

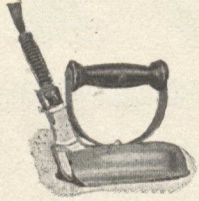
The Canadian Courier



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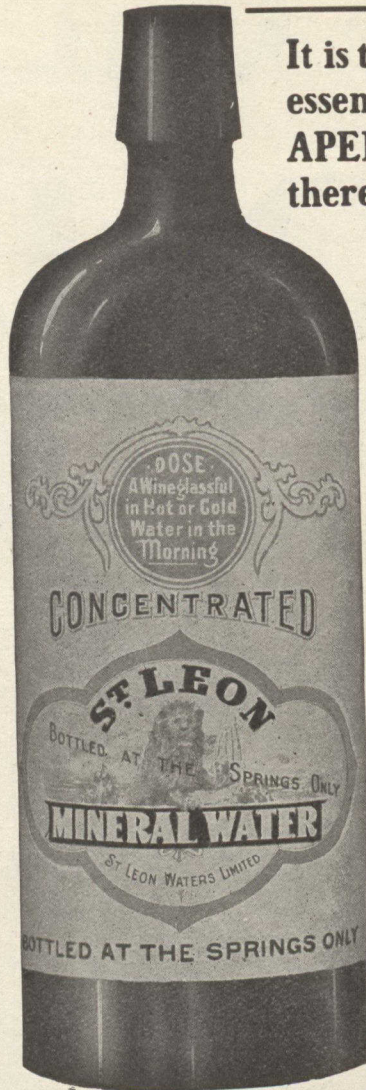
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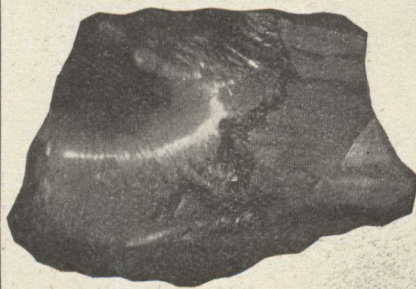
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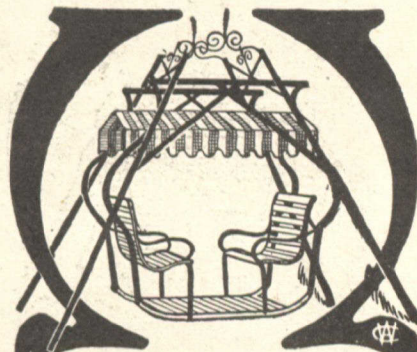
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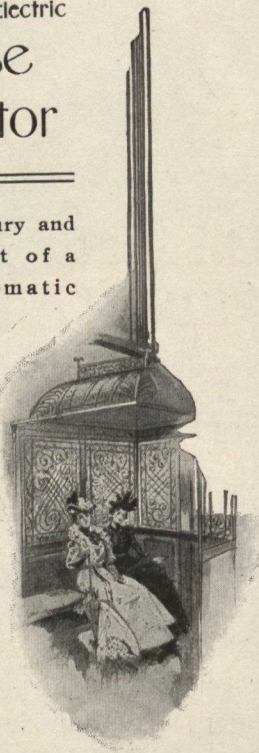
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A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

SUMMER weather does not seem to have lessened the willingness of the public to support a national weekly. Halifax and Montreal have contributed the largest number of new subscribers in a banner week. The fact that this journal is published in Toronto seems to weigh little with the people of other cities. They recognise that we are trying to picture the events of every province and that the place of publication is a mere incident.

Next week we shall begin a new serial by Alice Jones, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and author of several excellent novels. This is a story of Halifax, during the period when the north and the south of the United States were engaged in deadly combat. Halifax was then an important rendezvous for strange ships with strange missions. It will be completed in not more than six instalments. The title is "The Consul's Niece".

Otherwise the issue of the 17th. will be "Jappy" in character. Mr. R. G. Macpherson M.P., of Vancouver is sending a special interview giving his views on Japanese immigration. This will be illustrated. Mr. Bengough will have a special cartoon on the subject.

Special attention is again drawn to the University competition page 3. and the photograph competition explained on page 25.

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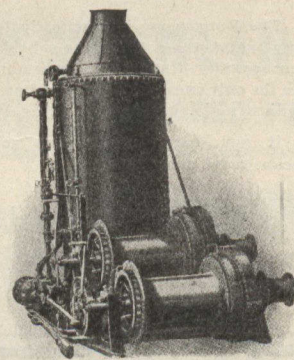
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Vol. II

Toronto, August 10th, 1907

No. 11

Topics of the Day

IF there was ever anything supremely foolish, it is the constant fighting between the twin towns at the head of Lake Superior. The people of Fort William and Port Arthur are making themselves ridiculous by their petty bickering. They ought to be able to get along together. In fact the one should be helping the other instead of fighting. What is good for each is good for both and for the general benefit of Canada. This jealousy between neighbouring towns and cities is somewhat characteristic of Canada and indicates that this is still a pretty young country.

* * *

The Ottawa Roman Catholic who raised the point as to whether religious teachers without certificates could teach in schools receiving provincial grants, has evoked a revolution. The Privy Council upheld his contention, and now 600 Roman Catholic teachers have taken a special summer course instituted by the Ontario Department of Education and have written on a qualifying examination. It is expected that all of these will secure certificates. It is pleasant to note that there has been a general and prompt compliance with the requirements of the law.

* * *

The University of Toronto is leading the way in providing residences for its male students. The life in residence, under proper regulation, is a great assistance to the average university student. It adds to his culture, gives him a broader discipline, and strengthens the ties which connect him with his fellow-students. From the university point of view, it is valuable in giving him a deeper sense of his close relation with the institution in which he spends his four years. If he merely attends lectures and does not develop a spirit of pride in his alma mater he is not likely to carry away much of the spirit which makes for symmetrical and well-balanced manhood.

Residences eat up capital and this is the stumbling block for our young institutions. However, every one of these should aim to overcome the difficulty at the earliest possible moment.

* * *

The Anglican Diocese of Toronto, with its ten rural deaneries is showing progress indicative of a progressive spirit. The increase in attendance, in communicants and in confirmations is considerable. The increase in clerical stipends amounts to over five thousand dollars, and the new churches and improvements make a total of nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

* * *

Canadian medical men maintain a close connection between the profession in Great Britain and in this country. Dr. R. A. Reeve, dean of the medical faculty of the University of Toronto, has been elected a vice-president of the British Medical Association, now meeting at Exeter, England. Others attending these meetings include: Dr. Barkett and Professor Starkey, McGill, Montreal; Professor Irving Cameron, Dean Reeve,

Drs. Baines, Bruce, Mayburry, Oldwright, Temple, Fred Starr and Doolittle, all of Toronto; Dr. Burt, Paris, Ont.; Dr. Atherton, Fredericton, New Brunswick.

* * *

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier returned from Great Britain, the Empress of Britain made a new record from Liverpool to Rimouski. Lord Strathcona got quite jealous because of Sir Wilfrid's rabbit-foot and decided that he would prove that Sir Wilfrid as a mascot was not his superior. He took passage on the Empress of Ireland with a ton or two of coal among his luggage. The result was that two hours more were lopped off the record which now stands at five days, twenty-one hours. For a man of his years, Lord Strathcona is simply wonderful—and his luck is unailing.

* * *

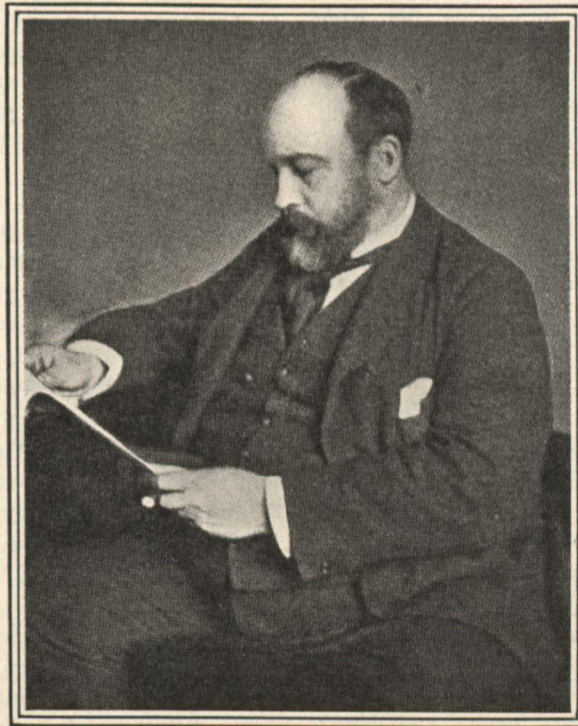
Mr. Joseph Martin, formerly of Manitoba, and now of Vancouver, is again to the fore with a dare-devil act. The Hon. Mr. Bowser, member of the McBride following, has been appointed Attorney-General of British Columbia. He must needs, according to the constitution, go back for re-election. Mr. Martin will oppose him and his plank will be the exclusion of Japanese labourers. The feeling against the Japanese has certainly some strength, but it is not likely to enable Mr. Martin to defeat Mr. Bowser. However, even the certainty of defeat is not a matter of sufficient importance to count with Mr. Joseph Martin if there is a fight to be fought or a condition to be emphasised.

* * *

Speaking of the Japanese, that was a curious letter written by Dr. R. P. MacKay from Manchuria and published in the Toronto News. The Secretary of Presbyterian Foreign Missions does not seem enamoured of Japan's rule in Korea. "It is oppression—atrocious oppression," he cries. "Their treatment of the Koreans is scarcely less atrocious than the horrors of the Congo." This is strong language and is likely to have some effect in this country where the reverend gentleman is a man of influence. In fact, Japan is rapidly losing her popularity on this continent. The outbreak of denunciation is something which must give men pause. It looks as if the United States would soon have the sympathy which, because of the Japanese British alliance, has been steadily extended to Japan. Perhaps Dr. MacKay has heard only one side of the story. In any case, Canada can afford to wait. There is no necessity for a stampede.

* * *

While money remains scarce and the borrowers are sending their complaints uselessly to a band of hard-hearted bank managers, trade continues to expand rapidly. Almost every manufacturer in the country reports his factory working full or over time. Many of them are behind with their orders and are advancing their prices to keep back their customers. The customs receipts also show an alarming increase. For example, Toronto's July receipts increased by \$289,523, showing that the people are buying abroad with unabated energy.



Sir William Van Horné.

REFLECTIONS

YYYY BY STAFF WRITERS YYYY

THE Battle of Sydney is raging fast and furiously. General Ross on the one side is leading the forces of the Dominion Coal Co., and Generals Van Horne and Plummer are at the head of the Dominion Iron and Steel

THE BATTLE OF SYDNEY

forces. It is a legal battle of great magnitude, with Mr. Justice Longley sitting as the chief arbitrator. The stakes are high, for the two companies are among the largest in Canada. There are millions involved, and the future of the losing company will be seriously menaced when the decision is given.

There is something of the personal element in it too. Mr. James Ross and Sir William Van Horne are, it has been recited, not on friendly terms. Sir William has stated in the witness box that he has had reason to feel that Mr. Ross is not always fair in his actions, and from Sir William this is a rather strong statement. Rightly or wrongly, Sir William has the public with him to a considerable extent. He has won their regard by great achievements and by long years of kindly treatment of those with whom he came in contact. Mr. Ross is more of a sphinx and has never, directly or indirectly, appeared before the people as a public benefactor. It regards him as a somewhat grasping millionaire, probably because he has taken little trouble to show the other side of his undertakings, his efforts and his ambitions.

This personal view of the two great men will, however, have little to do with the legal battle. The question is one of contract. The Dominion Coal Co. undertook to supply the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. with coal at a certain fixed price. This price was low, because the Steel Company was in rather a bad way. Later, the steel bounties and other developments made better days for the Steel Company and the Coal Company felt under less obligation to be generous. Its market for coal was enlarging and the contract became a burden which its directors would like to have shifted. The Steel Company rejected some of the coal, and thus gave the Coal people an excuse. They quit sending any more coal and then the fight began.

There have been rumours of a settlement but the bad blood engendered by the breaking of the contract and the succeeding struggle for ownership of the Steel Company is probably too much for peaceful negotiations. The battle must go on until one side lies prone and bleeding. The stock-holders in either one company or the other are likely to suffer seriously by the result.

THE fight between the Steel and Coal companies at Sydney is not the only indication that coal is becoming a valuable commodity in Canada. The use of electricity has lessened the consumption of coal in one

COAL AND PROSPERITY

direction, but the rapid growth of population and industry have counterbalanced this saving two or three times over. In Ontario, hard coal is already worth \$7 a ton or more. In the West there is talk of an approaching coal famine. In Ontario, the trouble lies in the grasping monopolists in Pennsylvania; in the West, lack of transportation facilities produces an even worse result. Again, the handling and storing of vast quantities of coal requires much capital, and this again is a remarkably scarce commodity.

It is to be hoped that the West will not have a repetition of the coal shortage of last season. The coal companies, the coal dealers, the railways and the three provincial governments should combine to see that a rather unsatisfactory wheat season is not followed by a winter of hardships. If the prosperity of the West is to continue, all preventable inconveniences must be eliminated by those who have the power to do so. Municipal coal-yards should be well-stocked and even government coal yards should not be outside the realm of consideration. The provincial governments should bestir themselves this month and make absolutely sure that there will be no vain regrets if the winter of 1907-08 proves as severe as that of 1906-07. The West has more people to keep warm this winter than it had last, and the newer the settler the greater the consideration extended to him by those who rule over him.

HOW to reach a painless and pious old age in these days of rapid transit and patent foods is getting to be more and more of a puzzle every day. Notwithstanding the almost superhuman care and ingenuity exercised, trouble manages to greet one at every turn with smiling countenance. With advice of such

REACHING A PIOUS OLD AGE.

widely different and contradictory character as is showered upon one, it is indeed a wise man who knows what to do—or what not to do.

Some say, indeed many say, abstain from liquor and tobacco if you would reach a ripe old age free from regrets and delirium tremens. On the other hand, scarcely a day passes that this counsel is not belied. Look at the records of those well timbered Irishmen—and Irishwomen, too—who have reached the century mark, and what do you find? That many of them smoked a pipe and took a nip out of the bottle until they were gathered in—which would appear to show that liquor and tobacco in moderation are preservatives. The point is a vexed one, however, as not a few abstainers also reach the three figures.

Then look at the warnings that are hurled at one respecting the necessity of eating and drinking only that which is pure. This might almost be called the Bacillus Age. "Beware of bacteria" is the universal fetish. But lo and behold, along has come a scientist who says that it is the presence of bacteria in our food that gives it a taste and that the food would be quite unpalatable without the bacteria! So there you are. Thus do authorities differ and our troubles multiply.

Thanks to the Hague tribunal and the temperance movement, war and liquor are being looked after, but these by no means constitute the sum total of human troubles. What about the everyday common tortures that afflict everybody? What about creditors, dyspepsia, gout and taxes? Are we to get no relief from these? Is no one to look after these things and tell them to desist? What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Therefore let the government take the matter up and appoint a commission to investigate these persistent and extremely exasperating obstructions to a peaceful and picturesque old age.

Again, it has been said by some modern Solomon,

Speak softly, carry a club and you will travel far in a day. But dyspepsia and amiability are incompatible. Carlyle would not have preached so stern a gospel of rugged toil had he not been tormented by the demon of indigestion. Gentle speech is not the outcome of small worries. Neither has the club been found altogether satisfactory in standing off creditors and taxes, and so we find ourselves no farther on than we were at the beginning.

Here is an opportunity for the government to lead the world in one of the greatest reforms ever undertaken, and to earn thereby the thanks of humanity. Will they prove equal to the task?

AUGUST is Canada's month of sports. There is no other month in the year which can compare with it in variety and multiplicity of contests. Yachting, rowing, canoeing, cricket, golf, tennis, lacrosse, baseball and even football come to the front with whoop and yell and cheer. Even that lady-like game, bowling on the green is at its height. Perhaps the greatest yachting contest of the year will be that which occurs to-day on the United States side of Lake Ontario; a contest between a Canadian challenger and a Yankee defender for the international trophy known as the "Canada Cup." The Canadian Henley regatta on the same lake took place last week and brought out the fact that the spacious Ontario harbour which bred Hanlan and Durnan is still producing oarsmen quite able to hold in check the stalwarts from Winnipeg, Fort William, Montreal, Ottawa, Buffalo or New York. Craig of Detroit won the intermediate singles, but this was almost the only honours for the strong-armed men from Uncle Sam's athletic associations. A further comparison will be possible when the Canadian oarsmen visit the regatta shortly to be held in the United States. The professional lacrosse season has resolved itself into a struggle between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Tecumsehs of Toronto. The international cricket matches are not of supreme importance but the victories of the United States team at Ottawa and Toronto show that Canada is not making much progress in this particular sport. The Dominion Trap Shooting Association is holding its annual tournament this week.

