

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Provinces

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by  
W. A. Fraser

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Sizes 2½ to 7  
Widths  
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**3.00**

H2-637 — "EATONIA" LIGHT CHOICE VICI KID, Blucher style, new Cuban heel, bright patent leather toe-caps, coin toe, genuine turn sole made from one piece of good thick Canadian tanned sole leather; it is very flexible and does not squeak. Extra fine finished and extremely stylish, making it a boot suitable for fine dress occasions. Widths C, D, and E. Sizes 2 1-2 to 7.....**\$3.00**

H2-637B—We also have this boot in Button style at same price.

### "EATONIA" PATENT LEATHER



H2-635  
Sizes 2½ to 7  
Widths  
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**3.00**

H2-635—"EATONIA" BRIGHT PATENT LEATHER with dull calf uppers, new blucher style, up-to-date high leather Cuban heel and Cuban arch, medium weight sole, Goodyear welt sewn; this is a short description of this boot. The name is a guarantee that you are getting a new boot made on the very latest style of lasts, with new improved machinery, operated by experienced workmen who finish every part perfectly, having good material to work with. Three different widths C, D and E. Sizes 2 1-2 to 7.**\$3.00**

### "EATONIA" JET BLACK KID



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Widths  
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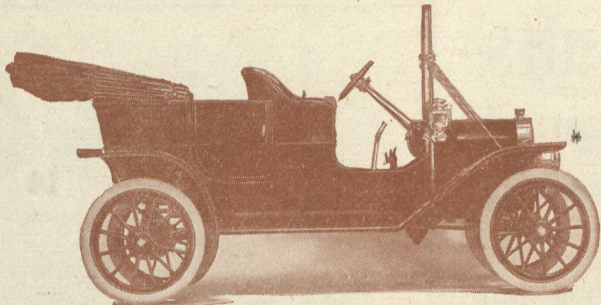
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H2-640 — "EATONIA" JET BLACK KID. Popular dull calf uppers, new Blucher cut, bright patent leather toe-caps, new "Eatonia" heel and toe, Goodyear welt sewn soles of the best Canadian leather, tanned especially to resist the cement walks that are so hard on the soles and heels. All the seams are double stitched. Every new feature is in this boot to make it an unusual boot value. Three widths—C, D, E. State which you require. Sizes 2 1-2 to 7.....**\$3.00**

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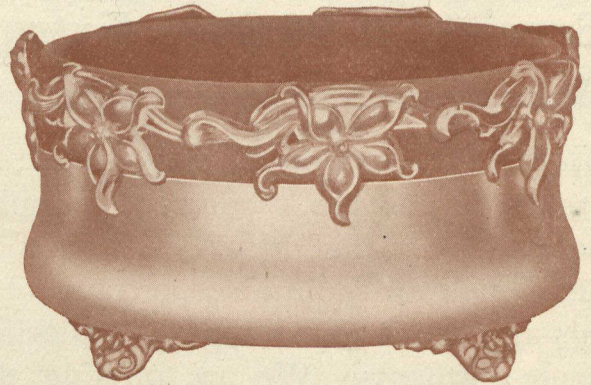
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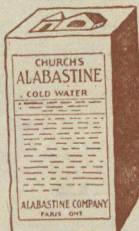
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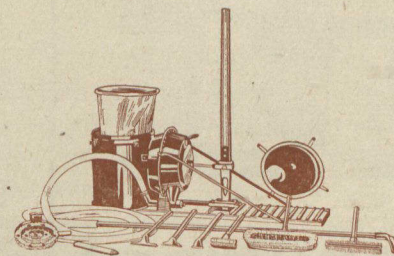
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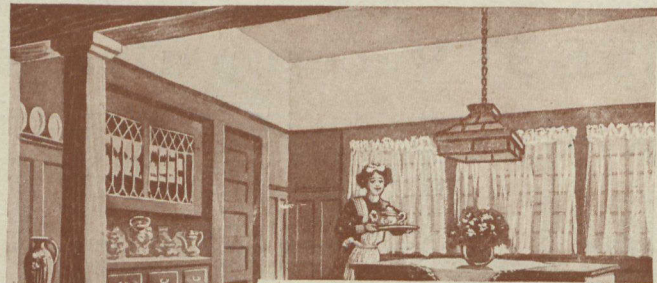
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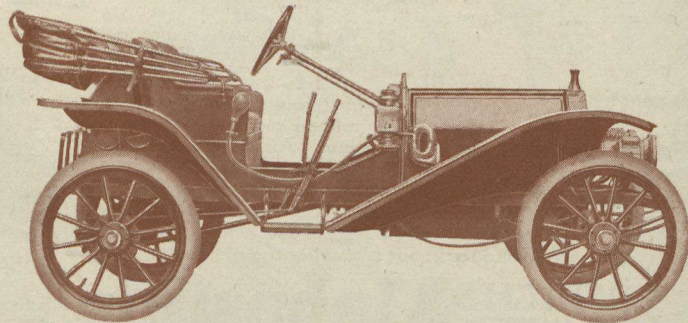
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Weekly Services**

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**30 Steamships 30**  
Including Palatial Turbine Steamers  
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Submarine Signalling System.

**Fast twin screw steamers**  
"Grampian" and "Hesperian," the  
largest and fastest steamers sailing be-  
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**Direct Continental Service**  
Steamers of the London service call at  
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-  
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Noon, on FRIDAY, the 6th MAY 1910, for the  
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Contract for four years 37 times per week each  
way, between Bracebridge and Grand Trunk  
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Printed notices containing further informa-  
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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch,  
Ottawa 17th March 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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## Editor's Talk



Mr. Arthur Heming.

strengthen our staff, we have completed arrangements with Mr. Arthur Heming, the best known of all Canadian illustrators, to return to Canada and become our art editor. Here is Mr. Heming's letter of acceptance:

"Old Lyme, Conn., 18th March, 1910.

"Gentlemen:—

"In reply to your letter of the 11th inst., I beg to say that I accept the position of special artist-correspondent to Canadian Courier and agree to contribute to each issue a page drawing illustrative of Canadian life, as well as to take charge of the art department of your weekly. I also agree not to work for any other Canadian periodical during the term of contract.

"Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR HEMING."

An article on Mr. Heming's work as an illustrator will appear in next week's issue. This has been written by Mr. Arthur Stringer, another writer of whom Canada has reason to be proud.

OUR second announcement is that of an arrangement with Professor Charles G. D. Roberts whereby we shall publish immediately twelve new animal stories from his pen. This will be one of the finest features we have ever secured for our readers. Professor Roberts is the original animal-story man and the basis of his tales was laid in his out-door life in the New Brunswick forests. The first story entitled "Antlers of the Caribou" will appear next week.

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His Majesty The King of Denmark.  
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His Majesty The King of Spain.



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WHISKY  
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee  
of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE**  
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Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS OF EUROPE, 1909



CANADIAN HOCKEY TEAM AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

- |   |                                      |                                   |                             |
|---|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| A. Yates<br>British Columbia            | J. G. Higgins<br>Newfoundland        | J. Daly<br>Prince Edward Island   | R. M. Rive<br>New Brunswick |
| G. Lanctot<br>Quebec                    | E. A. Munro (Captain)<br>Nova Scotia | H. R. L. Henry<br>Manitoba        |                             |
| R. A. D. Gillis<br>Prince Edward Island |                                      | R. Leitch<br>Prince Edward Island |                             |

Photograph by Hill & Saunders, Oxford

A CANADIAN hockey team at Oxford University has been teaching Europe the game of the puck. The husky young exponents of the national winter game depicted in the above photograph were not content with having their own way in England. They went on a tour of Europe and cleaned up the principalities and powers—which may have been an easier task than mopping the ice with as many representative Canadian teams; but the score of the young Napoleons stands as follows: Switzerland, 8-1; Germany, 4-0 — oh, the poor Kaiser!; Belgium, 6-0; St. Moritz, 2-2; Leipzig, 3-2. Besides in London they did up Princes I at 5-2 and Princes II at 12-1. They won eleven cups.

\* \* \*

The Art of Sprinting

By F. H. HURLEY

IN a former article, I explained the *modus operandi* of acquiring that health and strength, that must be the would-be athlete's stock-in-trade, at the time he commences training for any special event.

Assuming then that he has this, and wishes to try his hand at sprinting—as short distance running is called—it will be necessary for him to devote at least a week, or ten days, to slow work on the track, jogging say a quarter of a mile or thereabouts, daily, at a pace a little above a walk, in order to strengthen and prepare the muscles and tendons, as well as the vital organs, for the more trying work that is to follow. At the expiration of this time, fast work may be begun, as it is upon that, of course, that improvement will depend. But let me here add a caution. Be sure always before any practice, to "warm up" thoroughly. This can be done by jogging 200 or 300 yards, and then taking a couple of "limbers" of 40 or 50 yards, at three-quarters speed.

Another matter I would like to emphasize at the outset is this: Don't be deluded into the belief that the more exercise you take the greater

will be your improvement. Never was there a bigger mistake. The fact is that the sprinter requires very little work.

After the preliminary "canter," the runner should get into the starting position—the one now almost universally adopted being what is known as the "all fours"—and placing his finger tips on the scratch line and his forward foot a comfortable distance back, usually from four to six inches—this being best regulated by the length of the leg—and the rear foot so that the knee will rest in the hollow of the front one, and leaning as far forward as possible, with the weight of the body entirely on the arms and front foot, the rear one being used to give the "send-off."

When the starter gives the word, "Get on your marks!" drop your knee (of the rear leg, of course) on the track, and when he says "Get set!" raise it again, and then think of nothing else but the report, and when you hear that, push off with both legs—the rear one especially—with all the force at your command, and run as though your life depended on it—run as though mad, in fact—and think of only one thing, and that is getting over the ground as fast as possible; concentrate your every thought and energy to this end. Sprinting is said to be an "intense" effort, and so it is. The only way to be successful is to make it so. Don't go over 10 or 15 yards at each start, and be careful to stop up very gradually. You may repeat this half a dozen times, and then, after a few minutes' rest, run 30 or 40 yards, once or twice, and if still feeling fresh, run through 150 or 220 yards, at about a quarter-mile clip, to give you endurance or finishing power.

Don't indulge in long walks, or anything that is calculated to stiffen or bind the muscles. Do no running the day before a race, and take plenty of good nourishing food, and abundance of sleep. Try to get big and strong—"build up," in a word—as sprinting is a muscular effort, respiratory power being only a secondary consideration.



Have You The "Gillette" Face?

—the cleanly shaven face—the fresh, smooth skin glowing with health and unmarred by cuts or gashes?

That is the "GILLETTE" face—the face of the man who values personal cleanliness—the prosperous business and professional man.

You see the "GILLETTE" face at the clubs, in the banks, in the directors' rooms, wherever really "big" men meet.

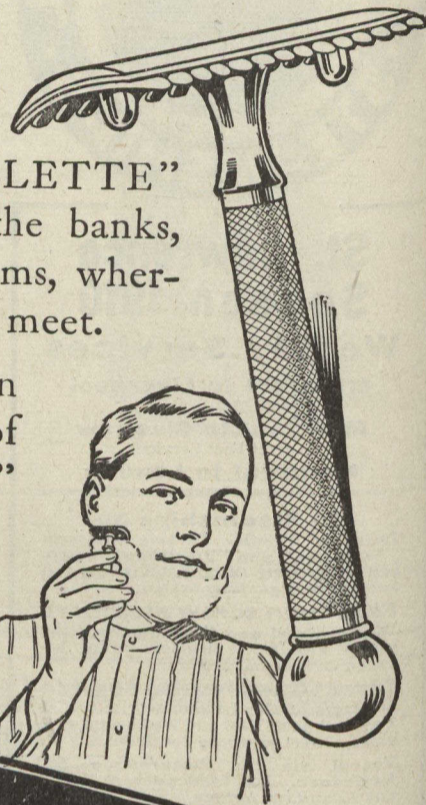
When you see a "clean shaven" man, think of the "GILLETTE" Safety Razor.

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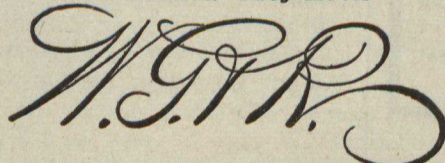


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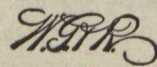
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, March 26th, 1910

No. 17



### REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

HON. FRANK OLIVER made a good point when he stated in a recent address to the Toronto Canadian Club that a united national sentiment depended upon a comprehensive knowledge of the country. The true Canadian is he who knows the whole of Canada. An Ontario man who knows nothing of the Maritime Provinces, their resources, their possibilities, their ambitions, cannot be a good Canadian in the broadest sense of the term. So the Western Canadian who knows nothing of the East or who forgets its possibilities, its achievements and its ambitions is not a fully developed citizen. As Hon. Mr. Oliver emphasised there must be a common aspiration and a common purpose, if nationality is to be achieved.

The national education must come from national reading-matter and national literature. In the past, Canadians have known more about the events of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, than about the men and movements in the provinces which are sister to the one in which he resides. His books, his periodicals and, to some extent, his newspapers came from the United States. Even in the public schools, the teachers taught more United States geography than Canadian. When the writer graduated from an Ontario public school and an Ontario high school, he knew more of the United States, its products, its railways, its rivers, and its cities than he did of Canada. The teachers are doing better now, but there is still room for improvement.

In regard to magazines and other periodicals, the public continue to buy those published in New York and Philadelphia. They claim that they are better value, and the claim is valid, speaking broadly. The claim is not valid, speaking nationally. The *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Literary Digest*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *Ladies' Home Companion* and a hundred others are excellent reading matter and well worth the money they cost. But they are not Canadian. They will not teach a man more about his own country. Even the *Canadian Collier's*, which contains several pages of excellent Canadian matter edited by a clever Canadian, is printed in New York and breathes United States nationality rather than Canadian. The purely Canadian periodicals and newspapers may give less white paper and less printed surface, but surely these are not the only features to be considered.

Again, Canadian books are often less artistic in appearance and less valuable in some ways, than the United States books. The man who says that literature is universal and that he buys his books wherever he gets what suits him regardless of their nationality, may be a wise man but he is not helping to create a Canadian national sentiment. Surely if he is willing to offer his own life or to give a son in the defence of his country in time of war, is it too much to expect that he shall sacrifice a few hours in the same cause in time of peace? If he thinks Canada is worth dying for, surely it is worth living for! To live for it, he must study it and know it.

IF there be any man in this country who is not in favour of Compulsory Arbitration, let him look on Philadelphia and learn. Wealth destroyed, lives lost, businesses suspended, municipal comforts abrogated, all because a few hot-heads refuse to sit down and come to a decision with regard to their differences of opinion. Both sides must have been wrong. If either side alone had been wrong, the conflict would have been ended long ago.

The decision which was rendered on Monday morning confirms the theoretical inference which most people outside of Philadelphia were forced to draw. The managers of the Street Railway Company were practically forced to accept the terms of the men. That they were willing to accept them at this late date shows that they were unwise in their refusal to arbitrate the differences with their employees. On the other hand, the settlement fell sufficiently short of the men's demands to show that they had asked for more than they were entitled to. There is this to be said for the men as against

the employers, that apparently they were always willing to arbitrate. The strike is settled not by capitulation on the part of either employees or employer but because of outside

political pressure. In disputes of this kind it should not be necessary to bring in unofficial arbitrators. It is no credit to Philadelphia that its strike was settled by a political boss. All such conflicts should be settled by law and that law should provide a means whereby justice would be done to both sides. Compulsory arbitration under a national act is the only preventative of these widespread industrial disturbances which bring rioting, suspension of business, loss of trade and general suffering in their train. The events in Philadelphia should prove to Canada that the Lemieux Act, weak as it may be, is one of the best measures passed in recent years by the Dominion Parliament.

CANADA'S growth is increasing the problems of its larger cities. The old methods of supplying street transportation, pure water, municipal lighting, and proper sewage disposal have passed away. Modern science has introduced newer and highly technical systems. A modern city, such as Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg, can not be managed by a small body of small merchants. The problems are too great; the undertaking too vast. To govern such a city economically and scientifically requires a body of experts. Only as these larger Canadian cities recognise this situation and adopt plans to meet it can they continue to take advantage of their reasonable opportunities.

Montreal and Toronto are face to face with the necessity for underground railways. The day of the elevated has passed. No city is now willing to accept the elevated as a solution of its transportation problems. An elevated railway darkens the streets, blocks the traffic, creates unnecessary noise and abolishes privacy on the streets through which it runs. The underground is the thing.

While this is the situation in Toronto and Montreal and will soon be the situation in several other cities, the public know very little about underground railways, and yet they are called upon to decide questions which will affect large populations and even future generations. It will be small wonder, therefore, if these communities make great mistakes. When capitalists offer to build these underground railways, the people are not in a position to know whether the offers are worthy or not. The capitalists may be able to employ the most expert engineers and be in a position to give the city excellent service at a reasonable price. Nevertheless, the ignorance of the citizen tends to make him suspicious of such offers. In Montreal, the situation seems to be better than in Toronto. There the underground is likely to be built by the street railway corporation. If this is done Montreal will have a system somewhat similar to that in Boston where the street cars run underground in the central portion of the city and on the surface in the residential portions. In Toronto the eternal conflict between the city and the street railway management will probably preclude the city granting the present company a franchise for the underground service. Toronto will probably decide to construct an underground of its own and in this way will have a much less efficient service than Boston or Montreal at an undoubtedly greater cost.

SOME newspaper editors in the United States thought Canada was bluffing in the present tariff controversy. It was a reasonable assumption, from a United States point of view. In the first place, the great American Republic has been dealing for half a century with a number of nations smaller in population and financial resource, and quite unskilled in matters of diplomacy. Time and time again, these nations have been bluffed by the United States. Even Great Britain has been bluffed on the fishery question, the sealing situation and the Alaska Boundary Tribunal. Canada has been thoroughly bluffed on several occasions. When, therefore, matters came to a pass where the Canadian ministers refused to go to Washington to negotiate

and declined to show any excitement whatever over a possible rise in United States duties, it was a natural conclusion that Canada was bluffing.

Again, "bluff" is an American characteristic. The man in the United States who can succeed with the biggest bluff is the man of the hour. Bluffing is a religion with them. It is a large part of their daily life, and is usually considered more important than fair negotiations or sincerity of purpose. While it is neither vicious nor immoral, the bluff game is one to which the Britisher or the Canadian is distinctly opposed. His instincts are against it. Therefore, as President Taft has discovered, Canada has not been bluffing.

**T**O understand Canada's attitude, one must know the history of our relations with the United States. Ever since the abrogation of the Reciprocal Treaty in 1865, Canada has suffered from stern tariff treatment at the hands of the United States. Many attempts were made to modify that treatment. Many appeals were made to Washington. Several prominent statesmen, including Sir John Macdonald and Sir Richard Cartwright, made trips to the United States capital to plead for better terms. The last historic journey of this kind was made in 1897, and it is said that the treatment extended to the Canadian envoy was such that no self-respecting ministry could take another chance. It was therefore announced at Ottawa that never again should a Canadian minister of the Crown go to Washington to make an international request. That promise has been kept. It required a space of thirteen years of paddling our own canoe to make the promise known, to show that it was not a bluff but a sincere decision.

The other day, apparently, President Taft asked the Canadian Government to send a representative to Washington. Undoubtedly he intimated that he would like to meet Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The tariff experts from Washington had visited Ottawa, had been dined and feted and had returned empty-handed. It was "up to" President Taft to save an important situation. Unfortunately that historic promise to the people of Canada stood in the way and neither Sir Wilfrid nor any other minister could go to Washington. Of course, it was impossible for President Taft to come to Ottawa, because custom forbids his leaving the country. So matters were in a difficult condition.

However, a solution was found. President Taft and Hon. Mr. Fielding, our finance minister, met at Albany where President Taft was attending a dinner at which Earl Grey was a guest. A conference lasting several hours took place and, while a decision was not reached, the official announcement pointed towards peace. President Taft, whatever his decision may be, has shown himself to be a statesman of exceptional calibre. He has gone a long way towards repairing the mistakes of his predecessors and of official Washington in by-gone days. He has increased the good feeling in Canada towards the United States, and has lessened the animosities which would or will be created by the application of the maximum tariff to Canadian goods.

**S**OMETIMES men find it easier to be wrong than to be right. This was the case when the members of the Ontario Legislature were tempted to raise their present indemnity from \$1,000 to \$1,500. There were four or five who hated to do what they knew to be unjust but they hated also to be considered prudes. While unwilling to sign the "round robin" in favour of the extra \$500, they were unwilling to get up in the Legislature and denounce it. They were therefore neutral, and the man who is neutral on a well-defined issue is usually a coward.

Only one member, Mr. W. F. Nickle of Kingston had the courage to stand up and declare that an increase in indemnity should not be made between general elections, unless the announcement had been made previous to a general election. Mr. Nickle was right and because he was right, the Premier did not permit the increase to go through. Mr. Nickle was right and because of that he is decidedly unpopular. The small-minded members who were anxious to walk off with that extra \$500 regard him with anything but a friendly feeling. In the end, however, he will win. He will be remembered when the others are forgotten and because he was faithful in one thing he will be made ruler of many things.

Of course, the whole trouble arose from the precedents. Other legislatures in Ontario and elsewhere had done similar deeds of

plunder; the Dominion Parliament had done it. It was only reasonable, therefore, that the present Ontario Legislature should do it. But then bad precedents do not make righteous deeds.

#### THE ANTI-GAMBLING RACE BILL

**T**HE parliamentary committee who have been taking evidence re horse racing in Canada, its value as an improver of horseflesh and its corresponding detrimental effect on the morals of man, has elicited a large amount of information concerning the sport. It has also shown that horse-racing in parts of Canada is in the hands of reliable men who do not hesitate to tell the truth in the witness box. But it is noticeable that the information obtained has been almost entirely concerning racing in Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal where the sport is in the hands of Canadians. How much, or rather how little has been learned of the tracks opposite Buffalo and Detroit, which are in the hands of Americans who are interested in neither the improvement of the Canadian horse nor the standard of Canadian morals!

And it might also be noted that while prominent citizens were convinced that racing helps the horse and the impression was given that in Canada the objects were purely sport and horse-breeding, no club hesitated to participate in the "rake-off" from the books. It is the "rake-off" taken from a game of cards that infringes the Canadian law and makes that game a gamble. Why should not the same rule obtain in horse-racing? And all the more so that the figures quoted in evidence show that the said "rake-off" and the profits of the club amount to practically the same amounts. It should be *infra dig* for a big sporting body composed of influential citizens to take a big share of the profits of betting and then not to turn any part of those profits to the benefit of the noblest animal of them all.

And if this objection is made to racing at its best, why was there not some means of securing information concerning those American-controlled tracks that in racing parlance are known as the "merry-go-rounds"? These tracks are operating in Canada under Canadian charters. They are making money in Canada out of Canadians and surely a government committee should have some means of discovering how they are doing it? The officials of those tracks, who are so conveniently out of Canada when required to give evidence, should be required to remain out of Canada when they desire to return to conduct the business they are too busy at other times to explain.

If racing in Canada is to continue it must be open and above-board even as the officials of the best jockey clubs would make it. Enough has been told the public to make them suspicious and to make many members of parliament anxious concerning the "Church vote." This bill may be thrown out but that will not kill the movement against racing. It will come again stronger than before and gathering strength largely from the fact that racing on certain tracks is controlled by men who do not seem to think themselves responsible to the Government of Canada.

