

"RUINED MESSINA" IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. V, No. 9

January 30th, 1909

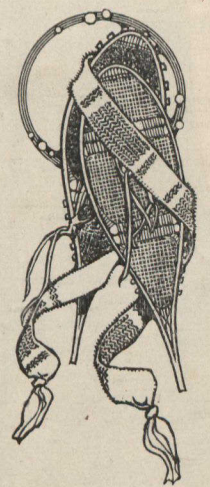
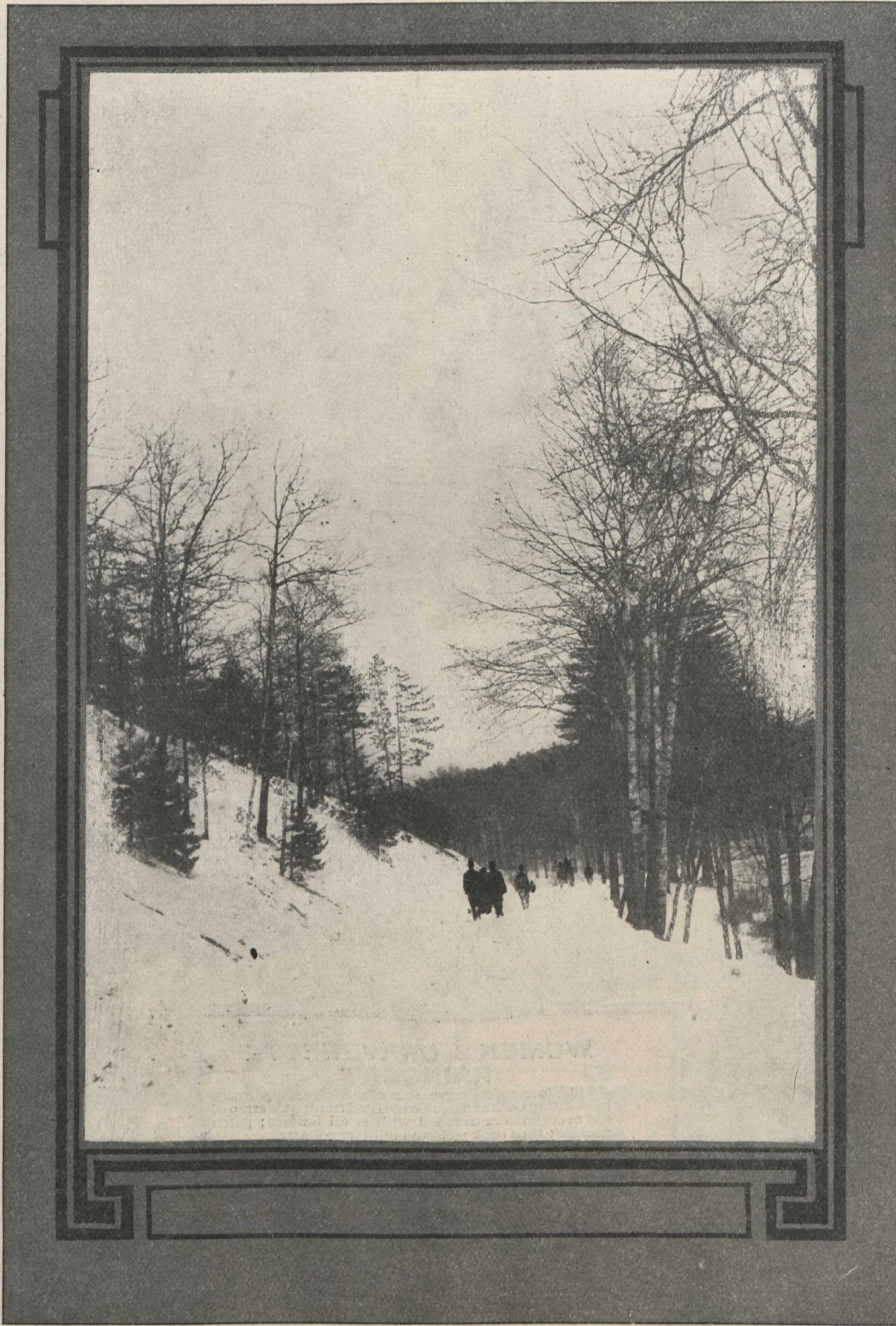
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The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"WINTER IN THE PARK."

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JANUARY DOINGS IN WOMEN'S CLOTHING

WOMEN'S FUR-LINED COAT

J-4944. Women's Stylish Fur-lined Coat, made of all-wool Cheviot, lined throughout with Hamster fur; high storm collar and large revers of blended sable; loose-fitting style with strap of self over shoulder; turn back cuffs and flap pockets; fastened with loops and barrel buttons; length 44 inches. This makes a very warm and comfortable coat. Colors black or navy. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. **Sale Price 26⁵⁰**

26⁵⁰



WOMEN'S FUR-TRIMMED COAT

J-4945. Women's Fur-Trimmed Coat, made of all-wool Cheviot, lined throughout with mercerette with deep facing of self; double breasted front and loose-fitting back; has high storm collar and large revers of blended sable; narrow self strappings over shoulder and under arm in Mandarin effect; turn back pointed cuffs and flap pockets; fastened with loops and barrel buttons; length 48 inches. There is comfort as well as style in this coat. Black only. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. **Sale Price 15⁰⁰**

15⁰⁰



We do not sample materials of garments shown on this page.

Only regular stock sizes supplied.



WOMEN'S CRAVENETTE RAINCOAT

J-4815. Women's Cravenette Raincoat, made with loose fitting back and double breasted front; wide strap of self over shoulder trimmed with small buttons; patch pockets; turn back cuffs and military collar; colors oxford or fawn. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. 54 inch length only. **Sale Price 5⁵⁰**

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Sizes for suits are:—

Bust 32 with waist 23	Bust 34 with waist 24
" 36 " " 25	" 38 " " 26
" 40 " " 28	" 42 " " 29

Choice of skirt lengths 39, 40, 41, 42 or 43 inches.

J-4815

J-6977

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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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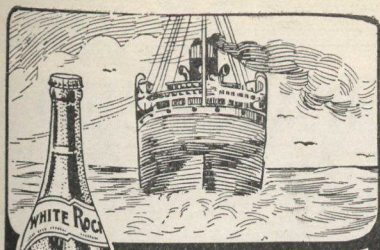
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PUBLISHER'S TALK

OUR readers are sending us more letters than usual. We hope that the unusual will become habitual. Most editors and publishers are glad to hear from their readers. It means close contact with the public. Criticism is even more valuable than encouraging praise. One correspondent says that as he has renewed his subscription for the third year, he is entitled to write as one of the original shareholders. He is quite right—it is his privilege and our profit.

We wish, however, that more of our readers would argue the questions themselves, instead of telling us privately whether the "Courier" is right or wrong in its attitude on temperance, foreign missions and other questions. The attitude of the staff writers has nothing to do with the case. They have a right to use any arguments they wish. Our readers must answer these arguments if they want to be heard. Our columns are as open to any correspondent as they are to any regular or irregular member of the staff.

WE hope our readers will appreciate Mr. Hawkes' excellent article in this issue. Miss Laut's work is open to much criticism, and now that she is a successful author, she must expect it. Nor is she the only author who will be treated fairly but firmly during the next few months.

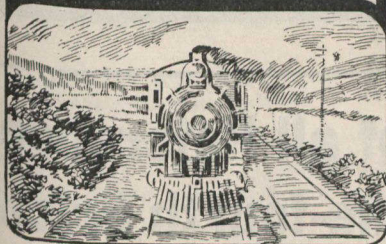


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made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets	\$1,326,194
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(c) " " " Income	313,733
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while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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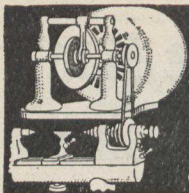
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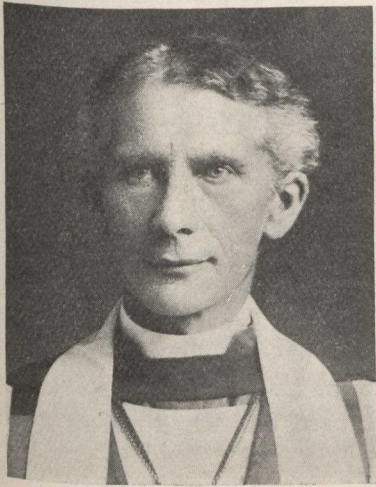
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. V.

Toronto, January 30th, 1909.

No. 9

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Right Rev. George Thorneloe
Anglican Bishop of Algoma

IN the old university song book there was a song entitled "The Maid from Algoma," and the piece implied that scholarship from that *ultima thule* was a rare thing. But for a good many years now there have been scholars in Algoma. The most conspicuous example at present in that rugged, delightful land is Bishop Thorneloe, who succeeded the late Bishop Sullivan to that diocese twelve years ago when Bishop Sullivan became rector of St. James Cathedral, Toronto. Bishop Sullivan was a scholar and one of the finest Bible readers of his time. Bishop Thorneloe has had a scholastic career even more distinguished than that of his predecessor. He is the son of a Quebec clergyman; born, however, in Cov-

entry, England, in 1848; educated first at Lennoxville. That early schooling was but the prelude to a brilliant career in scholarship and letters, degrees, medals and lectureships, university preacherhips and examinerships. Twelve years now in the sullen North, the Bishop has no reason to regret that he is a scholar. In those remote places books are often the best companions outside of the people who are more than usually interesting because scarce. The late Bishop Bompas of the Mackenzie diocese was another example of scholarship in a place where he was for many years the only scholar.

* * *

UNIVERSITY professors who take hold of practical questions are becoming steadily more numerous in Canada. The latest practical scientist to tackle a big problem is Dr. Howard T. Barnes, Professor of Physics in McGill University. Dr. Barnes believes—some maritime opinion somewhat to the contrary—that the St. Lawrence might be navigated during the winter, and that therefore Montreal might become a great winter port. With an assistant granted him by the Marine Department he will conduct observations and experiments this winter in order to ascertain whether or not his speculations are correct. He will have the felicity of riding on a Government ice-breaker. He has found that the opinions of mariners are proverbially conflicting; that the St. Lawrence route is almost as much open to speculation as Hudson's Bay. He concludes that one reason why the St. Lawrence is non-navigable for so much of the

season is that the ice jams in the narrow reaches of the river. His experiments will discover how true this may be. Dr. Barnes' interest in the matter was at first purely scientific. He hopes to see a practical result from his observations. He has contributed already a good deal to the literature of "frazil" and "anchor" ice, concerning which there is as much occult mystery in the minds of some people as there used to be in astrology. His assistant on the ice-breaker will be Mr. J. B. Woodyatt, an honour graduate in science at McGill.

* * *

NEWLY appointed governor of the University of Toronto is Mr. Z. A. Lash, whose name has been familiar for a long while to the Canadian people as a counsel

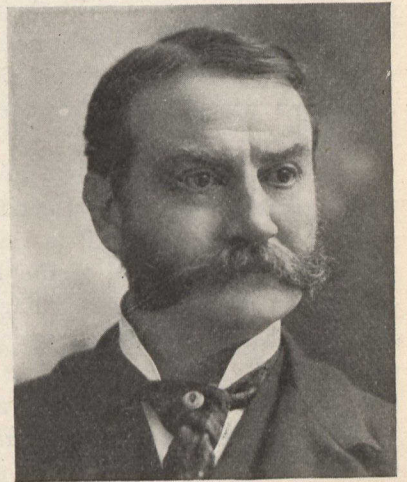
for the Canadian Northern Railway Company. Mr. Lash was born in Newfoundland in 1849; called to the Ontario Bar in 1868, when he became a member of the firm, Beatty, Chadwick and Lash. Four years later he was appointed lecturer in commercial and criminal law to the Law Society of Ontario. Four years later again he became Deputy-Minister of Justice. He was created a Q. C. by the Marquis of Lorne. In 1882 he resigned his office under the Crown and returned to Toronto when he entered into partnership with Mr. Samuel Blake.

* * *

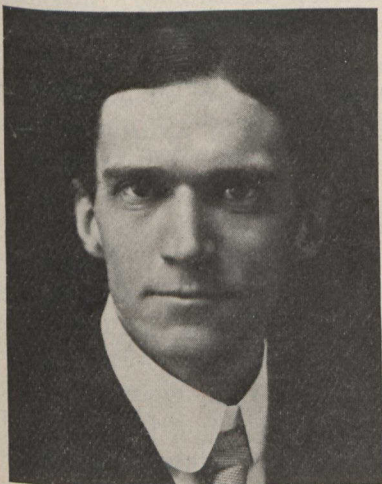
MR. E. J. B. PENSE, of Kingston, has been thirty-seven years connected with the British Whig of that city. It was founded forty-one years before by an ancestor, Mr. Barker, which explains the "B" in Mr. Pense's name. Under the younger man, the *Whig* maintained its earlier superiority and developed with the times, as all good papers should. Mr. Pense added to his list of publications two religious papers because of his keen interest in church work—especially the activities and progress of the Anglican body. Rather late in his career, he gave up electing other men to the Ontario Legislature, and became member himself. At the recent general election he was defeated, and it is no discredit to his opponent to say that the defeat was unfortunate for the Province. Mr. Pense has high ideals and lofty conceptions of a citizen's duty. Occasionally he has indulged in keen partisan activity, but it was always gentlemanly activity on the part of a man who was sure he was right.

* * *

LAST week, there was a reference in these columns to Archbishop Sweatman and the surprising strength which he had recently exhibited. When he went to Montreal to consecrate the new Bishop of that diocese he seemed to be in the best of health. On Monday, the 18th, he was taken with a sudden chill which developed into broncho-pneumonia and on Sunday last he passed away. He was the third Bishop of Toronto, having been consecrated in St. James Cathedral on May 1st, 1899. His Bishopric consisted of nine counties in the centre of the province. Just two years ago, January 16th, 1907, he was consecrated Archbishop and Metropolitan of Toronto and Primate of all Canada. His greatest work, or at least the piece of work which lay nearest his heart, was his creation of the new cathedral in Toronto known by the name of St. Alban the Martyr. He found it exceedingly difficult to get funds for the work, and though twenty years have passed since the corner-stone was laid, the work is still far from being finished. His disappointment in this connection was very keen. If he was not a great man, in the fullest sense of that term, he was in many ways a grand man and one of which his church has no reason to be other than proud. He was not remarkably aggressive and was the opposite of belligerent. He was a peacemaker and could always be relied upon to prevent discord and smooth away differences. He was moderate and tolerant and considering the situation in Toronto, where the Anglican Church is broken into two distinct parts, he was exactly the type required to prevent open war. His going is a distinct loss to the nation.



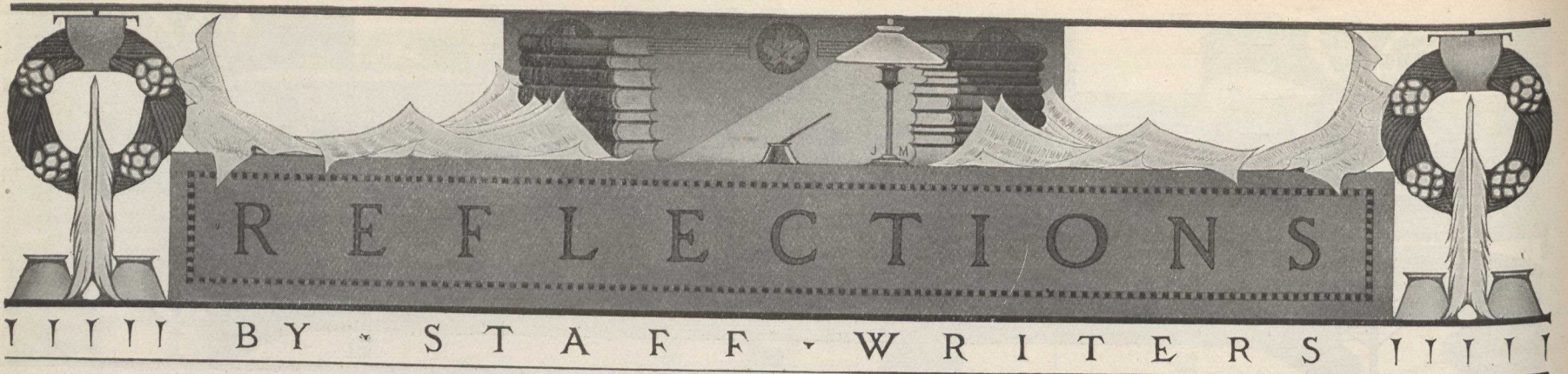
Mr. Z. A. Lash
New Governor University of Toronto



Prof. H. T. Barnes
Montreal



Mr. E. J. B. Pense
Publisher Kingston Whig



SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

IT would be unfair to charge all the foolishness of all spelling reformers against those who oppose the use of the "u" in harbour and labour. Nevertheless, the letter from Mr. H. Drummond of London, England, written in the style approved by "The Simplified Spelling Society" does "ocazhon surprize" and one wonders if the Canadian reformers expect their agitations for reform will meet with "grate suces." Mr. Drummond writes to those splendid reformers, the education-editors of the *Toronto Globe* and the *Toronto World*, and signs himself "yours fraternaly," but this remark is no doubt "lybilus."

