

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Cartoon by W. J. Bengough. The Garden City Idea  
Canada's First Warships, By W. R. Plewman  
A Cabinet Minister in the Northland, By Augustus Bridle



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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.

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## Editor's Talk

ANY person who missed the first instalment of our new serial may get a copy of it by making proper use of a postcard. We give fair warning, however, that it is a thriller, and that those who start it will read it through to the end. However, it is wholesome, and contains absolutely nothing to offend the most sensitive reader of fiction.

THIS week we offer a year's subscription for the best hundred-word opinion as to which advertisement in this issue is most "artistic." If the winner can put his opinion in fewer words, so much the better. Last week it was "convincing"; this week it is "artistic." Don't get mixed. Further, do not let the size of the advertisement influence you. Answers must be received by Nov. 5th. Address "Advertising Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto."

NEXT week we shall have a "Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving" number, with a full array of special features. It should make a special appeal to all classes of readers. Indeed, from this time forward we hope to publish the largest and best issues of the year. So far, we have given our friends about twenty per cent. more reading matter and pictures than in the same period last year. The increase will be even greater during the next two months, and that increase will consist of the cream of current literature and art.



## HAMILTON'S Hand Woven IRISH GOODS

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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 Offices of Collingwood, Gibraltar, Banks & Mairs Mills and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

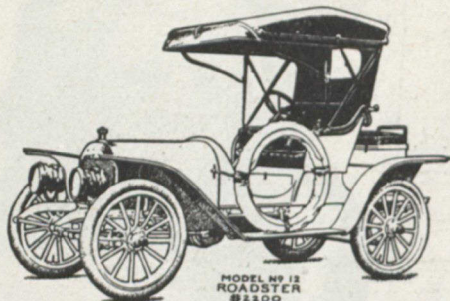
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 23th September, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,  
Superintendent.

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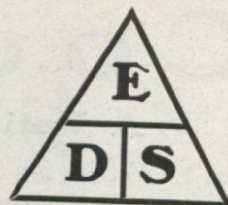


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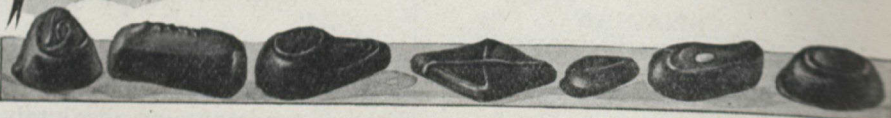
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## \$500.00 IN PRIZES

We will give \$500.00 to the persons sending in the largest subscription lists. There is still time. A week's good work may earn for you one of the big prizes. Make use of your spare moments—interest your friends—tell them of this big October offer, only good this month. Here are the prizes:

- \$150.00 to the person sending in the largest list of subscriptions.
- \$50.00 for the second; \$25.00 for the third; \$10.00 each to the next fifteen largest lists, and \$5.00 each to next twenty-five.

THE CANADIAN CENTURY  
MONTREAL

2657

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THE  
**Canadian Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, October 22, 1910

No. 21

## A BI-LINGUAL CONTROVERSY

*Summary of a Great Discussion which is proceeding in Ontario and Quebec.*

**F**OR some time past there has been serious unrest in the Province of Quebec over the question of the use of the French language. Some French-Canadians thought that French was being gradually pushed into the background, and they made several moves to prevent this tendency. For example, they had a law passed in Quebec which forced railway companies to print their time-tables in French as well as English. They also stirred up the people to jealously guard against too much teaching of English.

In Ontario, where the French-Canadians are gradually increasing in number, a similar movement looking to the preservation of the French language in the French settlements was inaugurated. In January last, an "Association Canadienne-Francaise d'Education d'Ontario" was formed in Ottawa by representatives from all the counties where the French reside. This was done at the suggestion of the Ontario Government, who apparently desired to base their bi-lingual school system upon a unified and coherent public opinion. The "Association" has not been publicly active, but it certainly has been privately active, judging by the results.

While this controversy was going in a moderate but persistent way for several years in both provinces, nothing very spectacular occurred until the addresses of Archbishop Bourne and Mr. Henri Bourassa at the Eucharistic Congress made the welkin ring. The archbishop spoke of the value of English as an instrument for the spread of Roman Catholic doctrines, and Mr. Bourassa replied most warmly on behalf of the French language. Archbishop Langevin gave the seal of his approval to Mr. Bourassa's attitude.

There the matter might have rested, for a while had it not been for the publication recently of some supposed opinions of Bishop Fallon, of London, which appeared in a Detroit paper. These indicated that the Bishop was not wholly satisfied with the French bi-lingual schools in his diocese. The public generally was a bit surprised, but Bishop Fallon allayed anxiety by the publication of a statement (Sept. 22nd), saying that he "never had any objection to the teaching of French or of any other language in accordance with the laws of the province of Ontario and the regulations of the provincial Department of Education." This satisfied the public for the time being, but it did not satisfy the "Association Canadienne-Francaise." At a meeting on Oct. 4th it passed a long resolution containing affidavits from various school authorities intended to show that Bishop Fallon was restricting the teaching of French in convents and separate schools. It ended with this strong statement:

"The Association Canadienne-Francaise d'Education d'Ontario regrets to have been driven to the conclusion that it cannot give credit to the public denial of His Grace Bishop Fallon."

### The Hanna Letter.

Even this strong resolution did not create much stir on the outside, but it happened that about the same time a letter was published in the French press purporting to give the views of Bishop Fallon, which views did not wholly correspond with his statement of September 22nd. This letter was supposed to have been written by the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary for Ontario, to the Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education. This letter was dated May 23rd, and recorded an interview between Bishop Fallon and Hon. Mr. Hanna, which occurred on the previous day. This letter was a

confidential document from one Ontario Cabinet Minister to another, and how it got out was a mystery. It was first published in the Toronto papers on October 13th, and it then created as big a sensation in Ontario as it had already created in Quebec.

The following paragraphs from this letter, or supposed letter, by Mr. Hanna, will give some idea of its character.

"Sarnia, Ont., May 23, 1910.

"Dear Dr. Pyne: Yesterday afternoon Rev. Father Kennedy (Cure of Sarnia) telephoned me asking myself and Mrs. Hanna to go to meet Mgr. Fallon, Bishop of London, who was to officiate here on the occasion of his first visit to this part of his diocese. After some



Bishop Fallon, of London, on the day of his consecration, April 29th, 1910.

conversation Bishop Fallon expressed the desire to see me particularly with regard to a matter of great importance to this part of the province, which concerned the whole question of bi-lingual teaching in the schools. It is difficult to quote him literally, but I will give you the substance of his words:

\* \* \* \* \*

"He has not reached this conclusion at once, but he has resolved, so far as it is in his power, to cause to disappear every trace of bi-lingual teaching in the public schools of his diocese. The interests of the children, boys and girls, demand that bi-lingual teaching should be disapproved and prohibited. He says he is assured that there are to-day children going to the public schools in certain parts of Essex who are unable to speak English, and this three generations after their ancestors arrived in the country. Assuredly nothing more could be needed to prove that the teaching of English has been completely neglected amongst the French-Canadians of that district. We belong to a province of English-speaking people, part of an English-speaking continent, where all children leaving school to engage in the battles of life must be armed

first of all with the English language, cost what it may. If in addition they are able to speak French, Italian, Polish, or any other language, so much the better, but it is absolutely necessary that the base of their education should be English.

"I observed to his Grace that, according to my views, in districts where the French-Canadians were numerous and spoke French it was believed that the master of such a school would succeed better and would be able with better advantage to conduct the children to the use of English by speaking French.

"To this he replied that it was a mistake, and if it was thus in theory it was never put honestly into practice; that the argument in favour of having a French master in French-speaking districts was the argument of clerical or political agitators."

### Political Consternation.

Of course there was political consternation in Toronto, with the result that a Mr. Maisonville, secretary to Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, admitted taking the letter from Dr. Reaume's private file and sending it to a friend in Walkerville. Mr. Maisonville was at once dismissed. But his departure was like the outgoing of a man who was proud of the trouble he had created.

The subject was thus under newspaper discussion until Sunday last, when Bishop Fallon issued a statement which put the issue clearly before the people. He indicated that while he was not opposed to the French people, or even to the teaching of French in schools, he is utterly opposed to the present bi-lingual system. Curiously enough, he quoted from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech in Montreal last Monday, in declaring that his statement would not be accepted by those in Quebec whom Sir Wilfrid described as "The Pharisee end of Canadian Catholicism."

Bishop Fallon quoted his previous statement of Sept. 22nd, admitted his conversation with Mr. Hanna, and discussed the dismissal of Mr. Maisonville. He is not ready to free Dr. Reaume, the Minister of Public Works, from blame, and rather indicated that Dr. Reaume takes an opposite view in this controversy. He goes on:—

"But, on the main issue, Mr. Hanna stated my views with absolute exactitude, and I desire to reaffirm them. The alleged bi-lingual system of education, as it prevails in certain parts of the Province of Ontario, is absolutely futile as concerning the teaching of either English or French, and utterly hostile to the best interests of the children, both English and French. Let me cite a few facts, culled from a multitude, that I have collected on my tour through the Diocese of London.

"The French-Canadian parishes of Belle River, Big Point, French Settlement, McGregor, Ruscomb, Staples, Stoney Point, Paincourt and Tilbury, with separate schools, and upwards of two thousand children on the rolls, passed a total of ten pupils at the recent entrance examinations. It is from some of these parishes that the loudest noise comes regarding my insistence that these conditions are a disgrace. If the separate schools in these districts are bad, the public schools, also under the alleged bi-lingual system, are worse.

"For the above-mentioned nine districts the public schools succeeded in getting only seven children through the entrance examination, of which Tilbury furnished four, McGregor, Big Point, and Paincourt one each, and the others none. And I could cite many other instances of equal inefficiency. All these facts have been supplied to me, over their own signatures, by the pastors of the parishes I have named.

"Is it any wonder that I should raise my voice on behalf of all the children who live in what might be called the bi-lingual belt of my diocese? And is it not monstrous that for so doing I should be charged with hostility to the French language and to the interests of the French-Canadian people?"

### The Bishop's Conclusion.

"This whole question is not a contest between English-speaking and French-speaking Catholics; it is a



matter of great public moment. On the one side of the discussion are a certain number of French-Canadians led by noisy agitators, on the other side are also French-Canadians in no small numbers together with the rest of the population of the Province of Ontario, without distinction of creed or nationality. And let me hazard the prophecy that when this second division awakes to the gravity of the situation it will make short work of an alleged bi-lingual school system, which teaches neither English nor French, encourages incompetency, gives a prize to hypocrisy and breeds ignorance."

#### Some Comment.

*Le Temps, Ottawa:* "He (Bishop Fallon) does not deny things to the same degree as in his statement of September 22. He does no longer question the stenographic account of his remarks of the clergy on the 14th of July. He now admits that he does not wish the teaching of French in the schools of the diocese. In a word he retreats all along the line and in running away issues the promised statement."

*Toronto Star:* "The purpose of bi-lingual schools in Ontario is to enable French-Canadian children to take full advantage of our system of education, and to lead them gradually up to that knowledge of the English language which is necessary for their full participation in the advantages of citizenship, and in all the opportunities of a young and growing country. That Frenchmen should love their own language is natural and laudable. That they should know the English language also is necessary for the purpose of equal citizenship and equal opportunity."

*Simcoe Reformer:* "The one-language man is a woefully handicapped one. Here in Ontario we have been exceptional sinners in this respect. How often is a man heard boasting that 'English is good enough for him'; that 'it will take him anywhere'? Such talk but emphasises the speaker's shallowness. A man, it is true, may travel far with only a knowledge of English; but unless he have an interpreter by his side much that he sees will be as a closed book. And as to attempting to do serious business, that is next to useless."

*Dr. Casgrain, Windsor:* "There is as much likelihood of abolishing the French language in the Separate Schools of North Essex as there is of changing the spots on a leopard. The language is indispensable to the religion."

*Ottawa Citizen:* "The revelations may have the effect of awakening the people of Ontario and causing the scales to drop from their eyes. Irrespective of

creed or politics there is an overwhelming force of public opinion in this Dominion to the effect that one French province in Canada is more than sufficient. Whatever may be the prevailing conditions in Quebec, it is the duty of the government of every English-speaking province that every child shall be educated to speak and write the English language and shall not have its future handicapped by being turned out upon the world unable to speak and write the language of this country and of this continent, which is, besides, the language most generally spoken throughout the world."

*Professor Lanos, Royal Military College:* "All who, by pen or speech, are able to help in this building up should not delay. We have of late witnessed a clash between English and French extremists. These men are equally mistaken in their views; Canada will be French for many centuries to come; it will not have ceased to be English on doomsday. In the meantime, we might arrange to live peaceably together, and, if for one I could contribute to remove one single cause of friction, or enlighten, I dare not say, silence, one single firebrand, I feel that I would have done well for my country and her people."

*Mr. Henri Bourassa:* "I cannot see that there should be any real cause of friction over the teaching of French in the bi-lingual schools of Ontario. Imbued as we are with the spirit of toleration and fair play—having granted in that respect such a measure of liberty to the English-speaking minority both Protestant and Catholic, we fail to understand how and why the same treatment should be refused or grudgingly granted to our French-speaking fellow men in the other provinces."

"The right for a people to preserve its maternal language is one of the most elementary of natural rights; it was respected even by the conquering Romans."

*Toronto Globe:* "Now that this question has been raised it would be matter for regret if the discussion were permitted to die down without anything positive having been accomplished. Influential French-Canadians in all the provinces should advocate with their compatriots not the exclusive use of French, but the persistent use of English along with French. It is safe to predict that if this were done the French people who make the experiment on such advice would continue the practice of English speech not merely to gain some social advantage, but to enjoy a perennial recreation."

"It is beyond all doubt that the regulations of the Department of Education for a quarter of a century

have required that English shall be efficiently taught in all the schools of the province. If this plainly defined duty is neglected or ignored in Essex the blame rests upon the inspectors and on the Education Department."

## Danger in Typhoid

**T**HAT Canada has more typhoid than almost any other country with pretensions to medical efficiency was the keynote of a recent address by Dr. Hodgetts at the first session of the Dominion Public Health Conference. Our death rate from this disease is 35.5 per 100,000, whereas England and Wales shows only 11.2, Germany 7.6, and Ireland 6.2. The chief cause is impurity of the water supply, and it is wonderful how careless we are in this respect. Our towns and cities boast of their wonderful growth, their bank clearings and their building permits, but they do not point with pride to the growth of their burial grounds. Yet the cemeteries are growing proportionately faster than the civic population in several instances.

After several years of agitation and strenuous endeavour we have managed to restrict the advance of tuberculosis. It is time to have a similar campaign to stamp out typhoid.

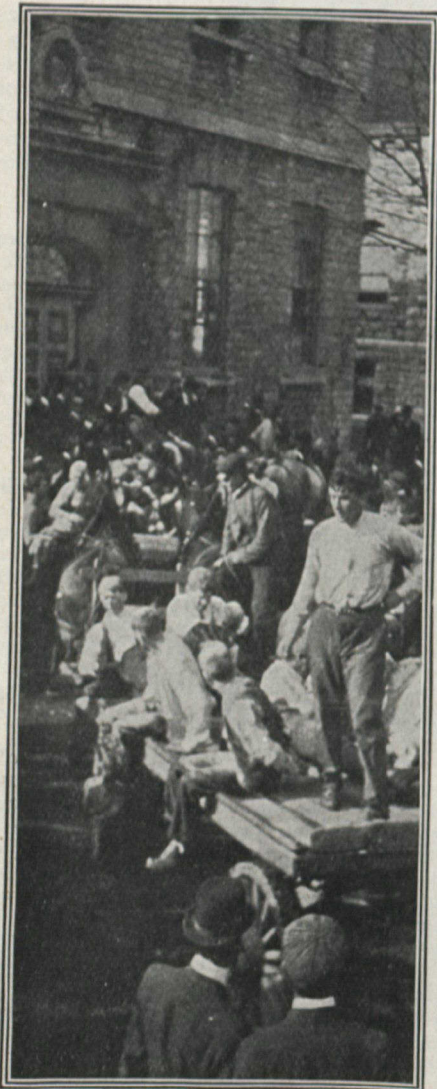
## Young and Foolish

"Larynx, pharynx, epidermis, gall,  
Lotions, leeches, oil and alcohol,  
Operate, masserate, cut, blast and bore,  
Medicine Thirteen always in the fore."

On the afternoon of October 10th the annual initiation rush of the medical freshmen by the sophomores took place on the lawn in front of the old medical building at Queen's University, Kingston, before an interested crowd of spectators from the other faculties of the university. After an hour's energetic tussle the freshmen were finally overcome and securely tied, decorated with a generous coating of "nine-in-one" shoe polish, and "Maple Leaf" flour, and loaded on two Sheddens drays. Then followed an exhibition parade through the college grounds and on through the principal thoroughfares of the city.

## THE MEDICAL SOPHOMORE-FRESHMEN RUSH AT QUEEN'S

*A case of Shoe-Blacking, Bandages, Physical Spirits, College Intoxication and the Foolishness of Youth.*



Loading the Drays.



Blackened and Fettered—Ready to Parade the Town.



Not Painted by Rembrandt—But by Medical Sophomores.  
Photographs by Mr. Arthur Publow.



Free Show for all Citizens.



# CANADA'S FIRST WARSHIPS

*The Rainbow described by a Canadian who visited Portsmouth*

By W. R. PLEWMAN

**T**HE Canadian navy is taking shape. The cruiser Rainbow is hurrying to Esquimault, the cruiser Niobe arrives this week at Halifax, and plans are being completed for the four new cruisers and six torpedo destroyers sanctioned by the Canadian Parliament. The naval stations on either coast are now preparing a royal welcome for the two warships, and from now on the people of Canada can be relied on to take an ever-increasing interest in their new national adjunct. For whatever difference of opinion may have existed about the advisability of the Dominion maintaining a fleet, Canadians, equally with other Anglo-Saxons, are susceptible to the fascination of the life on the ocean wave.

It was on the 18th of July last that the protected cruiser Rainbow passed from the possession of the British Admiralty into the hands of the Canadian Government, and just a month later when she slipped past Nelson's flagship, the old Victory, and started on her 13,000 mile voyage from Portsmouth to Esquimault. To-day she is still ploughing through the billows on her way round the South American continent, and she is not expected to arrive at Vancouver until the seventh of November.

Though the Rainbow is the first-born of the Canadian navy, Johnny Canuck hardly knows whether to be proud of his progeny. He knows that some of his friends are producing even more precocious children, children that can show their heels or their teeth as occasion requires, and take good care of themselves. He fears his own offspring is comparatively weak and helpless, even though able to literally knock the tar out of Nelson's pets when they were at their best.

The Niobe has undergone renovation at Devonport during the last three months, and is now equipped to the satisfaction of Rear Admiral Kingsmill, director of the Canadian naval service. She is a big vessel, of 11,000 tons, and a first class protected cruiser. She requires 30 feet of water to float her safely, and when her course is clear can steam 21 knots to the hour. Her greatest width is 69 feet, and her length is 460 feet. With her four lofty funnels, and her dull, blue-grey sides, that tower up in front but taper off towards the stern, she presents a truly formidable appearance.