J. K. M.

#### AN EASTER MESSAGE.

By L. C. GILMOUR.

**M**Y King He comes by the path of the dawn,  
From the land where the dead folk be,  
And methinks His eyes hold the yearning thoughts,  
That my lost ones have sent to me.

There are Easter lilies all wet with dew,  
So reverend, and tall, and sweet;  
And hyacinths—purple, and cream, and white—  
Wait the coming of royal feet.

But I hie me where beds of daffodils  
Are all golden and fair to see,  
For methinks that the King will come this way  
With the message He bringeth me.

The chill of the night on the garden rests  
Where He sleeps who was crown'd with thorn,  
And all nature waits 'mid the shadows dim  
For the birth of the Easter morn.

With the rose and gold of the rising sun  
This wonderful vision I see—  
My King, by the way of the daffodils,  
Brings an Easter message to me.



# MEN OF TO-DAY

## ANGLO-SAXONISM AT ALBANY

THE Anglo-Saxon confederacy idea seems just now to be getting a large boost—at Albany, N.Y. President Taft, Earl Grey and Hon. Mr. Fielding seem to be the chief figures in expounding the dominant idea, which arose not from the flag but from the tariff. Two of the most eloquent speeches in favour of Anglo-Saxonism were delivered at the luncheon of the University Club at Albany on Saturday, March 19th. Earl Grey, who has said a great many wise and statesmanlike things in Canada since he became Governor-General, went himself decidedly one better in Albany. He said, for instance, quoting from the "Stein Song"—felicitous augury!—

"It's always fair weather when good fellows get together"; adding in true diplomatic fashion: "So long as the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack get together, then it is always fair weather."

President Taft replied. He is less of an orator than bluff Earl Grey, trained in the English school; and he spoke with patches of American vernacular; but he got as near saying the thing he wanted to say as he could and still be President Taft theoretically possessed of the "big stick" in this tariff controversy which has been threatening to erect "Haman's gallows" in the shape of boosted tariffs along the Canadian-United States frontier. He said: "With three thousand miles of border between us we must study to avoid conflict, trade or otherwise; and we must be as close friends as possible for the mutual benefit of both."

## THE FINANCE MINISTER'S ROLE

NO doubt the applause at this point was quite as loud as when Earl Grey pulled out the full organ stops in his Anglo-Saxon-Imperial speech. No doubt Hon. Mr. Fielding led in the applause. The Canadian Minister of Finance was the silent one of the trio. He let the other two sing the international solos; because it is some days now since Messrs. Emory and Pepper, tariff experts from Washington, began to buttonhole Mr. Fielding and Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Ottawa for the purpose of settling the tariff tangle; and Mr. Fielding had more up his sleeve than either of the others spoke—as, for instance, the automatic surtax and other technicalities of which he is the abstruse master in tactics and in public speech.

"Oh, it was not so in the olden days!"—quoting from another convivial song (apologies to Earl Grey and the "Stein Song")—for it is not many years since all the tariff delegations went from Ottawa to Washington and they came back with just what Uncle Sam had a desire to hand out to them: whence higher Canadian tariffs on United States goods and United States factories in Canada. Ottawa has begun to be a second centre of international influence on the American continent and it was well designated that way when Ambassador Rt. Hon. James Bryce went to Ottawa before he officially visited Washington.

## AN ARCH-BOOSTER FOR CANADA

THE economic side of this memorable controversy has been expounded in news articles and in editorials. The personal side came into full spot light at Albany last week. Earl Grey has accepted a challenge from President Taft to play golf next summer. Odds on the Governor-General! He will play for the whole of Canada; just as the other night he spoke on behalf of Canada and the Empire and the United States.

We have never had a more outspoken Governor-General than Earl Grey. He is an arch-booster for Canada. Once he went so far as to say that he believed the time was coming when the economic centre of the Empire would be somewhere in Canada; that was in private conversation with an eminent Canadian financier. He is not

going back on that. At Albany he drew the full bow and double-stopped in three-part harmony on the big international fiddle. Canadians like to hear a Governor talk that way. This is an age of international talk. The United States impersonated in President Taft liked to hear him talk that way. It was the speech of an Imperial Englishman.

\* \* \*

## GOOD-HUMOURED "BIG BILL" TAFT

ANYWAY, President Taft took no exception to a word said by the Governor-General. He is a much more pleasant *entente-cordialeist* than ex-President Roosevelt. Over in Canada we extremely like this big, good-natured President who endorsed most of Earl Grey's speech—in a more or less guarded way, because tariffs are the special business of Presidents over there, just as they are of Finance Ministers in Canada.

Mr. Taft has every reason to think well of Canada. When he came into office Canada was buying from the United States a couple of hundred million dollars' worth of goods in a year. That is no negligible item in the programme of a President. Blood may be thicker than water; but in the case of Canada and the United States a good deal of the real blood goes through tariff arteries. We may have our picayune differences over warships on the lakes; and we may do a deal of theorising about the ultimate boundaries between the Yukon and Alaska; but when it comes to the problem of f.o.b. across the border we're a good deal of one people, each willing to sell the other as much as possible that the other wants more than he does. President Taft knows quite as well as either Mr. Goldwin Smith or Earl Grey that nature and history never conspired to have each of these countries supply precisely what the other wants in the shape of raw material or in goods unmanufacturable by themselves.

The speeches of these two men ought to go a long way towards settling the dispute. In the matter of oratory we believe that Earl Grey's was the better speech. In what was left out—we must give the palm to President Taft. It may be a long while before two such men orate on so practical a question of international politics again; and on what other continent could you find two supreme chiefs so agreeable and convivial as these two—President Taft and Earl Grey? Now if Theodore Roosevelt comes back and starts in to make trouble, we shall naturally trot out our biggest trump card in international oratory, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. That will be an even more momentous episode than the Taft-Grey golf game next summer.

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## THE SHAMROCK AND THISTLE

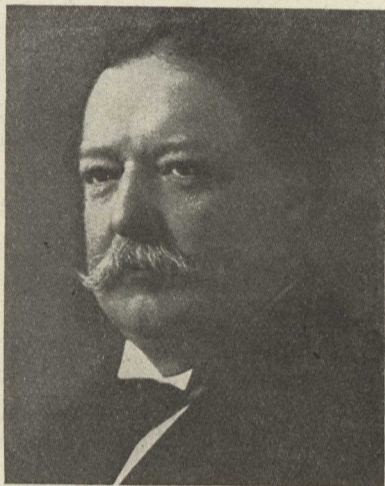
HERE follows a letter from a gentleman who objects to his brother being called Scotch when he is Irish. A few years ago the writer of this page fell into the bad graces of a clergyman by writing him up as a big Irishman—when he was nothing but an overgrown Scotchman of the Scotchest kind.

"Thorold, Mar. 15, '10.  
"Editor Canadian Courier:

"Dear Sir,—In your late issue I find that in 'Another from Bruce,' Chief Justice Mathers is dubbed a Scotch-Canadian. We freely accord to the Scotch people in Bruce as elsewhere all that is their due but to call the Justice a Scotch-Canadian is to make a mistake. He is an Irish-Canadian and deservedly proud of his lineage as are all his brothers. The Mathers family crest is recorded in the Registry Office in Dublin and is a bared arm issuing out of a cloud with an arrow in the clinched hand—the heraldic significance of which is *Fortiter et Celeriter*. The name is Irish and they who bear it are glad to know that it is borne without a stain in the three provinces of Manitoba, Ontario and British Columbia.

"F. M. MATHERS, B.D., Thorold."

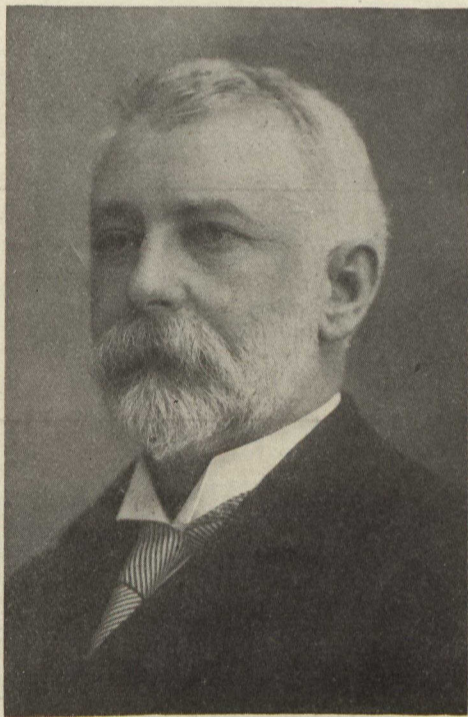
This correction is cheerfully made. No man should be called a Scotchman unless he is one. It's bad enough to be a Scotchman—let alone an Irishman. Now if some one will write the history of the Irish in Bruce County it will furnish a chapter of incongruities worth binding in one volume with the Scotch from Tipperary and the Laplanders from Timbuctoo. We are all familiar with the Irishman from Ulster—who is really a transplanted Scotchman. We are also acquainted with several varieties of Scotch who go to Scotch picnics.



President Taft,  
Minus the Taft smile which he must have worn when talking back to Earl Grey at Albany.



Earl Grey  
May have been lost in the Yukon last summer, but he certainly found himself at Albany last Saturday.



Hon. W. S. Fielding  
Never smiles in public—except when he is ravelling out the complications of a bewildering Tariff

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### A VISIT TO NAPLES.

IT is always a risk to go back to a place you have liked much and about which your dreams have woven a mesh of romance. In retrospect, only the bright parts of the picture have been visible; but reality will bring it all back—light and shadow both. The unpleasant features you had forgotten will recur, and the colours of the dreams will fade. I was compelled to take such a risk, however, in the case of Naples; for it was the only gateway by which I could get to Egypt. Consequently I awoke one morning to find the ship steaming into that bright bay over which half the poets of the world have gone mad. My first thought was that I did not want a bath of Naples bay water—hardly a romantic touch. But the bath steward assured me that he had run my bath well out at sea before the bay had been even approached. By the time I was dressed, we were tied up to the wharf, and I was so prosaic that I went in to breakfast before I mounted to the deck to see either grim Vesuvius or the “blue Vesuvian Bay.”

\* \* \*

THIS was a bad beginning. The next step was no better. My first visit to the loved city was a brisk business jaunt to get the steamship company to take one of my trunks in charge and put it on the ship for Egypt, and to arrange with Cook's for the shipment of the other. I went ashore and plunged into the labyrinth of streets and found myself in a part of the city of which I knew little—that near the wharves and the railway station. But eventually I got my bearings and did my business with as little sense that I was at last in peerless Naples once more as if I had been rushing around a Canadian city. Even the coral vendors and the girls who insist on selling you great bunches of flowers, did not awaken me. But presently we got off the steamer with our hand baggage and took a cab up to the old hotel on the side of the hill—and the magic curtain rolled back. Now I saw Naples. The gay crowds in the streets became visible. The lovely ovals of the girls' faces came out of the background—the roguishness of the boys who beg with a laugh. Soon the mounting road commanded a view over the bay, and there was Capri as of yore sleeping just off the Sorrente shore, there lay the white ring of villages from Terre del Greco to Castellammare, there rose the mediaeval Castello dell' Ovo at the foot of the hill, and overhead were the heights of St. Elmo.

\* \* \*

I FOUND, however, that my visit to Spain had shifted Naples somewhat in the scale of romantic cities. The streets did not seem so narrow nor the street scenes so ingenuous and piquant as they did before I knew the streets of Seville and Granada. When I first saw Naples, it was the most Southern city I had ever visited—in fact, almost the only city with that fascination of outdoor life which is a mark of the South. Thus everything was new and without parallel. Now, however, I came to it fresh not only from Andalusia but from Tangier, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli as well. Naples seemed very modern and mid-European by contrast. I am sorry that I could not have got out to Amalfi, which was the last word of the romantic and the picturesque when I saw it before, and my fancy will not let me remove it from that pedestal even now. But would it have stood the test of a visit? I should have liked to try it. But what Naples lost as a southern city, it gained as a modern seaport. I had no idea it was so brisk and businesslike a city. Its trade and commerce must be enormous, and it seemed to be fully armed with the most up-to-date equipment for the handling of it after watching them load cattle by the horns at Tangier and all the fuss over a few freighters at Tripoli.

\* \* \*

THE changes were few since my last visit. Vesuvius had changed shape, and there were some newly ruined towns on its slopes. The old Villa del Popolo on the seashore seemed to have disappeared. Some new Pompeian antiquities appeared in the museums, and the artists who want to sell you copies there, were more numerous and enterprising. But the gay Toledo was just as vivacious and fascinating as ever; the Greek and Roman marbles in the museum were rearranged but the same surpassingly lovely things they were when I first saw them fresh from the collections of Rome; the views from

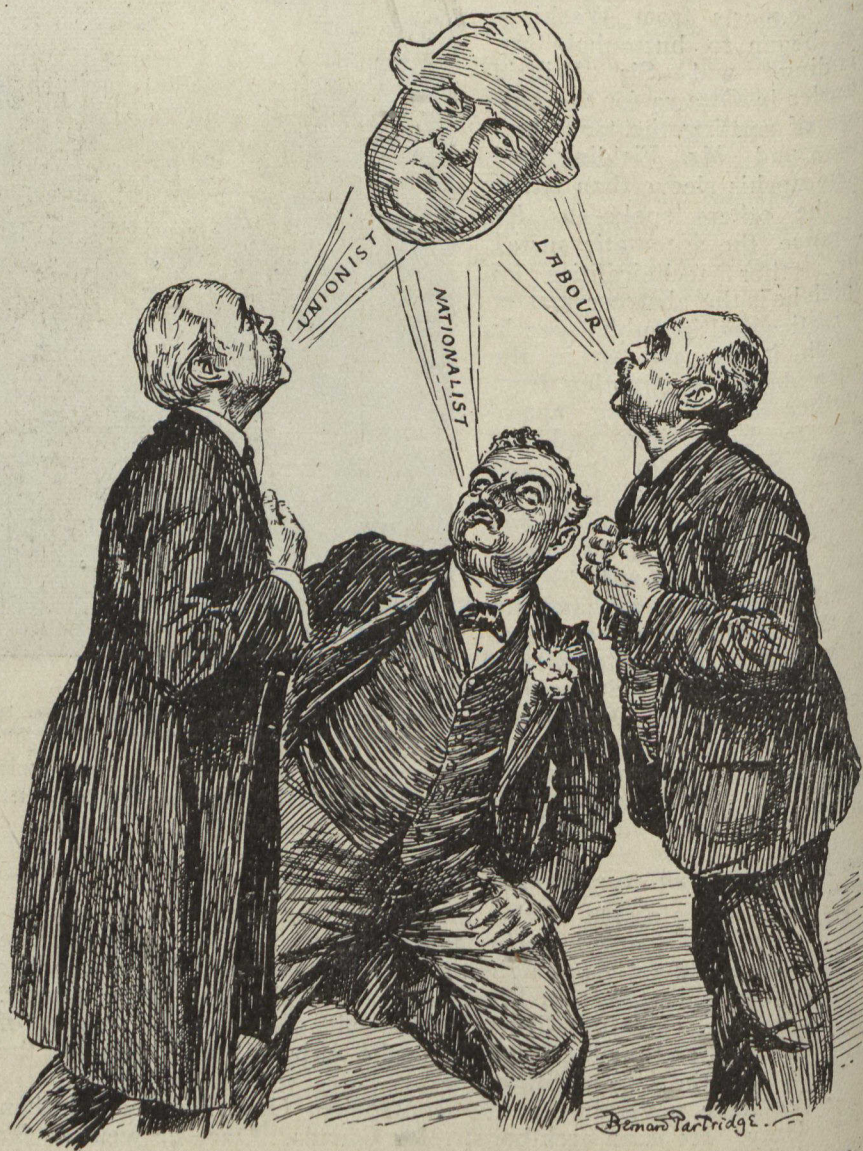
the Corse Vittorio Emanuele as splendid; and the romance clinging to those old shores as compelling. Some new hotels had risen, and one old one at least had degenerated. There seemed to be more statues in the Villa Nazionale, but fewer itinerant salesmen of coral, tortoise shell and other souvenirs along the sea wall. There were still goats on the sidewalks but few as compared with the Spanish cities, and the light-hearted character of the people had become a daily experience on the streets of Andalusia. To go to Naples from Southern Spain is to go from superlative to comparative in this regard while to go from Northern Europe or America is to go from negative to a bright positive.

\* \* \*

OF course, the tourists were the same—except that the percentage of Germans had greatly risen. The Germans seem now to have displaced the English as second to the Americans. But they were all doing the same things. Here a group would be discussing the drive from Sorrento by way of Amalfi to Cava—one section being just back from it and the other picking up pointers for the venture. You heard the old names—Ravelle, the Cappuccini, Paestum, the Grotte Bleue. You looked at the apparently commonplace people who were pronouncing these magic “pass-words” into paradise, and you saw them collecting—perhaps, laboriously at times—a fund of golden memories which would brighten many a staid evening by the home reading lamp. But our ship to Egypt steamed in past Capri at noon, and we must be on board for dinner. That night, however, a last bit of bright Naples came down to bid us “adieu.” We heard the thrumming of a guitar over the side and the singing of girls. We went to look, and there was a small boat far down by the great hull of the ship, and in it a company of young men and maidens in a circle of light cast by a couple of large lamps. The men played on their guitars, and the girls stood up and sang the old songs—and some new ones. So, as ten years before there floated over the waters of the bay “Yame, Yame,” and “Addio, bella Napoli.” Then, as a delicate compliment to any Americans who might be on board, they sang “Blue Bell.”

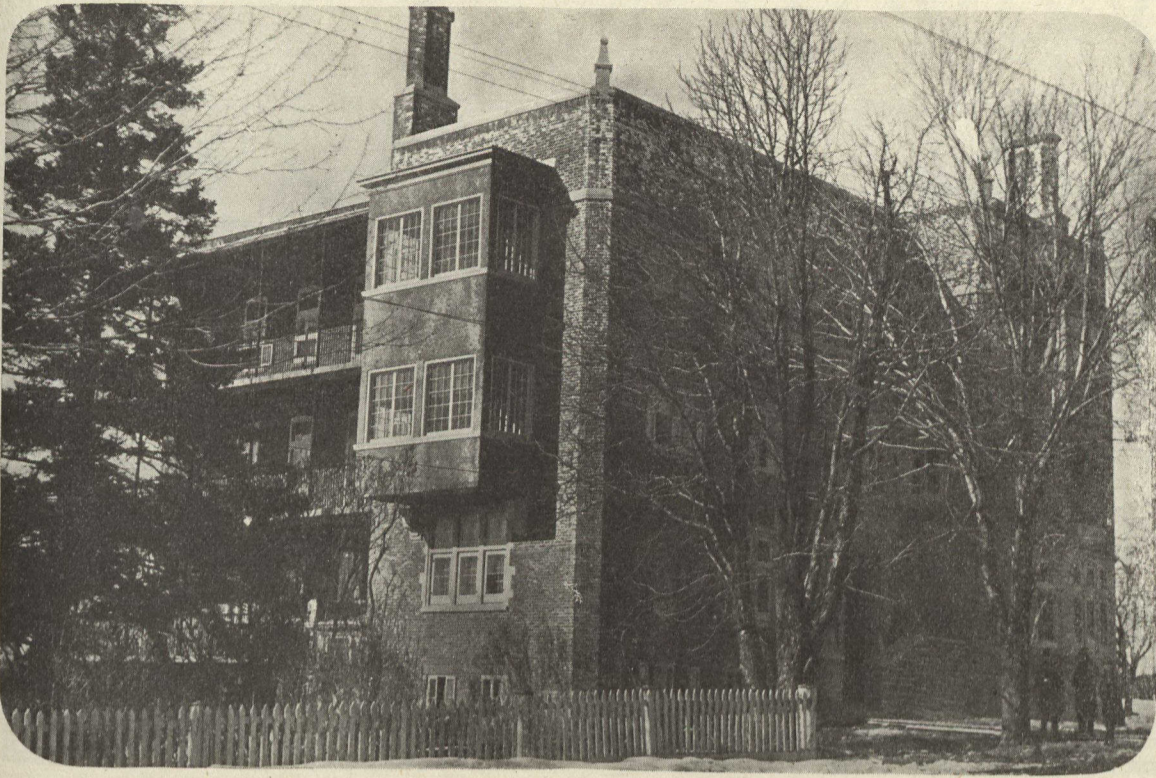
THE MONOCLE MAN.

### WHY THE ASQUITH MINISTRY REMAINS IN OFFICE



Mr. Arthur Balfour (joining in). "It goes against the grain—(puff!)—but I can't afford to let it drop—(puff!)—just yet."—Punch

SOME NEWS PICTURES OF PASSING INTEREST



The New Protestant Home for Children, opened by Earl Grey, Montreal, March 18th.



Lord and Lady Grey (on right) on the way to the opening.



Funeral of a prominent Chinese Merchant in Montreal last week.



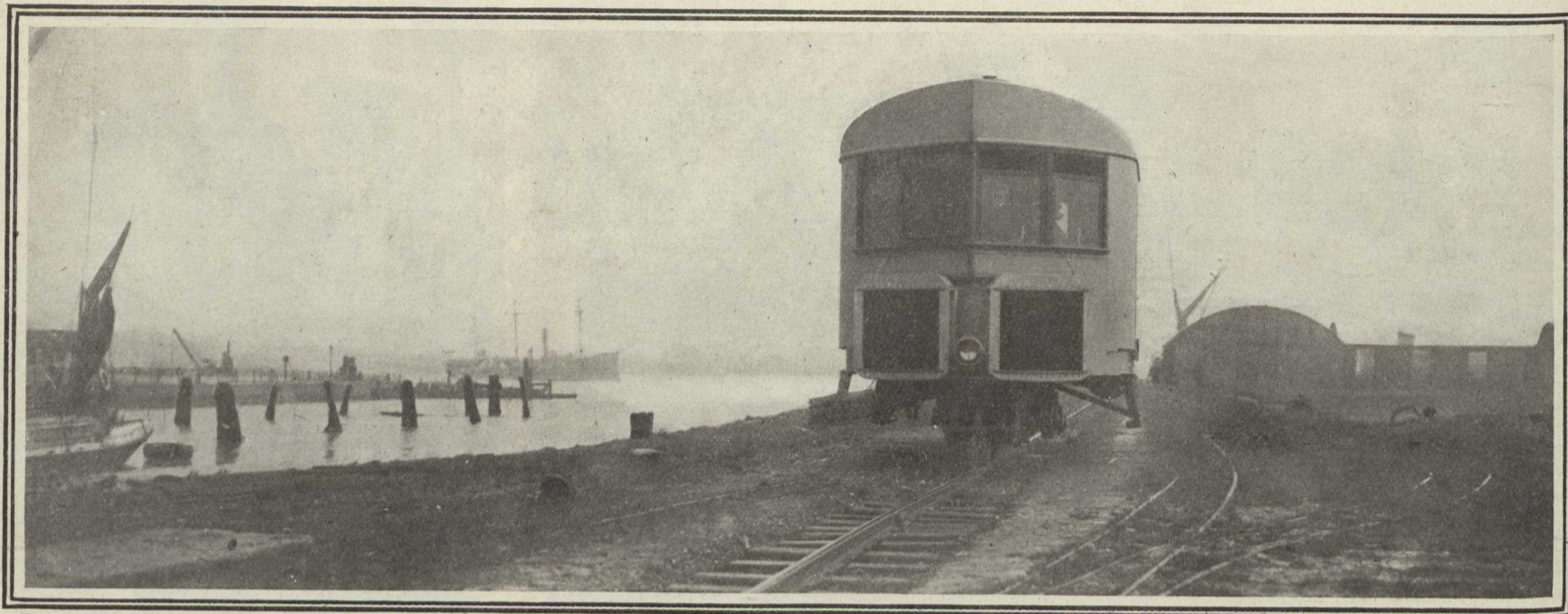
Another view of the Chinese Funeral and the attention it attracted.