A survey of all the competitions indicates that the love of out-door athleticism is still strong with us as a people. Nor does it indicate that we are devoting too much attention to the development of brawn and muscle and athletic skill. These qualities are still important elements in the life of nations.

IT is not known how many thousand tons of Andrew Carnegie's first-quality armour plate went to furnish the money for the Temple of Peace which the Ironmaster has built at The Hague. The figures would be interesting. The temple has been paid for and will stand for centuries as a monument to the optimism of Andrew. If anybody shall be in danger of remaining in ignorance of the temple's history, there, right before his eyes, carven deep on the lintel, is a Latin inscription to let him know that Andrew Carnegie was the doer of this good deed. Having performed this meritorious work, why does not Mr. Carnegie turn his attention to the promotion of all that may make for local as well as universal peace? He has here in North America the opportunity standing ready to his hand. The enthusiastic amateur sea-dogs of the Detroit Naval Militia have become tired of doing all their navigating on dry land—albeit the schooner is not unknown in the City of the Straits. They have demanded of Washington a warship—a warship with its teeth drawn, it must be acknowledged. Washington has kindly donated the rather antique Spanish third-class cruiser, Don Juan de

Austria. Don, Etc., was captured at the glorious breakfast party of Manila Bay, when Nelson was for all time shoved back into second place amongst the world's great sea-captains. The captured Spanish cruiser is in excellent condition; she has a respectable belt of armour; her gun emplacements are there, ready for use. The Canadian Government has given permission for her to come through our canals, and within a fortnight she will be in the Detroit River. There will be no guns on her, of course, but there are plenty of guns in the United States arsenals, and plenty of cranes in Detroit ready to swing them aboard.

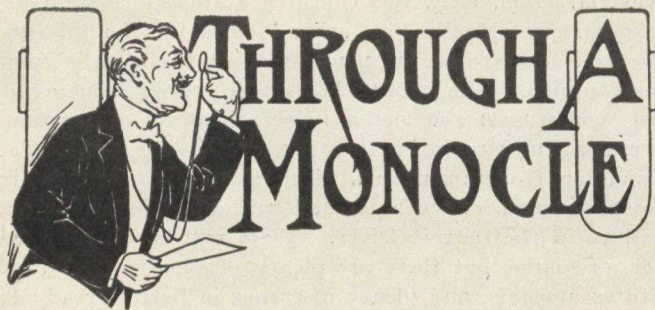
On both sides of the line, men write and talk about the 3,000 mile boundary with never a fort. Why, then, a floating fortress? Even if it is intended only for training purposes, against whom would the teachings of the naval officers assigned to the cruiser be exercised if trouble came? A courteous neighbour does not build spite fences. Nor does he buy a savage bulldog and train him because the man next door—who has always been a peaceable citizen—has an uncle three thousand miles away who owns a very superior kennel of these useful animals.

APLENTIFUL crop of rumours usually precedes some real events in the political world; that is, if one may be allowed to dignify the moves on the political chessboard as "events." No doubt, a change from one cabinet minister to another is as important a change as when an old manager of a railway or large industrial concern is replaced by a new. Yet the newspaper writer usually places more stress on the political event than the non-political, probably because the politician likes to take himself seriously. He poses as a patriot and occasionally he is. He would like to be known as a popular hero, and in extreme instances he is. He desires to give the public the impression that he is a great administrator, and Canada has certainly had some able departmental heads. Nevertheless, the cabinet minister is too often a paltry politician elevated to a high and noble office by the peculiar exigencies of the party system of government.

The story that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided upon his new cabinet and has asked Lord Grey for a dissolution is highly improbable. It is certainly time that the present vacancies were filled. The country has been for many months without a minister of public works, at a time when most important undertakings are under way. For a considerable length of time, there has been no minister of railways and canals. If these offices are to be left vacant for long periods, and the work of administration is nevertheless successfully carried on, does it not indicate that political heads of departments are not really important if the deputy and his assistants are able men? Is not that a reasonable conclusion?

Sir Wilfrid will soon make his announcements no doubt. The work of preparing for a session which will be most important from a party point of view is pressing. A complete cabinet, a united cabinet, a strong cabinet is required if the attacks of the Opposition are to be handled with ease and brilliancy. Therefore the news may come soon. That it will be startling is hardly likely. There are three or four men in the cabinet who might reasonably be asked to retire and make way for younger men. Some of them have been there longer than their ambitious juniors desired, but old men hate to acknowledge that their day is over.

All good citizens, of one party or another, are hoping that Sir Wilfrid will select young, able and aggressive men, in whom Canada may have confidence. On the showing made by these new men, will turn to a considerable extent the fate of the Laurier administration at the next general election. The battle is yet neither won nor lost.



THE Steel-Coal lawsuit at Sydney, C.B., must put ordinary men in better conceit with themselves; for it shows that even the financial giants are foolish enough to quarrel over what looks very much like a matter of personal pique, and thereby permit the lawyers to enrich themselves at their expense. Ordinary people will do this sort of thing, but then they are only ordinary people. The Napoleons of Finance are supposed to be too shrewd to get caught in any such net. They are wise enough to realise that there is nothing to be gained by "lawing it," and to get together in some sort of a compromise. That is, they usually are; but in this case they have allowed themselves the luxury of a long quarrel and a law suit. Well, they can afford it better than most of us. It is not at all likely that even "Jimmie" Ross will have to go without jam for breakfast because of his extravagance. But there is one thing certain, and that is if the coal and steel people are going to waste their substance in riotous proceedings of this sort, the plain people will begin to consider whether they had not better save their money and give it neither as bonuses nor in the form of tariff protection to national industries which behave like farmers with a life-long feud over a line fence.

* * *

New Brunswick has seen a big newspaper change within the last week or so. The Russel papers have been sold to Mr. John McKane of Newcastle, and have come out with a new and vigorous brand of independence. These papers—the Morning Telegraph and the Evening Times—were originally Liberal. They were regarded as more or less "regular" Liberal, while Senator Ellis' Globe voiced his personal version of Liberalism. The St. John Sun was then the Conservative organ, with the able and caustic Mr. S. D. Scott as editor. But New Brunswick politics is a succession of surprises. "Dave" Russell bought the Telegraph; and a Nova Scotia Liberal bought the Sun. Russell was enthusiastically for Blair, both in and out of office; and the "conversion" of the Sun left the Conservatives without a newspaper in New Brunswick's big city. Now Mr. McKane—who is a Conservative and a millionaire many times over—has the Telegraph, and the party is thought to be better equipped journalistically than it was before the beginning of the game of "cross tag."

* * *

One of the real weaknesses of the party system—upon which Mr. Goldwin Smith has not to my knowledge dwelt—is the difficulty of maintaining an effective press for a party long out of office. The Liberals found it so during their eighteen years of wandering in the wilderness. The Toronto Globe was, of course, strong enough to be independent of party futures; but the Montreal Herald was a feeble publication, the Ottawa Free Press was still feebler, and there was no French Liberal paper which reached the people. To-day the Conservative party is feeling the same weakness; and it would feel it far more if it were not for the financially independent journals which were established during the years of fatness. New Brunswick without a metropolitan Conservative paper was a practical surrender to "the enemy." The only two French papers which have a popular circulation are nominally—at least—Liberal. The

Montreal Gazette and the Toronto Mail and Empire are impregnable fortresses; but the decade of Liberal rule has changed the relative positions of the party papers at many a point.

* * *

The only truly independent paper is the commercial success. We hear a lot of ignorant and hypocritical talk about the "degradation of journalism" through "catering to the mob," and the dependence of the editorial desk upon the counting-room. "Catering to the mob" is simply seeking the approval of the people—endeavouring to print the sort of paper that the people want to buy. The sneer is directed not only at the editor who "caters" but at the people—at their taste, their intelligence and their sense of the fit and the worthy. It is the sneer of a snob. It is a denial of all that broad and generous philosophy which is founded upon faith in the people, which dares to make democracy the basis of government, and which has long ago exposed the impious lie that a self-selected few are better able to think for the people than they are to think for themselves. The people know what they want to read; and the paper which supplies it gets the largest circulation and consequently is the surest commercial success.

* * *

As for the dependence of the editorial desk upon the counting-room, it is precisely the paper that has a popular hold upon the people which can afford to ignore the presence of private interests sought to be exercised through the counting-room. Where a hundred thousand people exert their power on the counting-room, the clamour of one can hardly be heard; but where a paper "caters" to the tastes of a few, it must be exceedingly careful not to offend any of the few. But what the superior folk, who find such comfort in flinging these slinky phrases at successful papers, never stop to consider, is the fact that every paper must get money if it is to continue to publish. Now if a paper does not get its money from the people, where does it get it? Be very sure it gets it. Otherwise it could not pay its paper-maker, or its type operators, its staff, its news service or its agents. But if the source is not popular confidence, what is it? Is it political "graft"? Is it the pap-feeding of wealthy interests who expect properly coloured editorial in return? And which is best for the nation—a paper which must win the approval of the people to live, or a paper which can defy or betray the people at the bidding of a selfish interest which makes up its deficits?

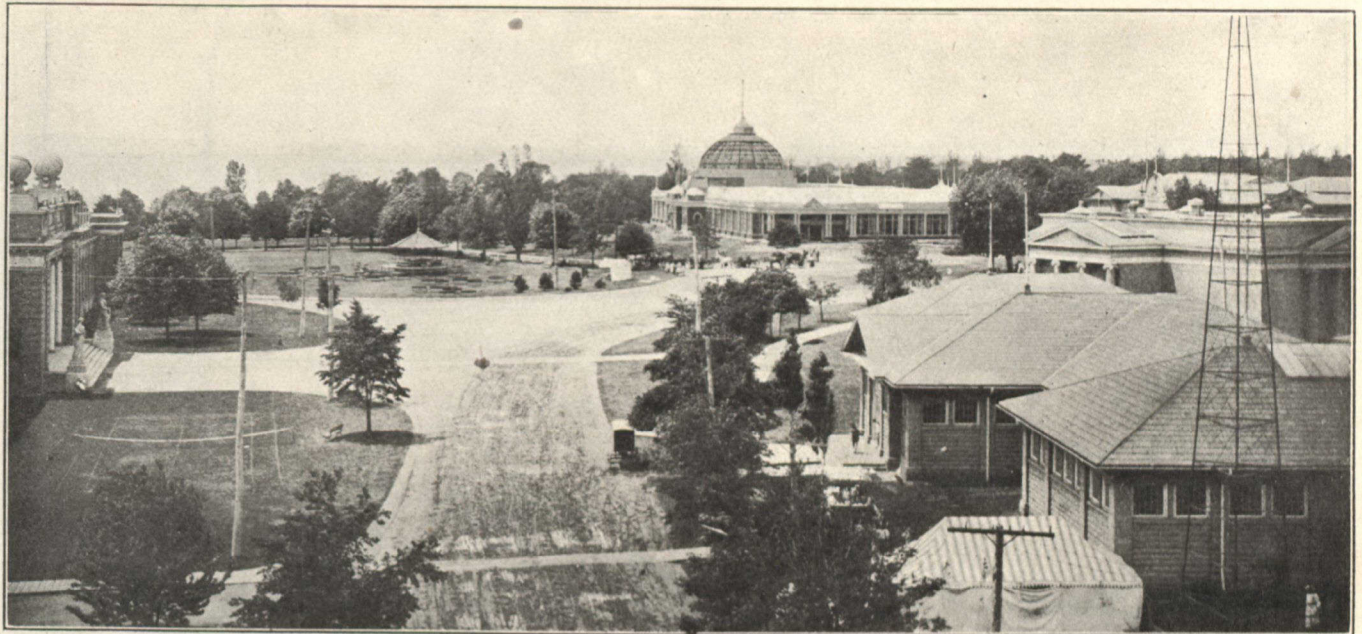


A Spoilt Pet.

Le Petit Belge.—"Please, Sir, Your Monkey's Taken my Bag!"
Uncle Sam.—"That's So! Ain't He Cute?"

[On the subject of Belgium's unpaid claim upon Venezuela for £400,000, The Times says: "A moral responsibility lies with the United States for the behaviour of the State towards which she has shown a special solicitude."]

—Punch.



National Exhibition, Toronto. A view from the top of the New Grand Stand, showing the new Agricultural Building, which replaces the old Crystal Palace destroyed by fire some months ago.

The East and the West

THE East and the West are continually surprising each other with compliments and the reverse. The men from the East go out and look over the West and exclaim, "Wonderful progress! I had no idea you were doing so well." The Westerner comes East and says, "My, I thought all the progress was in the West, and here I find you are growing almost as fast as we are." These are the compliments, and it is well that such are paid. Both sections must progress together. If even one province of the nine were to lag behind in material, moral or political development, it would be bad for the other eight. They are all parts, though perhaps unequal parts, of a whole.

Compliments, however, are not the only things exchanged. Mr. Eastern Banker comes out and says to the West: "You are going too fast; your land values are too high; you are carrying too many mortgages; you are overworking your limited capital. You had better take a reef in your main-sail." Mr. Western Boomer replies: "Get out, you old be-whiskered pessimist! You remind me of the Hon. Edward Blake who declared that the C.P.R. would never pay for the grease required for its engine-wheels. You had much better invest your funds here than on the Toronto, Montreal and New York stock markets."

Thus the merry exchange goes on; it will probably continue for some time. The monied interests of the East have passed through many booms and have learned severe lessons. They point out that Winnipeg has enough surveyed city lots to accommodate a million people; that land on the front street of Edmonton is selling at higher prices than land on the busiest streets of Montreal and Toronto; that town lots in Vancouver which will not be occupied for years are selling at twenty-five dollars a foot. These monied interests see a readjustment coming as it has come a dozen times in Eastern Canada and in various United States districts. The banker and financier has history on his side. On

the other hand the Westerner is possessed by an optimism which is uninfluenced by history and records. The soil is plentiful and productive; trade is increasing by leaps and bounds; population is growing so fast that the village of yesterday is the town of to-day, and the city of to-morrow. He points to thousands of men who have gone into the West penniless and are now independently wealthy. The Last West is the Best West and will be the Greatest West.

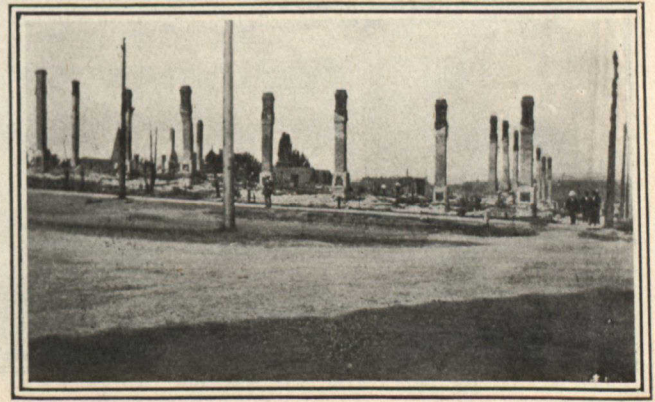
Perhaps both are right and certainly they make a great team—Conservatism and Progressiveness. Yet the East must not be too Conservative and the West must not be too Progressive. There is a happy medium in all these matters and the continued exchange of frank opinion will aid the whole country in deciding just how fast it ought to go and just where it is necessary to apply the brakes of prudence.

The Fire at Victoria, B.C.

ON Tuesday, July 23rd, the city of Victoria was visited by a destructive conflagration. The flames were first seen in a shed by a blacksmith's shop at 2.30 in the afternoon and for nearly five hours the fire raged, jumping from house to house, and at times breaking out more than a block away from where the fire-fighting forces were at work. Over one hundred dwellings were destroyed and the property loss is valued at close on to \$200,000. The fire started at the corner of Herald and Store Streets and was finally brought under control by pulling down a couple of houses on Pioneer Street. A very strong wind, blowing off the harbour, fanned the flames and carried burning shingles long distances. At one time the fire was burning in three distinct districts and it looked as though a large part of the city must be destroyed. The fall of the wind as evening approached saved the situation. The photographs, taken the morning after the fire, tell the story better than words.



The first block to be destroyed, Victoria.



All that was left of one whole block, Victoria.



A General View at the Canadian Henley, St. Catharines, Ont., during the week ending August 3rd.