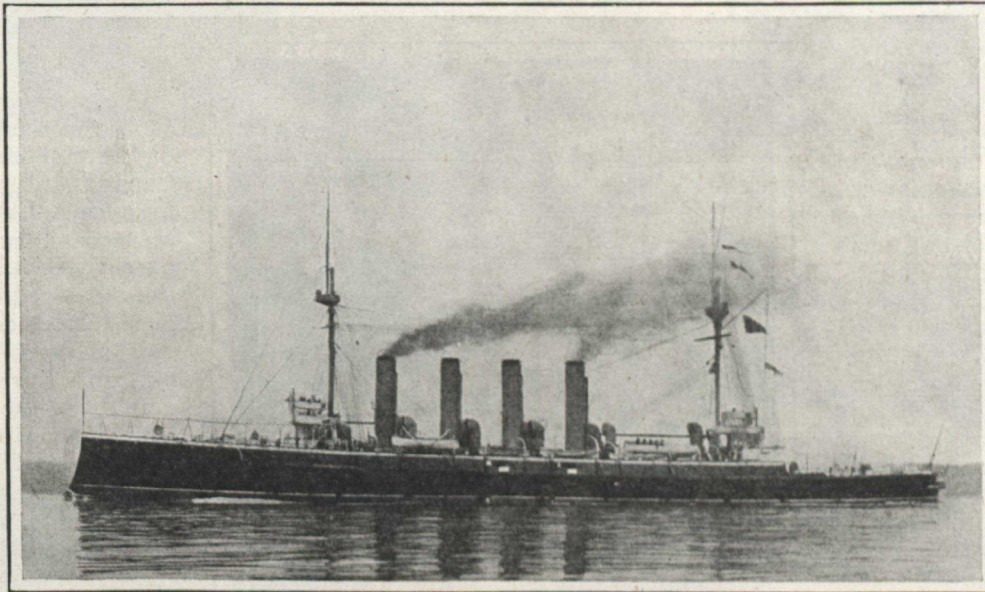
At a single discharge of her main battery, the Niobe can hurl almost a ton of projectiles at an enemy. She has sixteen of the big six-inch guns, so called because the gun is of that diameter at the bore, and each of these is capable of throwing a hundred pound projectile through eighteen inches of wrought iron at a distance of over a mile. With less effect the projectile can be hurled three times that distance. The hundred pound shot is the heaviest that is loaded without the aid of machinery. The guns weigh over seven tons apiece. They move around on swivels and the gunners are protected by several inches of Harvey-ised steel.

For close range the cruiser is armed with fourteen 12-pounders and six 3-pounders, and also with two deadly maxim guns, whose hail of bullets lay men low like grain before a summer storm. Equally fearsome are the three torpedo tubes, two of them submerged, which discharge a projectile loaded with 200 pounds of guncotton, which could sink the mightiest ship afloat.

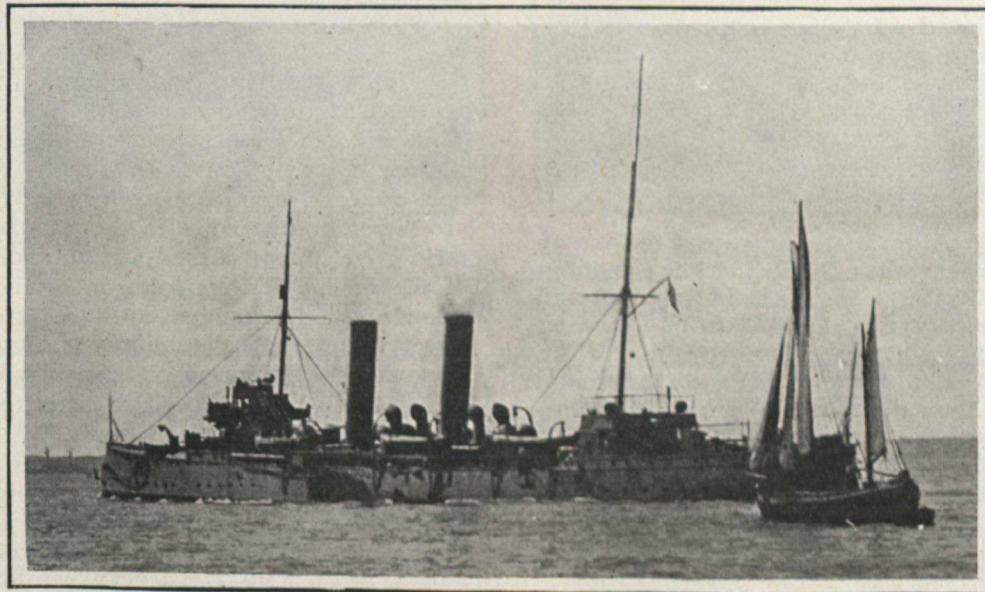
The Niobe, while having as great offensive powers as many an armoured cruiser, is weaker in armour, and consequently only classifies as a first class protected cruiser. She has the typical convex steel

deck just above the waterline which gives her class its name. This deck is made convex so that an enemy's projectiles that may have pierced the hull, will glance off without injuring a vital part. The deck runs the whole length of the ship and covers her magazines and engines. It serves the additional purpose of keeping the vessel afloat, if struck below the waterline, being materially helped in this object by the compartments into which the vessel's interior is divided.

When in England last July the writer made the trip from London to Portsmouth with the express purpose of inspecting the Rainbow. A letter from



H.M.C.S. Niobe, first class protected cruiser, purchased as a training ship. She was launched in 1898 11,000 tons. Crew 677.



H.M.C.S. Rainbow leaving Portsmouth Harbour on its long trip round Cape Horn to Esquimault.

Rear Admiral Kingsmill enabled him to pass through the Admiralty dockyard to the tidal basin where the Rainbow was secured. Earlier in the week she had been turned over to the possession of the Canadian Government. Rows of submarines and torpedo boats were roped together in the vicinity, and at right angle to the Rainbow were the Barfleur and the Centurion, her old comrades on the China station. Both of them are more powerful than the Niobe, but they have been sold for a mere song to the junk-dealer while the Rainbow, which rusticated for four years at Mother Bank, a sort of Admiralty's home for the aged, has blossomed out in a fresh coat of paint as the first ship of the Canadian navy. Such are the tricks of fortune.

Neither the Rainbow nor the Niobe could take her place in the fighting line. Each belongs to a type which is practically obsolete. Modern naval science has discarded intermediate types and developed the extremes—the all-big-gun ship, to fight, and the multiple-turbined ship to scout and run. Some of the latest vessels are strong in both departments. The Rainbow is too slow to be a scout,

and too weak to be feared by anything more powerful than a poacher. Nor can the Niobe run or face the fire of a battleship. An 850 pound shot from a 12-inch gun would pierce her as it would a pack of cards. The warship now building in England for New Zealand could whip a whole fleet of Rainbows and Niobes before breakfast.

Political capital cannot easily be made out of these facts. Circumstances alter cases. New Zealand and Australia fear the yellow peril and are eager that Britain should make an immediate and continued demonstration of force in the Pacific. Canada has no fears and is simply providing for contingencies that seem remote and unreal. The Rainbow and Niobe are not intended for war service. Both are to be used as training ships, and the Rainbow will incidentally render an important service by putting a stop to the depredations of a host of slippery American poachers that, equipped with wireless and powerful engines, have been laughing at the Dominion Government's slow fishery cruiser on the Pacific seaboard. For the Rainbow is still good for 18 or 19 knots, and her newly installed wireless system will enable the government stations along the coast to post her as to the movements of the slippery gentlemen from Seattle. Once within a mile or two of these her two 6-inch guns would compel submission.

The two warships are coming out with skeleton crews, composed for the most part of picked men who volunteered from the naval reserve, but some expert men from the active list were supplied to the Canadian naval service, including the champion gunner of the British navy. It is hoped to soon recruit the vessels up to their full strength—nearly seven hundred in the case of the Niobe—and to have enough trained men to man the warships that are to be built, by the time they are ready to go into commission.

The two warships now in the possession of Canada offer a novelty in being without grog tubs. Most of the crews chosen are total abstainers. The officers of the Niobe have been presented with a service of plate by Lord Strathcona, and Halifax will present the ship with a service worth \$500. News items appearing in the daily papers every few days indicate that the new navy will play an important part in Canada's national life.

## The English Luggage

**I**T is really a touching thing—the veneration an Englishman has for his luggage. A few years ago Rider Haggard was being interviewed by a crowd of Canadian reporters, by whom he was carried in his room at the hotel, all ready with pencil and pad to hear what he had to say about South Africa. The novelist was mute.

"No, I really can't say a word till my luggage arrives," he said. "I say, Thomas," to his attendant again, "are those blessed trunks anywhere in this country?"

"Ah! Thank heaven! Here they are"—as into the room came tumbling a rampart of boxes. Instant relief! The novelist pounced upon one, opened it to see if everything was all right as he had packed it; then he shut down the lid and with a smile of contentment sat on it to give his experiences to the press.

This attachment of the man to his luggage you find all over England. The Englishman can't understand the American who lets his trunks go by one train while he takes another, separated from the main body of his luggage for days at a time; in all probability not having seen one of his trunks since it was packed in his bedroom.

When the Englishman begins to acquire the American's contempt for luggage he will begin to be a different sort of traveller. At present this personal affection for a "box" is almost idyllic.

You see it especially on English railways and in the baggage rooms where it seems to be every man for himself in rounding up his trunks; everybody quite unwilling to trust a baggageman or a porter.



# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

**M**ARITIME union is again to be discussed. The forthcoming census will undoubtedly give such results that the Parliamentary representatives of the Maritime Provinces at Ottawa will be reduced. A re-distribution of Maritime constituencies will be necessary, and it would seem an appropriate time to reorganise the provincial systems.

Maritime union is not a new topic by any means. It was discussed long before Confederation came into being. Indeed, the discussion of Maritime union had much to do with bringing the Confederation idea to the front more quickly than it might otherwise have done. It has been discussed off and on for seventy-five years, and it must be admitted, still seems far from realisation.

That three small provinces should be burdened with three lieutenant-governors, three sets of public buildings and institutions, and three systems of political and judicial administration, seems absurd. That portion of Canada would certainly have more influence in Confederation if it spoke with one voice instead of three. Even were the three provinces united, the resulting province would not be as large as any of the other Canadian provinces, with the exception of Manitoba.

Of course, the decision as to whether the three provinces shall remain separate and distinct, or whether they shall become a large province, must be rendered by the inhabitants of those provinces. The rest of Canada cannot force a union. It can only offer advice which may or may not be gratuitous. There are serious difficulties in the way. The hundred thousand people in Prince Edward Island are proud of their provincial organisations, proud of their practical independence and quite satisfied to remain as they are. The same may be said of the three hundred and fifty thousand in New Brunswick and of the half million people in Nova Scotia. Nevertheless, there are a large number of far-sighted men in each of the provinces who recognise the value of union, and are working steadily to develop the idea. In their difficult task they will have the keen sympathy of the rest of Canada.

**F**OR a full century Canada has been gradually acquiring autonomy within the British Empire. There was a time when the Canadian tariff and the Canadian postal rates were made in London, and when the general policy of the country was dictated from Downing Street. It is now over half a century since the administration of the post office and tariff was transferred to the Canadian governments. The Confederation Act increased the autonomy. Various acts and conventions since 1867 have still further enlarged that phase of Canadian political life. To-day Canada is practically autonomous.

In respect to copyright, Canada is still in the tutelage stage, in spite of an agitation which has extended over some thirty years. Because of this tutelage a person who registers a copyright at Stationers' Hall, London, gains a Canadian copyright without any direct reference to the Canadian government. For example, if a United States publisher or author registers his production simultaneously at Washington and London, he thereby gains control of the Canadian market. It is not necessary for him to publish his book or other work in Canada. He may do his publishing in the United States or Great Britain, and Canadians are forced to buy in either of these markets. This state of affairs has limited the growth of Canadian publishing.

Now the announcement comes from Ottawa that the Hon. Sydney Fisher, whose department has supervision of copyright, has arranged with the British Government to secure copyright autonomy. A bill is being prepared in England which will give Canada the right for which she has long been agitating. This will be followed by a similar legislation in Canada instituting and defining those rights. When these bills have become law British and United States authors or publishers desiring Canadian copyright must register their work at Ottawa and conform with the regulations laid down by the Canadian government. These regulations will undoubtedly include the necessity of publishing in this country, with the consequence that the publishing business will

enormously increase, with numerous secondary benefits.

To give an example of how unfair the present situation has been, one instance may be quoted. The publishers of *Life*, a humorous paper in New York, have been copyrighting some of their drawings and material in London, and publishing them there. They do not copyright them in Canada nor publish them there. Yet if any Canadian publisher happened to reproduce one of these comic pictures he was at once served with a lawyer's letter demanding payment, in spite of the fact that he had given credit to *Life* as the originator of the picture or idea. As the people of all English-speaking countries quote from each other with considerable freedom, the action of *Life* has caused much irritation. The chief ground for complaint on the part of the Canadian newspaper man lay in the fact that he had no means of discovering the copyright in advance. When he took chances, he found it necessary to pay what he considered an exorbitant price. Under the new system the copyright register at Ottawa will be his flag of danger, and it will compel the publishers of *Life* and other periodicals and books to make business-like arrangements with Canadian publishers if they desire to monopolise this market. This absentee landlordism in the publishing business is not tolerable.

## UNKNOWN IN CANADA



A Newark, N.J. Saloon, which boasts a Free Moving Picture Theatre

**T**HE enterprising American made the moving picture business, and now he is proceeding to kill it. The popularity of the cinematograph theatre in England and Canada was created by pictures with a fairly high tone. Lately the demand for films has increased so much that normal subjects were apparently insufficient to supply the demand, and the most absolutely realistic style of films has been introduced. Western Cowboys who never existed, and Wild Indians also equally non-existent, have been created by actors in the employ of the makers of films. Other equally spurious dramas have been enacted for this purpose, and to-day the moving picture show has become a pernicious influence. Indeed, in New York a regulation has been made to the effect that no child under sixteen shall be admitted unless accompanied by an adult. In Berlin, Germany, children under fourteen are absolutely prohibited. In Canada there are no regulations of this character, and consequently our younger children are in grave danger of receiving false views of life.

The growth of the moving picture business in Canada has been marvellous. In Toronto alone there are forty-two moving picture shows, and seven more are to be opened shortly. This will make one for every seven thousand of the population, or the same percentage as in Chicago, where one might reasonably expect a larger proportion. Even in New York and New Orleans there are fewer, compared with the population, than in Toronto. The Ontario government passed a regulation which prevented the exhibition of the recent Jeffries-Johnson prize fight, and other provincial governments and municipal authorities did the same. So far, the writer is aware no similar regulations have been prepared aiming to prevent the exhibition of equally vicious films of a different nature.

In most of the Canadian cities there is a censorship of the regular theatre, and the regular theatre bill poster. It is high time that this censorship should be extended to the films used by the moving picture exploiters. The fact that Mr. Edison receives a royalty of eight thousand dollars a week on these films, and that the middleman or manufacturers make about eighteen million dollars a year, would not blind us to the necessity for preserving the morals of the community. Undoubtedly the beautiful, the pathetic, and the sublime are well combined with entertainment in some of these shows, but even a small percentage of degrading pictures is sufficient to justify the strictest form of censorship.

In the accompanying picture another danger is explained. Here may be seen the moving picture show used for the purpose of attracting custom to the saloon. Happily Canada is yet free from this device, and it behooves every province in the Dominion to take such steps as may be necessary to guarantee that it shall not be introduced. Prevention is better than cure.

### WHY THERE ARE NON-CHURCHGOERS.

*All over the English-speaking world, the question of non-church going is being discussed. It is an old question, but ever new. We would like our readers to discuss it. Send us a chatty letter, giving your views. It must be brief; it must be frank; and it must say something about your own experience. Make it as short as possible, but not too short. Send it soon.*

**A** WOMAN in Winnipeg has been before the police court over three hundred times and the law does not seem to know what to do with her. The incorrigible woman is a great problem. She demoralises the community in which she resides and yet is chargeable only with vagrancy. Surely the time has come when the criminal code can provide a new paragraph which will enable police magistrates to put these incorrigibles into institutions where they may live out their lives without damage to the community.



# FOUR GREAT LAKES LIGHT THE CITY OF BERLIN, ONT.

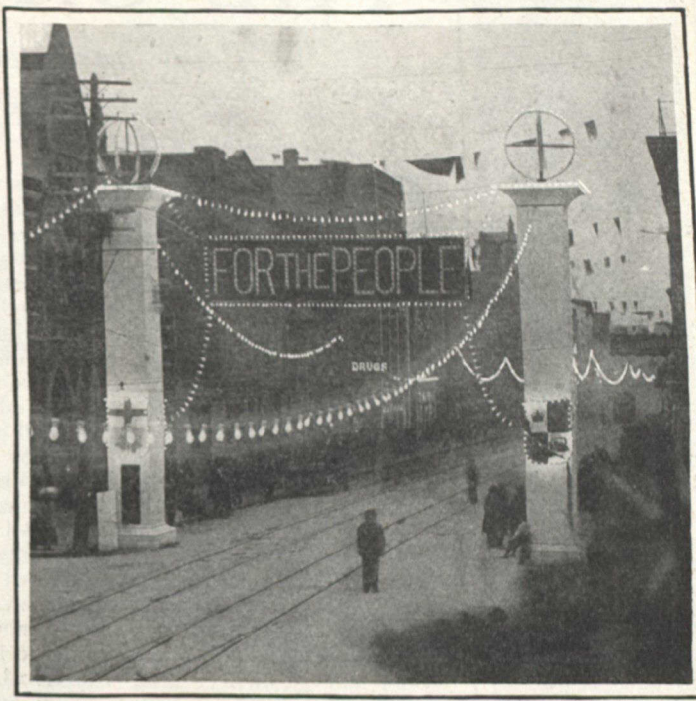
INAUGURATION OF ONTARIO HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMMISSION'S TRANSMISSION LINES



Citizens of Berlin waiting for the train that carried Sir James Whitney, Hon. Adam Beck and Col. Matheson.



Miss Hilda Rumpel, spangled with lights carried the power button.



Festoons and Garlands of Niagara Falls Light decked the streets of Berlin. at the Inauguration of Cheap Power.



The Big Fellow Arrives—Sir James Whitney (seated) and Mayor Hahn.



In the Procession—Col. Matheson, Mrs. Beck and the Hon. Adam Beck.

## THE RAINY LAKE FOREST FIRES



Crowd of Refugees having an outdoor dinner at Beaudette.



Where their home stood—Nothing that would burn left.



# THE GARDEN CITY IDEA

Being an Interview with Mr. Henry Vivian, M.P.

By NORMAN PATTERSON



Free Trader and

Hamar Greenwood, Esquires. Mr. Vivian thinks he will be able to puncture the arguments of Lord Milner et al., when he returns, because he declares he has found much free trade sentiment in this country. But that is not the point to-day.

"What is the Garden City idea?" I asked Mr. Vivian.

