

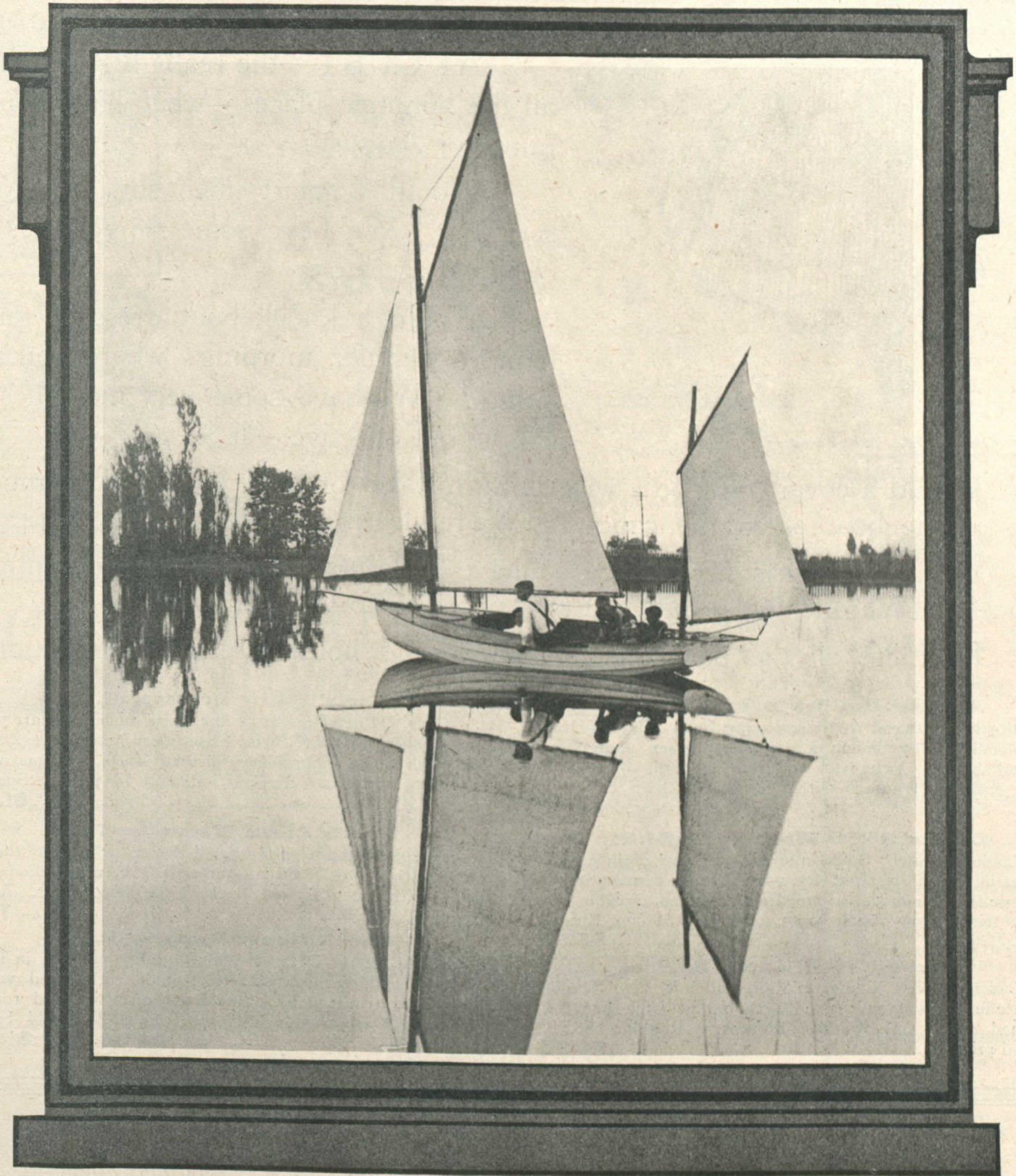
Vol. VI, No. 10

August 7th, 1909

Price 10 Cents

# The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in  
Nine  
Provinces

"SUMMER SHADOWS"

Photograph by R. W. Murphy.

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

# DRESSES FOR THE AUGUST HOLIDAYS



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AUGUST—the really big month in all the summer places—what have you in mind for August?

Would a smart linen suit be of any service? We have some \$8.50 ones to clear out at \$5.95.

Would a knockabout dress of gingham do well for mornings where you are going? We have some very nice ones—simple but effective—at \$4.75.

Would a covert coat be a wise thing to take for cool evenings or mornings on the boat or in the canon? We're clearing out \$8.50 lines at \$4.95.

Would the girls be pleased to have a dainty muslin dress for summer dances? We offer 60 beauties at \$1.75. Ten to fourteen years.

Here are all the particulars. Waists and house dresses are included.

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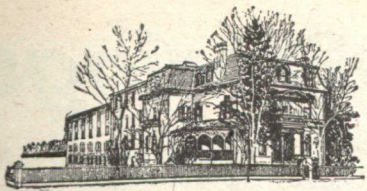
Useful House Dresses of fine quality percale, in neat black and white check patterns; made with fitted waist lining, and trimmed back and front of waist and round skirt with bias strappings of self. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Special price... **\$1.75**

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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## Editor's Talk

SEVERAL of our friends have flattered us by saying that last week's issue of this journal was one of the best we have yet issued. We thank them. It is well nigh impossible to maintain an even quality in weekly issues. Moreover, a number which appeals to one reader, may not appeal to another. During the summer months when one-third the staff is taking a holiday and the other two-thirds are mopping the perspiration off their brows, good papers are more difficult to get out than during the cooler seasons.

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## July Sale Price **38c** FINE SHADOW STRIPED WOOL SATIN CLOTH Extra Special

**F1-X1.** This Fabric is a leading style, all pure wool with pretty self-colored shadow stripe, good weight, firm bright satin finish, good in quality, real stylish and, undoubtedly, long wearing material. We secured the quantity that insures such excellent value to you. Colors, navy, brown, green, grey, elephant, castor, red, and black. Width, 40 inches. Per yard **Sale Price 38c**

### Fancy Striped Worsted Suiting

**F1-X2.** One of the Fabrics greatly in demand, clean, evenly woven material with smart self stripe effect in self colors, medium weight. One of the prettiest for suits or for Princess and Empire styles. Very effective for street costumes. Wonderful value for such stylish cloth. Colors, navy, brown, green, grey, alic, taupe, black. Width, 42 inches. **Sale Price 48c**

### Wool Panama Suiting

**F1-X3.** Clean, firm, hard twisted Dress fabric, all wool, does not retain the dust, wears like iron, grand fabric for all kinds of weather. Fine canvas mesh. Plain colors of navy, brown, green, taupe, copenhagen, red, black. Measures 42 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 33c**

### Worsted Panama Suiting

**F1-X4.** This Fabric is one of the very best for tailored suits or skirts, good weight, made from fine strong worsted yarn, dust will not cling to it, will not crease, everlasting wear. **Extra wide width, 54 inches.** No cloth is more in demand for every purpose of wear, and it is exceedingly stylish. Anticipating a big enquiry for it we have purchased heavily. Colors, navy, brown, green, red, grey, taupe, copenhagen, black. Per yard **Sale Price 63c**

### Fancy Worsted Suiting

**F1-X5.** The season's most popular style for the fashionable man-tailored gown or skirt. Made from high-grade worsted yarns, good weight; comes in a handsome assortment of leading new colors, self stripes. For a natty suit it is unequalled exclusively stylish, does not wear glossy, keeps clean and is exceedingly durable smart in any tailored garment. 52 inches wide. Good choice of leading colors, navy, brown, myrtle, grey, taupe, and dark red. Extraordinary value. Per yard **Sale Price 87c**

### Wool Venetian Cloth

**F1-X6.** A smooth finished all pure wool Dress Cloth, soft weave, good weight tailors beautifully, will not wear rough, very dressy, cuts to best advantage Measures 43 inches wide. Comes in assorted leading shades, black included. Don't overlook this fabric when ordering. Colors, red, navy, brown, myrtle, grey, taupe, and black. Per yard **Sale Price 47c**

### Fine Wool Voiles

**F1-X7.** This weave has a great reputation for popularity, is all pure wool, sheer canvas mesh, crisp, will not sag or pull, very dressy over fancy linings. Nothing nicer for a fancy evening costume, or stylish for street gowns. Colors, navy, brown, alic, green, red, grey, black. Width 42 inches. Biggest kind of value. Per yard **Sale Price 42c**

# Special Midsummer Silk Prices

### One Yard Wide Japanese Habutai Wash Silks

**F2-X8.** Japanese Habutai Wash Silk, in ivory white, or black. Extra heavy quality; every thread guaranteed pure silk of the finest grade. The ivory white comes in the natural finish (no dressing) and is a splendid washing fabric and the black is French dyed and perfectly fast color. Note the width, one yard wide. Per yard **Sale Price 49c**

### Louisene Silk

**F2-X9.** Louisene Silk, black, white, cream and a big range of colors for street costumes or the more dressy house, party and reception gowns. A rich pebble or chain weave, nice weight and brilliantly finished. Noted for its good wearing qualities. Width 20 inches. Per yard **Sale Price 68c**

### Fancy Colored Silks

**F2-X10.** Fancy Colored Stripe and Check Silks, weaves of chiffon taffeta and tamoline in excellent wearing qualities, beautifully finished and in neat attractive designs and colorings. These striped and checked silks make the ideal silk dress for general use or can be made up into very elegant gowns. Wonderful value. 19 and 20 ins. wide. **Sale Price 48c**

### Taffeta Silks

**F2-X11.** Plain Taffeta Silks, in black, white, cream and a splendid range of light, medium and dark shades. The finest quality we ever offered at this price, guaranteed pure silk, perfect in weave and dye with a rich, brilliant, soft chiffon finish only seen as a rule on much higher priced silks. 19 to 20 ins. wide. Per yard. **Sale Price 47c**

### Tamoline Silks

**F2-X12.** Plain Tamoline Silks, a quality made specially for us and just a little better than the ordinary best. Everyone knows the long service the tamoline gives, both in dress or waist and also as a lining for coats, etc. Correct material for shirt waist suits, etc. Guaranteed not to cut. Comes in black, white, cream and all the staple colors of navy, brown, green, grey, fawn, sky, pink, etc. 20 ins. wide. Per yard **Sale Price 46c**

### Satin de Chene

**F2-X13.** Satin de Chene, a pure silk with rich satin surface just what fashion demands. Unlike the ordinary satin, this satin de chene does not "rough up" and being a pure silk fabric is not easily crushed. Makes a lovely, rich dress or waist, good weight and deep rich dye. Black, white, cream, and all wanted shades, light, medium and dark. 19 to 20 ins. Per yard **Sale Price 49c**

### Black French Peau de Soie

**F2-X14.** Black French Peau de Soie, a guaranteed quality made by a leading French house, noted for the absolute reliability of the silks they turn out. This peau de soie will not cut and makes the richest of black gowns, skirts or waists. Finished up nice and so with medium bright finish, 20 ins. Very special, per yard **Sale Price 67c**

### Black Taffeta Silk

**F2-X15.** In a heavy weight, very suitable for underskirts or linings, also makes nice dresses and waists, superior dye and finish, rich rustling make. 21 to 22 ins. wide. Per yard **Sale Price 57c**

# Wash Goods Inducements

### Cotton Cashmeres

**F2-X16.** This Fabric comes in a full range of staple colorings, fine cashmere twill, wears well, makes splendid children's dresses, quilt linings, &c. 34 inches wide. Great value. Per yard **Sale Price 10c**

### English Washing Print

**F2-X19.** English Washing Print, good heavy cloth, perfectly fast in colors, full assortment of light, medium and dark patterns, the best of their kind to be had. 31 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 11c**

### White Swiss Batiste

**F2-X17.** A lovely washing material, fine even weave, excellent wearing material. Very popular for street and evening dresses and shirt waists. A cloth you save money on at this extraordinary price. 45 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 25c**

### Colored Batiste Muslins

**F2-X18.** Pretty assortment of novelty designs in great variety of shadings, for suits or shirt waists, stripes, figures, floral sprays, spots, etc. Value seldom seen like it. 29 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 14c**

### Victoria Lawn

**F2-X20.** Without filling, nice fine even weave, launders beautifully. A value hard to equal. Suitable for dresses aprons, etc. 39 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 9c**

### White Fancy Vestings

**F2-X21.** New designs for shirt waists or dresses, splendid qualities, stylish effects. Splendid washing fabrics. 27 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 13c**

### Scotch Gingham

**F2-X22.** Good to wear, easy to launder, stylish in make up. This line consists of a pretty selection of patterns in best colorings, for dresses, aprons, linings, etc. Checks and stripes. 27 inches wide. Grand value. Per yard **Sale Price 11c**

### Near Silk Lining

**F2-X23.** Very popular material for drop skirts, dress linings, etc., smooth finish, rich gloss, staple shades. Special value. 33 inches wide. Per yard **Sale Price 19c**

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T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, August 7th, 1909

No. 10

### MEN OF TO-DAY

#### A Railway Commander

**T**HERE have been a good many celebrated Browns in history; almost as many as the famous Smiths. John Brown in the United States and George Brown in Canada have been among the foremost Browns; both dead—but neither of them with half the authority over an army of men possessed by William C. Brown, the president of the New York Central Railway. Mr. Brown is head of an army of 150,000 people, and the system of which he is head spends every year \$150,000,000. He has been railroading since he was a boy; beginning when he was sixteen years of age as a section hand and “wooder” for the old cordwood engines on the St. Paul Railway—which of course was about forty years ago. He studied telegraphy, and in two years afterwards became a despatcher on the Illinois Central. In those days there was a switchmen’s strike on the Illinois Central and trains were tied up while the strikers paraded the yards with guns threatening death to any that tried to handle cars in those parts. However, “Billy” Brown being despatcher felt inclined to see trains moving when he sent despatches. He walked out of the station, clean past the switchman’s shanty filled with gunners, quietly down to the switch which he moved and signalled to the engineer of a stalled-up train to come ahead.

From the Illinois Central Mr. Brown went to half a dozen other systems; going through all the grades—chief despatcher, train-master, assistant superintendent—till in 1900 he found himself general manager of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. Six months later in 1901 he became vice-president of the New York Central—and from that he became senior vice-president of all the New York Central lines; till now he is at the head of the road. Mr. Brown may be understood as a man who knows railways. At fifty-four years of age he is as well posted on transportation as any man in the world. Had he been born and developed in Canadian railway-building he would have spent half his life building roads before he began to climb into the eminence he now holds on the New York Central.