The Vindication of Mr. Bryce

AMBASSADOR BRYCE, the worthy and able representative of Great Britain in the United States, has recently been the victim of a somewhat absurd attempt to involve him in difficulties with the Washington authorities. The indefatigable news reports declared one day that he had "completely endorsed" the constitution of Oklahoma, which would have been a highly improper proceeding because the Oklahoma constitution had not been accepted at that time by the President and consequently Oklahoma was not a full-fledged State. Mr. Bryce had taken a little trip to Oklahoma and while there, by way of literary recreation, had read the new constitution and made a few public remarks thereon. He said in the course of a speech in a town possessed of the respectable Scotch name of Guthrie that the constitution seemed to have a

great many experiments in it and that some of them had been tried and were in use in Switzerland, which he regarded as the greatest democracy on earth. But "Canny James" wisely added:

"The forbidden field of politics does not permit my telling you what ones have been tried successfully and what ones unsuccessfully in the Swiss republic."

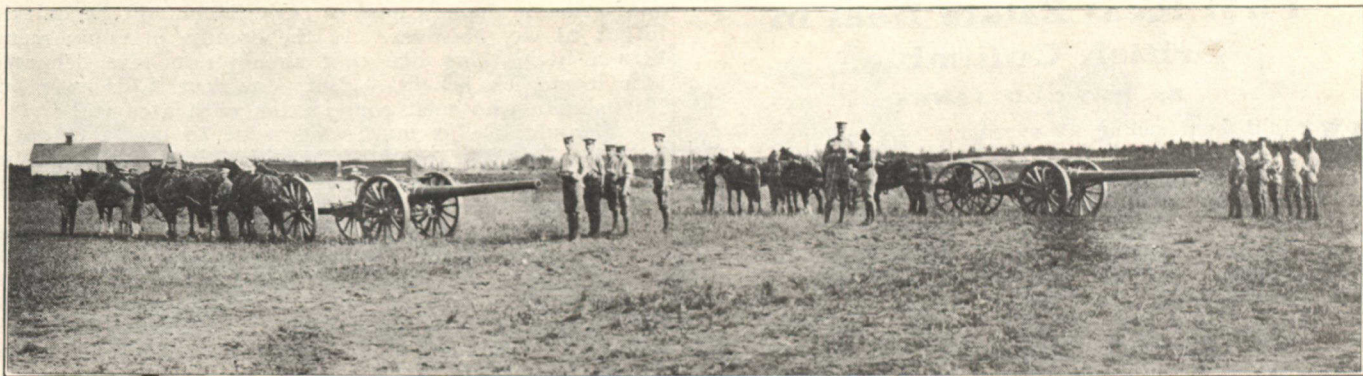
That sentence saved the situation and showed how precipitate were the young reporters who tried to bring diplomatic confusion upon the honourable head of the British Ambassador. It is a charming sentence from the standpoint of non-committalness and might have been delivered by the man who wrote "The Lady or the Tiger." The incident has closed happily, President Roosevelt is free to return to his criticism of writers of animal stories, the British lion is taking an afternoon nap, while New York "Life" remarks anent Mr. Bryce.

"Such a cheering thing it is to see from time to time a man who understands his business and minds it."



A Typical St. Lawrence River Passenger Boat.

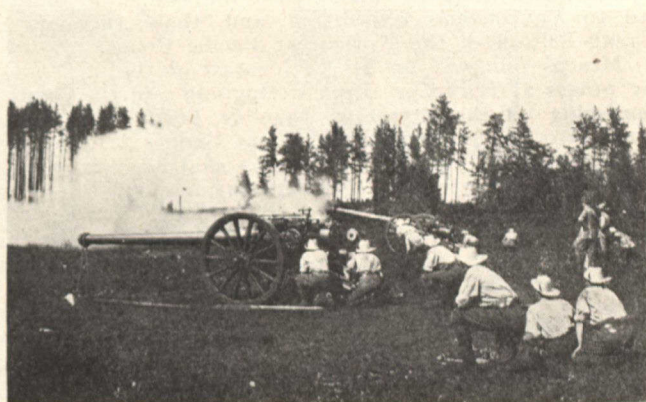
This photograph was taken at Brockville, when Prince Fushimi was leaving for a trip through the Thousand Islands—Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway System.



National Artillery Association Team Standing Easy, 4.7 Guns, Petawawa.



The Team under Captain Daynes.



In Action with 4.7 Guns.

THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY TEAM.

Photographs by J. Dennison, Montreal.

The Artillery Competition

FOR two months, certain parts of the Canadian army have been gathering at Camp Petawawa, north of Ottawa a considerable distance. Hosts of the regulars have trekked overland and thus gained practice in transportation and camping out. From Toronto, Kingston and St. John's to Petawawa is a fairly good march.

Considerable interest has been evoked by the visit of an English team sent out by the National Artillery Association to test their skill against their brother volunteers in this country. The Britishers know more about the large 4.7 gun than they do about the twelve pounder which is so familiar to the Canadian volunteer artillery. Hence in the larger artillery competition for the Governor-General's Cup, the Association Challenge Cup, the British team practically outdistanced all the Canadian teams. In the second competition between the British team and a Canadian composite artillery volunteer militia team, under command of Major E. W. B. Morrison of Ottawa, the Canadians won, probably much to their own surprise.

Another peculiar feature of this pleasant visit is that

the Canadians put up a cricket team which compiled more runs in one innings than the Britishers could score in two. This must have been another genuine surprise to the Canadians.

The competition won by the Canadians was for the aggregate in field and heavy artillery work, the prize being a cup donated by the Prince of Wales. General Lake announced the results at a banquet given on the evening of the 30th and were as follows:—Field competition, British National Artillery Association team, 549.91 points; Canadian team, 524.06 points. Heavy artillery competition: Canadian team, 598, and British team, 507 points. The aggregate places the Canadian composite teams ahead with 1,122.06 points, as compared with 1,056.91 points for the British team.

The English team will have further competitions in coast defence work at Halifax, and they are expected to show greater superiority in that class of work.

The Petawawa camp has stabling for 600 horses, a water system with two and a half miles of piping, about fifty buildings, a telephone system and an acetylene gas lighting plant.



"A" Battery Escorted into Renfrew by the Mayor.



"A" Battery, R.C.H.A. Trekking.

CANADIAN ARTILLERY ON THE WAY TO PETAWAWA CAMP.

First Real Estate Deal in British Columbia.

By HAROLD SANDS.

WITH land selling at over two thousand dollars a front foot on the principal streets of Vancouver and with prices going up in all the chief cities and farming districts, it is not out of place to recall the first real estate deal in British Columbia. Chief Maquinna, of the Nootka Indians was the party of the first part and the buyer was Captain John Meares who, in 1788, purchased land at Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island, for which he paid several sheets of copper and some rum. The following year the Spanish war vessel *Princessa*, seized the land, although Captain Meares, to use his own words, had "hoisted the British colours thereon." This action of the Spaniards was the foundation of the quarrel between Great Britain and Spain which almost caused war and which ultimately led to Vancouver's expedition and the occupancy by Great Britain of the Northwest Pacific Coast.

Meares followed up his real estate deals at Nootka by others at Port Cox, Port Essingham and the country bordering on the Strait of Juan de Fuca. In his memorial to the government of King George III, protesting against the Spanish seizure, he said he obtained the land "in consequence of considerable presents," and that he took possession "in the King's name." When the Spaniards captured Meares they threatened to hang him at the yard-arm and he mentions that they indulged in some minor Inquisition tricks which were not to his taste or to that of his officers and men. He begged leave to hand to the cabinet of George III. "a statement of the actual as well as the probable losses which he and his associates sustained from the unwarrantable and unjustifiable proceedings" in open violation of the treaty existing between Great Britain and Spain. He asked the crown to take the proper and necessary measures "to obtain that redress which he and his associates, as British subjects, have a right to expect."

Captain Meares' statement shows in detail that his actual losses were \$153,433 and he placed the probable losses at half a million. The British Government was prompt to take action in regard to this real estate deal and the seizures of Captain Meares' vessels which happened at the same time.

The result was far-reaching. It destroyed Spain's power above California and forever disposed of the ridiculous claim of the Court of Spain to the sovereignty of the whole west coast of America, from Cape Horn to the sixtieth degree of north latitude, which was the assumed limit of Russian occupation on the continent of America in those days. Meares' real estate deal, then, was, in a way, more important even than the great deal by Uncle Sam whereby the United States secured Alaska from the Russians. Great Britain should have outbid "your uncle" in that latter purchase, but Canada was only one of "those damned colonies" to British crown ministers of that era.

First Miners' Union in B. C.

By HAROLD SANDS.

AT a time when terrible details have come from Idaho concerning the Western Federation of Miners, it is pleasant to recall the humorous incidents which accompanied the formation of the first Miners' Union in British Columbia and the no less ludicrous death of the organisation. The union was born at Nelson in the early part of 1891. As it was the first time the boys had had a chance to join anything except the fire brigade, most of the old-timers of the Kootenay town figured as charter members. Old Tom Collins, one of them, confesses that there was no great need of the organisation as not many men were engaged in mining near the town then, and most of these were developing their own properties and so really belonged to the mine owners class. They joined, nevertheless, for the fun of the thing. They looked upon it as more or less of a lark.

An assayer named Ellis, who had recently come from Butte, Mont., where a union was in full swing, was the first president. Like lots of other good movements the union was shipwrecked on a constitutional question. The wagon road to the now celebrated Silver King mine was being constructed in those days and Dan McDonald cut one foot severely with an axe while working on the construction. That accident was the real cause for the "bust up" of the first union. Dan had joined the or-

ganisation in the first flush of enthusiasm, but he quickly forgot to pay his dues. In the opinion of many members a little thing like that should not have debarred him from sick benefits. But President Ellis was an Englishman who spelt constitution with a capital C.

"I would like as much as anyone to help Dan out," he said, "but the constitution says that a member in arrears is not entitled to sick benefits and the constitution must be upheld. We can't defy the constitution."

John Houston, who afterwards was Mayor of Nelson for several years and represented the city in the Legislature, argued that Dan's mishap gave the union a chance to show that it was of some use to the camp. "Let's fit the constitution to meet Dan's accident," he exclaimed, "instead of fitting the accident into the constitution."

Half the members supported Ellis and the rest agreed with John Houston. The debates grew spirited, even torrid on occasion, but it was impossible to break the deadlock. At last the union got sick of the subject, and it was impossible to obtain a quorum at the meetings. The organisation, therefore, gave up the ghost and turned over the money in its treasury to the local hospital.

But Dan never got the sick benefit fund, unless the hospital failed to send him a bill.

Do We Reason?

IN a recent book entitled "True and False Democracy," Professor Butler of Columbia has the following remarkable paragraph:

"When we endeavour to direct public opinion or to study its genesis, we are surprised and astonished to find how small a share the ordinary individual has in making up his own mind; and while claiming independence, how largely he is dependent on forces and influences with which the student of psychology and of history is very familiar. This is due, in the first place, to the very small part which genuine thinking plays in the life of any of us. We are a bundle of reactions, and those reactions which are systematically directed by serious and sustained thought are not very numerous. Except for the purpose of living up to our reputation as human beings and for emergencies, most of us could get on very well with considerably diminished brain surface. Dr. Maudsley put the matter correctly when he said: 'To say that the great majority of men reason in the true sense of the word, is the greatest nonsense in the world; they get their beliefs as they do their instincts and their habits, as a part of their inherited constitution, of their education, and the routine of their lives.' The part which we thoughtlessly attribute to thought in guiding our beliefs and our actions, is really played, for the most part, by feeling and by imitation. We grow up Republicans or Democrats, Presbyterians or Episcopalians; we do not reason ourselves—as a rule—into the one form of belief or the other, be it political or religious. We find our way naturally into a group or class by reason of hereditary tendencies, family example, or influence, and that impalpable either of surrounding opinion, which despite its impalpability, regulates so much of our mental breathing. Then we energetically support our faith-formed convictions with ex parte reasons which appeal to the intellect. Like the Schoolmen, the motto of most of us is—Credo, ut intelligam. We believe first and defend our beliefs afterward."

A Story of Town Lots.

THE West is busy selling town lots. Some purchasers have made money in the game; some have lost. Some will make money in the future, some will lose. It all depends on the lots. A story is told of a Western gentleman entitled to have "Honourable" printed in front of his name, who has made a considerable fortune selling town lots to Eastern purchasers. An Eastern friend burst in on him at Ottawa and upbraided him for not having let him (the Easterner) in on certain "good things." The Honourable calmed the angry one with an apology and a statement that he had actually forgotten to tell his friend about it. "Look here," he said, "I can make up for it. I have twenty good lots in — that I can give you at \$40 each." The Easterner took them and handed over the cash without a question. He has since learned that they are about two miles from the railway station in a little town of 800 inhabitants and are worth about \$5 apiece.



A GROUP OF GALICIANS ON THE WAY TO THE IMMIGRATION HALL



AN ENGLISH FAMILY



SOME TYPES FROM IOWA



A GALICIAN MOTHER



GOING WEST TO GROW UP WITH THE COUNTRY



A RUSSIAN



A GERMAN



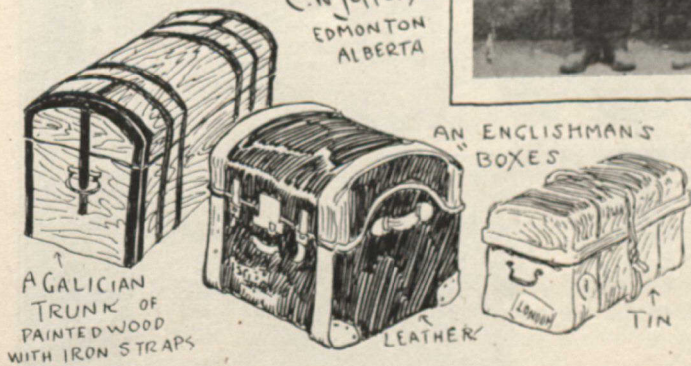
FROM THE OLD SOD

C. W. JEFFERYS
EDMONTON
ALBERTA



TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF GALICIAN MANHOOD

NOTE THE MILITARY BEARING OF THESE MEN INDICATING THAT THEY HAVE SERVED AS CONSCRIPTS IN THE ARMY



A GALICIAN TRUNK OF PAINTED WOOD WITH IRON STRAPS

AN ENGLISHMAN'S BOXES

LEATHER

TIN

SOME OF CANADA'S NEW CITIZENS.

Studies made by our Artist, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, in the Saskatchewan Valley.

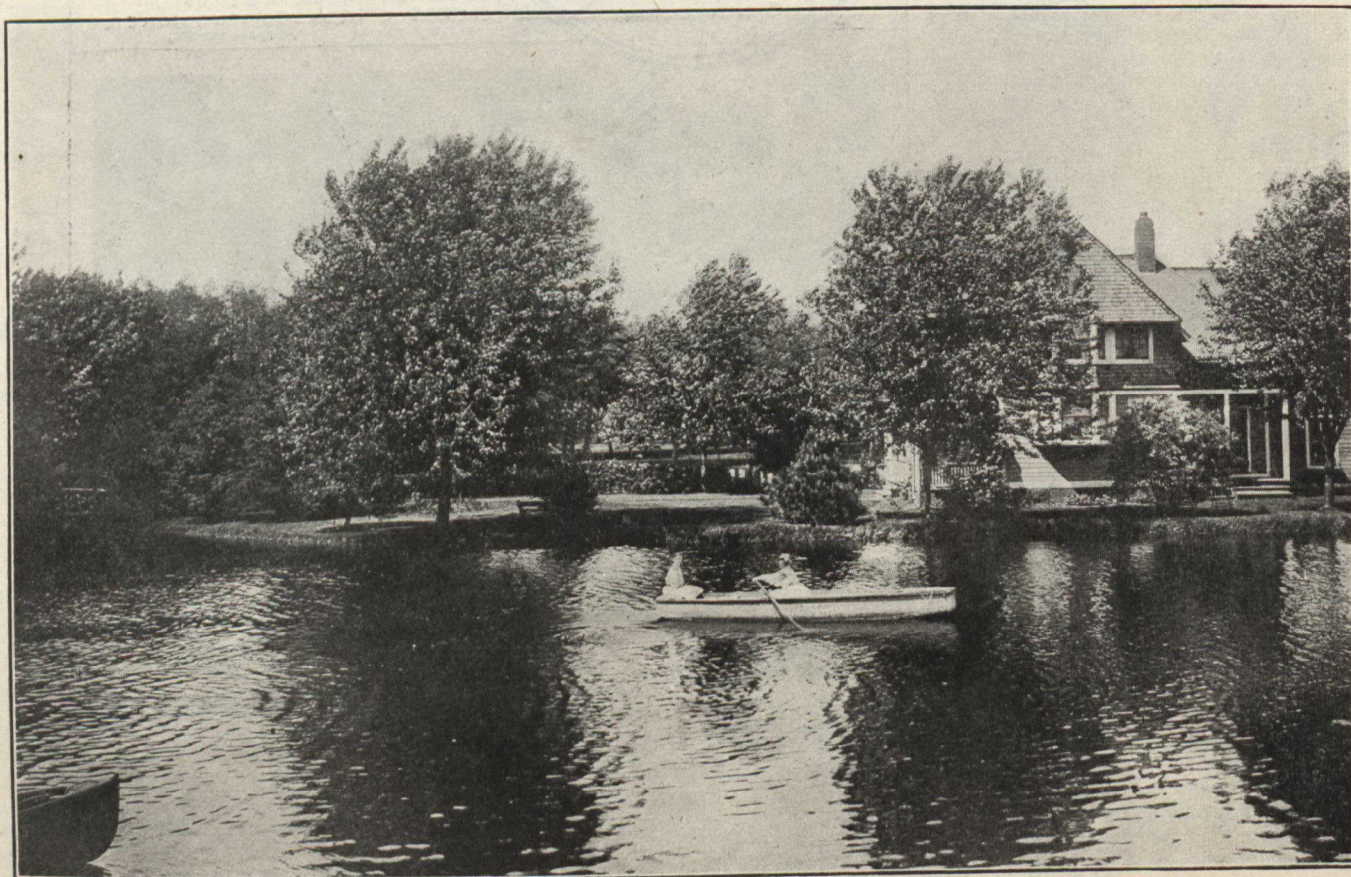


Bridge Crossing Lagoon, Island Park.