Photographs by A. A. Gleason.



Modern Fat Kine in the Land of the Buffalo.—A stable full of Prime Polled Angus, exhibited at the recent Winter Fair in Brandon, Man.

# ONE-RAIL LOCOMOTION AS A FACT



Mono-rail Car going at full speed ahead on a track at Gillingham, Kent County, England, where the gyroscopic locomotive was established as a practical fact.

YOU—thinking about your airship, are you interested in the mono-rail locomotive? It is sometimes called the gyroscope, which is merely the principle that makes the thing stay up and has nothing to do with its driving power which is steam or petrol or electricity, or anything else usable by a two-track locomotive. Now the gyroscope on a toy track and the real mono-rail car carrying passengers are as different as a toy and a practical experiment. On this page you see (1) a mono-rail car running at full speed ahead; (2) standing stock still and not toppling over; (3) going around a curve without leaving the track, all in absolute poise. This is the first of its kind in the world and it has recently been tested at Gillingham, in Kent County, England.

In the CANADIAN COURIER a few weeks ago there was a note about the first gyroscope railway in America, which is being built by the C. P. R. to go round Okanagan Lake and carry out fruit—which can be done by that kind of railway at a much lower cost than by the two-rail road. It will be remembered also that an English inventor is applying the gyroscope to balance the aeroplane.

This test-car at Gillingham, however, is the first mono-rail to be put into practical operation on a commercial basis.

It was constructed as a military vehicle; because it seems likely that warfare transports is the sort of use it will most be conveniently put to at first—on account of the fact that a military railroad has to be slammed up in a hurry; besides the gyroscope-locomotive is capable of negotiating sharp curves much better than a two-rail engine and car. Petrol was used for fuel; because on the principle of smokeless powder, steam is too visible for war, and because petrol is a concentrated fuel easy to carry for the power it gives.

But to begin with—how does the new-fangled contraption with one track fair in the middle stay up? If you were to look into the anatomy of the thing you would discover that there are two reasons; one on each side of the car in the shape of a gyroscopic wheel that revolves horizontally, each in an opposite direction to the other—though it may do so vertically if required—at 3,000 times a minute, which is fifty revolutions every second, popularly known as “going some.” These whirligigs have nothing to do with going ahead; in fact, they run just as fast when the car is standing still or backing up;

they keep the car balanced, that the gyro-wheels go in opposite directions.

Here is the way an expert elucidates the process of equilibrium as operated in the gyros. His main language is simple:

“Now, suppose the vehicle is stand-

ing perfectly balanced on the rail with the wheels revolving in their central position: no angular or as it is called ‘precessional’ movement of the cases containing the wheels about their vertical axes takes place, but if any force such as the wind, movement of the

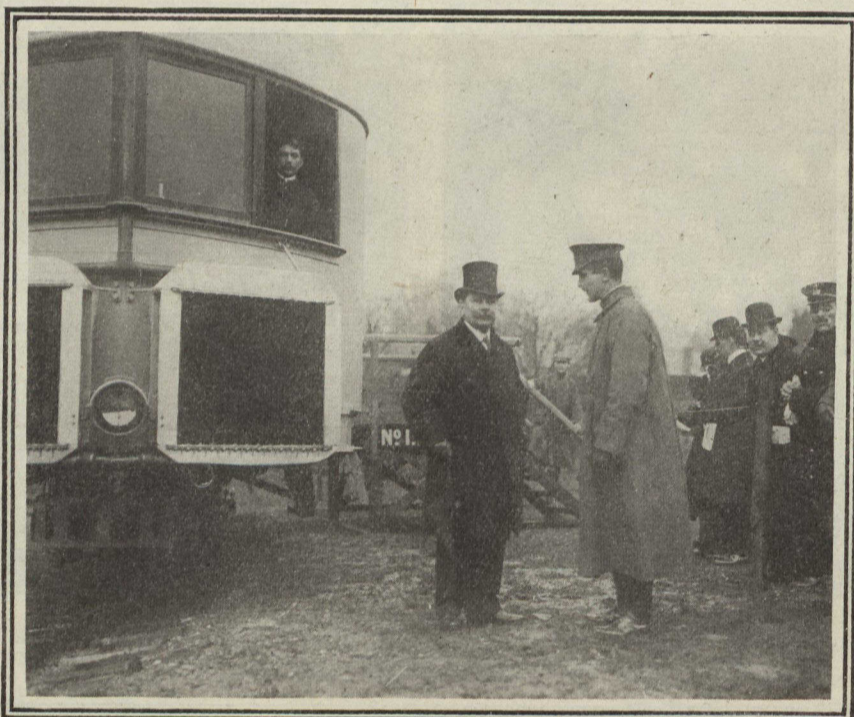
passengers to one side, or centrifugal action in going round curves, is brought to bear, tending to upset the car instead of its doing so, as one would naturally expect, it merely causes the cases containing the wheels to precess about their vertical axes at a rate depending upon the magnitude of the disturbing force; and it is by applying force to them in the same direction that they are moving that the car is caused to lean over so as to oppose and balance the disturbing force whatever it may be.

“In the existing car forces controlling precession are applied by means of compressed air acting on pistons suitably geared to the gyro-cases—the supply of air being obtained from an electrically driven compressor which also furnishes the air for the pneumatic brakes of the car itself and such trailers as may be connected to it.”

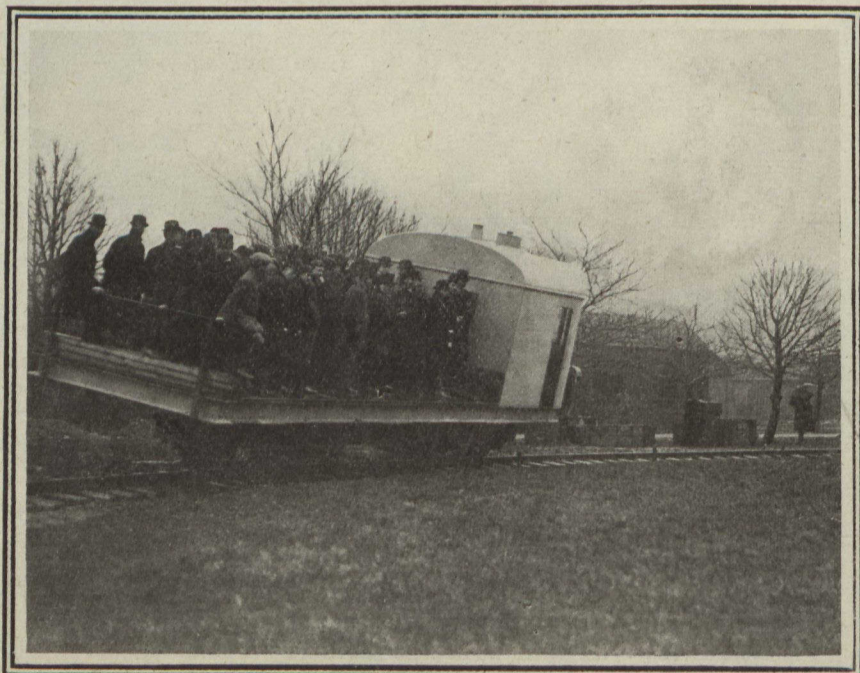
Other information is withheld at present because it is contained in patents now being applied for, which is good proof that this is a timely subject. The gyros are driven by a dynamo on board; which is operated by a small 20-h.p. engine, also used for lighting the cars, running the air compressor and propelling the car at low speed for shunting.

They say that the mono-rail locomotive has two advantages over the duo-rail, old-style; one greater speed and the other greater safety. What more could you ask? To be sure that you are absolutely safe even when going at a hundred miles an hour is more than you are willing to expect from any ordinary locomotive, any automobile or even an airship. Of course the absence of friction helps to account for the increase of speed. And even though the gyros should take a notion to balk on account of any accident to the dynamo they will continue to revolve for a long while with the stored-up energy. Furthermore, “the resultant of all forces acting on the vehicle is situated in the plane of both the road wheels and the rail, hence doing away with any tendency to derail.”

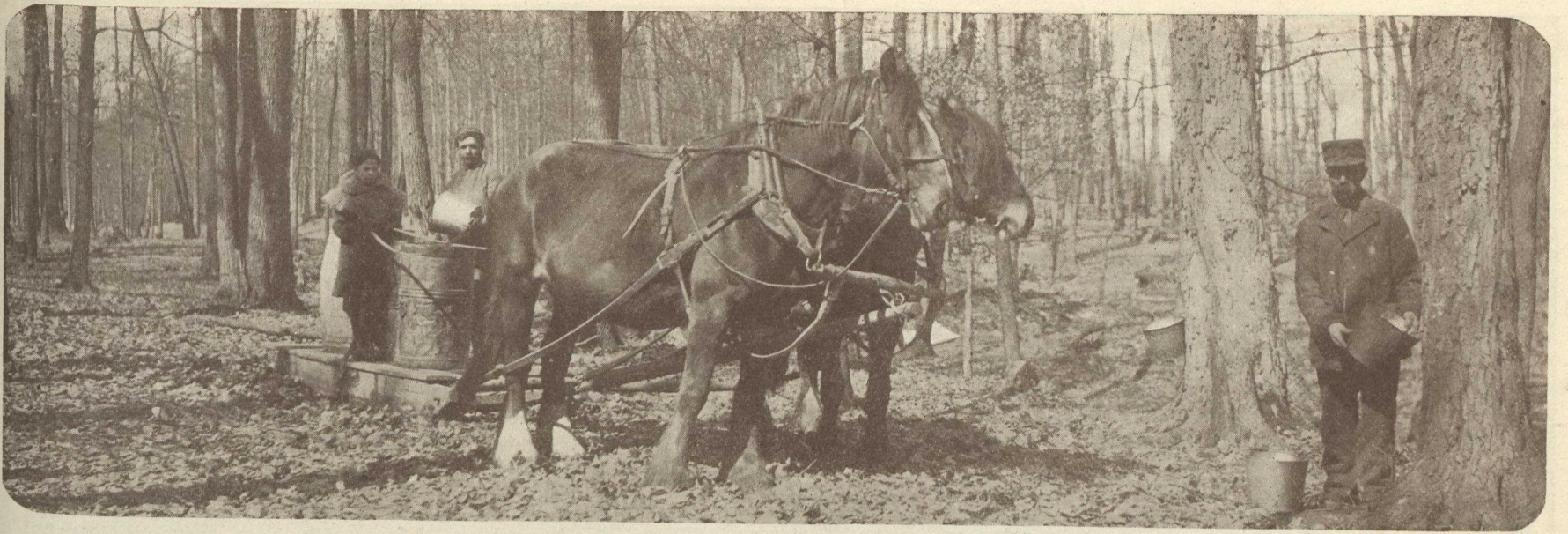
If there is aught mysterious left in mono-rail technic the practical reader must be referred to the bicycle which is quite as unusual and is really a mono-rail locomotive with a universal track. Why does a bicycle fall when it stands and stand up when it goes? The reason for the latter would take as much space to explain as the mono-rail. The former is easy—because the bicycle hasn’t got a gyroscope. In future bicycles will probably be equipped with gyros.



Mono-rail Car standing absolutely still in perfect equilibrium on the Track.



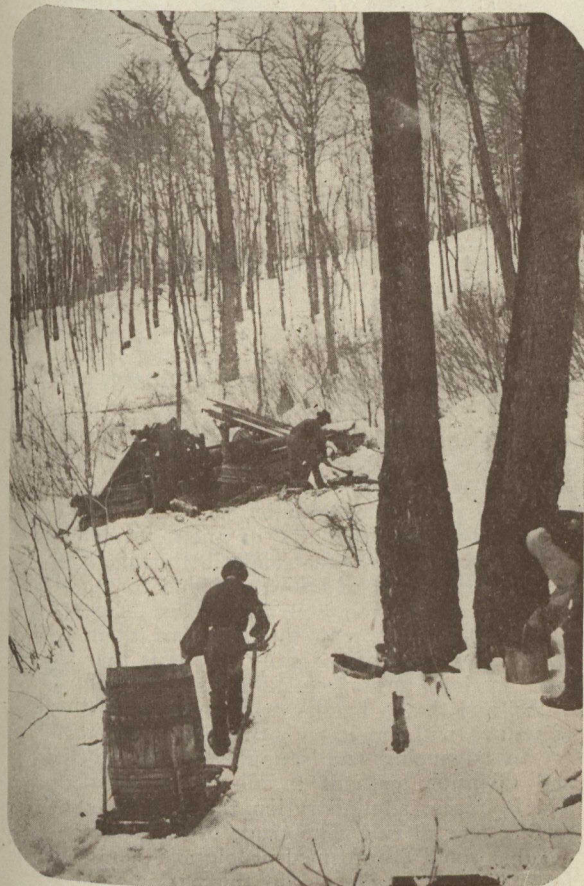
Mono-rail car negotiating a curve without tipping over or derailing.



A combination of Old and New, in as pretty a bit of sugar bush as ever was tapped in Western Ontario.

# THE MOON OF MAPLE SAP

*If the Piano Agent calls, 'Dad' and the Boys are Back in the Sugar Bush*



Hauling Sap on a Man-lugged Jumper in Quebec.

**T**HIS is the month of sap. A week ago a certain literary agriculturist who has a sugar bush promised to send down a gallon of maple syrup; saying that he must hurry home and get tapping his trees which would be running riot in his absence. The weather took a spasm since then and we presume that he is only just getting his spiles driven and his pails hung on the hard maples over on the old beech ridge—the sugar bush. This is the only backwoods factory that is left in Canada; the last touch of the industry primeval. They say that the old-fashioned kettle is out of date; that the tin evaporator set in the brick arch in the shanty has taken its place. But there are a few kettles left still and we are glad of it. There's more fun in a kettle. There's probably more money in a vat. Maple syrup nowadays is made mainly to sell. Like everything else the ancient pastime of our forefathers has become professionalised. They no longer have the wooden buckets hung on the human neckyoke; neither the old-fashioned spile whittled with an axe right in the woods. No, they have "Grimm" spouts sheeted with white metal and four-barrel circular collecting tanks with strainers and hopper tops, and patent pails holding each eighteen quarts—and at the last the new-fangled, corrugated, compartmented, bulk-headed evaporator which does the trick as scientifically as a modern pork factory makes pork of a hog. The thing nowadays is to save the trees and to make as much money as possible out of one tree. Because in the old days if one sugar bush ran out or a small cyclone blew it down, all the farmer had to do was to blaze a trail to another on his own hundred; which in the days of reforestation has become a lost art. Nevertheless the maple syrup when you get it right is still the unexplainable glorified nectar of the wood-gods; and the sooner that rural correspondent gets that gallon



New style Spout and Modern Patent Pail.

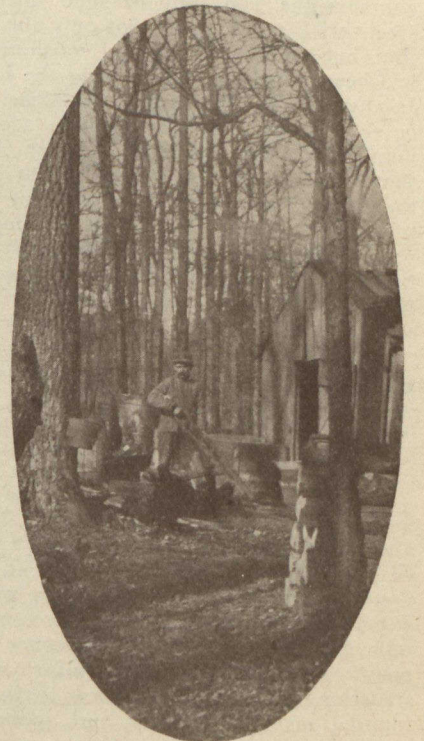
down here the better. If on chemical analysis we find that it contains 40 per cent. of ordinary brown cane sugar and other ingredients not discoverable in hard maple sap, we shall procure an indictment under the Pure Foods Bill. To adulterate maple syrup is a crime beneath the dignity of a savage.



Woodpile Drying in the Wind



The old-fashioned style, Kettle and Pole in the windy open.



A Shanty in the Sugar Bush.



Heavy Hardwood Bush, growing on rocky "soil" that never would be fit for raising wheat or potatoes or even grass.

## PASSING OF THE WOODEN AGE

Fourth Article by A. H. D. Ross

*A Question that is Agitating a Continent which Fifty Years Ago was in the Woods.*

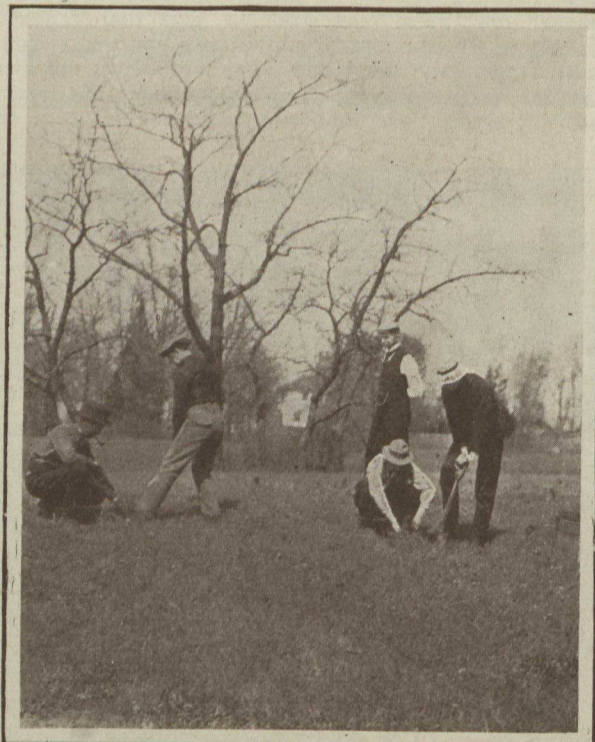
**I**N former articles we have noticed that the consumption of wood throughout the whole civilised world is greater than the normal production; that enormous areas of forest and woodland throughout Canada are annually destroyed by fire; and that there is urgent necessity for the protection of our timber, if we are to build the railroads needed for the opening up of our agricultural and mineral resources, and to provide fuel and building material for our rapidly increasing population. We also dealt at some length with the beneficial influence of forest cover upon climate, and its regulating influence upon stream flow—with particular reference to transportation and irrigation problems, and the development of electric energy for traction and industrial purposes.

In this article I wish to point out the necessity of conserving our forest resources, and to note some of the benefits to be derived from thoroughgoing systems of forest management. Wood always has been and always will be a necessity in civilised communities. In spite of such substitutes as iron, steel, brick and cement, not only the total consumption, but the average annual consumption *per capita* has been steadily rising during the last forty years. In Europe the average consumption is now 60 cubic feet per year; in Canada 230 cubic feet, or nearly four times as much. Every Canadian knows that wood prices have been rising steadily during the last twenty years. This is true of other countries as well, and it will not be long before world prices obtain. When I tell you that the consumption of wood in the leading countries of the civilised world is greater than the growth in their forests you will realise how serious the problem has become. Is it not time, then, for Canadians to consider the problem and take action ere it is too late? Our aim should be to prevent waste and to speedily adopt such systems of forest management as will ensure to future generations the necessary supplies of lumber and other forest products.

It has been well said that the standing of a nation is measured by the distance it is able to look ahead and make provision for the future prosperity of its citizens. The state being an institution for the purpose of insuring not only our present, but our future and continued welfare, must necessarily take an interest in the permanence of the natural resources upon which its welfare rests. The destruction of natural resources strikes at the very foundations of prosperity, and, sooner or later, will impoverish even the richest nations. Palestine, Sicily and Greece are examples of countries which



Sand Desert made by the wind after the forests were cut.



Planting Trees—A Slow Process.

were once the homes of teeming and prosperous populations, but which with the destruction of their forests (by reckless lumbering and fire) have become the prey of erosion by wind and water, and are to-day mere shadows of their former glory; without hope of ever materially bettering their conditions. For want of knowledge and foresight they have destroyed their soil and water. Generations still unborn must reap the fruits of their ancient folly. The point of the story for us is that Canada does not hold any special dispensation from Providence, and that a similar transgression of the laws of nature will inevitably bring the same results.

An advancing civilisation calls for more exact and scientific methods in all departments of life, and in forest administration there is no exception to this general rule. The crude present day methods of what some ill-informed people are pleased to call forestry may be likened to the agricultural efforts of our forefathers who scratched the soil with wooden ploughs and paid little attention to the future uses of the land. Like agriculture and mining, forestry has a scientific basis. When better understood it will command equal attention and be recognised as a factor that enters largely into the more important economic questions of the day. Just as our agricultural colleges and experimental farms require a large number of professional men with superior technical training to teach the principles of agriculture and investigate the new problems that are constantly coming forward for solution, and just as our mining schools and our geological survey department need highly trained specialists to show us how to develop our mineral wealth, so our forestry schools and the bureaus of forestry still to be established will be sure to employ highly trained specialists for the teaching of the principles of forestry and the investigation of its many complex problems.

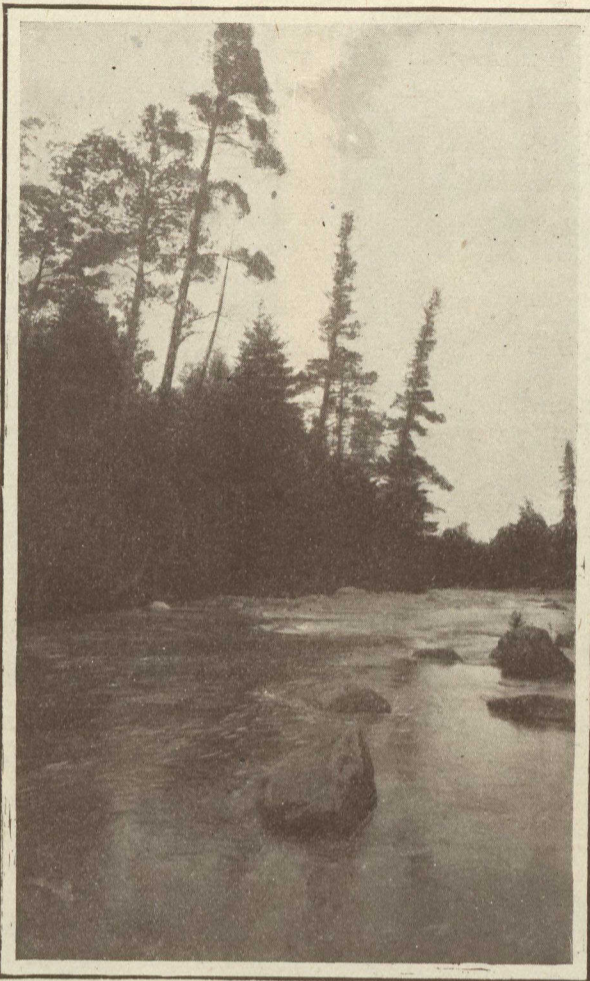
The idea that scientific foresters are purely theoretical, and of little use in the community, is now pretty well exploded, and it will not be long before the science of forestry is recognised as a distinct profession, ranking equally with engineering, law, medicine and teaching. The forester does not aim to oppose Nature, but to assist her; to make use of the favourable conditions naturally existing in any given locality, and to hold in check the unfavourable ones. He exercises his skill in the selection of the most suitable species, and modifies their growth so that they will produce the most valuable timber in the shortest possible time without diminishing the value of the soil for the

production of future wood crops. A crop of wood should be as certain as a crop of grain. Under a proper system of protection and management, the wood crop matures in from 60 to 90 years and can be anticipated with the same certainty and the same regularity as the grain crop. Just as the agriculturist is engaged in the production of food crops, so the forester is engaged in the production of wood crops. Both carry on their business for the practical purpose of producing a revenue; both must protect the crop from insect ravages, fungous diseases and fire; both must guard against the impoverishment of the soil, and constantly aim to increase its value. In each case the land is the principal capital, and any part of it either wholly non-productive or turned to a less profitable use than it might be represents so much wasted capital. Thus it will be seen that the whole question of forest management is a tremendously important one. At the same time it is an extremely difficult and complicated one, and calls pre-eminently for the exercise of the providential functions of the state to counteract the destructive tendencies of private exploitation.