"Officially we call it co-partnership in Housing," answered this earnest, square-jawed, middle-aged member of the British House of Commons. "Garden

CANADA has had some notable visitors this year, and none more interesting than Mr. Henry Vivian, M.P., father of the Garden City movement. Mr. Vivian has been in several Canadian cities meeting men, talking to Canadian clubs, and giving instruction in civic affairs to any body of citizens who thought it advisable to get it. Mr. Vivian is a free trader, and probably the main reason for his being here is to gather material to enable him to meet the tariff reformers of Great Britain on the stump and to answer their arguments which have Canada's supposed desire for preference as a basis. Until recently the tariff reformers have had a monopoly of the "Canada" argument and they have made tremendous use of it in spite of Joseph Martin and

City is a rather fanciful name, for gardens are only incidental. We are building model communities on a co-operative basis. For example, the town we have built at Hampstead Heath is controlled by the Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust. It owns all the lands, builds houses and rents them, and finances the whole undertaking, so that every tenant has superior holdings at low rental, and in addition gets a share in the profits. In addition, the tenant has a share of the common parks, gardens, playgrounds, and all other embellishments enjoyed in other towns only by the rich."

"Wherein does your financing differ from private financing by real estate owners?"

"All the capital invested by outside capitalists gets only a fixed return—four per cent. The capital supplied by the tenants gets five per cent., and in addition they get a share in the profits, based upon the amount of rent paid. The unearned increment goes to the tenants as a whole, and not to some idle landlord. Each year a sinking fund is created, which will ultimately pay off all borrowed capital, and leave the property wholly unencumbered in the hands of the tenants. Repairs, upkeep and the administration charges are also met out of the rentals."

"Do you think this system is preferable to private ownership of houses such as we have it in Toronto?"

"Speaking generally, yes. Our system, by compelling every tenant to invest at least £50 in company stock, makes shareholders instead of owners, but what difference is there? When a man moves away, he sells his stock instead of selling his house—that is the only difference. Under co-partnership we can do much that the private owner cannot do. We can have a tennis court, bowling green and small park for every block of houses. In addition there are institutes, schools, clubs and places of worship—all owned by the people as a whole. There are play places and shelters for the children—and

we encourage children. We banish ugliness of architecture and street view; we create a healthy commercial civic life, working along strictly business lines."

"What do you think of the Canadian idea of letting real estate agents lay out all the new suburbs adjoining our larger cities?"

"It does not strike me favourably. The plotting of these new districts is not well done. It is not scientific. The houses are built by different architects, whereas all our houses are built by one set of architects, who have the beauty of the whole street and the whole suburb in mind. We secure harmony by a common plan; you secure usually only discord. No city which leaves the planning and building of its suburbs in the hands of a large number of unconnected individuals should expect to produce harmony and beauty and efficiency."

"Are your houses built for one class or for all classes?"

"We are creating communities containing all classes. One house may rent for ten shillings a week, and its neighbour for twenty shillings. We have men earning £200 a year living side by side with men earning £1,000 or even £3,000 a year. A



Social Reformer.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22.

AND NO BLARNEY EITHER!



T. P. O'Connor, M.P.—"Miss Canada, accept my congratulations. Here with your happy and harmonious circle of English, Irish, Scotch, French, Russians, Catholic, Protestant, and everything else, you have the finest illustration of Democratic Nationality in the world! Long life to you, Madam!"—(Vide T. P. O'Connor's speech before the Toronto Press Club, September 30th.)

Drawn by J. W. Bengough.





# The Mystery of the Tower

By Andrew Loring

Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

## A NEW SERIAL STORY

### SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Margaret Lee flees from Paris and her keeper, Mrs. Gascoigne, to see her father in London. During the first evening at home, she looks through the father's pet telescope and sees a sight which is the basis of all the events to be narrated. In the first excitement her father drops dead, and her only friend is Mr. Percy Marshall a chance acquaintance. Mrs. Gascoigne comes to London and a mysterious Mrs. Carlingford, a friend of her father, appears also.

"DEATH is a more efficient chaperon than even you have proved yourself to be," answered Margaret, bitterly.

Mrs. Gascoigne gave a little exclamation of horror as she raised protesting hands; but the girl rushed on unheeding.

"Do you think," she cried, "that I would come to you again?" Infinite scorn rang through the girl's voice. "You bargained—you were willing to sell me. You didn't care that the man was old. You forgot that you had warned me about him once. You said he was notorious. I ask you to go, please."

With a tremendous effort Mrs. Gascoigne kept her temper in leash. "As your guardian," she cried, "for your own sake, Margaret, I must insist on staying. It is my right—it is my duty."

Margaret paused, irresolute. What could she do if this terrible woman carried out her threat? She could not have a scene. Then she turned and beckoned to Percy Marshall. He strode across.

"Mr. Marshall," she said, quickly, "this lady with whom I have been living for the past few months, and whose house I left under somewhat painful circumstances, now claims to be my guardian. There are many reasons why I do not wish this."

"I understand precisely," answered Percy, in his most serious manner. "Madam," he added, bowing courteously to Mrs. Gascoigne, "as the representative of the late Mr. Lee's solicitors, I must beg you to respect Miss Lee's wishes. At the present time my firm has the honour to be Miss Lee's legal guardian, and, until the late Mr. Lee's wishes are known, will continue to act in that capacity. Allow me—"

He bent forward and pressed the electric button, which was cunningly concealed in the open mouth of a grotesque head carved in the arm of the chair in which she sat. "If you have any document setting forth your claims, I shall be pleased to consider it at your earliest convenience."

Then, as the maid appeared, he stood aside, bowing low, with the best imitation of a lawyer's manner he could assume. Mrs. Gascoigne, white with rage, picked up her parasol, and swept out before the maid.

THEY stood and watched her go, the sun glittering on the gold rosettes in her hat; then they turned and looked at one another.

Percy's eyes were twinkling, and a laugh rose to his lips. He checked it just in time. He had nearly forgotten that grim Presence in the flat beyond.

"I fear her," cried Margaret; "she is so utterly unscrupulous—and I am so utterly alone."

Percy's heart smote him. What he had been treating as a farce was tragedy to this lonely girl.

"Who are the solicitors, really, do you know?" he asked.

Margaret shook her head; then, in the midst of her distress, a gleam of amusement shone in her grey eyes.

"You played the part very well," she said, smiling.

"I out-foxed the fox, didn't I? Never fear, Miss Lee, she has no legal claim over you."

"I wish I were sure," answered Margaret.

Percy Marshall studied the map once more, then picked it up, folded it, and placed it carefully in his pocket; he was loth to go. Margaret watched him in silence. She noted his powerful, though well-shaped hands, his quick, agile movements, the reddish-brown hair, which would have curled had it not been cropped so closely.

"May I come this evening and report progress?" he asked.

"Oh, please do," she cried. "You have taken such a burden off my shoulders, Mr. Marshall. I can never thank you enough."

"If you would only let me bring one of my woman friends?"

But she shook her head. "You will be careful?" She laid her hand on his sleeve in her anxiety. "Remember, it was murder. Is there any danger, the slightest risk?"

He thrilled to her fear for him, and laughed at it. "I shall hurry back and tell you all about it," he cried, with a confident smile. "Don't worry—promise?"

And she said she would not.

### CHAPTER IV.

THREE o'clock! Percy Marshall was astonished at the time he had consumed in making a list of South London churches and chapels. Dressed in flannels, field-glasses over his shoulders, Margaret Lee's map in his hand, he flung himself into a taxi-cab, shouting "Crystal Palace."

He lounged back, and seemed to be studying the toe of his brown boot which rested on the opposite seat. In reality, he was dreaming of Margaret Lee. She appeared to his quickened vision as a figure almost tragic, so strange was her isolation, so sudden the bereavement which had fallen on her. He wondered at her self-command of the morning, at the strength which had repelled the intruder in black and gold. He chuckled as he thought of himself as a solicitor's representative, and wondered what was to be done if Margaret—yes, he thought of her as Margaret already—were legally under the control of this adventuress. He rather hoped she was, he thought with a smile, for then he would have to run off with her.

Suddenly he straightened up and frowned. No more dreaming now—he was very wideawake. Whither was he drifting? Where had these gold-flecked eyes lured him? What had led him to follow her home, had brought him back yet again to pace the street in front of the home that contained her? What whirled him off now on her errand, at her command? Why did he not tell the whole story to the police, and wash his hands of this mysterious murder?

He knew the answer ere he had asked the questions. He realised now—he loved her. And the world seemed different. He had laughed at love all through his adventurous life; and now it had come suddenly and caught him unawares. He did not attempt to struggle—accepted it, welcomed it, as he thought of Margaret. She charmed him utterly.

Gone were thought of towers and church spires, brushed away by this flash of intimate self-knowledge. He forgot that this was an hour of grief for her, an hour of work for him. He remembered only that he loved her tenderly, devotedly. He laughed as he recalled that he hardly knew more than her name. What cared he for this? He loved her, and love meant an infinite trust. The splendid romance of it all appealed to him. His

heart was thumping madly in his breast. He loved her—and he should see her to-night! Then came thought of his promise.

"It is to be all faith and service, and so am I for Margaret," he quoted, half-laughing, as he leant forward, his keen eyes glancing from side to side as he sped along.

"Stop!" he cried, suddenly.

He leaped out, hurried back, and ran down a side-street; then turned quickly on his heel, and resumed his place.

The spire of which he had caught a glimpse as they whirled past had no open arches.

No more dreaming now. As they hurried along up Denmark Hill he was on the alert, in the hope that chance might lead him directly to the spot. He was all eagerness now to find out something that afternoon, that he might go back with some kind of a report; yet in his heart he knew that probably days of careful search would be necessary.

At the Crystal Palace he dismissed his cab, ran to the tower, and studied with feverish haste through his powerful glasses the forest of chimneys and spires to the east and west of him. He saw nothing that looked like the photograph that was engraved on his mind; an arch in a spire, it appeared, was a most unusual feature. He was unable to identify any of these places with any name on his list, and the conviction grew upon him that his quest must be a methodical visit to every church within the limits of the triangle on the map.

HE hurried away from the Palace, turning towards the west. He knew how easily tall spires, even on high ground, may be obscured by intervening buildings, by trees; had already learnt that a turn of a corner may reveal the existence of an unexpected church which one is always surprised one has not seen before.

He jumped into an open cab, fearing to go too rapidly. The place that he sought could not be more than a mile or two in either direction, and was probably somewhere along this range of hills.

It was after five o'clock when he came at last to the western limit marked on his map, near Streatham Common. He had failed in that direction.

"Back again," he cried to the driver, "as fast as you can."

At the Palace he found a taxi, and changed. His was no mood for the slow quartering of the district, for the laborious search for each church, for the crossing of it off as it was found not to be the one. One last, swift effort; if chance favoured him he might find out enough to have something to report that night.

At last—he was sure. He called to the driver to stop, and put his glasses to his eyes. Yes, there it was, a quarter of a mile away, perhaps, towering above the green trees that lay between, and pointing with its exquisite, graceful lines to the skies. Could a spire so beautiful, so peacefully rising there in the waning August afternoon, have been the scene, within a few hours, of a ghastly deed of horror?

The young man's eyes were fastened on that arched opening, high up in the air. It looked like a thread from where he stood, as he saw it side-wise.

"Drive me to the nearest station ahead!" he cried. "Quick—quick!"

The chauffeur, greatly wondering at the conduct of this singular man, drew up at the station—what it was, Percy Marshall neither knew nor cared.

He dismissed the cab, assumed an air of indifference, and casually asked a railway porter the name of the church.

"St. Luke's sir, was the laconic answer, made quite naturally, without comment.

Marshall rushed away, knowing now that if any crime had been perpetrated there it had not become public.

He found himself walking past open fields, under beautiful trees, with here and there a pretty villa residence set down amid delightful gardens. At last he turned a corner, and there, across a field, stood the church. It seemed to have been built more with a view to the future, rather than to the present needs of the neighbourhood. The ground was quite open about the churchyard for some distance, except on one side. On that side was a high wall, evidently enclosing the garden of the old house whose gables could be seen here and there through the trees.

What should he do now, obtain the aid of the police? No; the time to do that was when there was something to tell.

So thinking, becoming more and more convinced that the incredible thing was, after all, true, he walked slowly across towards the church, keenly studying each detail of its architecture as he walked.



It was not large, but beautifully proportioned, and lavishly ornamented, though with admirable taste; and it seemed that it had only just been completed. That was clear from its general freshness of appearance, and from the staring purity of the stone facings. He paused in the still unpaved road outside the churchyard, and read the sign which announced the name of the church, and that the Vicar was the Rev. James Weekes, living at Lilith Cottage, Burnham road. The sexton's name was stated to be William Whitley, and he lived, it appeared, at Thorn's Cottage. The hours of service were also given.

During all the time that he stood there not a soul had appeared in sight in any direction. Not a house fronted the open space which he had just traversed; not a house, indeed, was near, except the one hidden away behind old and crumbling garden walls.

HE opened the gate softly, and went to the front door. As he had expected, he found it locked. He came out of the porch and walked round the side of the building until he came at last to the little side door, that led, no doubt, into the clergyman's room, the robing-room, and other offices near the chancel. But this door was also fastened. The windows he scanned carefully. Those of the church were too high to be easily accessible, and probably would not open even if he could reach them. There were small windows near the side door, evidently lighting the clergyman's study; but these were not only fast, but were protected by heavy iron bars outside.

He walked on past the flying buttresses at the corner, and round by the east end; but there was no other door or opening until he came close to the wall that divided the churchyard from the grounds of the house next door. There in the corner was an opening into what appeared to be a cellar. He stepped down, and peered into the darkness.

A pair of yellow eyes gleamed at him. Percy's muscles stiffened, and then he gave a short laugh as a large black cat walked leisurely out and scrambled on to the wall. He lighted a match, and walked into the darkness. He saw that he was near the furnace which heated the building. He

thought it likely that there might be an entrance somewhere near, and by the light of matches he walked carefully round the place, examining the walls, his boots making an eerie scrunch of cinders and coke with every step. At last—a little staircase, and the door at the top opened to his hand. He stood looking into the church.

The afternoon sun filtered through the stained-glass windows, casting soft shadows of sumptuous rich colour on the interior, softening the staring white of the walls, darkening the new carved oak pews, and diffusing an atmosphere of æsthetic benediction all about. It almost seemed to Percy Marshall that, in stealing thus into that sacred building, he had profaned a sanctuary; that, even in suspecting that under that roof a deed of ruthless horror had been done, he had committed an act of sacrilege.

On tiptoe—an unconscionable testimony to the spirit of the place—he walked the length of the nave, until at last he stood before the oaken door that led into the tower. It was pierced near the top by three lozenge-shaped openings, and he caught the faint, close odour that comes from dark places shut out from sunshine and air.

He softly turned the handle. The door was fastened, but seemed to yield slightly to his pressure. He pushed with his foot.

The bottom gave for nearly an inch. It was clear that the door was bolted from within near the top. He put his hand through one of the openings, and found the bolt. He drew it softly down, and the door flew open.

In front of him was a flight of stone steps, twining round a central post. He began a slow ascent, examining each stair with the utmost care by the light of successively lighted matches.

THE tower had been so lately completed that there had as yet accumulated none of the usual dust; hence he came to a landing without having discovered the faintest signs that anybody had ever been up or down those silent stairs. There was a small open arch—though there were wooden shutters by which it could be closed—on this landing! but Marshall knew that he had not arrived at his destination. He was still in the square tower; and the landing he sought was in the pointed spire. After a careful examination, which revealed nothing,

he commenced the ascent of the long ladder which now took the place of the staircase. As he climbed round by round, he saw that the sides were closing in on him, and that above him was a trap-door. If he could open that door—he, too, would be looking on the landing into which the telescope had looked. What should he find?

With knees pressed against the rounds of the ladder, and back of head resting against the side of the opening, he was able to use his two hands. The heavy trap-door moved upward, and he swung it one side, and put his head through the opening. A whirl of wings, as he startled a couple of cooing pigeons; that was all. He stepped on the landing, and replaced the trap-door, lest in the narrow space he should fall through the opening. The rays of the afternoon sun shone obliquely through the arch. He examined every inch of the place—nothing—not a hint, not a scratch on the boards, no dust, not the tiniest red spot.

Percy Marshall began to believe that, after all, he had come on a wild-goose chase. There was still another ladder, however, leading upwards. Quickly he ascended, useless as it seemed. He would be able to return to Margaret with the statement that whatever she saw was not tragedy. He rapidly calculated that he could get back to town, change, and be at the flat by eight o'clock.

The air grew hot as he climbed, and the narrow spire shut in on him. He felt that a search up there was useless—but he went on.

When near the top he scratched his hand on a nail. He lighted a match. Clinging to the nail was a little piece of yellow silk—a little triangular piece.

Percy caught his breath. The telescope had not lied after all.

Placing the tiny fragment in his pocket, he rapidly continued the ascent. Above his head was now another trap-door, smaller than the one underneath—not more than two feet across. The whole width of the spire here could not have exceeded eight feet.

Notwithstanding his utmost efforts, however, he could not move the door away. It yielded slightly to his two hands, braced against it as they had been braced against the one below, but he could not push

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

# THE LITTLE BULL OF THE BARRENS

*How the Musk-ox Fared with the Trapper and the Wolves*

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THROUGH the thick drive of the snowflakes—small, hard, bitter flakes, borne on the long wind of the terrible copper mine barrens—the man and the beast stood staring at each other, motionless. In the beast's eyes was heavy wonder, mixed with curiosity and dread. Never before had he seen any being like this erect, slim shape, veiled and vague and dark in the whirling drift. He felt it to be dangerous; but he was loath to tear himself away from the scrutiny of it.

The man, on the other hand, had neither wonder, curiosity, nor dread in his gaze. He knew that the black and massive apparition before him was a musk ox. His first impulse had been to snatch up his rifle and shoot, before the beast could fade off into the white confusion of the storm; but his practised eye had told him that the animal was an old bull. His necessity was not fierce enough to drive him to the eating of such flesh,—tough, and reeking to nausea with musk. He wanted a young cow, whose meat would be tender and sweet as caribou. He was content to wait, knowing that the herd must be near and would not leave these feeding grounds unless frightened. At this season the black bull, then staring at him heavily through the drift, would not be solitary.

The man was a trapper, who was making his way down the river to the Hudson Bay Company's post at the mouth. Through failure of the caribou to come his way, according to their custom, his supplies had run short, and he was seeking the post in good time, before the pinch of hunger should fix itself upon him. But he had had bad luck. The failure of the caribou had hit others besides himself. The wolves had suffered by it. Perhaps, in their shrewd and savage spirits, they had blamed the man for the absence of their accustomed quarry. Some weeks before his start they had craftily picked off his dogs, a reasonable and satisfying retaliation. There being no other means of

travel the man was now hauling the sledge himself.

In a moment's lift of the storm the man had noted a little valley, a depression in the vast, wind swept level of the barrens, lying but a couple of stones' throw aside from the banks of the river that was his guide. He knew that there he would find a dense growth of the stunted firs that spring up wherever they can find shelter from the wind. There, he knew, he would find dry stuff in plenty for his fire. There he would take covert till the storm should go down and suffer him to trail the musk ox herd.

After eyeing the black bull steadily for some minutes, he softly turned away, and without haste made for the Valley of the Little Firs, dragging the laden sledge behind him.