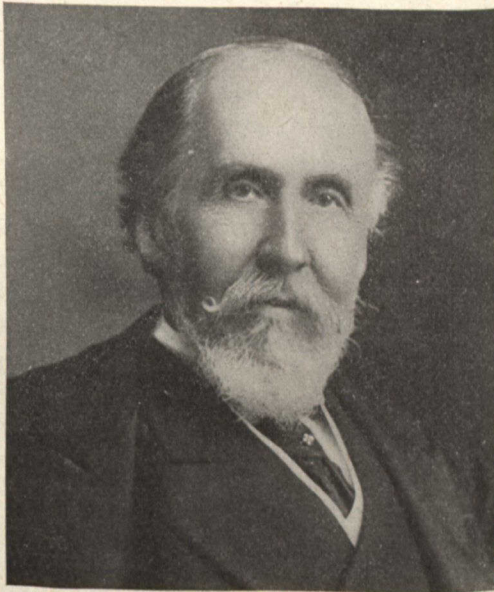
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#### An Enthusiast on Game

**I**F there comes to be a Minister of Game in the Ontario Government it will be the first portfolio of the kind in Canada, and in all probability Mr. A. Evans will be the man to hold it. It is not long since a member of the Ontario Cabinet stated that the game wardens of Ontario were a useless lot. Recently a prominent member of the Legislature contended on the floor of the House that the game laws of Ontario are sadly in need of both amendment and proper enforcement. In the face of this it seems that the appointment of Mr. Evans to be special commissioner to investigate the fish and game situation in Ontario is a step in that direction. What Mr. Evans discovers will probably form the basis of any new action taken by the Government. He has particular fitness for the job. It is four years now since he was made secretary of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Since that time without a cent of remuneration Mr. Evans has travelled and lectured far and wide in four provinces on the subject which most of his life he has taken for a wholesome hobby. Mr. Evans is also vice-president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association for the Province of Ontario; member of the American Fisheries



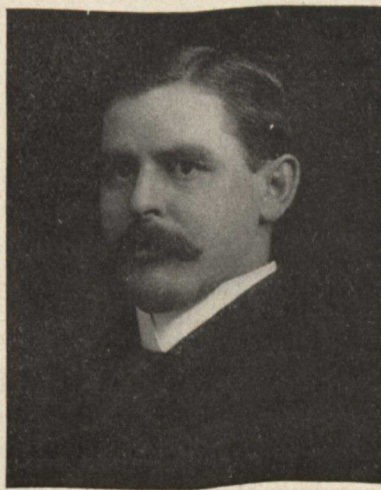
Mr. William C. Brown,  
President New York Central Railway.



Sir Charles Rivers Wilson  
President Grand Trunk Railway



Hon. Mackenzie King,  
Minister of Labour.



Mr. A. Kelly Evans,  
Special Game Commissioner.

Society and of the International Fisheries Society; and last August he attended the International Fisheries Congress at Washington. He was born in Toronto, educated at Upper Canada College and at the Royal Military College; practised as civil engineer for twelve years under the Department of Railways and Canals and the Public Works Department. It was he who organised the O. F. G. P. A. of which he is secretary and which now numbers thirty-six branches. Associations modeled on similar lines are to be found in four other provinces and one state of the Union—largely as a result of Mr. Evans’ untiring and quite splendid enthusiasm. The first convention of the association recommended a large number of amendments to the Ontario game laws—many of which have since been put into effect. The Commissionership which Mr. Evans has received covers a wide range—food fisheries of the Great Lakes, advisability of establishing provincial fish hatcheries, and fish and game interests in public parks and forest reserves.

\* \* \*

#### An Outspoken Minister

**T**HE first Minister of Labour to address a large representative body of labour men is Hon. Dr. William Lyon Mackenzie King, who delivered a profoundly useful and hopeful address to the employees of the Toronto Street Railway at their picnic in Scarboro Beach Park last week. Since the memorable campaign in Waterloo last year when Mr. King made his first appeal to the public under the shadow of the Berlin town clock, he has said a large number of things, many of them somewhat visionary, but most of them pregnant with a larger meaning than some of his political opponents gave him credit for. He has always spoken as a young man who saw more in his portfolio than political pull and a salary. His speech at Harvard when he was made an LL.D. entitled him to some distinction. Having been engaged in a number of labour battles he felt desirous of political peace between Canada and the United States. He recommended the erection of a peace monument on the border. Now he preaches the gospel of recreation and the rules of clean sport applied to business. His words at Scarboro Beach were too direct and emphatic to be disregarded. They mark out the chalk line to which he expects to hew in the Cabinet. He said:

“There should be no quarter for the mean man, employer or employee. So long as I have anything to do with the Department of Labour, every man will get a square deal, but if he looks for more, let him call himself Grit or Tory, workman or employer, Socialist or Suffragette, he will get no quarter from me. Carry, then, from your sports the principles of ‘fair play’ and a ‘square deal’ into your industrial life, and you will be better workmen, better citizens and happier men.”

\* \* \*

#### President on Tour

**I**T is some time since Sir Charles Rivers Wilson saw Canada. The president of the Grand Trunk Railway System is now in Canada on his way to inspect the Grand Trunk Pacific lines in the west. Sir Charles has never seen the Grand Trunk Pacific which in a month or so will be hauling out western grain. He is accompanied by a number of directors who will be equally impressed with the progress made in tracking the prairies. They will travel clear from Winnipeg to Edmonton via the G. T. P. They will inspect the track-laying on the Winnipeg-Superior Junction section which will be so far towards completion as to allow the party to go from Fort William to Winnipeg over its own line. Sir Charles Rivers

Wilson is not a mere magnate. He is a president who directs and inspects. He is part of the new policy and system which has made the Grand Trunk a transcontinental line whose interests are altogether in the country where the road is built. Perhaps by the time he is through with the trip Sir Charles will decide that Canada, where the money is both spent and earned, is the place for the official headquarters of the company rather than London where the money comes from.

## REFLECTIONS

WHILE some people in the United States and Canada have been discussing a peace centenary for 1912, and while others have been pointing out that Canada need never fear United States aggression, Congress has been fixing up a new ten-years tariff to keep out Canadian goods. The duty on wheat and barley, of which we might sell a great deal to our American cousins, has been increased from 25 to 30 cents a bushel. Last year our exports of these two products to the United States amounted to less than \$250,000, so that there is little hope of any sales at all under the new tariff. The duty on hay is placed at \$4 a ton; that on rye is increased from ten to twenty cents; on butter and cheese it is six cents a pound; on eggs it remains at five cents a dozen; and so on through the list. Our farmers will find no encouragement in the Payne tariff. The home market and that of Great Britain must remain their sole comfort.

THE lumber duty has been reduced from two dollars to one dollar and twenty-five cents, a concession of doubtful value. Canadian lumber sales to the United States are already fairly large, and of course there will certainly be no diminution. The reduction in duty is not likely to benefit the Canadian producer as much as the American consumer. However, no one will deny that the concession, small as it is, is more beneficial than otherwise. It may, if building activity in the United States revives, give the Canadian lumber exporter an advantage of some value.

THE duty on coal has been reduced from 67 to 45 cents. This will benefit certain Nova Scotia and British Columbia interests and increase the exchange of this product. Canada already buys much more coal from the United States than she sells and the lower duty will simply lessen the disparity. This is a movement which is not displeasing and which must have certain beneficial effects. If it leads to a lowering of the Canadian duty on United States coal, it will benefit both nations. Indeed, free trade in coal would seem to be a policy which both nations might consider more seriously.

HIDES are placed on the free list. The seller of raw hides will be pleased; the Canadian leather makers will probably be displeased. This is the only reduction which is likely to help the Canadian agriculturist, and it is offset by the increased duty on other farm products.

ON the whole, Canada gains little and loses little. Her greatest loss will probably be in the retaliatory legislation concerning wood pulp which is likely to follow. Several Canadian provinces already have semi-prohibitory laws regarding the export of pulp logs cut on crown domain. Quebec is thinking seriously of adopting such a law. These laws may form an excuse for raising the duty on pulp from \$1.67 to \$6.67, under a provision in the Payne Bill. If this occurs Canadian pulp exporters will be shut out of the United States. However, there is no necessity for crossing the bridge until we come to it, and for the present the discussion may be left at this point.

IN considering the present tariff relations between the two countries, it is important to remember that United States tariffs on Canadian goods have risen considerably in the last forty years. To-day Canada is practically shut out of that great market, selling only one dollar's worth of goods there for every three dollars' worth she buys. The present bill embodies a decision that this historic policy is to be continued, with one or two slight alterations. So far as the United States is concerned, we are still informed that fair trade has no part or portion in the international relations of the North American continent. Being a larger and richer nation, with industries more advanced

in development, the United States could afford to be generous. It has again decided, through Congressional action, that generosity and fair play are not qualities which form any noticeable portion of their national policy. Our goods must remain shut out, except where our products are an absolute necessity.

The one result will be an increase of the rising hostility in this country to United States goods. During the past ten years, it has become to a very considerable extent the custom to prefer Canadian goods where the price is not a serious barrier. It is this sentiment which has caused so great an expansion in Canadian manufacturing, and the establishing of so many branch factories by leading American manufacturers. During the next ten years, the voluntary preference for Canadian-made goods will undoubtedly grow in strength, with a consequent widening of the commercial gulf which divides the two countries.

AGAIN, the Payne Bill must undoubtedly revive the agitation for higher duties against United States goods. It is difficult to see how this can be avoided. The Canadian manufacturer will point out that Canada has nothing to hope from that country and that the tariff may as well go up, up, up. With a change from a Liberal to a Conservative government, the inevitable "up, up, up" would be more likely to occur, and that change is almost sure to come before the Payne Bill runs its allotted ten-year course. Canada is on the eve of a campaign for higher duties on United States goods.

A COMMERCIAL expert at Washington by the name of Pepper gave out an interview on Monday last in which he stated that the Payne Bill would likely lead to reciprocity between the two countries in agricultural implements and coal. We doubt this. It might happen in coal, but not in agricultural implements. American coal is a necessity in certain portions of Canada, but there is no necessity to bring in a single American farm implement. If American farm utensils are required, they may be secured from the International Harvester plant at Hamilton, Ont. In the matter of prophecy, we are distinctly at variance with Mr. Pepper.

FOR example, the lowering of the duty on lumber might be expected to make Canadian lumbermen more friendly to the United States. It is not likely to be so. The agitation for a duty on United States rough lumber which has been gathering way for some time will probably be accelerated by the general unfriendliness. At present United States lumber comes in free of charge, and the Canadian lumbermen have been asking for a two-dollar duty. They will now ask for a dollar and a quarter duty—that is the only difference. They will still ask for equality or equalisation.

While desiring to see Canada's natural resources in lumber and pulp conserved for future generations, the writer admits that there is much to be said in favour of the lumbermen's agitation. They pay a duty on their machinery and their market is none too large, and they believe that they should have protection.

"I should like to ask you why the lumber industry—one of the most important industries in our country—should be singled out for sacrifice by the Canadian Government," writes a British Columbia lumberman. He declares that if he is to be forced to buy the farm products of the prairie provinces, they should with equal reason be forced to buy his lumber. He claims that under present conditions, the lumbermen of British Columbia are losing money, or at least are not making a reasonable profit on their investment.

These arguments are hard to answer. It may be said that a duty on United States lumber would increase the lumberman's profits, but he rejoins: "Well, isn't that the purpose of all tariff legislation? Would not that increase in profits tend to the general good, provided that the profit remains a reasonable one?"

It may also be said that he has been paying too high a price for his limits. It may be pointed out that the Ontario Government now gets \$10 to \$14 a thousand for its pine limits, where it previously got only \$2 to \$4. He counters by saying that it is for the general benefit of the public that the governmental revenue from timber limits should be high.

Whatever the merits of this argument, the Peppers and other experts at Washington are wrong if they think that the movement for higher duties will be diminished in the slightest by the Payne Bill and its invitations or reductions. The cry "Up, up, up," will shortly

be heard with redoubled vigour. Canada is a protectionist country because the United States is, and the continuation of a high tariff in the Republic means a continued tendency toward a higher tariff in the Dominion.

#### RIFLE SHOOTING

**C**ELEBRATIONS in honour of the victorious Bisley team, on their return home, will tend to awaken an interest in rifle-shooting which has been somewhat languid. His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, himself an expert user of the military rifle, has taken the opportunity of expressing his admiration for rifle practice as a sport and as an exhibition of patriotism. Other prominent men might follow his example.

The announcement that Germany has taken the unusual course of allowing her military veterans to get army rifles at a nominal charge of 87 cents annually, ammunition at 62 cents a hundred, and free use of the military rifle ranges throughout the country, should stir Canadians to action. If Germany considers it advisable to encourage her two and a half million veterans to keep up their rifle practice, surely it is advisable to encourage the use of the military weapon in this country. The airship and the aeroplane may lessen the value of a navy, or of heavily-armed fortresses, but they cannot detract from the value of the rifle. One bullet from an expert marksman's rifle would disable an aeroplane flying from 200 to 500 feet in height, which is the limit so far reached by effective machines.

The encouragement of rifle-shooting cannot justly be termed "militarism." The man who can hit a bull's-eye at eight hundred yards is likely to be more of a peace-lover than one who knows nothing of the deadly accuracy of the modern rifle. Expert rifle-shooting, as the Boer war taught us, is the cheapest and most effective form of national defence. As a sport it is more ennobling than watching a baseball or lacrosse match and much more physically beneficial than grinding, heart-weakening marathons.

Rifle-shooting develops the muscles, steadies the nerves, takes men out of doors, and brings in its train all those benefits which the ideal sport aims to produce. It supplies those opportunities for fair and honest rivalry for which human nature seems to crave. Besides benefitting the individual, it benefits the nation. A good rifle-shot is a national asset. C.

#### ONTARIO LAUGHS, OR THE GRACE OF HUMOUR

**O**N Saturday last the Toronto *Globe* published the examiners' list of mistakes in the answers to the history papers at the recent departmental examinations. Nothing could be more ridiculous and amusing. Ontario sat back and laughed, actually laughed over the expenditure of money and energy which could produce this result. The spell is broken. For years past we have been serious and solemn, supremely satisfied with ourselves, and especially with our educational system. He who would have laughed at it would have been a brave man, nay a very profaner of sacred things. But now we are all making a joke of it and of ourselves for cherishing this illusion. The saving grace of humour has been at last vouchsafed us. We can stand off and frankly acknowledge our errors. Probably we have never been so near to escaping from them.

George Meredith describes Shibli Bagarag, the hero of "The Shaving of Shagpat," seated on a throne among the dupes in the palace of Akhis. "So as he considered how to get at them from the seat of his throne, his gaze fell on a mirror, and he beheld the crown on his forehead what it was, bejewelled asses' ears stiffened upright, and skulls of monkeys grinning with gems! The sight of that crowning his head convulsed Shibli Bagarag with laughter, and, as he laughed, his seat upon the throne was loosened, and he pitched from it." K.

#### A WORD FOR ROME

**T**HERE is one horrible example in history which is held up to contumely by editor and preacher, lest we forget the sad end of luxurious dissipation. "Remember Rome" is the awful exhortation which makes us shiver, even on midsummer Sundays or sultry Mondays. All these sombre repetitions are somewhat unfair to Rome, which, after all, did not play such a poor part in the world's affairs. It is true that the Roman Empire went to pieces, leaving the Goths, Vandals and other gentry to play with the fragments; but, in the meantime, bridges, roads, and walls of Titanic proportions had shown Northern Europe a few solid specimens of Roman building which

remain even unto this day. There is more than a warning to be learned from Rome, and we may well spare a few moments from our self-satisfaction with monoplanes and motor cars, to consider the viaducts and highways which were planned by the Romans of old.