The experience of centuries goes to show that while the individual makes the best farmer, the state makes the best forester. The long time required to grow a wood crop practically limits the undertaking to corporations, municipalities, or the state itself. This being the case it seems to be the plain duty of our legislators to make adequate provision for the proper protection and management of our magnificent forest areas. Under rational management their producing capacity can be increased many fold, and a continuous revenue derived from them. The immediate revenue will not be as great as under the present destructive methods, but the yield will be sustained. No other economic problem confronting the Canadian people is equal in importance to that offered by the present condition and future fate of our forests. Scientific management means not only sustained yield but also an improvement in the quality of the timber grown. This means the cutting of timber in such a way as to secure a strong and abundant reproduction of the most useful kinds of trees; providing the proper amount of growing space for each tree; and protecting the crop from fire, timber-thieves, over-grazing, insect enemies, fungous diseases, etc.

A far-sighted, comprehensive, aggressive, and business-like public policy in relation to our forests is one of the great needs of the time. Our leading statesmen and public economists recognise this fact and an ever increasing number of thoughtful people is urging the federal and provincial governments to introduce a sweeping forestry policy. Unquestionably there are difficulties in the way, but none

that may not be settled upon a fair and equitable basis. When it is remembered that in each of the provinces and in the unorganised territories, the leased timber lands all revert to the Crown, it will be seen what an advantageous position we are in



White Pine along the French River; up in the rock-bound regions of Northern Ontario.

for the practical working out of a sane, practical and far-reaching forest policy.

So far a very encouraging start has been made in the direction of protecting our forest resources. On the lands controlled by the Dominion Government, some 5,392 square miles have been placed in permanent forest reserves, with a view to placing

them under management as soon as it is possible to do so. In the railway belt of British Columbia there are eight of these reserves with an area of 890 square miles; in Alberta three with an area of 187 square miles; in Saskatchewan four with an area of 740 square miles; and in Manitoba six with an area of 3,575 square miles. These figures may not be interesting to some of my readers but I can assure them that they are of intense interest to the people in these western provinces. The great prairie region is soon destined to become "The Heart of Canada," and plentiful supplies of wood will be of the utmost importance to that part of the country.

In Ontario there are two national parks and six reserves comprising an area of 18,041 square miles. In Quebec there are two national parks and eighteen reserves with the enormous area of 174,064 square miles. Neither Ontario nor Quebec have as yet outlined a definite forest policy for the scientific management of their woodlands. Nova Scotia is having a forest survey made of the province. New Brunswick has a forestry school at Fredericton, and signs are not wanting which indicate the early adoption of a definite policy for the scientific management of her forests.

Another encouraging feature of the situation is the public interest that is gradually being aroused in the matter of forest conservation. In fact the question has broadened out so as to include the conservation of agricultural and mineral resources as well, not to mention the protection of public health and of game and fisheries. This has resulted in the establishment of the Commission of Conservation, an advisory body consisting of three ministers of the Dominion Government, the ministers charged with the control of the public lands in each of the nine provinces, ten representatives from the various universities, five members of parliament, four prominent lumbermen and a newspaper representative—thirty-two in all.

The Canadian people are to be congratulated upon the appointment of such an able commission, whose duty it will be to gather reliable information regarding our various natural resources and to suggest the best means of handling them in the public interest. When their words of advice and warning are sounded it is almost certain that the Canadian people will be quick to support their recommendations for the prevention of waste and the perpetuation not only of our forest but also of our other resources. The evils which have overtaken other lands, as the result of the disappearance of their forest resources, can only be averted by the adoption of a far-sighted, aggressive and business-like policy based upon an adequate, scientific and practical grasp of the whole situation in all its aspects.

## THE POET AND THE PLOUGH

*Well-known Canadian Writer Suspected of Inaccuracy*

**A**RTHUR STRINGER, the novelist, lives in a glass house—and he throws big stones. He created quite a sensation some time ago, with "The Canada Fakers" in the *Canada Monthly*, which attacked nearly every Canadian writer in sight for some serious or simple blunder in depiction. Mr. Stringer's latest Western Canadian story, though it honestly attempts to do justice to the great crops that grow in the prairie provinces, is about as full of grotesque inaccuracies as such a piece of work, in a reputable magazine, could be.

The "White Paw Hold-Up" is a three-page account, in the *Popular Magazine*, of the experience of three New Mexican immigrants with three hundred acres of land alongside the railway at Little Dip, Alberta. They hired a ploughing and seeding gang, which broke up the three hundred acres and put it in with No. 1 Manitoba Hard; and then they bought "half a dozen teams" and lay around waiting for the crop. Only when the wheat began to shell did they wake up to the fact that they would need help to harvest it.

Now, they had only three hundred acres—they had put every acre in to wheat; and apparently had forgotten that their half-dozen teams would need oats—but they "decide it's about time to git a couple o' dozen men into that grain, with self-binders."

In the name of western progress, who ever heard of "a couple of dozen men, with self-binders," to say nothing of the two bosses, to take off three hundred acres of wheat? Why, the three hundred acres of land could not have been broken up, disked and seeded so speedily that the crops would ripen simultaneously, and would need two dozen men

with self-binders to harvest it. Twelve horses, three binders and five shockers will take off six hundred acres of wheat in the best sections of the best West.

Then the voracious Stringer makes one of the farmers who are short of labour, ride thirty-five miles west to a telegraph station to compel the operator to wire back to his own station to hold a harvesters' excursion train from which he expects to obtain help. We are supposed to believe that after a ride of thirty-five miles, ending at four o'clock in the morning, the wicked New Mexican knows that "section three" of the harvesters' excursion is due at Little Dip "in about forty minutes."

The operator does as he is bid, at the end of a six-shooter; and the train is held up at Little Dip—eleven coaches of it; as if any harvesters' excursion ever got as far as Alberta in three sections, with the third section consisting of eleven coaches after passing through Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which grow twenty times as much wheat as Alberta does. The "four or five hundred" men went into the "three hundred acres o' open wheat land just achin' to be reaped"—as though the land could be reaped. In Alberta they reap the crop. "They swept that wheat farm up as clean as a whistle" (observe, again, they swept the farm up, not the crop) "put her through a high bagger, and set fire to the straw stack, just to see it burn."

They were eating barbecued steer when the train crew got the order to go on; and the whole business occupied six hours.

Now, these harvesters whose train was stalled at four-forty in the morning had been, we are told, five days and nights in day coaches; and yet they

were so skittish as to get out and reap three hundred acres of wheat, because of the sheer exuberance of their spirits. The threshing outfit—where did they get it? For three hundred acres isn't sufficient to support a high-bagger—must have been ready for use—an extraordinary piece of preparation for farmers who had taken no steps to cut the shelling grain. Anyway, the wheat was cut, threshed and burned, and a steer barbecued, all in six hours.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Was there ever such a Canada faking? Or such a glass house?

## A Yarn of the Woods

**H**OW would you like to lose something worth fifty thousand dollars, find it after a time, and discover that its value meanwhile had crept up to twice that amount? An anomaly of that nature occurred at Port Colborne, Ont., a week or so ago. It has provided a nice bit of fireside gossip for the chaps in the lumber business in that town whirling away their time waiting for the logs to run. Old timers who jacked in the woods thirty-five years ago, remember the loss of a valuable timber raft owned by the late D'Alton McCarthy. One night, a tug was chugging its way down from the upper lakes with this immense raft trying to make Port Colborne, when one of those squalls for which Lake Erie is so famous, kicked up and split the raft. Part drifted to shore and was later hauled up safely. The whereabouts of the other half—well, the waves have kept the secret till just the other day. Many a bunch of tree choppers have set out, with the ardour of seekers after buried treasure, bent upon solving the mystery of the oak. The successful party were working near Gull Island and found the vagrant raft caught fast in the ice.

# LIGHTS AND SHADES OF "GAY PAREE"

*Half the World Knows How the other Half Lives, but Keeps on Laughing*



One Family of Flood-sufferers looked after by Ladies of the Croix Rouge.



A Benevolence Kitchen of the Ladies of the Croix Rouge.

"GAY PAREE" appears on this page in her customary role of light and shade. The pictures are somewhat reminiscent of the great flood which was a national calamity, calling forth expressions of sympathy from many nations including Canada, whose somewhat leisurely Senate devoted more than an hour one day to the devastations of the Seine; though of late the newspapers have said much more about the French Treaty and the tariff. We have much to learn from France. We have in Canada a third of our population French. Montreal is somewhat of a Paris. The *habitant* and the French peasant are not far removed. The *bonhomie* of the French—you see it in Parliament; and the spectacularism of the French—that came out in the Tercentenary. The *chansons populaires* are as common in Quebec as in Normandy. Mr. Bourassa, no mean authority, says that the French-Canadian is more French than the tricolour, because he is the French of the *fleur-de-lis* which was in France centuries before modern France invented the tri-colour.

In his "French Revolution" Carlyle has a big chapter on the Feast of Pikes which was a huge Parisian blow-out, eclipsing any Mardi Gras or Toledo bull-fight—held while the tumbrils were rumbling the heads to the guillotine. So when the Seine had just made a huge civic *Miserere* on the

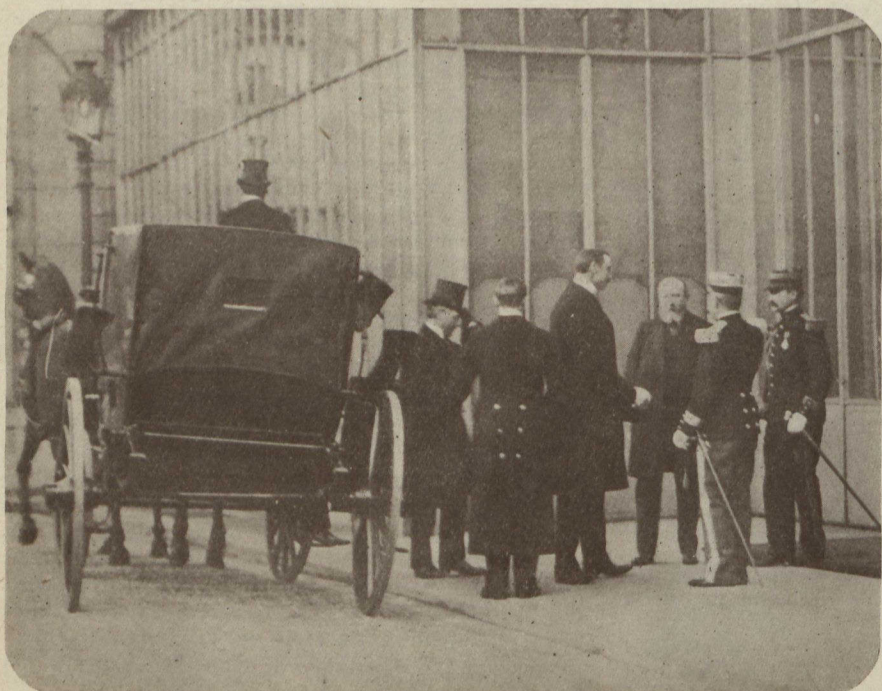


Mlle Ruzena Brazova "Queen of the Czechs," in her Original Moravian Costume at the *Mi-Careme*.

boulevards the festival of *Mi-Careme* came along on March 3rd and "Gay Paree" celebrated "High Jinks" while dames of fashion laboured among the sufferers from the flood and the ladies of the "Croix Rouge" dispensed dole, as may be seen also on this page along with the great and glorified Revel headed by the Queen of the Czechs in her Moravian costume. Because of all nations the French run the gamut of the unusual in which there must always be some spectacle and drama—or what is the use of living?

It's all epitomised in the language. When an Englishman tries to pronounce French he is like an elephant making lace. French music—outside the church most of it is a mere contagion while the modern French is mainly impressionistic.

Since the Tercentenary there has been a revival of interest in the *chansons* of Quebec which in their varieties of style as *chansons historique, d'amour* and others contain much of the political and religious history of old France. Many of these excessively gay and buoyant melodies are known outside of Quebec, up the St. Lawrence, and far up the Ottawa and beyond to Temiscaming, and clear out to the Saskatchewan wherever the French-Canadian has been; the identical songs heard at the Tercentenary last year and that may be heard on the Paris boulevards almost any day.

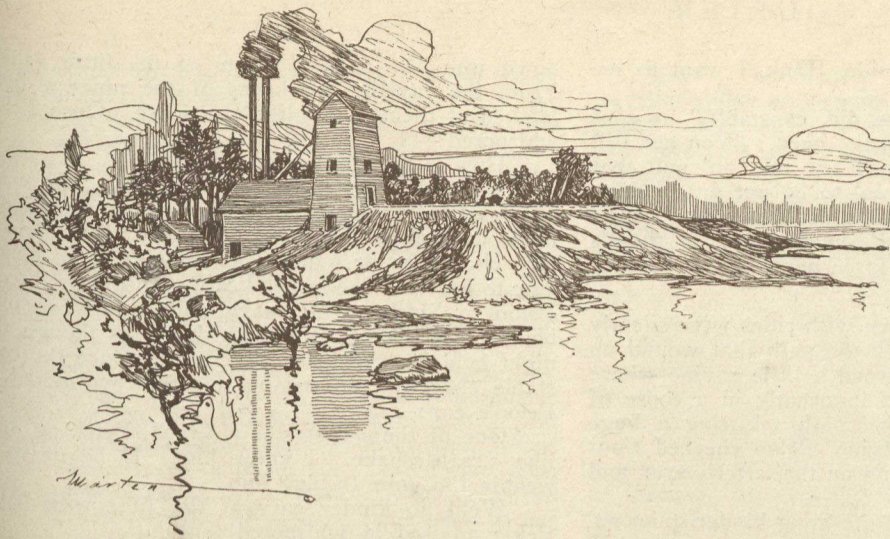


President Fallieres receiving Prince Christian of Denmark at the Elysee.



At the *Mi-Careme*: the Reine's Triumphal Car in front of the Elysees Palace.



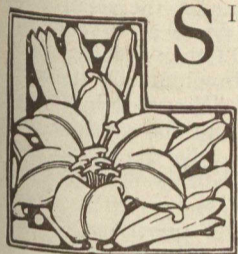


# BILLY

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mooswa," etc.

FOURTH OF SIX MINING STORIES



SILVER CITY had the juvenile characteristics of a sprawling pup blinking with wondering eyes upon a newly discovered world. Six months before, Foghorn McLean had found a big vein of silver in this wilderness fifty miles from Cobalt and now the plenitude of rocks and trees had its primeval contours thrown

out of joint by the aggressive squares of log shacks and canvas tents.

Trout's Hotel was distinctive in its individuality. It was of progressive architectural design. Against a central log building lighter board structures leaned with confiding faith in the stability of the parent abode.

Red Meekins had just eaten a hearty dinner in Trout's after two weeks of toil and lean fare out on his new claim, the Big Pine, and, as he drew a chair up beside the host, Peloo Trout, in the front room that was office and almost everything else, he felt like one who had returned to his own fireside.

"How's tricks, Peloo?" he asked conventionally.

"Business is hummin'," Trout answered.

"I knowed it would be when I heerd you had staked this hotel," Red declared.

"Help's the worst," Peloo growled. "There's a Swede come in with his fam'ly, an' I got his girl to sling hash. The Chink cook's purty good too."

"Better than minin'," Red observed. "Bunkhouses is sure winners in a new camp."

"Bunkhouses p'raps is, Red," there was both asperity and reproach in Peloo's tones; "but the way I feed guests there ain't much in it—not when they been workin' out on claims for a couple of weeks, leas'twise."

Red puffed at an ill conditioned cigar he had been struggling with, looked meditatively at the ceiling, and, not readily finding a happy retort, asked at a tangent, "How's Billy Forbes doin'? Holdin' down his job purty good?"

PELOO turned his face, allowing his eyes to rest in a long, contemplative gaze upon a slender, dark-eyed man who stood behind a rude counter in a corner of the room talking to one who leaned with a suggestion of insolence in his whole poise against the plank that separated them. The slender man's face was strikingly pleasant to look upon—frank, open, the suggested weakness of the lower part somewhat balanced by lines indicating a development of character out of experience.

"Billy seems quite to home," Meekins spoke in the way of recalling Peloo's attention to his question.

"Billy's done fu'st rate since he took holt," Trout answered. "How'd he come to leave Big Jake's j'int in Cobalt an' come here with you, Red?"

Peloo's question was asked carelessly; but his eyes looked into Meekins' with a shrewd interest quite at variance with his assumed tone.

"He was boss hash slinger in the dinin' room at Big Jake's, an' he was that perlite an' obligin' I took a shine to Billy," Red answered vividly.

"Oh, jus' come along 'cause you liked him, eh?"

"Not exactly, Peloo. I knowed you was buildin' this here bunkhouse—"

"It's a hotel, Red."

"An' was like to get busy with brokerin' mines again," Red continued, ignoring the interruption, "an' I figgered Billy was jus' the kind of a kid to manage this part of your enterprises."

"An' he come," Peloo summed up.

"Not at fu'st; he jus' laughed at it. But I guess somethin' must have gone wrong the night before I pulled out for here. I was kinder lit up that night, havin' a few drinks with the fellers, so I don't know

what it was; but early in the mornin' Billy comes to my room an' says he'll go. He says he'll meet me on the train goin' down to Latchford, where I've got my outfit in a canoe to come up the river."

"Kinder funny, wasn't it, Red? He didn't touch Big Jake for nothin', did he?"

"Say, Peloo, I thought you'd seen enough of men in your time to know a bear from a groundhog."

Peloo shifted uneasily in his chair, feeling the shame of Red's reproach, and added apologetically, "Billy don't look like a crook. I guess he's on the level, right enough."

"He was jus' scared that mornin', scared of somethin' or somebody; but when anybody's got a claim that Billy's done him up he can have half the Big Pine from me, an' it's lookin' purty promisin' at that," Meekins declared sturdily.

"I ain't findin' no fault with him, Red, an' all the fellers is down to the las' plunk on Billy. When they get a bit fresh all he's got to do is go among 'em with that little grin of his an' say, 'Boys, don't be too noisy, please.' Danged if there ain't somethin' in that soft voice that kinder acts like a poultice!"

"That's jus' what got onto me, Peloo—that danged voice of his. Do you know what I figger it like?"

"No."

"Onct I went to a circus. There was a girl in the lion's cage, an' when she talked to them cranky cusses jus' like that they'd quit every time."

"But sometimes a mean cuss of a lion gets rusty an' the girl can't do nothin' with him."

"I've heerd of that too."

"WELL, d'you see that galoot with the black moustache?" Peloo indicated with a move of his thumb the man who was talking to Forbes.

"Looks like a card sharp," Red declared after a minute's inspection.

"Well, that's him," Peloo growled.

"What him was you alludin' to, Peloo?"

"Why, the mean cuss in the cage of lions."

"Why don't you fire him? You never was stuck on the serciety of anybody you didn't like, Peloo."

"If it wasn't for Billy, I'd bounce him in a holy minute."

"Guess you'll have to deal some more talk, Peloo, afore I can ketch on."

"Well, this feller—Dick Hanson is his name—he comes here about two weeks ago, an' Billy knowed him, leas'twise he knowed Billy, 'cause I kinder think Billy'd like to've got out of it. My idee is that he stands in with 'em two I'talians that's runnin' the blind pig up on the hill. Since he come there's been whiskey in the house more'n onct, an' that'll kill me off deader'n a door nail."

"About the license, Peloo?"

"Yes. I got some friends at headquarters workin' to get a license here; but if it gets talked about that there's liquor in the house an' no license, I jus' don't get it, that's all."

"Did you speak to Billy about him?"

"Yes, sure I did. But, say, there's somethin' wrong. If you'd seen the look that came in Billy's eyes when I wanted to have that crook run out of town—it was jus' as if I'd sprung a ghost on him."

"Well, I'll gamble Billy never done nothin' crooked in his life. He's all wool an' a yard wide, you can stake your life on that, Peloo. Them eyes is his sworn testimony to that fact."

"What does Billy give him money for, Red? Billy's keepin' him."

"Didn't you never lend a pal money, Peloo?"

"Tain't the same, nohow; I jus' staked a feller that I liked. An' Billy don't cotton to this feller; he's jus' feared of him. I been takin' stock when they wasn't lookin'."

"I reckon the proper thing to do under the circumstances," Meekins said thoughtfully, tousling his mop of red hair, "would be to snake this dead-beat some dark night an' send him scootin' down the river in a canoe with strict orders to keep goin'."

"Can't be did. This camp ain't no good." Peloo gasped, realising he had expressed an adverse opinion of Silver City. He hastened to explain, "I mean as to governin' a place. We ain't got law enough, an' we got too much. If we had the right kind of law here we could jus' send this feller out as a vag, an' if Hank Speers hadn't been sent here as a no good constable, me an' you an' a few of the fellers could jus' give that sponge his choice between leavin' an' climbin' a tree without touchin' the trunk."

"Well, as for me," Red growled, "if Billy's gettin' the worst of it, I'll take the law inter my own hands an' wallop seven kinds of daylight out of that cow-bird."

"We jus' got to wait an' stand for it awhile," Peloo said with a sigh of resignation. "I've seen fellers like that sorter get runnin' loose in a minin' camp, an' stumble up ag'in' a sickness that carried 'em off. You see, long's he pays his board an' don't break nothin', I kinder can't turn him out. I've been readin' up a lawbook on the subjec'. If I have any kind of a rumpus in the hotel, I'll lose a chance of gettin' that license, don't you see, Red?"

Red adjusted his leather coat by the lapels with a decisive jerk, indicating that he had made up his mind to something, before he said, "You jus' leave that fish to me, Peloo. I'll get onto his game."

"What's the idee, Red?" Peloo queried.

But Meekins only nodded his head sagaciously and drew himself out of the chair, saying, "Guess I'll hike off home to the Big Pine."

AS the days passed, with Peloo sitting tight on the situation, it was evident to others that the presence of Dick Hanson was a menace to Billy's peace. The genial smile that had won all their hearts fitted feebly across his lips and only at rare intervals. Many scowling looks followed Hanson as he walked about idly, making a pretense of looking for a claim to buy.

There was an illicit whiskey place up on the hill, but it would have been counted an act of treachery to denounce the blind pig. The miners considered the Government regulation against the sale of liquor in a mining camp an act of tyranny, sneering at the assertion that dynamite and whiskey made an unsafe combination. They were men who could toy with liquor or dynamite, not babes to sup at a Government milk bottle. And it was generally believed that Hanson was associated with the two Italians who ran the blind pig.

