, was educated chiefly by private tuition in his boyhood and spent but one year at Ottawa Collegiate Institute before entering McGill University. He won a \$200 exhibition at his entrance examination and his college career was marked by similar distinctions. On his graduation in 1904 he tied with Mr. John Archibald of Montreal for the first place, each of them receiving the Chapman gold medal in Classics and these two brilliant young men were both sent to Oxford by the Rhodes trustees. At the end of his first year, Mr. Rose won the undergraduate blue ribbon, the Ireland and Curzon scholarships. He was elected an honorary scholar of Balliol College and very recently he carried off the Chancellor's Latin essay prize. Mr. Rose, who is a son of Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., of Winnipeg, expects to receive his Oxford B.A. at the approaching Convocation. After that he hopes to pursue post-graduate work in Germany; in that case, Canada will probably hear of his further honours.

When the first selections were made for Rhodes scholarships, the matter of athletics was emphasised, as Oxford is by no means given up to classics alone. Mr. Rose had not "gone in" for sports to any remarkable extent. The story is told that his proficiency in the ancient and honourable game of chess was finally put forward as a qualification for membership in the athletic brotherhood, and he sailed for England with full credentials to enter as a Canadian sportsman and scholar. He is a nephew of the late Judge Rose of Toronto.



Mr. H. J. Rose.



Mrs. P. D. Crerar.



Miss Isabel Armstrong.



This rare picture shows a Black Bass Guarding Spawn, which she does for a period of two weeks.



Female Bass showing Spawning Mark. It is always the female, never the male, which Guards the Spawn.

The Black Bass

MEMORIES OF THE GAMEY SMALL-MOUTH

By **BONNYCASTLE DALE**, with Photographs by the Author

THE LEGEND OF THE AHZEGUN AND OF ITS STRANGE MARKINGS.

ONCE, while seated on the shelving rocks that lined a little stream, a swift dark stream roaring on its way to join the clear, deep waters of Lake Superior, the Ojibwan guide beside me, Gebwaunuhse in his guttural native tongue (Hawk interpreting in ours), told me after many probing questions, this legend of his people:

"Of how Wabbomeene, an Ojibwan maiden, the daughter of a great chief, was captured by the invading Mohawks. Pining for the tents of her people, she called to Sheesheb—the wild-duck—to fly swiftly and bring her lover to rescue her; calling often to the wild-geese wing-

ing their wedge-shaped flight southward, and wringing her hands in anguish to Chitchiskewa—the plover—darting south to the hunting grounds of her tribe. Once, while she waded in midstream, peering over the nets of vines and moosewood that guided the fishes into the shallow spearing grounds, she saw an Ahzegun—the bass—caught in the tangle of the vines. Carefully she lifted him, tore the river-wound weeds from its shining sides, bore it ashore to a tiny pool and fed and petted this captive of a captive. Then she tamed it, and with a clam shell scratched on its pearly side the outline of an Eagle, a Black-snake and a Turtle, then a Heron—the name of the lake of her captivity—and the totems of the Mohawks and the Ojibways. She wrapped the shell in birch-bark and bound it, with many a strand of her own black hair, to the gleaming side of the bass. Ahzegun sped south, through many a lake and river, through mighty deeps and brawling shallows, until he reached the fishing grounds of the Ojibways. Here he found the brave he sought, working in the rapids. Then he leaped high in the air, falling into the canoe beside him. Swiftly the fisherman cut the bands of hair that bound him, took the message from him and lo! Ahzegun—the bass—was marked from head to tail where the black tresses of the maiden had enfolded him."

However this may be, we know the small-mouth is beautifully marked by black bands that stripe its shining side. The fish taken in the shallow upper reaches of our rivers are lighter in colouring and less deeply marked. Those caught in the deep waters at the bends and in the mouths of the rivers, are so black that at first sight the bands are scarcely visible, but once the hard fighting fish is landed in the net and laid on the bottom of the boat, its colour pales as its life passes away—pales from a rich brownish green, through all the intermediate shades of olive and of green, until it lies, a heavily black-barred fish of a sickly yellow shade.

A very wise provision of Nature causes this fish to assume this chameleon-like power of assimilating itself to its surroundings. Watch it in a clear stream, and it will be found upon close observation that its colour exactly suits its surroundings, making it much easier for this family to approach, or to be approached by, the food that it catches alive. Again, they may be seen, taken from the log-crowded bend of a river, when they are absolutely black all over. How easily possible for this dark object to remain unseen in the depths, while the fish it preys on passes on to its end.

I have several times been amused at the untiring obstinacy and the lack of learning or instinct displayed by these fishes. We have lowered a glass jar well filled with clear water, containing a dozen or two live minnows, over



Netting a Five-Pounder.

the boat or over the ledges that crowded into the deep water. Instantly the bass would dart out from under the weeds and overhanging rocks straight for the imprisoned bait. No number of hard knocks, so hard that indeed I feared for the fragile glass at times—only the equalised compression saved it—would educate these big black bass to the fact that these minnows were unapproachable.

Our camera plays a part in our fishing sport. See how hard my assistant is struggling, how intensely interested he is—eyes screwed up, mouth wide open—in the really arduous task of netting his own catch, and it about a five pounder. I was yelling, "Take care of your tip." It looks as if it would break, does it not?

We have found live minnows to be an excellent bait for the last two weeks in June, varying these with worms, crayfish and frogs in like order. A small double trolling spoon on about forty feet of line, well leaded, with the canoe travelling about two miles an hour, crossing and recrossing the gravelly bars and rocky points of the islands, usually returns a fair bag. The three pounder held up by Fritz was captured in this manner. Using the same bait along the edges of the marshes and weedy bays, makes an excellent lure for the less sporty big-mouth.

Then there is a novel way of catching these fish through the ice—novel indeed, for in every winter catch of bass taken through the ice, that I have seen, the small-mouth was conspicuous by its absence. This alone helps to preserve this good fish, but its poor relation, the big-mouth, falls an easy prey to a small cube of pork dangled a few feet below the icy cover.

All these ways fade into insignificance beside the truly royal sport of fly-fishing. The cast, the strike, the struggle, are events to be remembered. If one should be without artificial flies, take the common shadfly, a grasshopper, a moth, a small dragon fly, anything attractive and fluttering, and note the results. I was once seated on an old log left on the shore by the receding water which ran deeply past my feet. Not a fish could I tempt by any deep water bait that I used. Idly my hand settled on a big shadfly. This I carefully bound to a small bass hook—really a perch hook—removed my sinkers and gently cast it far out on the river, recovering as well as I could from the irritating splash. It was well on towards sundown and the rich, noisy splashes and the ever extending circles told of many a small-mouth's jump. The tiny ripple had not spread a foot from where the shadfly alighted when there was an oily roll, a splashing tumble and a mighty pull. Instantly I was on my feet. No deep baited fish this to fight with. After much fighting and many a struggle I landed the handsome fish and immediately sought for more bait. The first thing my hand closed on was a grasshopper. I cast this light, and trailed more than once, when it, too, was drawn under with a nerve-kindling pull and I had another big struggling fellow leaping and splashing. From shadfly to grasshopper, to dragon fly and small yellow butterfly, I wandered; back to the next most readily caught bait, another shadfly, then a moth, a tiny frog, another butterfly, all followed in rapid succession—and every one of them proved acceptable bait.

We found the high water the worst enemy to our sport. The bass are then able to feed far back from the regular channels and the fisherman cannot follow them. We have noted that this fish feeds early in the morning and after mid-afternoon, but I have never seen them feed more greedily than in July and August at night, when the moon is almost at the full. Then they can see their most longed for food, the minnows, swimming between

them and the surface. Often minnow, bass and all, will come out in one great splurge of water. Undoubtedly the best time to fish for the small-mouth is in October, on the rocky points and bars; then, if one is not shot by some disturbed duck-hunter, he will have royal sport indeed.

Fish for them, if possible, in swift water. The fun is harder and faster and the fish more difficult to handle, and pray join the fast increasing throng of clean-minded, honest sportsmen, that gently release all the small fish and every large one above the immediate needs of the party. It is scandalous that any fisherman, United States or Canadian, should catch these sporty black bass and leave them to rot on the shore. Catch all that are wanted, then continue if unable to resist, but let the unneeded ones go uninjured.

Remember that rapid movements, even when the bass are in fairly deep water, scare the fish away from near the craft. Loud noises easily penetrate the water via the anchor line. So sensitive are the fish of all kinds, that on a dull October day, a day when the duck-hunter's guns roll and echo and reverberate, one loud concussion on the waters of this lake—a lake twenty-two miles long—causes a splashing, leaping noise among the fish all over its calm surface. So intense does this become at certain moments, that a paddle dropped in a canoe will cause such a consequent widespread splashing as to make even a strong-nerved hunter jump. When the twilight is settling fast and the air has that hazy Indian summer stillness, we have found this sudden shock really uncanny the long-reaching silent, dark rice beds, the spouting fire of the booming guns and the loud slapping noise of the splashing fish in the darkening night, were sombre in the extreme.

The bass move in schools, feeding up and down the rivers and along the shores, so the best guides are those that, when they find the fish have suddenly ceased biting, know enough to change anchorage and try to find them above or below.