Virgil and Cicero can teach us something still of stately measures and majestic eloquence and we really can hardly afford to patronise Petronius. Even the Roman Emperors, whom the modern democrat mentions with virtuous scorn, were not altogether villainous and degenerate. We have no record of the airs which Nero played while the city was burning, but we have the golden reflections of Marcus Aurelius. We owe Rome a debt of historic and literary inspiration which we forget, as we listen to the account of Rome's dismal disruption. Hers is the charm of the Eternal City; and, as we read the record of her emperors and pontiffs, the story of Coliseum and Vatican, we realise the spell which was upon the American novelist who wrote the rapturous conclusion of "Ave Roma Immortalis."

#### TENNYSON THE COMRADE

**D**URING last month, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alfred Tennyson was observed throughout Anglo-Saxondom. The status of Tennyson the poet is not for this age to determine. But the characteristics of the man who was first president of the Society of Authors were such as show the true comrade, the man who understands the breadth of the word, "friend." The records of that society, now a flourishing and helpful institution, show that a sense of responsibility alone urged the great poet, who had a constitutional shrinking from public office, to assume the presidency. Tennyson's loyalty to his craft was unostentatious but sincere, and was an assurance of the manliness which endeared him to such natures as Fitzgerald and Carlyle. His friendships were generous and warm, and his kindness to many a young writer showed the essential humanity of the late Laureate. It is true that he "could not suffer fools gladly" but he was the last man to discourage the young enthusiast in letters.

While the literary magazines in England and America are considering his poetic value, his religious belief, his attitude towards the scientific discoveries of the Victorian Era, it is well for the world to be reminded of his loyalty to friend and fellow-workmen. No man had clearer perception of the value of simple qualities of faith and honour than had the most popular poet of his day. He, himself, has told us that "to have the great poetic heart is more than all poetic fame." In these days, when the artistic temperament is put forward as an excuse for all manner of erratic cruelty, it is comforting to remember that the author of "In Memoriam," though he may have had his "moods," deserved the fine tribute of Robert Browning: "In poetry, illustrious and consummate—in friendship, noble and sincere."

FRITH.

#### What Might Have Been

**N**OW that the period of depression has passed away it would fairly bewilder the shareholders of a great many concerns and the public generally to know just how close—how very close—many, even of the leading, Canadian corporations came, during the depression, to having to pass their dividend payments.

The thousands of Canadian shareholders of the Detroit United Railway were sorely tried when the directors found that it would be absolutely impossible for them to pay the dividend, simply because the bank that had always advanced the company the money with which to pay the dividend, found that it did not have the money at its disposal. At the time some of the sorely tried ones made all kinds of charges against the management of the Detroit United, but at the very time bankers in Montreal and Toronto were urging the daily papers not to publish certain stories for fear they would only alarm the public and more trouble would ensue.

As a matter of fact at the very time that Detroit United was forced to pass its dividend, one of the strongest of the public corporations in Montreal which does its banking with one of the largest and wealthiest institutions received word from the management of the bank that they could not let them have enough money to pay the quarterly dividend. If such news had leaked out it would almost surely have caused a panic on the Montreal Stock Exchange and, as it was, it was only as a special favour that the corporation in question was able to get enough money to pay its dividend from a Scottish bank. Incidentally it had to pay a pretty good rate for the privilege.

While many very large Canadian corporations depend on getting advances from the banks to make their dividend disbursements, the Canadian Pacific Railway is a striking exception to the rule. Away back in the early days of the big railway corporation, Lord Mount Stephen, who was then president, decided the company should never be dependent on any bank for money for dividend payments, and set down a rule that at the end of each month a certain proportion of net earnings should be set aside in a special fund for dividend purposes. This money is always kept on deposit at the Bank of Montreal and the company may always get it without first asking the privilege from the general manager. COUPON.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### THE CRIME OF PESSIMISM.

**I**F I were Czar of Canada, I would put every pessimist in jail for life. Especially would I do so if it were proven that the peevish fellow had been dripping his inky opinions where they would catch the eye of young people. The man or woman who carries about smoked glasses to be loaned to young people when they are peering anxiously out into the future, trying to see if the sun is smiling on the other end of the valley of shadows through which they may just then be trudging, is a pest and a poisoner of wells and a defiler of streams and a potential assassin of babes. Perhaps you noticed the other day that a young girl of eighteen committed suicide somewhere in the United States; and it was surmised that she had done so as the first of a Suicide Club to draw the fatal number. A member of a Suicide Club at eighteen! One might as well expect to find a child of five entangled in an anti-candy league. At eighteen, it ought to be impossible for a boy or girl to despair. "The day is at the morn—the year is at the spring," and if God does seem to have left His Heaven, there is lots of time for Him to get back again.

\* \* \*

**T**HIS sordid modern world of ours needs a religion of optimism more than it does a religion of salvation. Our people need to be saved now—not in the next world. Even the theologians will confess that a suicide is a self-damned soul, and that, as long as a person is kept from suicide, there is always hope that they may "repent and be saved." Hence the man who drives the clouds of despair from the mind of man, woman or child, opens the gates of possible salvation to them as surely as the man who preaches his gospel more directly. We will all of us go in for salvation hereafter if we can only manage to fight our way through this present veil of tears. And the big-hearted, cheery, ever-hopeful, never-cast-down human being with the bright face and the infectious laughter, makes it impossible to think of failure and convinces us that the direst disaster is but a temporary eclipse.

\* \* \*

**A**KIN to the pessimist is the man who has no faith in his fellows—the whisperer who drops into your ear the suggestion that So-and-So who seems so generous "has an axe to grind," that every scheme for the betterment of humanity means "a rake-off for somebody," that your best friend abuses you behind your back, that he who trusts either man or woman is bound to have his eyes opened one of these days. I shun such distillers of poisoned gossip as I would a snake. I had far rather believe and be deceived than curse myself with constant unbelief. In the course of a fairly long life, I have yet

to be seriously deceived by a single man, woman, or baby. More often people have been better than I have had the courage to give them credit for. It is wonderful how much honest dealing, frankness, good faith and genuine friendliness there exists in the world; and I believe that most of us are practically never cheated unless we invite the process by showing our fellows that we suspect them. To go about with a watchful air is to put men on their mettle—to dare them to try it—to challenge them to see if they are smart enough to "take us in."

\* \* \*

**A**S a rule, people mean well. The reason we think that they do not on occasion, is that we judge them by standards which they do not recognise. The very bandit in the mountains has his code of honour; and he will often live up to it at greater sacrifice than some of us who preach more loudly would make to keep faith ourselves. I have been reading lately of an English traveller who became the guest of a band of outlaws in the Albanian hills; and, though his hosts would not hesitate to shoot and rob a Turkish traveller if they caught him and sometimes raided Turkish villages with terrible results, they were the soul of honour in their treatment of their guest, and he is only waiting for an opportunity to take a friend and go back again for another visit and some hunting. Men do what they themselves regard as right. If their notions of "meum" and "tuum" are a trifle hazy at times, that is your misfortune; but you will make a great mistake if you imagine that they have consciously done what is wrong.

\* \* \*

**B**UT is there no standard of right and wrong, you ask? And, at the risk of shocking you, I will give you my opinion that there is not. The standard is constantly changing—constantly improving. The underlying principle is always the same; but its application varies. Many a man has called the main principle—justice. Jesus of Nazareth called it—love. Others term it—brotherhood. But, in any case, its application changes as conditions change. For instance, take human slavery. At one time, it was the acme of humane conduct—the most difficult virtue of war. The general custom was to glut your vengeance by ruthlessly slaughtering all captives. That was the conqueror's right. It was no more wrong then to kill a captive than it is now to burn a non-combatant's house in the course of military operations. But a new and virtuous humane idea came gradually into operation. The lives of captives were spared. It is true that they were held as slaves ever afterward; but they were not killed. This was a great step in advance; and the slave-holder was the good man. Since that day, humanity has marched ahead; and now the slave-holder is regarded as an inhuman beast. The laws of human conduct are eternal; their application is as mutable as the run of the seasons.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## HOW WESTERN MILITIA MEN TRAIN THEIR HORSES



Militia Training in Canada is becoming more practical. This photograph taken during the recent Camp of the Sixteenth Light Horse, at Fort Qu'Appelle, shows how the Western Cavalry are developing.





The Canadian Building at the Seattle Exposition.

# The Great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

*Impressions of an Epworth Leaguer Gathered at Seattle—Fourth Article.*

By REV. ERNEST RICHARDS, B. D.

SEATTLE is not a city set on a hill—it is a city set on a series of hills; indeed, it has literally carved its way into the solid mountain side and graded itself in a series of terraces. The otherwise weariness of rectangular monotony is relieved by a series of hills and terraces very similar to those in the city of Quebec. Seattle, however, has seriously set itself the task of regrading its streets and wearing away its hills by hydraulic sprays; in the distant future, perhaps, the traveller will find Seattle rising from the Sound on a gentle slope; but to-day he must walk up and down steep hills, which play havoc with the horses in the winter. Apart from this feature, Seattle is a delightful city, in a delightful situation scarcely approached on the whole continent and reminding one, as one crosses the ferry, of New York as approached from the Jersey shore. This comparison may prove to be prophetic, for Seattle is striving hard to become the New York of the Pacific coast.

Perhaps the average man does not fully realise that the gateway to the Orient has been the battleground of commercial nations for centuries. Columbus did not intend to discover America but far Cathay and India by a new and better route. Frobisher and Humphrey Gilbert became famous in pursuit of the north-east passage to the Celestial Empire, and now the commercial battleground on America's sunset coastline is between Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco for the coveted title of Oriental Gateway, or "the Commercial Gateway to the Orient."

This leads one to the Exposition.

Primarily and ostensibly the Exposition was inaugurated to supplement the Portland Fair in relation to Alaska, Yukon and the Pacific Northwest. It was considered by many Northwesters that their country had not had adequate representation at the Lewis-Clark fair. Ostensibly and primarily this may have been the reason for the

Exposition, but incidentally Seattle knew the value of advertisement and of attracting crowds as a genuine factor in growth; and from the four points of the compass they are pouring in and in, with increasing volume, learning more of Seattle's potentiality and desire to be the gateway of the nations who would trade with the spicy East.

And the impressions these crowds will gather of Seattle and the Exposition—what of that?

In a phrase or two one may dismiss Seattle, for the Exposition is the prime factor in this article.



The Central Court showing Cascades and Group of Main Buildings

Seattle, then, has laid itself out to be more than polite; the people anticipate your questions, they instinctively divine you are a stranger seeking information and ask you what specific point you wish to reach. Then follows voluntary facts about the city, its growth and germ possibilities. If the stranger anticipated a sort of cowboy ethics he has been disappointed; Seattle is Boston on the Pacific.

The Exhibition is built on property belonging to the university, and it is dry, absolutely dry; not

a drop of intoxicating drink of any kind is sold within the confines of the Exposition. Many well-meaning people held up their hands and prophesied failure, but the more extreme of the knights of temperance kept to their guns and won the day. As a result the Exposition is indeed, in many respects, an object lesson. It is the cleanest exhibition that the writer remembers to have attended on the North American continent, and objectionable features are reduced to a minimum.

The buildings are chiefly in the French and Spanish style of architecture. The walks are broad and splendidly paved, and each thoroughfare is flanked with such a profusion of flowers as could only grow in a mild, equable climate. A few months ago, where the Exposition new stands was a bush-covered tract of land; now it is a veritable garden by day, and night looks down on a fairy palace, with rainbow-coloured waters changing their hues at every turn.

I have already pointed out the underlying purpose of the Exposition, and the way this purpose has been carried out in relation to the United States Alaskan-Yukon territory is well worthy of emulation.

Practically every country in the world is represented in the Exposition, but it would be impossible to give even a categorical statement of the leading exhibits, therefore I must pass on, disregarding the huge irrelevancy of statistical statements, to the more salient features.

Many of the European countries have been content to be represented by mere dry goods stores; an excuse for certain companies to sell trinkets and art ware is their only excuse for cumbering the ground.

But the United States has done much better. All born Canadians are, of course, *per se*, natives of the British Empire, and all United States citi-

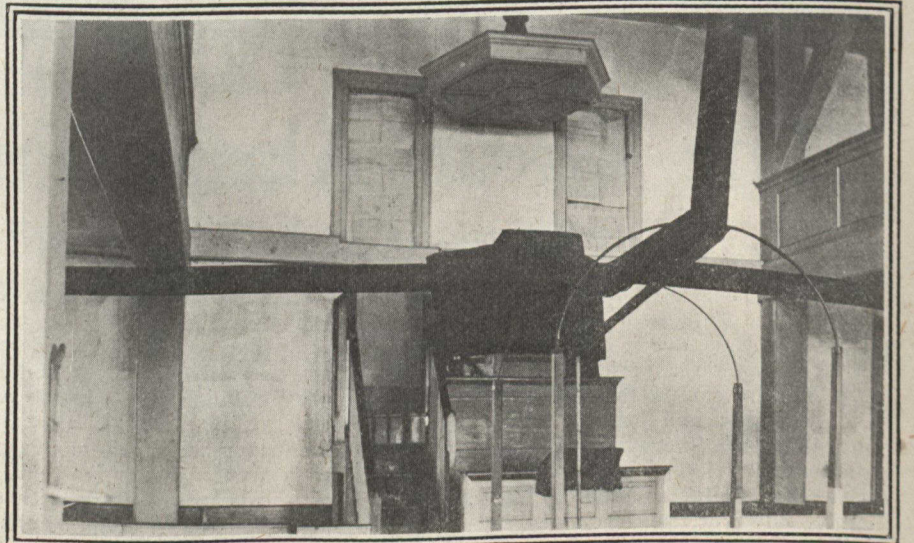
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"Distant, secluded, still, the little Village of Grand Pré lay in the Fruitful Valley."



The Scotch Covenanters Church at Grand Pré, N.S., built about the year 1806.



The Interior, Showing the High Pulpit, the Clerk's Desk and the Sounding Board.

## The Little Village of Grand Pré

REMOVED from the bustle of the work-a-day world, and stretching its flat acres between the towns of Wolfville and Windsor, in that portion of Nova Scotia known as the Land of Evangeline, lies the little village of Grand Pré. A quiet and uneventful enough spot, yet filled with the historic interest of its early days and even more closely associated in the mind as that region wherein dwelt the people of Longfellow's beautiful poem. Within the last century great changes have taken place in the Annapolis valley and scarcely a relic of the old Acadian period remains, save for the long rows of waving willows and gnarled and moss-grown apple trees, which have stood as sentinels down the avenue of years. Only occasionally does the plough disturb a coffin, or a piece of earthenware, and drag to the light a buried memory of the past.

There still exists, however, in this little town, one tangible link with the century which has been. The quaint Scotch Covenanter Church, erected about the year 1806, stands to-day, without change of any kind, exactly as it was originally built. Although its period of usefulness has long since

passed, and no service has been held in it for more than fifteen years, still the very weight of its age has spared it, and the Board of Trade make it their business to keep the structure in repair. The old-fashioned sounding-board above the high pulpit and the clerk's desk, together with the old-world atmosphere that surrounds it, make it a great source of interest to strangers visiting the beautiful Land of Evangeline.

### The Senator's Mistake

A NEW Country Club has been opened in Ottawa. It is situated on the Aylmer Road about a couple of hundred yards beyond the Golf Club. Mr. C. Berkeley Powell, ex-M.L.A., was the moving spirit in connection with the organisation of the new club, and naturally was chosen as its first president. The members of the club include all the best people of the capital.