The black bull snorted thickly and took several steps forward. The strange figure fading silently away through the drift evidently feared him. A fleeing foe was surely to be followed; but that long, dark shape, crawling at the stranger's heels, that looked formidable and very mysterious. The beast stopped, shook his head, snorted again more loudly, and drew back those few paces he had advanced. Perhaps it was just as well not to be too bold in interrogating the Unknown. After a few moments of hesitation he wheeled aside, lifted his massive and shaggy head, sniffed the air, listened intently, and withdrew to rejoin the little herd, which was lying down and contentedly chewing the cud, all indifferent to the drive of the polar storm.

The black bull of the barrens, as he stood and eyed the resting herd contemplatively, showed small in stature but extraordinarily massive in build. A scant six feet in length from muzzle to tail, and not over three feet high at the shoulder, he was modeled, nevertheless, on lines that for power a mammoth might have envied. His square frame was clothed with long blackish hair reaching almost to the fetlocks. His ponderous head, maned and

shaggy, was armed with short crescent horns, keen tipped and serviceable for battle. And he carried it swung low, muzzle in and front well forward, always ready for defense against the enemies of the herd.

The herd numbered some dozen or fifteen cows, armed and powerful like their mates, several younger bulls, and perhaps a dozen yearling or two-year-old calves. At one moment, as the fierce drift slackened, they would all be more or less visible, shrouded, dark forms with contemplative eyes, peacefully ruminating. A moment more and they would vanish, as the snow again closed down about them.

IT was the old bull alone that seemed to be thoroughly on the alert. Hither and thither, with a certain slow vigilance, he moved through the herd. All at once he lifted his head sharply and questioned the air with dilating nostrils, while his eyes gleamed with anger and anxiety. The next instant he stamped his foot and gave a loud, abrupt call, half bleat, half bellow.

Plainly it was a signal well understood. In a second the whole herd was on its feet. In another, with lightning precision, it had formed itself into a compact circle, using the watchful leader as the basic point of its formation. The calves, butted unceremoniously into the center, hustled one upon the other, with uplifted muzzles over the others' shoulders and mild eyes staring with startled fright. The outer rim of the circle became a fringe of sullen lowering foreheads, angry eyes, and keen horns jutting formidably from snow powdered manes of dark hair.

Not a member of the musk ox herd, to the youngest calf, but knew very well against what enemy the old bull had so suddenly marshaled them into fighting phalanx. For some moments, however,—long, tense, vigilant moments,—nothing appeared.



Then, at last, through the driving flakes, they caught sight of several gaunt, leaping forms, grey and shadowy, which swept down upon them in silence out of the storm.

With terrible suddenness and speed they came, these leaping forms, as if they would hurl themselves blindly upon the massed herd. But the line of lowered horns never flinched or wavered, and with a short snarl from their leader the wolves swerved, just in time to escape a savage thrust from the old bull. They swerved, strung out into line, and went loping round the circle, their narrowed, greenish, merciless eyes glaring into the obstinate ones of the musk oxen. Again and again they circled the rampart of horns, again and again they drew off and swept up furiously to the assault, hoping to find some weak point in the defenses,—some timorous young cow that would shrink and swerve at their assault and open a breach in the line.

But there was no cow in that herd afflicted with any such suicidal folly. The snow spotted lowering line of heads waited unshaken, and presently the wolves—there were eight of them—bunched together a few paces from the circle and seemed to consider. Two of them sat down on their haunches, with their tongues hanging out, and eyed the rampart of horned fronts evilly, while the others stood with their heads together, or prowled restlessly back and forth.

They might, indeed, with the vast leaping power of their long legs and muscular haunches, have sprung clear over the line of defence, and gained in two seconds the helpless calves in the center; but they knew what that would mean. The herd would turn in upon them in blind, uncalculating fury and trample them under foot.

For the moment, therefore, they hung wavering in irresolution, looking for a sign from the leader of the pack.

IN the meantime the man had found his valley hollow and the shelter of the expected colony of dwarf firs. Here the snow lay soft and undrifted. In a recess of the fir thicket he trod it down with his snowshoes and made haste to build himself a little fire of dead sticks. Above his head, above the shrouded fir tops, above the rim of the hollow, the storm drove unabated; but the snowflakes that escaped from the tumult to filter down into this retreat were too light and fine and dry to interfere with the fire. In two or three minutes the flames were crackling up clear and free, with little spittings and fine hissings where the flakes fell at their thin edges.

Having collected a pile of dry sticks within easy reach, the man stretched a couple of stitched caribou hides on poles to form a sloping roof over his head, cooked himself a hasty stew of pemmican and biscuit, made a hearty meal, and squatted before the fire with his back against his sledge, to smoke and wait. He knew how to wait, like an Indian, when there was anything to be gained by it, and his heart, weary of pemmican, was set on fresh meat.

There was no sign of the storm breaking. There was no use hunting in the storm. There was nothing to fear; for it was now three weeks since he had seen sign of the wolves that had eaten his dogs, and he knew they had ranged off on the trail of the vanished caribou. There was nothing to do. He was warm, and filled, and free from care. Some hundred miles or so away there was a post and human companionship, to which he looked forward with unhurried content. In due time he would arrive there and find it, as always before, unchanged, like all else in that land of inevitable recurrence. Meantime, this afternoon, perhaps, or to-morrow, he would shoot a young musk ox cow. He drew his furs well about him and dozed off to sleep, knowing that the moment the fire began to get dangerously low an unfailing instinct would bid him awake to tend to it.

WHILE he slept the storm drove unrelenting over the place of his retreat and kept heaping the thin, dry snow in fringes and wreaths upon the shaggy, lowering fronts of the musk ox phalanx. From time to time a massive head would shake off the burden and emerge black and menacing. And always, with unwavering vigilance, the

army of angry eyes and short, sharp horns confronted the group of discontented wolves.

NOW, it chanced, the trapper was wrong in his assumption as to the wolves. The truth—which would have made a great difference in his calculations had he known it—was that they had been cautiously trailing him ever since he left his hut. But they knew something of man, those wolves, and they feared him. They were not quite mad with hunger; so they had not yet plucked up courage to reveal themselves to him, still less to commit themselves to an open attack. They dreaded his eye. They dreaded his sharp, authoritative voice. They dreaded his mysterious power of striking invisibly from very far off. Had they had any choice,



The Point Attacked was held by the Wise Old Bull.

they would far rather have been running down the caribou than trailing this solitary trapper; but the craving belly is a hard master, and they had no choice but to follow whither it scourged them on. Moreover, they knew that along the trail of the man there were likely to be pickings; for man, a fastidious feeder, never eats all he kills.

When, at last, the trail of the man had led them into that of the musk oxen, the pack had been glad. So much the more, therefore, their disappointed rage, when they found the herd ready for their attack, and too strong, in point of numbers and experienced leadership, to be stampeded. Seeing the prey so near, with each moment of their discomfort their hunger and their fury grew.

S UDDENLY, without visible sign or warning, it seemed to boil over all at once. The whole pack sprang together swift as the snap of a whip, into a compact mass, and hurled itself straight upon the circle of lowered horns. The charge looked irresistible. It seemed that the most dauntless must cringe and shrink before it.

But the point attacked was a strong one in the array. It was held by the wise old bull. At either side of him the shaggy black heads breathed hard or snorted loudly; but not a horn wavered. And in the face of this steadfastness the attack was not driven home. In the very last fraction of a second the leader swerved, the pack swept swiftly aside; but it was very close. And as the hindmost wolf went by the old bull lunged forward, head and shoulders beyond the circle, with a savage twist of his short, polished horns. There was a startled yelp. He had just managed to catch his foe a rending prod in the thick of the haunch. The wolf never paused,—he was under the iron discipline of the pack,—but as he ran he left a scarlet trailing along the snow behind him.

To the slow amazement of the herd, their enemies now, in the next instant, had vanished through the thin whirl of the drift. Heavy heads, thrust far out from the phalanx, turned to stare after them. There was nothing to be seen but the endless, sheeted procession of the snow. There was nothing to be heard but the muffled rush of the wind and their own snortings and trappings. For a long time, however, they kept their array unbroken, fearing a trick on the part of their adversaries. Then, at last, the old bull, after sniffing the wind in all directions with uplifted muzzle, stepped forth from the ranks. Immediately the circle dissolved. There was a moment of whirling and grunting, of butting at stupid calves, or reorganising the array;

then at a swift walk the whole herd moved off toward the northeast, where they knew of a region of low, huddled hills which would give them the kind of shelter they loved.

IN the meantime, the pack, maddened by failure and ravenous from the view of food denied, had resumed the trail of the man. They were different beings now from the wary skulkers that had been following him from afar. Silent and swift, their eyes flamed coldly and their thin lips wrinkled back from long white fangs, they swept over the brink and down into the windless hollow of the stunted firs.

The man, sleeping in his furs by the little fire, had a bad dream. With a struggle and a yell he awoke from it,—to find himself half erect, upon one knee, battling frantically for his life. One great hairy form he had clutched by the throat with both hands, as its fangs snapped within an inch of his face, and its huge, hot breath daunted him with a sense that the end of things had come. With a monstrous effort he hurled it off; but in the same moment he felt himself being borne down from behind.

One hand, put out to save himself, touched steel. Thank God! It was his big sheath knife, left lying on the covering of the sledge. Power flowed back to him from the touch, surging madly through all his veins. The blade seemed to leap up of itself, plunging deep into the breast of his nearest assailant. In the same instant he was on his feet, unaware that he was torn and bleeding. His left hand had sunk a grip of iron into the throat of one wolf, high up under its jaw, and for the moment its writhing, choking body served him as a shield, while his right

arm made lightning slashes which drove his foes trembling backward out of reach. Seized once more with their old fear of man, who, from a state of apparent helplessness, had suddenly arisen invincible, the rest of the pack turned tail and fled up out of the hollow. On its rim they halted an instant, recovered themselves, and swept away on the trail of the musk ox herd.

The man, seizing his captive now by both hands, with heroic rage swung it high into the air, turned it over, whirled it round his head, and brought it down across the nose of his sledge with violence that smashed its back. Then, hurling the limp shape into the thicket of little firs, he growled wrathfully and proceeded to replenish his dying fire. He would strip the pelt later, after binding up his hurts.

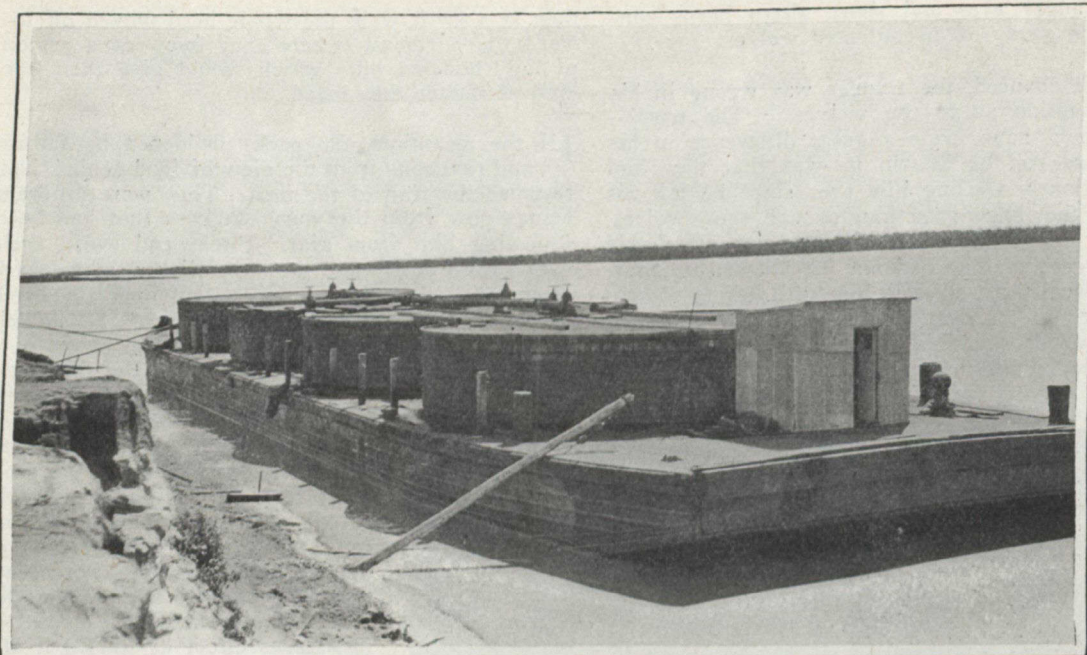
The herd, though travelling fast, had not gone far. On a sudden, as if at premonition of peril, the old bull halted with a loud snort. Neither smell nor sound of his enemies had reached him; but he took alarm, and gave the signal to form phalanx for defence, at the same time galloping round the flank of the herd to close up and strengthen the rear. The evolution was prompt and swift; but, before it was quite accomplished, up from the white obscurity of the storm, in silence, came the leaping wolves.

Straight into the gap, in the rear of the herd, they hurled themselves, desperate with baffled fury, and slashing on every side with the aim of spreading a panic. A young bull, just in the act of whirling dauntlessly to confront the attack, was caught full on the flank and went down coughing, his throat torn clean out. A young cow, with one wolf slashing at her side but failing to gain a vital spot, and another on her back, biting for her neck through the matted mane, went mad with terror and charged in among the calves at the center of the herd, making a way for the whole pack.

In a second, several of the calves, bawling frantically, were pulled down. The wolves, mad with blood and their late triumph over the man, were in a riot of slaughter. The herd was cleft and rent asunder to the heart. The victory seemed overwhelming.

BUT there was one thing the pack had not reckoned with,—the indomitable pluck and generalship of the old bull. Blindly confident in their leader, the herd hung together stolidly, instead of disintegrating. The front ranks turned inward upon the bloody convulsion of the center. At the same time the old bull, followed by a couple of raging cows in quest of their young calves, came plunging in behind the pack and fell upon its rear

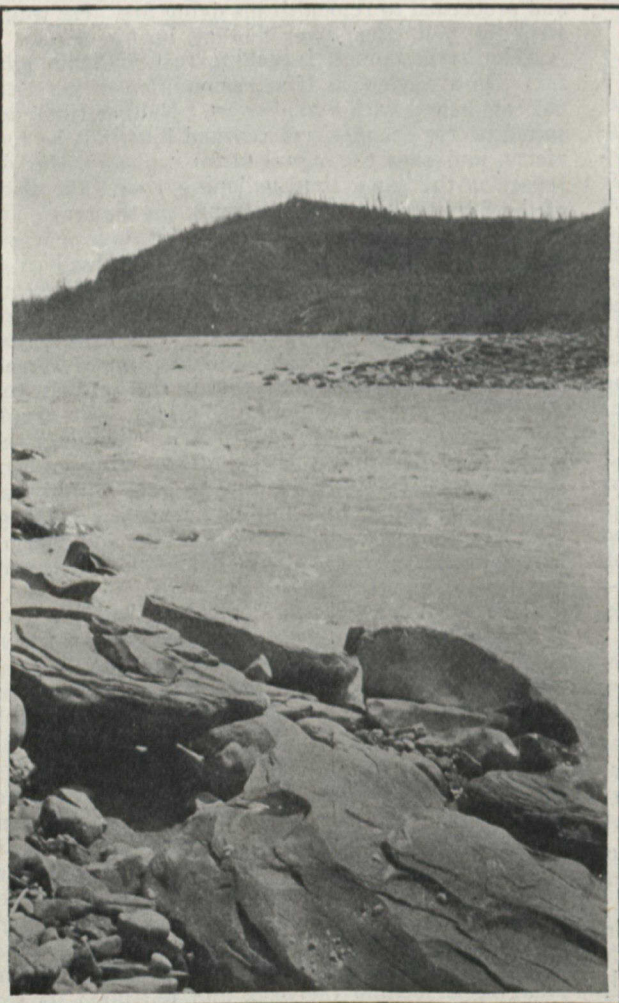




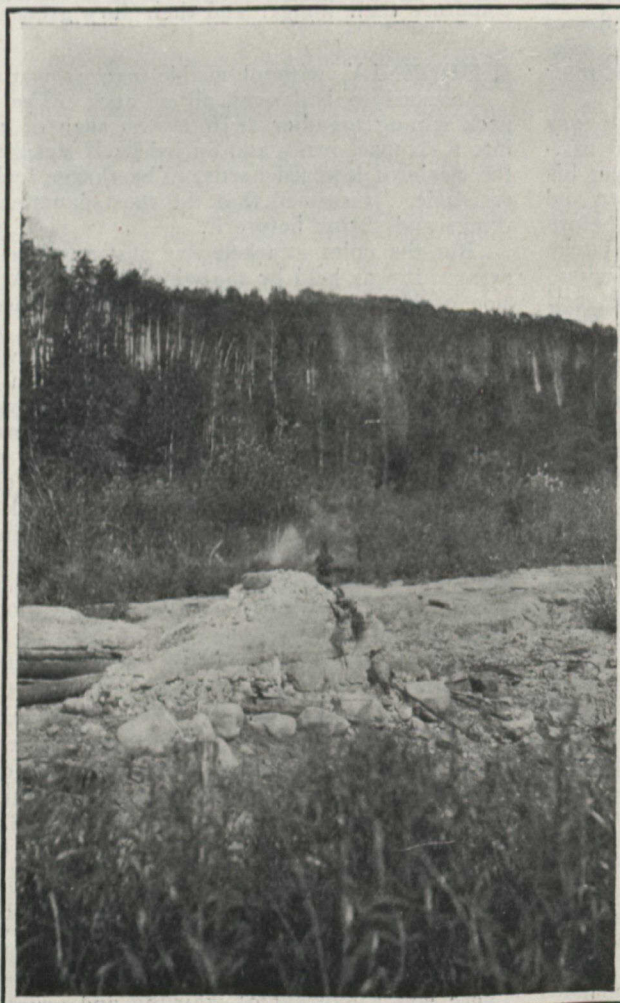
The Steamers on the Yukon river use oil for fuel. This is an oil barge for supplying crude oil.



On the Peel river, the Eskimo steamers tow the white man's whale boats.



View of the main channel of the Athabasca river.



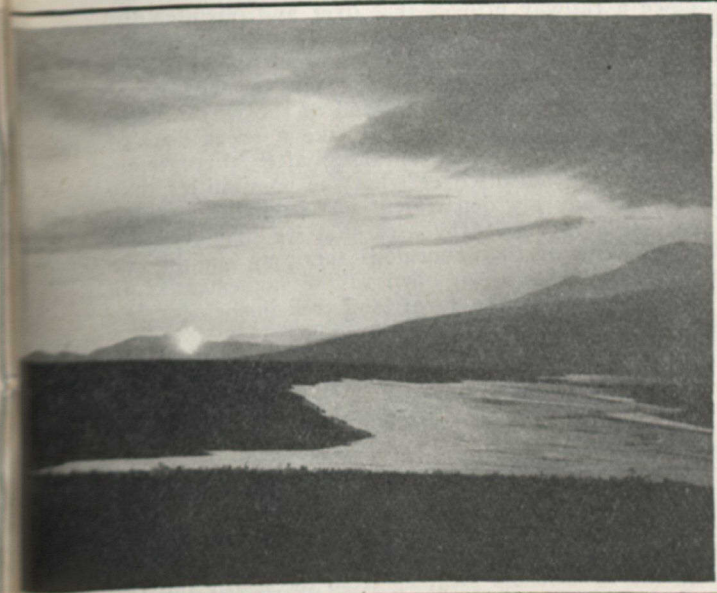
Gas well at Pelican Rapids, burning almost twelve years.