Neither Mr. Drummond nor any other person should be allowed to complicate the issue. It is not a question as to whether we shall make a new law or not, it is a question of observing the law we have. Officially, by a minute of the Privy Council of Canada, and by the practice of the Government, harbour has possession of the "u." Until that regulation and that practice are changed by the same authority, the man who spells the word in the short form is breaking the official regulations. He is an outlaw and an unpatriotic citizen.

No man who loves his country and respects its constitution will tolerate the infraction of any governmental law or regulation. He may fight for a change, he may work for a repeal, but until that comes he will obey. There is no other patriotic ground; there is no other sensible position. Dr. Seath, the Superintendent of Education for Ontario, cannot logically, ethically nor legally take any other position than that the "u" must be restored in the school-books of the province.



MR. LEMIEUX AGAIN HELPS

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX has met with enthusiastic encouragement in all his efforts at reform. When he settled the magazine postage question, he was applauded. When he arranged details with Japan concerning immigration, he chopped the head off a dangerous bird known as the Anti-Japanese Agitation. When he stirred up London, by taking kindly to Mr. Heaton's Penny Cable Bun, he made himself somewhat of an Imperial figure. Now he has come out for Civil Service Reform. A few days ago he appointed to one of the greatest post-offices in Canada, as the new postmaster, Dr. Peter Macdonald, a dear old member of Parliament, seventy-three years of age.

There can be no doubt that the quickest way to bring about Civil Service Reform would be to fill up all the offices in the Service with people who are entitled to Old Age Pensions. Dr. Peter Macdonald is surely in that class. He was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, on August 14th, 1835. In 1846, he removed to Huron County where he has since lived. He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1887, and later became Deputy-Speaker. Of course, every person knows that Dr. Macdonald owes his appointment to the fact that when he desired promotion from Deputy to Speaker, "it was impossible." The Doctor was grievously disappointed. His heart has now been made lighter through the use of post-office patronage. As a local paper said of the new Senator, the Hon. Mr. Ratz, "he is to be congratulated on his good fortune."

Might a humble staff writer suggest to the Postmaster-General that the post-office is the medium in Great Britain by which those entitled to Old Age Pensions are discovered? The plan might be followed here. The advertisement would run somewhat as follows:

"Hurry! The Civil Service Commission is coming! All persons over seventy years of age who desire appointments to the Service may have them if they apply at once. Hurry!"

That advertisement ought to bring in quite a number of applica-

tions and the need for speedy extension of Civil Service Reform would soon be apparent.



MR. BORDEN'S RE-ELECTION

MR. BORDEN has had greater good fortune than the Honourable Edward Blake. He has been elected leader after a decisive defeat at the polls. That is the true test of political leadership. A man who comes to his party after a hard battle, which has been lost, and finds them faithful, cheerful, and even enthusiastic over his personal conduct, is the stuff out of which victors are made. Nothing more becoming has been done by the Conservative Parliamentary Party in recent years than its absolute refusal to consider even the possibility of a change. The Party, throughout the country, may not be quite so unanimous, but the better elements in it are. The men who admire steadfastness, dignity, and courage will approve. A political trickster might bring the Conservative Party back to office a bit sooner, but there are quite enough political experts in the country without encouraging any increase. So far in his career, Mr. Borden has held his head high and has refused to be led from "the only path." The British Columbia incident is unfortunate, but Mr. Borden's word on that matter will be generally accepted.



WRECKAGE OF BRAIN STORMS

MANY of the Canadian papers have commented in terms of condemnation on the remarkable leniency of New York juries towards such criminals as Mr. Harry Thaw and his latest imitator. In fact, it is highly difficult, almost impossible, for a millionaire to commit murder in the State of New York, while for a multi-millionaire to be guilty of anything worse than a mild form of kleptomania or a feeble outbreak of incompatibility of temper is manifestly absurd. We wonder what would happen if an extremely multi-millionaire were to be killed by a mere millionaire, of the common or garden variety, such as Montreal has on the Mountain and Toronto, in Rosedale. Then would arise a nice question in law and morals. It would not surprise us in the least if, under such circumstances, the indiscreet millionaire were to be considered more than harmlessly insane and were even to be deprived of his cigarettes and afternoon tea. Murdering a multi-millionaire would be a neat accomplishment as a matter of alliteration but a United States jury would hardly approve of such impulsiveness.

Some of the leading physicians of the vaster republic than has been are actually of the same opinion as the Canadian press, that all these brain storms and dementia of various degrees are paving the way to that anarchy which is even worse than autocracy. In an address before the Medico-Legal society at its annual dinner in New York this month, Dr. Algernon T. Bristow of Brooklyn attacked expert medical testimony, as paraded in the modern trial. The distinguished speaker said:

"No man can be sane, then insane, and then sane again with the rapidity to which these experts testify. It is merely a question of how much money is paid for the testimony.... A brain storm will account for any sort of crime."

Anarchy is not centuries away, if the people once become convinced that the millionaire can do no wrong in the eyes of the law. The poor man who goes to prison for stealing a little and comes forth, with the convict brand upon him, to discover that the man who steals much is a prominent citizen, is not likely to look leniently upon the rich man's brain storm. The degraded Italian labourer, crazed by bad liquor, who goes about his slaying in headlong fashion must be summarily dismissed from the civilisation for which he is so plainly unfit, but the plutocrat who despatches a bullet into an unsatisfactory friend is a gentleman whose cerebral disturbances must be considered carefully. There is a world of difference between a poor Sicilian's-

stiletto and a Pittsburg millionaire's pearl-handled revolver. But money has its limitations, after all, and it can hardly prevent the wreckage of brain storm from leaving ominous traces.



FREAK SPORTS

IT was the late lamented P. T. Barnum who first discovered that the public liked to be fooled and he was frank enough to tell them so. And the public laughed and kept right on being fooled at their own expense. That's why any freak sport that can make printers' ink flow can for a brief space hold public attention and gather the loose dollars out of the public's pockets. That is why the Marathon race continues in our midst. Even Marathon race promoters admit that it is the dreariest form of amusement that money-making genius ever discovered. But the newspapers chatter about it, the public takes its chatter from the newspapers and the desire to see what it is chattering about leads the public to pay large prices at the door and sit for hours practising patience and watching and waiting for one or other of the runners to drop from exhaustion.

The Marathon in the winter time is excusable. In fact it may be commendable. It only affects the professional runner and his usefulness as a member of the community is open to question. Furthermore, it is calculated to make the public so weary of its latest fad that with the return of the summer said public will turn with a sigh of relief to legitimate sport. For the columns of press-agents' prattle that have filled the sporting columns of the dailies for weeks past is well calculated to give the fad those frazzled edges that address it to the scrap heap.

For Marathon racing is not a sport. It is a test of endurance. It is no more sport than Dr. Tanner's attempt to live so many days without eating. Neither has it any scientific or moral value. It teaches nothing; brings no good results. Its tendencies are bad and once its gate-drawing powers wane it will go out with a suddenness that will be surprising.

The one surprising thing about it is the number of prominent people who have been carried away by the craze; the number of parents and educators who have allowed and even encouraged their sons and those under their charge to endanger their health for all time by undergoing strains that are too heavy for even the most robust constitutions. But as experienced financiers were carried away by the South Sea bubble, so those who should know better have been borne along on the tide of the Marathon craze. The signs are not wanting that this tide has almost spent its force and there is reason to hope that it will be supplanted by something much better ere the spring days tempt the boys of Canada into paddling over the hills in search of a fame that is bound to prove more injurious than lasting.



THE INVASION OF AMERICA

THAT long-promised invasion of America has begun. For a long time it looked as if America would do the invading, but it has happened otherwise. Canada is invading the United States and United States railways are being purchased by British capital, through Canadian railway presidents. Some of these fine days we will wake up to find that the Canadian Pacific has bought the New York Central, that the Grand Trunk has bought the Lehigh and the Pennsylvania, and that the Bank of England has opened an office in Montreal.

That old fear about the United States absorbing Canada still lives in some breasts—some aged breasts such as those of Lieut.-Col. Denison and Lieut.-Col. Hughes—but it is gone from all us younger people. Canada will yet own the United States, for was it not our own Khan who wrote:

"Since when did a conqueror come from the South?"

Let us hope that it will be a peaceful conquest, and that no blood will be shed. Those bloody conquests are out of date, so far as this continent is concerned.

THE INTERCOLONIAL'S FUTURE

A CURIOUS uncertainty has come over the attitude of some of the newspapers that were disposing of the Intercolonial Railway two or three weeks ago. It was generally agreed that politics ought to be eliminated from the railway. Some proposed a Commission; some were for an autocratic manager appointed for five years.

The more either suggestion is examined, the less feasible does it seem. For politics cannot be eliminated without eliminating Parliament. You cannot eliminate Parliament from the management of public moneys. Financial arrangements must be sanctioned by Parliament. An account for axle grease may open up the whole question of the purchase of supplies. The salary of a book-keeper may provoke controversy as to the method of official appointments. A charge to capital account opens the door to endless recrimination about the Government being in the railway business, anyway.

And when these possibilities are always at hand to make trouble, and most of the constituencies from Montreal to Halifax and Sydney are concerned in getting as much as they can out of the Intercolonial revenue by all sorts of pressure upon the ultimate disposers of it, there is little hope of the latter end of the Intercolonial being any better than the present.

The appointment of a general manager, answerable for five years to nobody but his own conscience, is impossible. He must be responsible to some authority at least once a year. Railway managers are a noble class of men; but they cannot be placed on a level with judges—not because they are inferior in ability, but because His Majesty's judges do their work in open court, and are not engaged in buying and selling goods, and promoting and degrading officials, at their good pleasure.

The only adequate guarantee that a general manager-autocrat could give, would be that he would make good financial detriments that might follow his administration. No available man could do that, even if the Intercolonial were in such shape that, without western traffic, but with the competition of western-operating roads, it could immediately wipe out deficits, and pay interest on the appalling amount of capital sunk in the road, which now has to be paid in increasing amounts by the public of Canada. Any man who could give the financial guarantees would not think of tying himself up to the Intercolonial Railway.

A Commission would not be freer of political control than the present general manager is. Abolish the patronage system; put the purchase of supplies on a basis of open tendering, and you have not eradicated the major disadvantages that have beset the Intercolonial. So long as there is party government, which, like the poor, will be always with us; and so long as Parliament reviews the accounts, which must always be; political influence will hang around the Intercolonial. The leopard cannot change his spots. The Intercolonial, with political control, has become an institution in the Maritime Provinces, with a strength as tenacious, though it is totally different in substance, as the strength of the liquor trade in Toronto or Montreal. The record of the License Commission in Toronto is littered with the resignations of strong, well-meaning men, who have found the Commissioner's life not worth living.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission is sometimes regarded as a model. It does as well as can be expected. Happily, enough was known about the Intercolonial management, to induce it to avoid many of the evils that afflict that railway. Happily, too, the Ontario Government road discovered Cobalt, and precipitated the development of Northern Ontario. The road has paid from the beginning. Surpluses are fine fenders against hostility, and the Ontario Government railway has an excellent record. But the personnel of the Commission has had a sufficiency of changes, despite the enormous advantages of the railway being in only a small portion of one province, instead of being affected by inter-provincial "pulls," and of the knowledge that any deficit would be unfelt on account of its being spread over the population from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

We have the instructive example of a Commission to carry out a work of multitudinous ramifications, "for the general advantage of Canada," in the National Transcontinental Railway Commission. It is subject to all the criticisms which any ordinary railway administration has to meet—and more. The construction of the road between Quebec and Winnipeg is costing a fabulous sum. It is already known that fixed charges on it will be so large that a revision of the terms with the Grand Trunk Pacific is widely discussed. The accountability of the Commissioners is to a political body, the members whereof are as free from personal risk and obligation, as the handlers of privately conducted enterprises are close to that most blessed incentive to economy, efficiency and despatch. It is pretty safe to conjecture that, if the Government could go back to 1903, very different arrangements would be made. Indeed, the leasing of the line to the Grand Trunk Pacific is itself the strongest declaration against the Government operation of railways. Every reason against a Transcontinental Commission applies to an Intercolonial Commission.

The truth is that, to stop the everlasting pouring of capital into the Intercolonial, without recovery from the certainty of deficits; and to avoid the calamity of disastrous competition, the Government must put the road under a management which will be able to carry the financial responsibilities that attach to any ordinary railway, and which can assure to the road and the territory it serves, the amount of traffic and of local development, that under existing conditions are impossible. That can only be done by joining the fortunes of the Intercolonial with some other system, with the public interest as to capital locked up, and results of traffic earnings amply safeguarded.

NEMO.



THE American papers have not yet stopped writing about the alleged acceptance of "the unwritten law" by the jury in the Thornton Hains case. The liberated prisoner himself seemed to have been in no doubt about the matter; for he is reported as crediting his escape wholly to this intangible statute and promising to write a novel setting it forth. Nor will most disagree with him. The general opinion undoubtedly is that the jury liberated Hains because they thought he was engaged in an excusable, if not a worthy, enterprise; and not because they believed that he was too insane to know what he was at. This "unwritten law" affects the judgment of multitudes of thoroughly good citizens; and it is high time that the community looked it in the face and recognised the well-nigh universal spirit which it represents. Possibly not all men would have liberated Hains; but practically all men are influenced by their knowledge of the reasons which actuate a man-killer when they come to judge his action. Where they will not liberate, they will be lenient.

* * *

NOW what, in plain English, is the "unwritten law"? How would it look in writing? Roughly, it might run something like this: When a man suffers an intolerable wrong through women under his protection, for which the clumsy-fingered statutes have no real remedy he may then take the law into his own hands and exact the only adequate payment. I remember reading a vivid sentence once in the comment which Mr. E. E. Shepherd used to contribute to *Saturday Night*. He said: "There are some things which a man must defend with his life." And when you have uprooted with your polished instruments of ordered civilisation that feeling out of the hearts of all men, you will have produced a nerveless, pale-blooded, calculating and epicene race which may be law-abiding while it lasts; but which will fall like withered leaves in some day of rude tempest when a more virile people come riding the whirlwind of conquest. Organised society and its provisions for law and order are the symbols of civilisation and the conditions of progress and all that; but, after all, they are the creation of human imperfection and are liable to have their shortcomings and their lacks. There are undoubtedly yet many things which might be added to make them more perfect.

* * *

NOW no man can quite give over to society as it exists the full direction of his conscience. He may recognise that there are powerful reasons why he should hesitate long, and be very sure that moral compulsion drives him, before he decides that the course ordered by society is insufficient. On the vast majority of points, he can even give way to society when he deems it wrong, comforting himself with the knowledge that greater evils will flow from his refusal to accept the ruling of society as final than from his sitting down under individual outrage. Public order is so great an individual good that he may make many and genuine sacrifices for it. But there are surely places where he must draw the line. There is, for instance, religion. If society decides that for its self-preservation all its members should have the same religion, the worshippers who are in a minority must ask themselves whether they dare obey. If they refuse, they appeal to "the unwritten law." They assert the inalienable right and duty of every man to worship his Deity as he believes to be right—a right which he can hardly sink in any smooth enactment of wise statesmanship which proposes to establish public order and national security by decreeing a uniform religion based upon the most acceptable form of worship to the greatest number.