It was laughable the first year Fritz came to these waters. He came from the saintly city of Chicago, the city the St. Louis child alluded to in its wee prayer—"Goodbye, dear Lord, this is my last prayer; we are moving to Chicago." His knowledge of bass was limited, so when I told him to take the two newly caught fish ashore, far from the water lest they hot back to it, I was greatly astounded when I found them tied to a deeply driven nail on the shanty's side. When I reproved him for his care, he answered, "In Chicago we would have put them inside and clinched the nail."

The spawning season is full of interest. The female makes a shallow hole—a nose-pushed depression, a regular nest—clearing out the tiny stones and pebbles in a rolling, pushing manner that is absolutely comical at times. Here she lays her precious spawn and here she guards it incessantly until the heat of the sun's rays has changed the tiny transparent beads—dotted at first with the wee, white mark that tells of coming life—into almost invisible fry. These in turn she faithfully guards, beating off any approaching enemy, darting and rushing with incredible vigour. Some authorities say it is the male that does the watching, but in every case I have observed it was not so, and later, from purely scientific reasons, I captured the female and found the spawn-mark was on her breast. One fish I killed, the photograph of which is shown. In this picture the female bass is shown with the scales, the three skins and the flesh worn away—worn by the constant two weeks' watching, worn as she remained half poised above the spawn or the fry, her fins gently fanning, her breast resting on the rocks below.



Caught with a Trolling Spoon.



Group of Black Bass.



THE SURRENDER

Painted by John Innes for the Canadian Courier.

The North-West Mounted Police have gained a well-deserved reputation as being the smartest corps of their class in the world. Hardy, picked men, trained to a finality, they have kept the far west of Canada almost free from the lawlessness so frequent in new territories. The Indian criminal, on his small cayuse, soon found it was no use to flee from his red-coated pursuer, mounted as he was on a big half-breed broncho. And further, the red man did not take long to learn that his painted bravery was absolutely innocuous when matched against the cool determination of the "Rider of the Plains."

Dora Desmond's Diamonds

A COMPLETE STORY BY NORMAN HURST, TELLING OF A DIAMOND MYSTERY WHICH HAD AN UNEXPECTED SOLUTION.

THE girl who came into my office was the prettiest I had ever set eyes upon, and I wondered what duty she intended to ask me to undertake. She had given no name, but now from the recesses of her muff she produced a dainty little case from which she extracted a card and handed it to me with the tips of her daintily gloved fingers. "Miss Dora Desmond, The Duchess Theatre," I read on the fine ivory pasteboard.

I motioned her to a seat and inquired what I could do for her.

"Mr. Weston," she cried, "I have come to you on a very important matter. Some of my jewels have been stolen, and I want you to recover them."

Now I have had a pretty wide experience of actresses and their jewels, and I am always sceptical when I hear of the loss of these gewgaws. Frequently it is no loss at all, or even if it is, only so much stage finery—glittering paste—and the whole scheme is simply one for a big free advertisement.

There is not so much of it now, as the time of which I speak, for the expedient has become too hackneyed, the details too stereotyped, and the whole thing too transparently threadbare to attract more than a passing paragraph, but a dozen years ago, when this case came to me, things were very different, and I naturally fancied that Miss Dora Desmond was following the lead of previous prevaricating sisters of the profession, and meant to prove a good understudy in the part, but her next remark surprised me.

"And I want to avoid all publicity over the matter," she said, with a charming smile. "All I want is to recover my jewels."

"Can you give me any details of the theft?" I asked.

"Yes," she said; "the jewels consist of a diamond spray for the hair, and in the centre is a large perfect emerald."

She emphasised the word "perfect," and I appreciated the intonation of her voice, for I knew how rare a perfect emerald of any size was, it being the one gem most subject to faults and flaws of any of the precious stones.

"I'm Irish, you know," she continued, with the prettiest possible brogue that would have declared the fact for itself had not her eyes and hair already told the same truth, "and therefore Jack—that's my fiance, you know—Jack Rossiter gave me the emerald I'd been almost crying my eyes out for from the day I saw it in Jessmay's window."

"And now it's gone?" I said, for delightful as her talk was as she babbled on, I wanted to get to the real facts of the alleged robbery.

"Yes; It was stolen last night at the theatre," and again, from the recesses of the fur muff, trimmed with a big bunch of Parma violets, she brought out a small, oblong, purple leather jewel-case, and, touching the spring the lid flew up and disclosed a bed of the palest blue velvet and nothingness.

There was the impression where the jewel had rested in its soft azure nest, and that was all.

"I was ready," she said, as she laid the case on the table, "to go on in the second act, all except the finishing touch to my hair and the insertion of this ornament. I had placed it away myself in this case the previous night, after the show, had taken it home myself, had locked it in the safe, and had slept with the key under the pillow."

"But—"

"And," she continued, "I alone knew the combination of the letter lock. I took it out again just before starting to the theatre, and it never left my possession until I opened it to get the spray as I was going on, and found the case empty, as it is now."

"And your room, when you went on in the first act, was it locked?"

"No; my maid was there, a girl whom I can trust implicitly. I know she is as honest as the day. I would not suspect her for a single instant."

"Do you suspect anyone?" I queried.

For a moment or two she hesitated, and I pressed the question.

"Yes," she said.

"Someone at the theatre, of course?"

"Yes; that is why I don't want any publicity or any scandal."

"You can tell me anything in confidence," I said. "In fact, if I am to undertake to recover the jewels for you,

you must give me all the aid in your power by supplying every possible information to assist me in my search. You can repose the same confidence in me as you would in your doctor or your lawyer."

"Well, it's not a nice thing to have to say, especially as I can't prove it," she said; "but I believe Beryl Berristone, the girl who plays lead at the Duchess in 'The Frivolity of the Feminine,' has stolen it."

"Why do you suspect her?"

"Because she was the only person, except my maid, who came into my dressing-room last night when I was on the stage in the first act. There is a period of ten minutes while she is off, and during that time she came into my room, although she perfectly well knew I was acting and she would not be able to see me."

"Did she say why she came in?"

"Oh, yes; she gave a very reasonable excuse. She told my maid she had run out of a certain 'make-up,' and wanted to use mine for a few minutes, and she sat down in front of the mirror and did so."

"Where was the jewel-case at that time?" I queried.

"On the dressing-table."

"Open?"

"No."

"Your maid did not see her touch it?"

"No."

"And yet after she had gone and you returned at the end of the act, you found that the jewels had disappeared."

"Yes."

"But surely it would not be worth her while to steal it. She could not possibly wear it, and it would be dangerous to endeavour to dispose of it," I hazarded.

"Yes, that's quite true," Miss Desmond agreed; "but it must have been she or the maid, and I am certain it was not Nestra."

"Nestra? Is that the maid's name?"

"Yes, Nestra Salviati."

"Then she's Italian."

"Her parents were natives of North Italy; her mother was born in Venice and her father in Milan, but she was born in Paris."

"She has been with you a good time, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, some four or five years. Indeed, ever since I have held a position in the theatrical world that justified my having a maid of my own."

There was no doubt the girl had set me a very difficult task. I could not very well go to Beryl Berristone, the leading lady of the Duchess Theatre, and accuse her of having, in a fit of kleptomania, taken Dora Desmond's diamonds, and, to tell the candid truth, my suspicion ran rather in the direction of the trusted maid. I had more than once found in a wide and varied experience of the world that the trusted servant is the one who commits a breach of that trust. The woman who should be like Caesar's wife, alas! too often resembles Sapphira. Where no suspicion rests is the place, says the detective's brain, to seek for it.

I had already made up my mind that the woman to be shadowed was not the leading actress at the Duchess but the girl of Italian parentage, born in that lazy-going and loosely moralised city, Paris.

While I sat ruminating for a moment my fingers mechanically closed upon the leather jewel-case lying on the table before me, and I took it up and opened it. A tiny speck or two I noticed on the azure velvet made me put a curious question to the girl sitting expectantly opposite.

"Pardon the remark, Miss Desmond," I said, "but tell me, do you smoke cigarettes?"

A pretty little blush flushed up to her shell-like ears as she answered,

"No. I used to have an occasional one, but Jack did not like it, and so I gave it up."

"How long since?" I queried.

"Since the very day he sent me the present that has been stolen."

"You have not had one tiny little cigarette since then—not a single sub rosa little puff, eh?"

"No, honestly. I promised Jack to give it up entirely, and I always keep my word."

"Of course," I answered. "Does Beryl Berristone smoke cigarettes?"

"No. That is to say, I have never seen her do it at the theatre; she may in her own flat for all I know."

"And your maid, Nestra?"

"Oh, yes; Nestra has a cigarette now and again. I suppose it's her Italian taste. I'm certain when I come back into the dressing-room that she has sometimes had one on the sly, although smoking behind the scenes is prohibited at the theatre."

"You don't happen to know the particular make of cigarettes she smokes?"

"I forget the name, but they are French ones, I know, for I've seen the cover of a packet when she has been shopping or visiting in Soho and has bought some. They smell awfully strong."

"Thank you very much," I said, and then, with a promise that I would do all in my power to recover her jewels, I bade her good-morning.