At 9 45 p.m. on July 2, the Minister of the Interior (third from left) started on the sixty-mile portage to the Bell river..



Crossing a glacier on the sixty mile portage.



Midnight sun painting on the long portage.

### UP IN LOCKEUX LAND

Hon. Frank Oliver on the banks of the Midnight Sun

By AUGUSTS BRIDLE

THE part of Canada that has the 25,000 miles of railroad is just a broad band of iron divide to the waters that spider into the stich on the part of Canada that has no railways at all. On the map you may see a few hundred miles in Alaska by way of it; the vast white limbo that reaches out from Hard to the musk-ox and the whale. It's one of the signs that Canada is beginning to find herself that Hon. Frank Oliver has made the first ministerial trip to the last human outpost in the far north. He has had an experience; such as comes to few men within their own country. From June till August, 1910, he has been as far away as it is possible for a man to get, and stay in North America.

The Minister of the Interior left the railroad at Edmonton, his home city. At Athabasca Landing, a hundred miles north, he got a Peterborough canoe—which he left up in the Yukon, on the eastern side of the sub-Arctic Rockies. He got to the Pullman car again two months and a half later at Vancouver, by a loop line measuring not less than five thousand miles; carrying him nearly four degrees past the Arctic Circle to the delta of a river whose head waters trickle out of the Rockies away down in southern British Columbia and Athabasca Landing; fed by three great reservoirs, Lake Athabasca, the Great Slave Lake that swallows the Peace River system crawling out of the Rockies, and Great Bear Lake, that lies vast and alone up in the Barren Grounds reaching out to the Arctic Sea. And when the Minister of the Interior had got to the delta of the greatest river system in North America he pushed on into a great westerly watershed over the divide to the waters that spider into the Yukon by way of the Bell and the Porcupine; a diversion to Fort Yukon before he got out to the baby railroad that runs from White Horse to Dawson.

A great deal of the route was much the same that covered by the Klondikers who went over twelve years ago and left bones of horses and men bleaching along the way. Things have changed since then. It used to take some of the best outfits a year and three months to get from Edmonton to Dawson via the Peace, the Mackenzie, the Peel, the Porcupine and the Yukon. It took Mr. Oliver about two moons and a half. The Minister wanted first-hand knowledge of the hinterland; the great Arctic and sub-Arctic hinterland. He got it.

Up till four months ago Mr. Oliver had never been farther north than Athabasca Landing, which is the beginning of the great waterway system that culminates in the mighty Mackenzie. "And the Mackenzie is one of the greatest rivers in the world," he said to the CANADIAN COURIER last week.

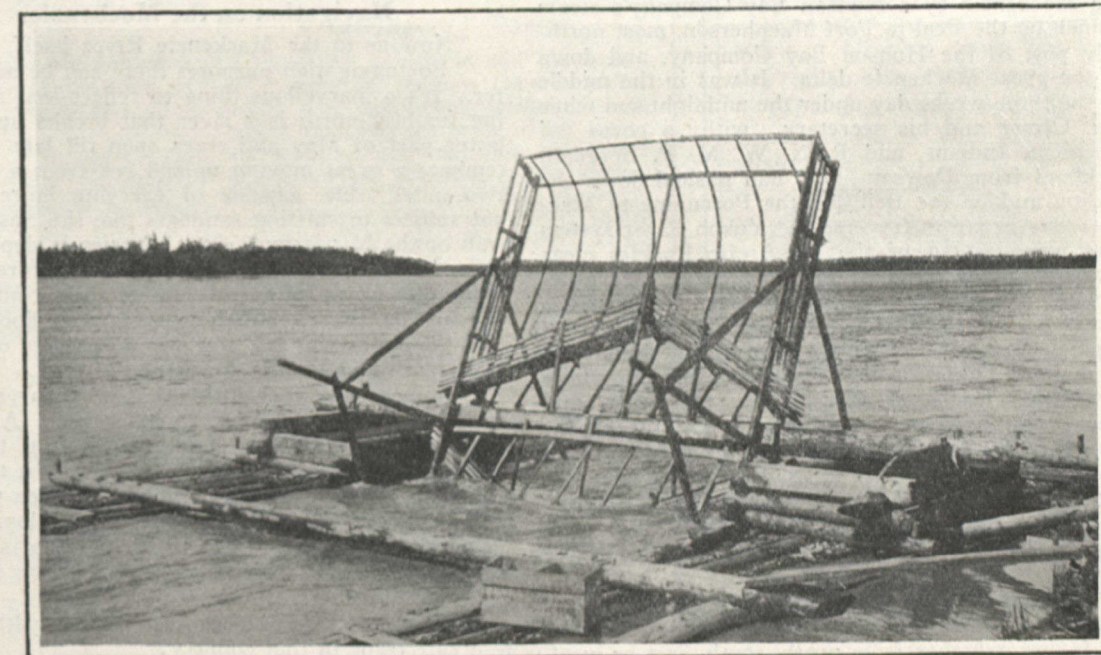
"Compared with the Saskatchewan—?"

"Pshaw! It makes the Saskatchewan look like a creek."

He spoke with the enthusiasm of youth; though he is grey with years that have left him with all the bulldog optimism that kept him always the liveliest man in the Saskatchewan country. Frank Oliver



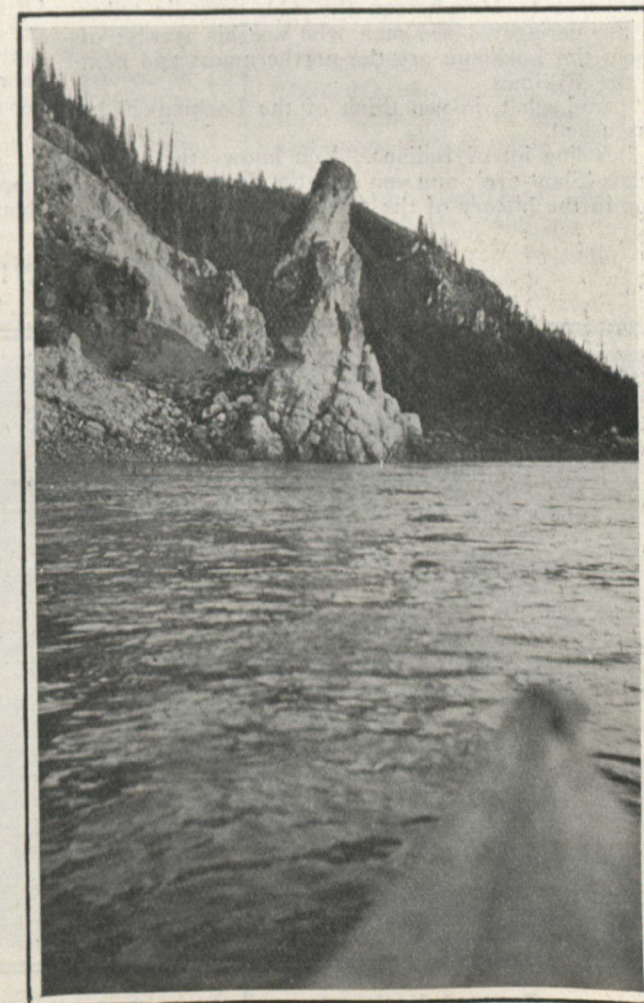
A summer Camp of Eskimos on the Arctic Red River, near the Mackenzie delta.



A semi-civilised Indian fish reel at Fort Yukon.



Full grown porcupine, quills and all, on the Porcupine river.



Howling Dog rock (Indian legend) on the Porcupine.



is the kind of man that was made for the trail. He is a bundle of wire nerves. When he hits a trail he hits it hard. To him there is no discomfort in travelling. He is just the sort of man that prefers to see things to being talked about.

What was there beyond the Peace River which is already being tracked up by the settler? The landseeker will soon begin to ask. It is Mr. Oliver's business to answer.

"I can see the beginning of the end in the prairie country," he said fixedly. "Free land in the Saskatchewan valley will soon be over. It's the business of my department to find out what lies beyond."

And he went on to trace his journey. From Athabasca Landing down the Athabasca river 160 miles to Grand Rapids; down to Fort McMurray rough water by scow, canoe on board; 200 miles easy water to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca; 100 miles per small steamer to Smith's Landing with a 16-mile portage to Fort Smith, where the Minister and his secretary began the open journey by steamer of Hislop and Nagle, traders, to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. Here the Roman Catholic mission steamer carried the two men and the canoe clear down to the Arctic Red river beyond the Arctic Circle; past Forts Providence, Simpson, Wrigley and Norman, and Fort Good Hope. Where the Arctic Red joins the Mackenzie is the farthest north Roman Catholic mission in the world. From here the ministerial canoe was towed on, down the Mackenzie by a Hudson Bay Company's steam launch up the Peel to Fort Macpherson, most northerly post of the Hudson Bay Company, and down to the great Mackenzie delta. It was in the middle of the three-weeks day under the midnight sun when Mr. Oliver and his secretary, with a corps of Locheux Indians, and R. N. W. M. P. Sergeant Ackland from Dawson—who had pushed down the Yukon and up the Bell and the Porcupine to Macpherson—began to traverse the Yukon River system that wriggles out of the sub-Arctic Rockies clear away from the basin of the Mackenzie. Here began the sixty-mile portage to Lapierre's House, on the Bell River, heading north and west to the Porcupine, that gets the Yukon still within the circle; from Fort Yukon up the Yukon to Dawson, where civilisation has been squatted for ten years, and where any ordinary traveller can get out to the known world providing he has the price of a ticket. From Dawson to White Horse by steamer five days put the minister and his secretary aboard a train; an eight-hours' run to Skagway, where they took the Princess Royal to Vancouver, calling at Prince Rupert.

So that when the House of Commons assembles on November 17 there will be no man in the House, whether from north, south, east or west, who has seen hinterland Canada so well as the Minister of the Interior. Up among the Locheux he found men that were strange to him; clear from Athabasca to Macpherson the odd, nomadic tribes of the variegated red men who are his wards; of whom the Locheux are the northernmost and next to the Eskimos.

"And what do you think of the Locheux?" he was asked.

"A fine lot of Indians. You know the name means 'Slant-eye'; and you see at a glance that some time in the history of the ages these men got some-

how mixed up with the Orientals. Two of our packers from Macpherson were almost typical Japs as far as Indians can be; the other two were almost typical Chinese. You see the same resemblances clear down among the coast tribes."

"Is there any future for the red men up there?"

"Nothing particular. They'll hang on as long as possible about the same way they have been doing for centuries, except that they have all been missionised."

"Did you have any experiences similar to the overland Klondikers?"

"Oh, no; not exactly. You see our problem was altogether different. They had to freight in a huge amount of supplies over a long journey. We travelled light and so made good time. The slowest going we had was over the sixty-mile portage to the Bell. It took us four days to do the sixty miles."

"What made it so slow?"

"Niggerheads," he said abruptly; "the hardest thing to tackle in the way of pedestrianism that I know. You've seen bunch-grass? Well, 'niggerheads' grow something like that; in detached clumps, each clump about two feet high, and at the top spreading out into a sort of grass that tangles into a mat. Well, you try to walk on the tops of these things, and you either break them down or you slip off the edge, which you can't see for the grass. You walk among them as we had to do, and your boots wedge between the 'niggerhead' stems."

#### Navigation on the Mackenzie.

"Now as to the Mackenzie River itself, what?"

"For navigation purposes there can be none better. It's a marvellous thing to reflect that there in the furthest north is a river that breaks up in the latter part of May and stays open till late in September; a great moving upland sea from a mile to two miles wide, capable of carrying large ships; not subject to shifting sandbars like the Saskatchewan or the Mississippi. No, it varies in depth very little, because it's fed by reservoirs at different latitudes that break up and discharge their contents at varying intervals; though it sometimes floods."

"So far as you can see, any probability of trade development along the Mackenzie?"

"Immediately very little; that is so far as local freight for the fur posts is concerned. A whole year's traffic into that country bulks up to only eight hundred tons at present, and fur post trade is not likely to develop very much. You see the fur trader has no particular interest in developing the country; just because to him a fur country is naturally a preserve; and the moment civilisation invades it the fur business is sure to decline."

"But are there evidences of mineral wealth likely to create trade in that country?"

"Some useful minerals—yes; such as coal, tar-sand and rock salt. Nobody knows, of course, what precious minerals may lie inland from the rivers. Of course there is any quantity of copper; but copper has become such a drug on the market that it's not likely to develop much in that country for an enormously long while yet. They are smelting copper two hundred tons a day in the Yukon, however."

"But what of possible agricultural development?"

"A good deal. As far north as Fort Simpson there seems to be no reason why cattle and grain should not be raised much as they are on the

prairie. Even with what scratch farming is done in that part of the country vegetation thrives. All up the Liard river there are evidences of agricultural possibility."

"All down the Mackenzie you see good timber; mainly spruce and black poplar. No, the banks are not rocky, as some people imagine, though they range from a hundred to two hundred feet high. The soil is mainly clay, which seems to be common everywhere. There is no black mould or humus, such as is found on the prairie. Down at the delta of the Mackenzie we saw spruce as good as any in the lower country. The growth is much more rapid than on the prairie. The heat is intense. There is neither spring nor fall. The country jumps clear from winter into summer at a bound. The hot weather is on long before the snow goes off."

He mentioned great bushes of wild roses which he had seen in the far north as fine as any on the prairie.

"As to winter temperature, what?"

"So far as I am told no worse in actual low temperature than down on the inland prairies; though, of course, a longer winter season with much shorter days and longer nights; fully made up for in the summer, when for a while the sun never sets. Trade is bound to develop gradually along that great waterway of the Mackenzie; just to what extent no man can foresee at present. But the waterway is there. It seems hardly credible that it should not support some form of navigation more extended than at present. From Edmonton to the mouth of the Mackenzie is a long reach in travel; but the worst part of it all is the reach between Edmonton and Fort McMurray. Once a railway bridges that over and obviates the rapids of those lower rivers there is nothing to prevent a traveller, and freight traffic along with him, from making his way up and out by that great artery of waterways to the land of the whale. But I'm not prophesying. It will take a great deal of knowledge and exploration long after this generation is gone to discover what the possibilities may be. Already my department is conducting investigations along the Athabasca that we may find out what parts of that enormous territory should be surveyed and thrown open to the homesteader in days to come as the great land trek pushes farther north. That will do us for a while."

Questioned as to the possibility of trade between the Yukon and the Mackenzie, the minister replied that already from steamer to steamer between the head waters of the Yukon river and the tributaries of the Mackenzie is a mere sixty miles.

"But the people up there are not worrying about that. The furposters never have considered it their business to boom any new part of the country. It's the way everywhere. As it has been, so let it be; till the landseekers push up from the south and the east and begin to make developments. Freight rates in the Yukon? Oh, yes, they are as high now as they ever were I suppose. But what else could you expect? I tell you this," and he twinkled with that far cunning of the man who has been a long while on the edges of things, "when I think of the millions of wealth that pour out of the Yukon in a year under the present handicap of freight conditions, I am willing to say that if southern British Columbia had similar conditions to contend with there would be mighty little done in southern British Columbia."

#### RIFLE-SHOOTING AND AFTERNOON TEA AT LONG BRANCH, TORONTO



Toronto ladies have been practising rifle-shooting indoors for some time.

Last week they held their first outdoor shoot at the Long Branch ranges.



# DEMI-TASSE

## Newslets.

UP to the time of our going to press, Inspector James L. Hughes has not remarked that Dr. Helen MacMurchy is a nice, bright, little woman.

The Toronto Board of Control has once more considered a Medical Health Officer. It looks as if the Battle of Hastings has been fought to a finish.

Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, has been asked by certain Toronto firms to prohibit the sale of rotten eggs. Theatrical stock companies who play Hamlet will be grateful for this action. The Hon. Sydney occasionally needs a little egg on.

Professor Marshall is not exactly chummy with Dr. Daniel Gordon, of Queen's University. In fact, he had an uncomfortable time being a lion in Daniel's den.

The Portuguese have asked Theodore Roosevelt and J. A. Macdonald to spend a week-end in Lisbon to settle their little disputes. Washington and Toronto will prepare to have a nice quiet time for a few days.

Marie Corelli's latest novel, "The Devil's Motor," is said to be a warm number. The book ought to go rapidly.

King Manuel says he has not resigned yet. Neither has R. L. Borden.

Dr. Sheard is going to Atlantic City for a rest. Inspector James L. Hughes is thinking of going to St. Catharines for a week-end. Mr. R. J. Fleming is staying right in Toronto.

At Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, they want the Law for the Gospel. But the college "Knox" the invitation.

The University of Berlin, Germany, is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary. But Berlin, Ontario, is way ahead with power from Niagara.

\*\*\*

## The Fashionable Garb.

HOBBLE, hobble little skirt,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Or whatever you would do  
If you had to catch a car.

\*\*\*

## The Boys at Berlin.

HON. ADAM BECK, as Power Minister, was simply radiant, and remarked that he had come from Waterloo but had not met it.

Sir James Whitney was as affable as if he were in Morrisburg, and gave Adam a chance to press the button.

If only Dr. A. S. Vogt had been there to "raise" the national anthem, "O Canada."

Hon. Mackenzie King, as one of Waterloo's whiteheaded boys, proceeded to get into the electric light. Power and Labour succeeded in making the night luminous.

Mayor Hahn might have said to Mayor Geary that, for once, Toronto was completely in the shade.

\*\*\*

## The Dumb Dominion.

UNCLE SAM is thinking deeply,  
O'er the ways of tariff walls.  
While he wonders, long and vainly,  
How the voice of "duty" calls.

He would like some light and leading  
To be shed upon the South,  
But Miss Canada demurely  
Opens not her dainty mouth.

\*\*\*

## Answers to Correspondents.

JOHN: What is lawfully regarded as racing information?

We really cannot say, as this is a most obscure question. We should recommend you to a committee composed of Dr. Sheard, Rev. T. Albert Moore, and the President of the Ontario Jockey Club for technical decision. We believe that the reports of Y. M. C. A. athletic events are considered as fairly legal.

Lucinda: Don't you think women should be allowed to vote?

We heartily approve of every woman having just what she wants and doing just as she pleases. Let the lovely women of this land ask for a vote and man will be only too ready to hand it over—and then purchase it at bargain rates.

Miranda: What will be the fashionable blue this winter?

It is difficult to tell so early in the chilly season; but Borden blue is almost certain to be worn in certain circles. Another shade of an electric tinge known as the Adam Beck is likely to be popular in Western Ontario.

\*\*\*

## As It Seems to Us.

THE master of an Arctic trading schooner at Seattle says that chewing gum is of more value than gum drops in dealing with the Arctic natives. However, in telling us natives about his tracking down the North Pole, Dr. Cook found gum drops quite effective.

Toronto is becoming a big consumer of pig iron; and echo, in the form of other Ontario cities' newspapers, answers, "Hogtown!"

Ex-King Manuel, of Portugal, says he didn't abdicate. Well, the advice of an anxious world is that if he didn't he'd better.

Rev. Dr. Endicott, of the Canadian Methodist Mission Press, at Chengtu, states that the Chinese are reading translations of the works of Spencer, Darwin and Dickens. That's nothing. Chinamen in Canada read the laundry checks that they hand us.