* * *

NEXT to a man's religion, he probably values his honour; and at no point is his honour dearer to him or more sensitive to affront than in the fair name of the woman whom he has made his wife. A wound suffered here deprives men of their reason and drives them to murder and suicide. And what does society offer by way of legal remedy? Let us take the Hains version of this Hains-Annis case by way of example. I am not saying that the Hains version is the true one, or in any way prejudging the case which is yet to be tried;

but the outlines as sketched by the Hains defence will serve as well as anything else to illustrate the present legal situation. Let us suppose that Captain Hains married a pure, lovely and affectionate girl to whom he gave his entire heart and trust. She was not an experienced woman of the world but just a careless girl, loving life as she sipped its pleasures, loving her husband and skeptical as to the evils which prosy moralists saw everywhere; and all the more innocent and lovable for this attitude of mind. While Captain Hains was with her, all went well. But his country required a patriotic sacrifice from the Captain. He had to go to the Philippines. In a sense, he left his girl-wife a trust under the protection of the country whose command he obeyed. While he was away, a reckless *debauche* or a calculating scoundrel turned her into a drunken sensualist.

* * *

WHAT remedy did society offer to Captpain Hains when he returned and found the girl he had left so pure a lying intriguer with the smell of liquor on her breath and her honour gone forever? Society said to Captain Hains: "You can sue Annis for damages; and, after you have endured the intolerable pain of having the whole terrible story told in public and commented on by the press of the continent, he may write you a cheque—if he happens to have the money—and laugh at you for having to take his money after he had taken your wife." So long as this is the best that society can offer such cases in the form of written law, men with red blood in their veins will appeal to the "unwritten law" and other men will sit on juries and find them "not guilty" or "temporarily insane" or whatever may be necessary. If society does not like the "unwritten law," she should write one stern enough to render it unnecessary. Such a crime as we have assumed the imaginary Annis to be guilty of, should be punished by death; and if society will not inflict the punishment, the imaginary Hains brothers usually will. And so far as the Monocle goes, he thanks God that chivalrous honour is not dead in the world.

N'IMPORTE

"MY LADY OF THE SNOWS."

AT the opening of Parliament on Thursday, among others in His Excellency's box was Margaret A. Brown, the author of "My Lady of the Snows." A keen observer would have singled her out of the crowd of onlookers because of the intense eagerness of her eye and her spirituelle appearance.

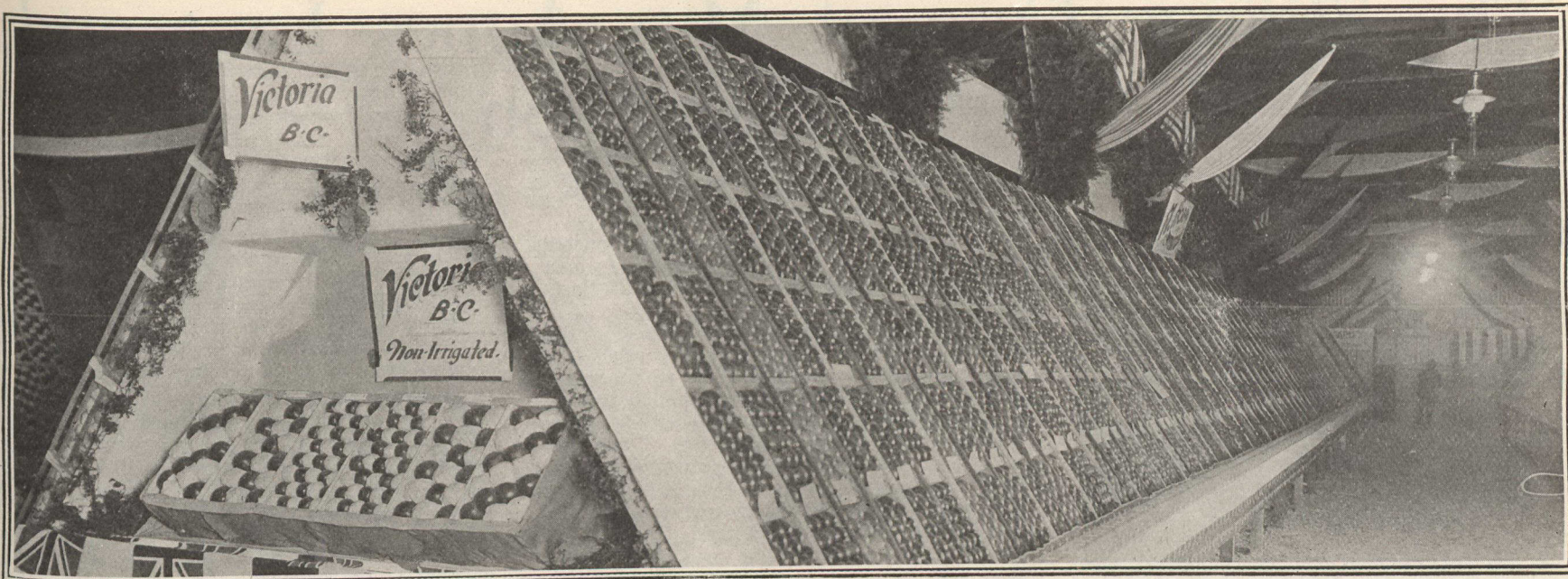
"My Lady of the Snows" is not an ordinary book. Apart from the interest it evokes as the product of a Canadian woman born and brought up in Huron County, the book demands attention because of the ideals of Canadian life which it presents. The modern spirit of materialism is depicted as having crept into Canadian life, and the higher idealism rises to the challenge. Idealism, of the highest and best type, is incarnated in the person of Modena Wellington; vulgar, deadening materialism, in the character of Verona Lennox. A constant fight is kept up between the two throughout the book, and if at times one becomes, like Modena Wellington, rather weary of the long-drawn-out battle, one cannot help admiring the spirit and courage which the author has poured into her book.

There are a few slips which do not really affect the spirit of the book, and when the mist created by these errors is swept away, there is revealed an inspiring view of Canadian ideals. In her earnestness to create a national spirit the author can be forgiven for the travesties she has committed.

WHERE SKATING IS UNUSUAL



While Toronto has been having spring weather, and while Montreal and Ottawa were having sleet and rain, Victoria has experienced the severest spell of frost in some years. This photograph shows citizens skating on the Ornamental Lake in Beacon Hill Park.



Apples—Carload Lots—Exhibit of Mr. Horan, of Wenatchee, Washington, which won the first prize of \$1000 at National Apple Show, Spokane.



Best Six Boxes from Foreign Countries. The six boxes on the left were from Kelowna and they won first prize of \$100 and Cultivato



Display of Fresh Fruit, second prize of \$100, won by Kelowna District, Okanagan Valley

British Columbia and the National Apple Show

By EDGAR W. DYNES

DURING the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, British Columbia was receiving comparatively few immigrants. Her mining and lumbering industries required large capital to develop and her valley lands remained unattractive because of the necessary expense and labour involved in clearing. The new settler seemed to prefer a home on the prairie where land was ready for the plough.

But with the development of the fruit lands of British Columbia a great change has taken place. Settlers are pouring into Canada's Pacific province with every train. The valley lands, so long deserted, are being eagerly taken up. Smiling orchards are dotted here and there, for in the interim the pioneers have proved what could be done.

They have proved that a family can make a living on ten acres of good orchard land where improved methods of cultivation are adopted. The returns in some instances have almost staggered the most enthusiastic, but an average return of two hundred dollars an acre and upward is considered a very low estimate. Returns of \$500 an acre are not uncommon while some growers report as much as \$1,000 and \$1,200 from a single acre in one season's crop.

To quote figures let me say that in 1901, there were in the province of British Columbia seven thousand four hundred and thirty acres in fruit with a total of six hundred and fifty thousand fruit trees. At present the exact figures are difficult to obtain—on account of the steady increase during the past year—but the present acreage is around the hundred thousand mark with a total of about six million trees. Production has been increasing correspondingly from year to year, and large quantities of the choicest fruit are being exported, yet at the same time thousands of dollars worth of fruit each year is imported from the state of Washington to supply the home market.

British Columbia fruit has won high honours at numerous fairs and expositions, both at home and abroad for years, but never did she achieve so much success along this line as at the National Apple Show held recently, in Spokane, Wash. This show, although a new venture was the greatest exclusive apple show ever held in the world. A large temporary addition was built to the State Armoury to house the exhibits and all available space was filled to its capacity. There were exhibits from all parts of the United States but Canada was represented by British Columbia, only. England, Germany, Japan and Norway had entered exhibits but owing to delay in transportation none of them arrived in time.

It was a daring thing to attempt—this great Apple Show—but with characteristic Western energy and enthusiasm, the citizens of Spokane banded themselves together and raised a prize list of thirty-five thousand dollars. The show has been such a success that in all probability it will be continued as an annual affair.

Washington, has for years been known as the greatest apple growing state in the union, in point of quality. So that, it was natural that she should carry off the most prizes. She did, but right behind her was British Columbia carrying off more prizes than any other state than the one named. All told over five thousand dollars was won by British Columbia growers, besides a number of prizes in the shape of orchard tools and also a silver cup.

The largest individual winning was made by Mr. F. R. F. DeHart of Kelowna, who won almost forty-four hundred dollars in prizes. His most important winning, although not the largest prize, was for the best individual display, Wenatchee, Washington's crack apple district having to take second place. The prize in this contest was five hundred dollars. The exhibit consisted of two boxes, two baskets, two barrels and two jars of apples. Other firsts won by Mr. DeHart were, first

for the best ten boxes of Jonathans, the prize being an irrigated tract of fruit land near Spokane, valued at \$2,000; first for the best ten boxes of Northern Spies, the prize being another irrigated tract valued at \$1,250; first for the best box pack; first for the best barrel pack; seven firsts in the plate exhibits out of eight entries and also a silver cup awarded to the winner of the most first prizes. In addition the Kelowna district exhibit with Mr. DeHart and Mr. J. Gibb in charge, captured the second prize for the best district display, Wenatchee winning first by three points. The count stood 315 to 312. Mr. DeHart had in all forty-three boxes on exhibit, so it can be seen that he made each box count.

In the best box pack exhibit all three prizes went to British Columbians, Mr. DeHart coming first, Mrs. J. A. Smith of Victoria, second, and Herbert W. Collins of Grand Forks, third.

For the best individual plate exhibit of apples grown by a woman the prize of fifty dollars' worth of Burbank's new crimson rhubarb, was won by Mrs. E. Lowe of Keremeos, B.C. Kaslo won a first and second for her famous Gravensteins, while Creston and Nelson each won seven or eight prizes in the plate exhibits.

The \$1,000 prize for the best carload was won by Mr. M. Horan of Wenatchee, with a carload of some of the best commercial varieties consisting of Delicious, Jonathan, Arkansas, Black, Winesap, Yellow Newton, Esopus, Spitzenberg, Rome Beauty, Winter Banana and Grimes Golden. The second prize of \$500 went to Mr. H. M. Gilbert, of Yakima, President of the State of Washington Horticultural Association, with a straight car of Winesaps. There were six hundred and thirty boxes in the car, all four tier apples and one hundred and twelve apples to the box. With the old barrel pack it would be quite a problem to tell how many apples there were in a carload but in this instance it is a simple prob-

(Continued on page 11)

The Strange Case of Miss Agnes Laut and David Thompson

By ARTHUR HAWKES



CAN women write history? Of course they can, and do. Miss Jane Stoddart has just published a book on Mary Queen of Scots that has won unqualified praise for its thoroughness and insight. Mrs. John Richard Green has a peculiarly enviable fame in the historical field. Other instances are

plentiful. The question was propounded by a friend while discussing Miss Agnes Laut's "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." The book is history or it is nothing. It is too bad that a friendly reader should be provoked to ask whether a woman can write history.

The general question cannot be argued here. Though in the writing of history there is neither male nor female, it *does* seem invidious to question a woman's production; and the disagreeable task is only rendered possible by the challenge that recurs throughout Miss Laut's book, sometimes a little veiled, sometimes as uncompromising as a mistake in spelling.

I have never known a woman writer who wished allowances to be made for her work, because of its feminine origin. The literary crown is sexless. If one's views are of the slightest interest it may be superfluous to say that in every field in which a woman may care to work, I would accord her the utmost welcome and liberty. It has always seemed to me absurd for a man who is eternally a debtor to his mother for any strength of mind or body, to wish to limit the activities of his mother's sex in any noble pursuit. Which attitude means that the more you would have fair fields for feminine powers, the more anxious you are that women pioneers in unaccustomed fields should succeed uncommonly well.

Miss Laut has produced two volumes of absorbing interest. She has examined records in the London office of the Hudson's Bay Company that have never before been accessible to outsiders. For example, she has discovered Peter Skene Ogden's journal, which is an invaluable illuminant of early Oregon history. She has used great quantities of material in a way that makes her subject scintillate, like a novel. She is almost a historian, and might become a first-rate novelist. It would be delightful to proffer her the fullest meed of praise which can attach to so imposing a word as "historian." But scintillation is the special temptation of the historical writer. When it comes in at the door, accuracy is apt to fly out of the window.

One sinner destroyeth much good. Three serious inaccuracies may vitiate a great quantity of excellent facts. How far this is the case in "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" it is impossible to say. For as the story is mainly that of the Hudson's Bay Company, and is written from records that only Miss Laut has seen, many of her versions, and, perhaps, her aversions, must stand. If, when she occupies other ground her step is misleading, questions about the value of her exclusive trip through treasures of historical lore will surely arise.

Miss MacMurphy, who does a great deal of excellent reviewing for the *Toronto News*, says that in "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," Miss Laut almost invites controversy. She does; and she does it by dangerous introduction, and still more dangerous footnote. "I am Sir Oracle." In witness whereof:

"In many episodes, the story told here will differ almost unrecognisably from accepted versions and legends of the same era. This is not by accident. Nor is it because I have not consulted what one writer sarcastically called to my attention as 'the secondary authorities'—the words are his, not mine. Nearly all these authorities from earliest to latest days are in my own library and interlined from many readings. Where I have departed from old versions of famous episodes, it has been because records left in the handwriting of the actors themselves compelled me; as in the case of * * * Thompson's explorations of Idaho, Howse's explorations in the Rockies. * * *"—Foreword.

"It is necessary to give the authorities somewhat explicitly because in the case of 'Pathfinders of the West,' the *New York Evening Post* begged readers to consult original

sources regarding Radisson. As original sources are not open to the public, the advice was worth just exactly the spirit that animated it."—Footnote, page 110.

"It has been almost a stock criticism of the shallow nowadays to say that an author has rejected original authorities, if the author refers to printed records, or to charge that the author has ignored secondary authorities, if the writer refers only to original documents. I may say that I have not depended on secondary authorities in the case of Radisson, because to refer to them would be to point out inaccuracies in every second line—an ungrateful task. But I have consulted, and possess in my own library every book that has ever been printed on the early history of the Northwest. As for original documents, I spent six months in London on records whose dust had not been disturbed since they were written in the sixteen-hundreds. The herculean nature of this laborious task can best be understood when it is realised that these records are not open to the public and it is impossible to have an assistant to do the copying. The transcripts had to be done by myself, and revised by an assistant at night."—Footnote, pages 196-197.

About Radisson, we must be silent. The last word has been said, until the transcripts—the same, perhaps, that were "revised by an assistant," appear. But about Thompson, the most original authority of all is, happily, available. Unhappily he does not agree with Miss Laut. Miss Laut has written a chapter headed, "David Thompson," which must be read in the light of the declaration that she has relied on "records left in the handwriting of the actors themselves." The footnotes following the Thompson chapter contain several statements which provoke questions. Miss Laut tells us that she has given Thompson's explorations in greater detail than any other writer; that Thompson's MS is in Toronto; that she has travelled over the Thompson country; that Howse was as great an explorer as Thompson, but his work was kept secret by the Hudson's Bay Company, while Thompson's became known; that Thompson never received any recognition, and died unknown; that Thompson "far exceeded" Alexander Mackenzie as an explorer, and that there is a mystery about Thompson's seven months' trip in 1811, down the Columbia, through the Arrow Lakes.