Toronto's Playground

NATURE has been good enough to provide an island stretch just across the Bay which makes an ideal playground for Toronto. Man, or rather Alderman, has been wise enough to expend a million or so in rescuing it from the waves and making a park where weary citizens may forget heat and worry in a quiet prospect of verdant lawns, whitening willows and shadowy lagoons. At Hanlan's Point, the lacrosse enthusiasts gather in crowds and the unsophisticated

citizens who revel in the dip-the-dips and the figure eight may revolve to their heart's content. At Centre Island, the most picturesque spot is the club house of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the scene of such sporting events and social joys as few places on this Continent afford. Trophies of many years adorn the halls and reception rooms of this ideal club resort, while the dinners and dances of the R.C.Y.C. have a Dominion-wide reputation. A visitor from Australia this summer was expressing his admiration of the view from the balcony of the club, exclaiming, "It reminds me of Sydney Harbour!"



Views of Island Park.

THE WAY OUT

A STORY OF A LUCKY FIND IN MUSKOKA

By WALTER CORNISH

THE man slowly rubbed his chin, and stared reflectively across the desk at the skeleton hand. Its unpleasant forefinger pointed to a small oval of cardboard tacked below, on which was engrossed in old English text the trenchant warning "Get to Work."

It was excellent advice, he felt, and had done valiant service in the old medical days when moral suasion was needed to overcome the allurements of graduate life. But in the present extremity it was a mockery—a wire-jointed anachronism—a piece of grisly impertinence. What he really wanted was the Omnipotent Dollar—and quickly. That was his problem.

The decree had come with the weekly mail, that only by rapid finance could he realise a cent on the infinite labours of the past four months. There was no mistake about it. He read the ultimatum seven times, and each time saw that it was clear and final. It was typed on commercial linen, and bore the embossed heading of a Toronto firm of publishers:

Dear Mr. Hind,—We beg to inform you that, after a long and careful consideration of your manuscript entitled "White Caps," we are prepared to publish. But this is solely on condition that you assume total responsibility for all the heavy expenses of production.

We are aware that this decision will seem somewhat arbitrary, but if you will consider the peculiar nature of your story—the overloaded condition of the market—and the financial issues dependent on what, after all, is a totally radical departure from the accepted canons of public taste, you will concur that our stipulation is reasonable.

Your story is told brilliantly, and it seems a pity that you should have built it round so strange an idea.

We may say that, in view of the peculiar nature of your story, we took counsel with the friendly head of a leading house in the States, and he agrees with us that no members of the publishing world would care to touch your book, except on the terms we have defined.

Pending your decision herein, we retain your parcel of MSS.

We are, Yours faithfully,

Mr. Hind's face showed no surprise. He accepted his fate with philosophical calm. The state of mind which coolly refuses to bluster at the whims of Fortune, had happily come into his possession. It was the only thing his family had left him. It was the only thing that could lend him assistance now. It hinted that everything was very droll.

He was half amused to recall that his whole life had been just such a tilting at impossible targets. Clean from the moment when the death of his only relative had cut short his apprenticeship of medicine, to the time when the cup of journalistic opportunity was rudely dashed from his lips by the Powers who arrange cycle accidents and brain fevers, he had lost in every game. And now it was on the cards that his last and pluckiest plunge for a competence was doomed to failure. And a failure that was just a single step lower than success. Really, it was most annoying. Mr. Hind mildly thought that his literary genius had found its genesis in a very frosty Garden of Eden. The white stretches of ice, the black, circling hills, the rocky knoll underneath the silent house in whose upper chamber he sat—all suggested it. That letter lying on the desk seemed to prove it.

Yet his lips pursed tight and dogged at the memory of a face which had floated through his sleepless dreams.

For Mr. Hind had his Eve, after the manner of men. In his case, alas! a long way after. In fact his prospect of a connubial paradise was but a dim and beautiful imagination; and his sole excuse for surveying it night and morning was, that it helped him to do more than sentimental musings. It helped him to be businesslike and cheerful. It was a daily stimulant.

Therefore, his alert brain was hard at work grappling with the problem of financial deadlock, when he heard voices sounding from the clearing below. For a moment he was more than a trifle astonished.

The narrow trail which joined the Government road two miles away, plunged through a second growth of bush. This fringed a steep shore uninviting to either

trapper or casual wanderer, and during his entire residence in the deserted farmhouse, no single visitor had disturbed him. His work had been forged in solitude.

As he looked curiously down at the two intruders, he felt a thrill of pride as he thought of his fierce, silent battle with the Fates.

Both men were dressed in the rough costume peculiar to shantymen. The younger man was tall, wiry and of swarthy feature. The elder was short, somewhat florid, and inclined to perspiration. In addition to a superabundant quantity of fat, the latter carried a large valise, and frequently found it necessary to readjust a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

Plainly these were amateur woodsmen who had tired of their experiment, and got themselves lost in the bush in the vain attempt to strike a beeline for the railway.

Mr. Hind's face wore an amused smile as he descended the stairs and opened the door to the unfortunates. In spite of their half-frozen condition they were extremely polite, even suave. In the accent of education they wondered how far it was to the nearest railway station, in what direction did the road lead, whether there were many trains from Buntsville to Toronto during the day, and where could they expect to get a good meal?

The replies they got were perfectly satisfactory. So was the ingenious dinner, served piping hot, which followed. So were the cigars. So was the warmth of the glowing stove. And when, to crown everything, their host went upstairs to hunt out another bottle of Moselle, their delight, expressed by sundry winks and nods, was unlimited. A gorgeous time became inevitable. Epigrams popped like champagne corks, and the little party revelled in its own unsuspected brilliance.

The younger man was a profitable and interesting study. His philosophy smelt in New York. His knowledge of Canadian botany and social custom was positively perfect. Only his appetite was ungentlemanly.

His companion was a born thinker, with a tongue of butter, and a taste for metaphor a la Lytton. The single subject he did not relish was "the widening opportunity of the North West." Somehow it seemed to jar on his nervous system.

Yet, altogether, it was an hour for kings; and these three merry souls waxed fat and jolly.

From the beginning it was obvious that the two lumbermen possessed (for Mr. Hind) some distinct fascination. His keen gaze would, every little while, rest on them with an almost uncourteous stare, as if some hidden train of memory had been fired in his mind. His eyelids often drooped to hide the merry light gleaming through the lashes. He was immensely tickled by some private thought.

His generosity increased with his good humour. Why should they not stay with him for the night? If argument was needed, well, the day was wearing on. And it was quite a seven-mile walk to town. It would surely be far better for them to wait till the morning, when he himself had business in Buntsville, and could personally conduct them thither.

Alas, the gentlemen were very firm.

"No, sir; we are highly indebted to you, but we would not dream of further burdening—"

"No burden. No burden."

The tone of Mr. Hind was pressingly gracious. But the strangers were obdurate. Ah, they must go. It was a pity of course. It was a great pity. But their plans were imperative. Would their good host, however, describe the perplexing route to Buntsville.

"Certainly." Their good host jumped at the chance. In fact, he would even go one better. He would himself conduct them to-day.

Their anxious protests he waved aside with an hospitable smile. Upstairs he sprang for his pea-jacket.

It was surely some clot of insanity that caused Mr. Hind to be so strangely erratic in his treatment of his guests. No sooner had he entered his untidy den when he dropped into the chair by the window, and gazed abstractedly at the rocky shore below. For quite five minutes he intently watched a huge boulder of Laurentian rock which, for uncounted years, had always been on the point of falling into the lake, but had never done so.

Finally, he picked up and idly scanned the pages of an

old illustrated weekly magazine. Then, detecting a faint murmur of impatience below, he got up and opened the door of a cupboard built into the corner of the room. With a tiny cluck of satisfaction, he carefully placed in his pockets two small packages wrapped in chamois leather.

The air drew into the lungs like draughts of sparkling wine. Through the frost-gemmed spruce trees the afternoon sun thrust warm spears of gold. The intangible Muskoka charm was everywhere—breathing on the woods, beating a wild rhythm in the ether, dwelling in silence on the miles of untrodden ice.

Mr. Hind lifted his head and sniffed the ozone with infinite pleasure. He smiled at the sky. He smiled on his companions. He smiled at himself. He was happy. With a sense of inward marvel he realised that his trip with the boys of Anthony Gaspard's camp was of startling brevity. Too soon they had sighted the crowd of new buildings that clung round the gaunt hillsides rising from each edge of the Vernon River. Too soon they stepped on to the platform of the Buntsville station, where they found a little crowd waiting for the arrival of the 5.10 down train.

"Ah, we are on time," said the American, with a smile of satisfied relief. His chum murmured an ecstatic oath. Then sharply a familiar voice sounded from behind. Its tone was clear cut and chill as an icicle.

"Hands up. Quick!"

The two men swung round like trapped animals. Mr. Hind held a bright .32 Iver-Johnson in each hand. The light in his eyes was ominous. The startled crowd sheered away to watch the two faces blanch to a dirty chalk green. Two pairs of unsteady hands were slowly raised.

"Hi, you!"

The sharp command acted on the sauntering policeman like a whip.

"By gosh!" he almost yelled, as he fumbled for the handcuffs. "It's the Winnipeg lads."

And when the crowd discovered the two captives to be Messrs. Roscoe & Burke's missing junior partner and cashier, they got excited. With bulging eyes they pointed the plucky stranger to certain newspaper paragraphs. Therein the great banking firm advertised a willingness to pay a reward of two thousand dollars to any captor of their unfaithful stewards.

Perhaps it was partly due to the temperament of Mr. Hind that he did not seem astonished. Indeed, he did not even attempt to respond to the crowd's congratulations. He just sat down on a handy trunk and breathed a trifle hard.

Yet it was an undeniable fact that he breathed much harder when, several months later, he raced exultantly up the stairway of the city Union Station bridge. Even the old noise of the streets failed to arouse his interest. He was hot on the track of an old idea, and scorned to take a street car. Away he went, with the neglected baggage-checks smiling derisively in his pocket.

The maid who opened the door did not like the stranger's peremptory tone. It was too much like whipcords. This is probably why Gilbert Hind had to wait two and a half eternities perched on a slender gimcrack of a chair originally built for dainty creatures who feed on Browning and sugar wafers.

But when the door opened, and the Revelation fluttered in to preside over tea for two, Mr. Hind positively beamed. He was even lured into talking about himself, and the rapidly melting editions of his popular hit.

It was not until tea had ended, and the maid had carried away the things, that he said, with a sudden access of modesty: "And now I believe I have talked quite long enough about myself—"

"My dear boy, you must positively tell me everything. Ellen, close the door."

The man looked up into the woman's merry eyes, and, unable to suppress a laugh of sheer happiness, sat down among the cushions of a New Kingdom.

Then the demure Ellen closed the door.

When the Mackerel School

By CYRUS MACMILLAN.

THE Canadian sportsman who has not spent a day with the mackerel fishermen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence or on the Atlantic seaboard has missed one of the chief joys of summer life. He may delight in the lure of the trout stream or in the call of the hunter's wilds, but he has more than a common joy yet to experience as he feels the electric thrills of seining—

when the mackerel school. "School" is a term applied to the fish when they rise from their feeding place on the bottom, congregate in large numbers on the surface of the water, and move up and down the gulf. Down on the north or Gulf shore of Prince Edward Island, the mackerel school usually in August and during this month the fishermen's excitement is at its height. In this Canadian industry there are no trusts, no trades unions; there is no monopoly. The fishermen are a democratic lot, unspoiled by superficial conventions, and know no master save the sea. They are a rugged people with the independence of their lives, the courage and kindness of their natures, and the uprightness of their characters reflected in their frank, bronzed faces. They are glad at any time to take the sight seer for a two or three days seining cruise. Not that they give him a chance to work! They have no place in their toil for bungling inexperience. They perhaps stow the visitor in their seine boat during the "catch," where he must silently efface himself; but although he watches the game rather than plays it, he has nevertheless an abundance of excitement and fun.

On an August afternoon we learned that the mackerel had commenced to "school," and towards evening in a trim little fishing schooner, we left Alberton, a progressive village on the North Shore, for the fishing grounds. It was sunset as we beat out the harbour in the teeth of a spanking breeze which rendered choppy the rose and amber tinted sea. Shortly after ten o'clock we "hove to" for the night, for the early morning is the fisherman's harvest time. The blackness of the hazy moonless night was broken here and there only by piercing friendly lights from off shore, from passing ships, or other fishing smacks. We slept almost in our day clothes, ready for an early rise, for the exigencies of the fisherman's calling leave little time for toilets. A hurried call just before dawn brought us from our bunks, and with sleepy eyes we tumbled up the companionway. A crew of ten or twelve men, clad in oilskins, had already manned the seine boat trailing behind, and stood ready for the smothered order to "cut loose." The captain pointed expectantly to the school of mackerel moving down the gulf a quarter of a mile away, showing phosphorescent in the gray of the morning. There it came, a shining mass of swimming fish, flipping along the surface of the water, gills and heads sparkling in the dull uncertain light. Our schooner bore away, and we scudded along close hauled, parallel with the fish, until a quarter of a mile in front of them. Then we brought her into the wind where she "lay to," and with the captain, I slipped into the seine boat just as it cast off. Two men stood by the seine piled high in the bow,—a huge net two hundred fathoms long and fifteen fathoms deep; on the upper side were cork floaters, on the other lead sinkers, and iron rings through which ran a long running line for "pursing" the net or drawing the bottom sides together to form a huge scoop net—as a tobacco pouch is tightened by a running string. On each of the long boat-seats were two men with "double-banked" oars; another man was steering; and the captain directed the course. We rowed away quietly and still in front of the school. The buoy end of the seine was then dropped silently into the sea, and in the dim light we rowed rapidly in a semi-circular direction across the school's course, paying out the long seine as we moved. Then, having completed the semi-circle, we rowed back behind the fish to the floating buoy, brought the two ends together, and thus, before the fish were conscious of danger, we had then inclosed in a huge netted fence two hundred fathoms in circumference. Now came the most exciting part of our work. Mackerel are a timid, quickly moving fish. When they strike the net they dash hither and thither in great alarm, and unless the fishermen act quickly, the precious fish dive and escape before the net is "pursed." But by the aid of a windlass the bottom sides of our seine were soon brought together by the running rope; a large part of the spare net was drawn into the boat, and when the sun rose out of the sea, the part of the net in the water—now a huge scoop net several fathoms square—enclosed a hundred barrels of mackerel in a solid, shining mass—nearly a two thousand dollar catch. The schooner was brought alongside, and one side of the seine was made fast to the rail. Then hastily, for fish in very cold water soon become an unmanageable dead weight, with a large dip net—its mouth gaping two and a half feet in diameter—the mackerel were hoisted aboard by means of a tackle—a barrel at a scoop. For over an hour, a stream of silver, wiggling fish poured upon the deck, filling every available space. That concluded the best part of our work.