Strangely enough, as it appeared to Meekins' friends, he was often observed in Hanson's company. When Peloo questioned him about this Red drew his shaggy eyebrows down and assumed an air of deep mystery. Importuned once, he replied almost savagely:

"You jus' wait! Guess I know what I'm doin'! I uster be a fire ranger for the Gov'ment, an' I never caught nobody by runnin' after 'em yellin' I was an off'cer."

There was no doubt that Meekins had some crude idea of ingratiating himself into Hanson's confidence in the hope of obtaining sufficient evidence to remove him from Billy's path. He might have succeeded—that is, in a different manner from which his success came—if it had not been for the blight of liquor that had been on him for years. He could go months without it, and then inebriation would smite him as hay fever or periodical malaria lays other men by the heels.

Perhaps the wily Hanson, more subtle than Meekins, had divined the latter's weakness; at any

rate Peloo was horrified to see Red come into his place one evening hilariously jocund.

"WHERE did you get it, Red, in the name of heaven?" he queried, dragging Meekins to his own room.

But Red was like an Indian, considering it a rank act of treachery to disclose the source of illicit liquor. Peloo begged Meekins to tell him whether it was some of the incoming miners had brought it, or if the blind pig had furnished it.

Under the questioning Red, usually placid of temper, flew into a rage and flung from the hotel, cursing Peloo for a leather headed priest of water blooded bigots.

Billy was in despair, for he had grown fond of Meekins. "He got it at the blind pig, Mr. Trout," Billy assured Peloo. "Don't ask me about it; I can't tell you. Why doesn't the constable close that place up?"

"Is it Dick Hanson?" Peloo asked.

"I can't tell you," Billy reiterated; "but make the constable go out at once and arrest those men and send them out of the country."

Peloo stared and clawed with huge fingers at his shaggy beard. There were tears in the vehement voice of the speaker, almost in the blue eyes, Peloo thought, as he turned away. He passed grimly out to the front room, tapped Hank Speers on the shoul-

der, and said, "Come outside, Hank, I want to see you a minute."

"Something's got to be did, constable," he continued when they were in the open. "You get Bill Slack, an' the three of us'll go out an' pull that j'int. This town ain't goin' to be put on the bum by no whiskey runners that don't pay no license. You know where 'tis, an' you get busy, or there's goin' to be a new p'lice force here!"

IN half an hour three men with rifles were silently climbing in the dark the path that wound up the poplar grown hill toward a little ravine where a small log shack nestled innocently in a cove of stunted pine. Where the path, skirting a huge boulder, dipped to the ravine, Peloo checked Constable Speers with his hand on the latter's arm, and speaking low, said:

"We best stalk this pirate gang kinder quiet an' ketch 'em in the act."

Speers put his rifle down against the rock, slipped his pistol belt round till the black butt of a heavy revolver showed conveniently in front, and unhooked a bullseye lantern that hung at his hip, saying, "I know them thieves' game. Soon's we squeak they'll dash the glim an' try to slip us in the dark."

Then in Indian file the three slipped, with the noiseless tread of men accustomed to woodpaths,

down into the deeper gloom of the little valley. From the cavelike blackness of the pines a light blinked at them evilly, like a red eye. Once Peloo whispered:

"They're to home, right 'nough!"

They were now among the pines, the crisp needles beneath their feet giving forth whispering notes as though they trod on heavy silk. Peloo's rifle clicked as he pumped a cartridge from magazine to barrel. The same clicking noise passed from Peloo to Slack. The heavy stillness of the pine boughs was like a foreboding hush, as though the night held its breath in expectancy. Once the constable checked, and turning his face whispered in Peloo's ear:

"One of these cusses is a Greek, Petri, an' he's like a rattlesnake. I know him. If he draws a weapon I'm goin' to plug him."

"We'll go kinder easy at the fu'st with 'em," Peloo advised in whispered tones.

AS Speers moved forward again the dead stillness was shattered by a fierce oath from the shack, twenty yards in front. Other voices joined issue, pitched high in anger. Involuntarily the men stood still in silent listening. "You skunk, to say that!" came booming singly from the general din.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.



## "WITH A STRONG LOVE INTEREST"

"Hilda said the words aloud, and laughed again 'I can write love stories that seem sincere, that carry conviction. I—Hilda Marriot, into whose eyes no man has ever wanted to look, whose hands no man has ever wished to hold for a second longer than conventionality suggests.'"



HILDA MARRIOTT laid down the editor's letter and laughed. She always maintained that her sense of humour was one of her strongest points, and the letter she put upon her bureau appealed enormously to that sense.

"Prince's Magazine,"

"Office,"

"Dear Miss Marriot,—

"May 16, 1908.

"Will you kindly submit me some short stories with a strong love interest? Your love stories always have a ring of sincerity and carry conviction with them. This appeals to our readers.

"Yours truly,

"ROBERT NEWTON (Editor)."

"A ring of sincerity and carry conviction with them. This appeals to our readers." Hilda said the words aloud, and laughed again. "I can write love stories that seem sincere, that carry conviction. I—Hilda Marriot, into whose eyes no man has ever wanted to look, whose hands no man has ever wished to hold for a second longer than conventionality suggests. I—to write love stories. Oh, it is funny, simply funny—if only Mr. Newton knew. Not that his sense of humour is highly developed," she added reflectively, drawing patterns on her blotting paper and reviewing mentally the editor's grave, pre-occupied face; "he would only wonder what I could find funny in the situation, and look upon me as mildly imbecile. But I myself see the thing as—as very funny, and rather pathetic." She lifted her eyes from the contemplation of the patterns on her blotting paper and looked out on the garden. Her bureau flanked the long low window, through which she could see a tracery of boughs outlined in a delicate brown lacework against the orange-sunset sky; and, though the road bordered by those trees was only one of the main arteries to London's heart, Hilda made the most of what she called her "little scrap of country." The little scrap consisted of a piece of garden rather larger than the average-sized pocket handkerchief between the house and the road, and, bordering the road itself, those trees whose boughs at this moment made so dainty a tracery with their background of flaming sky. Hilda Marriot was one of those happy-natured beings who can make the best of what life brings them. Over her bureau hung an illuminated verse,

By L. G. MOBERLY

favourite lines of hers, which gave a little clue to her own character:

"Two men looked out of prison bars,  
One saw mud—the other stars."

And Hilda went through life with an incurable faculty for overlooking the mud of this world, and only seeing its stars. She made the utmost of the garden patch, the tree beyond the gate, and the wide expanse of sky upon which were painted for her so many of those gorgeous sunsets which London alone knows how to paint. Hilda sat looking silently now at the orange glory of the west—and the words of the editor's letter danced before her mind with a tiresome reiteration: "With a strong love interest—a strong love interest. Your love stories have a ring of sincerity." There was still a smile on her lips, but a little mistiness came before her eyes, so that the brown lacework of the trees grew blurred and the burnished sky dim. "A ring of sincerity." And yet—and yet—all those love stories which she had written at the editor's bidding were drawn entirely from her imagination, with no personal knowledge behind them, with no background of personal experience to give them a note of conviction.

"Always a looker-on, and so, perhaps, I have seen a great deal of the game," Hilda murmured—living alone having engendered in her a habit of occasionally thinking her thoughts aloud. "Good times—and me not in 'em, as that very nice person, Glory M'Quirk, in 'Faith Gartney's Girlhood' used to say. And I can only tell love stories from the outside—as a spectator. How do I know? How can I know—"

She broke off suddenly. The trees outside had grown very dim, the colours of the sunset sky were running into one another in such an absurdly blurred mass; and a ridiculous little sob climbed into her throat and stopped her speech. She pushed back her chair, and rose, brushing her hand across her eyes and resolutely choking down a sob.

"Hilda Marriot, you are a fool—an absolute, entire, unmitigated fool," she said slowly, and with a little laugh that had in spite of herself a pitiful ring in it, "you are not the first woman—and in the present state of society you certainly won't be the last—who has gone to her grave unwanted, unwooded, unwed. Be very thankful you can write love stories, as there chances to be a market for them, and don't be a consummate goose because

you don't happen to have had a love story of your own!"

She stood for a moment looking out at the wide road; then turned towards the mantelpiece, over which hung a large oak-framed mirror.

"Not so bad to look at," she said, nodding towards the reflected face that looked back at her; "you know, Hilda, you really are a passably good-looking woman even now, when in a few months' time you will be forty. Twenty years ago you must have been quite a pretty girl, and yet all you could do was to hand your heart to a person who had no use for it. You could not win love for yourself. And now you can write love stories—stories on a subject of which you are practically ignorant," she laughed; and the laugh was reflected on the face in the mirror. Possibly she was right in saying she must have been a pretty girl. Undoubtedly now she was a woman of more than average good looks, but whether the girlhood face had held as much as was to be seen in the face of the woman, who could say?

Her eyes—soft, grey, humorous—were set under a brow that gave the impression of a serene and balanced nature. Mouth and chin were firmly cut, but the mobile lips held no trace of hardness; it was easy to see that they could curve into a tender smile; there was sensitiveness in them and womanliness. And though there were lines on her face and silver threads in the brown of her hair, Hilda Marriot had retained a wonderful look of youth and freshness. It was obvious that her heart was young; however much the years might draw wrinkles upon her face and sow her hair with grey.

"You could have made quite a nice wife, and not a bad mother," she said whimsically, nodding at her own reflection. "You ought to have been the mother of sons; you would have understood the human boy. Oh! you poor, silly thing, you have somehow made a sorry job of being a woman. There must be something hopelessly lacking in you, that in all the course of forty years, not a living man—not one—has fallen in love with you. . . . Not bad to look at"—she spoke slowly, her eyes still meeting the grey, humorous eyes in the mirror—"not wholly devoid of brains, capable of being a good friend and comrade, quite a womanly woman in spite of your independence, and with a heart which can love." Her voice dropped, the smile left her eyes; she put out her hand towards the mirror, with a sudden impulsive gesture.

"You've missed the best of life, you poor, silly thing. And you don't know where you took the wrong turning, or how you might have got into the right road. And you must just write other

people's love stories, because you are never going to have any of your own."

She sat down again at her bureau, but the train of thought and the emotions aroused were not easily laid to rest; and as the twilight deepened round her, memory awoke, and Hilda was back again in a past long since dead, and to all intents and purposes buried. Her girlhood, her eager impulsive girlhood, rose before her; and the days when, like every woman worthy of her name, she had looked forward to the fulfilling of her womanhood, dreamt happy dreams of the gifts that lay waiting for her in the heart of life. And, instead of love, only friendship had been given to her: *bon camaraderie* in place of that for which her eager young soul craved. She saw it all again—the garden, whose grass was silvered with daisies; the cedar tree, dark against the blue sky of June; in the great bed of Scotch roses, whose fragrance came back to her now in the twilight. And beside her the man who was her friend no more. His face was silhouetted against the grey dimness that crept about her room; she saw it almost as distinctly as if it had actually been there; the grave, strongly cut face that once in those far-off days had been her world. To play with the fire had seemed so very easy then; and she had argued to herself so speciously that there was no reason why a man and a girl should not be friends, without any question of a closer tie between them. Oh! he had been honest with her, that man with the strong face and steady eyes. He had never played with her or deceived her, or led her to believe that he meant more than he honestly did mean. They were to be friends—friends only; the old, old fallacy which for succeeding generations repeatedly proves itself a fallacy. But whilst on the man's side it remained friendship—the quiet friendship of good comrades—on the girl's side it grew to that greater thing beside which friendship pales into nothingness. Poor, impulsive, eager girl, Hilda, sitting in the twilight, whilst the orange hue faded from the sky, smiled a smile of infinite pity over her self of long ago—the self who, at twenty, had given her love to a man who wanted none of it. To the woman who looked back, the fallacy of it all was easy to understand.

With a touch of resoluteness that belonged to her character, Hilda thrust the old memories aside, switched on the light of her electric lamp, drew a clean sheet of paper towards her, and picked up her pen.

"If, when you were twenty, you had no power to win a man's love, you certainly have no power to do it now, you poor thing," she said decidedly. "Stop repining, write your love stories, and be ready to make yourself agreeable to-night at Mrs. Lechmere's 'At home.' Buck up!"

"TAKE pity on me, and tell me who everybody is; remember, after five years of hinterlands, I am almost a stranger in a strange land." The speaker—tall and spare, with bronzed, rugged face, and well-knit frame—looked down at his companion with a pair of the brightest of blue eyes and a little whimsical smile.

"Tut, tut," she answered lightly, touching his arm for a moment with the tip of her fan, "you won't long be a stranger in a strange land. We are mighty fond of lions even in these degenerate days, and you—"

"But I don't wish to be a lion." A look of genuine alarm crossed the bronzed face. "I've done nothing to make such a horror possible. I've simply—"

"Jack Heberden, you have simply been where nobody had been before you, and you got there in spite of every sort of difficulty Nature and man could put in your way. For these things Fate and the English nation will make a lion of you, whether you like it or no. Just for to-night you happen to be under my wing, more or less unknown. After to-night—"

"Never mind 'after to-night,'" the man interrupted, looking down at the old lady with an amused and tender twinkle in his blue eyes, "let me have one hour of enjoyment and time to breathe. Tell me who everybody is. It is refreshing to see pretty women in pretty clothes again."

Old Lady Neville chuckled softly. "Don't have too many illusions about the pretty women," she said, with a share of brusqueness; "they haven't very pretty souls behind those charming faces. I warn you, Jack, you will find that five years have made a great difference. A good many old ideals have been knocked down, and the new ones"—she shrugged her shoulders—"well, if you are what you used to be, you won't give a farthing-piece for the new ones. They call me old-fashioned and behind the times"—a grim look crossed the attractive old face—"but I answer: Thank Heaven—yes, I am."

"What's the matter with the times?" The traveller's blue eyes twinkled with amusement. He seated himself on the couch beside the old lady who had been his good friend through a motherless boyhood.

"The times are out of joint," she quoted; "women have forgotten how to be womanly; goodness is an absurdity; love—just romantic nonsense. Women may still have pretty faces, but upon my word I don't know what they've done with their hearts and souls."

"When I was out in the wilds, I used sometimes—" he began, when his old friend cut him short.

"We mustn't stay in this corner talking platitudes," she said briskly, being still what Jack remembered her in the days of his youth—a creature of impulse; "come with me, and I'll introduce you to the latest products of English society. A month hence you shall tell me what you think of the modern woman."

Jack laughed. Lady Neville's whims had always amused him, and he knew the sound goodness of heart that lay beneath the surface manner. He was ready enough to follow her round Mrs. Lechmere's crowded drawing-room, being introduced to this person or that, deriving much quiet entertainment from his companion's sharp little speeches, which everyone knew masked the kindest nature in the world.

"Now, this is a friend with whom I am always falling out," Lady Neville exclaimed suddenly, as they paused near the door of the conservatory, just inside which stood a tall woman, simply gowned in black. "This is Miss Hilda Marriott. Miss Marriott persists in writing sentimental stories, when she ought to be turning out scathing, scurrilous satire. I tell her she doesn't use as she should the brains with which Heaven has blessed her."

"Miss—Hilda—Marriott?" The traveller spoke the words quickly, a curiously eager look leapt into his blue eyes, a look which Hilda saw and entirely failed to interpret. "I think I have read some of Miss Marriott's stories."

"Then you have read delightfully sentimental nonsense which bears no relation to the dull facts of life," said the old lady cheerfully, with a nod and a smile at Hilda. "I'll leave you to discuss her sentimentalities. I see Mrs. Bowen, and I have a bone to pick with her."

The man and woman, left alone, looked at each other with a smile.

"She is my godmother," Jack Heberden said quickly, "and the dearest soul living."

"That is just what I think about her," Hilda, too, spoke quickly. "She has been a good friend to me, though we do fall out over my writing. She wants it to be smarter—and I—"

"You couldn't stoop to that," he broke in so vehemently that she looked up at him with startled eyes. "I—you see—I read some of your stories when I was out in the wilds—and some of the literature chance threw in my way had so-called smart writing in it. Oh! no, you couldn't stoop to write smartly."

He looked at her with so absolute a conviction on his face and such a light flashed into his eyes that the colour mounted into her face, and an odd little thrill ran along her pulses. She had no idea who this tall man, with the spare frame, the rugged face, and vivid blue eyes, could be. In introducing him Lady Neville had omitted to mention his name, and Hilda only gathered vaguely that he had been somewhere in the wilds, but what wilds or why he had been there she had no glimmering notion. She liked his boyish directness of manner; something in her own simple and straightforward nature responded to the simplicity which seemed an integral part of his; and he, looking down at her, smiled—a sudden, flashing smile that gave him an absurdly boyish look.

Against the background of palms and flowering plants her slight figure was clearly silhouetted. Her gown, of some soft shade of grey blue, that made him think vaguely of the soft blue shadows of a summer evening, suited the fairness of her skin and the grey of her eyes. The subdued light fell upon her hair, and he saw that its brown coils were touched with white; but a little flashing reflection ran through his mind that the crown of her hair added something distinguished to the tall, slight form; and as she smiled back at him an answering smile his observant eyes noted the graceful curve of her lips, the lines of tenderness into which they naturally seemed to fall.

"What a mother she would make!" With lightning rapidity the thought came and went in his brain, even whilst he heard his own voice say:

"Shall we sit down over there under the roses?"

I should like to tell you—how I came across your stories."

HILDA followed where he led her across the conservatory to a seat placed close against the wall, upon which great yellow roses hung in lavish profusion. Their fragrance filled the place, mingling with the other scents of heliotrope and the cool, wet moss and dripping ferns about a splashing fountain. Those mingling fragrances and the soft sound of falling water lulled Hilda into a strange repose, yet the strong, eager voice of the man by her side awoke within her heart echoes of a past that was—the same? No, no! not at all the same. She pulled herself into a more upright position on the bench, thrusting into the background of her mind a picture that had all at once flashed unbidden before it—the picture of a daisy-strewn lawn, a cedar tree against the sky of June, Scotch roses in the great bed by the lawn—and she—

"One of my 'boys'—we call the porters 'boys,' you know—brought me in a bundle of magazines one day." Her companion's voice struck across her thoughts and banished the old visions. "I was down with fever. We were hung up in a nasty, swampy district, and where the 'boy' had found the things I couldn't imagine. It turned out afterwards that they had belonged to an Englishman who had been surveying up there; he had left them behind him, and they were a godsend to me. Fever makes a poor thing of a man, and I was a very poor thing; your stories put new heart into me."

"I am so glad," she answered.

"You seemed to have the faculty for making the best of everything," he went on, his eyes fixed on her face, over which, at his words, the colour flashed vividly; "in everything I read of yours there was an upward trend—you never dragged humanity down."

"I have tried," Hilda began; but he went on speaking dreamily, heedless of her interruption, his eyes still bent upon her face:

"But it wasn't only that. The stories that appealed to me most were your love stories—they were so sincere, they rang so true. I have never read any others like them, any others that gave me such a sense of reality."

"Oh!" Hilda gasped, with a laugh that had in it a sound suspiciously like a sob, "oh! how funny, how dreadfully, dreadfully funny!"

Supreme amazement looked at her out of Heberden's blue eyes; astonishment for a moment held him dumb; then he exclaimed impetuously:

"Why do you say that?"

"Because"—again she laughed, the little laugh that veiled a sob—"because—they aren't real a bit."

"What do you mean?" The gleam of his eyes held hers; the entire simplicity and sincerity of the man drew from her an answering simplicity and sincerity.

"I have to write love stories because my editor wants them," she said abruptly; "but I know nothing about them—really. I am one of the lookers-on at life."

"Then you have looked on to some purpose," he replied, "and I think"—he paused—"you have picked out all the best you have seen and wrapped it round with some of the beauty of your own soul!"

Hilda did not lift her eyes. It had become strangely impossible to meet the blue eyes that scanned her face—and that odd thrill ran once more along her pulses. She had tried to speak, but speech failed her, and she did not know whether she was most relieved or most sorry when a chattering, laughing group of other guests strolled into the conservatory; and instinctively she rose. Heberden and she moved back into the crowded drawing-room, and other acquaintances claimed her attention. But a curious sense of being in dreamland was upon her, and it did not seem to her strange that, when she went away, the stranger with the vivid blue eyes should say to her in his eager, boyish voice:

"May I come to see you, and tell you some more about those stories of yours I have read?"

It only seemed natural—as natural as that she should answer:

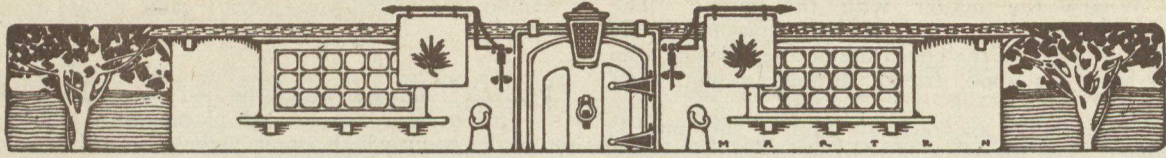
"Yes—please come. I have rooms in Branchdale Road. I should like to hear—about your travels."

"I DON'T think I can understand it in the least."

"Can't you—understand it in the least?" The tender mockery of the man's tones set Hilda's heart throbbing. "Is it so very hard to understand?"

"Almost impossible," she exclaimed vehemently; "almost impossible."

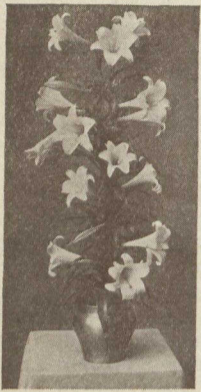
"But why—tell me why?" and Jack Heberden paused on the narrow footpath and laid a gentle



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### The Coming of Spring.

By SHIRLEY YOKE.



**T**HE advent of spring means so many different things to so many different people that it is interesting to wander a little way into the maze of reasons which make it, on the whole, a synonym for everything that is most pleasant in life.

To the busy housewife the mention of the word conjures up visions of housecleaning, in which her tidy soul delights, and which her lord and master utterly abhors. To her it represents immaculate cleanliness and a deep sense of satisfaction; to him stray meals down

town, or on the kitchen table (if he is unusually fortunate), visions of stair carpets to be laid for his evening amusement, and many other kindred joys with which he would willingly dispense.

To the maiden, and those whose houses have not sunk too deeply into their souls, it means new garments, and attendant agitations, and consultations with milliners, dressmakers, and a select circle of friends in the same delightful predicament.

The youth and young business man sees in it the occasion for the very latest thing in men's apparel which it is part of his religion to require every spring. The awful thought that he may perhaps expose to the bright spring sunshine a shiny seam or a rubbed cuff robs life of half its joys, until his visit to the tailor makes a new man of him, and he can allow himself to give full sway to the "spring feeling" which pervades his being in common with the rest of creation.

And who does not know this "spring feeling."

and who can explain it? The intangible, yet very real sense of pulsating, vivid life which is in the very air we breathe, making us unconsciously quicken our footsteps, and say "We are glad to be alive a day like this." When a feeling of deep compassion for those who have passed away comes over us, and sorrow for them that they will never know again the mere pleasure of being alive in the bright spring-time, surrounded with strong, fresh, young life on every hand.