The moment she had gone I sent one of my boys for a packet of Caporal cigarettes, a packet of Virginian, and a packet of Turkish, and when he returned I gave instructions that I could not be seen by anyone for an hour. Locking the door of my own room, I opened the case and knocked out from the curves of the velvet the tiny specks I had noticed. There was no doubt that they were tobacco ash, just that fine ash that would fall from the end of a cigarette held in the fingers of anyone manipulating the case.

The first thing I wanted to prove was if the ash was that of a Caporal cigarette. I covered the paper with a glass that the fine dust might not be blown away, and got out my microscope from the cabinet in the corner.

Then I smoked half an inch of a Caporal cigarette, half an inch of a Virginian, and half an inch of a Turkish and in each instance carefully preserved the ash.

I tested them all under the powerful lens of the microscope, and also compared under it the ash I had knocked out of the case. There was no question that the tell-tale specks lying in the creases of the velvet were the ash from a Caporal cigarette, and Nestra Salviati smoked Caporal cigarettes!

So far my suspicions were confirmed, but it seemed to me that the girl, if she had stolen the jewels, would not have done so without an accomplice, and I must get on the track of her acquaintances.

For some time after that, whenever the girl had any free time—and she had a good deal during the day—she was shadowed wherever she went, by either myself or one of my men, but there was nothing very suspicious about her movements.

Once or twice during the luncheon hour, she met in Fitzroy Square a rather smart-looking Italian, and they took their meal together at one of the small cosmopolitan restaurants in Old Compton Street. I followed them in and lunched at another table where I could keep them under observation, but I never saw any article pass between them.

I began to think that the jewel must be hidden somewhere in the theatre, awaiting a favourable opportunity, when the whole trouble had blown over, to be found by the person who had concealed it.

Somehow I felt annoyed with Dora Desmond, whom I had seen once or twice to report "no progress" that in a legitimate instance of lost jewels she would not permit the publicity that was so often given to fictitious annexation, but she continued firm in her first assertion that all she wanted was that the jewels should be recovered, and that no one but myself must know of the affair.

"It's for two reasons," she said. "For one, I would not let Jack learn for the world that I had been careless and foolish enough to lose his gift; and for the other, no one would really believe that I had lost it. They would all put me down as trying to get the old cheap advertisement. I want to succeed in my profession on my own merits, and not by the artful aid of newspaper puffs."

And so the thing had to rest until, finding that shadowing Nestra yielded no result, I put a man on to follow the Italian, whom I presumed was her sweetheart, and then I drew nearer success.

My man found that he was employed by a small manufacturer of jewel and other cases in leather, velvet and the like, and further inquiry elicited the fact that they made cases for the firm of Jessemay and Co., of Oxford Street.

Then I began to see daylight. It became possible that this young man, a friend of Nestra's, had made a facsimile case to that in which the jewel had been sold, and had given it to the girl, who had found a moment's opportunity to exchange the empty case for the one with the jewel in Miss Desmond's flat when they had returned from the theatre. The actress, all unconscious of the substitution, might have thus taken down the empty case

to the theatre, believing that it contained her diamond and emerald spray. Perhaps, now, the original case was still hidden in the flat. But this hypothesis would not quite account for the tobacco ash, unless the Italian had been smoking Caporal cigarettes at his work or when he had shown the case to the girl, and a fleck or so of ash had blown into it.

Possibly the two cases—presuming my conjecture to be right—were as like as two peas; indeed, they must have been, or Miss Desmond, when the jewels were missing, would have noticed the difference between them. Who could tell? Should I go to Jessemay and Co.? No, that would hardly do, as it would give away the robbery which I had promised to keep secret. Or should I make a bold stroke, send for Jack Rossiter, and, binding him down to confidence, tell him of what had happened to his present—for he must learn it sooner or later—show him the empty case, and ask him if he was certain it was the one that had contained his present?

I decided to confide in Jack, and it sounds funny, but I think one reason was because he was called Jack—there is a breeziness about that name that always appeals to me as belonging to a hail-fellow-well-met man of the world—and so that evening, instead of coming to my formal office, Jack Rossiter accepted an invitation to see me in my own rooms in Cranbourne Street, and there, as the Latin phrase book has it, I plunged "in medias res."

I bound him down to secrecy, told him the facts, and handed the jewel-case to him.

"Is that the case you gave to Miss Desmond?" I asked. "The case that contained the jewel that has been stolen?"

He took it in his hand and examined it.

"No," he said, after a minute's pause, "It's not. In the first place, on the lining of the case I gave her there was a tiny pushing of the velvet in the left-hand corner—I noticed it particularly at the time; and another thing is, this case seems to me to be a trifle thicker than the other."

I was leaning towards him, and I sprang from my seat and almost tore the case from his fingers. I ran my eye round the edge, but could see nothing of a second opening, for the idea had at once struck me that the extra thickness meant a double lining or a false bottom. I examined the sides with a strong magnifying glass and found a tiny hole in the leather, no bigger than a pin's head. Into this I thrust the point of my scarf-pin and it touched a hidden spring, the double lid, which carried the empty nest, flew up, and there before our eyes, under the light of the lamp, sparkled the diamond and emerald spray.

The ingenious fraud was disclosed. The man who had made the case for Jessemay and Co. had learned from the girl Nestra Salviati, his sweetheart, that the diamond and emerald spray had been bought by Jack Rossiter and given to Dora Desmond, and his clever mind had thought out a plan to steal the gems without the slightest risk.

As he made the original case he could easily make an exact duplicate with the hidden bed in which the stones could be placed, the top part, in which they had presumably rested before, fastened down with a catch spring that only those in the secret could find, and the case thus seemed empty.

The idea of the girl—who afterwards confessed that she had burnt the original case in the dressing-room fire while her mistress was on the stage—was that when the empty case had been discarded, the theft forgotten, and the recovery of the jewel given up as a bad job, she could take it in perfect safety from its hiding place and pass it on to her confederate.

The Caporal ash had fallen into the upper part from the cigarette that Nestra was smoking when she removed the jewel from the original case into the hidden receptacle of the duplicate.

Nestra Salviati, fared far better than she deserved, for Dora Desmond, still anxious to avoid publicity, refused to proceed in the matter, and simply discharged the girl without a character.

Dora Desmond, who is now Mrs. Jack Rossiter, is to play lead herself at the President Theatre in "The Provocation of the Princess," and I have received, with her kindest regards, a stall for the first night, to-morrow.

There is not a prettier coin issued, says an English paper, than a freshly minted farthing, and the sixty odd Victorian farthings of consecutive years, perfect and lustrous, are greatly admired for their dainty diminutive portrayal in copper and bronze of Queen Victoria during her long reign.

The Golden Flood

By EDWIN LEFEVRE

Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later, \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited.

THE president walked out of his private office, through the corridor, into the main office of the bank. On one side there was a long, marble counter, surmounted by a bronze railing, having windows barred like those of a jail, behind which were imprisoned the tellers and the clerks; on the other, the plain walls, with the long panels of polished marble, and the high, little upright desks over the steam radiators at which the customers made out the deposit slips or signed checks. It was not unlike a church, this temple of Mammon, known in Wall Street as "Fort Dawson." It had a look of austerity that impressed people. The clink of gold was aristocratically audible; the clerks habitually spoke in whispers, and outsiders felt this and lowered their voices instinctively. A bank which tolerated boisterous humour would not have been quite safe enough. This one repelled levity, and attracted deposits; it had nearly \$150,000,000 of other people's money. Great was Dawson and his golden fort!

The president walked, hatless, through the corridor as though he were going to another department and met, quite accidentally, Mr. George K. Grinnell, who happened to be there.

"How do you do, Mr. Grinnell? I'm glad to see you," he said cordially. There was no pretence about his cordiality; the man had on deposit two millions. But it was not this particular man's deposit which caused the busy clerks to make mistakes in adding their rows of figures; they were accustomed to the fluctuating, semi-fictitious millions of the great stock-gamblers. It was that Mr. Dawson should be so cordial to any man.

"I am very well, thanks," said the young man. "So are you, I can see."

"You have good eyes. Well, what have you done now?" asked the president playfully.

"Deposited a little more." It was said calmly, not with theatrical nonchalance.

"How much?" The president, naturally, was asking for information he could not be expected to have.

"A million this time."

The president put his hand chummily on his customer's shoulder. "Young man," he said, in mock seriousness, "when will this nefarious work cease?"

"I'll stop when you tell me you'd rather I went to some other bank," answered Grinnell, smiling.

The president shook his head as if in despair.

"You are incorrigible. Well, come early and often. Drop in on me whenever you feel like it; glad to see you at any time."

"Thanks, Mr. Dawson," he nodded, smilingly, but Mr. Dawson felt non-committally. Mr. Dawson thereupon became serious. He could not help it, try as he might. He drew the self-possessed young man aside.

"My dear Mr. Grinnell, it is a great deal of money to have idle and, naturally, it is impossible for me to think it businesslike. If you contemplate employing it in the near future, of course, it alters matters. But, if we are to allow you interest on it, why—"

"Mr. Dawson, pardon me for interrupting you. As I said to you before, I have not the slightest intention of disturbing this account for some time to come. I am not bothering about investments. They can wait. And I am willing to waive the interest. This may be unbusinesslike, but I am engaged in—ah—other matters, of greater importance."

"Yes?" with an inviting inflection.

"Yes; I am in love."