THE GOLDEN FLOOD

By EDWIN LEFEVRE



Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday. The flood continues until Mr. Grinnell has nearly thirty millions in the bank. The president in desperation seeks again to discover the source of the fortune. He is baffled once more, and Mr. Grinnell increases his deposits to \$35,000,000, and informs Mr. Dawson that Miss Grinnell, his sister, shares the secret of his wealth. The president then warns the plutocrat, Mellen, of the gold calamity. They tell Grinnell of the harm of too rapid increase in gold supply. The latter refuses to become either alarmed or confidential. Mr. Mellen and Mr. Dawson resolve to sell bonds and buy stocks. Mr. George Mellen, the brother of the richest man in the world, is warned of the situation. Mr. Grinnell then announces his desire for drafts on foreign banks. He takes a sight draft on London for two million pounds sterling. Mr. Grinnell then requests the financier, Mr. Herzog, to buy for him a hundred millions of bonds on margin. Mr. Dawson and Mr. Mellen become anxious when they find that bonds are being heavily bought and in consequence are going up.

D ID you see Mr. Grinnell's marriage announcement in the Herald, sir?" He looked first at Mellen, then at his chief. "It's among the ads. in the front page."

"No," answered Mellen, turning toward the table, but Dawson had already picked up the Herald. He read aloud, Mellen looking over his shoulder:

"GRINNELL-ROBINSON.—On Tuesday, September 12, by the Rev. DeLancy Williamson, at his residence, Margaret, daughter of Thomas M. Robinson, to George Kitchell Grinnell. Middletown, N.Y., and Youngstown, O., papers please copy."

"Robinson?" said Mellen quickly. He answered an unspoken question of his own: "But he hasn't so much."

Dawson knew what he meant. He shook his head and said with a slight frown: "I doubt if he has even ten millions. I know he sold out all his Consolidated Steel during the boom but that couldn't have been more than five millions. I don't think so." He looked ill at ease.

"We must see Grinnell at once," said the richest man in the world, speaking quickly. "If Robinson knows what Grinnell is doing—" He checked himself with a frown. A great anger filled his very soul to overflowing: Always Grinnell came before him—an obstacle to plans, enveloped by doubt-breeding mystery, surrounded by an uncertainty which, by not openly revealing dangers, made the young man a ceaseless menace.

"Mr. Grinnell is now at Wolff, Herzog's office," said Costello. "He's been going there every day for a week."

"I knew it!" said the richest man in the world explosively. He sat down in an armchair and leaned back, breathing quickly.

"We must make sure," said Dawson. He sat down at his desk and took up the telephone. Then he said to Costello: "Anything else?"

"No, sir. He went into Mr. Herzog's private office. The door-keeper told me he was a very rich man and that he came there every day."

"Very well," said Dawson, dismissively. The detective left the room. Mellen stretched his right hand toward Dawson and opened his mouth. But he said nothing. His hand dropped and he stared intently at a paper weight on the president's desk.

Dawson took up the telephone.

"Let me have Mr. Herzog, at once," he said sharply.

A minute later he said: "Herzog?—This is Dawson—Is Mr. Grinnell in your office?" Mellen drew near and stood beside his friend.

"Hello?" went on Dawson, with a tinge of impatience. "Is Grinnell—" He turned to Mellen and explained, spitefully: "He says to wait a moment—Hello? Yes. I'd like to see him—"

"Tell him to wait for you there," said Mellen, in a tone of command. Dawson spoke into the telephone:

"Well, if he'll wait for me at your office I'll run over at once. Very well. Good-bye." Dawson rose and, putting on his hat, followed the richest man in the world who had already started out of the office briskly.

In Herzog's office the old banker, at Dawson's first question, carefully placed his hand over the transmitter and said to Grinnell:

"Dawson wants to know if you are here."

"I cannot tell a lie," laughed Grinnell; "I am."

A moment later Mr. Herzog said: "He says he will come over if you will wait here for him."

"Very well," replied Grinnell. He added: "I think this will close the incident." But Herzog shook his head—he was listening to Dawson and couldn't hear the young man's words.

The bank president and the richest man in the world walked more quickly than was their wont, each busy with his own thoughts. The myopic door-keeper at Wolff, Herzog & Co.'s knew Mr. Dawson. He opened the gate obsequiously and then hastened ahead and held open the door to Mr. Herzog's private office. They entered abreast.

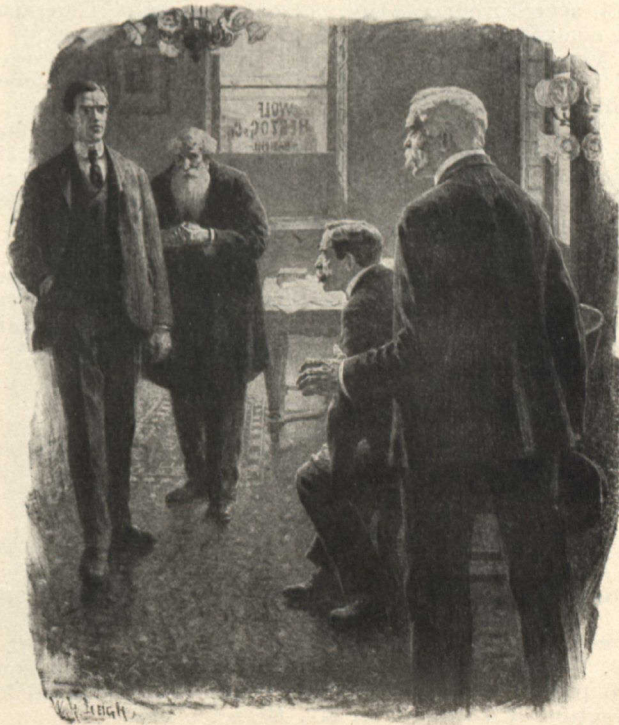
Mr. Herzog rose quickly and, walking toward them, extended his hand to Dawson. Then he shook Mellen's. Grinnell arose from his chair near Herzog's desk and merely said, "Good-morning, gentlemen."

Dawson bowed to him, and with his diplomat-at-a-reception smile, replied:

"Good-morning, Mr. Grinnell."

Mellen used the same words, and no smile.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Mr. Herzog with a polite wave of his hand.



"I don't wish you to ask me any more questions—not one."

"We came over to congratulate Mr. Grinnell," said Dawson. "We've just seen the Herald."

"Yes," said Mellen grimly.

"Oh, thanks," returned Grinnell, very politely.

"Herzog," said the richest man in the world abruptly, "you have been buying a great many bonds."

"We have bought some," assented the banker, with much gravity.

There was a pause. Grinnell glanced at Dawson, who was looking so extremely unconcerned that the young man smiled slightly. Mellen, who had been leaning forward in his chair, straightened himself and asked curtly: "Why?"

Mr. Herzog arched his eyebrows with a sort of amazed inquisitiveness and said nothing, intending his silence as a snub. But he changed his mind and said: "They were very cheap."

The richest man in the world turned toward Grinnell. Before he could ask any questions the young man said pleasantly: "You told me so yourself. Don't you remember, Mr. Mellen?"

"Did you buy any, Mr. Grinnell?" Mellen's voice had a serious ring. The young man's face took on a boyishly confidential look. He said:

"I bought some for my father-in-law. He had been waiting for them to go down. So had I. You see, my marriage was to come off as soon as I had invested his money."

Mellen's eyes opened wide, and Dawson, in a very quiet tone, asked: "And did you invest yours as well?"

"It seems to me," said Grinnell, "that we are drifting toward family matters—"

"I beg your pardon," said the president stiffly.

"I understood," the young man said apologetically, "that you wished to speak to me on some business matter. I haven't overdrawn my account, have I?"

"Perhaps we had better discuss this at the bank, Mr. Grinnell; if you could come—"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dawson, but I start on my wedding tour in an hour. I have no business secrets from Mr. Herzog, so if it is a business matter we may discuss it here. In all probability I would repeat our conversation to him."

Dawson's face flushed violently; his nostrils dilated unpleasantly. Mellen's face turned perceptibly paler and the lines of it became harder. But his voice was steady and his manner almost matter-of-fact as he said to the young man: "Then it is almost certain you are not going to deposit too much gold hereafter at the Metropolitan Bank."

"I am not going to deposit any more gold at any bank, because—" Grinnell hesitated.

"Yes?" Mellen's eyes were fixed on the young man's face, as if he thought every fleeting expression was as important as the words themselves.

"Because I haven't any more gold to deposit," finished Grinnell, very calmly.

"That is now. But will you not produce any more gold?" The richest man in the world spoke very quietly and very distinctly.

"I never produced any. I sold the Assay Office the last ounce I ever had over a month ago."

"You must have obtained it somewhere, somehow," said the richest man in the world. His manner conveyed an impression of patience. "Did you buy it?"

"No, sir. I didn't buy it." The young man's calmness was not theatrical and it had a quieting effect. He paused an instant; then he went on: "In fact, I had no gold of my own. It was all my father-in-law's." He turned away and rose as if to go to the window.

Mellen spoke sharply: "Mr. Grinnell!"

Grinnell frowned. He spoke to Mellen with impatience in his voice: "Mr. Mellen, you have asked me many questions, which you had no right to ask. I've not said anything about it before; but I tell you now that you annoy me!"

Mellen turned livid. "I—" he began.

"Listen, please," interrupted Grinnell quickly, his face growing stern. "I am going to tell you about that gold. That is, I shall tell if you do not interrupt me. I don't wish you to ask me any more questions—not one."

"My father-in-law, Mr. Robinson, two years ago at the height of the boom thought the stock market must collapse sooner or later. I became engaged to his daughter, whom I had known ever since I was a boy. He naturally talked over his affairs with me in a general way, though I am not a business man." He paused as if to pick his next words. A curious smile flickered for a fraction of a minute on Mr. Herzog's lips.

"He wished to sell most of his stock holdings in various companies and then buy bonds. But if stocks

were too high, bonds were not low enough. It was therefore decided to sell stocks at once, but to defer the purchase of bonds until a more propitious occasion. That occasion came last week. Mr. Herzog bought the bonds for him. That's where he comes in."

The young man paused again. Mellen did not interrupt; he nodded twice, not quickly at all, but in an acquiescent manner that invited further revelations. Grinnell continued slowly:

"Mr. Robinson had been a rich man for years, but I did not suspect how rich until he had sold all his stocks, when he told me he had fifty-four millions to his credit at his banks. To me this was so incredible that it made me think a man with that much cash in bank might do other things just as incredible. He is one of the unknown millionaires whom the newspapers discover when their wills are probated. That fact, the ignorance as to the extent of his wealth, also would help. As at that time so many of our financial institutions were unsafe because their officers were gambling in stocks and underwriting ventures, we concluded to lose the interest on it and turn it into gold. Once we had accumulated fifty millions in gold, the existence of which was unsuspected by bankers or brokers or newspapers, it was obvious that there were various ways in which the gold and the secret of it could be made valuable. Mr. Robinson, lacking the excitement of active speculation in stocks, and having retired from active business, was quite willing to indulge in a few psychological experiments. I had suggested various plans. He accepted one of them. So, we got the gold together."

"Yes, but how? Where did you get that much gold?"

"There was only one way that I could see. We withdrew gold coin from circulation, gradually, all over the country, but principally in San Francisco. We spent two years at it. It took a great deal of care and trouble. Indeed, that was the hardest part. As fast as we got it I took it to my house, which I had bought for that very purpose, and melted it into bars so heavy that no burglar could carry away one. I painted them black and put them in the cellar, near the back wall. They were safe."

"Ah!" The sigh came from the Hebrew banker who now leaned back in his chair and looked at Dawson. The president's lips were slightly parted, and the frown was still on his face, his eyes on Grinnell. Mellen's face had lost its tense look. He said, very quietly:

"I see!"

"I deposited the gold, as Assay Office checks, in Mr. Dawson's bank, and stopped calling on my fiancée. Later, I bought the bonds. I didn't see Mr. Herzog until they were cheap."

"You scound—"

"Richard!" interjected the richest man in the world, soothingly. He had already reckoned the extent of his enormous losses, for he would have to buy back at high prices bonds he had sold at low, and he would have to reverse the process in stocks. Grinnell, or his father-in-law, probably had made fifteen or twenty millions through the mistake. Mellen's losses, because of the imaginative faculty, would probably be twice as great. But gold was gold still, and therefore, he was not ruined. He would retrieve the loss. He saw what he must do.

He turned with a look of almost benignity to the young man and said suavely: "Mr. Grinnell, I should like to have you come to see me when you have time. You have told me a very interesting story. I should like to see more of you. You are rich, but—" He stopped, to look encouragingly at the young man.

"Oh, no," laughed Grinnell, "my father-in-law is. But even he is not in your class."

"Come and see me anyhow. There is no telling what class you will be in." In his mild earnestness and soft voice there was an unmistakable promise. The young man did not answer. Dawson now smiled affably.

"Mr. Grinnell, you are still one of our depositors, you know," he said, with an air of claiming family relationship.

"Yes; to the extent of \$342. I'll give that to the detectives who— Oh, no offence, Mr. Dawson. I'm sorry I must leave you. We married men have trials." He shook hands warmly with Mr. Herzog, nodded pleasantly to Dawson and Mellen, and said: "Good-morning, gentlemen."

As the door closed on George Kitchell Grinnell, Mellen, thinking of the new working alliance he must effect with Herzog in order to facilitate the campaign of retreat and re-conquest, turned to the Hebrew banker and said quietly:

"Now, Herzog, let's get down to business."

(THE END.)

British Gossip

PERHAPS the greatest pageant of them all was that given at Bury St. Edmunds last month, which was arranged by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Five centuries of East Anglican history passed in varied and picturesque pomp before the thousands who crowded the old Suffolk town. The arena was on the site of the abbey, now in ruins. The remains of the great altar at which the Norman Barons took a solemn vow to enforce the ratification of the Magna Charta from King John, was in sight of the crowd. At the opening of the pageant, Boadicea, surrounded by her army, made a triumphal entry in her war-chariot, driving with great spirit into the presence of the Roman officers and guard. Boadicea, the "British warrior queen," was undoubtedly the heroine of the pageant and proved an eloquent exponent of her country's wrongs, uniting the enthusiasm of a suffragette with the imagination of an Irish Nationalist. The massacre of the Romans and the victory of the brave Boadicea may not have been strictly historic but a pageant is a sort of fairy tale in which there ought to be poetic justice, to satisfy the multitude. Could there not be a Hastings pageant with Harold, son of Earl Godwin, victorious? Most readers of English history have grudged the Senlac triumph to that overbearing William.

* * *

Most devourers of light fiction had almost forgotten "Ouida," when the tale of her financial distress was suddenly made public and Miss Marie Corelli wrote to the papers suggesting that a fund should be started for the purpose of placing "Ouida" beyond anxiety for the rest of her days. Miss Corelli proved her sincerity by enclosing a cheque for twenty-five pounds, which the destitute author of "Cecil Castleman's Gage" will probably spend on jewellery or luxuries for her pet dogs. "Ouida" was born at the pageant town, Bury St. Edmunds, some seventy odd years ago. Her mother was an Englishwoman, while her father, M. de la Ramee, was a French refugee who had settled in England. The talented daughter, Louise, began to write romances at an early age, her first novel being "Held in Bondage." It was followed by a goodly procession of about forty works of fiction of which "Under Two Flags" is the most popular. "Moths" stirred considerable discussion, as to its morbid tendencies but several feminine writers of fiction have written so many infinitely worse books during the last decade that "Moths" seems a harmless flutterer in comparison. Dogs have been "Ouida's" pet extravagance and one of her daintiest stories has a canine hero. "A Dog of Flanders" is a story not to be forgotten. "Two Little Wooden Shoes" is another exquisite fragment. In fact, the short tales written by "Ouida" are of much finer quality than her longer efforts.

* * *

Rev. R. J. Campbell, successor to the late Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple, London, has defined in book form, the "New Theology" of which he is the modern proclaimer. By the way, is not this adjective "new" being overworked? We have also the "New Drama" and the "New Novel," while the "New Woman" has become banal. It is no wonder that the public is turning to pageants of past glories by way of relief. Several reviewers observe sapiently that fifty years ago Mr. Campbell would have been denounced as a heretic. In the seventeenth century he would have been imprisoned and in the sixteenth he would have been burned. While the tone of Mr. Campbell's preaching and writing has the reverence of one who realises that he is touching matters of life and death, he is entirely fearless in the expression of his own beliefs. The following sentence is the reverse of the mediaeval theology: "The real Judge is the deeper self, the self who is eternally one with God." Many of the paragraphs in this new volume read like Emerson made easy. Mr. Campbell and Father Bernard Vaughan, although very different in theological outlook, continue to attract more notice from the public and the press than any other of the clerical lights of London.