Take these presentations of fact seriatim:

(1) "I have given the explorations of Thompson in great detail because it has never before been done, and it seems to me is very essential to the exploration period of the West."

This cannot be the fruit of a scorn for secondary authorities. Secondary authorities have not taken the trouble to tell about Thompson's travels, and Miss Laut's sixteen pages give more detail than has been published before; and that's all that can be said about it. Well, Dr. Coues published in 1897, two wonderfully encyclopaedic volumes, which he called "New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest: Henry-Thompson Journals." He gives an immense amount of detail, which he himself took from Thompson's journal. He also refers to "Mr. Tyrrell's admirable paper" on Thompson's travels, published in 1888, which traces Thompson's journeys with a minuteness which Miss Laut might regard as tiresome and undramatic. Mr. Tyrrell spent every summer from 1883 to 1897 in Thompson country, from the Kootenay to Fort Churchill, and even unto Chesterfield Inlet, for the Geological Survey of Canada. He spent weeks taking his facts from Thompson's journals. He has checked dozens of Thompson's observations.

(2) "Thompson's manuscript is in the Parliament Building, Toronto, Ontario."

This is true, though Miss Laut refrains from saying that she makes the statement of her own knowledge. It is not the whole truth, though. Thompson's journal is in the Parliament Buildings, and consists of forty manuscript volumes. But there is another manuscript of his in Mr. Tyrrell's possession, which perhaps not six living people have seen, and which will be published shortly.

(3) "It ought not to be necessary to say here that I know both regions traversed by

Thompson well, very well, from personal travel."

This is immaterial, except so far as it strengthens the claim to be *the* authority on Thompson.

(4) "Howse did as great service as an explorer as Thompson, but Thompson's services became known to the world. Howse's work passed unnoticed, owing to the policy of secrecy followed by the Hudson's Bay Company."

If Howse did as great service as Thompson, Miss Laut has singularly overlooked him. Chapter XXIII, according to the heading, deals with "The advance up the Saskatchewan to Bow River and Howse Pass." But it says not a word of the advance to the Pass. Longmore, it is said, was chief factor at Edmonton with "Howse as 'patron of the woods' west as far as the Rockies." (Vol. II, page 51.) On page 87, Vol. II:—"Mr. Howse, who found the pass, follows Thompson's tracks over the mountains."

The account of the Howse achievement, which you would expect to find under the heading I have indicated, is given in a chapter, "Extension of Trade toward Labrador." Here it is: "In 1795 Joseph Howse is sent inland from York to explore the Rockies, where he gives his name to a pass, and 'it is resolved that forts shall be erected in this country, too.'" This year, 1795, when Howse was sent to "explore the Rockies," is the year in which, Miss Laut says, Thompson quitted the Hudson's Bay service in disgust, because exploration was discouraged. The fact that Thompson left the Hudson's Bay Company on May 23rd, 1797, and not in 1795, does not affect the point as to the place of Howse among explorers.

Dr. Coues says Thompson discovered Howse Pass. He did, in the sense that he was the first man to use it to reach the country west of it. McGillivray actually found the pass, but did not examine the descent into the valley of the Blaeberry River. Thompson, following his custom, probably called the place after his friend Howse. Where are the data on which is based the claim that Howse was as important an explorer as Thompson? Miss Laut gives no account of how or where she discovered material about his explorations. The only book of Howse's that I have heard of is a Cree grammar, which no doubt is in Miss Laut's library. In the introduction he makes no reference to explorations. There is no evidence that he ever took a survey. In "Pathfinders of the West," Miss Laut refers to neither Howse nor Thompson. If the Hudson's Bay Company sent Howse "to explore the Rockies," it is a pity the exact words of the minute referring to this are not given, as well as the resolve to build forts "in this country, too." Which country? Would they resolve to build forts in mountains not yet explored?

One's reluctance to accept an off-hand assertion of this kind is increased by two sentences on page 88, Vol. II: "When he returns to the mountains in 1808, Thompson joins Henry's brigade coming west from Pembina. It is September when they reach Edmonton, and both companies have by this time built fur posts at Howse's Pass, known as Rocky Mountain House, of which Henry takes charge for the Nor'-Westers. Sixteen days on horse-back bring Thompson to the mountains."

Observe, "Howse's Pass, known as Rocky Mountain House." But Howse's Pass is at the Divide, and Rocky Mountain House was and is near the confluence of the Saskatchewan and Clearwater Rivers. Thompson was "sixteen days on horse-back," reaching the mountains. Sixteen days from where? Miss Laut does not say; but it was from Rocky Mountain House, which, it is said, was known as Howse's Pass. For Thompson had come up the Saskatchewan with Henry's brigade, and Rocky Mountain House was built at the end of satisfactory navigation, where its ruins now are. Everything is possible to a historian who mixes a mountain pass and a fur post that are a hundred miles apart as the crow flies.

(5) "Thompson never received any recognition whatever."

(6) Thompson "died unknown."

If Thompson's work became known to the world, how can Miss Laut now give us, in sixteen pages, more about his explorations than has ever been given before? How could he have received no recognition whatever, and how could he die unknown?

(7) Thompson's explorations "far exceeded Alexander Mackenzie's."

If this is so, and if Howse was as valuable an explorer as Thompson, it is stranger than ever that the author tells us nothing about Howse's work beyond what I have stated.

(8) "In Thompson's trip from Canoe River, in 1811, to Astoria, are some discrepancies I cannot explain, and I beg to state them; otherwise, I shall be charged with them. Thompson says he left Canoe River in January. That is a very early date to navigate a mountain river, even though there is no ice. Snow swells the streams to a torrent. Pass that. His journal shows that he did not reach Astoria till July—nearly seven months on a voyage that was usually accomplished in forty or at the most, sixty days. He may, of course, have been hunting and caching furs on the way, or he may have been exploring east and west as he went on. The reliability of Thompson's Journal is beyond cavil. I merely draw attention to the time taken on this voyage. In the text I 'dodge' the difficulty by saying Thompson set out 'toward spring.'"

This, surely, is a perfect example of what seems to be the Laut method. In Thompson's trip there are some "discrepancies I cannot explain," but the reliability of Thompson's journal is beyond cavil, and "I 'dodge' the difficulty." Why should Miss Laut feel compelled to dodge the difficulty? She differs from secondary authorities—that is her meter. But why does she differ from Thompson himself in view of the compulsion of the "records left in the handwriting of the actors themselves"?

Where did she get the story that in 1811 Thompson went from his winter quarters on the Canoe River, "down the Columbia through the Big Bend, past what is now Revelstoke, past Nakusp; through the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes, and what is now known as the Rossland mining region"? She is sorely puzzled that Thompson occupied seven months on the trip. Thompson would have been puzzled himself. He didn't descend the Columbia. He ascended it to its source in Kootenay Lake, portaged the two miles to the Kootenay River, descended it, then took the Great Kootenay Road, across to the Spokane River, which he followed to its confluence with the Columbia. He ascended the Columbia to Kettle Falls, and then went back, and completed the journey to Astoria.

Now all this, with amplitude of detail, has been taken from Volume XI, book 27 of the journals, and published; and it is confirmed by the unpublished manuscript I have seen. Miss Laut surely cannot have inspected the journal in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto. But she has seen something in Thompson's handwriting. What was it?

Miss Laut has been unfortunate in her choice of secondary authorities. I will mention only two points. In the Thompson chapter she says (Vol. II, page 96): "On October 16th, 1813, Duncan McDougall sold out Astor's Fort—furs and provisions worth \$100,000—for \$40,000. Four weeks later, on November 15th, came Alexander Henry and David Thompson, to convey the furs overland to Fort William. * * * John George McTavish and Alexander Henry and David Thompson scuttle upstream to hide ninety-two packs of furs. * * *"

David Thompson never saw Astoria after he left it in July, 1811, to ascend the whole length of the Columbia, seeing the Arrow Lakes and its middle waters for the first time. He wintered in the mountains, went down the Saskatchewan to Fort William, and thence to Montreal, where he occupied several succeeding years on his wonderful map of British North America. There was a Thompson at Astoria in 1813. Dr. Coues makes it quite clear that this was not David Thompson. Neither the Thompson Journal nor this competent secondary authority affords the slightest ground for saying anything else. The Journal gives Thompson's daily movements at Terrebonne, near Montreal, for the period when, Miss Laut says, he was at Astoria.

The second point calling for notice is taken from Vol. II, page 310. "At Kamloops were stationed many of the famous old worthies of the Northwest Company. First was David Thompson."

Thompson never saw Kamloops. This statement, as well as the story of Thompson's trip down the Columbia, is, apparently, derived from Bancroft, whose unreliability as a historian of the Pacific slope of Canada is scarcely disputable. Bancroft did not see Thompson's Journal, for when he wrote, it was lying forgotten in a Toronto vault, and was not "dug up" until Mr. J. B. Tyrrell found it there in 1887, and extracted from it his account of Thompson's Journals. It is singular that Miss Laut should have taken Bancroft as her authority in these two things, while rejecting his account of Thompson's

crossing of the mountains in the winter of 1810-11. Bancroft was not so positive as Miss Laut is. He groped his way through other men's journals, not having the true Thompsonian light. He says, in his "History of the Northwest Coast": "Thompson crossed the mountains at some point south of Peace River—probably he came through Yellowhead Pass to Mount Thompson." Bancroft was wrong. Miss Laut is right when she states that Thompson came by the Athabasca Pass—a discovery made under infinite hardship.

Miss Laut has a somewhat inconvenient tendency to overdress a fact as well as to state it inaccurately. "Cloud-capped mountains whose upland meadows present fields of eternal snow" is on page 6 of Volume II. How could a meadow be under "eternal snow"? It is told on page 307 of Volume I that "two icepans reared up, smashed together, crushed the frigate Hudson's Bay, like an eggshell, and she sank a water-logged wreck before their eyes." A vessel "crushed like an egg-shell" could not become water-logged; a water-logged vessel could not sink.

The wreck and death of Captain Knight and his two crews on Marble Island are told with a richness of imagination that would be splendid in a boys' book, but is appalling in a history. The vessels were wrecked side by side, at night, in a hurricane. The men saved "not a pound of provisions." The island was "bare as a billiard ball." Yet they fed in winter on "such wild cranberries as they could gather under the drifting snows"! Indians and Eskimos together watched the building of the houses that Knight had brought in frame—the frames that had been saved, while not a pound of barrelled food had been secured. "To the wondering Eskimos the thing rose like magic. The Indians grasped their kyacks and fled in terror." When were Indians seen at Marble Island? When were Indians and Eskimos together beyond the tree limit? Who says Indians used or use kyacks? What could there be in the erection of a shack to make Indians flee in terror?

This kind of work is really not good enough for the most enthusiastic magazine. Irresponsibility and gay, graphic certitude could not be more indissolubly wedded than in "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." The effect is almost calamitous for the real romance, the splendid colour of North-Western history. Where only scant materials about adventurous, unscientific men who have left their mark on a nation's youth, are available, there is excuse for faulty piecing together of circumstantial evidence, and for insufficient discrimination among ill-recorded stories. But the line between imaginative conjecture and historical research should be distinctly drawn.

In Thompson's case there is little reason and less excuse for inaccuracy. He was the most exact Western explorer of whom anything is recorded, as he was the most voluminous. Much of his work has been checked over by a scientist who lived for many years on the plains and in the woods. Mr. Tyrrell found Thompson's observations to be marvellously accurate; and he has tested them in country that is now populated, as well as in country that will be a solitude for many years to come.

No scientific man has equalled Thompson's record of travel, taking everything into account. For example: He wintered in 1807-8 at Kootenay Fort on the Upper Columbia. In April he explored the river to its source; crossed the divide and went down the Kootenay into what is now the State of Montana, where he was in the first week of June. By the first of August he was on Rainy Lake, having come over the mountains, eleven hundred miles down the Saskatchewan, across Lake Winnipeg, up the Winnipeg and English Rivers, and across Lake of the Woods. He was back at Howse's Pass in October, and wintered again at Kootenay Fort. I do not think that was an unusual year for him.

Listen to this extract from his narrative, now printed for the first time. It refers to his arrival at Astoria on July 15th, 1811:

"Thus, I have fully completed the survey of this part of North America from sea to sea, and by almost innumerable astronomical observations have determined the positions of the mountains, lakes, and rivers, and other remarkable places on the northern part of this continent. Maps of all these works have been drawn and laid down in geographical position, being now the work of twenty-seven years."

Thompson came to poverty and pawned his instruments for bread. The western plains and mountains were not part of Canada sixty years ago, and the East knew not Western discoverers. When he died the chief thing said about him in the Toronto *Globe* obituary notice was, that he was a satisfactory local magistrate in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Lawrence Burpee, of Ottawa, whose "Search for the Western Sea" is a real historical survey of

northwestern exploration, thinks a private publisher would not undertake the expense of sifting Thompson's Journal, and seems doubtful whether the Dominion Government will shoulder the responsibility. But the very magnitude of the work should be its attraction for some lover of the Thompson country, part of which has already become famous as the best wheat-growing area on the continent, and will presently support many millions of busy people.

British Columbia and the National Apple Show

Continued from page 9)

lem in multiplication. Figure it out for yourself.

A large number of apple buyers were present from various parts of the globe and a number of carloads changed hands during the week. A number of the most prominent buyers expressed themselves as much surprised at the splendid showing of British Columbia, and signified their intention of paying a visit there next season.

It is hard to say which variety of apple seemed to be most in favour—there were so many good samples—but among the new apples that are coming to the front may be mentioned, the Winter Banana. It is a large apple, perfect in form and in colour is a golden yellow, beautifully shaded and marbled with bright crimson red. The flesh is of a lemon yellow and it has a beautiful rich aromatic flavour. One of the big English buyers stated that his firm had recently made a large shipment of this variety to England and that some of them reached the tables of King Edward where they were much admired being much superior to any apple before set upon the royal table. It is being planted largely in some sections of British Columbia. It bears early, sometimes producing a small crop the second year.

The judges were composed of representatives of the Iowa, Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Idaho Agricultural Colleges in company with Mr. Maxwell Smith, Dominion Fruit Inspector at Vancouver, B.C., and Prof. John Craig, of the New York Agricultural College, which is a part of Cornell University.

It is difficult to estimate what this industry will mean in the future—for it has but begun—to the province of British Columbia and to the Dominion as a whole. There have been times in the past when a spirit of sectionalism seems to have got abroad and efforts have been made to interest immigrants in one section while another was, either underestimated or overlooked. Such a policy is not only unfair but harmful. As Canadians we ought to rejoice that we have a country of such rich and varied resources. If the prospective settler desires to engage in wheat growing or mixed farming the prairie provinces offer unbounded opportunities but if on the other hand his inclinations turn to horticulture, Canada's far Pacific province offers opportunities that excel even the best sections of the great country just south of the forty-ninth parallel.