For the convenience of the members, the Hull Electric Railway has given them a station alongside its track, and it is a step of about fifty yards from

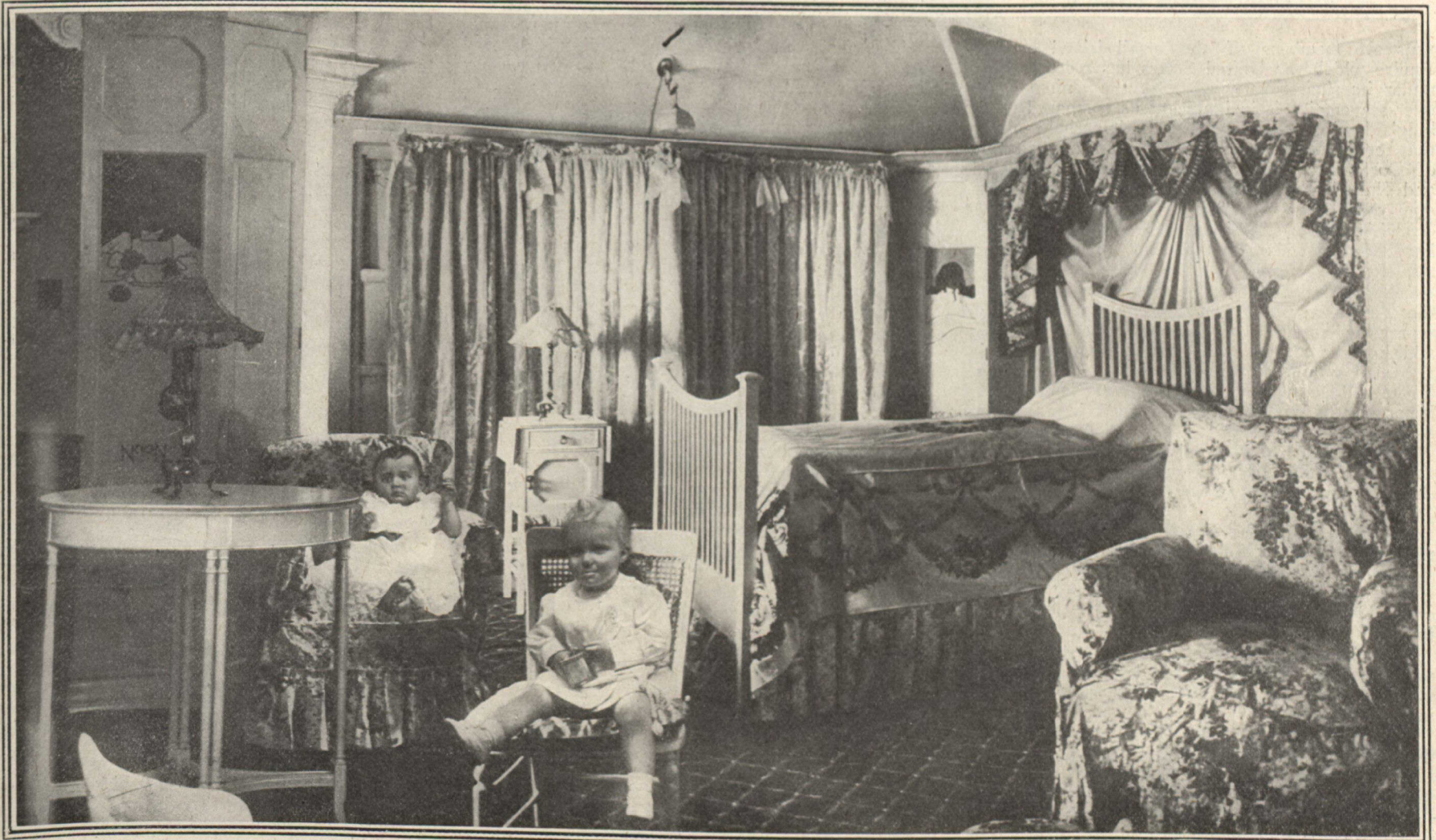
the electric car to the Country Club house. Senator W. C. Edwards went out to the Golf Club the other day with four or five ladies whom he had invited to luncheon. They alighted at the golf links station, but before proceeding to the club building the Senator asked the ladies if they would care to see the new Country Club. There was a chorus of assent, and forthwith the Senator conducted his guests along a beautifully embowered path which leads to the residence of Mr. T. Mackarell, facing the Golf Club and adjoining the Country Club. Thinking he was at the latter resort, the Senator ushered the ladies into the house and proceeded to expatiate upon the conveniences of the new club house, its handsome appointments, beautiful furnishings, bric-a-brac and water colours which Mr. Powell and his brother committeemen had gathered together in so short a time. Just then a trim-looking maid emerged from the rear of the hall. She looked with astonishment at the Senator and the ladies and presently enquired whether they desired to see Mrs. Mackarell. "No thanks," was the reply, "we are just looking around the new Country Club." "But," replied the trim maid, "this is not the Country Club. This is the residence of Mr. Mackarell. If you want to see the Country Club you will have to go about one hundred yards further up the road." Much confusion, profuse apologies and hasty exits.

# SOME SUBMARINES AND A KING'S TWO SONS

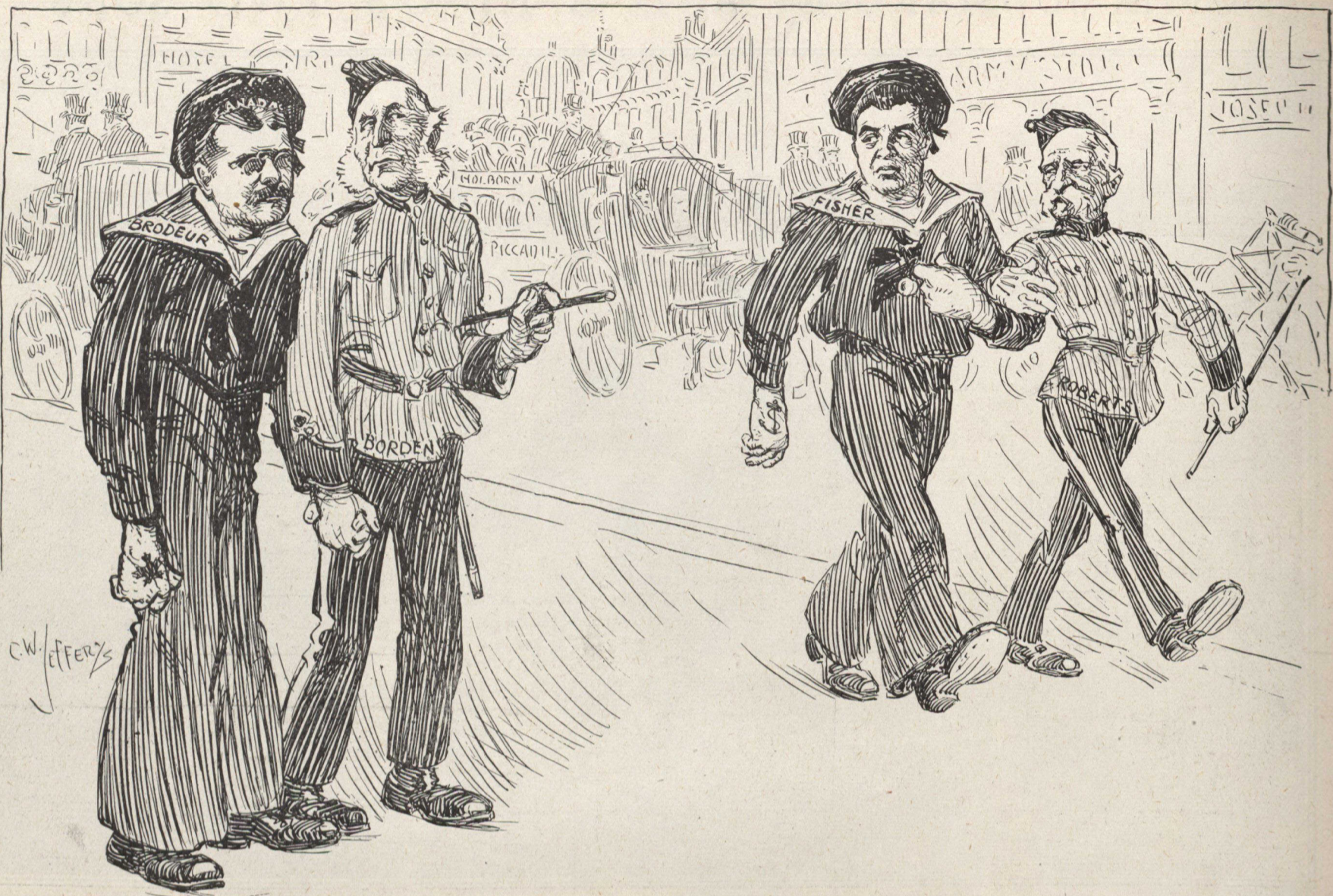


Thirty-four Submarines formed part of the great naval display in the Thames. This photograph shows them in the river opposite the Parliament Buildings. Never before has such a vast armada assembled in the historic river. No fewer than a hundred and forty-nine ships of war took part. Twenty-four of these were first-class Battleships which cost \$160,000,000 to build and equip. These carried 19,000 officers and men. There were sixteen armoured Cruisers which cost \$100,000,000 and carried 12,500 officers and men. Besides there were nineteen unarmoured Cruisers and Scouts, two Repair Ships, forty-eight Destroyers, six Torpedo-boats and thirty-four Submarines. In short, the 149 ships represent in cash over \$300,000,000. The total strength of the crews on duty numbered 42,058 officers and men—three times as many as the crews of all Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar. Since this display in the Thames the fleet has been reviewed off Cowes, Isle of Wight, by His Majesty, King Edward VII, and also assembled to give the first British official reception to the present Czar of Russia. Indeed, the review at Cowes included many more vessels than were on exhibition on the Thames. Surely these displays should encourage the Britisher to overcome his fears that the Empire is wholly unprepared.

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The little Prince of the Asturias and his Brother Don Jaime, in their English Nursery, in the Regal Palace, Madrid. It will be noted that Cecil Alden Cartoons are used in the decorations of the room.



IN LONDON.

Drawn by C. W. Jefferys.

Able Seaman Sir John Fisher.—“I say, Bobs, 'oos them?”  
 Corporal Bobs —“Them, wy them the new Canadian Recruits.”

## Alaska Exposition

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9.

zens are members of the small island over-sea empire which the United States has recently taken under its sheltering wing. But the United States over-sea empire is insignificant as compared to the king's dominions, and yet it is no hyperbole to state that the average American youth knows much more of Porto Rico, the Phillipines, Sandwich Islands and United States Alaska than the average Canadian youth knows of India or even of Jamaica. At every American exposition these American colonies have been placed in suitable but conspicuous relation to the general exhibits, and Seattle is no exception to the rule. The Sandwich Islands and the Phillipines have magnificent buildings, each separately reserved to its respective country; in addition there are the special features of the Hawaiian exhibit, and of course the ubiquitous Irrote village, which, by virtue of its continued itinerancy of American cities, ought long since to have become Americanised.

With regard to national exhibits expatriotic to the United States, if I may coin a word, opinion is divided between the virtues of the Canadian and Japanese buildings.

Before leaving the Exposition grounds the impression was firmly fixed in the writer's mind that Japan excelled all national contributions, but on comparing notes I found that most of my Canadian compatriots were unanimous in casting their votes for the Canadian exhibit.

The illustration of the building itself bears its own eloquent testimony, and its position on the grounds is by no means the least significant and appropriate.

Wisdom has guided the Canadian exhibitors in their choice of arrangement and display. We have all heard of psychological pantheism; the writer will venture a new phrase—psychological patriotism—and the directing genius of the Canadian exhibits is a psychologist and a patriot. He has wisely chosen the nature of the exhibits, and has chosen them at the psychological moment in the development of the Dominion. The best display of fruit in

the whole Exposition belongs to the credit of Canada, and the display of Cobalt mines and Canadian fisheries is scarcely less valuable. But the display illustrating the stages of progress in settlers' farms on the prairies demands a separate paragraph.

The whole of the rear of the building is devoted to a display composed of models and painted scenery illustrating the whole natural resources of Canada with respect to grain farming, natural woods and animals of commercial and sporting value.

The prairie farms illustrate four stages of development. First, the hardy pioneer, living in a rude shack, breaking the first sod. Secondly, a farmer of two years' residence with a house indicative of comparative comfort, surrounded on every hand by smiling grain, the reapers already commencing the harvest and the cattle feeding in the rich pasture. The fourth shows a prairie homestead surrounded by the trees which the farmer erstwhile planted to break the monotony of the prairie landscape, and here and there a farmer's daughter milking the lowing kine.

I have given so much space to Canada in the major sense, that I cannot stop to describe such exhibits as the C. P. R., the Grand Trunk System and other various details.

Passing now from the Occident to the Orient, Japan is easily first; quite personally I think this is the best national exhibit on the grounds, my Canadian compatriots notwithstanding.

The Japanese exhibit has more potentiality as showing national progress than any exhibit presented at the fair. The indigenous arts of lacquering, filigree and porcelain are above the average display; but Japanese national progress is more stimulating to thought. There is a model of a Japanese fishing-boat of fifty years ago, and there is a model of a modern steam trawler, wholly Japanese in construction, which would not disgrace the shipyards of the Tyne or Clyde; there is a model of a Japanese-built auxiliary training ship, four-masted barque rig, which is nearly perfection.

Now the writer of this article, himself, originally, a son of Neptune, distinctly remembers the day when the Mitsui line of steamers from Britain to Japan, flying the Japanese flag, carried a whole complement of Europeans, except cooks and stewards. Very soon they shipped Japanese sailors and

firemen, and then came olive-eyed bo'suns and quartermasters; and to-day—well, to-day, some of the smartest commanders, officers and engineers “sailing somewhere east of Suez” are Japanese. The European in Japanese ships is what our American cousins call a back number, and the Japanese are increasingly building their own ships, as witness the models in the exhibit.

All the goods sold in the Japanese exhibit are genuine—there are no fakes.

In proportion as the Japanese exhibit is a source of wondering instruction, so is the Chinese exhibit a source of disappointment; beyond this reference we will leave China in celestial silence.

The United States as such has a splendid exhibit, and the naval display, life-saving, etc., will prove interesting to people from inland provinces.

The exhibition as a whole apart from the national features well portrays the resources of the Pacific Northwest, but the California contribution excels, perhaps, every other state whether Atlantic, Prairie or Pacific. The State of Washington forestry building is beyond praise and nothing can be more praiseworthy than the efforts of the women of the State of Washington as exemplified in their own building.

No exhibition would be complete without amusements, but the amusements in Seattle have been combined under a new name. Chicago had its Midway, St. Louis its Pike, but Seattle has a Paystreak.

The Paystreak commences at the Eskimo village and includes the Irrotes from the Phillipines. Both are good, but the Eskimo village is the most wholesome and instructive feature attached to the Streak.

The Eskimos are of two tribes—Labrador and Siberia, and one of the Canadian Eskimo girls from Labrador is so pretty and cute that one would not be surprised on learning that an American millionaire had made her his bride. The skill of the Eskimo with his dog whip must, as the play bills say, be seen to be appreciated.