* * *

But there is a new preacher, whose personality has created a greater sensation than even the Welsh evangelist, Evan Roberts. This is none other than a small girl aged twelve who delivers remarkable sermons with deep earnestness but no apparent consciousness of the extraordinary nature of her utterances. She is said to be calm and self-possessed in manner, with a singular magnetic power over her audience, which are composed of all classes, from society leaders to women of the roughest

factory order. The incredulous public is turning in profound perplexity to these gatherings and is becoming convinced that there is an extraordinary gift bestowed upon this juvenile preacher.

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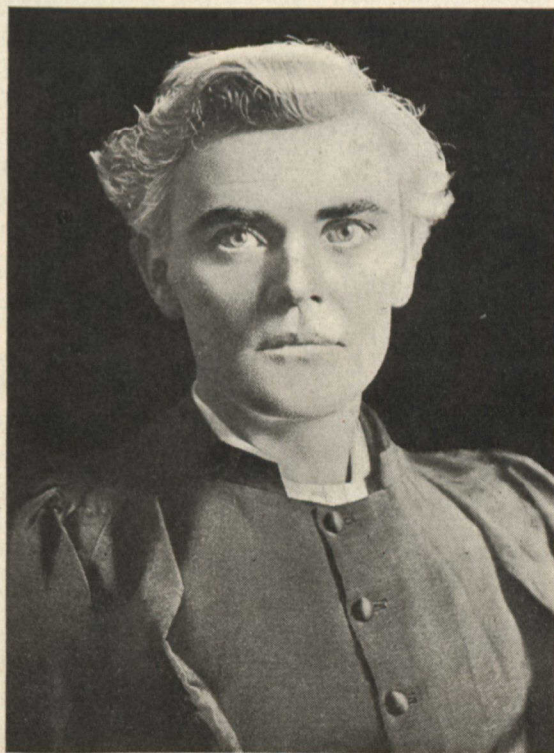
The freaks of fashionable society are not nearly so amusing to those who practise them as they are to those who look on. It seems as if the "cult of the occult" has been carried as far as it will go. But a new interest has arisen which sends crystal-gazing and spiritualism into the background. No longer do pale-blue and violet-hued spooks arouse the curiosity of the West End. The proper thing to do is to take an impression of the thumb and have it read by experts in the art, who send a character sketch for an absurdly small sum. For a somewhat larger sum, hints as to the future will be gently conveyed.

* * *

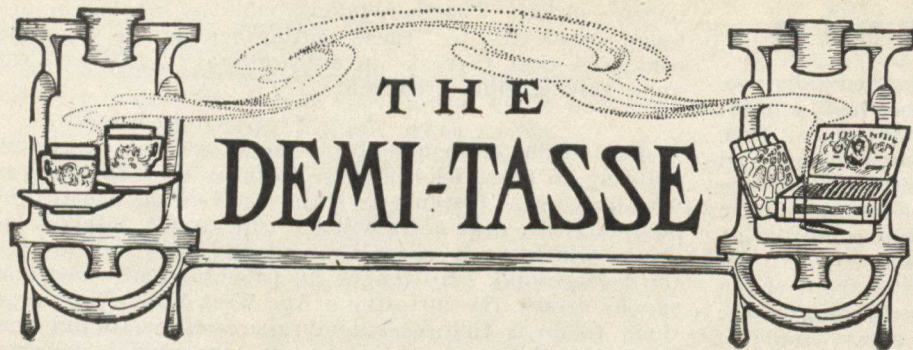
Europe seems to have gone motor mad and the chauffeur is in a fair way to make a fortune. Records are made and broken in a fashion to render the unmotored reader dizzy. The fastest run on record between Monte Carlo and London was taken in May last by Mr. H. R. Pope who made the flight in his 40 h.p. "Itala" car in twenty-nine hours, sixteen minutes. A former Canadian journalist, Mr. T. L. Grahame, accompanied him as a note-taking passenger and his account of the journey takes away the breath of the ordinary traveller. Mr. Pope seems possessed of the Englishman's desire to accomplish risky feats without turning a hair and he flew through the pleasant land of France at a rate which rivalled Ariel's boast: "I drink the air." The English do not take their pleasures sadly—they take them vigorously. To leave Monte Carlo at three o'clock in the morning, race along velvet roads, and reach Boulogne at four o'clock the following morning, take an English steamer to Folkestone and arrive in London at 8.46 a.m. is a feat of motoring which leaves the ordinary imagination gasping.

* * *

The infant Marquis of Donegall, whose mother is a Canadian woman, has lately been attracting some interest, as the matter of his inheritance has been in dispute. M.A.P. recently stated that at the time of the death of the late Marquis the patrimony bequeathed to his heir was sworn at twenty-seven pounds, which, invested at 3½ per cent., would have brought in an income of 18s. 10d. annually. This did not sound enough for the average Canadian boy's pocket money and the infant Marquis became the object of compassion. But the journal in question discovered that it was mistaken and now states that the small heir, on his father's death, became entitled to considerable estates in Ireland, and through his trustees, is in receipt of the rents and profits derived from them. Irish real estate is a trifle uncertain but it is better than a capital of twenty-seven pounds.



Rev. R. J. Campbell.



THE DEMI-TASSE

OUR CHALLENGER.

THE sparkling summer waves will bear
The blithesome yacht "Adele,"
While many true Canadian hearts
Will fondly wish her well.

The cup we lost in 1903
Is surely due once more,
To grace the R.C.Y.C. board
And give us cheer galore.

May favouring winds attend her sails,
So prays our anxious realm;
Good luck betide the bonny yacht
With Jarvis at her helm! —J. G.

HIS DILEMMA.

"Oh Tommy! you're too old to cry."
"Yes; an' I'm too y—y—young ter
have w—wot I'm cryin' fer."—Puck.

RATHER MIXED.

Youngsters have a good deal of trouble
when they begin to wrestle with the ways
of mother tongue. But an unusual whirl
was taken at the King's English by a small
boy who asked concerning the former
owners of the house into which the family
had moved: "Whose did it been in front
of we?"

A FRIENDLY BEADLE.

A young Scotch clergyman was to preach
a "trial" sermon in a strange church. Fear-
ing that his hair might be disarranged, or
that he might have a smudge on his face,
he quietly and significantly said to the
beadle, there being nor mirror in the vestry:
"John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared, and after a few min-
utes returned with something under his
coat, which to the astonishment of the
divine, he produced in the form of a bot-
tle with a gill of whiskey in it, saying: "Ye
mauna let on about it, meenister, for I got
it as a special favour; and I wadna hae got
it if I hadna told them it was for you."
—The Argonaut.



She (encouragingly): "A faint heart never won
a fair lady, you know."
He (with extreme nervousness): "H—m! no, and
a faint heart never got away from one either."
—The Bystander.

THE CUSTOMARY FEE.

Motorist: "I say, I'm awfully sorry!
You must let me settle for this as it was
really my fault. What shall I pay you?"
Irate Farmer: "What d'ye usually pay?"
—Punch.

ANOTHER STORY.

After all, John Burroughes' story is the
best, says *Vino Veritas* in the New York
"Sun." A lieutenant of an English regi-
ment stationed in Africa was hunting for
big game. He was fearless, but for some
reason he hesitated to shoot at the great
lioness that approached. Nearer and
nearer she came, and was limping. The
big-hearted soldier took out the thorn that
he saw was in her foot and she limped
away gratefully. And the Britisher forgot
the incident.

Not so with her ladyship. She returned
the next night, looked over the roster of
the regiment, and ate every officer that
ranked the lieutenant, who, of course, by
her active gratitude, was made a colonel.

THE JUDGE AT GOLF.

Have you ever seen the Judge address the
"ball?"

He fixes it with stern judicial gaze,
A gaze that would the guilty soon appal,
And from the Court win well-deserved
praise.

He looks that little culprit on the "dot,"
And lifts his club of Justice firm and
true,

Saying, as he gives an awful swat—
"Two hundred yards or more, my man,
for you!"

But its awful when the Judge is "off" his
game,

The skies are dull'd as by some dark
set cloud;
Each misspent "put" and "brassie" topp'd
or tame.

Doth cause a silence that is almost loud.
Preliminary dressing of the case,
Has been expended in an effort vain,
Nothing's left but vague expansive skill,
To fasten on some varied cause, the
blame.

Should you ever see the Judge when really
"on,"

A joy ineffable is then for you in store,
To watch him drive with aim unerring
strong,

And Crassie, like a Vardon—shouting
fore,
To meet His Lordship when the game is
done,

And note gleam of triumph, superfine,
As to your question, says "the verdict's
won"

I did it all in perfect "eighty-nine."
W. H. WEBLING
Brantford, Ont.

THE MAN FROM KENTUCKY.

At the junction of Whittington and Park
avenues, Hot Springs, Ark., is situated the
magnesia spring. At this spring patrons
are given all the water they can drink for
five cents.

The other day a man walked in, drank
some three or four big glasses of water
and tendered the proprietor a half-dollar
in payment. It was early in the morning
and there was no change for this money in
the cash register.

Turning to a man sitting near the prop-
rietor asked for change for the money.

"Sir," replied the man, "I am from Ken-
tucky; if I had change for half a dollar,
do you suppose I would be drinking
water?"—Short Stories.

NO COURTING IN CHURCH.

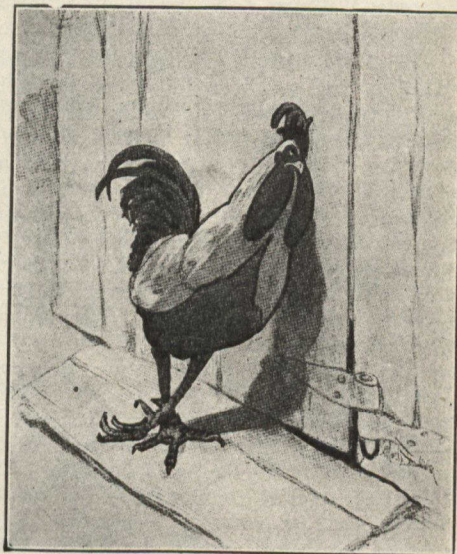
In Cornish chapels, according to the Lon-
don (England) "Daily Mail," the invari-
able rule is for the men to sit on one side
of the building and the women on the other.
A visitor and his fiancée, who were staying
in the district, went to chapel and just
before the service began the young man
was greatly astonished when the chapel
steward, seeing that the couple were seated
in the same pew, came over to him, and in
an audible voice said:

"Come on out of that, me son. We
don't 'ave no sweetheartin' here."

SCHOLARSHIP.

Genial Gentleman (visiting the village
school): Well, my little man, what do
you do in school all day?"

The Most Promising Pupil: I wait till
it's time to go out, sir.—Harper's Weekly.



"What's the use, anyway? To-day we're Eggs and
to-morrow we're Feather Dusters."—N.Y. Life.

NEEDED THE MONEY.

A Picton correspondent of the Kingston
"Whig" says that those who know the joke
are chuckling with a certain Picton minis-
ter. Recently, for performing a marriage
ceremony, he was given by a rural groom a
fee of two dollars. Within an hour after
the wedding the happy couple returned to
the minister's and the groom asked for the
return of the fee.

"Cause I an't got enough to start house-
keeping on," he explained.

THE PITY OF IT.

An antiquary one day visited Westmin-
ster Abbey and found a stone-cutter at
work in the little cloisters, recutting the
name of Wilson the great ten of Shakes-
peare's day. The antiquary began to tell
the man about Wilson, how he had been
Shakespeare's friend, and Ben Jonson's and
Kit Marlowe's and how all these men had
loved and honoured him. The stone-cutter,
looking up from his work, frowned and
shook his head.

"I wish, sir," he said, "we'd knowed he
was such a swell afore we run that drain
pipe through him."—The Argonaut.

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was shorn;
The hallowed place where little lambs
Come peeping in at morn;
The playful bears, and friendly bulls,
Who wisely counselled me,
And where I bought at 88—
And sold at 23.

—New York Life.

Sporting Comment

AS predicted some weeks ago, the "Adele" has been chosen to carry Canada's colours in the Canada Cup races. She is owned by Cawthra Mulock, and will be sailed by Aemilius Jarvis. It was necessary, of course, to have an extra series of races before the judges gave their final decision, but there is a suspicion in certain quarters that this series was intended as a balm to the feelings of Mr. F. Nicholls, owner, and Mr. Fife, designer, of the "Crusader." Experts who have figured out the time made by the two boats state there was little or no difference between the boats. But then Mr. Jarvis was sailing the "Adele," and Mr. Jarvis will sail the "Adele" at Rochester. A regrettable feature of the trial races was the ordering of the Aileen to the barn. To be sure, she had been a pretty consistent loser. But when an enthusiastic young sailor like Mr. N. Gooderham goes to the trouble and expense of having a challenger built, he is entitled to some consideration, and should at least be allowed to sail in all the trial races.

Golf galore has been the bill of fare at Lambton links this week. Not only are the best golfers of Canada attending the tournament, but many a golfer of reputation from across the line. And it pains patriotic Canucks to note that at least in the earlier games our Yankee cousins have shown up to rather better advantage than the ones we grow at home.

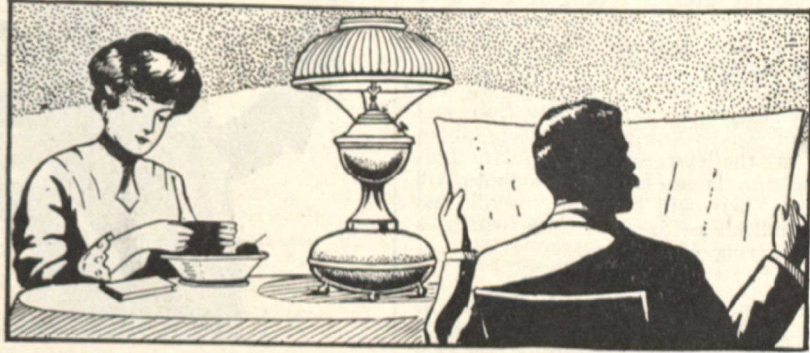
Somewhere along about Kingston there appears to be a Mason and Dixon line, and the sporting folks on either side of it love each other not. Take the International cricket team, for example. The Ottawa men chosen on it straightway refused to play, and the International team practically became, to all intents and purposes, a Toronto team. Then again in track athletics there is war. To the west the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union holds sway. To the east the Federation is the body in control. And these two bodies, whose one object in life is to encourage sport, are doing it by clawing at each other's throats.

The Federation is a new organisation, you know, that the Montreal Athletic Association hatched when it wanted to encourage professional lacrosse and amateur sports at one and the same time. The C. A. A. U. has a bit of the Pharisee in its make-up, you know, and it raised its hands in holy horror at the thought of such a thing. So the M. A. A., which is really a greater sporting body than the police and Y. M. C. A. controlled C. A. A. U., got out, formed an association of its own, called it the Federation, and the fight was on. Up to date the C. A. A. U. has had rather the better of the argument, because it controls Tom Longboat. Everybody wants Tom Longboat, and everybody wants to get him bows to the C. A. A. U.

But this same Longboat seems to be about to ride the C. A. A. U. to a fall. The Canadian Union refused to let him take part in a race arranged for him in New York. This angered Mr. Sullivan, of the American Union, and he has been looking for a soft spot to stick his knife in. The row between the C. A. A. U. and the Federation furnished the soft spot, and the knife has come in the shape of a decision on the part of the American Union to recognise neither the Canadian Union nor the Federation. In future Canadians competing at American meets must get their bills of health straight from the American Union.

The Montreal press hails this as a great victory for the Federation, and distorts the decision into an acceptance of the Federation by the A. A. U. But it isn't any such thing. The Federation and the American Union can never act in unison till one or the other changes its definition of an amateur. The Federation allows amateurs and professionals to play side by side, without

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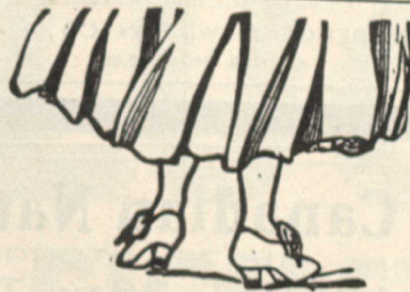
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ALFRED WRIGHT, MANAGER

soiling the lily-white purity of the amateurs. The A. A. U. doesn't. The whole thing is simply a snub for the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union.