A LUMBER MAGNATE

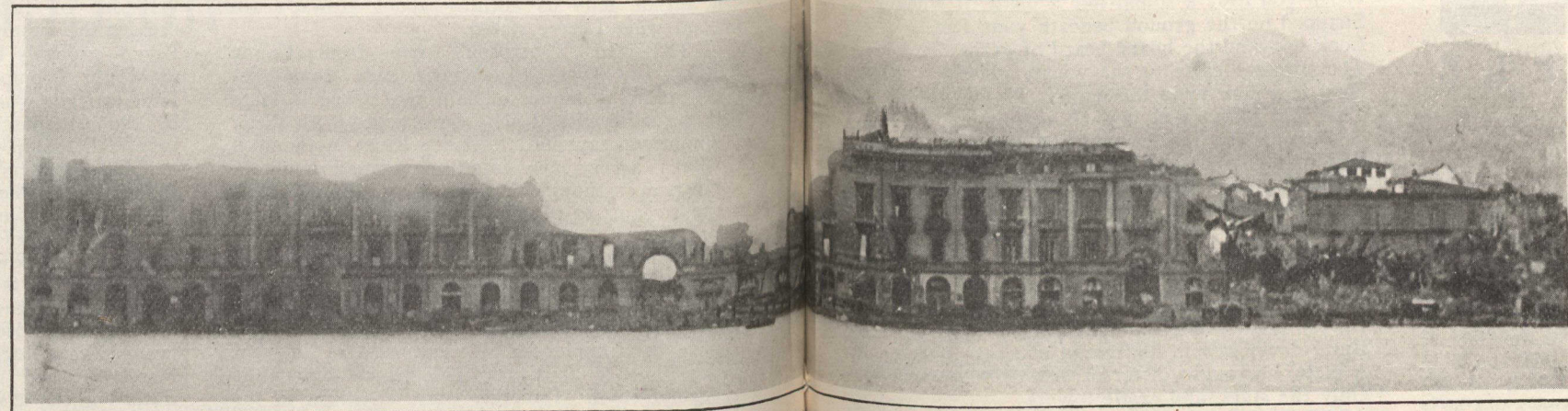
THERE are some big men left in Nova Scotia, even if Professor Murray of Dalhousie has left to take charge of the University of Saskatchewan. One of the big, brainy builders down there is Alfred Dickie, who is a pioneer in the homeliest sense of the term, working up from rude beginnings—till the other day a huge deal was put through whereby the lumber business he developed was sold to an English syndicate for more than a million and a half dollars, including four hundred thousand acres of land and eight large mills. A Yankee firm was after the property, but the English firm—rather unusually—beat them out. Mr. Dickie gets his million and a half in English gold if he so prefers it. The story of his career is succinctly told by the *Halifax Herald*:

"Alfred Dickie was born in Upper Stewiacke in 1860, and comes of a long line of Scotch, Irish and German stock. His father conducted a general store at that place. Alfred Dickie was given a careful business training in his father's store, learning early in life the value of industry, integrity and thrift, characteristics that have stood him in good stead in his life's work. He entered Dalhousie College at the age of sixteen and graduated in 1879. His college training had fostered his native business ability, and with a remarkable insight into the future of the timber trade of Nova Scotia, he went to Lower Stewiacke, and became associated with Avard Black in the lumber business."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF MESSINA



Soldiers and nurses at work rescuing unfortunates from the ruins. Unfortunately there were thousands to whom help came too late.



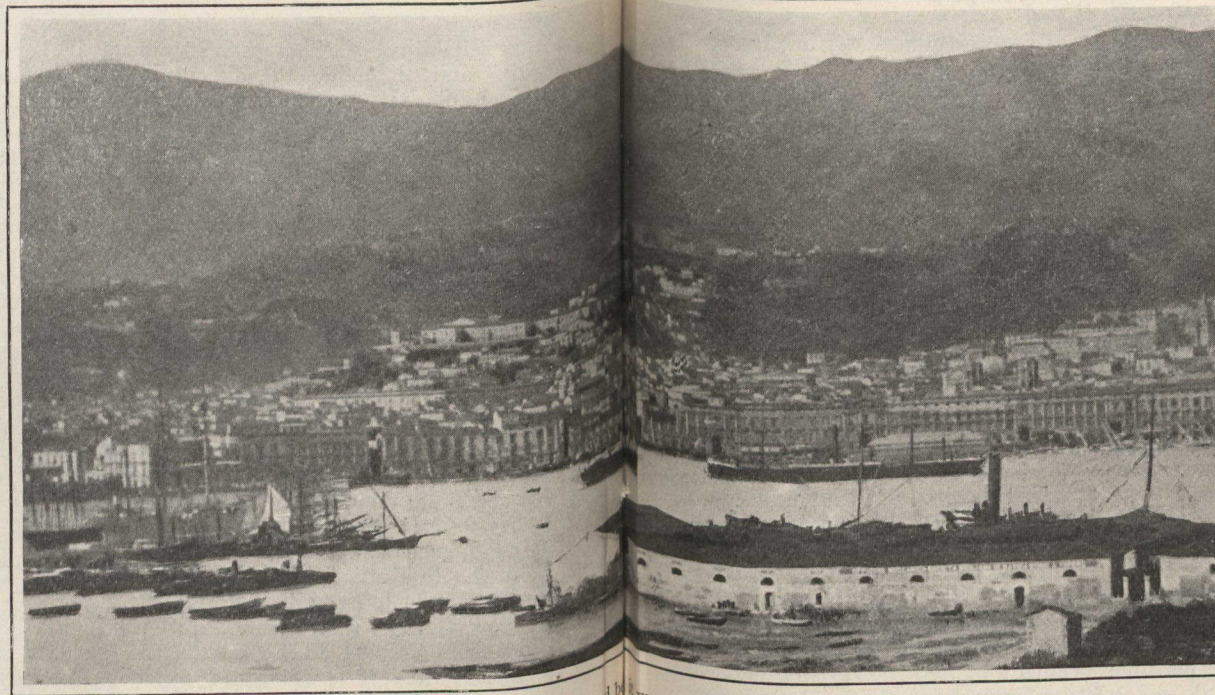
The beautiful waterfront, shaken by earthquake, wrecked by a tidal wave and consumed by fire. Messina was a great port and the buildings along the front were imposing and substantial. They can be seen from the picture directly below.



A consulate turned into a hospital. The British, Russian and other soldiers and sailors, under the direction of their commanders and the consular agents rendered all the help possible.



This gives a vivid picture of the wrecked houses and other buildings. The debris-covered streets indicate how small was the chance of escape.



This is Messina, Italy's busiest commercial port, as it appeared in modern times. It is said that the city will not be rebuilt. It was destroyed by one of the greatest disasters of ancient or modern times. Photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood.



There were no hospitals, and the wounded were laid out on doors and mattresses and rude stretchers until assistance arrived. This picture gives some idea of the fearful pathos of it all.



Church of the Souls in Purgatory, Messina, which gives some idea of the beauty of the ancient buildings which added charm to the one-time smiling seaport.

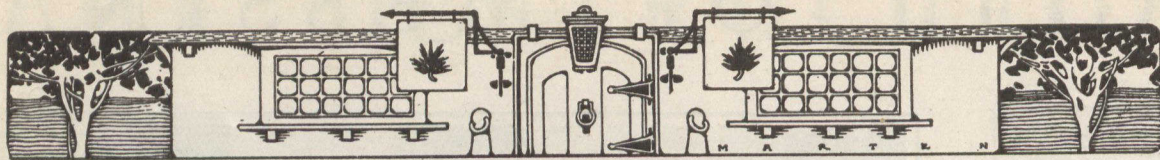
Photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood



Refugees thronging down to the ruined waterfront looking for transport to take them away from the stricken city. Comparing this with the two pictures directly above, the force of the earthquake and tidal wave is eloquently told. The world's sympathy has gone out to stricken Italy and such destruction as this amply supplies the justification.



The Cathedral and Montersole Fountain, Messina. This celebrated piece of art is not the only loss which the art world has suffered through this disaster. Many paintings and church decorations by famous Italian and Sicilian painters have been destroyed.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE one inquiry from the feminine world is: "What will the Spring fashions be?" Every other question is subordinated for the time, in the face of anxious queries regarding the waist. Empire and directoire gowns have been trailed through the drawing-rooms and halls of the land for so many afternoons that it seemed as if they were not going to change to any more definite fashion. However, there are dark hints abroad as to strictly tailor-made styles for the gowns that bloom in the spring. The fluffy lace waists are to vanish and the trailing skirts to become an extremely back number, while the severe lines of the tailored gown will remodel the world of fashionable woman-kind. It is also rumoured that the days of the waist buttoned up the back are numbered and that lovely woman will no longer become frantic and perspiring in the mad effort to reach the "two middle" buttons, while her aching wrist falls helpless after repeated efforts.

But all these changes sound too sensible to be true. It almost seems as if the pocket, that fairy-like convenience of ever-so-long-ago, might be restored to us. There are also vague whispers of a greater fullness in the skirt and if that useful garment is to have puckers and frills, surely, somewhere in its plenitude, there might be stored a pocket. However, the full skirt is not to be our portion yet. April is to bring turbans and tailor-mades, while June may come with full, flowered skirts such as the Early Victorian *Amelias* wore.

* * *

MISS CORELLI'S INCOME.

THE recent publication of the income of Miss Corelli, as sixty thousand dollars, is exciting envy on more than one continent. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward must fall into second place, so far as financial returns from novel-writing are concerned. It will not be said, even by those who find Corelli fiction too vehement for their taste, that this popular writer has regard chiefly for the shekels. No one can doubt Miss Corelli's sincerity, no one can help admiring the vigour with which she pomels the vices of lofty and lowly alike. Her "Holy Orders" has done more, it is said, to rouse the nation to temperance reform than all the sermons preached in the United Kingdom and it is high time for Britain to recognise the evil done by the "chemical beer" which is poisoning the lower classes. Miss Corelli is no respecter of persons when there is a vice to be exposed or attacked. The Bishop is no more held in awe by this vigilant lady than the poorest drunkard in the tavern. Miss Corelli of Stratford-on-Avon may come dangerously near to being a shrew but she is no snob. Her industry and fearlessness, to say nothing of her vivacious imagination, are such that no one need grudge her one dollar of the sixty thousand which flow in an annual stream from the publishers.

* * *

CANADIAN MANNERS.

IN the London *Daily Mail* (England) there was recently published a letter which should make some Canadians reflect seriously on their ways and manners. The writer, signing herself *Niobe* of Huxley, Alberta, discourses in a somewhat mournful strain of the Canadian child. It seems that Early Grey has lately remarked that the English-speaking women of Canada might profitably take a lesson from the French of Quebec in the matter of training their children in habits of politeness. *Niobe*, after commenting on this bit of Viceregal advice, proceeds to remark:

"The average Canadian child is a mixture of familiarity and impertinence, and has no respect for anyone, not excluding its own parents. Of course, the parent is to blame, not the child, and the fault is really more the outcome of thoughtlessness than anything else, for many Canadian parents seem to consider what is really lack of manners on the part of their children as only the signs of a manly and independent spirit. It is common practice here for children to address their elders simply by their Christian names, and 'Please' and 'Thank you' seem to be unknown in the child's vocabulary. As the child is trained so will the man or woman become, and in this country as a whole there is a regrettable ab-

sence of those little everyday politenesses which help so much to make life pleasant."

Now, really, *Niobe*, it can hardly be so bad as that, even in Huxley, Alberta. It must be admitted, with all sadness and humility, that English-speaking Canadian are not so polite as they might be. Yet, it is surely not the custom for Canadian children to address their elders by their Christian names and to refuse absolutely to use either "please" or "thank you." The juvenile United Stateser is frequently accused of being a "holy terror" but I have not seen finer courtesy than that of the youth in the Southern States where the fragrance of courtly manners still lingers. We may be in danger, in these days, of mistaking pertness for self-reliance and, verily, there is no object more terrible than a "smart" child. Admitting the shortcomings of a new country, where the gentle uses of the fork and finger-bowl are not generally understood, one yet insists that *Niobe* has overstated the case and that the Small Person of Canada is not destitute of courtesies.

This generation may have swung too far from



Miss Gertrude Huntley, a talented St. Thomas Musician, who played at Massey Hall, Toronto this week

the old style of awe for elders and superiors but there is still a saving regard for age and weakness. Toronto is not a town which is regarded as a Chesterfieldian community — in fact, its nickname throughout Ontario would seem to suggest that the capital of that premier province has a cheerful little fashion of laying hands on whatever pleases its fancy, without much regard for Hamilton or any other town whatsoever. Even in this city of the selfish pseudonym, there is manifest a good deal of thought for others, especially in these days of cold and distress. We Canadians are not so impolite as *Niobe* would paint us. Huxley, Alberta, may not be a town of Gallic grace. The very name has a hard, unyielding sound which suggests more pebbles than pearls. It is possible that even in that spot of little urbanity, the stranger who would show himself friendly might find a small boy who would say "please" or a little girl capable of replying "thank you."

Old Man Frost is come again
To fleck and peck at the window-pane!
When you hear a sound like a blade of wheat
Snapped on the ground beneath your feet,
Look up—and the hoary beard of grass
That presses close to the wintry glass,
That is a sign upon the pane
That Old Man Frost is back again,
With all the fancies you had lost—
The rose of spring and the summer rain,
The joy they brought and the pain they cost—
Old Man Frost!

Old Man Frost, he hangs a mist
As cold as the gold and amethyst;
He hangs the mist of a hope forlorn
On the golden moon and the purple thorn;
But I never saw in his frozen mane
A picture wrought of terror or pain —
Only the stars, and castle towers,
And fairy gardens of trees and flowers;
And so your dream of love that is crossed
With a dread that it may not bloom again,
Is only a fancy, like the frost
On the winter window-pane!

—Aloysius Coll, in *Outing*.

* * *

THE WOMAN CHAUFFEUR.

THIS part of the world assumes that it is far less conventional than the countries of Europe, so far as woman's taking part in public affairs is concerned. Yet French women are much better financiers than any business women whom America has produced and English women have made a political stir through the suffragettes such as Washington and Ottawa have never known. By the way, I wonder what that masterful gentleman, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, would do with the suffragettes. Would he use the "big stick" or just ask the dear ladies to the White House and talk them to death, while de-e-lighting in the process?

However, to return to effete Europe and the woman who does things! London has a sensation in the person of "Miss Sheila O'Neil," which is the motor name of a capable young Irish woman who has undertaken to run a public motor car and is already receiving paying custom. This is a varied if responsible occupation for enterprising women who do not wish to enter upon the milder employment of the kitchen or the hospital. The ambition of the average small boy is to drive a stage or command a pirate vessel. His modern sister may give up the care of dolls to contemplate the joys of a miniature motor car, looking forward to the days when she will have a "really, truly" automobile of her own. The Irish name of the daring lady is somewhat ominous. Does she hope to lure some dull and unsuspecting Saxon members of Parliament to become her passengers, thereby placing themselves in the power of a fair Fenian? It is a pretty name for the latest thing in feminine wage-earners and we less enterprising Canadian women may hope that she will have a glorious run and a multitude of fares.

* * *

DENTAL "COURAGE."

AN American dentist has lately announced that, in his opinion, women are much braver than men. The former, he says, will submit much more calmly than their brethren, to the various probing touches of those hideous little steel instruments. Perhaps this distinguished dentist has a large practice among sensitive women and has an interest in praising their "nerve"—in his course of devitalising the same. This question of "bravery" is rather beside the mark. A woman is not a coward because she shrieks at the little grey form of a mouse and rushes to the highest point for safety. She is not really afraid of that small, creepy animal—she just has a profound aversion for its tricks and manners. So, the masculine avoidance of the red plush chair with its disturbing associations may not be so much an instance of cowardice as a proof of a certain masculine prejudice against small steel instruments. He does not "mind" the least bit about the pain, but he shrinks from the humiliation of having his dental defects explored by the thread-like impertinence in the hands of a fellow-man. If the dentist were a woman, would masculine distaste for the chair of torture decrease?

CANADIENNE.

A FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE

A Story of a Wicked Uncle

By B. A. CLARKE



TO the rule that we undervalue what comes to us free of expense, there is an exception in the case of relatives, and Mr. Tyrell never thought better of his wife's brother than when he advised that he was returning home by P and O steamer at his own charges. In the past, Richard Stoneman had often

talked of returning to England, but always with the proviso that his brother-in-law should furnish the means. On receiving one of these appeals, Mr. Tyrell would reply in a strain of optimism that must have come to the exile like a breath of ozone—so sanguine was the writer that if Dick but remained in Australia, his eventual success was assured. This periodical encouragement, combined with the absence of remittances, had had much to do with keeping Stoneman in the Antipodes.

And now the news came that Dick (poor Dick! as they had been wont to call him) had made money and was coming home to spend it. Mr. Tyrell was honestly glad to hear it, for he had never had any complaint to urge against his wife's brother beyond chronic hard-uppishness, but he expressed rather more surprise than was consistent with his prophecies.

"How your brother can have made the money," he said to his wife at the breakfast table, "I cannot imagine, and perhaps it would be better not to inquire."