Both laughed. Then the discomfited president said jovially: "I don't blame you, then. Love before business, by all means." And with a final warm hand-shake he passed on. But he resented what he considered the jocular evasion of the young man.

On the following Thursday, Mr. George K. Grinnell deposited two and a half millions—an Assay Office check in payment of gold bars weighing 120,543 ounces three pennyweights.

The president was disturbed. It was one thing to mystify the Street, and quite another to be himself mystified. He did not love such mysteries. They might be dangerous if left unsolved. He sent for the bank's chief detective, a man of much experience and ingenuity; really a confidential agent.

"Costello, on Thursday there will probably come to deposit some money with us a young man by the name of George K. Grinnell. He lives uptown somewhere. Ask Mr. Williams for his address. Learn all you can about him. Stay here all day Thursday. I'll come out and talk to him. Report at once whatever you may learn."

"Yes, sir. For the preliminary work I'll put John Croll on the case. Then I'll take it up myself. Have you any reason to suspect anything wrong, sir?"

"I have no reason to suspect anything. I wish to know who and what he is, what he does, and, especially, you must watch the Assay Office. He deposits large amounts of gold there. I want to know where that gold comes from. Find out all you can from the Assay Office people. See the truckman. Probably it comes from some mine. He brought me a letter from Professor Willetts, of the Columbia School of Mines. Say nothing to any one of this."

"Very well, sir."

Thursday came. A stock operator, famous for his keen reading of conditions, which came from his possession of a marvellous imagination combined with a logical reasoning power, walked into the bank, and was impressed by the vaguely uneasy something in the air. He at once called on his friend, and occasional accomplice, Dawson. The president assured him that he had no news; wherefore, the imaginative plunger reasoned: "If it were good news he'd let me know, because it would help him to have me know it. The news, whatever it is, must be bad," and left the bank hurriedly. A few minutes later the stock-market became very weak—the suspicious gambler was selling stocks to be on the safe side. But the president paid no attention to the whirring ticker in the corner. He was waiting for the arrival of Mr. George K. Grinnell. At one o'clock the president was angry. At two o'clock the clerks began to call the bets off; they had a pool on the amount Grinnell would deposit. At half after two Mr. Grinnell walked in, wrote out his deposit slip very deliberately, and presented it, with a check and his passbook, at the receiving-teller's window.

"You are late to-day, Mr. Grinnell," incautiously said the teller.

"Oh, you expected me?"

Grover was made uncomfortable. "You see, Mr. Grinnell, you've been coming here on Thursdays so regularly that we've—" He stopped abruptly as he looked at the slip, an Assay Office check for five millions of dollars. He credited the amount on the pass-book very slowly.

Mr. Dawson came out of his private office. One of the clerks, who had been stationed at the door, had notified him of Mr. Grinnell's arrival.

"How do you do?" said the president cheerfully. "You are a little late to-day."

"So the teller was just saying."

The president was annoyed, exceedingly, that Grinnell should have learned that his arrival had been expected; but he explained smilingly: "Well, you have been so punctual on Thursdays that, I fancy, we've grown rather into the habit of looking for you. What have you done to us to-day?"

"Five!" There was a curious suggestion of defiance in the young man's tone.

"Five millions?" incredulously.

"Yes." Grinnell looked at Mr. Dawson calmly.

"Well, Mr. Grinnell—" The president paused.

"Well, Mr. Dawson?" returned the young man.

"Really, really," said Dawson, more excited than any of the clerks remembered ever to have seen him, "this is most extraordinary. It's—most extraordinary! Won't you please come into my office a moment?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Dawson."

They faced each other by the president's desk. Dawson did not know how to begin. Perceiving that the silence was becoming embarrassing, he said: "Kindly be seated, Mr. Grinnell," and himself sat down. In some curious way, no sooner was he in his chair than he felt calm, self-possessed. It was his throne. There, seated,

he heard the speeches of men as from a height. Mostly he had heard suppliants for his mercy or his favour. It had given him, through the sense of mastery, a great confidence in himself. It returned to him as he leaned back in the chair.

"Let us speak with perfect frankness. You have now on deposit in this bank—"

"I'll tell you exactly," said Grinnell, consulting his pass-book. He added the figures with the tip of a lead-pencil. "Exactly \$9,537,805.69."

He looked at the president. Mr. Dawson bowed his head, as though thanking him for the information. There was a pause. Then the president went on slowly: "That is a great deal of money, Mr. Grinnell, to have deposited in less than two months. It is more ready cash, with one, or possibly two exceptions, than any individual has on deposit in any one bank in the United States."

"Indeed?" There was genuine astonishment in the young man's voice. Dawson felt it unmistakably.

"Yes."

"But there are so many very rich men."

"Yes; but their riches are not in the shape of hard cash at the bank. The interest on that sum at the current rate is more than a thousand dollars a day. It is what makes your case so remarkable—a young man, unknown in the business world, the possessor of a vast fortune in gold. It is bound to excite extraordinary interest."

"Then I am glad," said Grinnell, almost apologetically, "that I did not deposit more."

"What?" He was startled out of his bank presidentness, and stared at the young man with quite human amazement.

"Yes, sir. I was thinking that I would bring in ten millions next Thursday."

"Good Heavens!"

"You see," explained the young man, very earnestly, "I thought that since this was the bank with the greatest deposits, after I had, as it were, accustomed you to this sort of business, it would be less noticeable than if I went elsewhere."

Mr. Dawson rose.

"This cannot go on. I must know where this gold comes from!" He glared at the young man menacingly. His face had grown pale. Grinnell rose deliberately. He looked at the president so seriously as to produce the impression of a frown, though there was none on his face.

"Mr. Dawson," he said, in a voice that betrayed displeasure, "as I told you before, I have no intention of disturbing this account. As far as I can see, it will remain here indefinitely. I do not ask you to allow me interest. Should I change my mind, I will give you ample notice. If you wish me to relieve you of this burden, which you appear to regard as excessive, I beg that you will say so, and I shall go elsewhere. I bring this money here because I feel it will be safe. My private affairs, I am sure, can be of no interest to anyone. You have but to say the word and we part—the best of friends."

The president drew in a deep breath.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said with an attempt, not over-successful, at contrition. "You may forgive me, but I never shall forgive myself. But are you sure, Mr. Grinnell, that you can tell me nothing of your—er—fortune? Remember, I have no desire to pry into your private affairs." He had a way of being polite, as though his very thoughts were punctilious. Wall Street distrusted his self-possession. People who have others completely in their power, and are self-possessed, are too dangerous for comfort.

"Well, Mr. Dawson, the fortune happens to be one of them," said the young man. "So, you see, I can only regret that I cannot answer you."

"I will not press you, Mr. Grinnell. Ah! of course, I would hold in the strictest confidence anything you might see fit to tell me." He smiled. His smile, often, was that of a diplomat at a reception. His attitudes, the absence of nervous gestures, the poise of his head, all bespoke self-control. But he could not always control his eyes. When he was not sure of his expression he half closed his eyelids, and spoke very gently.

Grinnell shook his head. The president, at a loss for words, held out his hand.

"You've forgiven me?" said Grinnell smiling, as in relief.

"Mr. Grinnell," with a mournful shake of the head, "that is unkind of you."

"Oh, but I mean it! Good-afternoon, Mr. Dawson."

The president escorted the young man to the door.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Grinnell. By the way, are we to expect you again soon?"

"Next week, if I live," and with a final smile that gave his serious face the indeterminately youthful look of people who have a keen sense of humour, Mr. Grinnell left the Metropolitan National Bank, faithfully "shadowed" by John Croll, formerly one of Pinkerton's "star" men and general sleuth.

Croll reported daily to his chief, Edward Costello, who in turn submitted a written report to Mr. Dawson. The young man had gone straight to his house, 1 West 38th Street, a four-story-and-basement brown-stone front, purchased by George K. Grinnell on March 8, 1899, from Mary C. Bryan, widow of Mitchell J. Bryan. He had stayed indoors all day. In the evening went out for a walk, accompanied by a fox terrier, and returned at ten o'clock. On the following morning at 8.30, accompanied by the same dog, took a long walk in Central Park; returned at ten. Did not leave the house until five o'clock, when he went to the office of Dr. Coster, the well-known eye specialist. Returned to his house and took the customary walk in the evening. He lived with his sister, very quietly, according to the domestics of the neighbouring houses. They paid no social calls and received none while under observation. The household supplies were purchased from shops in the vicinity, and paid for always in gold. On Monday, at 10 a.m., two heavy trucks owned by William Watson drove to the house and took each a load of bullion bars, painted black to disguise their nature, and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds each, which the men brought out through the basement entrance, and carried to the Assay Office. Mr. Grinnell drove in a public hansom behind them, accompanied by a powerfully built man-servant, who lived in Mr. Grinnell's house. A second trip was made. The daily movements of Mr. and Miss Grinnell, of the two women servants and the body-guard then were given in detail. They revealed absolutely nothing. On Thursdays, it had been learned, Mr. Grinnell went to the Assay Office, shortly after mid-day, and received a check for the gold bullion deposited on the previous Monday. The clerks there had been requested by Mr. Grinnell not to give any information, but Mr. Grinnell's name—an undecipherable signature—appeared several times on the register of certificates for the payment of bullion deposits. By crediting him with various amounts instead of one lump sum, no comment was excited, nor had the interest of the newspaper reporters been aroused. But they said at the Assay Office it could not go on unnoticed very much longer, unless Mr. Grinnell took bars instead of checks for his gold. They thought it an unusual case; but the employees of the Federal Government are not supposed to have any imagination during business hours. It is against the rules.