Reciprocity, somebody says, is to be a case of "give and take," and we're hoping that it won't be a case of Canada giving and Uncle Sam taking.

Much to the delight of the Old Guard, Theodore Roosevelt went up in an airship at St. Louis, and much to their disgust he came down safely.

Emperor Bill's nation refuses satisfaction to the newspaper correspondents who were slashed by the police. It thus appears that apologies are not numbered among the things "made in Germany."

Thanksgiving Day and Hallowe'en come on the same date, and all the other little boys and girls will be in a position to understand why a howl has been raised by the little boys and girls who celebrate their birthday and Christmas on the one day.

Insanity is said to be on the increase, and the statement is not disproved by the actions of Uncle Sam's family while a world's championship baseball series is in progress.

The *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, is still shouting the praises of "The Maple Leaf," and pouring derision on "O Canada." Let's compromise by singing "The Maple Leaf" while the maple leaves are on the trees and "O Canada" the rest of the year.

\*\*\*

## How It Appealed to Pat.

AT the next session of the Ontario Legislature they will miss Joe Downey, who has forsaken politics and South Wellington to be superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane at Orillia. The other day in the Parliament buildings he told this one:

The priest of the parish had preached a sermon on the Day of Judgment. He impressed on his hearers what a great event it would be when the last trump should sound and the dead should rise. It would be a great demonstration of the strength and glory of the Roman Catholic Church. Every Pope since St. Peter would be present and so would every saint and martyr who had suffered and died for the advancement of Christianity. Not only that but every human being from Adam down would be on hand. The discourse would not be limited to the faithful only. All those misguided brethren who had sep-

arated and become Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists would also be there.

Patrick met his pastor next day and began discussing the sermon. "Shure, yer riverence," said Patrick, "I had no idea till ye prached yisterday that the day o' judgment wud be sich a demonstration. 'Twill be an awful jam."

"It will undoubtedly be a great day," the priest assured him.

"Will that Ulsther gang of Prodesans be there?" inquired Patrick doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed they will," said his reverence.

"Well, father, will th' Ancient Order of Hibernians be there?"

"Why certainly, Patrick."

"Will the Orangemen be there?"

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"Well, father, I'm thinkin' there'll not be much judgin' done the first day."

\*\*\*

## As a Tail Light.

'T WAS "Hitch your waggon to a star" That used to fire the youthful brain;

But times have changed, and now the tip

Is "Hitch a star to your aeroplane."

\*\*\*

## "Intelligent" Parrot.

DURING a visit to the old homestead in Western Ontario a Toronto man was much interested in a parrot that was the pride of his father. At breakfast one morning the elder gentleman had the door to the kitchen opened, and they could then distinctly hear "Polly" calling out, "Pat, you're a bad dog! You're a Tory, Pat! You'll be whipped!"

"That's a very intelligent bird," said the father proudly. "Polly understands everything we say to her."

"Where's this dog Pat that Polly is scolding?" asked the son. "I'd like to see Pat."

"Oh, Pat has been dead for two years," explained dad.

"Well," said the son, "that's a 'very intelligent bird'—talking to a dog that has been dead two years."

Jumping up quickly and shutting the door, the father whispered, "But we haven't told Polly yet."

\*\*\*

## The Retort Stinging.

THEY'RE telling a good story of a Toronto man who is fond of the cup that inebriates and that is supposed to cheer.

A bartender in one of the hotels at which this man "gets his moisture" noticed that the customer was pouring an exceedingly generous quantity of whiskey into a highball glass.

"You ought to go into the hotel business," remarked the bartender.

"Why?" asked the customer.

"Well, I think you ought to go into this business," said the man behind the bar. "I'm sure you'd make a success of keeping hotel."

"How do you make that out?" asked the heavy drinker, who was a trifle afraid that the other man was trying to "put it over" him.

"Why," answered the bartender, "you can buy this stuff so much cheaper than we can."

\*\*\*

## Sam the Wheeler.

COL. SAM HUGHES was in command of the militia camp at Kingston last summer. He gave both officers and men a regular back-breaking course of training, but so long as they showed intelligence he was not economical of praise.

One major, though, got on the Colonel's nerve, and Brigadier Hughes called him down good and plenty. Finally the major's commanding officer interceded for him with the brigadier.

"You're pretty hard on him, sir," he said. "Yet he's a decent fellow."

"Decent!" roared Sam. "He may be decent. What I want is sense. Did you see how he mixed up that wheeling movement to-day?"

"It was pretty bad, I'll acknowledge." "Bad!" howled Col. Sam. "Bad!" That fellow hasn't sense enough to know how to wheel around in a swivel chair!"

# Good Cooking Makes A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

Why not have such a meal always. You can—easily.



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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## Regina's Commercial Souvenir.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Regina was a town of tents; later jumped into prominence as the headquarters for the police of the plains; and now the capital city of agricultural Saskatchewan through its boosting institution, the Greater Regina Club, sends out highly convincing pictorial literature tell-taling of the the future of Regina as the industrial metropolis of the West. The club's commercial souvenir has just arrived at this office, and a very romantic and picturesque disquisition it is. We are told that twenty-five smokestacks turned out nine millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods during the past year; that ten chartered banks, now strong box all this money; that 425 drummers annually get certificates from the railway; that skyscrapers are aviating, some costing up in six figures; that the school trustees are going into their pockets at the rate of sixty thousand a year; that the population ascended from two thousand to seventeen thousand in ten years; and a great many more precise items like that. Mixed up with the verbal expression of Regina's prosperity, T. W. Sheffield, compiler of the souvenir, has introduced a long series of sharp half-tones; Regina citizens picnicking, speeding over the limpid waters at Regina Beach, walking in panoramic parks, steam ploughing outside the city limits, teaching the young idea cooking and

a hundred chaps whose main business just now is to get this monster of dredges ready for the champagne bottle. They work in day shifts and night shifts. A tryout is expected before the gold season closes. "Canadian" is to be the name of the levathan. The cost is a big matter. To cart the parts of the dredge up to Dawson alone meant a freight bill of \$100,000 to the builders. The equipment is the most modern ever devised for getting the precious metal out of the ground. The digging line has a 300 horse-power motor attached; the ladder will be hoisted by a 200 horse-power engine. Total capacity of all motors, 1,000 horse-power. The ice won't get a chance at the digging, and stacking ladders of the "Canadian"; a steam-heating apparatus guarantees that. Ten thousand cubic yards, that is the day's work expected from the new dredge. Fifteen cubic feet of stuff can be handled by each bucket of the "Canadian." Thirteen and a half per bucket is the record of the Natonia No. 1, California, till now the largest dredge in the mining game.

British Columbia has an interesting recent mining yarn too. The lost mine on Cultus Creek, which for twenty years prospectors have been trying to recover, is reported found. Cultus Creek flows into Kootenay Lake. Back in the eighties a chap made a big strike along there, dying with his secret. Lately a prospector



The Palatial new Private Car of the Ontario Government Road—the "Sir James."

carpentering at the technical school—Regina at work and play. Congratulations to Mr. Sheffield; the commercial souvenir is a human document in two colours.

Right on the heels of his municipal lecture follows the action of the city fathers of Regina; decreeing the other night that the boundaries of the city must be expanded. Then there will be twelve miles of Capital.

\* \* \*

## Mining Gossip.

THE latest mining gossip comes not this time from the silver camps of Ontario, but down from the gold fields around Dawson City. A Dawsonite, hitched firmly to Pegasus, thus comments in flowered opulence of phrase:

"Dawsonites now making the journey of five miles from Dawson over the Hunker Boulevard to a point a mile this side of Bear Creek, can see in the making the largest gold-recovering machine ever designed. Not in history of man, counting far back into the unfathomable darkness before the days of Solomon, when the gold of Ophir enchanted the world, has there ever been such a mammoth machine conceived or built by the hand of man to recover the golden wealth scattered in ages past in the secret pockets of Mother Earth."

Up there in the Arctic there are

called Mulholland, discovered the dishevelled cabin of the lost miner. He made this the base of his operations, and after a remarkable series of adventures hit upon four fissure veins between granite and quartzite formations—gold, silver and lead.

\* \* \*

## Real Philanthropy.

MR. J. K. Cornwall, the Hudson Bay Company, and several missionaries out west have started a real philanthropic scheme. They have sent a trained nurse up to Peace River to start a pioneer hospital. This will fill a great gap in the lives of the men and women who are carving out the northland. One of the great drawbacks of roughing it has always been the horror of the sickness dilemma. Many settlers are not fit physically for the country in which they are breaking the soil. Ex-office chaps often are prostrated with illness and sickness, for instance, in the Grand Prairie country, is no joke; sometimes the nearest doctor lies two hundred miles over the trail. It is an attempt to relieve this dangerous lack of medicinal facilities that the philanthropists and their hospital aim.

It is the lack of medical facilities that has kept many people from going to settle even on the prairie. Doctors however, are becoming pioneers as rapidly as any other class.

AFTER all—nothing so conduces to a "well groomed" air, as immaculately fitting, modish linen—such style, and class, for instance, as are Tailored into Shirts and Collars marked

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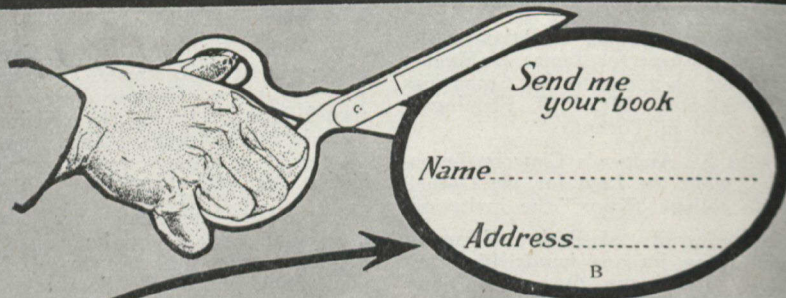
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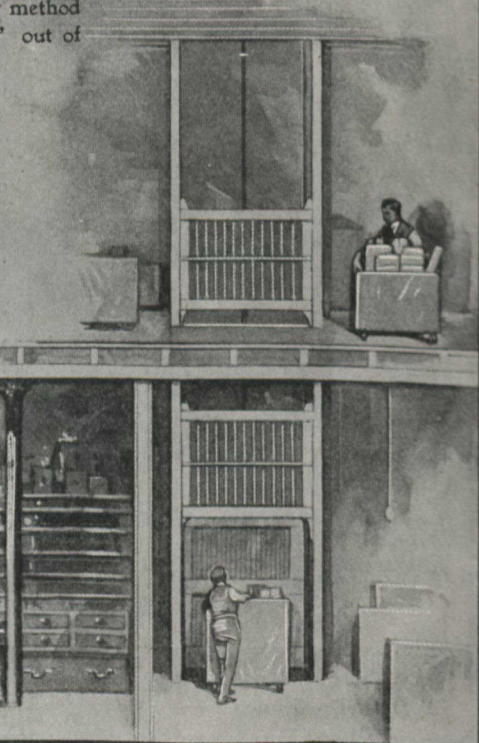
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# THE SCRAP BOOK

## Causes and Effect.

"I WISH I were dead!" "Heavens! can't you marry her, or did you?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

## Or Is It the Milkman?

"BILTER says he is waked up every morning at four."  
"What does he keep—a rooster, a baby or a grandpa?"—*Life.*

## A Lonely Laugh.

LAUGH and the world laughs with you, unless you happen to be laughing at your own jokes.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## No Kleptomaniac.

"DO you assimilate your food, aunty?"  
"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—*Baltimore American.*

## Had to Take Chances.

IRISHMAN (as someone knocks at his door). "Shure, if I don't answer, it's some wan to give me a job, an' if I do it's the landlord after the rint."—*Punch.*

## Nature Fakir Wanted.

BINKS—Is Jones a good photographer? Winks—Yes, indeed. He took a picture of father so natural that mother wouldn't have it in the house.—*Chicago Daily News.*



## A MOVING APPEAL.

Tenant of New Flat (exultantly).— "There's no doubt these top floors are the healthiest."  
Remover's Man (huskily).— "You're right, Sir. 'Igh an' dry, as the sayin' goes. 'Igh an' Dry, Sir."—*Punch.*

## Tom Wasn't Napping.

MAY—What do you mean by saying that Maude is "more or less pretty"? Tom—Well, she's more pretty than most girls, but less pretty than you.—*Cleveland Leader.*

## A Golfing "Don't."

GOLFER—"You've caddied for me before. Will you give me some hints before we start?" Sandy—"Weel, if ye'll just no' dae what ye're gaein' to dae, ye'll no' dae sae bad."

## Mark Twain's Composition.

WHEN Mark Twain was a boy at school in Hannibal, the schoolmaster once set the class to writing a composition on "The Result of

Laziness." Young Clemens, at the end of an hour handed in as his composition a blank slate.

## Good Bargain for Both.

HE: "I hear that your husband has taken to smoking again. I thought you insisted that he should give it up?"

She: "Yes, so I did; but I found such a pretty smoking jacket at a bargain sale."—*M. A. P.*

## Another Bluff Called.

MOTHER—Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown.

Tommy—Don't want to.

Mother—Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven.

Tommy—Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown.

## A Nursery Habit.

A YANKEE while visiting friends once tucked his napkin into his collar to protect his clothing at his breakfast. He laughed as he did it, and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed into a restaurant, and, seating himself at the table proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can I get lunch here?"

"Yes," responded the waiter in a dignified manner, "but not a shampoo."

## Breaking It Gently.

MR. GROGAN—What a power of funerals they do be havin' at the church these days! Shure, it's started me thinkin'.

Miss Casey—Thinkin' av what?

Mr. Grogan—That whin it come toime fur my funeral would you be the widdy?

## As George Sees the Peers.

"DAVID LLOYD GEORGE," said the miner from Wales, as he emptied his glass. "David is a very witty speaker. I've heard him many a time in Carnarvon.

"Speaking in Welsh, he once ridiculed in Carnarvon the House of Lords. He said the average peer thought so much of himself at family prayers he always made one well-known passage run:

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of Lords forever."—*London Globe.*

## Wine and Wit.

HE had been making a night of it, but had forsaken his companions. He was acquainted with an undertaker named George, and decided at three o'clock in the morning that he must see this particular man. Accordingly, he found George's undertaking establishment, over which George had his sleeping apartments. The intoxicated young man rang and rang George's bell, and at last awoke him. The undertaker put his head out of the third storey window, expecting to find that his funeral services were required immediately. In-stea he recognised his friend Frank. "Well, Frank," he exclaimed crossly "what do you want?" "I jus' wan' tell you, George," said Frank, "that you're the lash man in the world I wan' to do business with."

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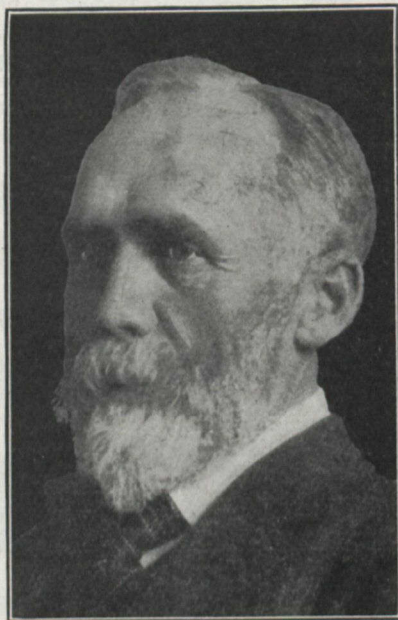
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Man to Whom a Trip Through Western Canada Must be Most Interesting of All.

Of course a trip through Western Canada is of interest to every Canadian, but after running into Mr. James Ross, one of the pioneer contractors of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, it was not long before I decided, that such a trip must be most interesting of all to the man who, back in the early eighties, fought the way through across the prairies and into the mountains in order that little lines of steel might run across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



Mr. James Ross.

At that time James Ross, the railway contractor, who has since achieved such great success in so many other industrial fields, had the contract to build the entire section from Swift Current on the prairies to the mountain heights about Field, B.C., a distance of well over 500 miles.

Some contract to tackle, more especially in a country that had scarcely been more than explored and into which it must have been very difficult to get the rail and bridge materials. Think of the transformation Mr. Ross must have seen, when he looked back upon the virgin country and wild mountains through which he fought his way from 1883 to 1885, and compared them to the prosperous country studded all the way with fast growing towns that he found to-day.

Mr. Ross simply seemed to revel in it all, evidently just as satisfied as he was proud that he had been able to play such a prominent part in the enterprise that had so much to do with the creation of the vast Empire of Western Canada.

That Mr. Ross and his great armies of men must have kept on hustling all the time in their endeavour to lay that 500 miles of track may be gathered from the fact that the whole 500 miles were completed in just two years' time, while even with the assistance of modern machinery it has taken over four years to build the 500 miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

Talking over the many difficulties that he had had to overcome I ventured a question as to just how it had been possible to achieve so much, more especially as all supplies had to be brought in from one end of the line, and in reply to my question he quietly retorted that through it all he would not admit there was a difficulty. Some motto, sure, "to know no such thing as difficulty," and a realisation of its full meaning makes it possible to see how the pioneers of those early days of C.P.R. were able to accomplish all that they did.

And just as the Ross of those days took pleasure in the opening up of an Empire that was to be the Ross of to-day, apparently takes just as much pleasure going about leisurely visiting the various industries, such as pulp, electric power, lumber, and many others, all of which are destined to play their part in the creation of a still greater country than has been. In those early days, Mr. Ross formed a love for the rugged mountain scenery of the Rockies that has ever since been calling him back to a further enjoyment of it, and when he can, he harkens to the call.

\* \* \*

**Water Power and the Industrial Possibilities of Vancouver.**

THE location of gigantic water-powers about the principal commercial centres of Canada go a long way towards indicating that they had been so located in order that they might contribute to the fullest extent in the industrial development of the cities near which they may be situated.

Taking such a view, a visit to the Stave Lake Falls, situated about thirty-five miles east of Vancouver at once forces the opinion on the visitor that such a magnificent power must indeed mean that Vancouver, in addition to becoming a great steamship and railway terminal, is also destined to become one of the great industrial centres of Canada.

Eastern Canadian capitalists who for some years past have been paying particular attention to the development of water-powers in different parts of the world, are now busy harnessing the great power at Stave Falls, situated up on the Stave River, just about six miles below Stave Lake. The company which they have formed to carry out their project will be known as the Western Canada Power Company. The Fall is a beautiful one, some one hundred and twenty feet in height, and the volume of water which rushes over it will enable the company to secure at low water well over 50,000 horse-power.

At the present time the work in the construction of the development as well as in the power-house, is being rushed forward in a way that will result in two units of 10,000 horse-power, each being in operation early in May next. The whole plant, however, is being constructed in a way that will permit of the additional units being installed just as rapidly as they may be needed.

After passing over the Stave Falls the water rushes down towards the Fraser River and about three miles before it reaches it passes through a canyon about thirty feet wide. Here at some future time the company will be able to erect a dam some 120 feet in height which will make it possible to secure another 50,000 horse-power.