As one left the Exhibition with its thronging cosmopolitan crowds, one wondered, in language of Kipling: “Twelve hundred million men are spread about this earth, and you and I, when you and I are dead, wonder what will those luckless millions do?”

# MISS FENSOM AND HER BOYS

*Practical Sunday School Work in the Slums of Toronto.*

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR



**M**ISS FENSOM is a Toronto lady who is doing Sunday School work on scientific principles. The influence which she has exerted during her brief career as a Sabbath School teacher has not been wide in its scope, but her methods are worthy of emulation.

One Sunday afternoon, a couple of years ago, Miss Fensom and a friend conceived the idea of doing a little "slumming"—just to see what it was like. They determined to drop in and inspect the Fred Victor Mission Sunday School, where once a week Toronto's street boys receive instruction in the way they should go. Now Fate seemed to have arranged it that on the very day of their visit one of the staff of teachers should be absent. The superintendent was in a quandary. A class of the most violent of young ruffians were shuffling their feet and articulating strange noises calculated to embarrass him and create general disturbance. The situation demanded instant action. In desperation he summoned the nerve to ask Miss Fensom if she would take the class for the afternoon. In a moment of impulse she consented. Then she was sorry, for she had not even a vague idea of what the lesson might be about. Of what good a teacher who knew not the golden text? But when she sat down and began to talk to those boys just as she would to a caller in the drawing-room at home, her worries about the golden text departed. She interested herself in the work and prospects of them all. She found out that one boy delivered telegrams for a living, and she asked him how many passed through his hands in a year. She told them stories and they all laughed whether they saw the joke or not. The afternoon passed rapidly. At last, when the class was being dismissed for the day and Miss Fensom was leaving, a howl arose from ten lusty throats—"We want that lady back, we want that lady back!" The strange lady smiled with pleasure. She had "made good"—and she came back.

That was the accidental way in which Miss

Fensom began her Sunday School career. She has come back to those same boys Sunday after Sunday since. She has the satisfaction of feeling that her efforts have been rewarded in a measure. Her boys have no longer the appearance of Arab dishevelment which formerly characterised them. They are boys of ideals—first-class citizens in the making, though they do come from homes of squalour where soap is a scarce commodity. Miss Fensom is succeeding because she is chiefly studying her boys and not wearying herself too much picking out the fine points of the Sunday School lesson.

An instance of the solicitude which she has for the welfare of those entrusted to her care is the little outings she plans for them every year. These

outings take the form of picnics. What is a Sunday School nowadays without its annual picnic? But Miss Fensom's picnics are not like other Sunday School picnics when hundreds of irresponsible children are crammed into stuffy railroad coaches and whirled a hundred miles from home, and then whirled back again at all hours of the night. Hers are simple affairs, but none the less events of import to those concerned. The boys are notified to congregate at a certain time and then all are off on their little jaunt which leads them just beyond the limits of the city. Do they have a good time? On the last occasion the hour of the excursion was set for one o'clock and at ten-thirty several sturdy young men were straggling into Miss Fensom's Sherbourne Street residence with flushed faces and dancing, expectant eyes. The illustrations which accompany this sketch tell their own tale of the afternoon's jollification.

The gladsome vacation season is now in full swing. We are off to the Thousand Islands, up to Muskoka or to Georgian Bay that we may recuperate—the most of us just because it is the fashion. Back in our sweltering cities are hundreds of our Canadian children who know not the scent of new-mown hay, whose limitations are the cess-pool of the street. Could not some of us who have returned to town pick up a few of these wilting youngsters some day, and take them off for a little excursion after the manner of Miss Fensom, that they may breathe the air of God's country? It would cost only a few car tickets and it might do dollars' worth of good.

But we must be practical. Some Toronto society girls followed up this suggestion not long ago and provided an elaborate spread. Among the delicacies were "devilled eggs," which were beyond the comprehension of the guests. It is recorded that the party broke up almost in a riot, much to the consternation and discouragement of the fair philanthropists who were congratulating themselves on the excellence of the bill-of-fare.

# THE DEMI-TASSE

"O CANADA."

THE story told by a returned traveller from Japan of hearing "O Canada" played by a Japanese regimental band with troops en route to the front during the Russo-Japanese war recalls the manner in which the splendid air was included in the repertoire of music now given on the Cunard liners crossing the Atlantic. Last winter several Canadians, amongst whom was the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Minister of Labour, were journeying from New York to Liverpool on the *Lusitania*. The Cunard Company maintains a first-class orchestra on each of its passenger vessels, and the Canadians were a little put out at luncheon one day, when the orchestra played a medley of national airs, not to hear any Canadian music. After luncheon an Ottawa newspaperman, who was in the party, sought out the leader of the orchestra and asked him if he knew any of the national airs of Canada. Receiving a reply in the negative, the Ottawa man offered to present the orchestra with the music of "O Canada," and said the Canadians would appreciate the compliment if it were played at dinner. Sure enough, when dinner was half over the orchestra struck up the well-known air. It brought the dozen Canadians to their feet, Mackenzie King leading the cheering. The Canadian contingent evened up the compliment by taking up the customary collection for the musicians the last night on board, and presenting them with £22, the largest sum, it is said, ever raised for such a purpose on an Atlantic liner on a mid-winter trip.

\* \* \*

## TWO EMPIRE BUILDERS.

A DELEGATE to the Imperial Press Conference tells of an interesting meeting at one of the many great gatherings recently held in London. P. D. Ross, of Ottawa, was called aside by a London newspaperman with the remark, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. Perhaps you can answer his question." P. D. did not catch the name of the gentleman to whom he was introduced, but they entered into conversation for a few moments. The stranger remarked, "I have to speak to-day, and may incidentally refer to Canada. Will the Canadian delegates be offended if I allude to the Canadian winter?"

"Not at all," said Ross. "On the contrary, we pride ourselves on our glorious winter."

With a courteous word of thanks the stranger turned to converse with another man, and "P. D." inquired of his London friend, "Who is the gentleman to whom you introduced me?"

"That is Lieut. Shackleton," was the reply. Just then there came a vigorous slap on the shoulder, and a hearty "Hello, Ross, how are you?"

P. D. turned round, and found himself face to

face with his old Montreal friend, Sir Percy Girouard. After greetings the Ottawa *Journal* man said: "Girouard, there is a gentleman here whom I want you to meet," and calling Lieut. Shackleton over, Mr. Ross introduced him to Sir Percy Girouard. And thus it was that two of the younger generation of Empire builders met for the first time.

\* \* \*

## REASSURING THE CHIEF.

IT is a form of British law, as those who reside in British countries are well aware, to style all actions under criminal or common law as initiated by the sovereign against the individual allegedly offending, Rex vs. John Doe being the stereotyped title of indictments. Everyone comprehends that this is mere technical phraseology—that is, everyone is presumed to. Once in a while an exception presents itself.

Thus, when Chief Capilano and his brother tribal rulers of British Columbia paid their formal visit to the king a year or so ago, they had a card up their sleeve that was quite unsuspected. It was played by Capilano himself during the interview granted the blanketed delegation at Buckingham Palace.

Chief Capilano had been eloquently presenting what his people regarded as grievances meet for royal redress when, somewhat to the surprise of the interpreter, he produced a bulky notebook. The entries therein referred invariably to cases in the police courts wherein Indians had been fined, for minor misdemeanours, such as drunkenness, possession of intoxicants, etc.

"Every little while," the chief explained to His Majesty, "some of our young men when they behave foolishly are seized by the police and taken to the skookum-house. Then they are tried before a judge and it is ordered that they must pay \$50 for what they have done. We ask where all this money goes and they tell us it goes to the king."

"Now what I want to know, and what my people want to know," concluded the chief slowly and impressively, but with the hopeful horror of the muck-raker scenting a departmental scandal, "is, *did you get that money?*"

Edward VII is not for nothing termed the first diplomat in Europe, and was not even to be surprised into a smile.

"You will tell your people," he answered with becoming gravity, "that it is all right. I got the money, and please tell them further for me that I am very much obliged."

\* \* \*

## HERO TO HIS VALET.

THE Duke of Connaught, whose recent motor mishap was happily not so serious as was at first thought, has always been very popular in his mili-

tary capacity. But the real strength of the Duke's popularity can best be proved by the fact that the servants in his household simply adore him. There is an amusing story told of how, soon after he first took up his command at Dublin some few years ago, his valet came to him, asking for a fortnight's leave. The Duke noticed that he gave no reason, but granted him permission. Exactly eleven days after the man returned, and then the Duke demanded his reason for wishing a holiday. "I wanted to have a fight, sir," was the reply, "and I knew I would get badly marked. But I'm all right now again." His Royal Highness immediately became interested, but it was a long time before he elicited the fact that the valet had been fighting a man who had referred to the Duke as a "feather-bed" soldier.

The Duke has an abundant sense of humour. Once, while holding a reception at the Horse Guards, he asked an officer who had just been introduced what he wanted. "Nothing, thank you," was the modest reply. "My dear sir," exclaimed the Duke, shaking the astonished officer vigorously by the hand, "I am really glad to meet you. It is a long time since I have met an army officer who wanted nothing." Another time, while the Duke and the Duchess were returning from some social function, the sentry called out the guard and gave the royal salute. His Royal Highness immediately proceeded to blow up the sergeant, an Irishman, but was entirely disarmed when the latter made answer, "The guard, sir, is out for her Royal Highness, who is entitled to it."—*M. A. P.*

\* \* \*

## AFTER YOU, ALFONSO.

Away over in sunny old Spain,  
Martial law is the fashion, 'tis plain.  
Says Alfonso: "I think  
I shall take a cool drink,  
And just let the people raise Cain."

\* \* \*

## A PERTINENT PROVERB.

A PROMINENT educational authority was addressing an audience of teachers in the city of New York, on the subject of discipline. The eternal query, as to the expediency of corporal punishment, was introduced, and the lecturer was asked his opinion.

"I should be very careful," he said, "in resorting to such punishment, as it has a tendency to brutalise the offender. Moral suasion is a greater force when the pupil is at all amenable. It might be well, however, to have corporal punishment in reserve as a final resort. There are some pupils who appear to be utterly refractory and incorrigible. Then, I should say, that—the pupil's extremity is the teacher's opportunity."

\* \* \*

## NEWSLETS.

There is going to be a peace celebration in 1912, to mark the hundred years since the war between Great Britain and the United States. England also expects to have four new *Dreadnoughts* built by March of that year. So we can have a nice little array of men-of-war for the peace party.

Sir James Whitney has risen to remark that some of the statements in the *Montreal Star*, to say nothing of the *Gazette*, are stupid falsehoods. This sounds like old times, when Mr. Whitney used to call the Liberal Government of Ontario "a pestiferous sink-hole of corruption."

Sir Frederick Borden has been asked by Mr. Asquith to undertake the task of conciliating Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffragette leader who slapped a policeman. Dauntless Sir Frederick!

Neither Glace Bay nor Barcelona can be recommended as a cheap and desirable summer residence. The dynamite disturbs the summer boarders.

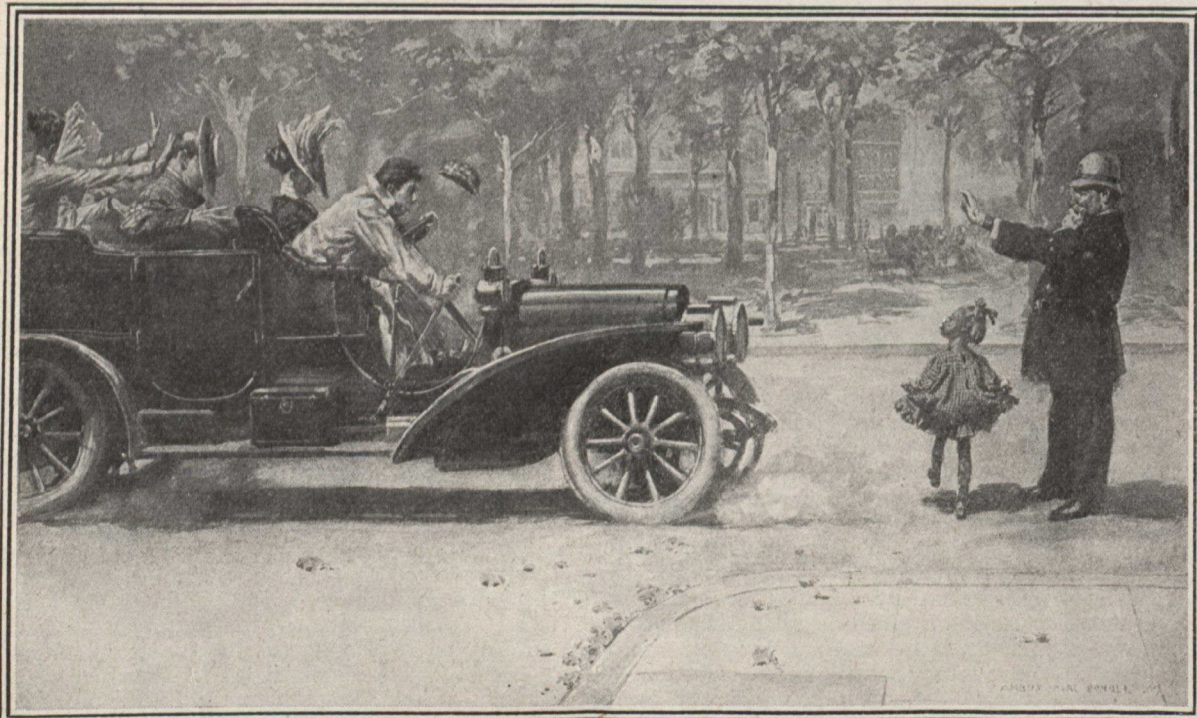
Every small boy in Canada has decided to ask Santa Claus for a monoplane.

\* \* \*

## THEY REMEMBERED A. S. V.

A CANADIAN who is now resident in New York was speaking recently of the work done in that city by the Mendelssohn Choir, and declared that Dr. A. S. Vogt has done more to advertise the Ontario capital than any other citizen. This year, when the conductor of the Brooklyn Oratorio Society was giving his final instructions to the members, he said by way of a closing charge: "Remember Toronto!"

Thus, it may have manifold shortcomings and transgressions; but in *one* respect Toronto has been able to set an example. Of course, says the *Hamilton Spectator*, you must remember that New York has not yet heard the Elgar Choir.



Getting Even—Life.

# A VOICE FROM THE HIDDEN WORLD

*A Story of Interest to Those Who Believe the Unbelievable*

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

## CHAPTER I.



SHOULD like it to be distinctly understood at the outset of this brief narrative that I am not a disciple of any of the so-called apostles of modern psychology. I am going to tell a plain story in plain words, and leave any possible explanation of it to those who are interested in the great unknown science. There are men and women to-day rising up amongst us like prophets, and pointing upwards through the mists of an untrodden land to a light beyond the shadowy boundary dividing things material from things spiritual. Whether they be false prophets or true, another generation will determine. Only this much is certain, that the light they offer fails to pierce the curtain of darkness which hangs before our eyes, and that the truths which should become as manifest to us as floating dust in the clear sunlight are represented only by thin theories and hysterical but ineffective single assertions. The black clouds are nowhere pierced by the lightning of truth. All is still chaos, mysterious and impenetrable. It may well be true that there exist more things in this world than are dreamed of in our philosophy, but this much is also true—no voice has yet been lifted which can read the riddles of the new science, no hand has yet shown itself able to lift the veil between this and another world. Nor has any light yet been kindled in whose illumination those vast secrets are laid bare. Nothing is more certain and obvious than our profound ignorance concerning it. We are like blind men groping in the dark. In all probability we shall die as we have lived, without a gleam of absolute knowledge, looking out upon life with half-shut eyes. Yet the wisest of us are those who hold their peace and wait.