On Thursday, Mr. Grinnell sent in his card to Mr. Dawson before calling on the receiving teller. He was admitted at once.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dawson. I have brought you—" he took two bits of paper from his pocket-book, fingered them uncertainly, and finally returned one to his pocket. He went on: "Ten millions."

"Is that all to-day?" The president not only was not nonplussed, but actually smiled. He was a great man. Even his enemies acknowledged it.

"That's all. You see, I've been depositing a little every week in the Eastern National Bank. But I've decided to increase it to a million a week, and I wanted to ask you if the Dry Goods National also is to be trusted."

"Great Heavens, man! When are you going to stop? Where is the mine? Can't I buy stock in it?" The president spoke jocularly. He had, on hearing the young man's words, determined to solve the mystery if it took fifty thousand dollars. It had ceased to be merely a mystery. It had become a menace. This made him calm.

"I don't own a share of mining stock. Do you think mines are good investments?" But the young man asked this altogether too innocently.

"Your mine would be." The president gazed fixedly at the spectacled eyes. Grinnell hesitated.

"I'll deposit this, then," he said. "Good-morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

British Gossip

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN, who has carried Wimbledon against Mr. Bertrand Russell, is a most interesting figure, both in politics and sport. He was once known as the Squire of Blankney and has always been a staunch Protectionist. Long ago he was



Mr. Henry Chaplin,

Who was recently returned to Parliament by a majority of nearly 7,000, in support of Tariff Reform.—(Half-tones, Limited).

engaged to be married to Lady Florence Paget, one of the prettiest women of the day, who, however, eloped with the Marquis of Hastings. A year or two later, fate gave Mr. Chaplin his revenge; his horse, Hermit, won the Derby at enormous odds and Lord Hastings was ruined. He died about four years later. Mr. Chaplin married Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, sister of the present Duke of Sutherland. For nearly forty years Mr. Chaplin sat in the House of Commons, the redoubtable fighter for "the wheat-growers of England." Last year at the General Election, he was defeated by Mr. Lupton

a strong Liberal, in the Sleaford Division. He is fervent in the expression of his Protectionist views and is naturally a friend of Mr. Chamberlain. It is said that he has frequently refused a peerage. His opponent, Hon. Bertrand Russell, represented himself as the champion of the suffragettes and those valiant ladies supported him with an enthusiasm which proved fatal. One of the absurd incidents of the campaign was the dispersal of a suffragette audience by the simple device of freeing a number of rats on the stage. The feminine agitators fled in mad haste, leaving the rodents victorious. The election was watched with much interest, and the return of such a fine old English "Squire" is a happy consummation.

* * *

The colonial Premiers are no longer subjects of public interest and, now that the Conference is over, Londoners are beginning to realise that they somewhat overdid the Botha boom. It is all very well to shake hands after the fight; but to fall on the neck of the erstwhile foe and become hysterical over his charms is repulsive to the saner type of Englishman. The Australian guest who expressed some surprise at the over-Boerish sentiments of some worthy Britons will probably have Canadian sympathisers. The visit of Prince Fushimi added to the attractions of a gay month and the action of the Lord Chamberlain in forbidding the production of "The Mikado" is still being discussed with some warmth. It is said that there were mysterious reasons for such withdrawal and that the high dignitary who forbade the banns of "Yum-Yum" is a much-maligned gentleman. Assuredly the path of censor is not strewn with primroses or yet with chrysanthemums. The next visitors to attract attention are from the land of the hidalgo. A polo team of Spanish aristocrats has arrived in England on a holiday tour of several weeks. Several matches have been arranged and are anticipated with some curiosity in sporting circles, for Spanish skill in the game is an unknown quantity.

* * *

Whatever Spain may accomplish in polo, it is certain that Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern have won general favour in the London dramatic world. The Shakespearean performances are considered their most effective work and their acting in Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" has been received almost with enthusiasm. What induced such artists to put a trumpery affair like "When Knighthood Was in Flower" on the boards is yet to be revealed. Even Miss Marlowe's captivating impersonation of wilful Mary Tudor cannot raise the production from the level of trashy melodrama. The London critics are at one with the American ad-

mirer, Mr. De Foe, who declares that Miss Marlowe's great charm is her limpid, wonderfully modulated and expressive voice. Miss Marlowe has won a London triumph and it may be of interest to recall the fact that she was born in Coldbeck, Cumberland, England. She was only five years of age when her parents went to Kansas; so she is American in education and dramatic training.

* * *

Whether Ireland has her "rights" or not, she is receiving more than her share of attention. The Exhibition, opened so auspiciously by Lord Aberdeen, is attracting many visitors to Erin's Isle and is said to contain many artistic treasures. Then there has been a rumour of Lord Aberdeen's resignation of his position as Lord-Lieutenant in order to devote himself to more commercial interests. But this has lately been declared a bit of idle conjecture, arising from the distressful state of one department of the administration. Then there was Mr. Birrell's Bill, which seemed to arouse general protest, the fiercest opposition coming from Mr. Redmond and his merry men, who evidently consider no bread better than half a loaf. "Devolution" has afforded no solution of Irish problems and the genial Mr. Birrell will doubtless fall back upon the consolations of literature and philosophy in this hour of political disappointment. He may write an appendix to "Obiter Dicta" or "Res Judicatae," thereby adding to the pleasures of existence, for the Birrell essays meet Dr. Samuel Johnson's requirement of a good book—that it shall make life more bearable. In the meantime, Ireland seems to be enjoying golf and kindred dissipation. So she will never miss the diversions of "devolution."

* * *

Mr. Conrad Dressler is a Franco-German by descent but English by birth. He wished to be a sculptor but the members of his family, according to story-book usage, as a critic playfully remarks, opposed his plans, since they probably desired that the youthful Conrad should be self-supporting. He tried to be a book-keeper in a London office, but the marble appeal was too strong for his practical resolves and he became a pupil of Lanteri. Since his declaration of artistic independence, he has had a highly successful career, such men as Ruskin, Swinburne, William Morris and Lord Roberts having sat to him. He executed two of the panels which decorate St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and at Oxford is represented by his statue of Dean Liddell. He takes a keen interest in pottery and is the founder of the Della Robbia potteries. Mr. Dressler has lately executed a bust of the Queen of Spain which the Council of the Royal Academy rejected. The members who decried this work are painters and therefore not competent to judge of the plastic art, say some indignant critics. But it seems that the adjective "Royal" is no idle epithet. King Edward has taken matters into his own hands and by his command, the bust of the Queen of Spain is now being exhibited at the Academy and the Council is feeling sad. For several reasons, this disputed work by Mr. Dressler is attracting the public gaze.

* * *



A View on the River at Henley during the Carnival.

(Half-tones, Limited).

The Regatta at Henley is by far the most fashionable event of its kind, and all the social world take the opportunity of spending a pleasant week on the river. Phyllis Court, the lawn of which overlooks the race course, has developed into one of the most select clubs in England, and any number of notable people may be seen under the trees taking tea or watching the races during Henley week. As a spectacle, no other country in the world can show anything like the scenes at Henley.

Demi-Tasse

PADDLE OUR OWN CANOE.

Here's a maid of the North
 And a maiden of worth,
 A maid of the wheat fields and pines.
 On her cheeks there is health, in her hands
 there is wealth
 Of the river and forest and mine.
 So great are her charms
 That your Uncle Sam's arms
 Keep waving the red, white and blue;
 But she says with a smile, "I think for
 awhile
 I'll paddle my own stout canoe."
 —Song of the Canadian Club of New York.

* *

A CRUEL QUERY.

Miss Elderleigh: "Jane Jones is a mean,
 spiteful old cat."
 Miss Younger: "What's the matter?"
 Miss Elderleigh: "I told her that my
 family came over in the Mayflower, and
 she asked me if I was seasick."—Cleveland
 Plain Dealer.

* *

AFTER THE RACES.

She's bought a lovely rose-trimmed hat
 With clusters of forget-me-not;
 And gloves of twenty-button length,
 And two lace blouses she has got.

 She smiles upon a happy world,
 And says it's good to be alive;
 For at the Woodbine, just last week,
 That gentle maid won fifty-five.

* *



"Look here, umpire, you must bar that flamingo from the game. He covers two bases at the same time."—N.Y. Life.

* *

CHEERFUL SIR CHARLES.