Think of it, 100,000 horse-power, less than thirty-five miles from its market. At first thought, one would be inclined to think that such a large

## Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.
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5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5 per cent.  
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Full particulars on request

**A. E. AMES CO., LIMITED**

Investment Bankers

7-9 King St. East, Toronto

## Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration. As a result of this policy we are able to report that after forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds."

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

ASSETS  
\$ 8,617,909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000  
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

## CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY  
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



**Have You Yet Read  
"Janey Canuck in  
the West"**

by

Emily Ferguson

(Mrs. Arthur Murphy)

If not you have missed a good deal. It's a great book by a great Canadian.

At all booksellers \$1.50.

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42 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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OF THE  
Royal Academy of Music  
and Royal College of Music  
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For Local Examinations in Music in the  
BRITISH EMPIRE

Patron--HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

The Annual Examinations in Practical Music and Theory will be held throughout Canada in May and June, 1911.

An Exhibition value (about \$500 is offered annually.

Syllabus, Music for the Examinations, and all particulars may be obtained on application to

**M. WARING DAVIS,**  
87 Shuter Street, Montreal  
(Resident Secretary for Canada.)



**The Ross  
Rifle**  
Hunters  
are buying  
Ross  
Rifles

"Ross" Sporting Rifles are meeting with ready sale to hunters of big Game throughout the British Empire because of their accuracy, power and "handiness".

Even a \$25.00 "Ross" Sporting Model can be matched for accuracy against any imported arm--no matter how costly, while there is no action more reliable nor quicker.

Dealers throughout the British Empire sell "Ross" Rifles.

**\$25.00 and upwards**

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request.

**The Ross Rifle Company,  
Quebec, P.Q.**

**BANK  
OFFICE  
SCHOOL  
& OPERA CHURCH  
LODGE  
FURNITURE**  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL  
FURNITURE CO. LTD.**  
PRESTON---ONTARIO

amount would be more than a city of the size of Vancouver will require for another quarter of a century.

A clever study of the way the industries of Vancouver are multiplying or extending, however, quickly convinces one that quite a little time before the first unit of 10,000 horse-power is turned on in May next, the whole amount will have been contracted for and that from that time the Western Canada will always be behind its contracts in the amount of power it will have available for them. Such a statement looks perhaps somewhat optimistic, more especially as there is another power company which has been in operation in Vancouver for quite a few years, but the men who have made a study of the customers that are available or likely are confident that, as things work out, such a statement will be found to be a very conservative one.

It is little short of amazing to see the number of concerns that are in the market in and around Vancouver for from 100 to 500 horse-power, and the history of electric power propositions has been that the customer who starts out by using 100 does not take very long to find out that he can use 400 or 500 horse-power to advantage, while the concern that started out with 400 or 500 horse-power before very long finds it needs more like 2,500 to 3,000 horse-power. And all the time industrial Vancouver will be growing because of the great development of the Western Canada Power Company, while the company, in its turn, will quite naturally be deriving the fruits of its foresight in going ahead with its installation, confident there would always be a ready market for all the power it could develop.

It will always be interesting to watch the important part the Stave Lake Power proposition plays in the industrial growth of the Pacific Coast of Canada.

\* \* \*

**Another Issue of Preferred With Bonus.**

WHEN a preference stock is issued with only a twenty-five per cent. bonus of common, the people issuing it have considerable confidence in their proposition. The Pacific-Burt Company, of which Mr. S. J. Moore, of Toronto, is president, has a record which justifies its action in this respect. It is acquiring the Pacific Manifold Book Company, of San Francisco, and for the financial purposes of the enterprise is issuing \$650,000 of seven per cent. preference shares with a bonus of common. The shares are cumulative and convertible, and therefore most attractive. The issue is being made by A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto.

\* \* \*

**Porto Rico's Proposals.**

SAYS the *Toronto Star*: "Holders of Porto Rico Railway common stock will probably have to wait a while for the dividends they have been expecting would be started very soon, as the company proposes another \$500,000 issue of preferred stock, which will, of course, come in ahead of the common. A \$500,000 issue of 7 per cent. preferred was made in July, 1909, to finance various extensions, and the company now finds it desirable to extend still further, and will ask the shareholders to meet November 23rd and ratify the proposed issue, which will increase the total capitalisation to \$4,000,000. The new extensions call for an expenditure of \$675,000. Toward this the company has on hand about \$180,000. The new stock will be offered to shareholders at par in the proportion of one in seven. The common stock sold below 50 this morning."

**Offering of \$650,000 of 7%  
Cumulative Convertible Preference Shares  
With 25% Bonus in Common Stock of the**

**PACIFIC-BURT CO.**

(Incorporated by Ontario Charter.)

**LIMITED**

**CAPITALIZATION**

7 p.c. Cumulative Convertible Preference Stock...\$650,000  
Common Stock ..... 650,000

WE OFFER FOR SALE AT PAR 6,500 FULLY PAID SHARES OF \$100. PAR VALUE EACH OF THE ABOVE MENTIONED 7 P.C. CUMULATIVE CONVERTIBLE PREFERENCE STOCK, WITH BONUS OF 25 P.C. OF THE AMOUNT OF THE PREFERENCE SHARES IN COMMON STOCK.

Payments are as follows:—

\$10 per share with subscription, and

\$90 per share on or before November 1st next.

Applications will be made in due course to have both the Preference and Common stock listed upon the Toronto Stock Exchange.

**CHARACTER OF SHARES**

Preference shares carry the right to the holder of exchange at any time, share for share, for Common stock, and are preferential both as to assets and cumulative dividend at the rate of 7 p.c. per annum. The company has no bond or mortgage indebtedness.

**DIVIDENDS**

Preference share dividends will accrue from November 1st next and be payable, first on January 1st next, and quarterly thereafter.

It is expected that the Common stock will bear dividends at the rate of 2 p.c. per annum from January 1st next.

**BUSINESS**

The business of the Company is thoroughly established, and has been in profitable operation for years. It is now earning a surplus over the Preference stock dividend of 7 p.c., and proposed Common stock dividend of 2 p.c. The present business consists of manufacture of counter-check books, or merchants' sales books, and steps are being taken for the prompt establishment of the manufacture of small paper boxes. The Burt Department of the business, which, it is expected, will come into good earnings as soon as it is fully established, will be conducted upon the same lines as, and have the right to use the same style of machinery as, the F. N. Burt Company, Limited, at their Buffalo factories. The Burt Company are specialists in the manufacture of small paper boxes.

**DIRECTORS**

The Board of Directors is composed of four Directors of F. N. Burt Company, Limited, viz.: S. J. Moore, President, A. E. Ames, Vice-President, F. N. Burt and James Ryrie, together with H. T. Scott, of San Francisco, President of Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, and Mercantile National Bank; Dr. Charles W. Colby, Montreal, Director Imperial Writing Machine Company, and Horace P. Brown, Emeryville, California, General Manager.

Mr. Moore is President and Messrs. Burt and Scott are Vice-Presidents of Pacific-Burt Company, Limited.

**SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS**

Subscription Books are now open at our offices, and will close not later than four o'clock on Tuesday, the 25th inst. The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as may be approved and to close the subscription books without notice.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL, OR BY TELEGRAM AT OUR EXPENSE.

Subscriptions may be on regular forms, or, where these are not available, letters simply stating that so many shares are subscribed for under the terms of the Prospectus will be sufficient.

Full prospectuses have been published in the newspapers, and copies, with subscription forms, may be had on application at our offices.

We recommend purchases of these securities, the Preference share dividends being well assured, and prospects being good for satisfactory dividends on the Common Stock.

**A. E. AMES & CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO**



# Preston Steel Ceilings

**THE FIRE-PROOF REASONS**

Do you know of any other kind of ceiling that will resist fire one half so well as PRESTON Steel Ceilings? Wood and plaster fall an easy prey to flames, but PRESTON Steel Ceilings sturdily and successfully resist fire. They prevent it spreading through the floor. Fire Insurance Underwriters endorse their use. Architects recommend them for the artistic beauty of the Louis XIV., Colonial and Gothic Classified Designs. Will you let our experts give you suggestions on interior decoration? We invite you to write to us to-day.

**METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., LTD.**  
PRESTON, ONTARIO  
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For sale by **G. P. BRECKON & CO.** - Rear, 210 Victoria Street, Toronto

Home  
**DYEING**  
Is the way to  
**Save Money**  
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**Dress Well**

Try it!  
Simple as Washing  
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## DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

**JUST THINK OF IT!**  
Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye--No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet. 76 The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

### Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 18th November 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years 18 times per week each way, between LAMBTON MILLS and C. P. RAILWAY STATION from the 1st January next.

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 Lambton Mills and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch.  
Ottawa, 4th October 1910.  
G. C. Anderson,  
Superintendent.



*Dainty Desserts for Dainty People*

## Knox PURE, PLAIN SPARKLING Gelatine

is much more than a delicious dessert. It just naturally lends itself to a thousand and one other uses--for garnishing the meats, stiffening the sauces and gravies, making the ices and preparing the salads--throughout the entire meal from soup to dessert.

**FREE** on request, with your grocer's name, the revised edition of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," a book of new recipes, many of them beautifully illustrated in colors, and a pint sample.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 510 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York, U.S.A.  
Branch Factory: Montreal, Canada

### The Garden City Idea

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10.

tenant paying ten shillings a week has the same common advantages as a tenant paying thirty shillings a week, but he has a smaller house and gets a smaller share of the profits."

"I suppose you have great advantages in buying materials?"

"Certainly. We buy our bricks by the million and all our supplies in large quantities. Our architects, builders and workmen are permanently employed. The result is that we can offer attractive, well-built houses at a remarkably low rental."

"But you use up more ground?"

"Yes, but we provided for that by buying large estates to begin with. We seldom build more than twelve houses to the acre. There are no suburban back yards and hideous fences. Instead of ugly, rubbish-stuffed back yards, we have openness of flowers and trees and lawns. Garden boundaries are given by lines of blossoms or bushes. Every tenant is interested in the appearance of the whole estate. The careless tenant is warned, and if persistent expelled."

"What about men or women who have no family ties?"

"We are providing for them. For example, at Hampstead Heath, several buildings have been erected in which a number of single people may be accommodated. Each has his or her own suite; there is a general laundry and a general dining-room. We have such a building for single young women, and another for aged women."

"What is the lesson, sir, which we most need to learn?"

"It would be presumption on my part, perhaps, to give much advice. I think, however, you are reproducing too many of the faults of the English cities. You are shutting out air and sunlight and covering your ground too closely with brick and mortar. You have plenty of land in this country, and yet you have crowded slums which equal in degree, if not in size, those in Old World cities. The window-ledge garden and the back-stair playground mean a poor race of people. Drink, vice, disease and infant mortality can be fought only with open spaces and sunlight. Make regulations which will prevent overcrowding. Even in some of your newer cities in the West I found conditions which are appalling in a new country like Canada. You cannot produce noble-minded men and women under such conditions. It would be easy to secure boulevarded streets, plenty of parks and playgrounds and houses to which air and sunlight have the fullest access. However, you cannot get these advantages unless you plan for them. There is not much progress when half the community is ignorant and the other half selfish. You have been thinking of railways and canals and immigrants, and you have done well. It is time, however, that your more intelligent citizens should devote themselves and their wealth to social betterment."

### His Living was Dead

AT a meeting of a state medical society the secretary read a letter from the consul of one of Uncle Sam's far-away possessions urging the need of a resident physician in his district. In the moment of silence that followed the reading, a young man arose and said modestly: "I wish you would put me down for that place, sir. It sounds good to me. My practice here died last night."

## CANADA'S GREATEST GROWING MARKET

# WINNIPEG

Locate your Western Factory in the Central City of Canada where you can get *Cheap Power*, cheap sites, low taxation, plentiful supply of raw materials, best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the support of a community who recognize the importance of its industrial development.

Reports furnished free on the manufacturing possibilities of any line of industry by addressing CHARLES F. ROLAND, Industrial Commissioner, Winnipeg, Canada.





**HEWSON UNDERWEAR** was made to fill, not to create a demand

¶ No matter WHAT other, or HOW many other underwear you have foolishly bought, let your next choice be "HEWSON."

¶ Comfort and satisfaction may be ensured by wearing "HEWSON"—be sure the name is on the garment—it is your guarantee that you are getting a soft, fleecy garment of pure wool. All good stores sell it.

**HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited**  
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**LIQUID CURES ECZEMA WHERE SALVES FAIL**


In regards to skin diseases, medical authorities are now agreed on this: Don't imprison the disease germs in your skin by the use of greasy salves, and thus encourage them to multiply. A true cure of all eczematous diseases can be brought about only by using the healing agents in the form of a liquid. **WASH THE GERMS OUT.**

A simple wash: A compound of Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, and other ingredients as combined in the D.D.D. Prescription. This penetrates to the disease germs and destroys them, then soothes and heals the skin as nothing else has ever done.

A trial bottle will start the cure, and give you instant relief. Write for it today to the D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. T. C., 49 Colborne Street, Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

**G. H. MUMM & CO.**

**EXTRA DRY**

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

**Selected Brut**

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

**Mystery of the Tower**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.

it aside. Something above was holding it down—what? The perspiration rained down his face with the struggles he made in that hot, confined place; but he kept on with his desperate attempts, feeling more and more certain what it was that was lying so inertly across that door.

At last he gave one determined push, and succeeded in sliding the trap door a few inches to one side. At the same instant something above seemed to give way. An icy hand shot out, and struck him on the cheek.

He lost his hold, and fell back, grasping wildly.

CHAPTER V.

IT was fortunate for Percy Marshall that his shoulder struck the wall as he fell. He was knocked against the ladder, and he grasped the sides with his arms and slid, striking the floor heavily. For an instant he was dazed. Then he forced himself to look up. Nothing—he could see nothing in the patchy blackness of that narrowing spire.

He put his hand against his cheek, drew it quickly away, and shivered. Marble-cold, the spot which that icy hand had touched.

He crept towards the arch, and lying at full length leaned out as far as he could. He saw the setting sun. It gave him courage. His eyes turned mechanically towards the green earth so far beneath him. He saw two sheep peacefully nibbling at the grass, and far away a little child toddling along with a basket on her arm. A tiny fat dog, who looked like an ant, waddled after her. He stood up and drew a long breath, and became conscious of pain in his right foot. He had strained it in his fall.

He took the little pieces of silk from his pocket and examined it carefully. It was of a heavy rich material, apparently new, and on the very edge was a tiny brown stain. When Marshall saw this he turned to descend, then paused.

What would Margaret Lee think if she could be looking again to-night, as she had looked the night before, and saw him hesitating because a dead hand had chanced to smite his cheek? He imagined her watching him now, her face white, but her eyes trying to send a message of brave encouragement.

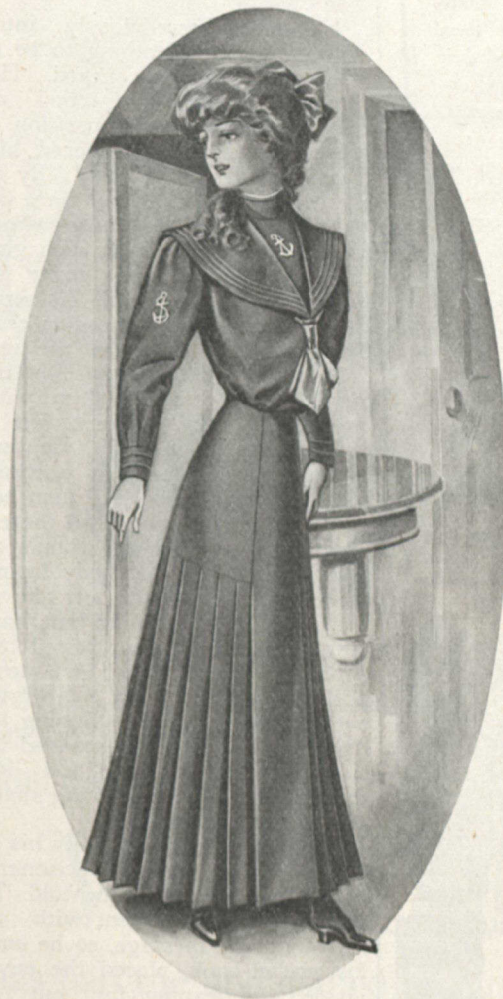
He looked at his watch. It was nearly seven o'clock, and he had promised to see her before that. She was alone, nobody was there to help, to comfort her. But he must finish his task. He started upwards. Near the top he lighted a match, and looked steadily above.

Yes, it was as he had thought. An arm dangled helplessly through the opening, the arm of a man, encased in a sleeve of fine black cloth. The hand that protruded from the white linen cuff was small and slender, but firm. Its little finger bore a ring—a beautifully carved intaglio, surrounded by a golden serpent, and the links that held the cuff were black onyx, one having a minute diamond at its centre, the other a tiny pearl.

Marshall photographed these details on his mind. His way was now clear before him. He had only to go to the nearest police station and report what he had seen. His work was done.

He paused on the landing, and looked once again in the direction of Margaret Lee's home. He had something to tell her now—something to prove that he had wasted no moment in carrying out her wishes. He pictured her sad, eager face when he should stand before her and tell her

**This Peter Thompson Suit In Fine Imported Serge only \$12.50**



¶ We pride ourselves on the smart well-tailored Peter Thompson Suit for Girls here illustrated, feeling assured that its equal in make, style and finish, is nowhere obtainable at the price. *It will be shipped carriage paid to any address in Canada for \$12.50.*

¶ This suit is made by expert tailors in our own workrooms of imported serge—navy, red or brown with tie of con-

trasting color. Sizes for girls and misses from 8 to 16 years are available.

¶ Letter orders or requests for samples of the material and our self-measurement form will have prompt attention.

¶ If you have not received our *New Fall and Winter Catalogue (No. 16)*, write for a copy to-day. It should be in the hands of every reader of the Courier who is interested in well-made and stylish clothing for women, and in buying it at reasonable prices.

**MURRAY-KAY LIMITED**  
(W. A. MURRAY & CO. LTD.)  
17 to 31 King St. East - TORONTO

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CAPITAL ..... \$1,000,000  
RESERVE ..... 650,000

Acts as Executor and Trustee under Will. Transacts a general trust business.

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## LANDSCAPE WORK

In developing lawns and estates great care and judgment is required in the locating of walks and drives, and selecting suitable varieties of trees and shrubs to be planted, and the arranging of them artistically. Many homes lose their charm for lack of knowledge and experience in developing the grounds. This difficulty is overcome by our Landscape Department, which is in charge of experienced men qualified to develop grounds of city or country homes, large estates, school and public grounds, parks, cemeteries or factory lands. Now is the time to discuss Fall or Spring work. Correspondence solicited.

**Brown Bros. Co.,  
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**KELSEY**  
WARM AIR GENERATOR

The great battery of Zig-Zag Heat Tubes gives the Kelsey more than double the heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace—Reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.—Distributing immense volumes of evenly warmed air uniformly to every room. No cold rooms—no overheated rooms. The Kelsey system costs less than steam or hot water to install, less for fuel, repairs and operation, and you have fresh air all the time, not the same air heated over and over a Kelsey is durable and easy to operate.

35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in homes of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co. Limited, Brockville, Ont.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 18th November 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 3 times per week each way, between BOOTHVILLE and PROTON STATION from 1st January, next.