Twenty-four years ago I bought my first practice and furnished my first house. It was not a choice neighbourhood, nor was the practice itself either extensive or select; but in the ardour of youth I scarcely considered those drawbacks worth considering. At twenty-five years old one scarcely expects to start life—in the professions, at any rate—in a very large way, and I was perfectly satisfied. The shining brass plate outside my door, on which was inscribed

C. H. FAGGETT, M.D.,

compensated fully—to me, at any rate—for the shabbiness of my abode. I had fifty pounds a year of my own. I was unmarried, and had quite as much self confidence as was good for me, notwithstanding that the outlook demanded no ordinary share.

My patients were six in number, excluding my own family. I say excluding my own family, because from the time of my setting up for myself there was not one of them, from my youngest sister, aged six, to my father, who did not immediately develop some extraordinary and utterly unheard-of ailment, and persist in being treated for the same with due gravity. My father, who was one of the healthiest men living, began to complain from loss of appetite and dejection of spirits, and was unhappy until I had prescribed and administered a tonic; my mother, who scarcely knew what a cold was, began to talk gravely about her chest, and insisted upon a cough medicine; whilst Ada, my little sister, complained continually, but vaguely, of "bad feelings all over her body," and swallowed all the harmless physic I could bring her with absolute relish. "Rover," the family dog, was the most ungrateful of the household, for, after hearing one night a long account of his various and alarming ailments, I was induced at last to prepare for him a strong dose of castor oil, an attention for which he showed the most gross ingratitude, ever afterwards rising hurriedly at my entry into the room, and retiring under the table with an ominous growl and a sidelong glance, half threatening, half apprehensive.

To return to my patients proper. Five of them were totally uninteresting to me save as "cases"; the sixth was too poor to pay even my modest bill with anything like reasonable punctuality, yet she was the one whom I would have relinquished the

least readily. I remember the first time she came to me, and how pitifully she stated her case.

"I don't know what is the matter with me, doctor. Perhaps you can tell. I have no pain—at least, no acute pain—to speak of; only sometimes I seem to ache all over, and I am growing thin—thinner every day. I get plenty to eat—quite plenty," she repeated, keeping her eyes anxiously fixed upon my face.

"I am afraid the food you take is scarcely nourishing enough," I said. "Do you mind telling me how old you are?"

"No. I am twenty-two."

Twenty-two! It seemed barely credible. I was young at my profession, and compassion was still easy. I looked at the high cheekbones and sunken dark-rimmed eyes, bright now with anxiety, at the long, wasted fingers and the simple black dress, hanging loosely around her shrunken figure, and I sighed. She seemed to read my look, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I suppose I do look rather bad," she said nervously. "Can't you do anything for me, doctor? I'm very poor; but—"

"I can't do much," I interrupted; "but I can tell you what is the matter. You have some trouble which you are allowing to prey upon your mind, and you are starving. I am afraid that sounds a little blunt; but it's the truth."

She looked frightened, almost horrified.

"Starving! Oh, no, no, doctor; indeed, I am not that. I spend every cent that I can upon food. I must save a little for—never mind what for—but I must save a little."

"I'm sorry I cannot help you further, then," I said, rising. "I have told you what is the matter with you. No medicine could do any good. Of course, I don't know what the saving you mention is for; but you must remember that you are paying for it with your life. It is my duty as a doctor, you know, to speak plainly. You ask me what is the matter with you, and I tell you—starvation!"

She turned away and looked wearily out of the window.

"Thank you, doctor," she said, as I turned to go. "May I ask you one more question?"

"Certainly."

"Is it that which is making me so worn and pinched-looking? I feel like an old woman when I look in the glass."

"It has its effect upon your appearance, of course," I answered.

"Will they—come back again—I mean, my looks?" she asked wistfully, with a little tremble in her voice and her eyes very earnestly fixed upon me. "I used to be better-looking once and I shouldn't like him—my friends, I mean—to see me like this when he—when they come. I will try and eat a little more. Will that help, do you think?" she asked eagerly.

"That would make all the difference," I assured her; "commence at once. Have a good meal this evening, and you'll feel all the better for it."

"Very well; I will, then. And—and, doctor, how much?" she commenced wistfully.

"Nothing until I have to give you medicine," I interrupted shortly. "I'll send my bill in then, fast enough. Good-day."

My patient—Miss Desmond, she called herself—took my advice, and in a few weeks there was a marked change in her. I was scarcely prepared, however, for the transformation which I witnessed on my last professional visit.

It was Christmas morning, and I was just starting westwards to spend a day with my people. On the doorstep I encountered a messenger from her. She was quite well, but she wished to see me, if I could spare the time to go round. I went at once.

My first impression on entering the room was that I was in the presence of a stranger, and as that vanished, I found myself marvelling at the metamorphosis. The ragged black gown, the wan cheeks and dull eyes, were things of the past. I found myself greeted by a tall, graceful woman, clad in a simple but elegant gown of soft pink and black. A most becoming glow had dyed her pallid cheeks, and her eyes were sparkling with pleasurable excitement. She looked at me with slightly parted, tremulous lips, as though anxious to see whether I noted the change. At my look of surprise her features relaxed into a half-deprecating, half-pleased smile.

"You see a difference, doctor?" she asked.

"I do, indeed, Miss Desmond," I answered warmly. "Let me offer you my sincere congratulations. Is it out of compliment to the season, may I ask?"

"Partly; and partly for another reason. I am expecting a visitor."

Her tone was hesitating, almost shy. Yet in a certain way it seemed as though she desired to make a confidant of me. I pulled a chair up to the fire and waited.

"Doctor!"

"Yes, Miss Desmond."

"You don't think my gown is too thin, do you? The room is quite warm."

I leaned over and felt her arms; but the wistful look with which she was watching me checked the remonstrance which had been upon my lips.

"Perhaps not. You must be careful to keep out of draughts, though."

"I will, I will, indeed. And, Doctor."

"Well?"

She hesitated, and the colour came and went quickly in her delicate cheeks. There was no doubt about it, she was a perfectly beautiful woman.

"Do you think that it is a pretty gown? It is a little old, I know," she went on hurriedly, "but it is nicely made, and the colours used to suit me. I was different then, though," she added with a sigh.

I was scarcely more than a boy, and a most unprofessional lump had risen in my throat. To me there was something very pathetic about that dress and the other little attempts at decoration about the room. I knew too well the meaning of that exquisite colour and the unreal beauty of her face.

Loath though I was to admit it to myself they were too ethereal for health. It was like the strange, star-like beauty of some tropical plant, which blossoms into perfection and fades in a single day. My heart was sad, and though I answered her cheerfully, I kept my face turned away.

"You look charming, Miss Desmond. Let me wish you a very happy Christmas, and no end of good fortune in the next year."

"Thank you, doctor. Do you know, I believe that your wish will come true. I am expecting a visitor."

Visitor! It was odd how interested I felt. I sat up in my chair and looked at her inquiringly.

"Indeed! Some of your relations, I presume? I am glad."

She was a full minute before she answered me. During that time I could hear my heart beat, and I crushed a fallen cinder under my boot into powder.

"No; it is only—a friend."

"A man?"

"Yes."

She was too absorbed to notice or resent the impertinence of the question. There was a shy, soft look in her downcast eyes and a happy smile parting her lips.

Her thoughts were far away, and I was forgotten. As for me, the light seemed to have died out of the bright winter's day. The cheerful, blazing fire had dwindled down into a handful of white ashes. I felt chilled and heartsick. I could not understand what had happened; and I know that I had a longing to get away into my own room and lock the door upon my misery. Yet I must be quite certain.

"Is he a very dear friend?" I asked.

"Very, very dear."

"Why has he not come to see you before?"

"He has been away—he has known nothing. I have been content to wait for his return. He will come to me now."

The dreamy, far-away look maddened me. It was strange that she did not notice the sharpness of my tone.

"Is that why you are wearing that dress?"

"Yes; it was his favourite. He used to think that I looked better in it than anything."

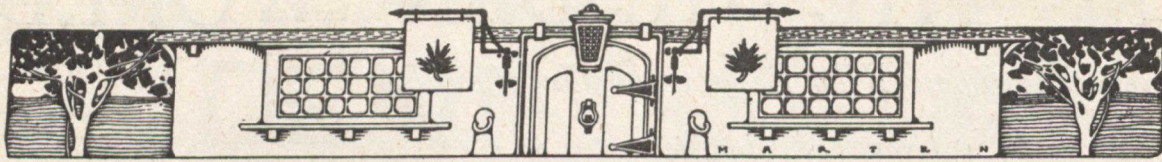
She was actually blushing now. I looked away quickly, with something like a groan almost escaping me.

"So you have been keeping it for him. You would not let any one else see you in it, even."

Her expression changed swiftly. I had touched a painful chord. How I hated myself for it!

"It was not that," she said in a low voice; "I had not got it. I was very poor, and I had to—part with it for a time. But I used to lay by a little

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### THE COCKNEY'S 'UMMINGBIRD.

THE departmental store is a stony-hearted institution in that it does not allow a man to smoke by way of wiling away the quarter-hours, half-hours, and even longer periods of misery which are his portion once his good wife has led him in triumph through the door. He keeps as close tag on her as he can, but most of the time he leans dejectedly against a counter. It is a lesson in patience, a lesson in waiting:

"Who may not strive may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still."

We watched a delightful little shopping episode of late. Enter at an hour when the crowd was greatest a man and woman. He had evidently been smoking, for he still held his pipe in his hand. His expression was sour. He was a slender, spick-and-span chap with shabby coat, boots well shined, and an accent, as we discovered when he addressed his wife.

The latter had the accent, too, but not the slenderness nor neatness. She weighed two hundred if she weighed a pound. Her hair looked as though it might tumble about her ears, and, to speak with accuracy, she was careless in her dress.

But wasn't she eager, though! and couldn't she get herself out of sight with ease and despatch! Our sympathies began to go out to the poor little man, trying vainly to keep her in sight. At the ribbon counter he lost her, again at the hosiery, and yet again at the notion counter.

It was three times and out.

No man, let alone an Englishman, enjoys the tame but tantalising chase a wife can lead him when the lure of buying things holds her. This one gave it up. He braced himself wearily against a stairway and stood, a stranger in a strange land, scowling on the throng—his beloved pipe still in his hand.

By and by she bustled back, light of foot as most large women are—light of heart, too, loaded with parcels, rich in excuses.

"Such a one for running 'ere an' there an' heverywhere!" exclaimed the exasperated man.

"Yes," with a simper, "I 'ave a quick w'y with me. I'm a regular 'ummingbird for darting about."

"Yes," still wrathful, "bloomin' 'ealthy 'ummingbird you be!"

Right there our opinion of the 'ummingbird went up. She might not know how to roll her hair into a Psyche knot, but she did know how to smooth the creases out of her husband's temper. "Don't you go for to be cross," she cooed, "we'll start right aw'y 'ome, an' 'ave a cup of tea, so we will." She "darted" for the Yonge Street door, looking back over her shoulder to add with a laugh: "'Ave your pipe ready to light, 'Arry. No man is 'imself till such time has 'e 'as 'ad 'is smoke out. It's ag'in 'uman nature as 'ow 'e should be."

\* \* \*

### THE VOICE BEAUTIFUL.

UNTIL a woman has learned to enunciate clearly she has no business reading papers or giving addresses; she is only wasting the time and spoiling the temper of her audience. It is strange but true that half the women who come before a long-suffering public can speak out, but will not. Nervousness renders some unintelligible; others are possessed of a spirit of false modesty, and are afraid to speak out lest they be thought more at home on a platform than they should be.

Even so great a woman as Mrs. Humphry Ward proved a trial to half the people who flocked to hear her lecture during her visit. The very knowledge that the discourse was so good a literary treat, which no one should miss, made the fact that in certain parts of the house hearing was an impossibility all the harder to bear. A well-known editor after vainly trying for some time to follow her, arose and left the hall. "I'm done with women lecturers," he said with conviction. "I know what

Mrs. Ward is saying is fine, super fine, but I'd rather not listen at all than be able only to catch a sentence once in awhile."

And the poor little woman who paid out her hard-earned money gladly for a ticket, and took her seat in the back part of the hall, also slipped away before the lecture was over. "I know it's beautiful," she said with tears of self-pity in her eyes, "but I can't hear it."

The day when woman has something to say in public questions has come, and, judging by appearances, has come to stay. Let her meet it by getting ready to say what she has to say plainly and sensibly. If she would open her mouth wider, talk out instead of down into her pretty throat, separate her words so that they could be understood, people would be glad to listen. Why not? I'm sure she looks better on a platform, or off one, than man does.

But so often her paper or her address is a dismal failure, not because she has nothing good to give, but because she does not know how to give it.



The Baroness Hedwig Francillo-Kauffmann,  
Well known in German social and scientific circles. Her beauty is of an exceptional southern type.

### THE SMUGGLING HABIT.

WOMAN has two faults—mark our moderation—she will smuggle and she will talk. Up in the Maple City not long ago forty of the nice ladies made a trip to Detroit. As was natural they bought things. The silk counter proved their line of least resistance. Such bargains!

They were proud of their purchases and of their cleverness in eluding the customs officer, and as was natural, they did a little talking.

They looked at the silks, then went to bed at peace with all the world. But the long arm of the law reached out and touched them. Like the little girl in the play!

They slept and dreamed that life meant beauty. They woke and found that life meant duty.

Quite a few dollars of duty.

Moral:—Only a dumb woman should smuggle.

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### VANCOUVER'S MID-SUMMER CARNIVAL.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most brilliant social event in the history of Vancouver, and indeed of the far west of the Dominion, was the Kirmess in aid of sweet charity, held last week in the Horse Show Building, Vancouver. The society people young and old entered into the spirit of the carnival with greatest enthusiasm and the result was an entertainment dazzlingly spectacular as a whole,

perfect in every detail with a perfection unique in amateur productions.

The carnival was officially opened by Premier McBride, who also crowned the queen.

\* \* \*

### THE "FAKIR" AND TORONTO'S SOCIETY WOMEN.

THERE is only one name for the person who is interesting at the expense of truth.

With that well-known naturalist, Dr. Long, practically dubbing the lion-hunting ex-president "fakir," and our own Arthur Stringer applying the same unsavoury appellation to such eminent men as Kipling, Gilbert Parker, Jack London and others of that ilk because forsooth the flavouring they put in their stories is not the pure Canadian article, but a make-believe extract of their own, we may be pardoned for calling attention to another personage who certainly deserves to bear the same title. This is the speaker who every little while, from the pulpit or platform, cries out against the wilfulness and wildness of our society women.

Sometimes it is a pessimistic soul who really believes that a woman wicked enough to wear a low-necked gown, or jewels, or plumes on her hat is on the high-road to destruction. He has our sympathy. One of the surest signs that a man has pernicious anaemia of the soul is his firm belief that all who are not travelling his way are going straight to the devil.