* *

The Dominion Bowling Tournament should be the greatest event of the kind Canada has ever seen. Heretofore the trouble has been that no lawn in Toronto was big enough to accommodate all the competitors. It was necessary to use the lawns of two or three of the city clubs, and the result was a continual shifting about that, to say the least, was not popular. This year the new lawns at the Woodbine will be used. There will be room for all, and present indications are that there will be a great gathering of bowlers.

* *

Shamrocks, of Montreal, now look as if they would take the Minto Cup back home. Two successive defeats of the Tecumsehs, of Toronto, have put the latter pretty well out of the running, and there is nothing else in the race close enough to be dangerous. Shamrocks have held the cup for five out of the six years it has been played for.

Training for Citizenship

AMONG the evidences of progress which Canada daily affords none are more gratifying than the growth in the number of Canadian Clubs all over the country. To develop a sturdy national sentiment and to qualify young Canadians to take their part in the affairs of their country is the highest type of public usefulness, and in doing this the Canadian Clubs have more reason for their being and a more distinct and noble sphere for their activity than most other organisations in Canada.

The latest city to enter the Canadian Club idea is Stratford, where it is proposed to organise one in connection with the Y.M.C.A. In commenting upon this proposition the Stratford "Herald" very aptly remarks: "That such an education is sadly needed among Canadians, it requires no argument to prove; as a people we have been charged with having "more politics to the square acre" than any country under the sun; and though this may not be a fair statement of our conditions, yet there are few who will deny that our politics are not in many respects very creditable to such an enlightened people as we claim to be. 'Politics' among us is almost a term of reproach with the ordinary citizen and it would hardly be too much to say that with the most of us it is considered a matter to be avoided. On the contrary there is no subject which should engage our attention more than this very one, and when our people have a proper idea of the true significance of what politics really mean: there will not be so much indifference among us in matters of such vital importance.

"We avoid the political heeler and the ward politician and consider them mere place-seekers. The truth is we ourselves have stood aloof from what is clearly our duty and allowed men whose tastes led them in that direction to look after the country's interest. If we have among us an undesirable class of politicians it is our own ignorance and indifference that has produced them, and if the matter is to be remedied we must have a body of citizens who have been long trained by discussion of public questions and who are willing to devote some time to the public weal and decide public questions in the spirit of intelligence and independence. This means a good deal of training on the part of our young men; it means that they must spend a good deal of time in studying and discussing questions which come before them; they must acquire facility of expressing their views in public. Such a training is by no means an easy one, but to young men of ability and energy, it is a pleasant training and will yield an abundant return; we have few fields among us that have been less worked than that which lies before the members of a Canadian club."



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Through Pullman cars, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal to Portland, and further particulars with handsome illustrated literature may be secured on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

Crack Shots will Pepper the Targets

RIFLEMEN all over Canada are looking with more or less interest to the Palma competition which will take place at Ottawa on September 7th, between teams from Great Britain, the United States and Canada. Outside of a few enthusiasts it is probably not known that this

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All photos for these competitions not winning a prize will be returned if postage for that purpose is enclosed. Mark "Contest Number One" or "Contest Number Two" and put full name, address and description on back of each photo.

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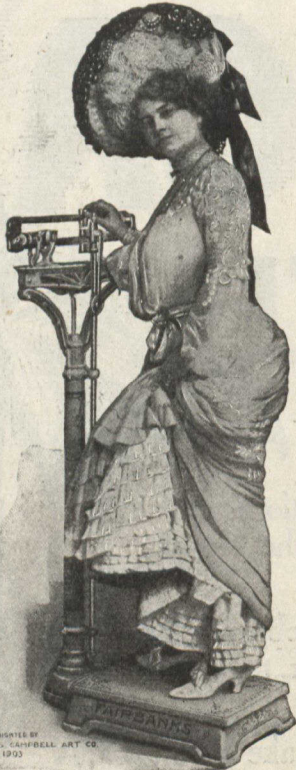
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international competition was due largely to the efforts of riflemen in Canada. In the summer of 1900 the New Jersey Rifle Association carried on an active campaign in favour of an annual shoot between marksmen from Canada and the United States.

Canadian riflemen took up the matter and it was discussed seriously at the Ottawa meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association that summer. Various obstacles were encountered, however, and it was not till the fall of 1901 that the first contest was held at Sea Girt, N.J., the scene of the annual competition in the United States. The result was a victory for the Canadians.

The next meeting was at Ottawa in 1902, when the trophy was won by a British team. In 1903 the United States marksmen were victorious at Bisley, but their win was protested on the ground that they had used special rifles and not the service rifle of their country as the conditions call for. The trophy was therefore returned to Great Britain in 1904.

This year the competition will be held at Ottawa, and Great Britain and the United States will be represented by the very best men that can be picked from their respective countries. The British team sailed from Liverpool on August 9th in command of Col. Hopton, inspector of small arms, Enfield. Included in the team will be Sergt.-Maj. J. A. Wallingford, perhaps the best all-round shot in the British army. At Bisley this year he accomplished the phenomenal feat of scoring 100, 102 and 105 successively at the three ranges of 200, 500 and 600 yards—without doubt a world's record. The Palma trophy, however, is shot for over the long ranges, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, ten shots at each, and it takes a cool and steady hand as well as perfect long-range vision to compile a good record at these ranges.

* *

A Money Making Business

THERE are various ways of making money, and an excellent illustration of how not to make it was furnished at Lindsay, Ont., recently. There is, however, a right way of making it, and after November next Canada will have added this to her numerous other industries. At that time the Canadian Royal Mint—the first mint outside of London to be designated "Royal"—will be completed.

At present all Canadian coins are minted in London, but after November they will be turned out at the Ottawa mint.

The profit, which is now nearly half a million dollars, will accrue to the Dominion Government.

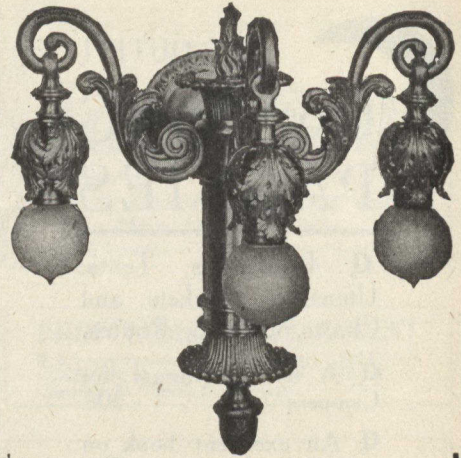
Dr. Bonar, the recently appointed deputy master of the royal mint, will return to England shortly, but will take up his residence at Ottawa this fall. He is a personal friend of the British Premier and a man of fine scholastic attainments. The experts who have actual charge of the coinage will be brought out from England, but the bulk of the employes will be Canadian.

All the machinery except that for the actual minting has been manufactured in Canada.

* *

Protecting the Forests and Game

SPORTSMEN in New Brunswick and those who have at heart the material welfare of the province have recently organised for the preservation of the timber, game and fish in that natural hunting ground of the East. Every year the forests, lakes and rivers of New Brunswick are the Mecca for thousands of tourists and hunters from Eastern points on both sides of the line, and genuine sportsmen everywhere will learn with pleasure that steps have been taken to protect these valuable assets of the province. The organisation, which is known as the New Brunswick Fish, Forest and Game Association, will devote its attention to the study of forestry, the protection of the forests, the observation of the habits of the fish and game with a view to suggesting laws best calculated to preserve them from wholesale destruction, and generally will co-operate with the authorities in the enforcement of all such laws.



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Peculiarities

LONDON barbers have gone on strike for more money. Better to have given them the money. We don't want the city to look like a Boer commando and have to do business with people covered with Virginia creeper.

A Mr. E. B. Whitcomb who recently took an automobile tour through Western Ontario, has been telling the Detroit "News" what fine roads they have in that Province. He says the roads are far superior to those of Michigan. All right for Ontario, but wait till the Montreal "Star" mails him a copy of their paper.

The abolition of capital punishment in France is meeting with unexpected opposition. One Mesdagh, who was convicted of murdering a woman and sentenced to transportation for life, has protested against the sentence. He says: "If I am guilty I should be guillotined. I insist on being guillotined. M. Fallieres has no right to prevent my head being cut off." The man is right. Why should he be obliged to go about wearing a head from which he desired to be separated and from which he has earned separation? This seems to be a case in which it would be easy to please all parties.

Waiters employed on the Georgian Bay steamers are complaining bitterly about the scarcity of tips this season. One would have thought it unnecessary to remind these estimable citizens that there are ways by which this difficulty may be speedily overcome. A piece of nicely fried rubber persistently introduced into the entrees will often bring relief—for the waiter.

It is now said that the real reason why the English journalists came out to Canada was to investigate the story that Englishmen were frozen on the western plains by hundreds every winter, collected and stacked away till the fall when they were thawed out and utilized to harvest the wheat crop. If we are going to advertise the country, there is nothing like having an effective Publicity Bureau.

The bus running between Strathcona and Edmonton ran over an intoxicated man who was lying in the road, the other day. The report says: "Despite the fact that two wheels passed entirely over his body he was evidently uninjured." For people who are contemplating being run over, a moral may be discovered here, but we decline to state it.

They have a loafer in London who is so lazy that he will not even walk about, but spends his time sleeping under trees in the parks, sallying forth only when the commissariat is low and nature demands more fuel. If it were not for the incessant prodding for the inner man what a lovely time the outer fellow could have sleeping in the parks—life would be a sort of perpetual paradise.

And now a Montreal preacher has declared that there is no such place as heaven! The scientists have already taken hell away from us, so that there seems to be nothing for us to do but select some good boarding house and make the best we can of it.

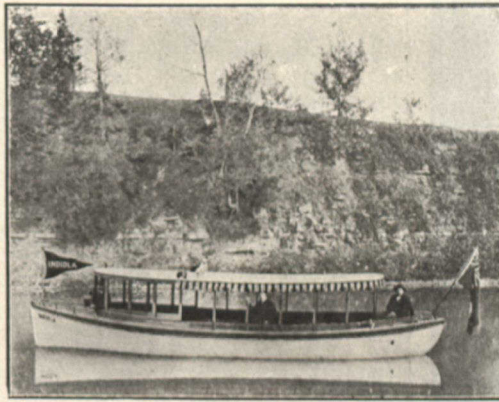
Montreal is having trouble with insect pests and one of the worst of them is a huge, green slug that looks like an animated pickle. Can it be possible that one of the 57 varieties has broken loose?

Commander Peary says that a man who cannot eat dog is of little use on an Arctic expedition. Why not have these ambitious North Pole fellows begin to train at once? We have two or three night-yelping, hoodlum howlers around here that would do first-rate to begin on.

A party of settlers left Edmonton recently for the Peace River district and not a

VISITORS TO TORONTO

who don't know where to go, will do well to take a sail on the Humber River aboard the Launch



Works: "Sunnyside." Boat Houses: Humber Bay, P.O.

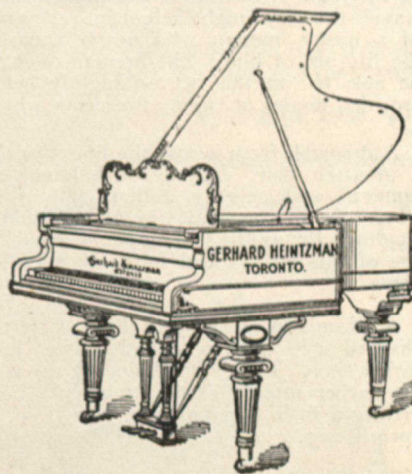
"Indiola"

LIGHTED BY
ELECTRICITY

SEATS FORTY PEOPLE

I build Launches, Skiffs and Canoes and have at all times, for sale or hire, any sort of craft desired.

I. N. DEVINS 57 FULLER STREET
TORONTO



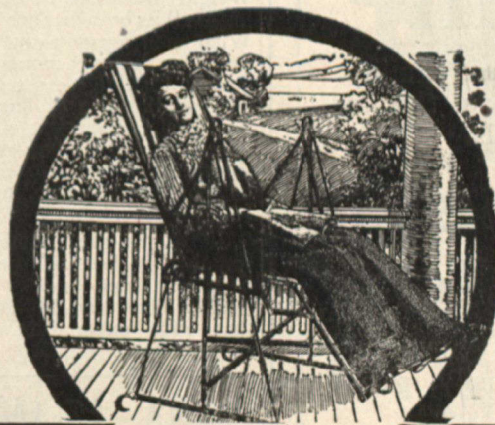
ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

hold the place of honor as Canada's most artistic piano.

Factory: Sherbourne Street } TORONTO
Salesroom: 97 Yonge Street }

HAMILTON SALESROOMS: Corner King and Catherine Streets.



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COMFORT CHAIRS in Swing and Morris Style. The Ideal Chair for Lawn or Verandah.

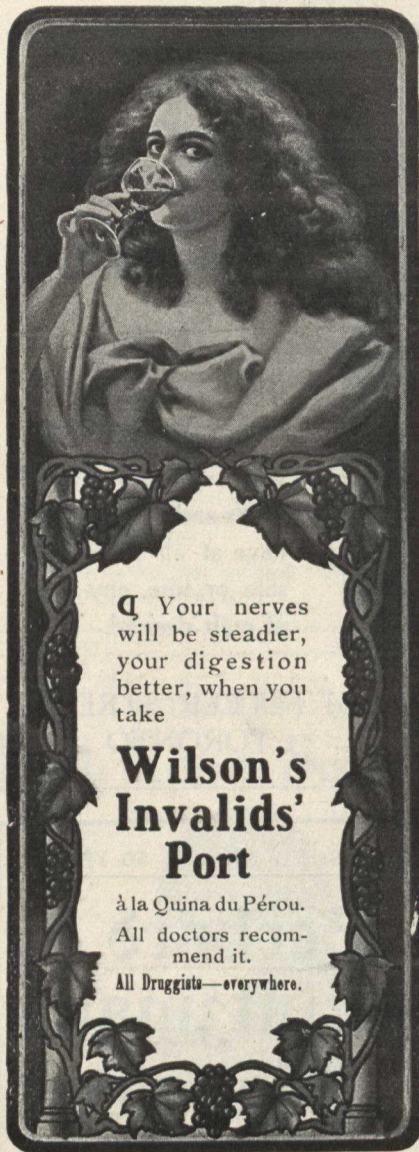
LAWN SEATS in Wood and Iron, stained, painted and varnished.

METALLIC LAWN VASES, large range of sizes.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

TORONTO

In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.



Your nerves will be steadier, your digestion better, when you take

Wilson's Invalids' Port

à la Quina du Pérou.
All doctors recommend it.
All Druggists—everywhere.

little commiseration was indulged in over the prospect of their hard and lonely lot. But think of the other side of it. Able to come home as late as they like at night without having to remove their boots, able to smoke in the front room without injuring the curtains, and able to eat pie (if they can get it) with a knife, as often as they wish. Are not these compensations?

The St. John "Sun" of recent date says that a Mr. Odell from Hammond River, King's county, who attempted to learn pool at a King square hotel one evening, left for home the next day with the \$60 safe in his wallet. Now what do you think of that? We have our opinion of the proficiency of his teachers.

Nowadays, says a current writer, we have to explain to a man how to do his work, then we have to pay him for doing it wrong, and finally we have to do it ourselves. Not exactly. Why not toss him for it with a penny with heads on both sides and offer to pay double or nothing?

And now thirty-three of the Doukhobors have set up to tramp the 1,500 miles from Winnipeg to Montreal. They expect to reach there through faith in God and what berries they can pick up on the way. A barrel of Putnam's may come in mighty handy also before they reach their destination.

At last a hugger has got his reward. He has been carrying on operations in a suburb of St. John, N.B., and in the course of his travels the other night he got into the grasp of a husky fireman who nearly squashed the life out of him. The fireman ought to be able to put this act on nightly before crowded houses at twenty-five cents a head.

A despatch from across the line says that a monster dam, capable of holding one hundred and seventy billion gallons of water, is to be built in the Catskills. Couldn't the golfers arrange to have the use of this after a bad fozzle in a critical game?

A Hamilton man has been arrested, charged with uttering a bad quarter in a barber shop. The despatch doesn't say what the barber uttered first. Probably "Hair's getting a little thin on top, sir." If so, he got off easy.