But it is to children that spring is the brightest reality, with its lengthening, warming days when they can once more live out of doors, and give free vent to their vigorous young energies, in common with other growing things. For the house has never yet been built that is large enough for the adequate expression of youthful feelings quickened by the spring, and everybody knows something of the disastrous results of trying to "crib, cabin and confine" them. Therefore the skipping-ropes, toys, tops and marbles that appear such absolute necessities to juveniles, are hailed with delight by mothers, who see in them a means whereby their own tired nerves and exhausted bodies may be allowed a little season of rest, while the children are happily engaged making the sidewalks almost impassable for the unwary pedestrian who does not keep a sharp lookout before walking over a harmless looking string, or into a skipping-rope making about sixty revolutions a minute. But these, and the phalanxes of baby carriages, firm and deep, which one encounters every few minutes, are minor evils. They can be escaped by judicious jumping and dodging; and after all, spring is more especially the Festival of the Juvenilia, and nobody seriously grudges them the sidewalks, remembering the days of old when pedestrians were considered by themselves, as great, and unmitigated, and totally unnecessary evils.

This is spring in town, but how poor and feeble a thing it appears when contrasted with spring in the country! There the snow is longer in going, it is true, but one only notices the more the patches of warm brown earth showing through it, and meaning such wealth of verdure and beauty during the wet season of spring, the long, hot days of summer, and the ripening hours of autumn. The very trees seem to swell and bud more easily and quickly than in town, as though they felt the spaces around them waiting for their dormant energies to re-awaken and fill the air with sweet scents and refreshing breezes.

The little stream in the valley is rushing along, intent on forcing the ice above it to give way, pushing with all its might and main wherever it can; and at last carrying down before it the last loyal subject of King Winter who has been lurking in a cool, dark corner hoping to maintain his sovereign's sway. But the little stream will have none of him, and against the might of his fresh young strength who can stand? Down goes the brave defender of the rights of old King Winter, helping, sore against his will, to swell the song of triumph which the little conqueror sings more lustily than before.

And then come the first wild-flowers! What it means to find them hiding in obscure corners, as though doubting whether it were really time for them to appear, peeping out stealthily to see if the birds are keeping them company, and seeming to repay our exertions in seeking them by the wealth of the fragrance they shed.

And so it goes on, each day bringing a little more joy to those who can understand in ever so small a measure the inner meaning of the resurrection of spring from the grave of winter, until we come to June, and

"What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries Earth if it be in tune.

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it."

\* \* \*

### For the League of the Empire.

**A** RECENT visitor from the Old Country who has many pleasant things to say about Canada is Mrs. Ord Marshall, honorary secretary of the League of the Empire. Mrs. Marshall is full of

energy and enthusiasm in behalf of her Imperial projects, and the listener feels inspired with a belief in the work in which she is so interested.

The imperialism of this League, be it understood, is not of the idle kind which consists in "flag-



A New Portrait of Mrs. Austen Chamberlain with her Son (Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Grandson.)

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, who is the daughter of an Army Officer, is not very interested in politics, and she once even went so far, in the days when her little son could not speak for himself, as to announce him ordained for the Army and not for politics. However, in the recent election she worked as hard as any wife in the kingdom in her husband's cause.

flapping" and other conspicuous manifestations of patriotism. It is practical and sane, with a clear idea of what it wants and how to secure it. For instance, when the Island of St. Helena was in acute distress after the withdrawal of the garrison the League of the Empire established technical schools and industrial institutions, until the pressure of want was somewhat relieved. The lace-work done in the St. Helena schools is especially admired and has a good market in London.

Mrs. Ord Marshall is desirous of providing for the agricultural instruction or guidance of young English boys of the yeoman class who may come to Canada. They are not of the "charity" class and are anxious to receive a practical course of training before entering upon agricultural work. The West, especially British Columbia, is the scene Mrs. Marshall has chosen for observation with regard to such training. Prominent citizens in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto are already interested in the matter and have conferred with regard to it. In these days when there are so many undesirable immigrants, the prospect of having a better class sent out under favourable auspices is decidedly cheering.

\* \* \*

### A Song of Content.

**A**BOVE an emerald sea of sod  
Blow linen sails like snow;  
The floors are sanded, and the hearth  
Gleams with an Altar's glow.

A wholesome smell of bread, new-baked;  
The spinning-wheel's low hum;  
These, with an hundred homely tasks,  
Make of her day, the sum.

Yet search the whole world through and through,  
Her happiness to match,—  
Her drowsy babe upon her breast,  
His hand upon the latch!—*The Craftsman.*



Miss Guerin,

Sister of the Hon. J. J. Guerin, Mayor of Montreal, who will perform the duties of Lady Mayoress during her brother's term as Chief Magistrate.

# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

**T**HERE is going to be a Tag Day for the C.P.R. It wants a new Toronto station and the poor dear hasn't any money.

The Editor of the *News* had a dreadful nightmare last week. He dreamed that he saw a Dreadnought on the Newmarket Canal, and he hasn't been taking any nourishment since.

Montreal City Council has been purified. That's nothing! Toronto city water is going to be disinfected.

Rockefeller is going to do good with his money. He's been a long while "doing" it. A Home for Grafters and a House of Refuge for Those-Who-Have-Bought will be erected on the banks of the Wabash.

Premier Rutherford of Alberta is in possession of a bronco cabinet. Just now it looks as if it would kick the Legislature all to bits. Sir James Whitney smiles in a superior way when he reads of these western troubles. Just imagine J. J. Foy or W. J. Hanna prancing about like that naughty Cushing!

The Seventeenth of Ireland was observed by Peter Ryan, James L. Hughes and all other loyal Sons of the Shamrock (to say nothing of the tiger lily).

\* \* \*

## Retaliation.

**Q**UITE recently the newsboys of Toronto had what is called a Tag Day and held up several hundred thousand citizens for contribution to the Newsboys' Home. Just a year ago the members of the Young Women's Christian Guild also observed a "Tag Day," in order to obtain the funds for a swimming pool and other aids to physical culture.

A newsboy approached a young woman, on the occasion of the recent solicitation, and explained the purpose of the "tag."

"What is it for?" said the woman.

"A Newsboys' Home."

"But haven't many of you boys got homes of your own?"

"Ah! G'wan! That isn't what we asked you a year ago when you wanted money for a bath."

\* \* \*

## When Richard III. was Pawned.

**C**OOKE, the celebrated American tragedian of earlier times, it is told, once actually pawned himself in Philadelphia. Going along the street, he came upon a pawn-shop. He entered the door and addressed the man behind the counter thus: "My name is Cooke. This is my benefit night. The manager can't do without me. I'm up for Richard the Third. I want something to drink and I have no money. Now, I suppose to pledge my royal person for ten dollars, and you may lay me upon one of your shelves." The pawn broker paid the

ten dollars and Cooke was laid up. Meanwhile a large audience had assembled at the theatre and at seven o'clock the manager was obliged to apologise to the audience for Cooke's absence and asked permission to commence the performance with a farce. A boy awaited him as he left the stage and presented a note written in cypher which he translated thus:

My Dear Jones,—I am pawned for ten dollars; send and redeem me, or it will be impossible for Richard to be himself to-night. Yours, W. Cooke."

The manager hurried off to the pawn shop, and found Cooke with a



REVENGE

Shareholder in Rubber Company (who has had a narrow shave). "Go on! wear your d—d tyres out!"—*Punch*.

piece of paper in his button-hole, marked "No. 1473, pawned for \$10." The amount was paid, a cab called, and Mr. Cooke and the manager returned to the theatre. Soon the eccentric tragedian was before the audience, and he never played better than on this occasion.

\* \* \*

## A Sleepy Assembly.

**S**UCH lovely times in Ottawa, With long and weary fights! The members yawn and yawn again— They hate to sit up nights.

Sir Wilfrid looks reproachful While Pugsley sits and glowers R. L. just makes the Enemy Sit up for weary hours.

\* \* \*

## What He Deserved.

**T**HE newly-elected mayor was about to make his first journey through the town in his official capacity. The people had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass a floral crown

should hang, surmounted with the words, "He Well Deserves It." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous mayor passed under the arch, only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He Well Deserves It" standing out in bold relief above it.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

\* \* \*

## Passed Through.

**T**HEY had just got back from a trip abroad, and were telling some callers all about it. They had taken their motor, as the story abundantly shows. "And did you go through Berlin, too?" asked one of the callers. "I should just love to see Berlin!"

"Did we, dear?" said the wife to the husband.

"Yes," replied the busy man, from behind his paper. "Don't you remember we bought some gasoline there?"

"And Paris—did you stop in Paris?" continued the caller.

"Did we, dear?" asked the wife of her better half.

"Why, of course. Don't you know we busted a tire there and had to have a new one put on!"

\* \* \*

## Almost All.

**"Y**OU can't fool all the people."

"No; but you must admit that Dr. Cook averaged a very high percentage."

\* \* \*

## Table of Contents Still There.

**"D**OCTOR," said the patient, upon whom the hospital doctor surgeon had just operated for appendicitis, "you're the same surgeon that amputated the first finger of my right hand when I had it crushed in a railroad accident a few months ago, ain't you." "Yes," answered the surgeon. "Well, you got my index then, and now you've got my appendix. I hope you are satisfied."

\* \* \*

## No Doubt.

**S**T. PATRICK'S DAY'S the first of spring—

Of that there is no doubt. No other date so much doth bring So many green things out.

\* \* \*

## An Easter Idyl.

**I**T'S just a simple bonnet, With a single rose upon it, And the little face beneath it is quite serene and still.

But it took a week to buy it, And it takes an hour to tie it, And the good Lord only knows how long 'twill take to pay the bill.

\* \* \*

## On the Fence.

**"D**O you believe, professor, that the cow jumped over the moon?" asked the fair girl graduate.

"I have suspended judgment in that matter, my child," said the professor, with a smile. "I prefer to wait until the claimant has submitted her observations to some scientific body competent to pass upon them."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Spreads Like Butter"  
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks  
For sale by all Grocers.  
Manufactured by  
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Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

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For Local Examinations in Music  
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The Annual Examinations in Practical Music and Theory will be held throughout Canada in May and June, 1910. Entries close April 1st.  
Syllabus, Music for Examinations, and all particulars may be obtained on application to—  
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**BOBCAYGEON - ONTARIO**  
**A Residential School in the Country for Young Boys**  
Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.  
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**Means A New Bookcase for 40c.**  
"China-Lac" is one of the greatest money savers you can have in the house. A 15c. can of "China-Lac" is sufficient to make an old, scratched, scuffed chair look as fresh and bright as new. 40c. invested in "China-Lac" will give you a new Desk, Bookcase or Dining Room Table. "China-Lac" is the home economist as well as the home beautifier. 14 rich colors for Furniture, Floors, Oil Cloth, etc. Ask your dealer to show you the "China-Lac" colors.  
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ESTABLISHED 1879

**For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh**

"Used while you sleep" **Diphtheria, Catarrh**

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, inc. in stamps.

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**200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION**

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1513 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.,** and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

**These Little Stores Will Make You Independent!**



\$500.00 a month is being made from a small investment by men operating

**RED STAR SANITARY Peanut Vending Machines**

Hundreds of operators of Red Star Vending Machines are making big money.

Here is YOUR opportunity to get into business for yourself.

**Just Study These Figures--**

Here are the facts. A machine in an average location will sell five pounds of peanuts a week. Five pounds of peanuts will cost 50 cents. The machine will sell them for \$2.00. You pocket the profit of \$1.50 from each machine.

Suppose you had forty machines, your weekly income would be \$60.00 a week.

No other business brings such tremendous returns! Write for our illustrated booklet to-day. It will give you figures that will surprise you.

Now is the time, before the other fellow gets the good locations—write to-day.

**H. E. WINTERS & CO.**  
Dept. K. Windsor, Ont.

**EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES**

WRITE FOR PRICES

**METALLIC ROOFING CO. LIMITED**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

**PEOPLE AND PLACES**

**The Story of an Heiress.**

"IT seems like an Aladdin lamp story," remarked Mrs. C. A. Campbell, a New York visitor in Toronto the other day. It certainly was. Mrs. Campbell had dropped off at the Queen City to dig up a few family records. She landed at the Legislative Buildings and consulted with the Archives officials. Meeting Mr. Fraser, Chief Archivist, Mrs. Campbell calmly acquainted him with the fact that she was a lineal descendant of His Majesty King James I. That was not all. She claimed a billion dollars worth of good Canadian land—the Plains of Abraham, part of Quebec city, fifty thousand acres in the province, the town of Levis, a piece of Ottawa and several leagues of territory down in New Brunswick. In support of her claim to this big slice of Eastern Canada, Mrs. Campbell submitted page after page of documentary proof. Whether the civil service clerks were convinced or not, they sat up and listened to as interesting a bit of romance as they ever locked up in the archive vaults. Mrs. Campbell told them that she was the heir-at-law of one Joseph Lambert, colonist. In 1759, after Wolfe had taken his fall out of Montcalm at the Plains of Abraham, the British Government had confiscated the lands of Lambert. Later they reversed the order of confiscation; the properties of Lambert were to be returned to his heir or to Mrs. Campbell. A few years ago Mrs. Campbell decided to fight for Lambert's estate. She commenced collecting evidence to proceed against the Canadian Government. Being a woman of leisure, she has had ample time to pursue her investigations abroad, spending much time in France and England as well as in the cities of Quebec and Washington.

\* \* \*



Regina is to have a new Public School, to be built immediately, according to above sketch, and called the Strathcona. It will contain a gymnasium and shower baths, and is the eighth institution of its kind in the city.

Photograph by Rossie, Regina.

\* \* \*

**A Struggle for Power.**

VANCOUVER is up against a critical situation just now. The trouble concerns the harbour. Vancouver harbour is one of the best situated in the world. It sits close by the sea, there is no ice to worry the pacific tars, and the freshet floods which sometimes roll over the Montreal docks, are never on the programme. But fortune has not altogether favoured the harbour. Just now, so the Vancouver papers say, its development is being retarded by the hands of the Octopus. The editor of the *Sunset* made a few poignant remarks on the question recently. He stated that the harbour is every day coming more and more into the control of corporate interests. The railway companies are buying up all the property in the harbour vicinity. The C. P. R. have annexed the south side of Burrard Inlet. The Great Northern have obtained possession of a good part of False Creek, and a stretch of the north shore. A slice of the north shore also have the V. W. & Y. secured. The concensus of opinion is that the Great Northern have their eye on the entire foreshore of False Creek. The acquisition of this would give them a whip hand in the shipping game of the coast. Grave is the admonition of the *Sunset* to the city fathers of Vancouver:

"The False Creek problem is altogether a complex and intricate one. In its disposition and final solution the City Council has a very heavy responsibility. In the course adopted by the Council depends to a large extent the future of shipping and railway interests in the city."

\* \* \*

**Sir Gilbert Parker and the Electors.**

SIR GILBERT PARKER expresses great admiration for Scotch character in an essay, "The Genius of Scot." (*Harper's Weekly*.) He tells how Scotland and the men of Scotia first were opened up to his imagination in a digression recalling his boyhood days:

"I have long been a captive to the Scotsman. I was brought up in that slavery. The renowned offspring of 'Auld Beardie' took me, not by the throat, but in the throat, at ten years of age when Rob Roy came into my hands on the shore of Lake Huron, in a village, now a great town, where moose were driven like horses in the street, and brown bears were shot. A half-day's walk from where I entered into a world of delight, led by a Scottish piper of everlasting fame."

Sir Gilbert is quietly resting after his election campaign, engaged upon another novel, "Cullum's Son," soon to be published.

**A LIFE SAVING DRINK**

It is a fact that a cup of Hot Bovril will ward off a serious disease.

When you are exhausted or run down, you are open to the attack of many ills,

A cup of Hot Bovril supplies immediate strength and puts the system in condition, to resist any prevalent sickness.

**BOVRIL** is the most palatable of beverages, for all that is good in prime Beef is in

**BOVRIL**

3-12-09



Ask the man Behind the Counter to Let You Examine a Suit of "HEWSON" UNDERWEAR

After all, there's nothing like WOOL next the skin—IF IT'S PURE WOOL!

And PARTICULARLY IF IT'S from Nova Scotia—the province famed for its beautiful, soft, fleecy wool—the kind of wool used in making HEWSON Underwear—Canadian-made Garments for discriminating Canadians.

If you want real underwear value, insist on this brand.

Elastic rib, unshrinkable, beautifully finished. HEWSON Underwear is sold at most stores—if YOUR dealer cannot supply you write to us and we will tell you where you CAN get it.

**Hewson Woolen Mills, Limited**  
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA



The UNDERWOOD Typewriter is so generally used in the schools that it is difficult to get operators for other typewriters. If you use the UNDERWOOD you avoid the trouble.

**United Typewriter Co. Ltd.**  
TORONTO  
AND ALL OTHER CANADIAN CITIES



**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 6th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 6 times per week each way between Oshawa and Raglan and Hepburn (proposed) and Oshawa from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Oshawa, Raglan and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 17th March 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# Impressions of the New Parliament

By T. P. in M.A.P.

IT is a very different Parliament from that which it has replaced.

It is, for one thing, not only less democratic in composition, but also in appearance. You might, indeed, imagine that you had suddenly found a House of Commons with a Cavalier majority substituted for a House of Commons where the Roundheads had been the predominant element.

Looking around, you come across faces everywhere which seem to rise out of the basic conflicts of political and social life in England. Where you had been accustomed to see the prosperous, round-faced man of business, with his unmistakable Saxon complexion and expression, you suddenly find yourself confronted with a man with the huge-beaked nose, the somewhat scornful expression, and the perfect tailoring which you associate with that proud Norman race which conquered England some ten centuries ago, and still forms the largest portion of the governing classes. It is accordingly a much better dressed House of Commons than the last.

In the last House of Commons the element which first attracted your attention, and struck you as so different from all previous Houses, was the large new body of working men members who had found a place there; and who, for the first time in history, were able to make Labour represented by a great and powerful group.

Labour members make it something of a point to appear in the House of Commons with the distinctive marks of their class. They appear, for the most part, in short coats, scarcely one of them ever wears a tall hat; and they are inclined to parti-coloured tweed rather than the cloth and the black serge which form the dress of most of the ordinary and middle-class members of the House. In this House the Labour men are not in such numbers; and accordingly you see fewer of the sacque coats and the billy-cock hats.

## A YOUNGER HOUSE.

It appears to be a younger House of Commons than the last. I suppose it is because the ferocity and eventfulness of the fight arrayed so many of the powerful families in the political struggle that there are so many more young men in the House. It appears to me, not having yet even learned their names, that they are the eldest sons of the ancient houses, who have been induced to fight for the seat in the neighbourhood where the family mansions and the family have lived for generations or centuries. In this respect the present House of Commons is a return to what it used to be like a few decades ago. There was a time even in my own memory when it was quite usual for men to enter the House of Commons when they were barely over twenty-one years of age.

I can recall still the shock almost of surprise I felt when I first caught sight of the gentleman who now, under the name of Lord Althorp, figures as a prominent personality in all Court functions in the high position of Lord Chamberlain. He was then a mere child in appearance—as a matter of fact, he had just attained his majority. Slight, boy-faced, exquisitely dressed, with his long hair combed back from his forehead, he seemed rather more like a boy from Eton, who had come up to see his grandfather installed in his seat, than a live and real member of Parliament who had been sent to represent an important constituency.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Spencer—as he then was—proved to be a very able, a very adroit, and a very sagacious politician, with plenty of good sense and sound judgment. But the House of Commons always remembered his jokes best, and especially one historic joke. Rising in the midst of a very grave debate at the time when the question before the House was whether the vote should be given to the agricultural labourer, Mr. Spencer gravely began his speech by the statement, "I am not an agricultural labourer." The laughter lasted for several minutes, and the joke has never been forgotten.

Mr. Spencer, with the best clothes that the tailors could turn out, with the highest collar that ever was worn, with everything about him demonstrating the young, well-groomed aristocrat, calmly disclaiming the suggestion that he was a poor Hodge, with his horny hands, his corduroy breeches, and his hobnailed boots, immensely tickled everybody's fancy. And from that moment, the House realised that this young man had a keen and pretty wit. And then, after this preliminary joke, he made a serious and quite a good speech.

## A SYSTEM OF THE PAST.

The reason why men do not get into the House of Commons at so early an age now as they used in the olden times, is that the old pocket borough no longer exists. When Mr. Gladstone, for instance, wanted to enter on a political career, all he had to do was to get the approval and the nomination of the Duke of Newcastle; and that amounted practically to his being returned for the little borough of Newark.

Even in our own days, the ten-pound householders were the chief electioneering factor; and they formed a small and select list of voters, who could easily be got at by the local squire or some other person who had the influence by right either of birth or of wealth. But the reduction of the franchise, and, above all, the single-seat constituency, did away with a good deal of that kind of thing; with the result that most men have nowadays to wait for political life until they have earned their fortunes, and, when men have earned their fortunes, they are generally unfitted for anything else.

The appearance, then, of so many young faces in the new House is a bit of a surprise. It looks like going back to an older generation of men and of members.

These youngsters, with their clean-shaven faces, their well-combed moustaches, and their general air of triumphant youth and distinction, seem to have come straight from the Castle and the old Norman stock, and are an eloquent demonstration of how much this fight on the Land Taxes has stirred rural and aristocratic England to its depths.

## THE RETURN OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

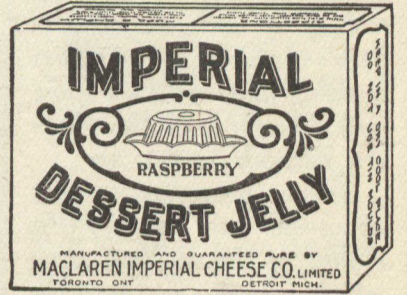
I need not dwell on the pathetic spectacle of Mr. Chamberlain coming in, supported by the arm of his son and that of Lord Morpeth, and compelled to sign by deputy when he took the oath. The daily papers have already sufficiently described the scene. I had left the House of Commons a few moments before the scene took place. I am very glad; it must have been very painful to those who had seen Mr. Chamberlain in his great days, when he was one of the most potent and daring voices in the great battle of St. Stephen's.

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A delicious and nutritious food, highly recommended by physicians—especially good for children. The name McLaren is an absolute guarantee of high-grade quality and absolute purity. Imperial Peanut Butter is simply the nutriment of selected nuts concentrated. An excellent and invigorating food—suitable for picnics and luncheons.

The food par excellence for invalids and children—a delicious and wholesome desert for healthy adults too. Both delicacies are sold by all reputable grocers.



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TORONTO

# Newest Large Flowering Sweet Peas Steele, Brigg's Spencer Hybrid's in Mixture



are composed of all the newest 1910 varieties of the large flowering wavy type—simply gorgeous—price per pkt. 10c; oz. 25c; 1/4 lb. 60c.

"Queen City" Lawn Grass Seed, cheaper and better than sodding. Per lb. 25c.

Roses, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Boston Ivy and Bulbs.

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Established 60 Years

**Sweet Peas**—We offer one of the finest collections in the world of these beautiful flowers, nearly 100 varieties, including all the latest and best Spencer varieties.

### SPECIAL OFFER—PRICES POSTPAID

**Bruce's Suberb Mixed**—1 pkt. 10c, oz. 20c, 2 oz. 35c, 1/4 lb. 60c, 1 lb. \$2.00.  
**Bruce's Choice Mixed**—1 pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 15c, 1/4 lb. 25c, 1 lb. 75c.  
**Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection**—1 pkt. each 10 superb sorts, separate colors for 25c.  
**Bruce's Spencer Novelty Collection**—1 pkt. each 6 new varieties, separate colors, for 50c.