It was in his mind that Dick must have engaged in some reckless speculation, justified neither by his means nor by the information before him when he made the plunge. But the boys could not read their father's thoughts, and Walter put the darkest interpretation upon the speech. He did not really, but it thrilled him to think that the words would bear such a reading. After breakfast he drew Claude on one side.

"You heard what the pater said; you know, I suppose, how money is made in Australia?"

"Cattle and wool," said Claude slowly, "and gold. Oh, Walter! might uncle Dick have been a gold-digger?"

"No," said Walter, "he mightn't, or there would be no reason why we shouldn't inquire. It is something that is a great disgrace to us," (he looked as little like one conscious of disgrace as might be)—"it is bushranging."

"Oh, rats!" said Claude.

"Why, rats? There are such people as bush-rangers, I suppose?"

"Yes, but boys like us don't have bushrangers for uncles."

"That is just where you are jolly well wrong. Some bushrangers come from better families than ours. There is a story that ran in *Soft Things*; the hero is called Lieutenant Limelight. He had lived in an ancestral home until he was ousted by a scheming cousin, called Jasper. It was this, and other things, that made him take up bushranging."

"Well, I am certain we couldn't have an uncle a bushranger."

"Why?"

"I don't know, but I am certain. You can't stuff me up. You can stuff yourself up if you like."

"Cheeky kid!" said Walter. "If you got what you deserved, I should smack your head."

But this part of a brothers' duty went undischarged, the only result of the discussion being that Walter, in sheer obstinacy, began to fancy that there really might be something in his theory—a bare possibility of truth, at any rate.

In due season Uncle Dick arrived, in the best of health and spirits, and in his best clothes. He might have been on his way to a garden party. Unlike the Tyrell men, who looked best in overcoats, he could wear clothes, and his nephews' first judgment was that there was a relation who would do them credit. The boys went to a City school, travelling to and fro by train, and the tragedies of their lives occurred when relations or family friends blundered into compartments wherein they were riding

with their schoolfellows. Max was particularly exigent in the matter of relatives; indeed, in the whole circle there was not one that reached his standard. Some were ugly, or of too generous build, while those of creditable physique broke down on the point of costume, for it is strange fact that however contentedly slovenly a lad may be himself, he cannot look his fellows in their grubby little faces if convicted of owning an adult relative guilty in dress of the most trifling solecism. Knowing that he would be expected to take his uncle about, Max had anticipated his arrival with some dismay. Coming from the Colonies, it was likely that the visitor would dress unconventionally. Max was not disposed to condemn him for this, but he doubted if he could persuade his schoolfellows to take the same tolerant view. He made the attempt, however, and succeeded beyond his hopes. In a Colonial the boys thought this free-and-easiness characteristic and praiseworthy.

"I dare say Uncle Dick won't ever wear decent hats or gloves."

"And why should he?"

"Perhaps," said Max, anxious whilst his friends were in this complacent mood to get them committed irrevocably, "perhaps he won't even wear a collar."

"That is the sort of man England wants."

"I dare say," said Max, "he may not be quite so clean as some of your uncles."

He was relieved to find that even this trait would be counted for righteousness. The modern craze for washing could so easily be overdone. Max breathed more freely. It was scarcely possible that in slovenliness his uncle could go beyond what had been thus condoned in advance. But the boys did more. They made a hero of the unknown, and Tyrell's uncle became a type to them of all that was freest and best in Colonial manhood.

"That would not suit Tyrell's uncle," they would say, when they saw a man over-dressed.

They wanted to hear how such an ideal being earned his bread. Max went to generalities. Riding about the bush in stained riding-breeches and a flannel shirt seemed the principal thing. If he had suggested a bank or an office, his schoolfellows would have lynched him.

Until he saw his uncle, Max did not realize how he had allowed the legend to grow. Now he saw it in a flash, and the ridicule he must suffer when the boys learned that it had no foundation. He would keep the truth from them if he could, but even at that it was maddening to think that the irreproachable had arrived, the relation he had been seeking for years, and that, owing to his own foolish tongue, the paragon must be concealed like an over-stout aunt.

Walter, too, was vexed with his uncle, but for another reason. He had looked for a "dude," with an absurd eyeglass, who said "vewy," and was scared by horses, dogs and firearms, for it was under such disguise that "Lieutenant Limelight" had been wont to hide his terrifying personality. But this was forgotten in the surprise of hearing his belief confirmed—it was characteristic of Walter to be surprised when this happened.

"You have not told us yet, Dick, how you made your money?" said Mrs. Tyrell.

"In *Soft Things*," said Walter, "there is a piece called 'Fifty Ways of Making a Fortune in the Colonies.'"

Mr. Stoneman looked at him sharply. "And how long have you been a reader of *Soft Things*?" he asked.

"I began when 'Lieutenant Limelight, the Australian Duval,' started."

"Ah," said the man, "that would be about a year ago."

He looked at Walter fixedly. Not a muscle of his face moved, but the boy felt his uncle was demanding a private interview. He followed him to the spare bedroom.

The man closed the door.

"And so you read *Soft Things*, and know how I made my money?"

"Yes," said Walter nervously. Downstairs seemed very far away.

"And was it one of the fifty ways?"

The boy shook his head.

"In another part of the paper, eh?"

"I am the only one that read it," said Walter, "and I won't tell any one."

"That's a good little chap. Of course, it doesn't really matter; I have done nothing to be ashamed of, but I would sooner that your father and mother did not know."

On thinking them over, there was something in his uncle's remarks that Walter did not like. The assertion that there was nothing in his calling for regret was contrary to the best traditions. All the outlaws he had read about, from "Lieutenant Limelight" downwards, had been wont to refer to their crimes sadly, relating them, on occasion, in detail, with gusto tempered by remorse. There are stories that glorify crime, penny dreadfuls and the like, but Walter had never read of such. His knowledge was all derived from tales of good moral tone, by authors of standing, printed (when in book form) upon good paper, wherein right is right and wrong is wrong, and no excuse is accepted for criminal courses unless the perpetrator has been ruined by a sleek rascal, or some heartless woman has jilted him, thus depriving him of faith in humanity, and releasing him from all moral obligations. And even then, so hyper-self-critical are fine minds, these romantic scoundrels were not free from remorse. But Uncle Dick was without this noble trait. Might it be that he was a criminal of another class, just simply a bad man, with no justification for his misdoings?

Walter devoted himself to solving this problem. He tried his uncle at various times on the subject of women, but could evoke no outbursts of hate and scorn. Dreadful to relate, Richard Stoneman seemed to think rather highly of women. The boy was disappointed, but he gave his uncle another chance?

"Don't you hate society, uncle?" he asked. No, the man was rather partial to society, liked going to dances and tennis parties particularly.

"Oh, I don't mean that quite. What I mean is, don't you long to be revenged upon society—to do it all the injury possible?"

Far from this, Uncle Dick's feeling on the subject of society was kindly. He would like before he died to have done it some benefit.

But there was worse behind. Dick Stoneman, in the boy's presence, was talking to their father about a Melbourne banker, noted for his munificence to public charities. Stoneman's small savings had been entrusted to him, and when, being down on his luck, he had had to draw out his last sovereign, the great man had taken a personal interest in him, and had saved him from despair, acting throughout with a generosity and a delicacy that could not be mentioned without a catch in the voice.

"And I believe," said Dick Stoneman, "there are many others like him in the world."

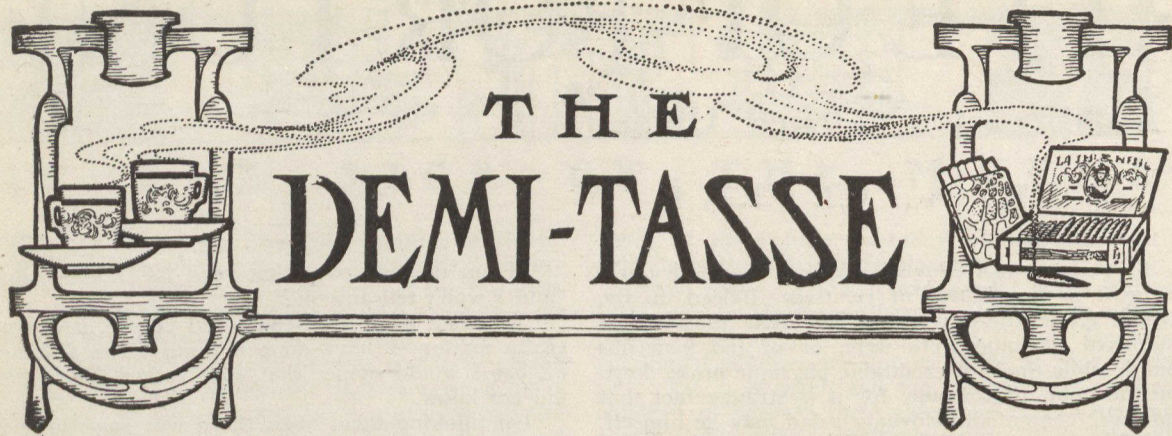
Walter was forced to the conclusion that his uncle, with his unimpaired faith in humanity, must be an exceptionally bad man. What reason was there for not classing his robberies with acts of dishonesty? The boy could see none, or for regarding the money so acquired as anything but stolen property. This conclusion necessitated the return of some not inconsiderable tips. The young moralist did not shrink. He bought a postal order for the amount they totalled, and sent this to his uncle anonymously.

"From a friend who warns you not to return to the old haunts," was printed upon the accompanying sheet of notepaper.

Richard Stoneman was completely mystified.

Having a criminal relative was less of an advantage than one would have thought; and as Walter became fond of his uncle, he felt more keenly the peril of his position. In dreams he used to see him handcuffed and led away. But this catastrophe should not happen for lack of local knowledge. Persistently but unobtrusively he was preparing the man for the evil day. In this he was helped by the fact that Uncle Dick showed a preference for his society, mentally associating Max with dull walks, owing to the fact that the elder boy kept him to back streets, where there was small likelihood of their meeting the fellows. Walter was more catholic. Byways must be investigated if one was to know now how to baffle a hue and cry, but great thoroughfares had their uses also. Particularly

(Continued on page 21)



THE DEMI-TASSE

A LEVELLING GAME.

A MAN from the town of Kenora, formerly known as Rat Portage, was recently telling how the ancient and honourable game of curling is played in that part of Ontario. The enthusiasm which has always been displayed over the "stones" has a wholesome tendency to make all citizens equal on the rink. On a certain occasion, said the man from Kenora, that Scot of ancient lineage, Lord Aberdeen himself, was taking part in a game. A well-known local curler was showing the Governor-General the various spots of vantage throughout the game and the directions were as follows:

"Now, my Lord, if you'll just step over here—" "Here's the place, Aberdeen, an' ye can show them how." Finally his interest in the contest overcame all other considerations and he exclaimed: "Here ye are, Ab, an' it's a grand chance."

* * *

PROBATIONARY EXPERIENCE

A CLERICAL correspondent says: As a Methodist probationer for the ministry, I was out calling and passed an old man cutting wood. I stopped to speak with him and, in the course of conversation, he remarked:

"Say, I like to hear you preach." I was gratified that someone seemed benefited and showed it in voice and manner as I answered:

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes," he continued, "I always like a little antidote in a sermon." I have not had so many stories since.

I wasn't very old then and, maybe, will be pardoned for a great desire to laugh at a dear good old man who was thoroughly devout but somewhat mixed in his English. He prayed: "Lord, forgive us the sins that we have omitted and committed."

* * *

A RISING POLITICIAN.

IT was at Ottawa last week, at one of the small festivities following the "Opening," that a charming young woman, who is a Liberal in politics, expressed an opinion which was startlingly heterodox. Someone had commented with regret on the absence of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King and this sprightly lady replied:

"I'm glad he's not here. I hope he'll stay in Shanghai for ever so long."

"But why?" urged an astonished friend. "He is such a perfect gentleman and so clever and has got on so well for such a young chap and—"

"That's just it," was the impatient retort. "He reminds me of the story of Sir Gilbert Parker. Don't

you remember about the poor Englishman who protested a few years ago that, wherever he went, he heard a certain ominous sound. Whether he went to African forests or Indian jungles, he would awake in the middle of the night and hear a strange noise and stir and would find that it was only Gilbert Parker climbing, climbing upward in the night! Well, Mackenzie King is just like that! He's everything that's admirable but he's distressingly successful. A man who writes books, belongs to the Cabinet, arbitrates telephone disputes and Japanese riots and goes to anti-opium conferences has too much executive ability for the ordinary understanding."

* * *

ALTRUISM.

IN the February number of the *Smart Set* is a poem with the above title by Helen A. Saxon, a Canadian writer of extensive renown.

When cream is ninety cents a quart,
And new laid eggs are soaring,
And butter—of the milder sort—
Necessitates ignoring,
We say, askance, "Just think of that!"
And eat our bread with bacon fat.

But when our neighbours come to dine
We don't consider prices,
But give them courses eight or nine,
From oysters up to ices.
You'd never dream the purse was limp
Or how we'd have to save and skimp.

For then we buy us cream galore,
And mushrooms out of season
And fatted birds—though prices soar
Beyond all rhyme or reason.
Champagne and festive fizz abound,
And hired waiters gallop 'round.

'Tis thus that we exemplify
The love we bear our brother,
And cheerfully ourselves deny
That we may feed each other,
Obeying both the Golden Rule
And modern altruistic school.

* * *

NO ALIBI FOR HIM.

IN Philadelphia they tell a story of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening" and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her to receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast. The first author was dull enough but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretence of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep on the settle.

"Wake up," sternly commanded the Philadelphian in the man's ear. "Wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole."—*The Argonaut.*

* * *

NO COMPLIMENT.

Stubb: "What's the matter with the writer's husband? He looks angry enough to chew tacks."
Penn: "And he is. She dedicated her latest book to him."

Stubb: "Gracious! I should consider that a compliment."

Penn: "Not if you knew the title of the book. It's 'Wild Animals I Have Met.'"—*Chicago News.*

* * *

ASIDES.

The *Ottawa Journal* remarks: "A man drops dead in a Brantford bar. If he had had time to think he

probably would have chosen some other place to drop dead in. The moral is obvious."

The *Ottawa Journal* also proceeds to attribute the following to the *Toronto News*, but the *News* repudiates the quotation: "Mr. George H. Gooderham is the new exhibition president but that does not mean that there will be Gooderham in the exhibition sandwiches." This is the very worst pun which the year, 1909, has known.

* * *

CURIOUS ABSORPTION.

MR. VICTOR ROSS of the *Toronto Globe* staff recently had the opportunity of seeing the advance performance of "The Vampire," in New York. The play introduces an unpleasant hero who goes about "getting" ideas from other people in a literal and cruel fashion. One of his cheerful little methods of procuring these bits of brain power is by rubbing the heads of those whose grey matter he wishes to absorb. As the "special" audience was leaving the theatre, a critic on one of the great dailies said to the *Toronto* visitor:

"That trick is easy enough. I suppose the writer means to say that if you pat a dog on the head, you'll begin to scribble doggerel."

* * *

WOMAN THE EVER-READY



The Wife (with great presence of mind): "Keep hold of him, Horace, while I try and find a policeman."—*The Sketch.*

* * *

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

THE motto of success was given in this tale, told at a banquet:

A Swede among the miners in the west was noted for always striking pay dirt. His fellows thought that there must be some secret to the unusual success of the Swede and questioned him as to how he always succeeded in finding the spot where the gold cropped out.

"Vell, Ay don't know ef Ay can tell anytang 'bout dat," answered Ole. "Ay only know dat Ay yust keep on diggin'."—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

* * *

THE BISHOP'S REPLY.

CAPTAIN FORETOPP tells a story of a certain noted divine who was on his steamer when a great gale overtook them off the Oregon coast.

"It looks pretty bad," said the Bishop to the Captain.

"Couldn't be much worse, Bishop," replied Foretopp.

Half an hour later the steamer was diving under the waves as if she were a submarine and leaking like an old door.

"Looks worse, I think, Captain," said the Bishop.

"We must trust in Providence now, Bishop," answered Foretopp.