But almost always the man or woman—for we have fakirs male and female—who cries out against the follies and foibles of "society" does it to gain notoriety. The world and his wife will listen to this kind of gossip.

One who knows nothing about society, who would not recognise its leaders or its members if he met them face to face, stands up and talks about their drinking habits, their gambling at bridge, their sinful extravagance in dress, tells how they neglect their husbands and their houses, weeps over their "goings on," and such as delight to hear naughty things of their fellow creatures, lean forward and strain their ears lest they should miss a word. Then they go out and repeat the stuff and by-and-by a full-sized scandal is blown about by that noxious wind made by tattlers' breath.

When a public speaker makes charges of drunkenness or light living against our women his hearers should call for facts. On his failure to produce these they should hail him as "fakir."

We have nothing to fear from such as know our society women as a body. No city on the continent can boast a fairer, sweeter, better type than the Queen City can show. They have faults a-plenty. We find occasional outbursts of snobbishness, love of display, undue valuation of money and all that money brings. It takes generations of culture and of growth in sentiment to eliminate this sort of thing, and, after all, our society is comparatively new.

What we do not find is the much-talked-of dissipation, the bad habits ascribed to them by those who talk to create a sensation.

They have not lost sight of their high ideals, will not lose sight of them, for with all good and desirable things they are growing better and brighter as the days go by—fakirs to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Grace E. Denison in a clever article in *Canada West* for June, alludes to the fact that the Ladies' Club of Toronto is rigid in its rule of not tolerating wine or cards, and goes on to pay this tribute to the Toronto product:

"Life is rarely a hurrah and hooplah to the Toronto woman—rather a conversation, serious or gay, with sparkles of wit and touches of feeling, a thing which in the last summing up will not lack dignity and worth. She does not thrive on excitement, nor is her native air intoxicating; she is just the wholesome, clean-minded, level-headed daughter of Canada whose sweet nature and tender heart broods over our city of homes."

\* \* \*

### A CANADIAN GIRL.

The careless grace of youth is in her step,  
The innocence of youth is on her brow,  
The wild rose bloom of youth is on her cheek—  
Her softness is the softness of a flower.  
The glow, the warmth, the vivid life of dawn,  
All these are hers; her lightest laughter stirs  
Within our heart a host of memories,  
And makes a present hour of some far-off  
Some dear and half-forgotten yesterday.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

## CANADIAN AUTHORESSES AT LARGE.

**M**RS. JEAN BLEWETT has been badly traduced by an Edmonton newspaper which called her recently "Miss" Jean Blewett. She is now on her way to the Peace River country where she is to visit her only son, located there some years ago. On the way Mrs. Blewett will study folk problems in the eastern settlements on the prairie with the particular object of investigating the social conditions, especially of the women, with a dip into the problems of church union. This is Mrs. Blewett's first serious trip to the West away from the railway. She is one of a number of Canadian authoresses who have lately got the northward desire for travel. Last summer Miss Agnes Deans Cameron went clear up to the mouth of the Mackenzie and came back to lecture ably on wheat and whales. Miss Agnes Laut canoed down the Saskatchewan and wrote several articles. The Canadian authoress abroad is becoming almost a fad.

\* \* \*

### "BIG MONTREAL."

"**B**IG Montreal" is the title of an editorial in the *St. John Telegraph*, and the *Montreal Witness* has been quoting statistics that bring the seaport city into the half-million class. No one has ever used the phrase "Big Toronto," which, however, judged by the editorial pages of the *Toronto Telegram*, is a whacking big place beside which Montreal would be a good-sized village. We are reminded also that very seldom does a writer of fiction mention Toronto, whereas Montreal is frequently worked in as a place big enough to have an American identity. The *Montreal Witness* has been digging up comparative statistics about cities on the American continent and discovers some very interesting facts—without even a reference to Toronto. Says the *Telegraph*:

"The big Australian cities, Sydney and Melbourne, still far outrank the biggest Canadian city, but Montreal seems destined to overtake and surpass both of them before many more years. By the latest reckoning Montreal is the ninth city in size on this continent. The *Witness* makes some interesting comparisons based on the appearance of the new directory which gives the city proper a population of 389,837. The St. Louis district, about to be annexed, will raise the total to 420,000. In the United States there are ahead of Montreal: New York, 4,222,685; Chicago, 2,572,835; Philadelphia, 1,491,161; St. Louis, 704,593; Baltimore, 650,000; Boston, 622,000; Pittsburg, 565,000; and Cleveland, 525,000, thus placing Montreal ninth on the continent. Some of these cities are growing faster than Montreal. Close behind, the following are roughly counted at four hundred thousand each: Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, San Francisco. Montreal has still, however, a considerable immediate suburban population, making the total up to 476,334, or, if we include Lachine and intervening population, twelve thousand more, so that we are now close on the half million. Indeed, assuming the same rate of growth for the month or two since this census was taken, we may assume that Montreal, with its insular environs, now numbers half a million."

\* \* \*

### WATER OF WESTERN CITIES.

**E**DMONTON has trouble with its water supply, which comes from the Saskatchewan, whereas Calgary has little or no trouble with water which comes racing down the Bow from the glaciers at six miles an hour right through the city. Calgary's water is better than Edmonton's; is in fact as fine as water can be. The Saskatchewan, however, is a good, healthy stream, sometimes rather more sandy than is needed for use, but free from microbes. The trouble at Edmonton is not, however, with the supply but with the pumping plant, which has not grown as rapidly as the city. A new pump has just been installed with six million gallons capacity; but this must be duplicated before the city can hope to get lower insurance rates. Of course Calgary, down in the bowl of the foothills, has the advantage of a gravity system fed from a height and not requiring such an outlay for pumps. Edmonton's water runs down a two-hundred-foot gorge and must be pumped to the town which is on the heights above. Hence the difference—which, however, the Edmonton people are bound to overcome just as fast as human beings know how. Edmonton has always been noted for the most unanimous enterprise on the part of her citizens. Edmonton was built up to a town of nearly three thousand without even a line of railway when goods had to be ferried and wagoned in from Strathcona. At that time the water supply was somewhat peculiar also. The waterworks of 1900 were three or four water-wagons with a pipe attachment. These wagons went to the river

and plied up the bank to the town supplying water at so much a barrel to the citizens who paid for it direct to the water-man. In winter when the mercury dropped below zero, the water-man had a small stove rigged on the back of his wagon and a system of pipes by which he hot-aired his load from freezing. Which—in the utter absence of any fire pressure system in those days—was worse than even an inadequate pumping plant.

\* \* \*

### HUDSON AND HISTORY.

**T**HE second St. Lawrence is becoming immensely popular as a subject of discussion and illustration in newspapers. The rivers flowing from Lake Winnipeg into Hudson's Bay are the system that make the new economic series of waterways and probable railways on the north shore. Just the other day a model of Henry Hudson's ship, the *Half Moon*, came into New York on a steamer and was sent to a dockyard for refurbishing on purpose to be the central figure in a celebration to be held this fall, commemorating the life and voyages of the man who discovered Hudson and Manahat, which afterwards became "Manhattan." Nothing is said, however, as to the bigger voyages that Hudson made to the bay that bears his name—where he was at length cast adrift by a mutinous crew and was never given a grave. But Henry Hudson is to have a big future yet in both the United States and Canada. He is more of an international figure than Champlain, who saw little of the United States but the lake bearing his name. Hudson seems to have been as much interested in discovering the site of New York and Albany as in locating the sites of Churchill and York Factory. But he lost his life in the latter job; not dreaming, very likely, that the imaginations of Canadians would within two hundred years or so be dreaming of great cities on that frozen bay rivalling New York and Montreal as seaports; certainly not dreaming whence it was that the bay got its water—for he never got inland to trace up the Nelson to Lake Winnipeg and beyond that to the Saskatchewan with its thousands of miles; the Red and the Assiniboine that rise in Dakota and empty into the lake at the southern end; nor the Rainy River and the lakes of that name racing in from the south-eastward. However, it all seems to be working out to a scheme in which railways and water-powers and big cities and elevators are involved; and perhaps by the time the tercentenary of Hudson's discovery of the big bay comes round, Canada will be able to organise a pageant at the new city of Churchill.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* has published some interesting information concerning this new traffic route that has been talked of as making Winnipeg a seaport. It says:

The Nelson classifies as one of the largest Canadian rivers. Though its waters have never been gauged, Dr. Bell has estimated that it has an annual flow five times that of the Ottawa at Chaudiere Falls, while, because of its tremendous storage reservoir, it has in the great western lakes district the spring freshets are not dangerous or troublesome. When Dr. Bell made his trip down the Nelson in the seventies, he was the first white man who had made the trip for half a century, and since that time there have not been a half dozen who have travelled the route.

But duty sent the Hudson's Bay railway engineers along the Nelson and they are bringing back reports which tell of the many advantages of that magnificent body of water. Its drainage area is almost as large as that of the St. Lawrence, which it resembles in some respects. The fall from Lake Winnipeg to tide-water is 710 feet. The river takes part of this fall in leaps of various heights, while for the balance it flows with great speed over miles of rapids. Some of the falls are 25 feet or more in height, which with the tremendous flow of water available, gives promise of tremendous hydro-electric energy available.

Then at the mouth of the river again resembles the St. Lawrence very strongly. From Seal Island, the head of tide-water, it opens out gradually into an ever widening channel for 40 miles to Hudson Bay, which might be said to correspond with the St. Lawrence from Three Rivers to Quebec. One of the advantages of the harbour, if developed, would be that it would be almost impossible for a hostile vessel or fleet to approach the port, or do other than blockade it. By simply removing the buoys of the channel, cruisers or battleships would not be able to come nearer than to within 40 miles of the harbour proper, and the channel could be readily defended. One man who had been over the route said recently that the construction of the Hudson's Bay railway would be a greater benefit to the empire than the gift of a half dozen *Dreadnoughts*. It would give an additional route across the continent so that if the St. Lawrence were blocked supplies could still be handled from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a Canadian route.



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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

CLEVER MOVES WHEN SHAREHOLDERS START FIGHTING.

THERE is nothing like a scrap between shareholders of a company to get the big men started in trying to out-manoeuvre one another. The outsider can always count on some very clever moves being made. At one time in the long-drawn-out fight between the Dominion Coal and Dominion Iron and Steel Company, a number of the shareholders of the Steel Company who were also holders in the Coal Company, thought they could get enough proxies to enable them to force old James Ross, of the Coal Company, to effect a settlement with the Steel Company. They got after all the proxies they could, but after they had been at work for some weeks Mr. Ross, who had been watching events pretty closely, decided he could rally a great number of shareholders to him by starting dividends on the common stock, and this he did just a few days before the day on which the meeting was to be held at which the fighting faction intended to force his hand. The counter-move upset all the well-laid plans.

Not for a long time, however, has there been such a spirited contest as is now on between two different factions of the shareholders of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

One faction has been fighting for all it was worth to secure an increase in the dividend on the Lake of the Woods common stock. For the past few years the company has been paying 6 per cent. on the common stock but some of the Montreal Stock Market interests thought they could induce or force Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the company, either to increase the dividend or declare a bonus to the shareholders because it was generally known that the company had been making a great deal of money during the past year. The move was started while Mr. Meighen was over in London on business in connection with the company and by the time he got back he found the opposing faction had made more headway than he had expected. They had advanced Lake of the Woods common from around 100 to 112 and besides had asked shareholders for an option on their stock at 125. In order that such an offer might not appear too attractive, interests friendly to Mr. Meighen then boosted the stock up still further till finally it crossed 125.

When it did, everybody said that Mr. Meighen had evidently decided to compromise and would agree either to a higher dividend or to a bonus. Then along came the day of the meeting of the directors, when a decision would be reached as to just what rate of dividend would be paid and as the stock had gained to 133½, the highest price by many points at which it had ever sold, everybody felt certain there would be an increased dividend.

But Mr. Meighen was not to be influenced by any stock market movements. At the last annual meeting of the shareholders of the company he had stated that the policy of the company would be to retire the outstanding bonds before paying any higher dividend on the common stock and he pointed out to the other directors that he owed it to the shareholders to follow just such a policy till the next annual meeting, when the shareholders could decide whether they desired any change in policy or not. The faction that was fighting for higher dividends showed through one of the directors that they controlled over 6,000 shares of the stock of the company, but Mr. Meighen had made certain that he had the controlling interest behind him by disposing of an additional 1,000 shares of the common stock that had been in the treasury to two of the large shareholders, who were very friendly to him.

Being secure in his position, Mr. Meighen, to the surprise of everybody, decided there would neither be any increase in dividend nor bonus, at least not till the company's fiscal year had closed and they could determine just what might be done.

In the recent bull market on the Montreal Stock Exchange there have been a series of different deals pulled off in anticipation of dividend announcements, but the Lake of the Woods movement failed absolutely, for the present time at least.

\* \* \*

MAKING MONEY TRYING TO AVOID DOING SO.

THINK of cleaning up two and a half million dollars in an endeavour not to make it! It seems a fairly difficult thing to do even if you want to, and at first sight it would seem an easy thing to at least prevent yourself from doing it. Yet only the other day Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was telling some of his friends of how the company had just made \$2,500,000 that it had not wanted to. It happened this way. The company decided that the irrigated lands in the Bow River district were selling a little too quickly, so, with a view of making the sales less numerous, announced they would shortly increase the price from \$25 to \$30 an acre. Before the company had had time to even consider what effect such an announcement would have, it had received applications from different sources for 100,000 acres at the old rate of \$25 and of course it had to accept them. Prices for land are advancing so rapidly in the West that the C. P. R. is just as unwilling to sell as the newcomers are eager to buy.

\* \* \*

THINGS AT HOME NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED.

THE other day I had quite a good laugh at a Toronto newspaperman who, in his official capacity, had written many an article about the poor service the Toronto Railway sometimes gives and made various other complaints about the company. I had been showing him over the system of the Montreal Street Railway system and as we had completed a tour of the system and were making the run around the mountain, he turned to me and remarked that during his holiday he had visited a good many different cities but nowhere had he found as good a street car service or as fine a lot of cars as they had up in his home town, Toronto. And to think, he added, that up home the papers always like to take a fall out of the Street Railway because they know the people like to see them taking such a course.

In Montreal there are so many local shareholders in the company that no matter what kind of accident may happen, there is always somebody around to stand up and champion the cause of the company. The Toronto Railway, on the other hand, has a great many more shareholders in Montreal than it has in Toronto.

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# FOR THE CHILDREN



## AUNT JEANNETTE'S STORY

BY ANNIE H. DONNELL.

"I WISH I didn't have any hands, so there!" snapped Clem. "Then nobody'd say, 'Won't you please to pick some string beans for dinner?' and 'Won't you please to pick some currants for tea?' an' 'Won't you please to pick some—some—'"

"Chickens for Thanksgivin'!" finished Danny, gleefully. Clem laughed, and then, of course, she felt better.

"But you couldn't make those lovely currant buns out o' mud 'thout any hands," little Doris remarked, gravely. She smacked her lips as if her mouth watered for a bun.

"Then I'd make 'em with my feet!" laughed Clem. She had put on her "broad-brimmer" and picked up her baskets, ready for the currant-picking. The little rain-cloud had quite blown over.