That youthful-spirited veteran, Sir Charles Tupper, has recently contributed articles of imperialistic import to several English periodicals. Sir Charles, on his defeat in 1896, took his loss cheerfully, and made the best of his minority. During the August following that famous election he met a strong Liberal, who was, however, a personal friend of the defeated Conservative chieftain. The Liberal said with a judicious blending of jubilation and sympathy:

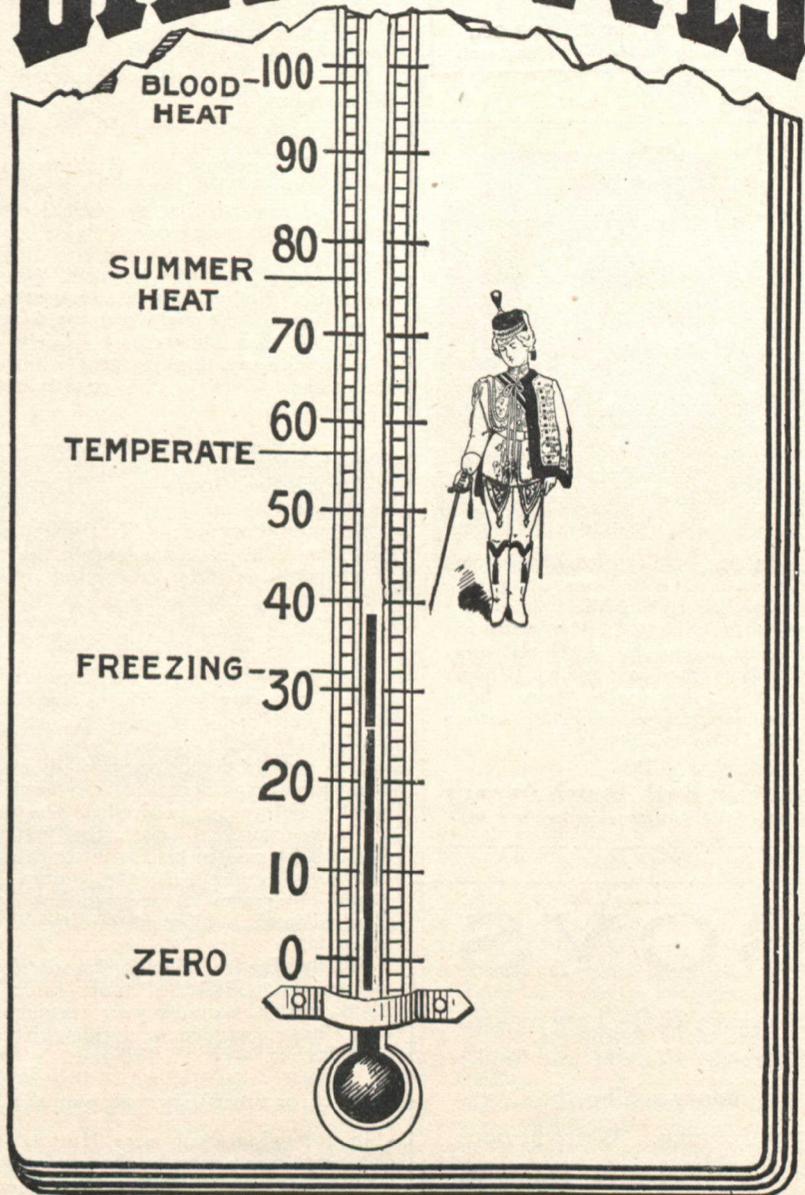
"Well, Sir Charles, how are you?"
 Sir Charles' dark eyes twinkled merrily.
 "I have just been enjoying an excellent 'outing,' my dear fellow."

* *

A BIT OF ETHNOLOGY.

A Toronto teacher has lately been instructing the dear little ones under her charge in the subject of the race-divisions of humanity. In answer to a question regarding the five races and their geographical distribution a bright pupil recently made this statement: "Europeans in England, Asiatics in China, North American Christians in Canada, South American Christians in Brazil, and Africans in Egypt." It is cheering to observe that this youth, while ignorant of the subject under consideration, is pos-

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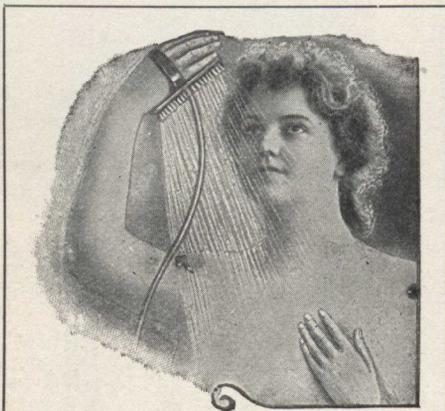
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essed of a sturdy patriotism which induces him to include all North American Christians within the boundaries of our fair Dominion. He would scorn to admit that Chicago or San Francisco might contain a few of this crowning race.

But curious classifications are not confined to the school-room. One of the most unusual statements of this kind was made some years ago by an amateur preacher in Western Ontario, who informed his hearers that there are four kinds of life: "animal, vegetable, mineral and eternal."

* *

NOT A LIAR.

He had called on business at a house in the suburbs, and as he arose to go he said: "I believe you were in the lake region last summer?"

"Yes."

"Go fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"One little perch."

"Ha! ha! That's what I expected. Well, good-night."

When the caller had gone, his wife said indignantly:

"Frank, how can you sit there and tell such stories? You know that we caught over a dozen fish that weighed five pounds apiece, and that big one weighed over ten pounds."

"My dear," said the husband, "you don't understand human nature. That man, now, is willing to take my word for \$5,000. If I had told him about those fish, he would have gone away thinking that I am one of the biggest liars in the country."—Short Stories.

* *

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

Comparative Stranger: "What's all the excitement about?"

Summer Boarder: "Nothing; just a lynching. The man who wrote the folders describing this place is coming down on the train."—Puck.

* *

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

One of the justices of the Supreme Court tells of a young lawyer in the West who was trying his first case before Justice Harlan.

The youthful attorney had evidently conned his argument until he knew it by heart. Before he proceeded ten minutes with his oratorical effort, the Justice had decided the case in his favour and had told him so. Despite this, the young lawyer would not cease. It seemed that he had attained such a momentum that he could not stop.

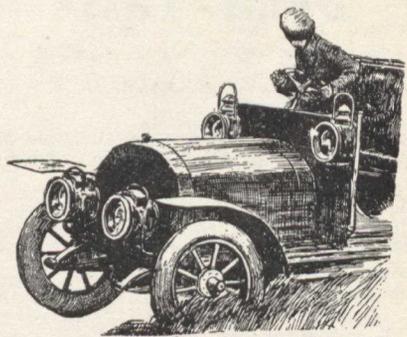
Finally Justice Harlan leaned forward and in the politest of tones said: "Mr. Blank, notwithstanding your arguments, the Court has concluded to decide this case in your favour."—N. Y. Tribune.

* *

A MAINE METHUSELAH.

In a logging camp near Hutton, Me., a few years ago a man by the name of Peter Grimes was accidentally killed and his widow was left in rather poor circumstances.

Joseph Breed, a particular friend of the



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unfortunate man, being somewhat of a carpenter, decided to make Grimes' coffin, and so cut down the funeral expenses. He told the widow of his intention, and also of carving the name and age of her late husband on the lid, but he was rather worried when he found that the age was twenty-eight years.

"I am awfully sorry, Mrs. Grimes," said Joe, "but I never could cut a figure 8."

"That's too bad," replied Mrs. Grimes. Then, as a happy thought came to her, she asked him if he could cut a figure 7.

"Yes, I can cut a first-rate figure 7."
"Well, then, why not cut four 7's? Everybody knows four 7's are twenty-eight."

So the following day Joe completed the coffin as she suggested. The day of the funeral came, and the minister had arrived at that part of the service, saying:

"Our dearly beloved brother, who departed this life at the age of—"

Here he glanced at the coffin lid for reference, and, his eyes lighting on Joe's row of four 7's, he gave a gasp and, with a startled look in his eyes, exclaimed:

"Good gracious, how did he ever miss the flood?"

* *

INDEBTED TO UNCLE SAM.

A correspondent of a London (England) paper, who has been staying at Stratford-on-Avon, relates that he one day asked his landlady, "Who is this Shakespeare, of whom one hears so much in the town? Was he a very great man?"

To this she replied: "Lor', sir, he warn't thought nothing on a few years ago. Its the Americans as 'as made him wot he is."

* *



Mr. Bug.—"Oh, Maria, come out quick and see the aurora borealis."—Harper's.

* *

NOTHING PERSONAL.

In the course of an address recently delivered before the Canadian Club of Halifax, Judge Russell referred to the reluctance certain clergymen feel with regard to denouncing the electoral corruption of the community. Such hesitancy reminded the Judge of the coloured pastor who counselled the visiting brother who had come to preach for him, that he had better avoid the subject of the ten commandments, as it was apt to throw a damper on the congregation. "Of course," continued the speaker, "it is much easier and pleasanter to preach against the Mormons who 'ain't got a friend in town,' than to tackle some form of immorality that must have its practitioners among the influential members of the congregation."

* *

A LINCOLN STORY.

On one occasion when he was busy, President Lincoln received a delegation of men who were endeavouring to hurry the passing of some petty bill. When they entered, Lincoln looked up gravely and said:

"If you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs will the sheep have?"

"Five," said the spokesman.

"No," replied Lincoln, "it would only have four. Calling the tail a leg wouldn't make it one." The delegation departed in discomfiture.

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Sporting Comment

TRULY the game of bowls is a breeder of good-fellowship. What could be nicer on a balmy summer afternoon than such a reasonable excuse for being outside? There is just enough exertion about it to make it exercise; just enough excitement to chase away ennui. And if you could ask for more, why, the refreshments are so handy. Given the right kind of bowlers—and there are no others—the right kind of weather and the right kind of refreshments, and the world of sport holds little else to long for. No wonder Drake refused to go out and trim the Spanish Armada till he had finished his game of bowls.