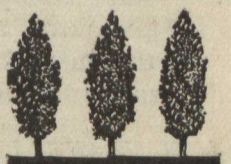
FREE—Our handsomely illustrated 104 page Catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc. for 1910. Send for it.

**John A. Bruce & Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.**



## Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses

Right Up-To-Date. Get busy and send for our Price Catalog. We ship direct from Nurseries to Planters. Thirty years and something new. May we have your order while the assortment is complete. Dependable stock at the Central Nurseries. A. G. Hull & Son, St. Catharines, Ont.



## An Important Amalgamation

In the first half of 1909 the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation was incorporated, and obtained the control of a majority of Asbestos producing companies in the vicinity of Black Lake and Thetford, in the Eastern Townships.

These properties supply about 80 per cent. of the output of this district, from which comes by far the greater part of the world's supply.

The Corporation, therefore, occupies a position almost without parallel in the industrial world.

In the first six months of operation, hampered though it was by the work of reorganization, the earnings of the Corporation were almost sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds for the entire year.

As a result of the combination, the output of the various properties can be considerably increased and large economies effected in the cost of operation.

As soon, therefore, as the full effects of the amalgamation are realized, the earnings should very largely increase.

At present price, the First Mortgage Bonds of the Corporation return about 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> per cent. and are an attractive investment.

Application will be made to list the Bonds on the London, New York, and Montreal Stock Exchanges.

Full particulars on application.

## McCuaig Bros. & Co.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.  
157 St. James St. 22 Metcalfe St.  
MONTREAL. OTTAWA.

## DOMINION EXPRESS Foreign Cheques

are issued in the money of the country on which drawn and are

**Payable Throughout the World**

Absolutely the safest and most convenient way to send money abroad.

If lost or delayed in the mails the amount will be refunded or a new cheque issued without further charge.

**OUR TELEGRAPH AND CABLE TRANSFER SERVICE IS UNEXCELLED**

## THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

wrote during 1909 new business (all Canadian) amounting to **\$8,125,578** making total insurance in force December 31, 1909, **\$59,261,959**. Its net surplus earning for 1909, over all liabilities was **\$508,921.25**, while the ratio of expense to income was less than for the previous year.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

## The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

President, SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN  
Vice-President, JONATHAN HODGSON, ESQ.  
General Manager, E. F. HEBDEN

**Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000**  
**Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,602,157**  
**Deposits. (Nov. 30) - 49,471,594**  
**Assets, " - 66,800,510**

142 Branches in Canada

General Banking Business transacted

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches.  
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

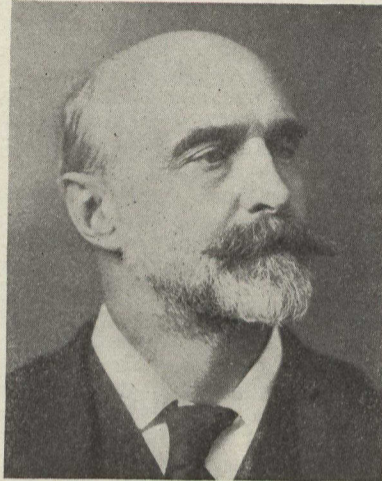
**TORONTO OFFICES:**

18 Wellington St. West 1400 Queen St. West  
Parliament and Gerrard Sts. (Parkdale)

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Each Wants the Other to Take Presidency of Bank of Montreal.

As a rule, when some important post becomes vacant there are nearly always two or three men who are right after it and leave no stone unturned to land it if they possibly can. In the case of the presidency of the Bank of Montreal—undoubtedly the highest post in the financial world of Canada—an entirely different condition exists, because each of the two principal candidates for the position instead of trying to get the position for himself is trying to induce the other to take it.



Sir Edward Clouston,  
General Manager Bank of Montreal, who may yet be President of that Institution.

These two candidates are Sir Edward Clouston, at present vice-president and general manager, and Mr. R. B. Angus, a former general manager of the bank, whose counsel Sir Edward has eagerly sought for many years on all matters of importance. Sir Edward while naturally ambitious of the position would very much prefer that Mr. Angus should take it. Only those who know the close personal friendship and the mutual regard that exists between the two can appreciate just how anxious Sir Edward is that Mr. Angus should after the years of service he has given the bank, now step into the highest position that it has at its disposal to offer him. Mr. Angus under any other circumstances would undoubtedly be very pleased and honoured at receiving the offer but just as things are at present it would seem that he would sooner make the personal sacrifice and have Sir Edward Clouston ascend from the vice-presidency to the presidency. Then again, the situation is such a peculiar one that the remainder of the directors of the bank would likely prefer to see Sir Edward and Mr. Angus settle the question between them rather than that they should have to pronounce themselves upon it. Such a delicate question as this is draws to mind how carefully Mr. Angus has managed to keep out of the limelight for a great many years past. Somehow I sometimes think he must make a special study of how he will avoid publicity of any kind because in both C. P. R. and Bank of Montreal circles no one man's advice is sought more eagerly than is that of Mr. Angus, and yet seldom if ever does anyone hear of Mr. Angus. His position in both instances seems to be right next to the man who must take the responsibility of doing a thing and who makes the official announcement regarding it. That is, up at the C. P. R. headquarters he occupies the same position with regard to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy as he does down at the Bank of Montreal towards Sir Edward Clouston. When the matter is finally settled it will be difficult to even say that one has won out against the other, because Sir Edward will likely only accept it when he has absolutely failed to get Mr. Angus to agree to take it. The incident is so entirely unusual in financial circles that its outcome is sure to be watched with the greatest interest.

\* \* \*

Toronto to be Centre of Attractive Flotations.

It seems peculiar why it should have been the case, but up to the present time, with few exceptions, Toronto has been unfortunate with the financial flotations it has placed upon the market. When referring to financial flotations I make no reference to the numerous wild-cat schemes that have seen the light of day in the Queen City, but solely to various industrial or land flotations, which, given just a little more luck, would have been very successful. It is hardly necessary to recall the manner of the many propositions brought out some eight or ten years ago when the boom was on, but almost every man who was at all interested in new flotations at that time knows what a hard fight it has been to make any money out of them.

This is all the more surprising because Toronto is the natural centre from which successful flotations should be handled. Stop for a minute and think of the enormous amount of wealth that is scattered through the different counties of Ontario, look up the Bank records and see the hundreds of millions these people have on deposit and you will at once realise why Toronto should be handling a good many more of these big deals than it has in comparison with Montreal.

Developments in leading financial circles during the past few weeks, however, go to show that some of the biggest interests in Toronto are very anxious that the city's reputation should be enhanced by having some of the most attractive propositions handled from this city, and with this object in view have been at work for months working out an enterprise and putting it on such a basis as would ensure to the shareholder very attractive returns right from the outset. In addition some of these big banking interests feel that Canada has now reached a period in her existence where it is no longer necessary to do most of the financing for Canadian industrial concerns in London, but that, on the other hand, the Canadian people given an opportunity, would be willing to supply the capital for many of these industries provided this capital was maintained at a reasonable level. The principle these bankers work on is "Give the public a fair deal and they will give you their support." The developments of the next few months will show just how correctly they have sized up the public. That they are confident they are right in the way they have sized up the situation would seem fairly certain because they have cut their own profits down in a very marked manner in order to prove that they have judged the public of Ontario correctly.

\* \* \*

Most Interesting Episode in History of Rubber Trade of Canada.

THE Miner Rubber Factory at Granby, Que., has commenced the manufacture of sample goods.

Quite a simple statement in itself and yet the beginning of operations in this new factory marks the start of the liveliest and most interesting fight that has ever been waged in the rubber trade of Canada.

Mr. S. H. C. Miner is perhaps the most picturesque character who has

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ever played a part in our Canadian rubber trade, but in his long career he never did anything that stands out in just the same way as does the establishment of the new factory, with which he intends to fight the big Canadian rubber merger he himself helped to bring into existence. Of course in those days Mr. Miner had the controlling interest in the Granby Rubber Company, which he had himself created and developed and when he agreed to turn the Granby Company over to the holding company that was to control the stocks of the different companies included in it, the general opinion was that the merger secured one of its best plants.

For some reason or other the personal relations between Mr. Miner and some of the other leading officials of the Consolidated Company did not continue any too friendly for any length of time, in fact Mr. Miner was so put out about some things that were allowed to occur that he withdrew from the merger altogether and made the announcement that he would, with his own personal capital, build the most modern rubber shoe plant in Canada, and he would see to it that the merger would have to fight to maintain control of its trade. All such statements from a man well over seventy years of age awakened the greatest interest both in financial and trade circles because everyone who knew what a fighter Miner had always been knew he would go right ahead with the task he had laid out for himself.

And so now his new big factory, said to be one of the best and most modernly equipped in the world to-day and built entirely with his own capital—is now in operation turning out the samples on which the company will be prepared to deliver orders for next winter's trade. Few, if any, men in Canada know the rubber trade as does Miner and he is sure to get his share of it. The question that comes to mind, however, is whether Canada has not grown so rapidly that its trade will be able to absorb both the output of the new factory and of all the old ones.

\* \* \*

**Future of Wheat.**

M. R. Edward Beatty, a New York grain broker, has been visiting Toronto. In a talk with the newspapers he stated:

"The United States magazines and papers are advocating increased production by the farmer. You can scarcely take up a magazine or paper without some reference to the high cost of living and need of inducing people to go back to the farms instead of crowding the cities. The talk of taking off the duty on Canadian grain was discussed after a resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Indiana Grain Dealers' Association advocating the repealing of such a duty. The New York *Journal of Commerce* later editorially referred to the necessity in future of removing this duty. An Albany miller can carry all the contract stock of wheat at Chicago. With a population of 90,000,000 the United States has got to increase production or take off the duty. Manitoba's future, therefore, is very bright if Jim Hill's prediction comes true about the United States population being 200,000,000 in 50 years."

Canada may or may not profit by the newer conditions of a decade hence, but it is undoubtedly true that our wheat production is increasing faster than that of the United States. It is therefore important that our governments should be careful to see that the wheat-grower is not left at the mercy of wheat-buyers, of millers or of transportation companies. The movement towards government-owned elevators and to federal control of grain terminal facilities at national ports is in the right direction. Much will depend on the non-political attitude of the various commissions, but if this is assured, government control will be better than free competition. Canada will have twenty-five per cent. more land under cultivation in 1911 than she had in 1908, and the wheat crop will be double of what it was in that year. If that is to be marketed economically and sold wisely, the governments must keep their eye on the "wreckers" and "exploiters."

\* \* \*

**A Possible New Industry.**

CANADA has never yet gone into the making of lead pencils. Why shouldn't she—the graphite and the wood are both here. The United States authorities are experimenting with woods because the supply of red cedar is nearly run out. The New York *Commercial* says:

"According to some manufacturers, the supply of red cedar, which furnishes nearly all the wood for the annual output of some 325,000,000 pencils, will be exhausted within five years. A substitute must be found which will whittle easily; contain a large amount of material free of knots, not be porous nor spongy, nor unduly hard, and which shall occur in sufficient quantities to meet the manufacturers' demand."

"In view of this and at the suggestion of the pencil makers the forest service is to co-operate in a test of a number of national forest woods. Among those to be tried are Rocky Mountain red cedar, alligator juniper, western juniper, redwood, incense cedar, western cedar, Port Orford cedar, and Alaska cypress. Wood specimens collected from the national forests will be sent to four leading manufacturers who have agreed to make pencils of them. The manufacturers will keep a record of the tests and report to the forest service the results, as well as their judgment as to the fitness of the individual woods."

\* \* \*

**Toronto Street Railway Situation.**

TORONTO is in a quandary. The Corporation has twice appealed to Caesar—which in this case is the Privy Council—and twice Caesar has decided in favour of the much-abused and much-hated Street Railway Company. Then Hon. Mr. J. P. Whitney was appealed to and between the decisions he passed an Act which is supposed to nullify both the preceding and the subsequent decisions. According to Mr. Whitney, Toronto is to say where new street-car lines are to be built; according to the Privy Council, the Street Railway Company is absolute under the agreement of 1891. The City says it will stand by Whitney; the company laughs and says, "All hail, the Privy Council!"

Toronto wants to eat its cake and keep it. It gets \$500,000 annually out of an agreement which it doesn't like. It desires to keep on pocketing the revenue, and at the same time evade the obligations which it doesn't approve. If a corporation pursued such inequitable tactics it would be described as "soulless and grasping." If any public service company were to act thus, and some of them have done so, they would be denounced in a hundred editorials and on the floors of the Legislature. Because Toronto does it, Sir James P. Whitney says "Quite right," and gives them legislative relief. It looks queer, but Sir James ought to know.

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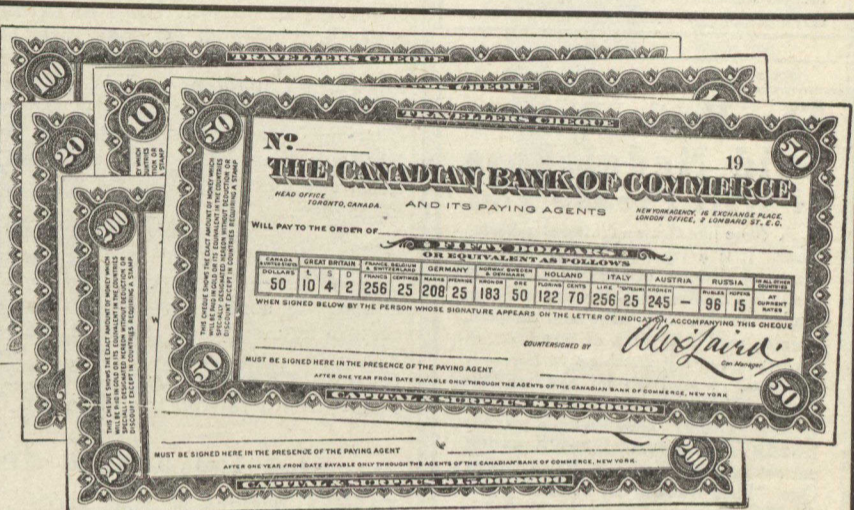
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## Les Ecoles Bilingues

LES Canadiens-français d'Ontario ont tenu le 18, 19, et 20 de Janvier dernier un Congrès d'éducation qui a eu pour effet d'ouvrir une nouvelle page dans l'histoire du Canada. C'était le premier Congrès de ce genre dans cette région du pays. Un grand nombre ont déjà eu lieu dans la république voisine, mais n'ont jamais obtenu un succès signalé. La réunion a eu lieu à Ottawa. On ne pouvait choisir un meilleur endroit; c'était la Capitale du pays et les Chambres étaient en session. Plus de douze-cents délégués, partis de tous les coins de la province y assistaient. Plusieurs personnages distingués, tels que Sir Wilfrid Laurier, l'hon. M. Hanna, représentant Sir James Whitney, l'hon. Juge Constantineau, l'hon. Sénateur Belcourt, M. R. L. Borden, s'étaient fait un devoir d'y assister. On a adopté plusieurs résolutions concernant les écoles bilingues dans la province d'Ontario. La résolution No. 2 se lit comme suit:

"Que dans ces écoles ou classes bilingues l'anglais et le français soient autorisés comme langue d'enseignement." Voici maintenant ce que l'on demande par la résolution No. 7: "Que des écoles d'entraînement pédagogique bilingue soient maintenues et que d'autres soient fondées à mesure que la nécessité s'en fera sentir. Enfin, par la dernière résolution on demande aussitôt que possible l'ouverture d'une école normale bilingue.

Nous croyons ces demandes absolument raisonnables. Les Canadiens-français sont actuellement près de trois cent mille et avec leur augmentations naturelle, avant longtemps ils seront près de la moitié de la population dans notre province. Il est donc juste que leur langue soit enseignée aux enfants.

Non seulement les Canadiens-français bénéficieront de ces écoles, mais aussi les Canadiens-anglais, s'ils le desirent. Cela aura pour effet de leur faciliter la tâche d'étudier la langue française. On ne doit pas oublier que c'est une grande supériorité que de connaître et de pouvoir parler et écrire les deux langues le plus en usage dans l'univers. On ne doit pas oublier aussi que c'est lorsqu'on est jeune qu'on acquiert le plus facilement une langue étrangère.

Si dans notre pays un homme ambitionne une position importante dans la vie publique, il lui faut de toute nécessité connaître parfaitement les deux langues officielles et ceux qui en ont fait l'expérience savent combien il est difficile de commencer l'étude d'une langue étrangère lorsqu'on a atteint un certain âge, surtout lorsque il faut en même temps gagner sa vie. Il est donc à espérer que nos gouvernants prendront en bonne part les résolutions du Congrès Canadiens-français et c'est avec orgueil que l'on pourra dire que l'éducation a fait un grand pas en l'année 1910 dans la province d'Ontario.

## Le Loyalisme des Canadiens-Français

DEUX députés se sont permis ces jours derniers, en plein Parlement Canadien, ou siègent un grand nombre de Canadiens-français, de non seulement mettre en doute la loyauté des habitants de la province de Québec, mais encore de les accuser d'être déloyaux envers la Mère-Patrie. Pas un seul des membres présents n'a eu le courage de se lever et de protester. Nous le regrettons infiniment. Quelques uns ont bien relevé l'insulte et ont pris la part des Canadiens-français, mais un peu trop tard. Il aurait mieux valu se servir du fouet sur le champs.

Les Canadiens-français déloyaux! Mais a-t-on oublié que jamais les habitants de Québec n'ont permis aux armées américaines de pénétrer dans leur ville? A-t-on oublié l'héroïque bataille de Châteauguay ou la milice canadienne-française est allée verser son sang pour sauver l'honneur anglais en Amérique du Nord? A-t-on oublié que dans les situations les plus critiques, même dans les guerres purement offensives, l'Angleterre a eu recours aux services et au courage des Canadiens-français et qu'elle s'en est toujours fort bien trouvée? L'histoire de notre pays est pleine de faits qui prouvent le loyalisme le plus impeccable des Canadiens-français à la Couronne britannique.

Ces gens qui accusent les Canadiens-français d'être déloyaux à l'empire sont tellement ignorants, ou parlent tellement sans savoir ce qu'ils disent, qu'ils font mentir leur roi et leur future roi. Ces deux derniers n'ont-ils pas déclaré maintes et maintes fois, et publiquement, que les Canadiens-français étaient probablement les plus loyaux des sujets britanniques.

Parce qu'aujourd'hui on présente un projet de loi navale qui est appelé à entraîner notre pays dans de folles dépenses et que les habitants de la province de Québec croient qu'il serait plus pratique et plus avantageux de mettre cet argent, que l'on va jeter au fond de la mer, dans le développement de nos ressources nationales ou dans la construction de chemins de fer et de canaux, on crie partout qu'ils ne veulent que la déchéance de l'empire.

On se trompe grandement. Les Canadiens-français sont sincères sur cette question, mais la majorité est persuadée que cette politique sera néfaste et au Canada et à l'Angleterre. Ils ne sont pas seuls de cette opinion. D'autres "déloyaux" de la province d'Ontario et des provinces de l'Ouest sont absolument du même avis. Ceux là, parmi lesquels figure le journaliste le plus en vue et probablement le plus populaire de la province d'Ontario, on ne songe pas à les accuser de déloyalisme. Ah non! Ils sont habitants de provinces anglaises et peuvent dire ce qu'ils pensent sans courir le risque d'être stigmatisés du signe des traitres à l'empire.

Nous déplorons l'oeuvre de certains journaux qui essaient de faire croire au public que les Canadiens-français sont seuls à s'opposer à la construction d'une marine de guerre. Premièrement, ils mentent à leurs lecteurs et en second lieu ils ressuscitent des haines de races qui sont toujours un grand danger pour le pays. Que diraient ces journaux si le peuple, par un plébiscite quelconque, franc et honnête, se prononçait contre ce projet de loi, et cela pourrait bien arriver.

Quant à la loyauté des Canadiens-français, tous ceux qui ne sont pas ignorants de leur histoire ou qui ne sont aveuglés par le fanatisme savent à quoi s'en tenir. Toujours ils se sont montrés loyaux, même en réclamant leurs droits, envers leur Patrie et envers leur roi pour qui ils ont toujours eu le plus grand respect. Ils seront toujours loyaux et ce ne sont pas les insultes du premier-venu qui les feront changer d'idée. Il ne faut pas oublier que l'on n'a jamais vu dans leur province, depuis la Confédération, des réunions dans le but de proclamer l'indépendance ou l'annexion à la république Américaine. Peut-on en dire autant des autres provinces?

Cette accusation de déloyalisme est une insulte jetée à la face des Canadiens-français et ils sont bien loin de la mériter. Viendra un jour peut-être ou ils auront l'occasion de se venger et de se venger "loyalement." Si jamais la Grande Bretagne désire des soldats pour défendre son territoire envahi par une nation étrangère, probablement quelle en trouvera plus dans la province de Québec que dans les autres provinces de la Puissance.



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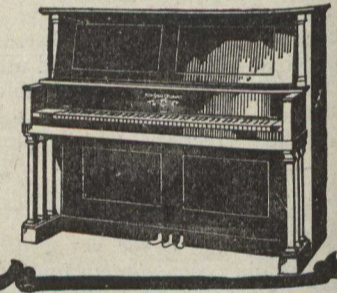
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With a Strong Love Interest

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19.

hand upon her shoulder. They were walking across a breezy common — one of those commons still to be found within comparatively few miles of London—and all about them was the stir and sweetness of opening spring. Great patches of gorse flamed golden above the short grass; the blackthorns were clothed in snowy blossoms; on the hawthorn hedges was already a veil of tender green. Here and there upon the banks dog violets swung delicate little heads in the breeze, and above a garden wall across the road an almond tree was thrusting forth its dainty blossom. Larks soared singing into the pale blue sky, and a thrush sat upon a budding pear tree, pouring forth a flood of melody.

"Let us go out of town and have a real country walk," Heberden had said to Hilda, when he had met her that day at lunch in Lady Neville's house; and now they stood upon the breezy common, with its golden masses of gorse, and for a long, long moment looked silently into one another's eyes.

"Tell me why you can't understand me when I ask you a very simple question in very simple language?" Jack said, the mocking tenderness of his voice giving her little thrills of ecstasy, whilst the pressure of his hand upon her shoulder made the soft colour come and go in her face. Jack's eyes watched those soft, swift flushes of colour, and a tender little smile crept about his mouth.

"Don't you — understand — plain English?" he said, bending nearer to her and letting his hand slip from her shoulder till it caught and held her hand. "I asked you—whether—some day—you could care about me—as something more than a friend?" Her downcast eyes lifted themselves to his, and she faced him bravely, though the close pressure of his hand made her heart beat in almost suffocating beats.

"And that's—what—I can't understand," she faltered, a bewildered look stealing into her eyes. "I—oh! Don't you know—that in all my life—in all the forty years of my life—no man has ever wanted—me—to care? No man has ever wanted to touch my hand, or look into my eyes."

"More fools the other men," came the short reply, but she scarcely heard him, so anxious was she to explain the whole truth in all its nakedness.

"I want you to understand," she said eagerly, "there mustn't be anything of false pretences between you and me. You mustn't think—that—I'm not married because I don't choose to marry, or—or anything like that. It is because"—her voice dropped—"nobody ever wanted to marry me. In all my life no man has ever wooed me or wanted me to love him. You must know the truth. I can't be insincere to you."

They were alone on the breezy common, excepting for the larks and the thrushes, and he suddenly drew her close into his arms with a masterful, imperious movement.

"The other men were blind fools," he said. "I love you. I want you to love me—I want you—my dear—I want you."