Aunt Jeannette was writing a letter to her soldier. The children thought she was away off in the Philippine Islands, and it almost startled them when her sweet voice sounded suddenly in their ears.

"I saw a little boy making mud pies with his feet," said Aunt Jeannette.

"Aunty! With his feet?"

"Yes, with his two little feet, and he did it in a very workmanlike way, too. You would have been surprised."

"O aunty, don't stop! Tell us the rest!" pleaded the three children, eagerly.

"But I'm afraid to keep Clem waiting—it will be so hot in the currant patch soon," Aunt Jeannette objected.

"Hot! I'd rather pick currants in—in Vanilla, aunty, than not hear that story!" Clem cried. So aunty slipped her soldier's letter into her portfolio and told them the story.

"I think he must have been on his way home from school. He was a bright-faced little fellow about as old as Clem, and he had on a little blue cape like a soldier boy. It hung round him in loose folds. There was a new house going up on the street, and he was making his pies out of a little heap of sand beside the great box the men were mixing mortar in. I wish you could have seen the neat way he made them!"

"O aunty, with his feet!" breathed Clem. "With his feet. He drew the moist sand toward him into a little pile with one foot, and worked it and stirred it and patted it with the other. He was so busy he didn't notice anybody watching him until I said, 'How much do you ask for your pies?' and then he looked up into my face and smiled. We felt quite acquainted then."

"Then I s'pose you shook hands," little Doris said. Aunt Jeannette's sweet face sobered. "No, but we both smiled. That's a beautiful way to get acquainted. "They are beautiful pies," I said, 'but why do you make them with your feet? It's such a funny way.' "Oh, if I hadn't said that! I am sorry for it still, and I said it years ago. For when the little fellow looked up at me gravely, I knew all at once why he stood there patting his little sand pies with his feet. He need not have told me. There were no hands under his little blue soldier cape."

"O aunty!"

"O no, please no, aunty!"

The tears were in Aunt Jeannette's eyes. "But I don't mind—huh! the little fellow said cheerily. There's heaps o' things a fellow can do with his feet. There's run-an' walk-an' skip-an'

—this.' And he went back to his pies again, whistling. I bought a dozen pies, and went away and left him there. Whenever I think of him now, it's standing there still, whistling and molding his little round, wet pies."

There was silence in the big, bright nursery for a minute. Danny broke it with a soft little whistle that had quivery-quavery notes in it. Clem was shuffling her stout little boots about, as if she were trying to make imaginary sand pies on the carpet. They were clumsy little feet at that work.

"I couldn't do it, aunty—I couldn't!" she said, soberly.

"Is that all of the story, aunty?" little Doris asked.

"Why, no, not quite. I used to see the little fellow often after that, and I found out some other things he could do. He could print and add sums on the blackboard."

"Now, aunty!"

"Now, aunty! But it was true that he could. Wait till I tell you how. His brother went to school with him every morning and took the shoes and stockings off his little pink-and-white feet. Then the teacher lifted him up on a high stool and let him take the chalk in his bits of toes and go to work. That is truly what happened every day. And they told me he was a real little scholar. That's all, little Doris."

Clem picked up her baskets again and started across the room. At the door she stopped.

"I'm going to pick the currants first and then the string beans," she said. "An' then, aunty, don't you want me to pick you those red clovers to dry? You needn't say 'Won't you, please,' she added, softly, looking down at her little brown hands, "because I feel just exactly like picking things." — *Youth's Companion.*

### THE MORNING SUN

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

I LIKE the sun of afternoon,  
So golden and so mel-  
low;  
I like the sun who goes  
to bed

Wrapped up in red and yellow;  
But I don't like the morning sun,  
I never get my dream-thinks done—  
He's such a saucy fellow!

When I am just, say, half awake  
He's at my window, peeping,  
And, though I shut my eyes hard-tight,  
I feel him coming, creeping  
Across the carpet to my bed,  
No matter how I turn my head,  
It means "good-by" to sleeping!

He dances on my eyes, and shouts  
"Hi, there! get up this minute!  
There's something doing out of doors;  
Look sharp! You won't be in it!  
I do so hate to hear you snore.  
The birds are up this hour or more—  
Hark! Don't you hear that linnet?"

Now that may be all right, you know,  
If one were really lazy;  
But when one only likes to lie  
With thoughts all dreamy-hazy  
And misty-queer, it seems a sin  
To have that Mr. Sun dance in  
To drive a person crazy!

—St. Nicholas.



Little Nova Scotian Pickaninnies

Gladys, who was very rough in her play, when asked if she had a nice time at the children's party, answered: "I just had a perfec'ly splendid time. I knocked down two boys."

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A few hours before I should have scoffed at the very idea of attaching any importance to what are known as presentiments. Yet from the moment when I came in sight of that grim, smoke-stained tenement, and hurried up the crazy, uncarpeted stairs, I was conscious of a grim foreshadowing of some sort of evil. For a wonder there was no brawling in the lower rooms, no sound of angry, drunken voices from any of the half-opened doors. Only now and then, on the landings, I heard the heavy breathing of sleeping men and women, lying about like rats upon the floor. I reached the last flight of stairs, and the candle in my hand shook so that the drops fell spluttering upon the ground. Was she alone, I wondered? Was there no one to watch by her side and wait for my coming? If she had recovered from her faint, how dreary the time must seem!

I pressed on, and came to a standstill outside her door. Still silence—deep, unendurable silence—and still that vague sense of some evil close at hand. Fearfully I pushed open the door and stood upon the threshold.

My first sense was one of relief. In the dim twilight I could just catch the outline of a dear, familiar figure leaning back in a chair drawn up to the fireplace. But the fire was a handful of white ashes, and the figure never turned to greet me. The chill of the room struck into my heart, and my voice trembled as I called out to her—

"Miss Desmond, wake up! It is I, Dr. Faggett!"

No answer. The figure in the chair was still and silent. With trembling fingers I raised the candle high over my head, and peered forward to where its pale, sickly glow smote the darkness. Oh, the horror of that moment—the unspeakable horror of it! I felt my knees totter, a mist floating before my eyes, and a deadly sickness creep like a numbing paralysis over all my senses. Yet, through it all, I knew that it was she who reclined in that straight-backed chair, still and cold, with a little spot of blood on the bosom of her dress, and a dagger, driven straight into her heart.

She was dead. She must have died in a single moment, for there was no trace of even the slightest spasm in her white, still face. Nay, something of the old softness was still lingering about her tightly compressed mouth, and the half-closed eyes, vacant though they were, had none of the glazed hardness of death. In those moments of anguish I forgot my first duty. I forgot everything except that I had loved this woman; and sinking on my knees, I caught her hands in mine and buried my face in her lap. There I remained, heedless of the flight of time, for hour after hour of the long winter's night.

I arose at last and stood by the little window with tightly clasped hands, acutely conscious of all that had happened, the ethical horror of it mingling with my own sense of personal loss. The little chamber was seven storeys high; and away eastwards I could see a faint streak of light, and presently a blood-red sun shining down through the white vaporous mists upon the awakening city. I watched it gradually appear until its first struggling rays smote the dome of St. Paul's, and the noises increased in the streets below. Then for the first time utterance came to me, and the pent-up agony of my heart escaped in one long, deep cry—a cry of wrath, of bitter, relentless anger, against the man who had done this thing. And with that cry ended the first chapter of my life.

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Ont. 400,862  
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The question of to-day is DO YOU WEAR A BRODERICK'S \$22.50 BUSINESS SUIT? If you do not, you have not done your duty to yourself and to your pocket-book. If, on the other hand, you do wear a Broderick's \$22.50 Business Suit, you can feel quite happy and satisfied with yourself, for you will know you have done the best that can possibly be done in the buying of your clothes. There can be no question about that.

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DEPT. C · TORONTO · CANADA

### Are the English Decadent?

(Victoria Times.)

THE spectre of Macaulay's New Zealander is again troubling the British people. The Americans have beaten the English in a game of polo, for the first or second time in the history of the game, the Australians have won two games out of three in the international cricket matches, a Belgian crew has won the Grand Challenge Cup in the annual aquatic carnival at Henley, the representatives of several nations have made a brave appearance in almost every exercise in which the Anglo-Saxon has hitherto maintained supremacy, while the Canadian riflemen have achieved great successes at Bisley. All these reverses are considered evidence of British decadence. That is to say they are considered so by a few commentators writing for American and other foreign newspapers. And there are some pessimistic, despondent Britons who are disturbed in mind about the near advent of the South Sea Islander. They have even reached the stage of mental despondency immediately preceding the act of picking out the bridge upon which the New Zealander shall stand when moralising upon the ruins of once mighty Babylon.

### Land Investments.

(Regina Standard.)

THE inexperienced investor usually prefers to invest in a gold mine or in something similar; while the experienced financier prefers to buy real estate, and usually that which is located at the business centre of some growing city. Property near the congested business centres of the larger cities, however, while it undoubtedly offers a remunerative investment with as much safety as can attend any financial enterprise, is so high priced that it can be purchased only by men of great means. Dealing in business property, moreover, is but little understood and is not generally engaged in, even by men of wealth. The result is that a very few persons own most of the land lying within the congested centres of the larger cities. To invest safely in mining stock requires special knowledge of a kind that the average man does not possess; while investment in real property is a step the probable results of which can usually be forecast without the possession of special forms of technical information. We make these observations because of the opportunity that is offered from time to time in this part of the country to acquire new land upon easy terms and small payments.

### Women in Defiance.

(Kingston British Whig.)

ONE is impressed with the experience of the imperial government with the suffragettes. Those who were committed to jail for a month each, have refused to eat or obey prison rules, and when gentle pressure has been attempted they have assaulted the prison officials and bitten and scratched like so many cats. Altogether there is no experience to be compared with this, and it is not such as the women can be proud of.

It is the boast of the women that they can stand any treatment which will eventually win them the privileges the men enjoy. They may be the nearer the object of their troubles but it is not possible that the king and his ministers will surrender because the women have decided to abandon themselves to all sorts of silly and unbecoming acts. Were men the offenders and they were committed to prison the story would not be printed that they had defied and disobeyed discipline.

## Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt



For all Liver and Stomach Troubles

Ask Your Doctor about

## Cosgrave's Porter

The perfect liquid food—nourishing, strengthening, exhilarating, makes the weak strong—the strong, stronger.





**LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER**

makes the hair grow beautifully soft and luxuriant—keeps the scalp healthy and is a guaranteed cure for dandruff.

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260 rooms.  
American Plan \$8.00 to \$5.00.  
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**La Corona Hotel**  
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**Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor.

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They are made on stylish lines—are soft, fleecy and restful. Handsomely trimmed with silk, satin and braid.

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August 20 and September 22

West Shore R.R.—Boston & Maine R.R.

All rail via Niagara Falls or Buffalo		Niagara Navigation Co. Steamer via Lewiston	
\$15.25	Boston	\$13.00	
15.25	Fitchburg	13.00	
15.25	Ayer	13.00	
14.95	Gardner	13.00	
14.10	Greenfield	12.20	

August 10 and 26, September 14

New York Central—Boston & Albany R.R.

\$15.25	Boston	\$13.00
15.25	South Framingham	13.00
15.25	Worcester	13.00
14.75	Palmer	12.85
14.45	Springfield	12.55

Tickets good going only on date of sale. Return limit, fifteen days.

For particulars call at City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge Street, or at ticket offices of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk R.R., or at Niagara Navigation Company.



## SEASIDE EXCURSIONS

AUGUST 9, 10, 11, 12

ROUND TRIP RATES FROM TORONTO TO

OLD ORCHARD, ME.....	\$16 30	HALIFAX, N.S. ....	26 00
PORTLAND, ME.....	16 05	SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I. ....	30 50
ST. JOHN, N.B.....	24 00	NORTH SIDNEY, N.S. ....	21 00
MONCTON, N.B.....	19 50	BIC, QUE.....	30 00
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RIVIERE-DU-LOUP, QUE.....		PICTOU, N.S.....	
ST. IRENE, QUE.....		MULGRAVE, N.S.....	
SHEDIAC, N.B.....		PARRSBORO, N.S.....	

Proportionate rates to above and other Seaside Resorts from all stations in Ontario. Return limit August 30th, 1909.

Full information, tickets, etc., at City Ticket Office, north-west cor. King & Yonge Sts., Phone Main 4209, or address J. D. McDonald, D.P.A., Toronto.

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**IN ONTARIO** there is the unequalled train service of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway from Toronto to Beaverton, Sparrow Lake, Muskoka, Parry Sound and Georgian Bay, with abundance of hotels to choose from; and back from the railroad, clear up to Sellwood and the height of land, canoeing, camping and fishing.

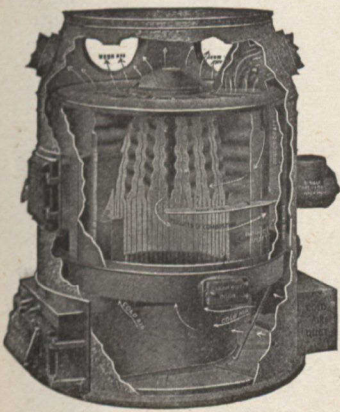
**IN QUEBEC** the rugged, watered, fish-stocked hinterland of the St. Lawrence, from the Ottawa Valley to Lake St. John and the Saugenay At Lake St. Joseph, the delightful water, 23 miles from Quebec, an ideal summer hotel, named after the lake, and managed as the best New York houses are managed. Train services by the Canadian Northern Quebec and the Quebec & Lake St. John Railways.

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**AND IN THE WEST**, the best country from Port Arthur to Edmonton for the traveller who wants new views of things that have interested early explorers and hunters is alongside the Canadian Northern Railway which traverses the best agricultural locations in all Canada.

Booklets from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway, Head Office, Toronto

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The KELSEY Zig-Zag Heat Tubes of which the fire box is formed and by which greater volumes of air are warmed and FORCED to every part of the house than is possible in any other heater, save you enough in coal bills to more than pay for the change, to say nothing of the comfort of having your

house kept at just the right temperature from top to bottom all the time. Let us prove it to you.

THE JAS. SMART MFG. CO., Limited, Brockville, Ont.

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AN IDEAL VACATION TRIP! RATES VERY MODERATE

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## MOOSE JAW SASKATCHEWAN

Makes another record for land entries in June as follows:

Homesteads .....	1115
Pre-emptions.....	838
Purchased Homesteads.....	15
South African Scrip.....	70

A grand total of 2038 quarter sections comprising 326,080 acres.

In 1908 the total entries were.....14,728 In 1909 six months entries were.....8,964

The Imperial Bank opened a branch office in June, and the Dominion Bank purchased one of the best corners in the city for a new bank.

The Gray-Campbell Co., Limited, manufacturers of buggies, fanning mills, kitchen cabinets and other farm requisites with \$500,000 capital stock, \$300,000 paid up, has chosen MOOSE JAW as its headquarters for Western Canada.

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For information write to HUGH McKELLAR, COMMISSIONER—BOARD OF TRADE—MOOSE JAW, SASK.



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When the last errand is done and you're hot and thirsty and tired refresh yourself with a glass of Coca-Cola. Now—as a reminder—put Coca-Cola on your shopping list—you'll find it the best bargain of the day.

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