* *

It is pleasing to note that the Ottawa cricketers and their Toronto brethren will likely again join forces and divide the honour of being well walloped by the Yankees in the annual U. S. v. Canada match. Down in Ottawa they got the idea that there were too many Toronto men chosen on the team. And they may have been right, too. For the past two or three or more games have proved that the team was either picked by political pull or that the crop of cricketers in Canada doesn't afford much choice.

* *

Probably never before in the history of this country have such unique sports been witnessed as were held at Vancouver on Victoria Day. The contests were arranged for the foreigners living in that city, the men of one race being matched against men of another. When it is known that the games were all Canadian games and that the participants were Hindoos, Sikhs, Chinese, and Siwash Indians, many of whom, with the exception of the Siwashes, were unfamiliar with the games, it will readily be understood that the fun was uproarious. A tremendous crowd was present, so great, indeed, as to interfere with the sports at times.

The principal event of the day was a football match between fifteen Indians and fifteen Sikhs. For solid amusement it is said nothing like it has ever been seen in this country. The Sikhs knew almost nothing about football, but they were all hardy, well-trained men from the north of India, and when the Indians began to pull them about by their gaudy turbans, nothing but the presence of the missionaries averted a race war on the spot. At half-time the Indians had scored one goal. In the second half the Sikhs understood the game a little better, and the glare of battle was in their eye. It was a wild game, and when at last the Sikhs succeeded in capturing a goal their excitement knew no bounds and they rushed about the field embracing and kissing one another! Lest the game should develop into a battle, it was thought well to terminate it at this point. Both teams played in their bare feet, and had there been a chiropodist on the ground, it is thought he would have done a land office business.

There was also a tug-of-war between Indians and Hindoos, in which the Indians finally won, although their opponents were heavier men.

Foot races were also run between Hindoos, Chinese and Indians, in which it was amply demonstrated that rice is no good as a diet for runners. In the Indians' race professionals jostled amateurs, and fouls were frequent, but all rules appear to have been suspended. There were also Chinese and Indian bicycle races and an Indian lacrosse match.

The programme was brought to a close by a wrestling match between a celebrated Hindoo wrestler, Baba Singh by name, and an Indian strong man named Billy. The Hindoo won a flying fall in two minutes, but the crowd closed in on them in their excitement, and further bouts had to be postponed. Great interest was shown in this contest, and another match has been arranged to be held at the Vancouver Athletic Club at an early date.

For some reason which has not been explained, the Japanese declined at the last moment to participate in the sports, although they had previously promised to take part.



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Peculiarities

COMPLAINTS have been received by the shipping companies that second-class passengers arriving at Quebec are submitted by the Dominion medical authorities to objectionable tests, such as jumping, dancing and running about the shed. Why not add to the curriculum handsprings and ground and lofty tumbling, and make the passengers proficient for circus work at once?

* *

Michael Gary, a Port Arthur man, had his back broken on December 2nd last, and the doctors gave him a few hours to live. Now, after a lapse of six months, his spinal column has reunited, though with a curvature. Evidently there is lots to learn yet about these bodies that we carry about with us, and Nature appears to have a few tricks up her sleeve that we have not discovered.

* *

Manitoba winds must be of good quality. At Elgin a Union Jack flying over the schoolhouse has been blown to tatters in five days, and it is expected that the new one will only last two weeks. At Wapaka school the flag, although flying for a longer period, is now in ribbons.

* *

From Woodstock, N.B., to Vancouver, B.C., is something of a jump to make in changing one's place of residence, and yet that is what Dr. Charles Garden and Mrs. Garden have done. More than that, Dr. Garden has carried some honeyed words with him in his long leap, and declares Vancouver easily the prettiest city he has seen in Canada. At this rate the East will have to sit up and take notice.

* *

There must be something particularly keen and bracing in the air of British Columbia, which tends to impart a clear eye and a steady hand. Riflemen in Canada have long been familiar with the large number of first-class shots which that province annually sends to the D. R. A. meeting and to Bisley. This year no less than four men will represent the 5th Regiment of Victoria at Bisley, viz., Col.-Sergt.-Major Caven, Sergt. Carr, Sergt. Brayshaw and Gunner Fisher. These British Columbia men can always be depended on to give a good account of themselves, too.

* *

We have all heard about the effete East, and it seems to be the proper thing to regard the West as about four laps ahead of the East, but the Police Commissioners of British Columbia have only just come to the conclusion that the curfew bell is a relic of mediæval times. Score one for the dead ones in the East who obliterated this relic ages ago.

* *

Crossing Lake Erie appears to be no joke. Two Windsor lawyers, Messrs. A. H. Clarke, M.P., and A. St. George Ellis, accompanied by Manager Marsh, of "The Amherstburg Echo," made the trip to Pelee Island in a tug the other day. The lake was very rough, and the lawyers asked the newspaper man to pray. Marsh said he was out of practice, and turned the job over to a deckhand. There seems to be an opening for a good revivalist in the Windsor district.

* *

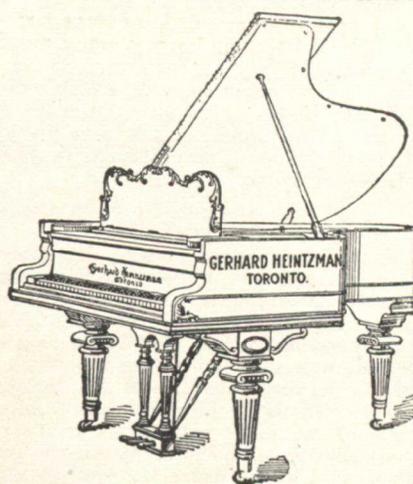
Summer has undoubtedly arrived at Glace Bay, C.B. The "Sydney Record" announces that cattle are now roaming all over the streets, and a cow strayed into McDonald's drug store while the proprietor was absent. Must be warm when the cow would be looking for a lemon soda like that!

* *

The first requiem mass ever celebrated in Canada for the repose of the soul of a Mongolian was performed in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, a few days ago. The Chinaman was Wong Yuen, 25 years of age, and the ceremony was conducted in the presence of a large audience, including nine of the deceased's friends.

* *

At last a weather prophet has arisen who has cast off Jack Frost's shackles and



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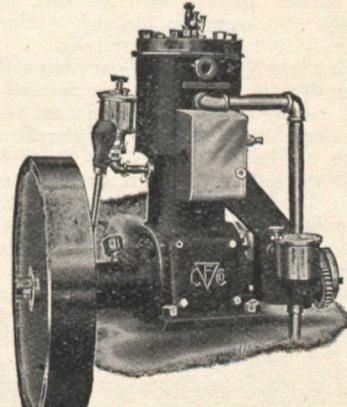
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Invalids'
Port**
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For
heavy mental
and physical
strain
All Druggists—everywhere.

handed out a comfortable guess. He is an old trapper from north of Peterborough, and he says we will have to stand the chilly weather till July 1st, after which we will have a very warm summer, which will last till late in the fall, thus ensuring good crops. This prophet works out his guess from the habits of several animals, and has a good record as a predictor.

* *

Faint praise must be very irritating as well as damning. The "Sydney Record" recently awarded some exceedingly mild praise for the performers in a church concert there, and now a "lady" who was concerned writes to the "Record": "I would like to see the credentials of the blackguard who wrote this reference. . . . in conclusion, the notice you saw fit to insert in your editorial notes is typical of the gutter snipe, and in this respect is well in accord with the whole 'Record' outfit." Whatever may be said of the concert, it is certain the "Record" editor is a fearless and broad-minded individual, who is determined that the voice of the public shall not be stifled. It is not often in these days of mild and feeble utterance that a "lady" reader voices her injured feelings so strenuously.

* *



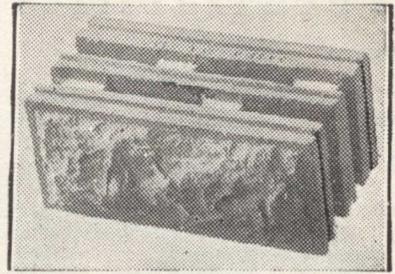
Neil Macphatter, M.D.
President of the Canadian Club of New York.

A STALWART CANADIAN.

A TRAVELLING advertisement of the best kind for Canada is Neil Macphatter, M.D., President of the Canadian Club of New York City. A genial, whole-souled Irish-Canadian is the Doctor—brimful of humour, and as aggressively jolly as he looks. Though his hair is now tinged with grey, Dr. Macphatter will never grow old. No one who knows him can conceive of such a thing. Exuberant youth is his perennially.

Though many years a resident of the Republic to the south, the Doctor is still a Canadian to the backbone, and is not only the President but the founder of the Canadian Club of New York. Many times has he been President, and still reigns with unabated popularity. So much of a Canadian is he in sentiment that it is even whispered that he has not yet taken out his naturalisation papers.

Physically the Doctor is a great, big man, a combination of stalwartness and gentleness, always ready to take his part in what is going on, and the life of every social gathering at which he is present. Incidentally he is the possessor of a long string of degrees from the universities and medical colleges of Toronto, Edinburgh, Glasgow and London, and is one of the most prominent surgeons in New York, as well as Professor of Anatomy in the Post-graduate Medical College of that city.