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 Offices of Boothville, Proton Station, Swinton Park and Birdall and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector a Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 4th October, 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent



## "AUNT SALINA'S WASH DAY PHILOSOPHY"

This little book is chock-full of hints and secrets invaluable in the washing of clothes, and should be in every home.

It tells how to wash fancy prints and other fabrics without the use of acids.

It tells how to clean the daintiest lingerie without injury.

It tells how to wash woolen material thoroughly without shrinking it one particle.

It tells how to make hard water soft and save half the soap.

It tells how to remove the drudgery from wash day, and a host of other things that every woman who washes clothes should know.

Send us your name on a postal and we will send you a copy FREE.

**CUMMER - DOWSWELL**  
Limited  
HAMILTON, ONT.

that she had been right, that her eyes had seen true.

The police, they would keep him but a few minutes; then—Margaret.

He turned, unconscious of the pain in his injured foot, and let himself down. In vain he groped for a support. The ladder had been taken away.

He stared incredulously into the opening below. Nothing to be seen; not a sound could be heard. He replaced the cover and stood on it while he considered his position. His presence had been discovered, his retreat cut off. By whom? By those who had murdered the man whose body lay above; by those who had hidden the victim with such ghastly cunning. Who but the guilty would so furtively have cut off his retreat? He was not to be allowed to escape; that was clear. It was his life against those who were skulking below in the tower. Did he dare to drop, with an injured foot, some fifteen feet into the darkness of a well? Impossible. If only one assailant was waiting for him, he would be a dead man before he could utter a cry. And there was more than one, for no woman alone could have lifted that body from this arched opening to the loft above.

He shifted the ladder that had led upwards, until its foot rested on the covering, which could not now be pushed up from below. He crawled over to the arch, and, clinging to the lightning rod which descended by its side, leaned far out and looked through the fast-lengthening shadows. No one was in sight.

He took an envelope from his pocket, wrote that he was a prisoner, and asked that the police be told. There was nothing convenient with which to weight the message, so he emptied his pocket-book, placed the envelope inside, and leaning far out again watched eagerly for the appearance of a passer-by.

For fifteen minutes he waited in an agony of impatience. At last—a lady came walking slowly along. He waited until she was nearly beneath him, then he sent the pocket-book spinning through the air. It slanted down almost at her feet.

The lady did not appear to be startled by the apparition of a pocket-book falling from the skies. She bent and picked it up. She appeared to be turning it over in her hands.

After what was to him an age, she took out the message and seemed to be reading it. He whistled; he shouted wildly. But there was no upward turn of the large hat which almost concealed the movements of her hands. She raised her right arm. The wind caught little fragments of paper and spread them far and wide.

The astonished watcher saw her push aside with careful hands the dusty twigs of the thick hedgerow and throw the pocket-book inside. Then she flipped the dust from her fingers with dainty gesture, opened a glowing red sunshade, and strolled quietly along.

Marshall sank back, overwhelmed. There was, of course, only one explanation. This was the woman of the yellow dress, the woman of the diamond necklace, the woman of the dagger—the murderess!

It was grey dusk now, and fast becoming dark. He pulled himself together, and, lying flat on the floor, stretched his head out as far as he could. His voice was hoarse with shouting; but no one heard, none passed by. The shadows deepened, lights, long rows of lights, began to shine, but no human soul passed within hearing.

He gave up at last. To-morrow? Must he wait here through the night? No, Margaret Lee was waiting, waiting for him and his tidings.

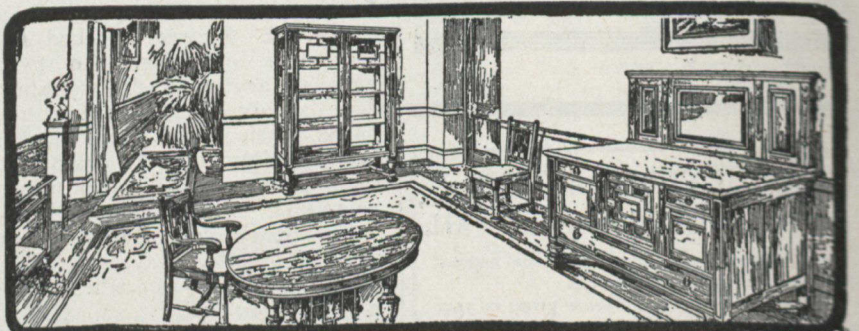
He flung away the covering and lowered the upper ladder carefully.

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**GAMAGES**

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It struck the floor with a blow below that echoed from hollow stones. It was long enough—there was a full inch to spare. Suddenly it was wrenched from his hand. He heard it strike against the side of the tower. Then he heard a noise—a soft foot-fall.

The effect was ghostly, uncanny. Why not have lured him to descend, and then—he would have been a helpless victim? He reasoned quickly, clearly; he could not understand. He resigned himself to a night in the tower. He replaced the covering and lay down across it. Secure from attack, he would wait in such patience as he could command. He lay there, his injured foot throbbing, his arms clasped under his head, his eyes staring straight overhead at the pallid hand high above him; but he did not even think of it. Percy Marshall's nerves had been too well trained in the school of danger to be upset by death above and barred-out enemies below. His thought was Margaret Lee, waiting for him, needing him, wondering why he did not keep his promise. Summer nights were short, the dawn would come, and with it light to see what lay below. Percy Marshall feared no foe whom he could see.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet and drew in a deep breath. Smoke! He could smell it. He flung aside the trap door. An invisible cloud puffed up and choked him, but no flame nor light; the fire must be in the church itself; and the staircase acted as a chimney. He lighted a match. A black stream curled up past him.

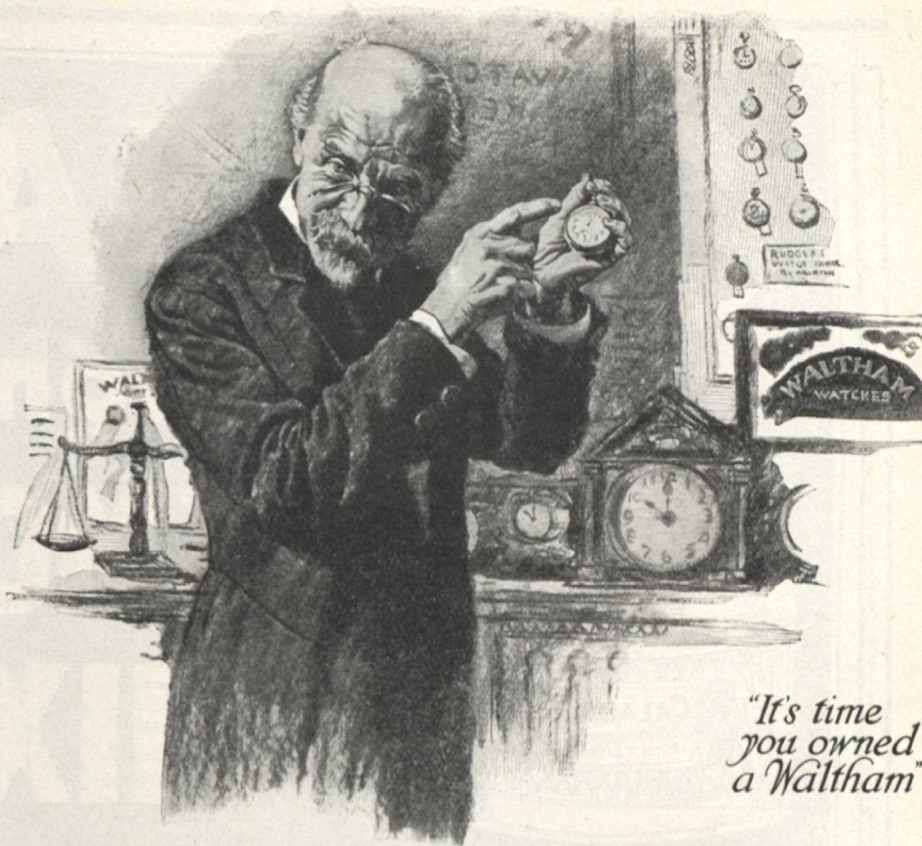
Now he understood why his retreat had been cut off. He was to burn alive! And more—the gruesome evidence above, the body of the victim, that, too, was to be destroyed. No common criminals these, who, with such daring and relentless imagination, stopped at nothing in their career of villainy.

He peered out into the darkness. No help from there now. If some wanderer heard he would not understand. When the blaze flared, when people knew and came, it would be too late. He could not get down then. His only escape was from the outside. The lightning-rod? He leaned out, grasped, and shook it with all his power. It was firm.

He hastily unlaced and removed one of his boots; but in attempting to do the same with the other he found his ankle so swollen that he could not get the lace unfastened. He ripped out his knife, cut the lace, and dragged off the boot, unconscious of pain. Then, throwing off his coat, he grasped the rod, and swung himself out. Fortunate for him was the darkness; he could not see his peril. The hundred feet that lay between him and safety—or death—were mercifully shrouded. With feet catching here and there in the bolts that fastened the rod to the slates, sometimes hanging full weight on his hands, he made his slow way downwards. Often there was not space enough for his fingers between the rod and the slates, and he jammed them in, not heeding, not knowing, indeed, that the jagged points were cutting the flesh into ribbons.

At last—the top of the tower—a resting-place. He leaned back against the sloping spire. He worked his way inch by inch half-way along the spire. There was no opening. He must go on his perilous way—indefinitely more perilous for the next few feet, for he must go hand over hand. He clenched his teeth and grasped the rod and gently rested his weight on his arms alone. Inch by inch he followed the incurving rod, until at last he found his feet supported by a gargoye. How welcome was the rest.

The smell of smoke came to him as he drew in deep, gasping breaths.



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**PACKED IN HUMIDOR TINS**

He made his way downward, more easily now, as there were footholds in the decorated stonework. He felt no fear; once past that terrible place above, where he had hung suspended by his arms alone, he knew that death was not for him. It seemed ages—in truth it was only seconds—before his foot rested on the roof of the church.

He swung himself inwards, and fell flat, panting for breath, and dripping with perspiration. He lay half unconscious for a quarter of an hour, and then awoke to knowledge of dreadful pains in hands and feet, and stiffening and aching muscles. He got up with some difficulty, and found, as he had expected, a doorway. It was locked. He made his stumbling way round the roof, peering in the darkness from time to time over the leads, but his hasty search revealed no new means of continuing his journey. There was nothing for it but the lightning-rod again.

In another moment Percy Marshall found himself on the ground, leaning half fainting against the wall. Then he staggered forward. His dizzy brain had but one whirling thought now. The body up there in the top of that spire—the police—

A sound; he swung round sharply. Too late! A swift blow—he fell unconscious to the ground.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Little Bull of the Barrens

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

like battering rams. In a moment the flanks closed in behind them, and the completed circle, instead of flying to pieces, began ponderously to constrict.

As the wolves realised what was happening, the two hindmost whirled about, just in time to leap savagely at the old bull's neck, one on each side. But they had no room to act effectively, no chance to choose their hold. As he charged with head down and the full impetus of his bulk, their fangs gashed him to the shoulder; but slantingly, so that the wounds were not deep. The next moment his assailants were borne down, gored and trampled by the frantic cows, while he lurched onward into the hideous melee at the center. A second more, and the churning, snorting mass became wedged almost solid. Snapping silently at whatever was in reach, the wolves were overborne, trodden down with the dead or dying calves.

The leader of the pack, with one of the more astute of his followers, succeeded in dragging himself forth upon the packed shoulders of his adversaries, ran over the heaving sea of backs, and raced away through the storm, gored and streaming. Soon there was no sign of wolf anywhere to be seen. But still the packed herd went on with its trampling and churning, sullenly resolute to make an end of the matter, till even the sturdy unwounded calves were in danger of being downed, and the weaker ones perished miserably.

At last, in some way, the old bull managed to make his orders understood. The milling slackened. The pressure relaxed. Ponderously he shouldered his way out, and started off once more toward the north-east. Instantly the herd followed, lumbering at his heels. A few, badly wounded, limped and staggered in the rear; and three cows, their eyes rolling wildly, remained standing over certain shapeless masses that lay trodden into the red snow. For some minutes they stood there, mooring disconsolately; then, one after the other, they shook their shaggy heads and galloped away in pursuit of the herd, appalled at the solitude and the sight of so much death.

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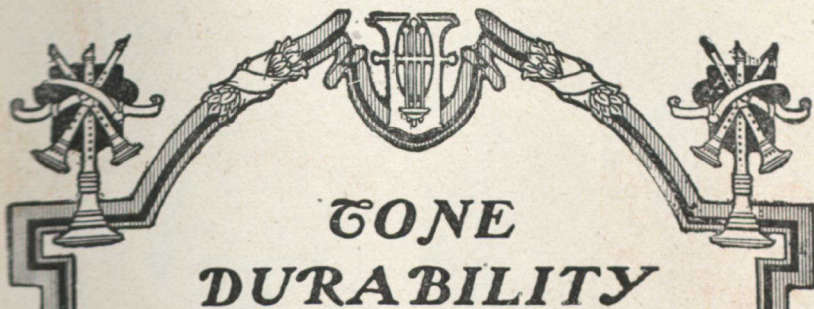
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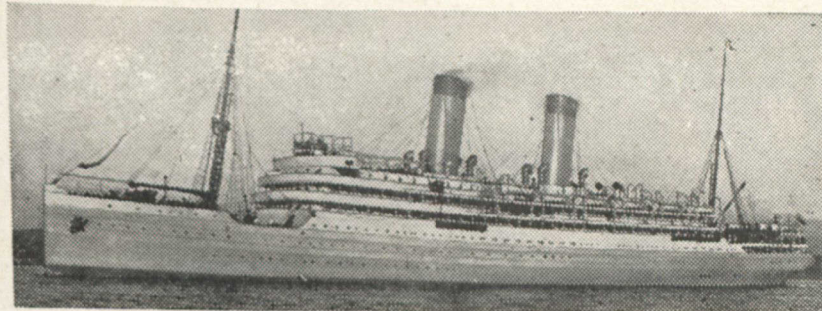
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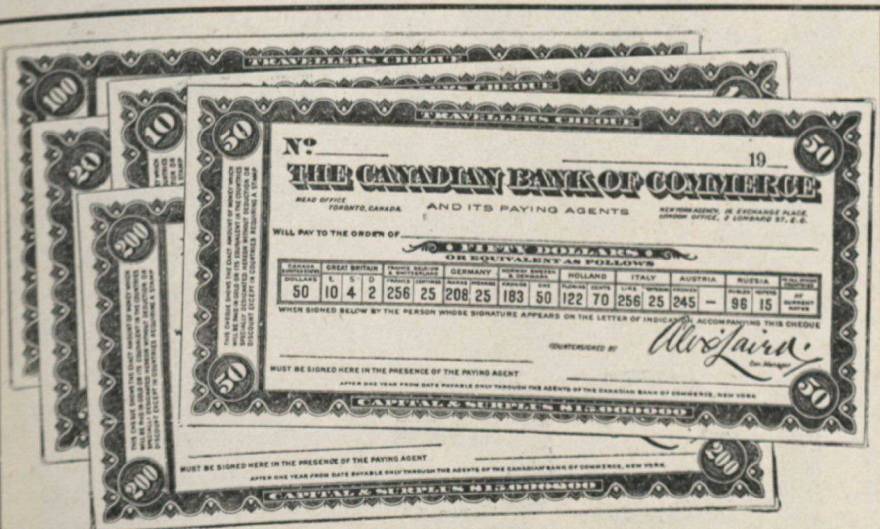
### Open Season for Small Game in Province of Ontario

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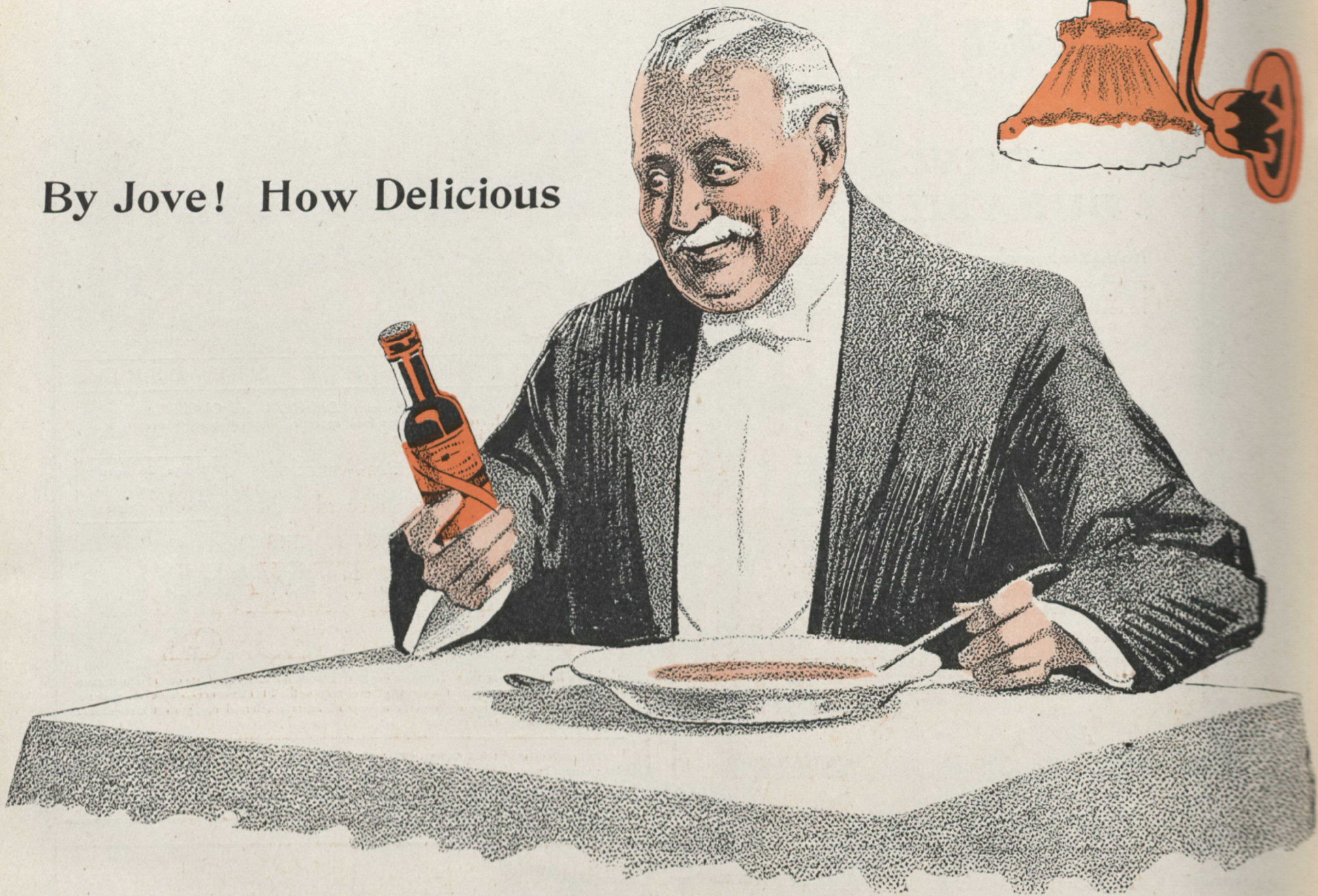
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