"I—wonder—why?" she whispered, a tremulous smile on her lips; and he put his hand gently under her chin and lifted her face so that he could look deep into her eyes, where a great light was shining.

"Your love stories made me love you first," he said; "I felt that the woman who wrote as you wrote was a woman with a heart of gold, and when I saw you I knew I was right.

But it was your love stories that made me sure you were worth loving."

"How funny," she whispered, a laugh of irrepressible joy breaking from her. "The writing of those stories always seemed to me a sort of mockery—and they have brought me—"

"What have they brought you?" His lips touched hers, his arms held her in a close clasp.

"They have brought me—you," she said; "you, and all the glory of life—they are the keys that have unlocked the gates of Paradise."

Canada House

In Old Berlin.

A NUMBER of those who are interested in German-Canadian business relations have established in Berlin a "Canada House." The purpose of this is to provide a central information bureau concerning all things Canadian; to distribute literature—which will be translated here into German if desired—relating to the various provinces, cities and towns of Canada; to make known the agricultural, industrial and other conditions and to call attention to the business opportunities offered and to the enterprises established or in contemplation; to furnish moreover a medium for trade inquiries between the two countries. Statistical and other information relative to the German market for Canadian products will be prepared and from time to time sent out. Many of the Canadian official publications, as well as trade journals, will be kept for purposes of general reference, and visiting Canadians are invited to make use of the facilities offered. It will be a Canadian publicity bureau in the widest sense of the word, and will assist in establishing business connections and in promoting commercial intercourse between Canada and Germany. A permanent exhibition, on a small scale, of the principal Canadian products, with a display of photographs and other views, forms part of the plan.

On March 1st a provisional arrangement went into effect under which the Canadian surtax upon German goods is removed and the most important Canadian products are admitted into Germany under the rates of the German conventional or special tariff. This arrangement it is expected, will be soon followed by a definitive commercial treaty between the two countries. Under these circumstances it is believed, that the present time offers a favourable opportunity for the establishment of an institution such as is here described.

It is important that the management should know as soon as possible how far it can depend upon the assistance and co-operation of those persons and business houses, as well as of those municipal and other bodies in Canada that may feel an interest in this institution. To this end correspondence is invited, and any and all proposals and suggestions will be gladly received and inquiries answered.

The manager of "Canada House," J. J. Blakeslee, lately made an extensive trip through Canada as the English adviser to the German-Canadian Economic Association, through whose efforts it is in large part due that a better commercial understanding between the countries has at length been brought about. Temporary offices have been opened at 58 Friedrich St., Berlin, Germany, to which all communications should be addressed.

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**"BILLY," By W. A. Fraser.**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

"That's Red," Peloo whispered, leaning his chest against the constable's shoulder.

The heavy voice of Meekins was smothered by the knifelike tones of the Greek.

"We got to rush it! There's somethin' doin'!" Peloo advised.

As they ran forward they heard the clatter of chairs, the shuffling rasp of feet.

Speers, plunging forward, threw his weight against the door. As it smashed inward there was the crash of an overturned table, a sudden blanketing of all light, the clinking note of splintering lamp glass, and then two darting tongues of crimson light, and the rasping bark of a pistol's death voice twice.

As Speers snapped the hood of his lantern and threw the blue barrel of his revolver forward, a man slipped drunkenly from the grasp of another and collapsed like a cloth doll, to sprawl grotesquely in a huddled heap on the floor.

The constable's voice rang out sharp and imperious, "Hands up! The man that makes a break dies!"

Two rifles thrust their lean brown necks into the room.

Red Meekins reeled unsteadily from the centre of the floor, and leaning against the wall drew a heavy hand across his eyes in a dazed way. He was moaning, "My God, fellers!" He stared stupidly at the figure on the floor that had writhed over on its back, a little stream of vermilion red trickling from the hanging jaw. Just beyond, Petri the Greek and his swarthy, evil looking mate stood with uplifted hands, their vicious faces sallow with fear.

"That's Dick Hanson!" Peloo said as he took a step forward and peered at the figure.

"Who shot this man?" Speers demanded.

Neither the Greek nor his companion had anything to say.

"I didn't, boys," Red said in a dazed way. "I ain't got no gun."

"Here, Peloo, keep these two covered while I handcuff 'em!" Speers commanded sharply.

Next instant steel bracelets clicked on the uplifted wrists, and the constable slipped his hand dexterously round the waists and forms of the two men, saying, as he brought forth a revolver and two slim, glittering knives. "I thought so. You swine'll get what's comin' to you for this!"

SOMETHING in this snapped the tension of Red's nerves. He broke down and babbled like a whipped child. Peloo checked him roughly. His speech was profane and calculated to draw Red's attention from the matter of his present trouble.

"We got to get this feller down to the town's quick's we can," Speers declared. "Here, Slack, yank that camp bedstead apart for a stretcher, an' put Hanson on it! Then you an' Peloo an' Red shoulder it while I take care of these."

As Peloo thrust his strong arm beneath the wounded man, lifting him toward the stretcher, a pistol clattered to the floor from the nerveless fingers. "He had a gun right 'nough," Peloo said, thrusting the weapon into his pocket. Then he turned savagely on Meekins, who still clung weakly to the wall. "Take hold of this stretcher, Red, and don't stand there starin' like a blasted ijut!"

Speers cut a loop from a tracking line that hung on the wall and, tying it to the handcuff that joined the whisky men wrist to wrist, said, "Now, move on, you murderin' thieves! If you make a bad break goin' down the trail consider yourselves dead! Come on, now, Peloo.

I'll come back in the mornin' to seize this outfit," and he kicked viciously a heavy wooden box from which protruded the necks of sealed bottles.

Before him Speers drove his prisoners, a turn of the stout cord about his wrist, and behind, with no utterance, awed to silence by the thing they carried, Peloo, Red, and Slack walked, their feet finding the path in the heavy gloom. As they neared the hotel the constable checked, saying:

"I'll take the cusses to my shack an' let Kinney hold 'em down with a gun. I'll be up to the hotel to look into this," and he put his hand on the stretcher.

"We'll go in the back way," Peloo said, "an' take this poor cuss to his room. You slip through the front, Red, an' get Doc Seton. Don't say nothin' to nobody."

THE constable moved off with his prisoners, and again the bearers of the stretcher went forward, circled the sprawling buildings, and through the back entrance carried Hanson to his room.

As they put the limp form on a bed the young doctor entered with Meekins. The three waited in awed silence as Seton laboured over Hanson's inanimate form, the greatest of all verdicts hanging in the balance.

"He can't live," the doctor said presently, straightening up with a deep breath. "He's shot straight through the lungs. Not dead yet; but only a question of a few minutes."

PELOO suddenly sprang toward the door to bar the entrance of some who had clutched its clattering hasp; but he was too late, for the door was pushed with swift violence past his outstretched arm. Billy, with face drawn and white, entered and stood for a second staring wild eyed at the other face so ghastly and wan on the pillow. Peloo put his huge hand gently on the intruder's arm to draw him from the room; but Billy, with a cry of agony, tore loose from Peloo's grasp and, throwing himself on his knees beside the bed, clasped the dying man's face in his hands, crying: "Oh, my God! Dick! Dick! Dick! Speak! Don't die, Dick! It's Jeanette!"

Peloo closed the door and stood heavily against its pine boards, his great shaggy head drooped till the chin rested on his chest.

The doctor, putting his hand on the shoulder of the kneeling form, said softly, "I'm afraid it's no use. Don't —" He stopped, utterly at a loss.

A dead hush fell upon the room; no one spoke. Sobs ticked off the seconds as the sands ran out. Once the doctor took a step toward the kneeling one who wept; but Meekins drew him back. In impotence they kept a silent wait. Then Death must have turned the empty glass; the sobs ceased.

Billy rose and, turning her drawn face toward the men, said brokenly, "This man was my husband. I am— am—" Then her voice broke, choked by sobs.

Peloo coughed and said, "I guess there's nothin' can be did, doctor?" "Nothing, Mr. Trout; not until we—"

"If nothin' can be did," Peloo resumed, "we best all go below an' leave Bil—Mrs. Hanson here. She's kinder shook, up, I reckon." He turned toward Billy. "Red'll hang round outside the door, lady, an' when you want anythin' jus' call."

Stepping as though they feared to wake some sleeper, the men passed from the room and closed the door gently. Outside Peloo whispered to Meekins:

"I'll be back in a minute or two. I'm

goin' down to that Swede's shack to get some women's clothes."

Red drew forth a roll of bills and, shoving them into Peloo's hand, said, "There's 'bout a hundred there. Buy the best he's got for Billy. It's all my fault. Oh, if I'd knowed Billy was a woman!"

"Billy never was a woman, Red!" Peloo's voice was like a snarl. "Look here, fellers, an' you, doctor! Billy hit the trail to-night for Cobalt, an' Hanson's wife she come up the river in a canoe a follerin' him. That's what Silver City's got to know in the mornin'. Ain't that right, fellers?"

"Give the Swede twenty-five dollars to keep his mouth shut about the clothes," Red added.

AN hour later Meekins sat in Peloo's room. "I can ketch onto the whole thing now," he said, "Billy bein' a woman. That skunk, even if he was Billy's husband, was onto it, that I was trailin' him all the time, an' he's doublin' on me. You see he got an idee I knew Billy was a woman, an' as we're great friends, and I liked Billy, that loon is jealous. I guess he framed it up with the Dagos to do me by tellin' 'em I'm goin' to blow on their blind pig. To-night we got into a argyment, an' he says I'm too thick with Billy. You see, Peloo, I don't know Billy's a 'woman, an' says that me an' Billy is perty hot pals. He sneers 'bout somethin', an' I asks where he comes in' as it's generly s'posed he's spongin' on Billy. This makes him heat up an' say somethin' not perlite, an' I swat him on his laughin' box. I see him draw a gun an' grabs him. Jus' as you fellers bust the door a gun cracks, an' I don't know whether Petri tried to plug me an' got Hanson, or Dick winged himself tryin' to bore a hole in me."

"You wasn't to blame, Red," Peloo said soothingly, "an' that's all got to be fixed up in the court trial. But here's Billy—"

"Say, Peloo, we got to drop that name."

"I mean the widder," Peloo corrected. "Here's the widder got all the worst of it. She's broke—that she snipe sponged all her wages—an' she won't want to live unprotected in the hotel, me bein' a bachelor. There's fellers jus' mean enough to talk; you know that, Red."

"We got to stake her somehow," Meekins declared after a little pause. "Billy—I mean the widder—is jus' the squarest, cleanest feller—I mean widder—that I ever come acrost."

"We jus' got to do it, Red," Peloo agreed. "Danged if I know how I'm goin' to run the Trout House without Billy."

"Say, Peloo—" Red hesitated and looked at Trout.

"What is it?" the latter asked carelessly.

"P'raps it don't sound in keepin' with the surroundin's; but there's only me an' you here, Peloo, an' somethin's got to be did—" Red hesitated again, and Peloo once more affirmed:

"Yes, we go to jus' put things right for the widder."

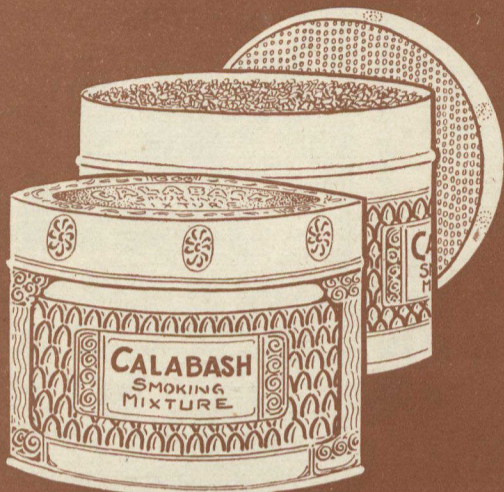
"It's kinder soon to talk about it; but couldn't it sorter be arranged—Why don't you marry the widder, Peloo?" Red fairly bruted this out, as though half afraid of his own utterance. Then he added flounderingly, "It would make the hotel respectable to have a missus hangin' about."

"I ain't never thought of gettin' married," Peloo answered, "besides, as you say, it's kinder soon. I'll own up to it that I think about as much of the widder as you do, Red, an' somethin's got to be did; but it's kinder soon—too soon. We best have the fun'ral fu'st."

"Yes, I guess we best give the little woman a hint not to worry about money, an' bury that skate that's

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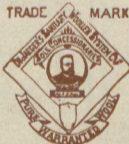
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brought all this trouble to Silver City."

THE death of Hanson was the first that had occurred in Silver City, and no plot of ground had been set aside as a burial place. This contingency had been entirely overlooked now it was thrust prominently before the notice of the citizens. There was a gathering of this body to discuss the matter. It was Red Meekins who originated the plan that was finally adopted.

Peloo had stated an anticipated trouble in the future over such cases. "If we jus' bury Hanson promiscuous like, some feller's sure to come along an' jump the claim. S'posin' a feller finds mineral close by, he'll want to stake an' go minin', an' the town'll have to dig Hanson up an' plant him some other place."

"There ain't nobody found mineral up on Boulder Hill yet," Red offered, "though more'n a dozen fellers has prospected it. We best stake a claim of twenty acres an' just assign it over to everybody as dies in Silver City; then nobody can jump it. How's that, men?"

"Whose name'll you stake it in?" the constable asked. "You got to have a permit."

Red scratched his head reflectively. That was a puzzler. It was simply impossible to get, at present, the names of those who were going to die in the future. "Why can't we stake it in Dick Hanson's name? He's the first," he queried.

"That can't be did legally," Peloo declared judicially. "You can't stake in the name of a man that's dead, I know."

"I got a permit for forty acres left," Red declared presently. "I'll stake twenty acres on that, an' transfer it over to Billy—I mean the widder."

"That'll do fu'st rate," Peloo replied. "She can hold it in trust, so to speak. Then she'll know that nobody can never jump the claim an' make the town dig up her husband."

The difficult matter thus adjusted satisfied everyone present; in fact, Meekins was congratulated upon the brilliance of his idea.

ORDINARILY a funeral is unpicturesque in its dark solemnity; but the cortege that wound its slow way from the Trout House up Boulder Hill was strikingly out of the ordinary. There was not a single horse in Silver City, not a conveyance to be drawn by a horse if there had been one; so the body was placed on a rough prospector's toboggan, drawn by six train dogs. The ground being bare, progress was more than conventionally slow. Everybody in Silver City followed this unusual hearse; everybody except Meekins and Slack, who were up in the newly staked cemetery digging a long narrow chamber to receive the body of the man who had created this strong ripple of excitement in the camp.

When the procession reached the place of burial they found Meekins in a condition of distress. He had selected a spot that promised a sufficient depth of clay; but perverse rock had met his pick and shovel, and the party found him labouring with perspiring brow in a trench barely two feet deep.

Peloo took in the situation with one scrutiny. "Gen'leman," he began, "we got to try a fresh place. You never can make it without dynamite!" He turned with rough gentleness to Mrs. Hanson, adding, "I guess, lady, you'd best go back to the hotel, 'cause we got to dig again. It'll be jus' the same's your bein' here, 'cause we'll see that it's all correct."

THERE'S a danged vein of something hard here!" Red growled, as he swung his pick viciously in resentment of his failure. The steel point buried itself in a mass of decomposed

calcite and clung tenaciously as Meekins wrenched with his powerful arms at the handle. With a sudden loosening the pick broke away, carrying with it a slab of calcite, the snap of the strain throwing Red on his back. The mourners found it difficult to resist a smile of glee at Red's mishap.

The latter scrambled to his feet, grumbling at the cussedness of rock, and stood eyeing crossly the part he had uncovered. Suddenly he stopped and ran his hand over the spot; then in feverish eagerness with his hat brushed away the debris of earth. Holy smoke, Peloo!" he cried excitedly next instant, "Here's a solid vein of silver, four inches of it!"

In his excitement Red had forgotten, for the instant, his solemn occupation of grave digger; he was oblivious to everything but the delicate grey metal of precious worth that spoke of riches.

It wasn't in human miners' nature to resist the call of a strike, and, shameful to relate, the men who a minute before had stood in dejection about the shallow pit now hopped eagerly into its hollow, like boys scrambling for a handful of tossed pennies. Meekins, as author of this discovery, stood back wiping the perspiration from his forehead, listening to the enthusiastic confirmation of his announcement. He was the first to remember the somewhat sacrilegious divergence.

"Gen'lemen," he said, with impressive solemnity, "there's a lady present, and a—" Red checked his utterance, and coughed apologetically; he had been going to say "a body." He stepped out of the trench, followed shamefacedly by the others.

"Things is kinder diff'rent," Peloo said. "We're terrible sorry, Mrs. Hanson, that the depositin' of your late husband is not so agreeable as it should order be."

"Oh, please do—do—I don't blame you. It can't be helped; but—"

RED spoke up in relief to the agitated widow. "As Peloo said, lady, you best come along with me back to the hotel." He turned to the group of men. "So's to prevent any misunderstandin' over this strike an' our neglected dooty, this claim was staked on my permit, all legal an' accordin' to law, an' also I guess I'm the man that made the strike."

Red was interrupted by a bustle of discontent, a cough or two from the men; even Peloo turned and looked at him half angrily. But he continued in an uneventful voice:

"What I was goin' to say is, said stakin' was done for Mrs. Hanson, an' that goes. This claim, an' all the silver therein, belongs to the lady as has met with so much sorer. Gen'lemen, I jus' ask you to agree to that as witness."

Peloo held out his big paw, saying, "Shake Red!" He was followed by the others, each one grasping Red's hand in solemn appreciation.

"The transfer papers'll all be made out proper an' accordin' to law, an' the claim'll be recorded in due course," Red added with a great burst of technical expression.

The widow, overcome by the strain of waiting and this sudden alleviating good fortune, burst into tears. Peloo nodded to Red and then down the hill, and Meekins, going awkwardly up to Mrs. Hanson said with rough tenderness:

"I guess we'd best get back to the hotel. You're mighty tired."

The group of men watched the two go slowly down the hill on the little trail, and presently Peloo spoke. "Well, fellers, we got to finish this job. Red's—well, Red was always square; this don't count nothin'. An' square; as for the husband here, I guess it's about the fu'st an' las' time that he ever done that little lady a good turn."

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 4th March, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.

### Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 22nd of APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Don and Toronto from the 1st of July next.

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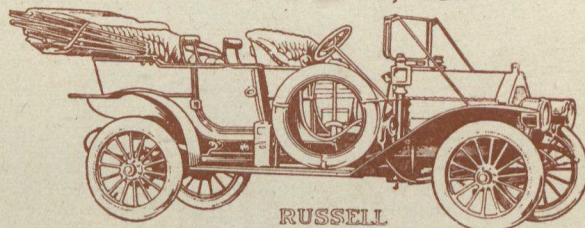
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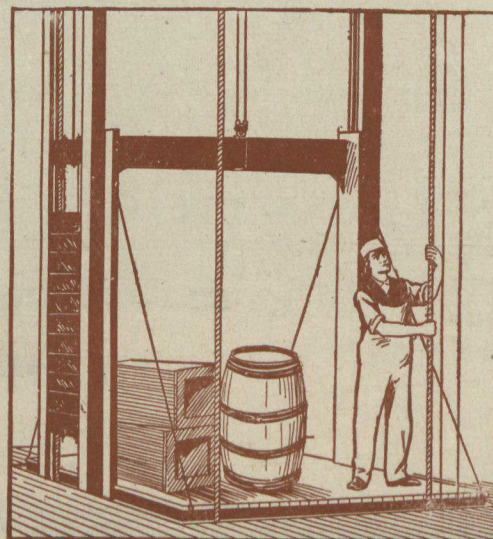
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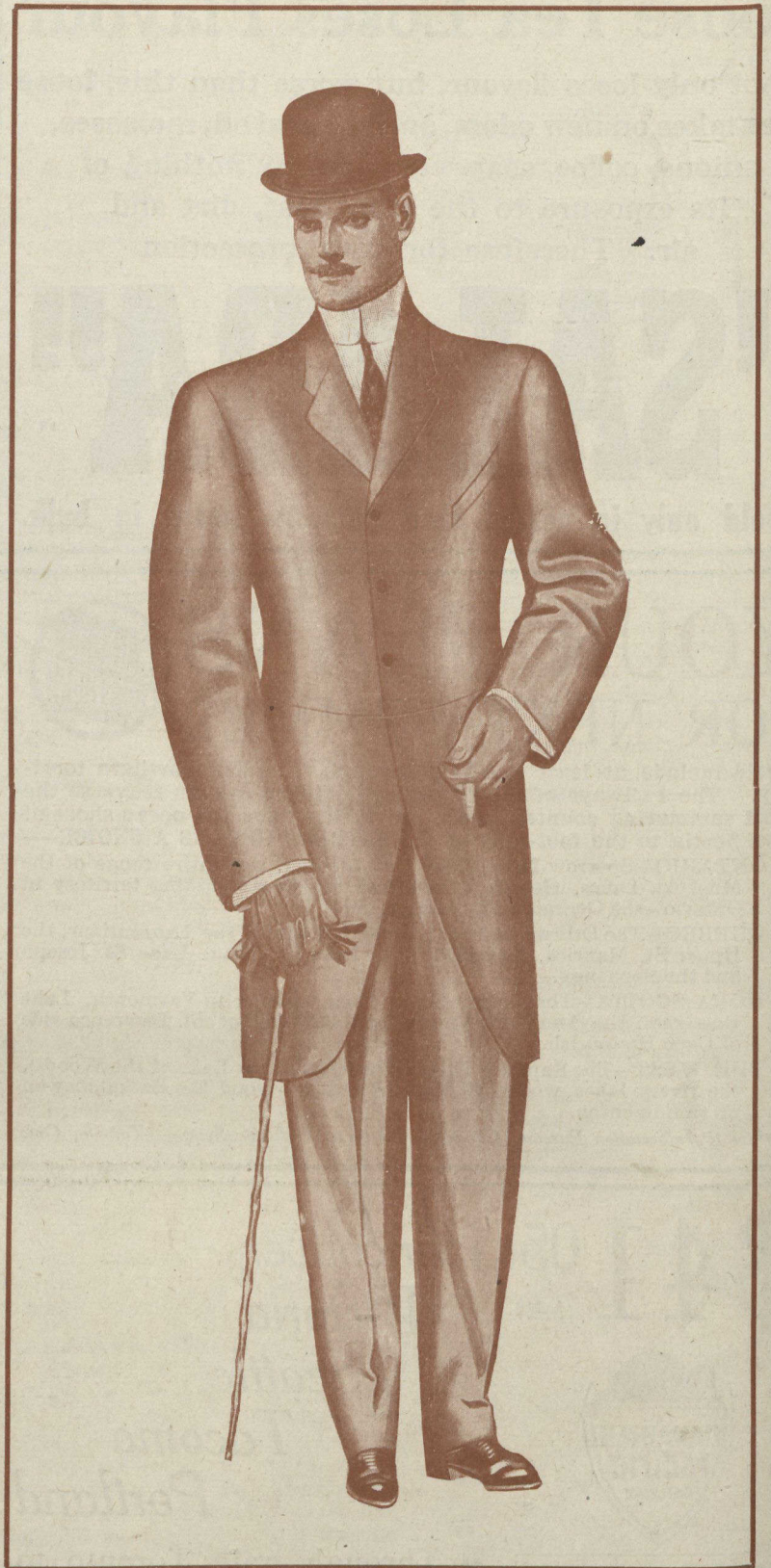
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