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one of these a down face, another a combination making two wall block and triple wall block, and a first-class brick machine.

If you want to build a house, it will pay you to get one of these machines.

A number who bought and used other machines have bought ours, showing the superior features of these machines.

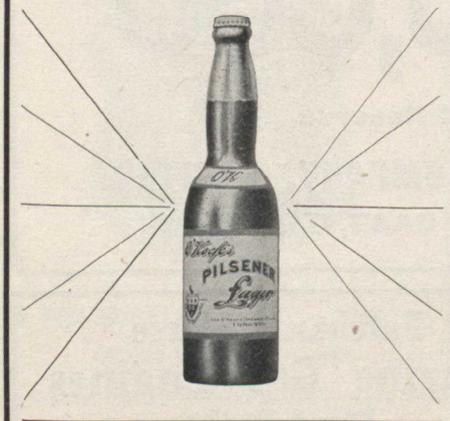
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No matter whether
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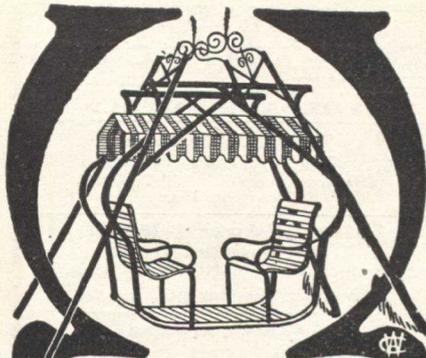
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trying, you found
each of them up to
the mark, didn't
you?

That's because
they are brewed
right, matured pro-
perly, and whole-
some.



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are in store for the happy folks who own an *Eagle Steel Lawn Swing*. It gives a new idea of comfort. Constructed on an entirely new principle it swings as lightly as a feather in the breeze; safe as a baby's cradle; comfortable as an easy chair. No matter how high or low, fast or slow you swing, the seats remain upright. No tilting backward or forward. Perfect mechanism. Substantial frame of carbon steel prevents all accidents.

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is made for service and hard wear. The seats can be turned back to any angle. If you desire the table or steel head rests, we have them for you. It is not a cheap, one season affair, but a swing built to last a lifetime. Nothing to get out of order. When folded occupies but little space. A child can set it up or take it down in a few minutes. Artistically finished and every part perfect.

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For the Children

THE COLLECTORS.

I wasn't but a little boy
When I collected butterflies;
And next I took to postage-stamps,
And then cigar bands were the prize.

I had a lot of birds' eggs, too,
And horseshoes—some were red with rust,
My hornets' nests were thrown away—
The maid said they collected dust.

But mother whispered not to mind,
For she had a collection, too,
And showed me just the queerest lot—
A baby's cap, a small pink shoe,

A rubber cow, a yellow curl,
A ragged book of A B C,
A letter, thick with blots, I wrote
When she was once away from me.

I wouldn't give a quarter for
The stuff, but mother thinks it's fine,
And only laughed when I remarked
It wasn't valuable, like mine.

But when it comes to keeping things,
She gives me pointers, you can bet!
I sold or swapped mine long ago,
But mother has her rubbish yet!
—Eunice Ward.

MISPLACED ANATOMY.

Mother was in the butler's pantry preparing some dainties for a luncheon, and amongst them a Camembert cheese.

In rushed a five-year-old maid on a tour of inspection, all curiosity. After commenting on the various articles, she came to the cheese. It was redolent with the odour all Camembert lovers delight in.

"Mamma," she quaintly remarked, "if your nose wasn't so near your mouth, you could eat that."

THE TWINS.

The Harmon twins looked so much alike as babies that their parents could hardly tell them apart. As they grew older it became evident that to Grandmother Harmon at least the twins were a unit.

"You were asking me how much the twins weigh," said Grandmother Harmon to a neighbour. "When I went out that afternoon I put one of them on the scales at the grocery, and found they weigh just twenty-six pounds."

"Do they always weigh exactly the same?" inquired the neighbour, and Grandmother Harmon looked quite impatient.

"The twins?" she said. "Of course; why not?"

The neighbour had no reason to give, but she rebelled a few days later when, in answer to her inquiry, Grandmother Harmon said:

"Where are the twins? Oh, they got a cinder in one of their eyes, and their mother has taken them down to the oculist's to have it removed, they were fussing so over it."—Youth's Companion.

DEJECTION.

Nobody likes me any more;
I almost wish I was dead and buried;
The minute I get inside the door
Ma she begins to be kind of worried;
Pa says I'm only a constant care
'N' I guess if the green grass grows
above me
They'd none of them come to my grave
out there
'N' shed tears while they were thinkin'
uv me.

Nobody's got kind words for me,
'N' yesterday afternoon the teacher,
Right out in school, said she couldn't see
Why I had to be such a stupid creature.
I guess that if I would be laid away
Out under an elm or a weepin' willow,
They wouldn't nobody come there to lay
Their head on my grave for their mossy
pillow.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mothers, Listen!

Do not spend your nights walking the floor with Baby, but put your child in one of our **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS**, where children never cry. Swings itself to and fro, up and down, with every movement.



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

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Literary Notes

NO person can possibly read all the new books, pamphlets and articles dealing with Canadian topics from new points of view. To classify and briefly review these occupies a volume annually, which volume is published by the University of Toronto, and is edited by Professor Wrong and Librarian Langton. The volume, dated 1907, and reviewing the publications of 1906, contains over two hundred large pages. The more important books are reviewed at length, and others in proportion. The pamphlets and articles are merely noticed.

Anyone interested at all in national history and problems will get many ideas from a perusal of the volume, and will get many pointers as to purchases and reading. The classification into general, provincial and local histories, geography, economics and statistics, archaeology, ethnology and folklore, bibliography, law and education, enables the student to select the section which most interests him. From the reviews in this section he may decide what books of the year are most important.

This is the eleventh year of publication. (Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth or paper.)

* *

A history of the University of Toronto, 1827-1906, has just been issued. This is a handsomely bound and illustrated memorial volume, which every graduate of that institution will desire to possess. Each chapter is signed, and the authors include Chancellor Burwash, the Bursar, Professors Alexander, Hutton, Reynar, Young, Primrose and Ellis, President Loudon and Provost Macklem. The photogravures and photo-engravings are executed artistically, and, one might add, extravagantly. This extravagance does not, however, seem out of place in a volume comprising so much valuable history and embalming the record of an institution which has played so important a part in the educational history of the nation. (Published by The Librarian.)

* *

Engineers and others interested will find much information in "Problems of the Panama Canal," by Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Abbot, published by the Macmillans. It contains maps and illustrations, and is the most thorough account of the history and plans of this undertaking yet given to the public. (\$2.00 net.)

* *

Every person who essays to write short stories will want to read "The Short Story: Its Principles and Structure," by Evelyn May Albright. The short story is even more ancient than the novel, though, as the author points out, it did not come to its period of development as a special form of art until nearly a century later than the novel. This is really a short-story age. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

* *

Somewhat unique in its way is the revised edition of J. F. Herbin's "History of Grand Pre," which is being issued from the press of William Briggs, Toronto. The author claims to be the only living descendant of the original Acadians now residing within the scene of their eviction. Another book from this press of more than ordinary interest is a volume of poems by Rev. Thomas W. Fyles, an Anglican clergyman stationed at Levis. The poems are illustrated by the author himself, who is a cultured scholar, and writes in a somewhat humorous vein.

* *

"Gaff Linkum," by Archie P. McKishnie, of Chatham, Ont., is an attractive story, which should make good summer reading. The cover design is an excellent specimen of the work of Mr. Harold Harris, a Toronto artist, who is making a specialty of this line of work. (William Briggs, Toronto.) Two books, useful and instructive in their way, are "A Manual of Private Prayers for Boys" and "A Manual of Instruction in the Use of the Voice in Public Speaking," both from the pen of Rev. E. J. Bidwell, M.A., headmaster of the Bishop's College School at Lennoxville, Que. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto.)

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less than in 1905—only 16.34 %
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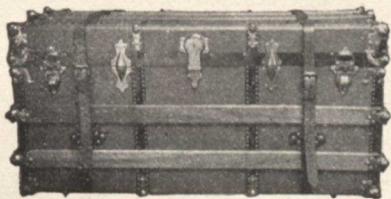
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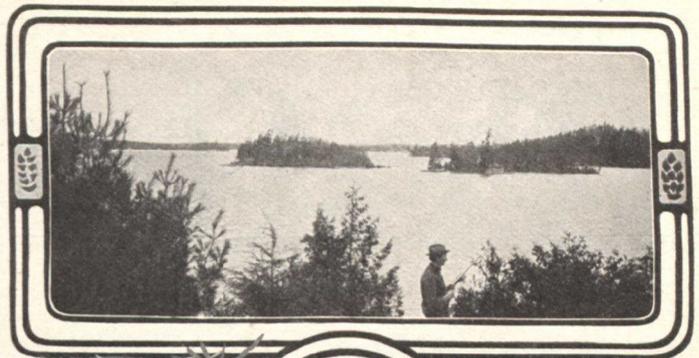
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