"Oh, I hope it has not come to that," gasped the Bishop.—*The Wasp.*



Urchin (to friend who has gone in): "Bi-ill! Lend us yer skates, you ain't usin' 'em."—*Punch.*

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

AUSTRALIA owes a good deal to Canadian irrigationists. Though especially strong on large spaces of land, Canada also knows a good deal about water. The best-known irrigationist in America is Mr. J. S. Dennis, of Calgary. The Chaffey brothers in Australia are also Canadians and they have done some big things by way of carrying water to the arid tracts of that remarkable island. These brothers, however, learned most of their water-craft in California. By their scheme of irrigation they have practically created a new community of four thousand people on the banks of the Murray River in Victoria. In the midst of a huge tract of aridity they have planted a garden—known as Mildura. The town has its own irrigation system and managed by a trust. Ten thousand acres are irrigated. The chief crop is grapes, which are made into raisins and not into wine—since Milduria is founded upon water.

* * *

FOR snow sport take the Montrealers. They know all about snow that there is to know; and when one reads about the huge merriment these people extract from the snow it seems a problem what any Montrealer would do in the tropics. The other day four hundred snowshoers took a tramp over the mountain. The weather was seven degrees below zero and the wind was as high as the thermometer was low; but the spirits of that northern hundred were higher than the wind. No relation to the New York four hundred. No resemblance, in fact; but a band of jolly snow-loving people who went as far as they could and made as much noise as possible and looked as picturesque and dazzling as human beings know how against a background of snow. They had songs and bugle calls and rattling of drums and were altogether one of the most inspiring sights to be found in any clime or country.

* * *

A WRITER in the *Lowell Courier-Citizen* saw a great many interesting features in a recent trip through New Brunswick. He discovered that a political rally in that province has some unique features not to be found even in the land of strenuous elections. The picture he draws seems pastoral enough to be a classic in some polite novel where people are looked at through delightful colored glasses. A few extracts from the story are more convincing than any effort to condense it:

"The candidate was a successful lawyer in St. John and had been counsel for the little railroad that Russell Sage owned, a fact which would militate against his success in the States at the present time. He was busily engaged when I arrived in getting next to his constituents in esse and in posse and he was extending the glad hand to all within reach. Meanwhile along the river road from both directions came a stream of vehicles of all descriptions, buggies, democrat waggons, hay racks filled with women and children, voters and non-voters, Liberals and Conservatives, for the candidate was campaigning on the picnic plan with special inducements to the women folk and little ones. Cyclists came whizzing along; a motor boat sputtered up to the nearby landing and from various points along the river came rowboats bearing their quota to the assembly, a picturesque sight indeed. Now the band

struck up a popular melody with a vigorous blare, the settees in the marquee began to fill up, the candidate's son and other young men passed around little Canadian flags for every one and candy and peanuts for the women and children."

* * *

ON the other hand a western editor discovered a sample of local colour "way out west" near the boundary line that brings back the luridest yarns in any of the works of Ralph Connor. Stump-Town is so near the boundary that the inhabitants could almost throw stones into Canada. They are a mining outfit and one of the main streets is known as "Hell-Roarin' Avenue." They do not hold pink teas on that street; neither ice cream socials. They do just what the name implies; but not long ago a sky pilot of the Connor variety got among them and he beat out the hell-roarers at their own game. The preacher was evidently a genius—from the description:

"If a man didn't come it wasn't because he thought he wasn't welcome, for Ole, a fireman; Hans, a drayman; Atwood, an alderman; and the good old Scotch elder personally invited every man on Hell Roarin' just before each meeting, while the preacher worked the barrooms and cafes. At a card table in the Shamrock four men were trying to open a 'jackpot.' 'Here, fellows, it's my deal,' interrupted the preacher, passing around the Gospel meeting cards. 'The meeting won't sweeten the pot, but it will sweeten life.' Amused and amazed, they looked up, one saying:

"'My friend, you seem to know the game.' 'Only enough to know that the Gospel game over in the hall has got it beat,' replied the preacher. 'You fellows change the rules to-night and let our "full house" take your "four of a kind."' All four came out with, 'Darned if we won't!' and they were soon lustily singing the Gospel songs."

* * *

THERE seem to be as many Counts in the West—especially in British Columbia—as there are in New York. But the Canadian Counts are not after Canadian gold. Some of them go after scenery; some for agriculture; some mining; some are not counts at all but have a great deal of fun and experience convincing people that they are such, and are therefore entitled to consideration and long accounts for groceries and other necessities of life. The latest good-humoured fraud of this sort has lately turned up in Victoria in the person of Von Gassendorff, who came a year ago and posed as a titled German of great wealth. He ran up a grist of bills at various hotels and stores and at last victimised the Poodle Dog Cafe; but the Poodle Dog gathered him in. He went to jail for six months and after his release he travelled to the coast states where he played Count again and got into more trouble. The story of his life as told by himself is unusually suggestive and convincing:

"My estate," said he, "is near Dortmund, in Westphalia. There is an ancient castle upon it, and my family is very old and noble. My father is dead and I possess the titles, but I cannot sell the estate, as it is one of those forbidden by the crown to be sold. I have seen eight years' active service with the German army in South and West Africa, fighting the black people. I ranked as lieutenant. In

1907 we were ordered back to barracks in Berlin. There I fell from a horse and nearly lost my life. Afterward an officer insulted me and I challenged him. We fought a duel and I was not wounded, but my adversary was killed."

* * *

DURING 1908 the Granby Mines at Phoenix, B.C., shipped 1,060,000 tons of ore. This is said to be about equal to the combined shipments of all the other metal mines in Canada and is equivalent to one hundred thirty-ton cars every day in the year. To break this amount of ore two tons of dynamite and a mile and a half of fuse are used every twenty-four hours. Before being shipped to the smelter the ore is crushed by four gigantic ore crushers, each capable of handling a rock three feet in diameter. The first shipments were made in 1900 and since then about five million tons have been handled. The present workings, amounting to over twelve miles, extend over an area of about one hundred acres and the annual crop is valued at, according to the company reports, from four to five million dollars. Over three and a half millions have been paid in dividends.

* * *

CHINAMEN as theatrical scenery is one of the most abstruse hoaxes ever perpetrated on customs officials. Ten Celestials were being smuggled from Montreal into the United States the other day. The car was labelled "Theatrical Scenery," for Albany. Detectives mooching about the yards decided to investigate. They found the "scenery" duly supplied with food and plain water, ready to be set up in Albany whenever the play was scheduled to begin. But the play was called off—as there is a heavy duty on that kind of scenery.

* * *

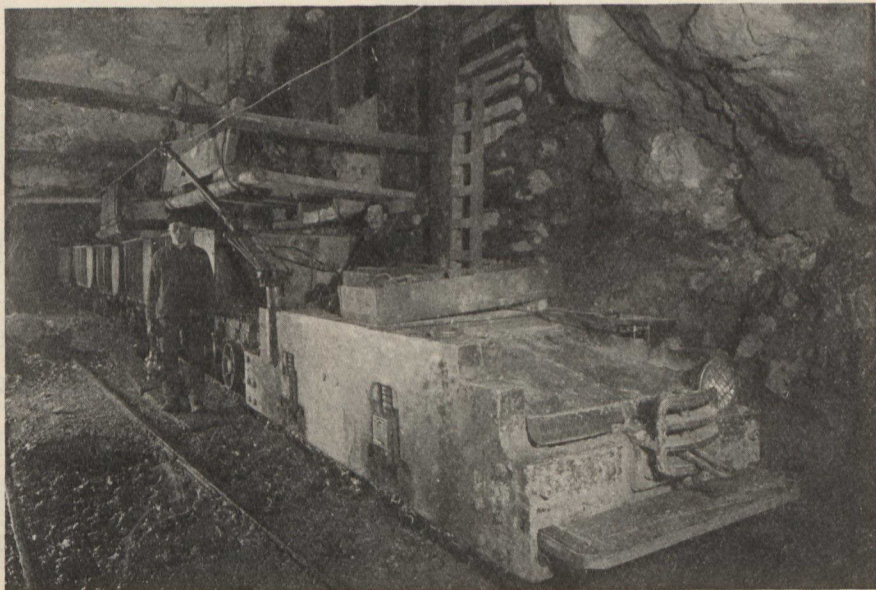
PROF. HUTT, B.S.A., of the Guelph O. A. C., has launched out on an educational campaign. He will associate with school teachers, trustees and inspectors in an effort to beautify school grounds in Ontario. Old Arbour Day was good enough so far as it went. It gave the scholars a holiday and got several of the big boys busy hauling mould out of the back pastures, digging up young maples, building stone plots and walks, while the girls planted flowers. But a good many of these home-built school gardens were very ephemeral. Prof. Hutt is to see that the beauty idea in school grounds becomes permanent.

* * *

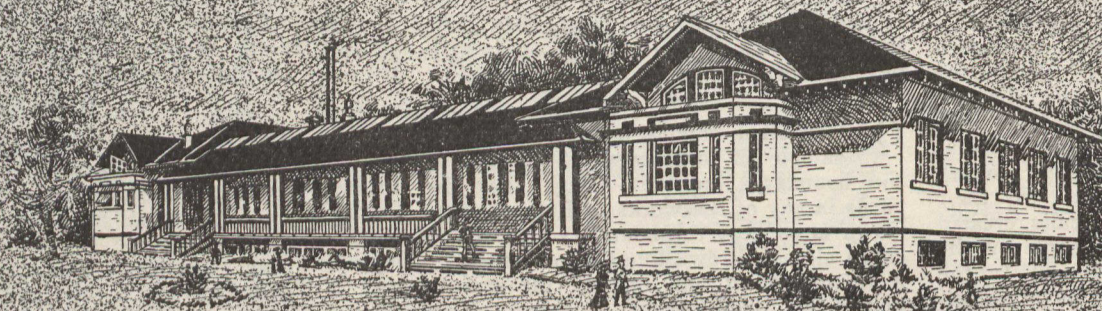
THE biggest gusher in Canada is at Medicine Hat—the town which Kipling described as having "all hell for a basement." This new well that has just started to spurt the resources of the nether world into the pure air of Alberta, has developed a flow of more than five million cubic feet of natural gas in a day. At this rate for a few years Kipling's hell will need to be a fairly good-sized place not to run short of gas. The Medicine Hat people, in no way alarmed at being over what acts so much like an earthquake, have decided to hitch this subterranean monster up. They will use the gas as power and heat for manufacturing sewer pipe. The company guarantees to spend \$300,000 on a plant and to employ a hundred hands.



General View of Phoenix, B.C.



Copper Ore Train in the Granby Mine at Phoenix



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MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE Henry Miller Associate Players in "The Servant in the House," whose extraordinary success at the Savoy Theatre, New York, is a matter of theatrical history, come to the Princess Theatre, Toronto, on February 1st for a week's engagement. This superior organisation and Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's now famous drama should find warm welcome in Toronto. "The Servant in the House," by those remarkable qualities of thought, symbolism, originality and dramatic intensity, and that moral and spiritual uplift which characterise it, caused New York and Chicago critics to call it "the greatest drama of the generation" and "a work of art simple enough and sincere enough to touch the heart of the world." Mr. Kennedy's masterpiece comes to Canada after having received the unqualified endorsement of those supposedly anti-theatrical forces, the clergy, as well as the general play-loving public. No play ever before earned the commendation of being a tremendous moral and religious influence, while at the same time being an absorbing dramatic entertainment. The cast to be seen in Toronto is exactly the same as that of the Savoy Theatre, New York, including Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Miss Mabel Moore, Mr. Walter Hampden, Mr. Tyrone Power, Mr. Arthur Lewis, Mr. Ben Field and Mr. Frank Mills.

usual interest. Two little plays will be introduced, the first a farce by Mr. Sauter called "The Prize," the other, "The Course of True Love," described as a Pierrot playlet, suggested by "L'Enfant Prodigieux," the pantomime which first brought Debussy, the French composer, before the world and gained him the Prix de Rome. Another interesting feature will be "The Vision of Sidney Carton" from "The Tale of Two Cities," given as a tableau vignette with music. Miss Margaret Pigott and Miss Laura Hughes will present monologues; Miss Brenda Smellie will recite the text of the Bjornson-Grieg melodrama, "Bergliot," and Miss Kenny will sing in costume, songs from popular light operas. Mr. Russell Marshall will be at the piano.

* * *

THE plan for subscribers to the cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts opened this week at Massey Hall, Toronto, with the promptness and dexterity of arrangement which always characterise the dealings of the Executive Committee for this chorus. The interesting fact is revealed that about twenty per cent. of the subscribers are out-of-town patrons, many of them, indeed, coming from the United States. Last year, there were visitors from Cleveland, Rochester and Boston, who went back to Ohio, New York and Massachusetts, with tales of the Mendelssohn Choir and the great little man who leads it. These concerts have come to be recognised as international in importance and Dr. Vogt has no firmer friends and admirers than those across the border. With each year the public interest becomes more keen and vibrant, until the first night seems like an ovation to a victorious commander. It seems curious now, to look back to the first "Mendelssohn" concerts, good as they were, and compare them with the five nights of choral splendour which make February a memorable month in our musical calendar.

* * *

THE matter of a national anthem is the cause of some speculation. The Toronto Mail and Empire comments editorially on our lack of this institution, admitting that Judge Weir's recent attempt to render Judge Routhier's "O Canada!" in English is not sufficiently robust. The editor concludes:

"We have not a national song yet. We certainly have not one that appeals to all classes and all origins with equal force. But we have in the tune of 'O Canada,' which combines sweetness with strength, the foundation for such a production. With perhaps a slight alteration Judge Routhier's verses could be made of general application, and then we should have both language and music that would be acceptable. To those who have the divine gift the opportunity to become famous by providing the verses ought to be very precious."

* * *

MADAME NAZIMOVA has been booked by the Shuberts recently for a special engagement of three days at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, beginning on February 11th. This brilliant Russian artist will bring to Toronto her Bijou Theatre company and the special stage settings and effects necessary for her English repertoire. It is expected that the latter will include "The Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and her New York comedy success, "Comtesse Coquette."

* * *

THE evening of "Dramatic Episodes," to be given in Conservatory of Music Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday, February third by Mr. Sauter and Mr. R. S. Pigott, promises un-



Miss Edith Wynne Matthison

DR. HAM and the Executive Committee of the National Chorus have received widespread congratulations on the success of the two concerts given in Massey Hall, Toronto, last week. The chorus has attained the strength and beauty of tone which it has not equalled before and the interpretation is increasingly discriminating and musically. Miss Margaret Keyes proved as finished in artistic performance and as gratifying in temperamental charm as on her first appearance in Toronto at the Caruso concert. The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, was more magnetic than ever and proved its place anew in public appreciation. Toronto citizens gave a warm reception to both chorus and orchestra, recognising the success of Dr. Ham in building up this organisation and securing for his concerts such excellent metropolitan artists. Miss Helen Davies, the soprano soloist, a Peterborough pupil of the conductor, added to the laurels won two years ago.



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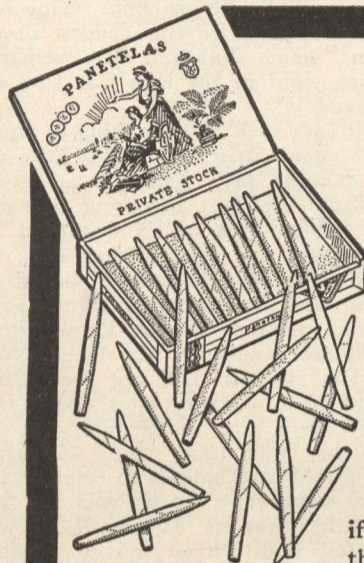
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FOR THE CHILDREN

UNCLE NED'S MAGIC.

By BELLE LAURENCE.

PATTER, patter, drip, drip, sang the rain on the roof. Tearfully Teddy glanced from the window.

"O dear!" he sighed.

"O dear!" echoed Frank and Betty.

"Guess daddy couldn't make a fire on the rocks to-day," said Frankie, with pictures of the intended corn roast vividly before him. This was very evident by the sudden down-pour which followed his remarks. Even sight of the lake was shut out from him.

It isn't such an easy thing to amuse two eager little boys and a little girl on a rainy day. Sailing boats in the bathtub was fast becoming tiresome. A sudden gust of wind rattled the windows, and the children did not know that somebody had opened the door and was standing right behind them, and they did not know, either, that that somebody was Uncle Ned.