The "Comber Herald" says: "We met a know-all the other day. In outward appearance he is not above other men. Weighty questions of agriculture and farming in all its branches are settled in a moment. What men argue about and talk about in institutes and pay money to learn seems all bosh to him. He can tell them in two minutes all there is to know about anything. And yet his services are wasting on the desert air. Have you met him?" Yes, he sometimes drops into the office to tell us how to run the magazine.

Clerks in the London Post-office are complaining because their lunch hour has been cut from seventy minutes to sixty. Well, it does seem unreasonable, to be sure, that with extra "chewing" to do, they should have less time to do it in.

Gilbey's "LONDON DRY" Gin

is of highest quality. Distilled from the finest materials.

Gilbey's "Spey Royal"

A genuine pure malt Scotch Whisky, guaranteed.

Ten Years Old

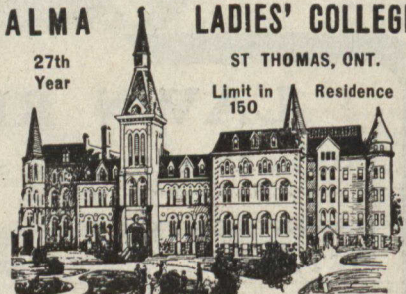
For sale throughout Canada in all the best bars and on Railway trains. **ASK FOR IT.**

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27th Year ST THOMAS, ONT.
Limit in 150 Residence



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PRINCIPAL WARNER, D. D.

INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP

"BEST FOR LITTLE FOLKS" "BEST FOR BIG FOLKS"



BORATED—PURE

10c

SOLD EVERYWHERE

COSGRAVE'S BRANDS

No matter whether it was

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

Half and Half

or


Porter

that you have been trying, you found each of them up to the mark, didn't you?

That's because they are brewed right, matured properly, and wholesome.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

Pints and Quarts at Dealers



EDUCATIONAL

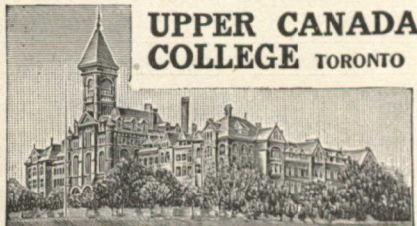
St. Andrew's College — Toronto



A Residential and Day School for Boys.

Handsome new buildings. Modern equipment. Lower and Upper Schools. Boys prepared for the Universities and Royal Military College. Calendar on application. Autumn Term commences September 11th, 1907.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Principal.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO

Autumn Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 11th. Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 14th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

The Regular Staff comprises 15 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. Fifty acres of ground, 4 Rinks, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, etc.

Entrance Scholarships for both resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.

Successes last Year: 2 University Scholarships; 10 first-class honors; 45 passes; 6 passes into the Royal Military College.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A. (Cambridge), Principal.



We are doing a

GREAT WORK

in training about 1500 young men and women each year for the activities of Business Life. We help them to succeed. May we not aid

you? Write for catalog to

CENTRAL Business College

Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

RIDLEY COLLEGE

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Residential School for Boys

Lower school for boys under fourteen entirely separate.

Upper school prepares boys for the Universities, R.M.C., and Business.

New building; 85 acres of ground.

Re-opens Tuesday, Sept. 10th, 1907.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., PRINCIPAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Residential School for Boys

Founded 1865

Boys are prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and business pursuits. Special attention given to the younger boys.

In each of the last three years this school has obtained first place in the Entrance examinations for the Royal Military College.

Next Term Begins September 12th.

For Calendar and all particulars apply to the Headmaster—

Rev. Oswald Rigby, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D.

For the Children

THE NONSENSICAL NOTIONS OF NAN.

Oh, but hear the nonsensical notions of Nan,
For I'll tell you about them as well as I can;
Very truthful is youthful Miss Nanny, I've heard,
Yet you'll find that her fancies are fairly absurd.

She's sure that the yardsticks buy shoes for their feet,
That the limbs of the trees must be agile and fleet;
For the clock to claim gloves for its hands must be right,
And the soft lady-fingers with rings must be bright.

The canals must have brushes and combs for their locks,
The necks of the land are encircled with stocks;
There are certainly sleeves for the arms of the sea,
And a veil for the face of the deep there there must be.

The legs of the table can merrily dance,
The lip of a bowl can curl proudly, perchance,
The lid of a kettle can waver and wink,
And the throat of a bottle can easily drink.

In the eye of the wind there are tears to be seen,
And a stovepipe, with grace, on its elbow may lean.

The teeth of a harrow can bite, it is clear,
And the ears of the corn can quite readily hear.

The tongues of the wagons must warily wag,
And the spirits of flagons quite frequently flag;

But now, I suppose, it might be a good plan
To drop the nonsensical notions of Nan.

—Martha Burr Banks.

* *



Fish: "What queer things we see when we're not hungry!"—N. Y. Life.

* *

WHEN DAD KEEPS HOUSE.

By E. T. B.

When Mamma has to go away,
And Dad keeps house,
The little children romp all day,
No lessons interfere with play,
And things begin to come their way,
When Dad keeps house.

We have the nicest things to eat,
When Dad keeps house;
He buys us cake and cookies sweet,
And every day a special treat;
And doesn't try to keep us neat
When he keeps house.

We needn't stop to put things right,
When Dad keeps house.
The nursery is a perfect sight,
Our Daddy doesn't care a mite—
But oh! how lonely 'tis at night,
When Dad keeps house!

—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

Mothers, Listen!

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

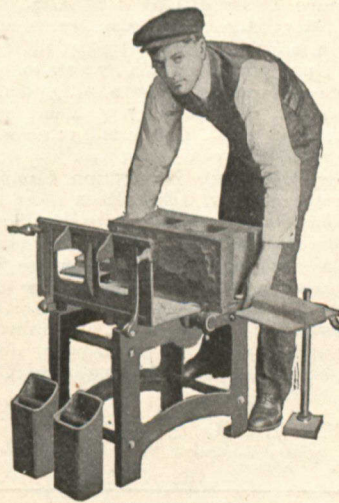


Cot shipped to you at our expense on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory in every particular return to us.

Write a postcard for Booklet B, containing testimonial letter from satisfied parents.

THE GEO. B. MEADOWS
Toronto Wire, Iron & Brass Works
67 Wellington Place - TORONTO

A Business That Assures A Fortune



Patent Applied For.

There is no business more profitable, pleasant and certainly successful than the manufacture of

CONCRETE BUILDING BLOCKS

made on our new face down machine which enables the operator to put a colored or a stronger mixture in the mould first, on the face, to keep out dampness.

The remainder of the block can be made of coarser material.

We also have other style block machines and one is a combination making both triple-wall and two-wall blocks, and also a brick machine.

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P. DIERLAMM

Dept D **STRATFORD, ONT.**

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W.M. MACKAY,
Gen. Manager.J. H. LABELLE,
Asst. Manager.The
Largest
and
StrongestFire
Insurance
Company in
the World.**Maguire & Connon**
GENERAL AGENTSOffice: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO,
Telephones (Main 8000.
Residence, North 8571 and M. 978.

The Bay of Quinte Railway Company

Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Napanee and Kingston.
Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Tweed.

Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.

Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.

Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

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

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

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N. Y.

E. WALTER RATHBUN,
President and General
Manager.J. P. CHAPMAN,
General Freight and
Passenger Agent.

THE HAMILTON STEEL & IRON COMPANY, LIMITED

Forgings

of Every Description.
...Estimates Furnished...

Pig Iron, Iron and
Steel Bars, Rail-
road Spikes, Axles,
Washers, Etc.

HAMILTON - CANADA

Literary Notes

At the time of Ian MacLaren's death, a Canadian journalist stated that the author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" has not interpreted the Celtic genius so faithfully as Neil Munro has done in such books as "The Lost Pibroch" and "Children of Tempest." We are reminded of this criticism as we read Mr. Munro's latest production, "The Daft Days," one of the maddest, merriest books which could beguile the summer hours. From the moment when the town's bell "rings through the dark of the winter morning with queer little jolts and pauses," announcing the New Year, to the quiet hour when the evening bell closes the story of Bell and Bud and Ailie, the blithesome chronicle gives nothing but keen pleasure to the fortunate reader. "The Daft Days" is one of those precious books of nonsense that yet have the wisdom of life's "first wild, careless rapture." Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.

* *

The "Pall Mall Magazine" for August is unusually attractive, which is saying much for that sprightly publication. Now that postal regulations regarding British magazines are more fair, it is to be hoped that many Canadians will drop certain cheap United States monthlies in favour of a magazine of the "Pall Mall" class. The first number, "Song of the Canadian Canoe," is a rather musical poem, but most of us will object to the atrocious term, "Canader." The illustration accompanying it is hardly in keeping with our canoe conventionalities. A lonely maiden in a garden-party costume is hardly the proper occupant for a Peterborough craft. "A Holiday in Brittany" is the most picturesque feature of this issue. Fiction forms a large part of the contents, and the latest instalment of Mr. H. C. Bailey's Napoleonic stories is highly dramatic. "Scotty" is Mr. Lawrence Mott's contribution to his series of yarns on the North-West Mounted Police. Mr. Mott gets a good story and then fails to tell it. He is not to the raconteur manner born, and deals with the Canadian West in a colourless fashion, which is somewhat irritating to those who know its possibilities as "good stuff." Mr. W. A. Fraser is respectfully asked to write more R. N.-W. M. P. yarns. He really knows the men and the country, while Mr. Mott is an alien who is "working" a literary claim in mechanical style.

* *

Canada is rather slow in recognising the surpassing qualities of the novels "John Vance" and "Alice-for-Short" which have been welcomed by New York critics as the work of a writer indeed. The London "Bookman" quotes the author, Mr. William De Morgan, as saying that it is unlikely that there has ever been such a case before as that of a man "arriving" with his first effort at fiction at the age of sixty-seven. The penny press hails Mr. De Morgan as the "man of the hour," but not even this cheap adulation is likely to hurt the object of its praise. "Joseph Vance," which was published last year, found its way into many hearts, and the second story, "Alice-for-Short," seems more a friend than a fiction achievement.

* *

Mr. Robert Service's book of poems, "Songs of a Sourdough," has won wide recognition for the young author, who is being urged to write some Yukon stories, with such scenes as his verse depicts. The occupation of bank clerk is supposed to be decidedly monotonous, but White Horse, Y.T., is a place where even banking may take on local colour and variety. However poetry may be appreciated by the few, the commercial values of to-day generally force the writer into ultimate use of the short story as a vehicle of expression.

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

TORONTO HOTELS

The Arlington
King and John Streets
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American Plan.

King Edward Hotel
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Palmer House
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

Rossin House
European \$1.00 up.
American \$2.00 up.
Accommodation for 500 Guests. Fireproof.

ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel (C.P.Ry.)
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Royal
HAMILTON
Largest, Best and Most Central.
\$2.50 per day and up. American Plan.

MONTREAL HOTELS

Corona Hotel
453-465 Guy Street. 125 Rooms
\$1.00 up. European.

The Place Viger (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C.P.Ry.)
WINNIPEG, MAN.
European, \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House, (C.P.Ry.)
GLACIER, B. C.
American plan - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Vancouver (C.P.Ry.)
VANCOUVER, B. C.
American plan - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.

37 YEARS' RECORD

As "results speak louder than words," so also a Company that can point to a "successful record of 37 years" is sure to receive the patronage of the Canadian public, which is quick to discern sound and progressive management in the interests of policyholders.

The Mutual Life
ASSURANCE
OF CANADA.

has just such a record for successful management from the establishment of the Company in 1870 up to the present day, as the following summary will show:

Total Payments for Death Claims,
Matured Endowments, Sur-
rendered Policies, etc. \$ 7,476,529 26
Add Present Assets Dec. 31 '06 10,385,539 84

Amount paid to Policyholders
and held for them. \$17,862,069 10
Total Premiums received. 17,338,715 05

Excess of Assets and Payments to
Policyholders over premium re-
ceipts \$ 523,354 05

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.



Trans-Canada Limited

New cross-continent flyer

3½ Days to Vancouver

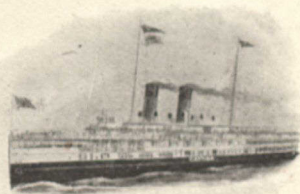
fastest time across the continent made by any railroad.

Leaves Toronto at 1.45 p.m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during July and August.

Palace Sleepers Only.

Tickets, berth reservations and full particulars at C.P.R. City Ticket Office, corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 6580.

Niagara Navigation Co. (Limited)



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TORONTO — NIAGARA FALLS — BUFFALO

6 trips daily (except Sunday). Write for Illustrated Booklet.

B. W. FOLGER, Manager, TORONTO, CANADA

West Shore Railroad

EXCURSIONS TO

New York

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27th.

ROUND TRIP FARES

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|---------|
| Toronto via Lewiston | - - | \$11.35 |
| Toronto " C. P. R. or G. T. R. | - | 13.35 |
| Hamilton " T. H. & B. or G. T. R. | | 11.35 |
| Buffalo or Niagara Falls | - - | 9.00 |

TICKETS good going on regular trains and on SPECIAL TRAIN leaving Buffalo at 10.30 p.m. will be

GOOD 15 DAYS

RETURNING INCLUDING DATE OF SALE.

TICKETS will also be available for passage, without additional charge, between Albany and New York on the

HUDSON RIVER STEAMERS.

For full particulars call on or address—
L. DRAGO, 80 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

CANADIAN NORTHERN AND QUEBEC & LAKE ST. JOHN RYS

The NEW and SHORT ROUTE to the FAR-FAMED ST. MAURICE and SAGUENAY RIVERS and to the delightful SUMMER RESORTS and FISHING GROUNDS North of Quebec.



**Lake
St.
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Hotel**

A new and delightful Summer Resort, overlooking one of the most beautiful lakes in Canada. Only 50 minutes' ride from Quebec or seven hours from Montreal by the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway.

Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John

Most Northerly Summer Resort in Eastern America. Passengers leaving Toronto at 10.00 p.m. may reach Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, at 6.55 p.m. following day by this route.

A beautifully illustrated guide book free on application to:

ALEX. HARDY,
G. P. A., Q & L. St. J. Ry.
QUEBEC

GUY TOMBS,
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MONTREAL



"Highlands of Ontario"

The ideal Summer Resort region of America, including the following fascinating districts:

MUSKOKA LAKES

LAKES SIMCOE AND COUCHICHING
LAKE OF BAYS

MAGANETAWAN RIVER
TEMAGAMI

LAKE NIPISSING AND FRENCH RIVER

30,000 ISLANDS GEORGIAN BAY

ALGONQUIN PARK

KAWARTHA LAKES, Etc.

40,000 SQUARE MILES of
lake, river and island scenery.

1,000 to 2,000 feet above sea level. Fishing—Shooting—Canoeing—Camping. PERFECT IMMUNITY FROM HAY FEVER. Splendid train service to all districts via GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Booklets descriptive of any of the above districts free on application to J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ontario.

W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
MONTREAL

THE SUMMER ROUTE TO THE CANADIAN WEST



is by
THE GREAT LAKES
and the

“Superior Express”

One of the finest trains on the continent.

UNSURPASSED EQUIPMENT UNEQUALLED DINING CAR SERVICE

“A Fresh Water Sea Voyage”

Free Berth and Meals.

A great advantage—no overcrowding allowed. Room for all and the best of everything.

NORTHERN NAVIGATION COMPANY

VIA GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AND SARNIA

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|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Sarnia, dep. | 3.30 p.m. Mon., | 3.30 p.m. Wed., | 3.30 p.m. Fri. |
| Port Arthur, arr. | 3.00 p.m. Wed., | 3.00 p.m. Fri., | 6.00 a.m. Sun. |
| “ “ dep. | 9.20 p.m. “ | 9.20 p.m. “ | 9.20 p.m. “ |
| Winnipeg, arr. | 3.00 p.m. Thurs. | 3.00 p.m. Sat., | 3.00 p.m. Mon. |

CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMER

VIA OWEN SOUND

| | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Owen Sound, dep. | 5.50 p.m. Tues., | 5.50 p.m. Thurs., | 5.50 p.m. Sat. |
| Port Arthur, arr. | 11.00 a.m. Thurs., | 11.00 a.m. Sat., | 11.00 a.m. Mon. |
| “ “ dep. | 9.20 p.m. “ | 9.20 p.m. “ | 9.20 p.m. “ |
| Winnipeg, arr. | 3.00 p.m. Fri., | 3.00 p.m. Sun., | 3.00 p.m. Tues. |

Connecting at Winnipeg with

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