The children had not seen Uncle Ned for a long time, so of course they were very glad to see him, and just at the right time, too. Somehow uncles always happen to come at just the right time, so it was not any wonder that he was besieged with kisses, and coaxed to tell a story. Thoughtfully Uncle Ned gazed at the logs in the fireplace.

"I'll tell you, chums," he said, prompted by a sudden idea, "let's have another magic trick, and this shall be called the 'Russian Mountains.' And now I'll get the things necessary."

While the children were gathering round the table, uncle returned with a small kerosene lamp, a strip of paper about four inches wide and about three feet long, a glass of water, a teaspoon, and a small plate. These he placed on the table, while from the long bookcase he selected four books, decreasing in size from a very large to a tiny book.

He lighted the lamp and held the strip of paper over the top near enough so that it soon became covered with thick, greasy lampblack. Then on the backs of the books, which he stood upright and about four inches apart, he pinned the paper, the greasy side toward him, allowing the end nearest the tiny book to rest in the plate.

"Now, then," said Uncle Ned, "we are ready," and taking a little water in the teaspoon, he let it fall drop by drop upon the paper.

"Gracious!" said Frankie. "Just see how it rolls!" and sure enough, one after another, the tiny drops rolled down the inclined plane of one book, gaining speed enough each time to mount the next, and so on into the plate.

The children each in turn dropped some water on the paper, and watched with delight the tiny drops striving to see which could gain the plate in the quickest time. It was near supper-time when they thought to look out of the window—and what a surprise greeted them! The rain had ceased, the dark, threatening clouds had gone, and the sun was shining bright and clear. The next day they could have their picnic, and a much better time because they would have Uncle Ned with them.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

A FINE LADY.

By Ethel Hawkes.

Johnnie and Kate and Nan at play,

Out in a field on a summer's day.

"When I'm grown up," said little Nan,

"I'll be as fine as ever I can.

I'll do my hair just so—like this!

And wear fine clothes, and be called 'Young Miss';

I'll ride in a cart, all over the town,
To show the people my fine new gown.

I'll be the prettiest that ever I can,
And I won't say 'No,' to a handsome man.

But if he's ugly I won't have him.
Or if he sneezes, or his name is Jim.

But best of all, you know!" cried she,
"Are mudpies, and Kate, and Johnnie and me.

But its getting dark, we must be spry,
Lest ma might spank us, and then we'd cry.

And pr'aps in corners we'd have to sit,
And that wouldn't be fine ladies a bit!

So all the kiddies trooped home to tea,
"We were not spanked," said they to me.

* * *

WINTER JEWELS.

A million little diamonds

Twinkled in the trees,

And all the little maidens said

"A jewel, if you please."

But while they held their hands out-stretched,

To catch the diamonds gay,

A million little sunbeams came

And stole them all away.

* * *

FEBRUARY.

The Elves' Calendar.

The Elfland sprites took fleecy clouds

or purple, blue, and pink,

And brodered them with sunbeams,

oh! so bright they'd make you wink;

And next some silver dew they took,

with dainty magic spoons,

And where 't was sprinkled, there it

twinkled like a million moons;

Then over all of this, some hearts

and darts and flowers were laid—

And that's the Elfland secret of how

Valentines are made.

—*St. Nicholas.*

* * *

THE SLEEPY SONG.

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

As soon as the fire burns red and low

And the house upstairs is still,

She sings me a queer little sleepy song

Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,

Their colours are grey and white;

They follow their leader nose to tail,

For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,

And one runs after behind,

The grey one's nose at the white one's tail,

The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill

They quietly slip away,

But one runs over and one comes next;

Their colours are white and grey.

And over they go and over they go,

And over the top of the hill,

The good little sheep run thick and fast,

And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,

The good little, grey little sheep!

I watch how the fire burns red and low,

And she says that I fall asleep.

—*McClure's.*

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A Favourite of Fortune

(Continued from page 15)

was Walter careful to point out the big shops that had entrances in two streets, and to show how these might be used for shaking off a spy. Starting for a walk, he liked to do so by back garden, and then down the little lane, and he made his uncle observe how by trespassing across a strip of nursery garden one could reach the heath, a splendid means of escape supposing the police had come for one by the front door.

Mr. Stoneman thought that his nephews' mind must be unsettled by bad books, and he tried to give him juster ideas.

"You talk about nothing but escaping from the police. Are you thinking of becoming a thief?"

Walter saw a chance of driving home a moral.

"Thieves," he said, "are no worse than bushrangers!"

"Bushrangers! I can tell you something about them. They are the wickedest and most miserable creatures upon God's earth."

His self-condemnation was terrible to witness.

But Walter was not relying solely, or indeed, chiefly, upon his own arguments. He had upon his side a hundred philanthropists. Until one's attention is drawn to it, one has no conception of the number and variety of leaflets distributed in the streets gratuitously. Quite a proportion of the people you brush past would have bestowed a tract upon you, had you given them the chance. Walter saw to it that his uncle accepted these opportunities. The boy did not say anything. He simply forced tracts upon his companion as a conjurer can force cards. Unfortunately they were never quite relevant. There were appeals to moderate and immoderate drinkers, leaflets of "The Sabbath Observance Society" and "The Sunday League," "Anti-Gambling Statistics," and "Words to Flesh Eaters." but no moralist seemed to concern himself with cases like Uncle Dick's.

Of course, Walter was not allowed to monopolise the visit. The cloistered walks with Max were not abandoned entirely, and it was during one of these that the blow fell. It happened upon a Wednesday half-holiday, but Walter was not told until the following afternoon. He had been kept in, and thus was later home than his brother. Max opened the door to him.

"Have you heard something about uncle—anything connected with *Soft Things*?"

"I have known it all along," Walter replied.

"Well," said Max, "I only heard it to-day, but every boy in the school will know by the end of the week!"

"However did it come out?"

"It is all that pig Latzarus. You know how close I have been keeping Uncle Dick. Well, yesterday afternoon young Latzarus met us. I pretended not to recognise him, but I could see he had twigged me. He managed to meet us again, and this time he took a good stare. The little beast spotted uncle as the man in *Soft Things*, but he had destroyed the back numbers, so what does he do in the half-hour but go round to *Soft Things* office and have them turned up! And then when he had made sure, he had the cheek to see the editor, tell him where uncle was staying, and they are sending a man round this evening."

"Have you got uncle safely out of the way?"

"I haven't told him."

"Do you mean to say that you have loafed about for two hours and done nothing? Oh, you great idiot! Where

is uncle? I must see him this minute."

"He is working in the garden."

Max was so taken aback by the vehemence of the attack upon him that he answered quite meekly.

Walter rushed through the house and found his uncle planting seeds. The young man was visibly annoyed.

"But I suppose it was bound to come out sooner or later," he said and went on planting seeds.

"Oh, don't delay, uncle! Get away while it is still possible—out by the back, the way I showed you."

"So I am to give them the slip, eh? Well, it doesn't seem a bad notion. Tell Mary, when the man comes to keep him waiting a bit, and I will get out into the lane. Then she can say truthfully that I am not at home."

"Oh, uncle, do go this very minute!"

"Why, he may not come for an hour, and I shall miss my tea. No, thank you."

It was with just such nonchalance that "Lieutenant Limelight" had faced his perils, but Walter was not pleased. He stamped with impatience. He was learning that the same things affect one differently in books and in real life. Mr. Stoneman would not be hustled; and when the tea-bell rang, he went in and began what promised to be a hearty meal.

But in the middle a strange knock came at the front door. Mr. Stoneman whispered a word to the maid and slipped out. He was gone without a word of farewell, and they might never see him again!

The knock was repeated four times before the door was opened, and then the servant was some time before she returned. She brought a letter with her.

"If you please ma'am, it was a gentleman for Mr. Stoneman. I told him Mr. Stoneman was out, and he left this note."

"Is the coast clear?" said a voice at the door, and Mr. Stoneman entered.

"Oh! why didn't you get clear away?" said Walter. "They will come back."

"That is just what this note says; and when they come, I must see them."

"You won't let yourself be taken?" cried Walter.

"It is a bore, but it has happened to me before."

Walter put his face down on the table-cloth and sobbed.

"Perhaps, Dick," said Mrs. Tyrell, a little sharply, "you will explain what all this means?"

"I will explain my own share, Annie, willingly; but I have not the least notion why Walter should cry."

"Of course, it is hardest on me," said Max.

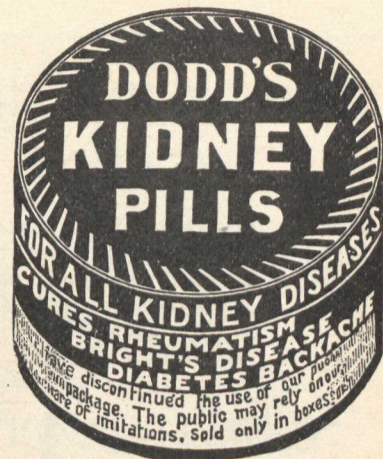
"What I do know," said Uncle Dick, "is that *Soft Things* has been told I am in England, and the editor says I must be interviewed."

"Why?"

"Because I am the winner of their mammoth prize."

"I know," said Walter, looking up and smiling through his tears; "the top-hat prize."

"Yes; Walter knew it from the first, and very well he kept the secret. And now for detail. Twelve months ago, *Soft Things*, that now has a circulation of a million weekly, was about as obscure a journal of its kind as might be. Then it was converted into a limited company, and most of the capital raised was devoted to one huge prize—I suppose the greatest ever offered—three thousand



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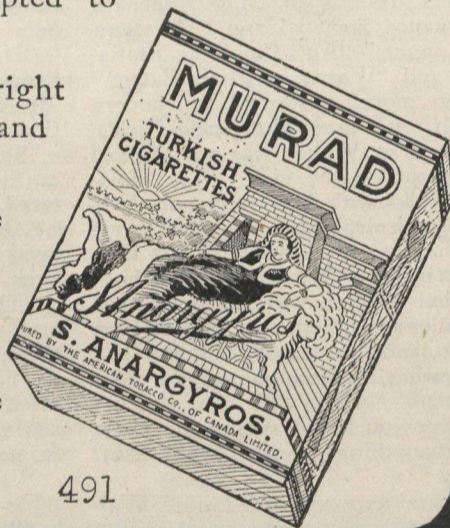
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pounds. This was the competition. On a fixed date, six months after the first announcement, the directors would appoint a new editor, no indication of their choice being given until the appointment was actually made. The lucky journalist himself would be entirely taken by surprise. His first duty in his new position would be to go down Regent Street and buy himself a silk hat in the latest fashion. He would return to the office, and the new hat would then be filled to the brim with hairpins. These would be counted in the presence of a bishop and a music-hall proprietor, and the competitor who had guessed nearest to the number would receive three thousand pounds. I was the lucky man."

"Do you mean that you gained three thousand pounds?"

"Well, not quite. I ought to have mentioned that the number of guesses one might make was unlimited, but each must be accompanied by a coupon cut from *Soft Things*. I happened to have ten pounds by me. It was all the savings I possessed, and

"Dick, don't tell me that you bought twenty-four hundred copies."

"Not twenty-four hundred, certainly. You see, experimenting costs something. You must deduct what I spent on hairpins and old hats.

"And did they pay up?"

"Like princes. But I had to send my photograph for publication, and it was by this that your son's school-fellow recognised me. By the way, Walter, they don't mention anything about another photograph. You said they wanted to take me."

"That was a mistake," said Walter hastily.

"Well, I think it was all very silly. And so your prosperity is a pure accident?"

"You can put it that way. I like to look upon it as a reward for my faith in the directors. I made up my mind that they would need a pretty brainy man for a post like that, and based my calculations on his taking a seven and three-eighths hat. No one else that I heard of went beyond seven and a quarter."

"I expect that it was the editor himself that called," said Max. "I noticed as he was walking away that he had a very large head."

"Very probably, and that is another reason why I must be in next time he calls. He has written a pressing letter, and it would be shabby to refuse. They are preparing a series of articles entitled 'Favourites of Fortune,' and they wish me to stand for number one."

"He is opening the gate now," said Claude.

"I found this in my pocket," said Uncle Dick. "It is not mine."

He produced an envelope containing a sovereign and about fifteen shillings in silver.

"It is mine," said Walter, turning a violent red. "I slipped it into your pocket for safety."

"It is all very well for Uncle Dick," growled Max—his uncle was away being interviewed—"he has the money but I shall be called 'Hat,' and Walter will be called 'Hairpins,' as long as we are at school. You don't seem to care, Walter!"

"When the boys were in bed that night, Uncle Dick sat up studying the back numbers of *Soft Things*. He read with a purpose. Whether it was accomplished is not known, for he said nothing. But next morning he gave Walter the mysterious postal order, and a handsome tip in addition. He never commented upon Walter's fit of weeping or upon his other strange doings; nor, in his presence, might any one else do so. Which goes to prove that a man may be a favourite of fortune, and yet remain a thoroughly good fellow.

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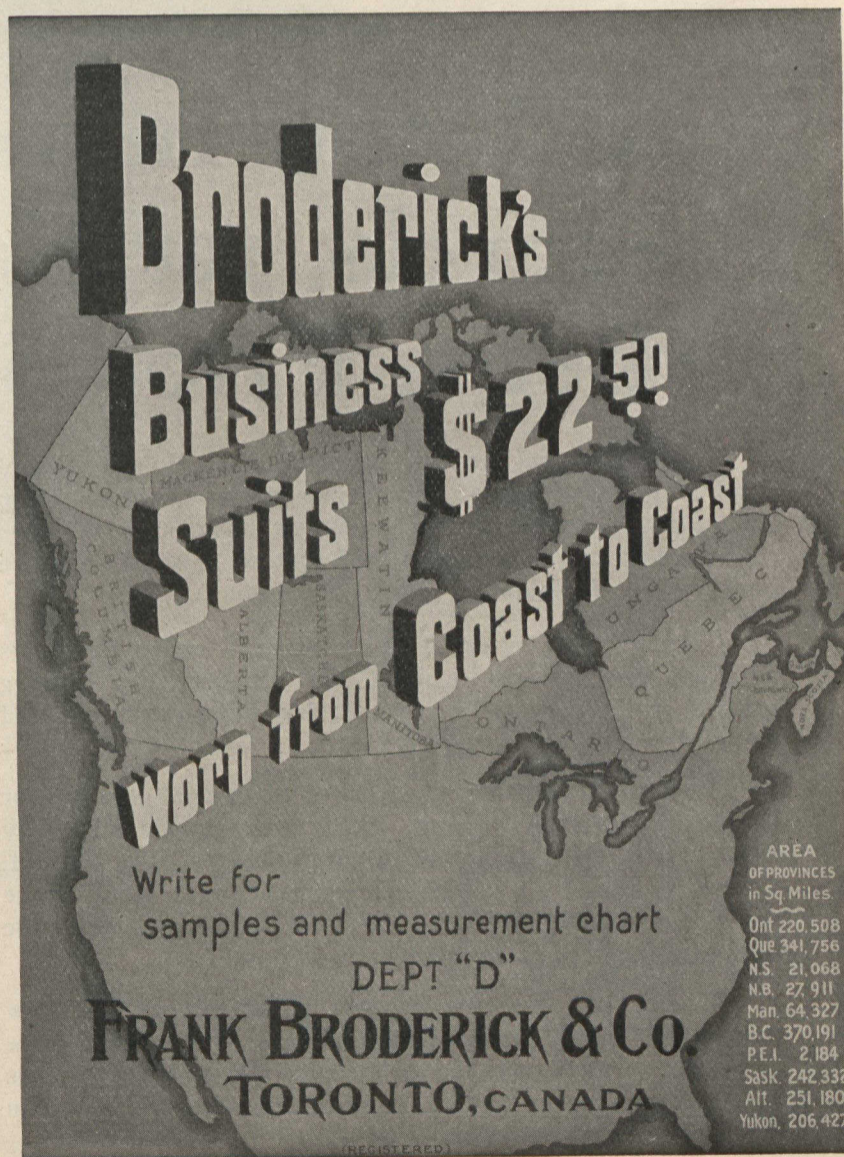
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